

TRANSVESTIA FICTION CLASSICS

Volume 5

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM  
JOIN THE GIRLS!

*By Sandy Thomas*



[www.sthomas.com](http://www.sthomas.com)

Sandy Thomas Advertising

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

© 1973, 1990, 2011 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

## ***“IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM***

### ***JOIN THE GIRLS!”***

**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED**  
**No part of this book may be  
reproduced in any form  
without the express prior written  
permission of the publisher.**



#### **REWARD!!**

The TV-TS PUBLISHER'S ASSOCIATION  
will pay for information leading to the  
arrest, conviction, and/or successful prosecution of anyone for gain  
reproducing, copying, counterfeiting or unauthorized use of copyrighted  
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS. CONTACT: SANDY THOMAS

**Contact Sandy Thomas for Information.**

**P.O. Box 2309**

**Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309**



**My E-MAIL ADDRESS IS:**

**[sandythomasbooks@gmail.com](mailto:sandythomasbooks@gmail.com)**

**[www.sthomas.com](http://www.sthomas.com)**

THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

#### **QUOTE BOARD**

**“There's a tool and clothes for every job  
except cross-dressing as a woman...no tool  
required.”**

# IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM JOIN THE GIRLS!

**Sandy Thomas Edition**

**(Published previously as  
IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM)  
BOOK ONE: DOWN TO DEFEAT**

It was a bright and beautiful summer in Fairsdale. It was even more so because it seemed that I might have a girlfriend, whom I was sure was the `real thing'. Although I had recently turned eighteen years old, I had never been successful in dating girls.

My friendship with girls had been more as though I were a brother, or more accurately, a sister to them. They would discuss their dates, the clothes they had bought, and their sewing ideas. The fact that these beautiful girls would talk to me was enjoyable.

I had been raised in a family of girls, and it seemed only natural to talk about girl's interests. I was considered somewhat of a delicate child and had been given delicate, tender treatment by my mother and sisters.

Often I had tried to date girls, but it was always: "Oh no, Merrill, it would be more fun to just be friends with you." or "Me, Merrill? Oh, you don't want to go out with me." They always acted as though their sister had just asked them to go out on a date.

But, Debbie had just recently moved to Fairsdale. She was twenty years old, and I thought she was just about the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She was blonde, and her gorgeous flowing hair swept down her neck in the most recent feminine styling. Her figure was

hourglass in appearance, and I was not sure whether it had been assisted by corset training or not. She had lovely long legs, and her clothes were exquisite. While casually she often dressed in jeans and sweatshirt, her dress up attire was, by contrast, strikingly lovely. She wore satins, taffetas, frilly petticoats, that frankly made me envious.

Debbie lived by herself in a real cute apartment on Sixth Street. While she had only been here a short time, she had acquired a number of girlfriends. Her apartment soon became the gathering place for lots of “girl talk” sessions. She had even formed a girl's secret society to which twenty of the cutest girls of Fairsdale now belonged.

I had taken her out several times and each time became more and more fascinated by this lovely girl. Her face, figure, and personality were certainly to my liking, but her clothes, too, held my attention. I thought we made a good couple, although others thought she was a bit tall for me. Actually, we were the same height, 5' 4", but with her three-inch heels, her height did seem to dominate over me.

Our builds were apparently close in size as well. I shall never forget the time I was at her house for the evening and had forgotten my raincoat. Debbie insisted that I wear hers home, assuring me that no one would notice since her coat would fit me perfectly. And, it did too. But, I kept to the dark side of the street as her coat was a light pink, not a shade worn by the boys of Fairsdale!

An event, which I now look upon as a turning point in my life, took place on a bright Saturday in August. Debbie had suggested we go on a picnic by Silver River, a lovely river that flowed along the outer edge of Fairsdale. She said to bring a bathing suit and she would prepare a picnic lunch. She added that it would

be fun if I'd bring a football along for some afternoon recreation.

The idea of a football gave me some concern, since I was no football player. In fact, I didn't even own a football and had only played it out of necessity in gym classes. I would hardly class myself as an All American, unless there are All American substitutes, benchwarmers, and scorekeepers. Actually, I had never liked the game and particularly the roughness of it.

But if Debbie wanted to play catch, there was only one thing to do, buy a football. And so I invested in one. My emotions were telling me "no" as I made the purchase. I thought, "Golly, what if she doesn't like my ability. She might not go out with me again," etc. Still, it didn't seem possible that a girl could play any better than even me. Anyway, it was too late to do anything about it now. The clerk had given me my change and the ball, so off I went.

Debbie came by for me at one o'clock as I had no car. Off we went to the river. We found a beautiful and secluded spot three or four miles out of town.

At Debbie's suggestion, we decided to go swimming before eating lunch. I went over behind some trees and slipped into my suit. Debbie dressed out of sight behind her car.

As I returned to the car, I opened the door and put my things on the back seat. In doing so, I knocked Debbie's dress off the hanger, which in turn caused her panties, bra, and slip to also drop to the floor. Debbie turned around and saw me just as I knocked the clothes off. I had not seen her angry before, but she was now!

She came running back and said, "What are you doing, Merrill? You've knocked my freshly ironed dress on the ground. And, look at the dirt on it. Not only that, but you've thrown my panties and things on the ground."

I couldn't speak.

Debbie continued, “Is it that you want to see what my panties look like? Well, now you know, don't you?” I reddened more at every word. “Oh, don't appear so innocent.” She paused, and then said, “Now, pick them up, and hang them properly. I ought to make you wash and iron them.” With that, she walked away down to the river's edge.

I had no choice but to pick them up. I began to shake as I picked up her pink satin panties with full lace trim and her bra of matching material. I placed them onto the hanger and then reached for her slip. It was of pink nylon satin and its low neckline was lavishly trimmed in delicate rows of lace. I quickly glanced at Debbie. As she was facing away, I quickly held the slip to myself and was in ecstasy in doing so.

Then, I picked up the pink polished cotton dress. The skirt was slightly full but had its own built in taffeta petticoat. It swished as I slipped it onto the hanger. With a sigh, I put Debbie's clothes back into the car.

Debbie had now turned my way as I approached her. My face reflected my humbleness and she laughed and said, “Oh, come on over here, and we'll forget the whole thing.” As fast as she had turned on her anger, she had also lost it.

As I approached close to her, I was shaken by another incident. Debbie's eyes seemed to light up as I was about ten feet from her. With a smile on her face, she said, “Merrill, walk back toward the car several feet, and then come back toward me.

I was puzzled but turned around and started back. I moved too fast for her, and she asked me to slow down. After walking a ways, I was about to turn around when she said, “Keep walking slowly. Put your left hand on your left hip with the fingers down; and put your right

hand down, away from your body, palm in and fingers extended out.”

This seemed simple enough, and I followed her instructions to the letter. I now know, too well!

Debbie called out for me to change the position of my hands and turn around and come toward her. I did, and when within fifteen feet, Debbie put her head back and roared with laughter. I reddened again, since I knew the laughter was at me, not with me.

I came to her and stood with my hands still in the requested pose. Debbie finally got control of herself, and said, “Really darling, you have a lovely figure, and you should go into modeling.”

I was shocked! I had always been conscious of the fact that my hips were larger and my waist smaller than most boys. And I knew too, that my shoulders were not at all broad. In fact, they were more girlish appearing than some girl's. I also had become aware that my breasts were, while not by any means the size of a girl's, loose and slightly extended.

Still, it had never occurred to me that Debbie, surely not Debbie, would ever notice or care about such things. She had always been so seemingly otherwise attracted to me. But, here she was actually being sarcastic.

I was awakened from my thoughts to hear her say, “Merrill, I had never really appreciated how much you look like a girl. Some of the girls have mentioned it to me, but I hadn't paid much attention with your male clothing on and hiding your figure.”

I managed to stumble out, “Golly Debbie, I...I”

It was lost to Debbie's further comments, “Really honey, I think your measurements would be even better than mine, and I'm rather proud of my 36-22-36.” She laughed and said, “And you could use a bra for those,” pointing to my breasts.

I blurted out the best I could, “Heck Debbie, I can't help it.”

She sympathetically, but with hidden sarcasm said, “Of course you can't, doll; neither can I help my figure.” With that she said, “Come on. Let us girls race out across the river to the other side.”

I stood there a moment, reflecting on her remarks. Debbie was already at the water's edge and called to me to hurry up. “I'll even give you a head start,” she said.

With this encouragement, I hurried down, anticipating showing her up in this test of swimming strength.

As I went past her, something made me stick my hands out and push Debbie off balance and onto her back in the river. I set off across the water, self-satisfied that I would have such a lead. I heard Debbie come up from her submerged awkward position fighting mad and yelling, “Wait till I catch you, young lady.”

These words seemed to put a drag on me. As intending as my mind was to beat her, my physical strength was lacking. When I was about two-thirds of the way across and slowing down more by the second, I could hear Debbie only a stride or two behind. Female that she was, it was nevertheless evident that she possessed a superior physical strength.

Only a few feet more and she was up to me. But instead of passing me, she lunged upon me and pushed my whole frame under the water. She held me there until I thought I would burst.

Then she brought me up and demanded, “Tell me you're sorry and that you'll never do that again.”

I hesitated, and back I went under the water. When I came up, I broke all records complying with her demands.

But, that was not enough! She added to my humiliation by insisting that I say, "I'm a naughty girl." I did so quickly, but sadly.

She then threw me backwards and went on her way to the shore, proclaimed herself the winner, and swam back to the point of beginning.

I waited on the other side for quite a while, reflecting on all that had happened in such a short time. I could see beautiful Debbie across the river, preparing lunch, as though nothing had happened.

I was filled with mixed emotions. I had wanted so to make a hit with Debbie, showing off what skills I might have, acting the boastful male. I was failing miserably in this and yet, I was experiencing an unusual but truly glorious feeling. I was being dominated by Debbie, and I liked the attention. I really liked it! But, did she like me this way? I decided that I must regain dominate stature in her eyes.

Back I went to the other side, slower and indeed wiser. Debbie was there and really quite nice to me, smiling with that gorgeous smile of hers. I started to apologize, and she said, "Oh forget it Merrill. Let's eat."

I was delighted. Perhaps she had forgotten all of the past few minutes. Perhaps...

We talked for quite a while and of many things. My conversation was directed toward school activities and job prospects for the coming fall. I had just graduated from high school and had failed to look for work as yet. (My two sisters and my mother all worked and were supporting me very nicely. My father had passed away when I was only a very small child.)

Debbie seemed to want to talk of her interests. Her new fall dresses she had bought.. What did I think of them.. Did I like the new fashions.. Her secret society or sorority of girls. How much fun they had at their

meetings and social events and how she wished that I were a member...How much fun that would be...

I listened to all of this and accepted it without too much embarrassment. But when she started talking of her new cute yellow bikini panties with lace trim and floral design, my face began to burn up. I quickly suggested we throw the football around. Anything was better than continuing this kind of talk when my emotions were so evident.

She seemed delighted to throw the football. As I went to get it from the car, she remarked how she would have loved to have been a quarterback had she been a boy. She said, “You know, it's really too bad that people can't play the role that fits them best. Don't you think so, Merrill?”

I buried my face in the car in search of the ball, not answering. Her remark seemed to be meant for me, not really for Debbie herself.

I found the ball, and Debbie grabbed it from me, running down the open field area by the river fifteen or twenty yards. She stopped and said, “Now over to your right and I'll throw you a pass.”

I was no expert runner, or expert anything for that matter, but ran in an awkward style to my right. Debbie cocked her arm back and threw a spiral to me that would have been the envy of any college quarterback. It floated to me and was accurate and true.

I dropped it!

The ball had bounced crazily the ground, and I followed, just as crazily, after it. I picked it up and saw Debbie about twenty yards away. Gripping the ball as carefully as I could (my hands were small and I've been told sarcastically, “dainty”), I threw the ball toward Debbie.

“Towards” is the best that one could say for it. Wobbling miserably and slightly away from Debbie, the ball fell five yards short of the target.

Debbie picked up the ball and held it for an instant. She then put her hands on her hips and said, “Can't you throw any better than that? My gosh, you throw like a girl!” Her voice indicated that such an indictment was just about the worst thing possible.

I laughed embarrassingly and said, “Oh sure, the ball just slipped.” I was only condemning myself to worse things. “Throw it to me,” I called.

Debbie did, and again the ball practically knocked me off my feet as it bounced away to the ground. Quickly, I went after it and in doing so managed to fall over my own feet, falling flat on my face.

Debbie called out, “Nice tackle!”, and turned away. I stumbled to my feet and retrieved the ball.

Debbie was now about fifteen yards away, and she instructed me to throw to her as she moved to her right. She started off, and I pulled my arm straight back. I thrust my arm forward and, in doing so, brushed my head with my arm. The ball again went sickly forward, awkwardly and far off the target.

Debbie assured me, “Honestly Merrill, seventy five percent of the girls in my sorority can throw better than that. And, the other twenty five percent can throw just as well as you.” She paused and, as if to extend another chance, asked if I could kick.

I quickly said I could. What else could I say? But, proving it was another thing.

She came over and handed me the ball. She laughed that she didn't want to see me tackle myself again.

She raced down the field about thirty yards. I wanted to tell her to come in closer. I held the ball out and lifted my foot toward it. The ball slithered off to the

left. As I hurriedly rushed over and picked it up, Debbie registered her disgust by resting her face over her upraised hand and arm, supported by the other hand and arm.

The second try was better, but this time my leg went so high and my timing was so bad that the ball went straight up in the air. Again I raced for the ball, but Debbie came toward me and said, “Oh forget it, that last kick convinced me you belong in a girl's chorus line, not on a football field.” Debbie was giving up on me. I had failed again in an effort to convince her of my “manly superiority” over her.

I stood there tragically as Debbie came over and sat down on the grass in front of me. She said for me to sit too. I did. We sat there for long moments before anyone spoke. I was conscious of Debbie looking me over as though to say, “What do you do with a person like this,” or “How could I have been so mistaken about him”. I could not look at her, keeping my eyes either to the ground or off to the side.

Finally she spoke. “You know Merrill, it's really a shame you aren't a girl. You have the figure and features of a girl, rounded, soft, dainty, and feminine! And, your physical ability is definitely girlish. Why I'm better at athletics and yet I have never known a boy, other than you, that could not best me in all sports.”

My eyes were turned farther away as I did the only thing I knew to avoid the embarrassment of the truth of what she said.

She reached up and gently pulled my face around so that my eyes had to look toward hers. She smiled, “Honestly darling, you must admit that you did enjoy the feel of my clothes when you hung them for me. Didn't you?”

I could do nothing but murmur an unconvincing “N-n-no.”

She smiled a knowing look.

We sat there a few moments longer, and I could tell that her mind was now hard at work. At last she enthusiastically said, "Merrill, I've an idea. Why don't we have a wrestling contest?" My heart sunk. "I will give you an opportunity to restore yourself in my eyes. Surely you can beat a little girl at wrestling!" She was not convincing.

She continued almost anticipating, "Of course, if you should lose, you would suffer the consequences." I was about to ask what the consequences would be, when she hastily added, "Of course, you needn't worry about that. How could a weak little girl possibly beat a real man at wrestling?" She quickly challenged, "How about it?"

I stammered out that I didn't think I should wrestle a girl and possibly injure her. She laughed and said that I should let her worry about that. I tried an equally bad excuse in urging that perhaps we should get on home, that it was getting late. She responded by asking the telling question, "What's the matter? Are you afraid of losing to a girl?"

I had no further choice.

Debbie set the rules: no holds barred. The winner would be the first one to make the other say, "I am a submissive, feminine young lady." There would be no time limit.

I thought, "Oh no!" But that was all I had time to think, for she was moving over to position and having me do the same. Momentarily, she declared the match under way.

I stood there but not Debbie. She raced forward and tackled me as if she were a professional football player. I went reeling backwards and solidly to the ground. She was on top of me like a tiger, maneuvering to pin me to the ground.

Fortunately, I twisted sufficiently to upset her over on the grass. This only seemed to increase her efforts. She now pulled me over and locked her legs about my body and started squeezing. It hurt, and I reacted foolishly to it. I started to pull her hair. She taunted me that I was wrestling just like a girl. Then she called me names such as “sissy”, “pantywaist”, and “little girl”. At last, I let go of her hair.

This was enough to let Debbie grab one arm and quickly twist it behind my back. She moved it quickly upward, and it began to throb in pain. I cried out, “Don't, it hurts.”

She answered back that I knew what to say to stop it. I could not bring myself to say it.

The pain was increased, however, and with real tears falling, I said, “I am a submissive feminine young lady.” Debbie demanded that I say it as though I meant it. I was forced to repeat it and, with the pain in my arm and body, I must say that I was most convincing.

Debbie let loose of me and had a smile of superiority, such as I had never seen. I fell backward onto the grass. The tears were falling, and Debbie did not help when she commented that crying was typical of a subservient young lady.

We looked at each other for a minute or so before Debbie spoke. “I can't tell you how disappointed I have been in your lack of manliness. I really thought I was going with someone I could really care for. But, now I see that the girls are right about you. You are more girl than boy!”

I felt sick as she pounded home her points.

“Well I've made a mistake, so you're through as a boyfriend to me. But that does not mean that you should not be a friend. I still like you, but now, as a girl friend. You've lost the wrestling match, so now you must face the consequences. And, I'm not going to take

any nonsense from you either, do you understand?" Her words were menacing, and I managed a shake of my head.

Debbie continued. "For one thing, as far as I'm concerned, you're no longer 'Merrill,' so I shall hereafter call you something more appropriate. I think 'Marilyn.' Do you like that?"

I started to shake my head and say "no", when she brought her hand across my face, not heavily but enough to hurt. I quickly said, "Okay, don't hit me!"

The future for me was further related. "We're going home now, and I think it appropriate that you dress the part. I'm going to wear my bathing suit, and you can wear my other clothes. Now, let's go!"

She quickly rose, and I lay there stunned. But in a moment, I was on my feet as she brought her hand back as though to strike.

She was enthusiastic as she talked on our return to the car. "Actually", she said, "you're going to love this."

I feared she was right. I had mixed reactions as I tagged along, reluctant appearing, behind this suddenly dominant Debbie. I was shaking all over inside with excitement and anticipation; and yet, it was a feeling of actually joyous emotions. I was being led into a feminine state of being, something that my masculine side (little that there was) told me to reject, but that my obvious feminine part was singing out with songs of victory.

I could now see the lovely pink polished cotton dress hanging there in Debbie's car. I couldn't see them, but I knew what was neatly hanging with it. Debbie took my hand the last several yards and said, "Come on, Marilyn darling, it's time to get dressed." Her pace quickened till she reached the car.



*I was encased in a beautiful lacy white slip.*

Debbie reached in and lifted the clothes out of the car. She slipped the dress off the hanger, revealing the slip, bra, and panties. Taking the pink satin panties, she handed them to me saying, "Now Marilyn, I know you're particularly modest. So take these, go behind the car, and substitute them for those terrible swim trunks you have on."

I tried again, "Oh Debbie, please don't do this to me. You're embarrassing me so."

Debbie shot back, "Look Marilyn, you should have thought of that before you became such a sissy girl. Besides darling, doing what should be entirely natural to you shouldn't be so embarrassing!" She emphasized each word to its full possibilities.

I took the panties and was electrified with the soft cool feeling. My pink cheeks gave me away as Debbie said softly, "Nice...aren't they, Marilyn?"

I didn't answer. I didn't need to answer.

I went behind the car and slipped off my trunks. Then taking the lovely pink undergarment, I pulled it about my legs and into place. It was a perfect fit, and I about died with exquisite sensation.

Returning to Debbie, I was greeted with an exclamation of laughter and praises of joy. "Oh honey, they look just too sweet!" and "Don't you just love them, Marilyn?"

The fire had now been kindled, and Debbie went about her plans with even greater zeal. Taking the matching satin bra, she had me turn around and then assisted in slipping it through my arms, about my shoulders and with the hooks in back. It was a secure feeling, AND a unique sense of submission.

Debbie went for her purse and pulled out two silk headscarves. "Marilyn, you're going to have to add a bit in front here," pointing to my chest, "but until we've acquired the proper bust pads, these scarves will have to

do.” With that she wound them carefully and secured them nicely within the pockets of the bra.

I looked down with embarrassment and amazement. They actually looked like the real things. I was inwardly shocked that I liked the impression.

A moment later, lovely Debbie was holding up her pink nylon satin slip. My eyes moved quickly back and forth from the shiny soft material to the lavish lace that generously bordered it. It was truly gorgeous. I had briefly felt its exciting touch when I had held it to my body earlier.

Looking me straight in the eyes with that wicked smile on her face, she slowly slipped the beautiful garment over my head, through my arms, and about my body. I shivered as she did so. Knowing better, Debbie asked, “Are you cold, doll?”

She stepped back and moved her head about in critical glances. At last she smiled broadly. “Marilyn, honestly, you've got just about the most girlie figure I've ever seen on a boy, and my things fit you just perfectly.”

I protested mildly through reddened cheeks, but I knew, as did Debbie, that I really loved every moment.

Soon, the cute full-skirted dress was fitted to my “figure”. I can't tell you how in ecstasy I was as the built in taffeta petticoat rustled as Debbie moved it about to obtain its best effect.

After placing her cute white three-inch pumps on my feet, she had me walk back and forth. I was no graceful figure, for the heels were indeed new to me. I told myself that I was willing to learn though! Debbie called me to again place my arms and fingers in a more feminine pose and assisted me in doing so. All she could say, as she watched me move about, was, “This is wonderful. Simply wonderful!”

Grabbing her picnic things, she hopped into the car and had me do so too. Then she noticed my hair. "Wait a minute. We must fix that too." Having used her two headscarves for filling out my bra, she reached for a large silk cloth that had been over the picnic basket. "This will make a perfect head scarf for you." And with that, she quickly folded it and slipped it over my hair.

"Now some makeup." Debbie reached for her purse.

"Oh no Debbie, that's going too far!" I told her.

Determined, she only said, "See here, young lady, you're going to be ultra feminine with all the accessories, or else! And, I say you're going to be all girl. Or, maybe you'd like to wrestle again?"

This was enough; with a sigh, I let her proceed.

She quickly penciled my eyebrows; then lightly powdered my face; applied a touch of rouge to both cheeks; then the lipstick. I was really beginning to feel like a girl. Debbie moved her mirror in front of my eyes. I even looked like one.

I started to cry, with mixed joy and sadness. Debbie sparked forth quickly, "Marilyn, if you as much as smear that makeup one little bit, I'll...I'll take you over my knee, raise that dress and slip, and give you the spanking of your life on those cute panties...of mine!"

It was terrible. I could not cry. I could not smile or she would know of my real feelings. And yet, there was no doubt I was in heaven.

She started the engine. "You know, Marilyn, I used to resent having to drive you about in my car. It used to seem so unnatural for a girl to be chauffeuring a boy. But now, all that has changed. I really don't mind at all driving a girl friend!" She meant it too!

As we neared Fairsdale, I slid lower and lower in my seat. My driver asked me to sit up, but after rising slightly, I began to slide back. After all, I didn't want anyone to recognize me. Finally, Debbie stopped the car

and turned to me, “Marilyn, if you don't sit up like a good girl, I'm going to make you get out and walk home from the center of town.”

That did it, “Please Debbie,” I cried, “don't do that. I'll do anything you say, but don't do that.” I was practically in tears again.

Debbie seemed satisfied when I sat up again. My next move was to slowly pull my headscarf up over my face. But, Debbie saw me, and with a flick of her fingers, pulled it back even farther than it was initially. She then gave me a pinch through my panties that made me shout with pain. She said, “If you don't watch yourself, sissy gal, you'll be given the full treatment on Main Street.” She meant it too.

As we came near the center of town, Debbie seemed to slow down purposely. She made a point too of calling to two of her cute sorority sisters, Carolyn and Joanne. They waved back and strained to see who was with her in the car. I stayed in my upright position, but I was mentally under the floor mat.

“Please Debbie, can't we speed up a little?” I asked her.

But, Debbie was in no hurry. “Marilyn, if you think you can make it any faster, you can get out and walk.” With that, she stopped the car.

My heart all but stopped too. With tears in my eyes, I said, “I didn't mean it. Honestly! Please don't make me walk. I'll be a good...g-i-r-l...”

I had said it. How or why I said it, I don't know. But I do know that it saved my life, at least for the time being. Debbie seemed genuinely pleased. “Well Marilyn, so you finally admit it. All right Honey, you needn't walk. But, understand this. You've had your last chance!?”

She went on her way and then pulled into a parking place practically in the center of town. “I'll only

be a moment. Don't leave me." With that, she was out of the car and on her way.

As if I would leave her! She had taken the keys, and I wasn't about to get out and walk! Debbie knew it too.

Moments later, as I sat there reflecting on all that had happened in the last few hours, I noticed Carolyn and Joanne coming toward the car. "My gosh," I thought. "They must not see me this way."

I slid down farther and farther, and I moved the headscarf forward as they came within ten yards of the car.

Joanne could be seen pointing at the car, as if to say, "Carolyn, there's Debbie's car. I wonder where she is?"

As they came within listening range, Carolyn noticed, "There's the girl that was with her. Let's ask her."

I was terrified! They would surely recognize me. I wanted to tell them, "Get out of here! Don't come near me." Anything to have them go away. But, here they were, right by the car.

Joanne spoke, "Excuse me, we were wondering where Debbie..."

Her words were broken as Carolyn looked and pointed down the street. "Here she comes, Joanne."

A more beautiful announcement I will never hear, so long as I live! The two girls broke away from the car, excusing themselves, and moved towards Debbie. They met her about ten yards down the street from the car. I watched them as they talked, laughed, talked some more, and then laughed some more. What were they saying? Was Debbie telling them about me? I could see them look my way every now and then.

Suddenly, I saw Debbie take them by the arms and move them over my way. My relief had been short lived. I resigned myself to my fate.

Debbie made the introductions. “Marilyn, I want you to know two sweet girl friends of mine, Joanne and Carolyn.”

I managed a smile but did not say anything.

Joanne added, “We almost met you a moment ago. But, it is nice to have a formal introduction.”

I smiled again.

It was Carolyn's turn. “Debbie tells us that you're from out of the city and visiting Fairsdale. You must come and visit us while you're here. We'd just love to have you!”

I wanted to shout, “Leave me alone,” but only managed another smile. My smiles were getting weaker. I thought surely they must know who I really was. Or, was my disguise really that good?

Debbie terminated the conversation. “I'm afraid Marilyn is overcome by you girls. She really is a very shy girl.”

Carolyn concluded, “Debbie, why don't you have Marilyn as a guest at our meeting tonight? I know the other girls will love her. Besides, it will help eliminate her shyness.”

With that, they bid us both good bye. “I hope we'll see you tonight, Marilyn,” Joanne called.

Debbie came around and got in the car. I had to know. “What did you tell them? Do they know? You didn't...”

Debbie laughed heartily, at me. “You lovely girl. Don't you realize that they didn't even know the difference. They really think you're a girl friend of mine from out of town.”

“Oh,” I said, not knowing whether to be glad or sad. Glad that they did not recognize me, but sad...could I really look so much like a girl?

Finally, I said, “I'm sorry Debbie. You were truly good to me. You could have told them, and yet you didn't.”

Debbie was touched, but not for long. She patted me on the knee. “It's all right, Honey. I'm proud to have such a cute girl visiting me.” Then the next blow. “You know, it would be nice to have you as our guest tonight.”

I was shocked! “You can't mean that, Debbie. They'll be sure to know.”

“Joanne and Carolyn didn't,” Debbie countered. “Besides, I think you'd enjoy meeting with us.”

As we moved along in Debbie's car, the thought of attending the sorority meeting appealed more and more to me. It would be so much fun, I thought; it would be so embarrassing and revealing, I realized. “No”, I told myself, “it just can't happen!”

Suddenly, I was awakened in my thoughts to realize that we were nearing my home. I inquired, “Aren't we going to your apartment so I can change?”

“Change to what?” Debbie asked, as if she didn't know.

“Why into my own clothes.” I paused. “I can't go home this way.” The confidence in my voice was gone by the time I had finished the last word.

Debbie laughed sarcastically. “So far as I'm concerned, you have no clothes but those I've lent you. I do have some ridiculous male clothing in the trunk, but those couldn't possibly belong to a lovely girl like you.”

“Debbie, please...” I protested.

“You can return my dress and lingerie after you get home. Just bring them with you to the meeting, or wear them if you prefer. Or maybe, your sisters will lend you some of theirs.”

“Oh no,” I thought, as the words struck home. I then told Debbie, “I just can't let my sisters see me like this!”

“Well Marilyn, you should have thought of that before your feminine, sissy traits were so clearly revealed today.” With that Debbie had brought the car to a stop in front of our home. I sat there frozen.

“The meeting starts at eight tonight, but I want you to be at my home at seven. Is that clear?” Debbie wasn't asking; she was telling me!

I only nodded my head, being too frozen to do anything else.

Debbie warned, “Of course, if you aren't at my house at 7:00...not 7:01...it will be very easy for me to relate to everyone what fun we had today, with all the details, naturally.”

Debbie reached over and pinched me clear through her pink panties. “Now, get out. I've got to get home.”

I jumped about a foot but not toward the door. I grasped her hands. “Oh Debbie, do anything to me, but don't put me out here. Please! Sally and Sandra have been down on me enough lately. Don't make it harder for me!” I was practically on my knees.

Debbie's answer was to smile wickedly, pause for a moment, then hop from her side of the car. Around she came to my side and opened the door. She reached for me, still with that smile on her face. I started to pull away, but it was too late. Debbie had me by the wrist and, moments later, I was pulled from the car in a most unladylike fashion.

I landed backward on the grass with my skirt and petticoat flying. Debbie then shut the door, locking it as she did so. My mouth was open, and my eyes asked sympathy. But, Debbie only waved femininely back at me. She sweetly said, “Bye, Marilyn doll. See you soon.”

In a moment, she was in her car and moving down the street.

Panic struck me as I realized that Debbie was not going to give me any sympathy or help me out of my predicament. Here I was, sitting on the grass in front of my home, in the late but still daylight hours and...dressed in a girl's dress, petticoat, slip, bra, panties, and shoes. And, girl's makeup besides!

I had to hide, I thought. Sally and Sandra must not see me. If I could only sneak into the house and get to my room...sure that would do it...if I could just get to my room. It would be simple. I could quickly switch clothes and take the makeup off. Suddenly, a ridiculous bit of cockiness was back. It was as though I had already made it to my room!

I quickly picked myself up and minced toward the side of the house. The plan was to go in the back way, slip through the kitchen, up the stairs, and into my room.

As I moved along, I was terrorized by the further thought that the neighbors might have seen what had already transpired. If they had, all the effects of the next few minutes, even if I made it, might be in vain. I tossed off this terror to concentrate on the immediate problem.

I slipped under each window as I went along the side of the house. So far, so good. I had reached the back corner of the house.

We had a large yard in back. There were a few trees, lovely grass, and a number of pieces of furniture on the lawn. The back door was perhaps twenty feet from the corner of the house.

I listened carefully to see if anyone was in the kitchen. I quickly glanced around the yard. It didn't look or sound like there was anyone in the vicinity. Joy

filled my heart as I optimistically thought, “Golly, maybe everyone is out for the afternoon.”

I was encouraged and moved forward toward the door. Within a few feet of the door, I stepped onto the walkway leading to the door. For a moment, the click, click of my high heels rang out. Just as quickly, I caught myself and moved forward on my toes. I reached the door. Were you within twenty miles of Fairsdale that day, you would have heard the beat of my heart during the next few moments.

“Hello,” came a voice from the yard. I stood there, frozen stiff. It sounded like Sally, yet it came from the yard and I had looked about the yard. Or, had I?

“Can I help you young lady?,” the voice came again. It was Sally's voice, all right.

I didn't answer but looked slowly around, hoping I was hearing things. But, no. There was Sally looking around from behind her lawn chair. In my haste, I had not noticed her before.

Sally rose and said again, “Can I get someone for you?”

I had to say something and, if I had concentrated on it for a week, I couldn't have said anything worse. With a high voice, I asked, “Is Sandra in?” The moment I said it, I could have died.

Sally looked at me somewhat strangely and then smiled and said, “Yes, she is. I'll get her for you.” Sally came toward me.

She was really a beautiful girl with dark, high cheekbones and was sturdily built but definitely feminine. Of my two sisters, she had the better sense of humor and usually found amusement in most any situation. She was two years older than me and took a more or less motherly interest as well. Still, I always looked up to her and usually moved when she asked me to do something.

Sandra was a twin to me in age. However, she had progressed faster than me in school and had already been out a year, supporting me, as did Sally. However, Sandra seemed to resent this. In fact, she resented most everything about me. Unlike Sally, she failed to see any humor in me. Nothing I did was right. She had often taunted me over my “figure”. On more than one occasion, she had said I looked more like a girl than a boy. And so, of all people to ask for, Sandra was about the worst choice.

Sandra was blonde with long lovely flowing tresses. Her complexion was beautiful, but she even added to this with the right amount of makeup. She was 5' 4" tall, my height, and there were many features of Sandra that were not unlike my own. These features on Sandra made people comment how beautiful she was and what a gorgeous figure she had. I must say the comments on my features were not so pleasant.

While these thoughts crossed my mind, Sally had come to within a few feet of me. Smiling pleasantly, she said, “I'm Sally, Sandra's sister. I don't believe I've met you before, although you do look familiar.”

If she only knew how familiar I was, I thought. I managed to stutter, in a high voice, “I'm M-Marilyn.” It came out almost naturally, but it wasn't solving anything!

“I'm glad to know...” Sally started and then broke off. She was looking at me curiously. Then she broke out in a big grin, that only Sally was capable of, and asked, “Merrill, what the heck ARE you doing??” She had recognized me.

She was about killing herself laughing as she said, “Where in the world did you get those clothes? Really Darling, you look simply wonderful!”

I was in tears and on my knees as I grasped her about the legs and looked up into her face. “Please help

me,” I said...”I don't want Sandra to see me like this. She wouldn't understand.”

Looking down at me all feminized, she smilingly said, “Understand? Sandra wouldn't? What about me? Out of the clear blue sky, my brother comes home dressed in lovely girl's clothing and perfectly made up, the picture of femininity, and then asks me to get Sandra. I start to get Sandra and suddenly you don't want her at all. And, I'm supposed to understand all this?”

She broke off with another laugh, then softly placed her hands on my face and lifted me up to her. “Just what am I to understand?” she asked seriously, for the first time.

I couldn't look at her and lowered my eyes, “Well I was just sort of...playing a game.”

Sally smiled and raised her eyebrows questioningly. I was not convincing. “What kind of a game?” she asked, leading me on.

“Well, I thought it might be fun to....” The words came hard. “Sort of dress up.”

“As a girl?” Sally commented. “Well, from your looks, you are having all sorts of ‘dress up’ fun.” Sally then set the stage for further difficulties. “I think that Sandy, your twin sister, ought to hear about this fun.”

Protesting, but not having the strength to combat my sister's will, I was led into the house, through the kitchen, and by the stairway. “Please,” I whispered to Sally, “don't do this to me.”

My plea was to no avail. It was interrupted by Sally's calling upstairs. “Sandra! There's a girl friend of yours here.”

From Sandra's room, I heard, “Who is it?”

Sally answered, smiling all the time at me. “It's Marilyn.”

“Who? Well never mind, I’ll be right down.” Sandra was obviously not sure who Marilyn was but intended to find out.

Sally led me into the living room. Soon, I was posed over at the far side of the room. Tears were in my eyes as Sally, finding great humor in my plight, made sure that my hands and feet were in the most feminine pose possible.

Down the stairs came Sandra, really somewhat tomboyish at heart but nevertheless strictly feminine. She was dressed in bright red satin toreador pants, cute sissy blouse with a Peter Pan collar, a wide colorful cinch belt (accentuating her waist), and patent leather loafers. Her attire made my own seem even more fantastically ridiculous.

She looked at me, then at Sally, “Marilyn?” she asked.

My eyes lowered.

Sally was fighting her emotions, holding back the humor that was about to burst forth and spoil the joke. But, Sandra was too perceptive.

She came forward wickedly. “Marilyn my eye! This is my lovely twin brother, Merrill!” With that, she struck me across the face a blow that I will never forget. It sent me reeling to the floor, my skirt and petticoat again revealing everything feminine on me.

Sally quickly went over to me and assisted me, but Sandra stayed above me, looking hard and domineering. “So my darling brother has finally shown his true character!” Her hands were provocatively on her hips. “I always thought you were a big sissy and pansy. Now, it’s clear!” And then with the height of sarcasm, “And, don’t you look just adorably feminine!”

Sally tried to help a little. “Sandra, I’m sure that Merrill can explain or make up this shock to us in some

way.” I nodded my head agreeably, but the fire was merely furnished more fuel.

“You bet he'll make this up to us!” Then pausing, “For instance, I have a huge wash to be done, and I think I know who's going to do it. And when it's done, there will be the lovely feminine task of ironing all those pretty things.” Turning to Sally, she said, “Don't you have some too?”

Sally was now seeing the humor again and the possibilities ahead. “Golly Sandra, I sure do. Won't it be wonderful to have our own maid to help us!” Now Sally was laughing again.

I was flushed and in tears.

Sandra had further thoughts. “Won't it be nice too to have someone clean the house for us? Remember how our brother used to always get out of that job? But, now with a maid, we won't have to do it at all.”

It was now Sally's turn. Enthusiastically she said, with a sly wink at her sister, “And, won't it be wonderful to have a cute little girl maid assist with our bath and help us put on our lingerie, stockings, slip, dress, ...everything. What a life of luxury!”

With that, both girls joined in a dance of joy about the room, shouting with glee as they anticipated what was ahead. Soon, Sandra had me on my feet and, much against my wishes, had me joining in the dance. My heart was not in it!

Neither were my thoughts in it. For it appeared there was much ahead for me. Sally and Sandra would apparently never let me forget my newly acquired place in our home. It would be Marilyn, the maid, inter mixed when necessary with Marilyn, their sister. Then there was lovely Debbie who was expecting me that evening at the sorority meeting. Sally and Sandra were members too. This world looked complex indeed. But, I do know this; it was a world that I secretly truly loved. I might

protest and rebel at what was in store, but I wouldn't really miss it for the world.

And, only a few hours ago, I started on a picnic with gorgeous Debbie. It was surely a picnic to long remember!

Just then the telephone rang, and Sally answered it. It was our mother. Grandmother had suddenly taken ill, and she was going to her house directly from work to see whether she could help. Mother did not expect to be home until very late. "Please go ahead with dinner, and make sure everything is spic and span when I get home."

"Yes Mom, dinner is almost ready. After dinner, Sandra and I are going to the sorority meeting at Debbie's. Please give Grandma our best wishes." Sally hung up. "Well, we might as well initiate our new sister in her new duties," she said. "You set the table, Marilyn, and make sure to do it properly."

My mind was in a daze. I started to protest but then thought better of it. So, I put the tablecloth on the table, while Sally went to the kitchen. Sandra stayed in the dining room with me to supervise and instruct. I could tell from her face that she was really enjoying herself. For many years, she had done this chore while Sally helped Mom in the kitchen and "Merrill" lazily slouched in a chair asking when dinner would be ready. She corrected me several times when I put the dishes incorrectly or had the napkins sloppily in their place.

There was more to this than I realized. I felt very feminine doing this, but I was not going to let on that I enjoyed this new girlish activity.

When the table was ready, Sandra went to the kitchen and soon called for me. I helped carry in the food. When we sat down to eat, Sandra again corrected me, showing me how to sit down and smooth out my skirts under me before sitting. During dinner, my sisters talked about nothing but their plans for me.

And, you had better do as we say,” said Sally. “I would not put it beyond Sandra to tell your friends about your new jobs and invite them over for all to see you dressed so attractively.”

“You wouldn't blackmail me, would you?” I asked Sandra.

“Darn right I would,” she replied. “All these years I've been mad that Mom let you out of all the chores we had to do. And, I aim to get even!”

Sally smiled tolerantly. With her sense of humor, she thought of this as a joke, but Sandra was serious. “Tonight, I want you to do the ironing. I have a pile of clothes on the wash line, and I will teach you to do it right.”

“But, I can't tonight,” I said remembering Debbie's instruction to be at her house at 7:00.

“Why not?” asked Sandra.

“Because, I promised Debbie to be at her house at 7:00.”

“Then I will call her and tell her you can't come,” she replied.

I looked to Sally for help, but she ignored my plea. She evidently thought I had something like this coming to me. Mother had always pampered me and protected me from the girls, who always seemed to be ganging up on me.

Sandra went to the phone and called Debbie. Suddenly, the blood rushed to my head. What if Debbie told her about this afternoon? I ran to the phone as fast as I could on my heels, and tried to pull it out of Sandra's hand. That was a mistake because she immediately began to wonder why I was being so secretive. It was too late. The connection was made, and I heard Sandra talking to Debbie.

“I'm calling for Merrill; he cannot come tonight. Debbie said something, and soon Sandra started to grin

and to laugh till tears ran from her eyes. Evidently, she was told that it was Debbie who had turned me into a girl. “Yes, he looks beautiful,” she said.

Then I heard Sandra tell Debbie how I had tried to sneak into the house and was caught, to the great pleasure and hilarity of my sisters. I stood there listening, and I felt as if the world was ending.

“You’re kidding,” I heard Sandra say. “If the other girls ever find out, they’ll never let him live it down. It would be lots of fun though. All right, we’ll bring Marilyn along, and we’ll make sure she is attractively and properly dressed. See you later.”

“When Sandra hung up, she announced, “All right Marilyn, you will have to do the ironing tomorrow, for tonight you will join our sorority.”

Sally started to laugh.

Then Sandra told her that Debbie had discovered how feminine I looked even in my swimming trunks. “He lost some kind of bet, and that is why he is now Marilyn.”

Sally had some doubts and thought this joke was going too far, but Sandra would not let up. “Serves him right. This will give him an opportunity to show his good feminine side, which he has so well hidden all these years.”

Sally, seeing the wonderful fun they would have fooling all of their sorority sisters, gave in and joined the plans. “But first, kitchen patrol, Miss Marilyn,” she said. The girls helped carry the dishes to the kitchen. They tied an apron on me, and I found myself doing the clean up, something I had never done before.

“Make sure to tidy up the kitchen when you’re through,” Sally said as they left for their rooms to start dressing. As I did the work, I contemplated my situation. If I refused to go, both Debbie would not hesitate to tell my friends about the picnic. Debbie had

warned me, and I knew that she meant what she said. I had no alternative but to go along with them. I only hoped that I would look so much like a girl that the others would not notice anything.

“Hurry up Marilyn, shouted Sandra. “We have a lot of fixing up to do.”

As I went up, I found that my sisters had already finished in the bathroom. They pushed me into a heavily perfumed bath and told me to shave off all the hair from my arms and legs. I protested strongly, “But my friends will see it.”

“Too bad,” Sandra replied. “Do you want the other sorority girls to find out you're really a sissy boy?”

That shut me up, and I secretly wondered how I would look when completely transformed. When I was ready, the bathroom door opened a slit, and I was handed a beautiful light green panty. They were evidently my twin sister's, because they fitted perfectly.

I heard Sandra say from outside, “Those are special ‘dancer’s panties’. The idea is smoothness for femininity. Tuck everything back and pull it up tight. That panty should flatten everything.”

I was in a state of disbelief when I finally got the panty on and saw the smoothness between my legs.

“Now come on out, and we'll fix you up,” they said.

The girls both grinned as they saw me standing there feeling very naked in these girlish panties and without hair on my body. Sandra helped me into a soft green matching bra, and as she hooked the back for me, I again had this feminine secured feeling that I had experienced that afternoon. Sally produced some bust pads, and Sandra insisted that I wear a tight waist cinch. She pulled on the laces until I had tears in my eyes. With the cinch, I noticed in the mirror that my figure was actually a little better than Sandra's. Sally noticed it too.

“I never realized that he had such a voluptuous figure,” Sally stated.

This egged the girls on further. Soon, I was enveloped in a beautiful soft white slip. Again, it fitted like a glove, and the light green panties could be noticed underneath. Then I was shown how to put on my nylons, and I seemed to have a natural knack to attach them to the garters. It was easy, and the seams of the stockings were perfectly straight. I enjoyed the feel of the slip against my legs but made sure my face looked like a thundercloud.

When I realized the girls were going to make me up, I started to balk. Applying all that paint seemed so final and irrevocable. But, I was no match for their determination, and Sandra started plucking my eyebrows.

“That's enough Sandra,” said Sally, but my twin would not give up. When I looked in the mirror, I saw that I would not dare face my friends with such thin delicately shaped eyebrows. Again, I started to pull away.

“You want me to call Fred and ask him to come over?” asked Sandra.

Fred was one of my best friends. He was a real big sturdy masculine guy whose athletic ability and aggressiveness I had always admired. I would die if he ever saw me like this. I had no other alternative than to let them have their way.

“Let's not over do it,” Sally put in. “His own eyelashes are thick and long enough.”

When they put mascara on my lashes, I myself was surprised how long and curved they looked. I began to see things in myself that I had not noticed before.

“Do you remember where Mom put that wig she bought a couple of years ago?”

“Yes,” said Sally, “I’ll get it.” She returned with a beautiful hairpiece, almost the same color as Sandra’s hair. It was fitted, combed and fluffed out. When I looked in the mirror, I could not believe my eyes. If a fairy queen had turned a pumpkin into a brand new Cadillac, I would not have been more surprised. There was a beautiful girl, standing in the soft slip and bare arms, looking round soft, and girlish. And, my legs looked so trim and shapely...perfect after I put on the high heels that Sally gave me. She had thought that my feet would probably not fit in my twin sister’s shoes. But, she was wrong. They fit like a glove. It seems that my measurements were exactly like Sandra’s from top to bottom. With the waist cinch, even a little better.

“Have you picked out a dress for him yet?”

“Yes,” said Sandra. “This should go very well with his complexion.” She brought out a dark blue dress with a demure scoop neck, not too low, with short sleeves and a flaring pleated skirt. Carefully, they pulled it over my head. When they zipped me up in the back, it fitted tightly. The self-belt was adjusted and Sandra remarked how she had to pull it in one hole more than when she wore it.

The girls danced with pleasure at their creation. I stood entranced looking in the mirror. They had to shake me to get me out of my reverie. I felt sure nobody would recognize me.

It was nearly eight o’clock and time to leave. It was warm enough so we needed no coats. Suddenly, I was aware of the realities again. Mom had the car, which meant that we had to walk almost fourteen blocks through a well-populated, busy part of town. And, I felt somewhat unsure on my heels.

I begged them not to go through with it, but they insisted. Sally, realizing my anxiety, felt just a little bit sorry for me. “If the three of us go out together,

everyone will wonder who the third girl is. Sandra, you go on ahead. Marilyn and I will follow after minutes. Everyone will think that I am with you. Marilyn looks so much like you, and wearing your dress, no one will be suspicious.”

Although Sandra had fiendishly looked forward to walking with me through town as twin sisters, she, for once, relented and left first. Later on, I found out this was a tactical mistake. It brought Debbie and Sandra together without my presence and gave them a chance to hatch all kinds of plans. This, afterward, proved to be true. After a little while, Sally took my arm, as if to give me courage. I was grateful for that.

Together, we walked through the well-lit streets. After the first five minutes, my nerves calmed somewhat. Sally gave me hint in walking like a girl. Soon, I was able to take the same short steps she did and let my arms hang loosely. I felt movement in my pantied hips where none was before. With my short sleeves and light clothing, combined with the tight feeling of my stockings, bra, and waist cinch, I felt so girlish that I could have sung a soprano solo.

One incident almost made me nearly sink to my knees. One of Sandra's boy friends approached from the other side of the street. He was a boy who had been in the same high school class with Sandra and me. They had dated often. I had never liked him, and always wondered what Sandra saw in him. What if he thought I was Sandra, and started a conversation? I tried to pull away and run like a mad man, but Sally had more presence of mind, and held on to my arm. As we passed, he merely said, “Hi, Sandra”.

I barely managed to give him a pleasant smile and said softly, “Hi, John.”

Sally said something to him at the same time so if there was a difference in our voices, John would not have noticed it anyway.

John really thought I was Sandra, and I felt relieved after having passed this test.

We were now in the shopping center and, involuntarily, I was drawn to the attractive well-lit window of a fashionable dress shop. “Isn't that a nice outfit,” I said pointing to a young looking bright red sheath, with its own little jacket.

Sally looked at me sarcastically, and said; “It would look wonderful on you dearie. Perfect for your figure.”

Again, when we passed a lingerie shop, I pulled on Sally's arm, and we stopped to admire the beautiful slips and other lingerie.

“Gawd,” I moaned, “*What am I doing?*” I had become literally sissified and was looking at lingerie and admiring panties.

Suddenly, Sally looked me straight in the eyes. “You really love being like a girl, don't you Marilyn?”

I flushed and hesitated for a moment. Then I looked at her softly with eyes crying for understanding. Without saying anything, I just nodded my head several times. My heart jumped when Sally hugged me and said, “I feel so much closer to you as a girl. As a brother, you were a relation who we regarded fondly but did not really understand. I really enjoy walking and window shopping with you.”

With that, I gratefully gave her a kiss. I had found an ally with whom I could be completely honest. Sally squeezed my arm tightly and together we walked on, drawing the eyes of most of the men we met passed. Two beautiful young girls, one of them with stars in her eyes and a femininely proud posture.

As we walked on, Sally asked me about my plans. I told her I did not have any. This change had come on so

suddenly that I had not had time to evaluate the consequences. And, at that moment I was so happy, that I could not have cared less.

Soon, we reached Debbie's house where the sorority meeting would be held. It was a large house, very comfortable, and built during the time when comfort and gracefulness still outweighed efficiency and cost.

I became nervous again when we entered, hearing the loud giggling and talking of a large gathering of girls. Sally felt my hesitation. Again, she squeezed my arm as if to reassure me. Debbie and Sandra came to the door to greet us.

When Debbie saw me, she gasped, "Why Marilyn, I did not dream you could be so perfect as a girl." And looking at Sandra, she said, "This will make everything much easier."

I did not yet know what they had in mind, and it was just as well. If I had known they were going to initiate me as a sorority member, I probably would have run as fast as I could on my heels.

The sorority was formed by a circle of girls during their senior year in high school. They wanted to continue friendships after everyone would be going their separate ways. Most of the members were girls of my class or of girls who had graduated one or two years before.

As I entered the room, Debbie introduced me around as a girl from out of town who would be living in Fairsdale soon. I gave all the girls a friendly handshake and smile. I knew almost every one of them, but of course did not give any sign of recognition. Having made the rounds without any signs of recognition, I heaved a big sigh.

Sally, who had followed in my steps, heard it and smiled at me, her eyes laughing. "See Marilyn, you really belong."

I smiled back with the sort of grin one gives when the dentist tells a joke while hitting a nerve with his drill.

The meeting was called to order. It appeared that there was another new girl, a pledge, who wanted to join the sorority and would be initiated that night.

Then Sandra, looking at Debbie with a mysterious grin, stood up and said, “Girls, Marilyn also wants to join our sorority. She has my fullest recommendation, and also her application for membership has been seconded by Debbie and Sally, who have known Marilyn for more than eighteen years. Madam Chairman, I make a motion that an immediate vote be held to approve her application so we can initiate Marilyn together with Joyce this very evening.”

The other girls joined in a chorus of comments so that the Chairlady had to gavel for order. “Will the two pledges please leave the room.”

While we were out of the room, we exchanged some girl talk. Joyce asked me whether I had a boy friend. I shook my head and posed the same question to her. She had one that took care of the rest of the conversation, because she could not stop telling me all about his excellent and superior qualities.

From the corridor, we heard a loud chatter of girl's voices, some arguing. After about ten minutes, we were called in. The Chairlady said, “Marilyn, will you please stand up?”

I did, nervously.

“While it is highly irregular to accept a pledge without the usual waiting period, it is the consensus of the members present, that you will make a loyal sorority member. Therefore, an exception has been made in your case. Are you prepared to submit to the initiation proceedings?”

Helplessly, I looked at Debbie, Sandra, and then Sally, who nodded her head slightly. There was nothing else I could do. Things were out of my hands. All the members were nice enough to vote me in, and I could not have the effrontery to refuse now, even if I could have thought so quickly of a good reason. Softly I said, "Yes, Madam Chairman."

"All right, the initiation proceedings will take place after the refreshments," she said.

It appeared customary that the pledges served the older sisters. Debbie took us to the kitchen and gave us the trays. Joyce started on her way carrying a tray filled with coffee cups. I started to follow, when Debbie grabbed my arm. "Hold it Marilyn; you are not used to this work. You don't want to ruin your lovely dress, do you?"

What could I say. And with that, she tied a very feminine pinafore on me, white with ruffles all around. Then there was nothing I could but start serving the girls. No one remarked on my apron except one girl who said how attractive it was.

That is until I reached Sandra. With her eyes full of laughter and teasing, she said, "Marilyn, you look lovely and efficient. You should wear a pinafore all the time." And softly to me, "And, I will make sure you do, Brother dear."

Sally told Sandra to shut up. She felt things were moving so fast that they might get out of control.

Soon, the initiation was started, after Joyce and I had done the dishes and tidied up the room. "Do you know what they are going to do?" asked Joyce.

I told her that I did not have the faintest idea.

When it began, we were told to stand in the middle of the room. Each of us had to read aloud the pledge of loyalty promising that we would never bring shame on the other sisters, always follow the rules explicitly, be a

good and active member, and never, never bring disgrace to the sorority, but always enhance its reputation. We had to kiss the Charter and say loud and clearly, “I promise to the best of my ability.”

Then, we had to kneel on a little pillow while all the older members passed by congratulating us, and we promised each of them to be a good sister to them.

Then, there was some foolishness. We were blindfolded and given some cold spaghetti, telling us they were worms. We, of course, knew better, but I duly made faces.

When we passed that final test, we heard all the members applaud. Then disaster struck! One of the girls helped me untie my blindfold. While doing so, apparently some strands of hair were entwined with the blindfold. When she pulled it off, she took my wig with it.

Deadly silence hit the room. Then, all of a sudden, everyone started talking and shouting. “She’s a boy!”

“She’s falsified our oath.”

“He has made a fool of us.”

“What a lovely boy this is.”

“It’s Merrill!” “He should have been a girl.” Not a friendly word was spoken. Even Sally, my silent ally, was thunder struck and did not know what to do. Suddenly, I started to cry.

The president rapped violently for order, and shortly, the noise subsided.

“Marilyn, you have disobeyed the rules and regulations of this sorority, bringing distress and shame to your sisters. You have behaved in a manner unbecoming a member of this sorority by entering under false pretenses. You will have to stand trial before a disciplinary committee, which will convene immediately.”

I was escorted out of the room by two girls, who held me by the arms so I couldn't get away, I wanted to run and run, straight out of town, never to return. The girls were obviously very mad at me, because not a word was exchanged.

It did not take them long to chose a court of trial. Soon, I was called in to face a court of five girls. Evidently, Sally had asked, and had been appointed as my defender.

The "Chief Justice" addressed me as I stood facing them. "Marilyn, or whatever your name is, you are being tried for a serious breech of faith and conduct unbecoming a member of this sorority. This sorority, which welcomed you with open arms, has become the laughing stock of Fairsdale."

"Do you have anything to say?" I was asked.

Before I could speak, Sally intervened: "Marilyn has become the victim of unfortunate circumstances, caused by some persons who practically blackmailed him into becoming a sorority sister. While there is no doubt of his guilt, I ask the court to take into account several mitigating circumstances."

The court argued with Sally about evidence to be submitted, and it did not sound very legal to me. Finally, Sally had to give up. The "Chief Justice" again addressed me. "Marilyn, the facts of this case are here before us for all to see. How do you plead?"

I looked at Sally, who was close to tears herself by now. She nodded at me. "Guilty," I said softly.

"Guards, take her out of this room so the members can confer with the Court about suitable action to be taken.

One of my guards said, "You'll be sorry, sister."

I sighed. I felt miserable. Quite a change from earlier that evening when I had felt happier than ever in my life.

It took almost half an hour for them to reach a decision. And, all that time I waited nervously, thinking of what they might decide. My brain had ceased to work. Events were too unusual to be able to predict the outcome.

The court addressed me while I stood before them, eyes lowered. “Marilyn, you have been found guilty of impersonating a girl and demeaning our rules and regulations; becoming a member under false pretences. Our entire sorority has agreed unanimously to treat you with strict fairness, provided you will agree, under oath, never to reveal this unfortunate incident to anyone outside this room. Do you solemnly swear to keep your silence about tonight?”

I nodded.

“Then, here is what we have decided. Since you have already been accepted by this sorority as a girl, you will for the next six months, live and dress exclusively as a girl. You will do nothing to show that you are not what you appear to be. In return for your promise to be faithful to this, and be an obedient younger sister to all members of this sorority, everyone in this room will promise never to reveal your real identity to anyone. And, all of us will help you however we can to make you into a real, attractive, well-behaved young lady. Do you agree that this is fair?”

Again, I nodded.

“Then it has been decided. I must specifically warn you that if you are seen in masculine clothes, even for a moment, your term as a girl will be extended for another year.”

It appeared that the sorority had already discussed plans to implement the penalty. I learned that the next morning at ten o'clock, there would be a “dress in” at our house where all the girls would bring feminine clothes for me.

The members were all excited about the plans. One mentioned that I should have a permanent wave and beauty treatment. Another said that I should join her dance class, get lessons in deportment, and so on. I just stood there completely overcome by these new developments and helplessly awaiting what my tormentors were going to plan next.

Suddenly, one of the girls asked: "And, what about Sandra and Debbie? They're really just as guilty as Marilyn, having helped him to deceive us."

Immediately, the room was filled with comments. Most of them approving, some disapproving, but the majority approving of some kind of penalty for the two girls who had masterminded my initiation as a girl. For some reason, nobody mentioned Sally's name. Apparently, she had tried to defend me so well that they did not think of her as a participant in this crime. It seemed illogical to my masculine mind, but I was not about to say anything. And secretly, I enjoyed the thought that Sandra and Debbie had something coming to them also.

The two were asked to leave the room so that a suitable demerit could be agreed upon. Nobody paid any attention to me. They apparently had become used to the idea that I was now a sorority member.

The penalties proposed and discussed were varied. Some suggested a fine, others dismissal from the sorority. Suddenly, one girl spoke up: "I have an idea. Since they made Marilyn wear skirts, they should be made to wear pants for the same period of time."

The majority agreed that this was a wonderful idea. They laughed and joked together. "I can just see Debbie going on a date in slacks."

The proposal was voted on and passed. Debbie and Sandra were called in before the Court.

“The membership has decided upon a punishment to fit the crime. You are ordered to wear nothing but dark slacks and a white blouse for the same period of time Marilyn is dressed in skirts. You may not wear skirts or shorts, except when you go to work or Church. All the rest of the time, you will wear pants.” Debbie started to protest violently, but she got nowhere. “The only alternative is that you resign from the sorority,” she was told by the Chair Lady.

This, she apparently did not wish to do, so she finally agreed to accept the punishment.

“What about you, Sandra?”

She nodded at the Court and turned, giving me a very mad look as if I had gotten her into this predicament. With some glee, I remembered that her boy friend did not like girls to wear slacks. So, for her it was a most unhappy development.

With all these proceedings, the hour had become quite late. So with a “See you tomorrow at 10:00 A.M.,” the meeting broke up.

Sally grabbed my arm and after waving good-bye to the girls, we left the house with Sandra following close behind.

Sandra was grumbling and was most annoyed. Her anger seemed to center on me. “You will suffer for this sister dear,” she said to me. And to Sally, “How did you manage to come out unscathed? You were just as guilty.”

Sally just shrugged her shoulders. Obviously, she was very happy that the girls had not included her in the ban on skirts. Then, Sally asked me, “How do you feel about this Marilyn?”, squeezing my arm secretly. She knew by now that I would not mind being dressed in soft, attractive girls clothes for some time.

My answer was, “What will Mother say?” I was really worried about this.

“We'll just have to wait and see,” answered Sally.

Soon, we reached the house. Sandra disappeared into her room without so much as a good night. Sally gave me a good night kiss, and I blushed. She had never done this to her brother.

As I turned in the hall, Sandra came out of her room with an old nightie of hers in her hand. “Here Marilyn. No pajamas for you for the next six months.” She pushed me into my room and grabbed my pajamas from the bed before I could stop her. As the door closed behind her, I turned to study myself in the mirror.

All the excitement that night had given me a blush. My ears were red, and I could not think clearly. “But, I look real pretty,” I thought to myself, as I began to undress. “This is going to be bizarre.” I worried about Mother. She obviously had not come home yet. Tomorrow, we would have to tell her. What would she say? I guess I assumed that she would call the whole thing off. That way I was off the hook.

Thinking about that, I put on the soft nightgown and climbed into bed. I must have fallen asleep quickly, because I do not remember thinking about anything except what Mother would say. What if she went along with it?

When I awoke at 8:00, I found Mother standing by my bed. She looked in a funny way, and said, “Good morning Marilyn.”

I felt myself getting beet red and tried to pull up the blankets so my nightgown would not show. “Don't bother, Sally told me everything,” she said. “She even told me you like being dressed up. Is this true?”

I began to stutter, being so terribly embarrassed by this sudden confrontation. What could I say? Deep inside, I knew that I did not mind dressing as a girl for the evening but I wouldn't want my friends to find out.

Mother saw my confusion and distress. She put her hand on mine and said, “Seriously, it is about time you did something useful about the house. I've meant to talk to you about this for a long time. It is no wonder that your sisters resented your loafing about without doing any chores. And all that while your sisters have jobs, while you don't seem to be in any hurry to find work.”

My answer to all of this was, “It's just did not know what I wanted to do.”

“Well, now you found out, I guess.” I saw a glint of sarcasm in her eyes with that statement. That confused me even more. Trying to divert her, I asked, “How is Grandma?”

“She has had a light stroke, and I will have to nurse her and take care of her and Grandpa for quite a while, I'm afraid.” She sighed as she looked at me again. “And therefore, you will have to take over the housekeeping here for your sisters. I plan to sleep at Grandfather's house so as not to waste too much time driving back and forth. So, I told the girls this morning that it is about time you took some responsibilities for the family. Maybe it's okay if you dress as a girl for a few months, that's all the more appropriate. I'm not sure your Father would have approved.” She looked troubled, and I saw that she doubted her judgment.

I stepped out of bed and was about to tell Mother not to worry, when Sandra came in.

“Rise and shine, little sister. You have to help with breakfast so next week when we go to work, you can do everything yourself. Here are your clothes. And hurry...we will have to have everything in order when our friends come at ten o'clock.

Mother went over to the pile of clothes that Sandra had put on a chair. She looked at the underwear and the printed cotton dress and then at me. “Are you sure you

want to go through with this? Maybe I should put my foot down.”

I realized she was trying to give me a last out. After all, I could easily chicken out claiming that Mother did not approve seeing her only son in dresses. Quickly, I said, “But, I gave my word.”

Sandra giggled, “Debbie says he has a girlish figure, so he might as well dress like one.”

Mother frowned as she hung the dress over a chair. “I think you could be a little kinder to your twin brother. He did not make himself, you know.”

But years of having to play second fiddle to my maleness made Sandra enjoy the situation immensely, and she was not going to be denied. “Need any help dressing, Marilyn.”

I did not need to reply, as Mother shooed her out of the room and said to me, “Let's see what you look like.”

When I climbed out of bed, I furiously hoped that Mother would leave, and I fiddled around for a few moments. Mother noticed my reluctance, “Hurry up Marilyn,” she said, “nobody's here but us girls.”

I was embarrassed to death, having been used to my privacy in dressing for many years. But, Mother made no signs that she was going to leave, so I had to take off my nightgown and put on the panties as quickly as possible.

As Mother watched my progress, she had a faint smile. I wondered whether it was sarcasm or amused surprise.

When she helped me zip up the dress, she hugged me for a moment.

“Have the women in this house finally gotten under your skin? Here, let me help you comb your hair.” After she helped with the makeup, she lifted my chin and turned my head this way and that. “You look two years younger, you shave tail. This will keep your hair piece

out of your eyes.” And with that, she pulled my hair back and put an elastic band on it so that I now had quite a long ponytail. She grabbed my arm and whisked me out of my bedroom. As we passed Sally's room, she went inside and picked up a wide hair ribbon, which she neatly tied over the elastic band in my hair.

“There! That looks better.”

When we came downstairs, the girls were busy setting the table. Mother took me to the kitchen and showed me how to make breakfast.

At the breakfast table, my sisters talked about nothing but the coming “dress-in”. Mother was somewhat displeased by all this. “He could have borrowed some of Sandra's clothes.”

“No way,” Sandra said. “Let him get his own dresses.” Mother frowned at Sandra, but said nothing.

“Do you think anybody will find out, Mother?” asked Sally.

“They better not,” she said firmly. And looking me straight in the eye, “Remember, I want you to behave like a young lady. Unless you adjust completely to your new dress, you will not only punish and shame yourself, but our whole family.” And to the girls; “I want you to watch him closely at all times and teach him to talk, move as a girl should, you hear? I'm making you girls responsible. After all, you started this, and now, you will have to carry through no matter how much effort it takes. Promise?”

“Yes Mom.” Sandra added: “You better tell him to do exactly what we say.”

Mother thought a little while, and turning to me said, “I want you to consider yourself the youngest sister and obey Sandra and Sally, do only what they tell you, and do it right.”

I blushed again. This was going to be hard. I was about to argue when I suddenly realized that I had no alternative. If I was to pass completely as a girl for all this time, I would need all the help from my sisters that I could get. "OK," I growled.

Breakfast over, Mother took me to the kitchen and ordered the girls to tidy up the house. We had only an hour till our sorority sisters were expected.

Mom sat down on a kitchen chair and said, "Well, you might as well get started. First the dishes, and then, tidy up the kitchen. I will make a list of things to be done every day. Anything you do incorrectly will have to be done over, till it is right. Do you understand?"

"Yes Mom."

As the girls brought in the breakfast dishes, I washed and dried them and put them away. Mother showed me how to do the laundry, where the linen was kept, and a lot of other things I needed to know.

While she was writing all the instructions, and I was getting used to my jobs, we both forgot the time.

Suddenly, we heard a lot of voices, and Debbie burst into the kitchen. "Good morning Mrs. Miller. Come on Marilyn, we are all waiting."

Before I had time to put down my dust cloth or take off my apron, she pulled me out of the kitchen into the living room that was crowded with girls. I looked at Debbie in her black slacks and white blouse and thought how I must look standing next to her with my ponytail and all.

Everyone shouted, "Hello, Marilyn," laughed and kidded me about my housewifely appearance. One girl pulled on my hair; "Just seeing whether it is real," she cried.

Sally noticed my embarrassment and came to my aid. She took the dust cloth and untied my apron. "OK,

girls, Marilyn has accepted her penalty as a good sport. Let's help her as much as we can." Fortunately, the other girls agreed, and the meeting calmed down somewhat.

I noticed lots of boxes, parcels, and bundles thrown about the room and on the furniture.

"This is like a shower," said one of the girls. "Hooray for the bride!"

I was asked to unwrap the parcels as if they were presents. Opening them one by one, I found that I was being equipped with a complete wardrobe. I received all kinds of girl clothes, including underwear. It seemed as if they had deliberately picked the frilliest and laciest kinds of things. There were dresses, summer and winter, slips, panties, bras, petticoats, shoes, heels, and loafers. There were even some uniforms, which a girl who worked in a beauty shop brought. There were also some scarves, gloves, and aprons.

One girl had brought a strapless evening dress. "Hey, try this one on Marilyn. The boys will like it."

I tried to run from the room then, being completely beside myself. Sandra grabbed me, and before I realized what she was doing, she unzipped my house dress and pulled it over my head. Then, she put the gown over my head, straightened it out and closed it in the back.

It, of course, looked ridiculous with my bra and slip straps showing. Everyone laughed!

"Our newest town beauty won't have any trouble getting dates, I see," said one plain looking girl. She appeared to envy me.

I was kidded mercilessly by almost everyone except a few of them who realized how terrible I must have felt. Just when someone started to speak up, Mother came into the room.

"All right girls, you have had your fun. Since Marilyn has given her word to pay the penalty you

agreed upon, I have decided to go along with this. However, I want to ask each and every one of you to promise solemnly to keep his secret and to help him whenever you can. Otherwise, I will put a stop to this immediately, here and now. As Merrill does not have a job, I have agreed that he keep house for a while for his working sisters. I will be away taking care of his sick grandmother. If that finally gives him a chance to prove himself useful, fine and good as long as he does not have a job."

"No job?" The girls started talking all at once. One said, "My beauty shop has been looking for a manicurist for a long time."

Another: "I always have to turn down babysitting jobs. Now, I can refer them to Marilyn."

"My office is looking for a part time file clerk."

All of a sudden, I had more job offers to choose from. I liked the idea suddenly of making some money on my own.

"That might be a good idea," Mother said, "but, not the first few months. After he has shown that he can properly handle his household chores, and when I am convinced that he can pose successfully and completely as Marilyn, he can decide whether he wants to find some work. Now, before I go; do I have your promise girls?"

Everyone replied, "Yes, Mrs. Miller."

"All right then, Marilyn it will be." With that, she said good bye and left for Grandma's house.

And, I was delivered to the wiles of almost twenty females, all of whom I would have to trust and obey.

"Marilyn should model some of her new clothes," said one of them. "Yes, yes."

I looked to Sally for help.

"Some other time girls," she said helpfully.

"No, we want to see them now."

I could see that the majority wanted a fashion show.

“Alright then,” said Sally. “But, let me get her ready.”

With that, she pulled me out of the room, still in the strapless evening gown. Quickly, she went into Sandra's room and came out with a panty girdle. “Here, better put this on. It will make you feel better.”

I realized why she wanted me to wear this and quickly went to my room, where I struggled into the tight girdle after taking off the dress.

Just when I finished and looked at myself in the mirror, Sally came in with some high-heeled shoes. “These will make you look better in the fashion show.”

“You could have knocked,” I said, having been caught admiring myself in the mirror.

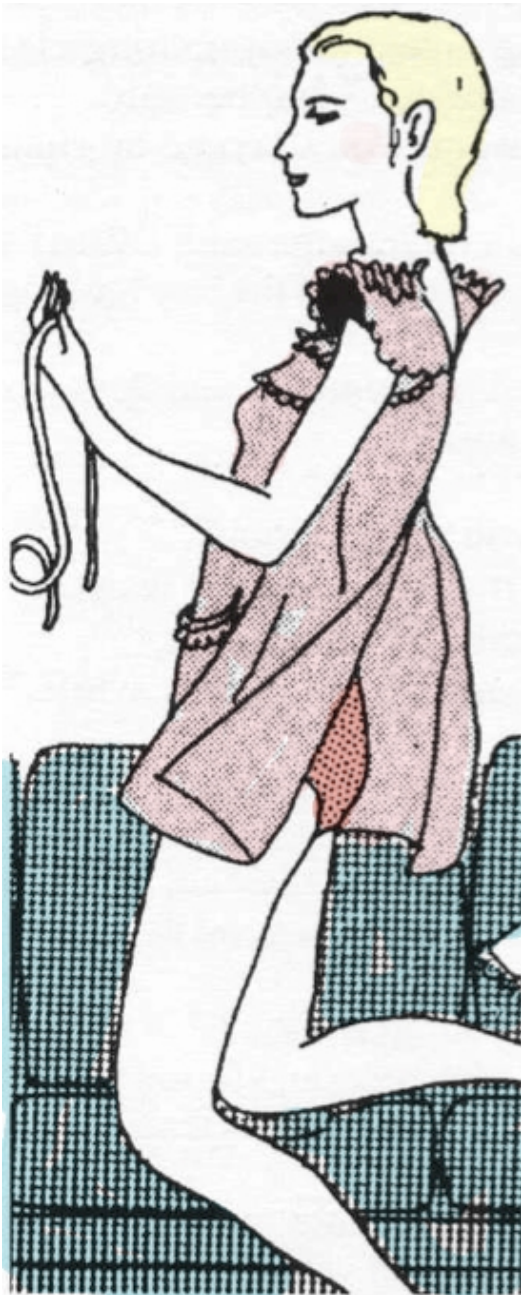
“As long as you are going to be one of us, you had better begin feeling like you belong to our sex, Brother Dear. Anyway, as your older sister, I know what you look like. So stop being shy.”

She inspected me in my slip. “Perfect, nothing shows.”

She shoved me out of my room, after I had put on the high heel shoes.

The girls had the time of their life making me wear one dress after another, with different accessories. Debbie annoyed me with a very abbreviated feminine playsuit of tiny flowered print with a pink roll collar and a tie belt. I had to take my slip off and was very grateful to Sally for her foresight.

The sleeveless playsuit fit perfectly, as Debbie darn well knew it would. I think the girls liked it best of all.



*My sleeveless playsuit  
fit perfectly.*

Don't ask me why, but by this time I was so flustered, having had to learn the funny ways models show off their clothes. I was close to crying.

Again, Sally stepped into the breach for me. “All right girls, you have had your show. Now, think about how you can help Marilyn.”

“I can give her a beauty treatment at the shop this week,” said the girl who brought the white uniforms.

“I will teach her to dance as a girl,” said another.

“Alright, alright, that's enough for now. You can come any time any of you feel that you can help.

Sally grabbed my hand, and together we went to the kitchen, where I slumped into a chair and dropped my head into my hands.

“Don't take it so hard Merrill. You said you liked it.”

But, now I was not so sure. With so many girls in on the secret, would I be safe? Sally tried to console me, and we spent some time talking this over.

After a while, Sandra came into the room looking mischievous. “Everyone has left,” she said. “Come on Marilyn, you have a lot to do today. All of your new clothes must be put away and sorted out. After that, there is lunch to make and a lot of ironing to be done.”

Sally gave Sandra a dirty look but said nothing.

I stood up, and Sandra giggled at my feminine playsuit. “It's not play time now girlie. I think you had better change.”

All three of us went to the living room and picked up the clothes to carry to my room. As I came into my room, I froze. All my closets and drawers were empty. All my boy clothes had disappeared.

Gleefully, Sandra said, “I gave each of the girls a few of your things to carry home. You have no use for

them anyway, and we had to make room for your new clothes.”

I lost my temper and started to slap Sandra's face, but Sally restrained me and forced me to sit on the bed saying, “It's done, so there's no use making a scene. You'd better change now, Dear.”

I buried my face in the blankets as the girls left my room. I was horror stricken with the thought that I was now in for it. The weight of the finality of my situation came down on me. Whether I liked it or not, I was now committed to be a girl for the next six months. Sandra, Debbie, and the other girls would see to it.

I lay there for I don't know how long, thinking desperately and regretting my decision to go along with this masquerade. I seemed to have no control over my actions the last twenty-four hours. All decisions were being made for me. There was nothing I could do now but play the obedient younger sister.

Sally came in with some sandwiches and a glass of milk. She must have realized how I was feeling and tried to cheer me up. “Come on Merrill, it's not the end of the world. After all, I've been a girl all of my life and have enjoyed it.” She stroked my hair. “Cheer up, you'll feel better after you've eaten something. And, there is a lot to do you know.”

I sat up and looked at Sally. “Do you think the girls can keep the secret?”, I asked.

“I'm sure they will. Don't forget, they will look awfully foolish if it gets around that a boy managed to join their sorority.”

I sighed. “Well, I hope so. Will you help me to look my best?”

“Of course I will. We don't want you to be discovered either, you know.”

The rest of the day I was kept busy. I had never realized how much work there was in the house or how

much time my mother and sisters spent keeping the house and their clothes in good order.

That evening, Mother called from Grandma's house. I picked up the phone. "Merrill, how's it going," she asked.

"Fine Mother," I replied, "everything is all right."

"I don't want you to go to church tomorrow. I think it is too risky until you have become more accustomed to your new role. But, I do want you girls to come to Grandma's house tomorrow and try to cheer her up. I have told them about your experiences of the last day, and Grandma is anxious to see you."

"What about Grandpa?" I asked.

"I don't think he is too happy about it. He can't understand how you ever got into this situation," she said.

My heart sank into my shoes. How could I face Grandpa in skirts? Mother understood my silence, apparently. "Well, after the first time, it won't be so bad, and he'll soon get used to having a third granddaughter. Good night now. Let me talk to Sally for a moment."

They talked for a while about Grandma, and when I saw Sally looking at me, I understood that Mother was giving her instructions about the visit tomorrow.

"All right Mother, Grandma will be proud of Marilyn."

After she hung up, we watched television for a while and went to bed. It had been a hectic day.

Sunday morning I awoke at 8:30. Hearing no noises from the girl's rooms, I decided to get up and investigate my drawers and closets. We would not be going to Grandma's until the afternoon, so I chose a simple white blouse and tweed skirt. I did not bother with stockings, and when I studied myself in the mirror, I noticed some fuzz on my legs.

“Better get those shaved,” I thought. I found some loafers that fitted me pretty well. Then I applied some lipstick and powder and admired the final result. The blouse was a little too wide, and I thought it would be nice if I had some of my own things.

In the meantime, it was 9:00. I realized that the girls were over sleeping. They had to be in church in forty-five minutes. I knocked on their doors. “Lazybones, you're late. Better hurry up if you want to be in church on time. I'll get breakfast ready.”

Downstairs, I began to set the table, boiling eggs, and preparing toast.

Funny, I did not feel strange at all doing these things. Seems I had an aptitude for “domestic science”. Or, was Debbie right? Should I have been a girl? It's true, I never did care much for sports, but I got along with the fellows all right. I did manage to hold my own in swimming and tennis.

And, my best friend, Jim, never said anything. Thinking of Jim, I suddenly turned beet red. What if he were to find out? He came over to our house almost every day. Could I hide? Not forever. What was I to do? There were no men's clothes in the house. I was standing there frozen to the spot when Sandra came in.

“Hey, what are you dreaming about, sister?”

Sally followed in her footsteps, also dressed in her best clothes. Upon seeing me, she knew something was wrong. “What is bothering you?” she asked.

“Uh, I just thought... What am I going to do when Jim comes over? He's been away this weekend with his parents, but I'm sure he'll come Monday. What will I do?”

“You've got a problem,” said Sally.

Sandra said, “Serves you right,” and giggling, “Maybe he'll date you. Oh boy! I hope I'm here when he comes.”

“Now Sandra, stop kidding,” Sally interrupted. “Marilyn has a hard enough time as it is, and we must try to help her. We’ll talk more about it after church.

The girls ate quickly and left me with the dishes and instructions to straighten out the house. I could not get a bite through my throat thinking about meeting Jim. And, I had to meet Grandpa this afternoon!!! I wished I were dead.

After cleaning the kitchen, I went through the rooms dusting here and there, like Mother had shown me. I found Sally’s room in almost perfect order, but Sandra had left her bed unmade and all her things lying around. “She thinks she’s got a maid,” I mumbled to myself. But, I made her bed, hung her clothes away, and introduced some order into her stable.

Still, the thought of Jim would not leave me. He was my real friend, but how could I explain? What would he say, and worse, what would he think? Would he understand? What could I do?

I was still moping around the house when the girls returned.

“What are we having for lunch,” shouted Sandra.

“Mom said over the phone yesterday that we better have a sandwich because we are having dinner at Grandma’s,” said Sally. “We can open a can of soup.”

“You mean Marilyn can,” Sandra teased. She just would not let up. “I’m going to write some letters. And, oh yes.... I am going to write a book.”

“A what?” asked Sally. “You could not write a parking ticket if you were a cop.”

“Yes, a book. It will be called “The She Around Us”, and she looked sarcastically at me.

“Now, you stop that,” Sally said. “You sure don’t act like you just came out of church.”

“Well, the minister did not say anything about being my sister's keeper,” she parried as she left the room to change back into her slacks and blouse.

I looked through the Sunday paper, but my mind was not with it.

Sally saw my frown and the desperation in my eyes. “You should tell him the truth. If he is a real friend, he will understand.”

“You mean everything, also about Debbie?”

“Well, you don't have to tell him everything in detail. He doesn't have to know that you lost the fight with Debbie. Why don't you tell him that you lost a bet?”

“Yes, he might believe that. And, it was sort of a bet. After all, I don't want to lie to my best friend,” I said thoughtfully.

Sandra returned in her black slacks. Completely unexpectedly, she came to me and kissed me on the cheek. “You know, you're a good sister after all. You didn't have to make my bed and clean my room.”

I could see from her eyes that she meant it, and I blushed with the pleasurable idea that she was going to be on my side. “It's all right. After all, I had nothing else to do,” I told her.

Sally took my arm. “Now, let's sit down and think what we are going to do about you and Jim.”

“Saying that it was a bet might do it. I know he will not tell another soul,” I added.

“Well, a good friend will stay with you through thick or thin.”

“I'll feel silly just the same.”

“Maybe he'll think it is a good joke,” offered Sandra.

“Maybe.” I felt a little better. We had been very good friends, and I know I would do anything for him if he were in a difficulty.

The three of us prepared lunch and cleaned up afterwards. “You know, it's much faster with three,”

said Sally. “I think actually Marilyn is much better at this than I am.”

“I hate to say it,” said Sandra looking at me with a glint of humor in her eyes, “but you are much better at it than she.”

“So be it,” I sighed dramatically, making my sisters laugh.

“We'll help you dress for Grandma. I think you should wear the same dress that you wore to the sorority meeting.” Sally pulled me out of the kitchen. “I'll show you how to press it so it looks nice and fresh.”

It was not easy. The pleats of the flared skirt were hard to iron.

While I took a bath and shaved my legs, the girls got ready. They were waiting for me when I returned to my room.

When I was ready, I saw in the mirror that I looked even nicer than the Friday before. Part of it must have been my everyday experience in high heels and dress posture. My self-confidence was growing.

“I wish I did not have to walk all the way to Grandma's right through town,” I said.

Sandra said, “I'll go on ahead like last time. Then everyone will think you're me.”

I kissed her cheek gratefully. “You're not such a bad twin sister after all.”

Sally added, “But for a gene or two, you might have been her twin sister.”

It threatened to rain, so Sandra helped me into the raincoat that one of the sorority girls had left me. It was a perfect fit, and because it did not look brand new, I felt comfortable in it like I had broken it in myself.

Sandra had already left, and Sally helped me to tie a rain scarf over my still curly hair. “There. Your own Mother would think you were Sandra.”

On Sunday, the streets were not very crowded. The threatening rain kept many would be strollers at home. We walked arm in arm, the wind occasionally blowing at our skirts.

My mind kept on worrying about meeting Grandpa. I knew that the girls all thought it a good joke, and seemed to get some satisfaction out of my transformation. But, I had not been exposed to an actual meeting with a man. Somehow, that seemed much worse than being seen in skirts by a female.

Sally felt my step involuntarily slowing, and looked at me. "Afraid of your own grandparents?"

"I wonder what Grandpa will say."

"Oh come on, you know you were always his favorite."

"As Merrill, named after him and carrying his name, yes. But what will he think of Marilyn?"

"We'll find out in two minutes," said Sally entering the path leading up to Grandpa's house.

Sandra opened the door. "I prepared Grandpa," she whispered in my ear. I told him it was a bet, and you could not chicken out."

My sisters went upstairs to Grandma's bedroom. Mother came down the stairs just then, and after inspecting me with a satisfied smile, we went into the living room together.

IF YOU LIKE THIS STORY, WRITE TO ME:

[sandythomasbooks@gmail.com](mailto:sandythomasbooks@gmail.com)

[www.sthomas.com](http://www.sthomas.com)

SANDY THOMAS,

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624

[sandythomasbooks@gmail.com](mailto:sandythomasbooks@gmail.com)

[www.sthomas.com](http://www.sthomas.com)

**BOOK TWO****MARILYN MAKES IT**

Grandpa stood near the door, lighting his ever present pipe. Seeing me, he said, Sandra, I heard the doorbell. Was that Merrill and Sandy?" He actually thought I was Sandra!

I was so embarrassed; I did not know what to say.

"Father Miller, meet Marilyn."

Grandpa looked at me up and down and up again.

"No, it's not possible. You're joking."

"You want me to prove it?" asked Mother.

Immediately and instinctively my hands went down to keep my skirt in place. "Mother!?" My newly gained confident front disappeared. Blushingly, I put out my hand. "How are you Grandpa?"

"Let me look at you. You can't be Merrill," he said in a confused voice."

"He is, just believe me." Mother said it as if she was almost proud of my beautiful looks and appearance.

Grandpa noticed my acute embarrassment. Taking my hand and putting his other on my shoulder, he tried to make me more comfortable. "Glad to see you, Merrill, come on in. Sandra tells me you lost a bet. This ought to teach you never to gamble or to bet." He shook his head saying it. "But boy, you sure are a looker."

I blushed again as I sat in a straight chair.

I saw that Mother was looking at the way I sat with my knees and heels together, hands in my lap. "He looks like he's been a girl all his life," she said to Grandpa.

"It's absolutely amazing. I would never have believed it." Grandpa still couldn't handle it. "I'm not sure I approve though. This could cause him problems. Six months like this and he'll be more Sandra than Sandra."

“He has not found a job yet,” Mother said, “and we thought at least he could do some housekeeping while I am here and the girls are at work.”

Grandpa said nothing, just shaking his head and looking at me. “Well, your word is your word I always say. And, if you lost your bet, you have to pay the consequences, like a man.”

“Yes Grandpa,” I said. “I mean to do that.”

“Why don't you go upstairs? Grandma talked about nothing else last night except your change into a granddaughter,” Mother said.

Just then Sandra came in. “Grandma wants you to come up right away,” she said to me.

As I stood up and moved toward my sister, Grandpa said, “What's this world coming to. Look at them, the girl in pants and the boy looking more like a girl than the girls.”

Grandma sat up in bed when she spotted me come in, and her eyes shown. “Hi there Marilyn. You look adorable.”

“How are you, Grandma?” I asked.

“Never mind that. Just let me look at you. Turn around.”

Blushingly, I pirouetted for her, my skirt flying up to my waist.

“Where did you learn that?” asked Sandra in amazement.

“You are a beautiful girl. Come sit next to me for a while,” Grandma said.

As I sat down, Sandra left the room, and I was alone with Grandma. She took my hand, and she looked like a conspirator when she said, “Every since you were a small boy, I was sorry when they cut off your beautiful curls. I always secretly knew you would look good as a girl.”

“You never said anything like that,” I said.

“Of course not. Would you say that to your grandson?”

She seemed to enjoy herself immensely. Pretty soon, I found myself talking to her as a girl, telling her what dresses and accessories the girls had brought me.

“If your new clothes don't fit right, you just come over and we'll adjust them together. There is a lot that I can teach you.”

“But Grandma, it's only for six months.”

“I know, I know,” she said as if she knew differently. “But in the meantime, we can have real fun. You must come visit me often. That darn doctor says I have to stay in bed for two months. Will you come often?” she asked hopefully.

“Yes Grandma,” I promised, “as often as I can.”

Grandma started telling me some stories about when she was a girl my age and how she had flirted with the boys and had made many of her clothes herself. “I'll show you how to do it. It's easy.”

I had not thought about taking up sewing, dress making, or whatever, but to keep her happy, I said, “Yes Grandma, yes.”

Mother entered the room. “Don't make Grandma too excited. She's supposed to rest. Go help your sisters set the table.”

As I left the room, I heard Grandma say, “She's beautiful, isn't she?”

Mother replied, “Yes he is, he is.”

When dinner was prepared, Mother asked me to take a bowl of soup up to Grandma's room.

I helped her sit up and fluffed up the pillows. I then put the portable over the frame and placed the soup on it in front of her.

She fingered my apron and said, “We'll make some cute new ones for you.”

Then, I went downstairs and helped serve dinner.

The rest of the evening went uneventfully. Sometimes I felt Grandpa's eyes on me as I moved or while I sat watching television. He was trying to decide whether I was Merrill or Marilyn. After a while, he seemed to accept my new role. From then on, he treated me just as he did Sandra and Sally.

At ten o'clock, he said, "Isn't it time for you girls to go home? I don't want you to walk the streets too late."

After greeting Mom and Grandma and kissing Grandpa good night, we left together. Now that it was dark, I did not want Sandra to walk alone. Fortunately, we met no acquaintances.

The new week started me out on the new routine. I would wake my sisters and in a robe, would fix their breakfast.

Sally said, "I have excused you from maid services this morning, but tonight, I want you to brush my hair."

With great equanimity, I said, "I'll be glad to." That seemed just the right approach, because she began to blush as if she was ashamed of having asked me. Sally winked at me to show she noticed it too. Now, I knew how to handle Sandra in the future and expected little difficulties from her.

After the girls left, I started working around the house; consulting the list which Mom had made for me. There was a lot to do, and I tried to do it conscientiously and well. I found it took up a lot of time. Just vacuuming the house lasted most of the morning. While I had put the wash in the laundry machine, I made myself a sandwich. I began to think what I would do on those afternoons when all the chores were done. Sitting in the house all the time would drive me nutty. Maybe I could get a part time job somewhere. But, would I dare as a girl? Well, I just had to try and overcome my doubts. After lunch, I went outside to hang up the lingerie and other laundry to dry.

I was almost finished, just taking a clothes pin out of my mouth, when I suddenly heard Jim's voice behind me.

“Hi Sandra,” he said. “Are you playing hooky from your work? Where is Merrill?”

I turned around literally shivering in my heels from nervousness and embarrassment.

Jim looked at me, noticing something strange. His eyes went from my plucked eyebrows, to my nylon covered legs, to my white frilly apron. My mind worked at atomic speed. I could not keep my transformation from my best friend, this I knew. There was no better time to tell him than now.

With my shoulders sagged and my head lowered, not wanting to see the reaction in his eyes, I said, “Hi Jim, how are you?”

Hesitantly, he said, “Merrill?”

He started to laugh. “What in the heck are you doing in Sandra's clothes? Boy, you're a riot. You make a pretty girl.”

Well, at least he wasn't disgusted.

“Come with me to the kitchen. I'll get you a Soda and tell you all about it.” I almost started to take his hand, like a girl would. It made me realize how my clothes, my work, and my experiences of the last three days had started to feminize me. Could I fight this for six months? Or would this feminization process continue until, after six months, would be too feminine to go back to men's clothes?

Jim followed me into the house. I could feel his eyes watching my every movement. I tried to walk as naturally as possible, but how naturally can a boy walk on 2 1\2 inch heels?

Then, I remembered what Sally had said. “If he is a real friend, he'll stick with you through thick and thin.”

Deciding to be myself, whatever would come, I told him the whole story, although I did omit certain details. How can you explain to a friend that you lost a wrestling match with a girl who made you say over and over again, "I am a submissive, feminine young lady"?

"Boy, are you in trouble," he said with feeling after my tale was ended. "You aren't really planning to go through with it, are you?"

"Do you know what those sorority girls would do to me if I didn't?" I said pointedly.

"Hate to think of it. You know, I really thought you were Sandra. And she's an attractive girl."

"Do you really think I look okay in a dress?" I asked, trying to strike a feminine pose. I held the stance for a moment and noticed Jim's eyes focused on the way my brassiere thrust out against the constraints of my dress.

"You're a real credit to the female sex," he said gravely. Then, because he was afraid that I would think he was joking, "And I mean it. If I was not already engaged, I'd take you out any day. Hey, I just thought of something. I think it would be fun if we visit Lana together."

"I don't know," I said shyly. But I knew I looked fantastic and had obviously spent a lot of time putting together every detail of my stunning ensemble.

Jim stared at my bared legs and nylons, and I looked right at him and smiled! I turned around again, making my skirt flare a bit before sitting down and crossing my legs. I said, "Lana would think I'm nuts."

"She will think you are gorgeous."

I felt much better suddenly. If Jim really meant that, it implied that he really did not mind my transformation. So, I agreed happily. "Okay."

Jim had to leave and make some more sales calls for the electronic company, his employer. Lana was his

fiancée, and they planned to get married in a few months.

“I’ll see you after dinner.”

“Why don’t you come eat dinner with us. See if you can stand my cooking?” I called.

“Okay, thanks. I’ll give it a try,” he agreed.

When Jim arrived at dinnertime, Sandra and Sally were also home, and they were surprised to see him.

“Do you think of our ‘made-over’ of your buddy?” Sally asked him.

Jim smiled and looked me up and down. “He’s much easier on the eyes now,” he laughed. “I guess I should say, ‘she’s’ terrific.”

Every minute I wasn’t cooking, I was in front of my mirror. I don’t understand why but I wanted to be perfect. I had changed my dress, stockings and a higher pair of high heels.

As the housekeeper, I server the cocktails and snacks. I had changed into a very nice black sleeveless cocktail sheath with a very narrow skirt. I began to feel a little uncomfortable as Jim kept watching me from my black high heels, to my small flowered apron, to my shoulder length wig that I had carefully brushed and combed beforehand.

Sandra, who had noticed Jim’s interest, said, “He is really enjoying himself, you know.”

Sally became annoyed at this tactless remark. “I think he is a very good sport about it, and he does look beautiful and authentic.

I smiled gratefully at her.

At dinner, Jim asked, “Did you really prepare all this food?”

I nodded.

Sandra added, "We've never eaten better, since he took over the cooking. I guess it takes a man to really know the culinary arts."

"As long as I'm doing it, I might as well do it right," I said.

Sally added, "Ever since he's done the cooking, we've had nothing but his favorite dishes."

"The cook is the master in his own kitchen," I replied impishly.

As the girls were going out that night, I had to do the dishes. Jim helped me dry them. When we were through, I asked Jim, "Do you still want me to meet Lana this way?"

Jim hesitated a few seconds. "Sure, but I don't know what Lana's going to think of it."

"If you're not sure, I'd better not go along," I said.

"No, I really do want you to come. I want to see whether you can fool her."

When we left the house, we looked like any young couple on a date. It was warm enough, so I did not need a coat. I was beginning to get used to my heels and new clothes. This self-confidence improved my posture. Being less tense, I was able to smile easier and walk more naturally. I forgot I was not what I appeared, and Jim noticed the change.

"I have to keep reminding myself that you're Merrill," he said.

When we arrived at Lana's, there were a group of girls visiting from her office. I was introduced as Marilyn, a girl from Jim's office whom he had met in the street and brought along to meet his fiancée. Although Lana knew me very well, she didn't recognize me. As a matter of fact, she looked a little jealous and annoyed at Jim for bringing this strange girl.

I sat with the other girls, while Jim and Lana disappeared into the kitchen. Not feeling completely at ease, I only participated in a little conversation. I learned quickly what girls talk about amongst themselves. Having a new interest in feminine clothing, I was able to talk reasonably well informed. I also found that I was looking more at what the girls wearing, than at their other features. This was new, and I wondered what had brought on this change.

When Jim and Lana did not return for a while, I decided to leave. After good byes, I found myself alone in the street dressed as a girl for the first time. I panicked for just a few moments. Then, seeing the admiring glances from men and the noncommittal looks from the girls, I started feeling like a girl. Whenever a boy tried a little flirtation, I lowered my eyes demurely.

When I arrived home, I found Mother there.

“Where have you been?” she said, looking me over from top to bottom.

I explained that I had been on a visit to Lana's with Jim.

“Well Merrill, you've certainly gained an awful lot of confidence,” she observed.

“I'm starting to feel that these are my real clothes,” I replied.

“Oh dear, I don't know whether that is good,” Mother said, looking a little worried.

“As long as I have to wear these clothes for six months, I might as well get used to them,” I explained. But secretly, I worried about this too. What was happening to me?

“You have had two telephone calls; one from Debbie who wants you to go to the movies with her, and one from Lillian Anderson. She has a part time job for you as a manicurist, in the beauty salon.”

“Do you think I am ready for a job, Mom?” I asked with concern.

“You have just been out by yourself. The way you look now, you are ready for a Prom Queen contest.”

“I can easily finish the housework by noon, and I don't want to be bored all afternoon,” I remarked.

“Well, I don't see any harm in seeing what the job is all about. I don't think anyone will notice anything,” Mother replied.

“All right then, I'll call her and take the job.”

I could tell Mother was more than a little irritated at the ease at which I accepted this feminine role job blindly. With a frown, she said, “As long as you're a girl, the same rules apply to you as to your sisters. I want to know whenever you go out, whom you are with, where you go, and you must be in at a decent hour. I don't want you to go out at night without an escort, understand?”

“Yes, Mom.”

“And, Grandma has been asking for you, so see that you need to visit her for a couple of hours, soon.”

“I will Mom, real soon,” I promised.

I phoned Debbie. She said she would pick me up in fifteen minutes, never giving me a chance to refuse or even discuss our date. Then I called Lillian. She said that the manicurist in the beauty shop had been called home due to sickness of her mother, and the shop had difficulty finding a temporary replacement.

“Do you think I can do it?” I asked.

“I'll be over tomorrow morning to teach you,” she said. “I'll make sure you have an immaculate, white uniform. I'll see you tomorrow at ten.”

I was a little surprised at Debbie calling me. She was not too happy the last time I saw her, about wearing slacks, and I wondered what she had in mind. I soon

found out. When she beeped her car horn, I walked out and found out she had fixed me up with a date.

Before I had a chance to turn around and run away, she said, “Fellows, this pretty girl is Marilyn. Marilyn, my boyfriend Dick, and this is your date, Bill. We are going to a movie.”

Bill got out of the car, courteously helped me in and closed the door. “You were right Debbie. She’s a real dish,” he told me smiling.

I was in shock. Bill had such a friendly smiling face that I could not help smiling also. They talked about the movie we were going to see. On the way, I caught Debbie's glance in the back mirror. She stuck her tongue out at me, which I thought was a little juvenile.

Bill noticed it too. “You girls have a secret?” he asked.

“Darn right we have,” Debbie said meanly. “Hopefully it stays a secret. Or maybe I’ll tell you later.”

I flushed and looked pleadingly at Debbie. I realized that she had me over a barrel, and she was enjoying it tremendously.

In the movies, Bill put his arm around me, just as I used to do when I had a date. At first, I wanted to push him away, but when I saw Dick and Debbie go much farther in this department, I let him keep his arm there.

It was a funny feeling being on the other side of the fence. I was sitting there next to man. In my panties and a pretty dress, I felt so totally emasculated. Nothing I had on or with me was male. In my purse were lipsticks and nothing but girlie things.

Was this my fate for the near future? I sat meekly, my dress and delicate slip lace hem across my smooth thighs giving Bill a nice but dark view of my nyloned legs.

I could hear Debbie's feminine giggling as her date made a few "moves."

Fortunately, it was a first date and the movie was quite absorbing and amusing. I even enjoyed myself. It dawned on me that if I looked and acted like a girl, I would be treated like a girl and not like a deprived, sissified boy.

So sitting next to a male date, I could only become consciously more feminine. Besides, I was basically trapped and there was unquestionably no escape. Even if I managed to just run out of the Movie Theater and escape, I'd just end up on the street and who knew what Debbie would do. She might call the police about the boy running around the streets in a dress.

All I could possibly do was stomach the experience and hope for the evening and my date to end—albeit as a girl.

After the movie, Debbie suggested that we go to a place where we could dance. I started to object, but she grabbed my arm and pinched it painfully. So, I shut up.

Dick came to my rescue, "I never dance with girls in slacks."

For a moment, Debbie was silently perplexed, but she recovered quickly. "Then we'll just have a drink and watch Marilyn and Bill dance." She was determined to put my femininity to the test, and there was nothing I could do to stop her.

Bill said, "Hey, I'd like that. Let's go to the Wagon Wheel."

This was a fairly nice place, although I had never been there. When we arrived, Debbie really made me uncomfortable. "Come on Marilyn, Let's fix our faces."

She was enjoying herself immensely when she made me go to the powder room with her. She grinned fiendishly when she saw me embarrassingly turn away

from a woman who was fixing her slip. Copying her, I stood in front of a mirror and put on fresh lipstick.

“Are you enjoying your date, Marilyn dear?”

“You know I'm not.”

“Bill is so handsome. I'm dying to see you dance with him.”

I realized that she was trying to push my disguise to the limit, and there was nothing I could do about it. So, I did not reply. My fear of being discovered or exposed was growing by leaps and bounds.

When we returned, Bill gallantly paid me a compliment. He was not a bad sort, and I tried to start a conversation by asking him all sorts of questions about his job and hobbies. But, he would not be distracted, and as soon as the band started again, he asked me to dance. Debbie kicked me under the table, and I realized I had no choice.

“But, I'm a very poor dancer,” I said desperately stalling.

“So am I,” he replied. “We should make a wonderful couple.”

Fortunately, the dance was one of the most recent ones, and he did not have to touch me. I stole some glances at what the other girls were doing, and copied their gyrations. I had done this sort of dance as a boy a couple of times, and I found that it was not too much different as a girl, except you swung your hips a little more and were a little more exuberant with your arms and hands. The high heels made a difference too, of course.

I must have done all right, because when the dance was over, Debbie asked me to the ladies room again, “Well, what other talents have you been hiding?”

“What can I do?” I smiled sweetly.

“Oh Marilyn... Why don't you just accept that you make a really nice looking girl and just let your hair down and enjoy being a girl? Its okay for you, honey.”

“Maybe I will,” I teased. “Next time set me up with Dick.”

She frowned, “Your sisters should have put you into dresses a long time ago. If I have influence, you will be wearing dresses for a long, long time to come.”

It was beginning to dawn on me that I should accept my fate and new role. Doing so would likely make me even *more* feminine in appearance and mannerisms. Even though I was smiling, Debbie smirked in satisfaction with regard to my successful emasculation.

Back at the table, Dick asked me for the next dance. I saw Debbie getting annoyed with the attention I was getting from her date. So, I pleaded a headache and asked to be taken home.

At home, Bill escorted me to the door. I thanked him nicely, but quickly opened the door. I was not near enough girl yet to be kissed by a boy. The thought horrified me.

Sandra and Sally were waiting up for me, watching television in their negligees.

“Did I see you with a boy in Debbie's car?” asked Sandra.

I told them what had happened.

Sally gasped, “He's been a girl less than a week, and already, he's got dates. Before we know it, he'll be having babies.”

“THAT remark was uncalled for!”

“Well, maybe, but you must admit, you look pretty comfortable in that dress and you have made amazingly fast progress in the ‘being a girl’ department. If you want my opinion, that skirt is too short on you.”

I had a real hard time with her last comment. Half of the time Sally would wear skirts that barely covered her bottom.

But I confessed that even I was self-conscious of my skirt and admitted it was a bit short.

“I’d like to try it on,” she laughed. “I assume I’d look as good as you in it?”

Sandra looked a bit concerned. “I wouldn’t let all this get away from you,” she warned.

“Well, most of it is your fault,” I told her. “You and Debbie.”

“That’s ridiculous,” replied Sandra. “What red blooded boy would let himself be dressed like a girl by his date on a picnic?”

“You don’t know Debbie,” I said. “She’s real strong.” Then I shyly told them, “I’ve been offered a job as a manicurist.”

Sally said, “Show me what uniform you’re going to wear; maybe it needs some alteration.”

I went upstairs and dug out the white uniforms the girls had brought me. I picked one with an open collar like a shirtdress, with a pleated skirt.

The girls thought it looked fine. “Better iron it though,” Sandra said. “I’ll make an appointment at the beauty shop this week. This I’ve got to see.”

“You’re welcome to come,” I said unconcernedly. “But, if you want a manicure, I’ll have to charge you for it.”

Sally said to Sandra, “Finally, he’s got a job. Too bad,” she added with a funny face, “just when we had found such a good maid.”

“I’ll still help,” I said, “and I can clean house in the mornings.”

Sandra smiled. “I knew you would want to do your share. You just needed to find yourself. Here, I’ll show you how to iron your dress.”

Nonetheless, when I went to bed that night, I'd done and all the girly things that girly girls before bedtime. I climbed into bed; body wrapped in the sheer veil of one of my many nightgowns. The girls had been thoughtful enough to make sure most of the nighties had built in bras. Since they had belonged to many different girls, wearing them was a totally sensual experience. They were a feast of smells, and I loved the mostly inaudible whisper of nylon slipping against nylon or thighs or hips.

The next morning, I arose early and took a perfumed bath before checking out the outfit I had laid out on my bed.

I started with a pair of thin, snow white, full cut nylon panties and their matching white brassiere. I was pushing everything back and up out of place when mother just walked into my room.

She smiled at my efforts and the "nothingness" between my legs. She smiled, "White is good under a sheer white uniform. You'll need a full white slip too. Do you have one?"

I held up a white slip that had a band of frilly, floral lace at the bodice and where the hem would cross and tickle my nyloned thighs.

"Perfect," mother said as I put the slip on over my head. It was a sight that few mothers would ever see their sons experience. As I moved to get my pantyhose and dress uniform, I felt the silkiness of my white panties as they slid against the silkiness of my slip.

Mother asked, "Are you sure you want this job? You could just hide out around the house?"

"Do I look funny?" I asked, swishing over to the mirror."

“No honey,” she said softly. You look good in that slip but you don’t have to be so swishy. Easy on the hip movement and limp wrists. Just be like a girl, dear.”

I blushed. Mincing my pantied bottom had become second nature to me. The sensual feel of nylon panties and skirts had made my bottom movements more overstated.

Mother helped me unpack a new pair of nude pantyhose and gave me instruction as to how to put them on. By the time I had the thin elastic around my natural waist, I had put on quite a show of pantied hip wiggling. The stretchy sleek nylon of the pantyhose added to the smoothness between my legs.



*“I loved brushing and curling my long hair.”*

After I had the pantyhose on, Mother said makeup was next. “Always put your makeup on in your lingerie. You don’t want to get makeup on a white uniform or a pretty dress.”

Mother decided to help with my makeup: mascara, eye shadow, blush, and lipstick. She showed me how to put a couple pink rollers in my wig for additional curl. I loved playing with what appeared to be my own long hair. Mother finished with clip-on earrings and a simple necklace.

I put on the uniform and mother zipped it up the back. The uniform was stretchy nylon and very fitted, making my breasts stand out to the point one could see the lace of my slip.

Mother said, “Seeing lace is fitting in a white uniform. You look great.”

I stuffed my feet into a pair of white, high-heeled pumps and looked in the mirror. I felt like I would faint. Mother was smiling.

I wanted to have the house in order when Lillian came so I spent an hour in an apron straightening up.

Lillian was there exactly on time. “Good morning Marilyn. What a pretty uniform.”

I could see that I looked the part, because Lillian sort of stared at me. “You know, you’re prettier than most of the girls I know.”

I blushed uncomfortably, desperately looking for a way to return her compliment. The words would not come to me. Lillian was a rather plain looking girl with mousy hair. Knowing what the wig did for me, I said, “Did you ever try a hair piece? Here, try mine.”

I followed her to the mirror and watched her put it on. The change was amazing. It seemed as if the different hairdo changed the girl completely.

“This is great,” she said. “I’m going to save my money for one of these.” Then, seeing that I looked a little funny with my long but boyish haircut. She gave the wig back to me saying, “I hope you’re letting your hair grow. Wigs can be hot under bright lights.”

I replied honestly. “I guess so.”

“I’ll do your nails, to show you how it’s done. Then, as practice, I’ll let you do mine.” She had brought her entire manicure kit, and I watched her intently. I had steady hands and it did not appear too hard.

She filed my nails with a long emery board saying, “File in one direction only towards the center of the nail. That makes a nice oval like the curve at the base of the nail.”

She then soaked them and pushed the cuticles back, applied cuticle oil then removed it. “Pick a color,” she said, showing me about eight reds and four pinks.”

I blushed and she said, “Robin Red is nice with a white uniform.” She proceeded to apply a base coat, polish and a sealer.

When she was done, my hands looked delicate and girl-like. Colorful ovals glowing like rubies. “Holdable hands! There, another improvement,” she said.

However, when I tried doing hers, I found there was a lot to learn. I had her “ouching” a couple of times, when I worked on the cuticles.

“Gently, gently, or you’ll have all your customers crying or leaving?”

I had to smile. I realized that it was exciting to hold hands, seeing our brightly colored fingers together. She seemed to enjoy the contact also.

Suddenly, she realized what was happening. “Hey, watch it! If you let your electric current run through your fingers like that, your customers will certainly start to wonder. Although I must admit, you sure don’t look like a boy.”

Just when I finished her hands, Mother came in.

“Mom, can I practice on your hands too, please,” I asked.

“All right,” she said and sat down at the little table, and I took her hands. The “current” had been shut off. Lillian noticed that I was steadier, and with her supervision, I finished in a reasonably short time, including buffing and polishing.

Mother was pleased. “This is the first time in years that I've had a manicure, and the price is right too.”

“You'll be getting tips as well as an hourly wage,” Lillian said, “just make believe that you are experienced.”

Lillian showed me how to do toes and painted mine to match my fingers.

“Why don't you stay for lunch, then we can go to the shop together,” I asked.

“That's fine,” she replied, and I hurried off to the kitchen. Mom was staying for lunch also, before returning to Grandma's. She entertained Lillian while I prepared lunch. In half an hour, everything was ready.

“You're getting to be pretty handy,” Mother smiled.

And Lillian added, looking at the apron I wore to protect my clean uniform, “He's not only efficient, he also looks the part. I hope you don't mind me using him as a girl?”

Mother said, “He seems to like it. Just warm him if he gets too swishy.”

“The girls in the shop are all pretty theatrical, girlie-girls. He'll fit in perfectly...and the food tastes great.”

“I just want to stay busy,” I said nonchalantly, as I took off my apron. But secretly, I was pleased.

After lunch, we left for the shop. Mother wished me success. On the way, looking like two working girls

in white, Lillian told me she was a hairdresser, and she would like to see what she could do with my own hair.

“How long will it take to grow out sufficiently?” I asked.

“It isn't too short so I could do a few things with it now but in six weeks it could be very snazzy. I show you how to use ribbons to make it pretty.”

Although I was somewhat nervous when I entered the shop. The owner was a kind lady and put me at ease. After I was introduced to the other girls, she showed me my station, and I sat down, waiting for my first customer.

I still don't know whether it was by design, but my first customer was Debbie. Lillian or Sandra must have told her about my job.

Calmly and collectedly, I began to work on her hands. This was a nice development, as it would give me a little more practice. She had a funny smile as she watched me working intently at this essentially feminine job. But with her, I could feel no electric current. Once or twice, I was deliberately a little hard handed, and I think she was sorry she came. She said, “I want the same color polish you're wearing. It's such a girlie color.”

I think I did a pretty good job, and when finished, her nails looked well cared for.

With a haughty look, she stood up. “Thank you Marilyn,” she said, leaving a quarter tip on the table.

For a moment there, I wanted to wring her neck. But, I managed to control myself and said politely, “Thank you very much, Miss.”

The rest of the afternoon, I was kept very busy, and it was closing time before I had a chance to look at the clock.

The owner, who had been told that I didn't have too much experience, made an encouraging remark. "You did very well for your first day, Marilyn. Good night, see you tomorrow."

I rushed home. After a long day of sitting with the constant pressure of wearing hose and tight panties, I wanted to change. And the wearing of the panties had served to numb and compress me "down there."

After only a day, there was nothing now a thin, little limp lump down there. I was concerned and worried about what would happen to my male parts. But there was no time to dwell on it. I changed into clean lingerie and easily tucked "everything" into my panty gusset. I put on a pretty housedress and immediately started preparing dinner.

Everything was ready, the table set, when my sisters came home together.

It seemed like for the first time in my life, I had a purpose and very busy. I began to take pride in my job. As they sat down and took off their shoes, I served them a glass of sherry. "Bought it from my first earnings and tips," I explained.

"Hey, this is grand! The service is getting better all the time," Sandra said smiling. "How did your first day go?"

I told them about it, and also that Debbie had been my first customer, with a nickel tip.

"Don't let her get on your nerves," Sally warned. "She'll probably try to make you slip up somewhere."

"I can handle her," I said with a confidence I had never felt as a boy.

I was happily surprised when Sandra got up and started helping me in the kitchen. When I looked at her questioningly, she said, "When my own brother starts out 'sistering' me, I have to try to keep up."

Sally, who had come in also said, "There, see? You already have a good influence on your twin."

The rest of the week passed uneventfully. I became used to getting up, household chores, dressing and going to my job. Mother was pleased with the way I kept house and did my share of the housework; without complaint.

One morning when I visited Grandma, I learned that Mother had spoken very highly to Grandma of the way I handled my new role as "one of the girls."

"He's like a new person, a very happy person," she had said, according to Grandma.

I admitted I was having fun.

I spent a few hours with Grandma, and she showed me how to knit. I had nothing else to do but keep her company, so I thought I might as well do something with my prettily polished fingers.

I enjoyed listening to her stories about the time when she was a girl. How she wore a bathing suit, with ankle length bloomers and long sleeves. And, how daring she had felt when the new fashion permitted sleeveless suits.

She told me many things about the time when she was engaged to Grandpa. I realized that she was telling me things that girls would tell each other, but never would mention to a man.

Seeing how much she enjoyed my visits, I went more frequently in the mornings, and in passing, learned quite a bit of needlepoint as well as feminine lore. She seemed to have completely forgotten that I was not really a girl.

Several months passed, and with my own money, I went shopping. First with Sandra or Sally, but later

also on my own. They both were surprised at my appreciation of stylish dresses and lingerie.

“You'd better marry a millionaire,” Sandra said, only half joking. I did have a knack for dressing elegantly, and choosing the right clothes for me.

When Mother saw us leaving for the movies one Saturday night, she said, “It is all getting very confusing, but I think Marilyn is the best dressed of you three girls.”

“No wonder,” Sandra parried, “with me having to wear slacks all the time.”

But, Sally took the remark seriously. “You know, I think you're right Mom. I'll have to do something about that.”

And, she did! From then on, she spent a great deal more time on her toilette, grooming, and clothes. She became more interested in clothes, and when she happened to see an advertisement in the paper about evening classes in dress making, she talked us into joining her.

Thus, Thursday nights, the three Miller sisters could be found walking downtown to Fairsdale, spending two hours in learning the intricacies of cutting, sewing, hemming, and whatever accomplishments make up the art of dress making.

Grandma was, of course, delighted with my new interests in fashion. During my visits with her, she had managed to teach me quite a bit of needlepoint. Now, I was working on an intricate pattern for a colorful tablecloth. And, the funny thing was that I began to consider this activity as relaxing and enjoyable.

I was learning  
to sew...  
a simple skirt  
I loved to  
wear.



I did not realize this then, but all this feminine activity had an influence on me. This, however, did not escape Mother's watchful eye. "You're so much easier to get along with nowadays. Not only are you more obedient and pliable, you even seem to anticipate my wishes. You're becoming my favorite daughter!" she joked.

My relationship with my sisters also had improved remarkably. Where in the past, there had always been some tension...call it rivalry or battle of the sexes, the

three of us had now become real close friends. We were always helping and confiding in each other, and sharing equally in the chores.

I still carried most of the burden of house cleaning because I was only working half days. But, I shared, and became accomplished at everything that had to be done in taking care of our clothes and lingerie, the house, even the grocery shopping.

Sally and Sandra both noticed the changes also. Sally said, "It's like you have always been my sister."

Sandra added, "And, I wish you would stay this way."

I loved my job; I enjoyed being around women all day. Working in the beauty shop allowed me to see and learn a lot about hair styling, makeup and beauty.

Lillian had styled my now longer hair into a blunt cut that I could fashion several ways. We spent many evenings after work rolling our hair and trying new styles. Having my own girlish styled hair made me feel less like a sissy and more like just a girl.

As it grew out, Lillian helped keep it formed into a feminine style with bangs and eventually even styled up with a little barrettes or ribbons. I sometimes forgot I was a boy. The months of doing woman's work had made me weaker and smoothed out the muscle structure on my legs. My bottom spread and gained a few pounds from cookie baking.

No longer did I walk, sit and move like a boy. I minced about with small steps in my high heels. Sitting was done with my thighs and stockinged knees pressed together.

The inherent male-like stiffness of my body motions had been replaced by the flowing and delicate behaviors of a female.



With my long, daily manicured and painted nails, I had to be careful not to break a nail; like any woman. The worst culprit for broken nails? Going to the ladies room. I now sat in the ladies room stall with my dress up and my panties and pantyhose down—just like any lady.

The danger was pulling up my compression panties and pantyhose from around my knees. It took great care. Teetering on high heels, while trying to hold up a slip and dress and pulling up everything to my waist and into place was dangerous for nails.

Then I had to make sure my dress and slip were down everywhere. Sometimes all this had to be done while holding my purse.

When the regular manicurist at the beauty parlor came back, I was out of work, but not for long.

Pretty soon, I became known as a reliable babysitter and spent many afternoons and evenings taking care of kids, and diapering babies. I even got some jobs walking dogs. I had no idea what this subconscious feminine savvy was doing to my boy spirit. I was very busy and proud of my new skills. There wasn't a day that went by without me receiving a compliment to my feminine ways.

During all these months, I had regularly attended the sorority meetings that were held every four weeks. At the first two meetings, the girls talked about little other than my life as a girl and the progress I was making.

But then, they sort of forgot, and at the last meeting, I was completely accepted as a girl by all except Debbie. She kept on making life hard for me by making sarcastic remarks or trying to make me self-conscious.

I was so happy when my erstwhile nasty twin began to defend me. “Debbie, I wish you would stop bothering Marilyn. She is a wonderful sport and a real nice sister to us. So, shut up, will you?”

A week later, at Grandpa's house, another subject came up. Mother started it, when Grandma was allowed out of bed and we were all sitting out on the porch enjoying the cool evening. “Marilyn, have you given any thought to your future lately?”

“I'm enjoying life,” I replied.

“You should use this time to learn something useful.”

Grandma defended me. “He is learning dress making and how to knit.”

“That's great if he becomes a housewife but I was thinking of something like typing or shorthand, or taking courses in business administration or merchandising. Something that will help him get a job later in life.”

Grandpa agreed. So, after some discussion, it was decided that I would learn typing and shorthand. “That will always come in handy,” Mother said.

“If he becomes a girl secretary,” Grandpa joked. “He knows how to make coffee. Now he just needs to learn how to sit on his boss' lap.”

I could only blush and cringe at the thought but they kept laughing and giggling at the very thought of me being a female secretary.

Grandma had been a secretary when she was young and said, “Every guy should have to be a woman secretary for awhile.”

“You would look sexy in librarian glasses and pin striped skirts and stiletto heels,” Grandpa teased.

Mother said, “Ignore him. He comes from the bad old days when secretaries were hired as eye-candy. Most

offices now are populated and managed mainly by middle-aged professional women.”

“That would sure teach him about what it means to be a woman,” Grandpa laughed.

“What’s wrong with being a woman?” both my mother and Grandma said glaring at him.

Mother spat, “At least Merrill won’t be a Neanderthal when it comes to women.” I just sat there in my dress, nervously playing with its hem.

Grandma giggled and teased, “It would be good for Merrill to spend some time in an office in a girdle, nylons and high heels and a skirt. Being a secretary is fun. Best part...lot’s of hot salesmen to kiss.”

“No kissing?” I stammered.

“Of course, honey. But you are pretty and you have a nice shape. The men in the office will make sexy comments and want to take you out on dates.”

“Yuck!” I said.

Mother said, “Honey, its sort of part of being a girl. It’s really not that bad. You might even learn to like the attention.”

I took a two month course at the local secretarial school and became quite good at those skills. As a matter of fact, I graduated at the top of my class.

During all this time, however, I had not let any job opportunities slide. I liked the idea of earning my own money, especially with all the attractive clothes I could buy with it.

One day a sorority sister met me in the street on my way home from secretarial school. “I know of a job for you. I have been working for a catering service on M Street. It is an easy job, pays well, and you can practically set your own hours to fit your schedule. Of

course it means that you would have to wear a black and white waitress uniform.”

“Not a problem,” I said.

She gave me a recommendation, and sure enough, I got the job. Her firm catered to parties, mostly in private homes. They supplied the food as well as attractive girls to serve it.

They showed me how to do things properly. We were in the charge of an older lady, who cooked the food and saw to it that it was properly served. We girls then had to serve the hors d'oeuvres during cocktail time and usually waited on the dinner table afterwards.

I still don't know whether Debbie heard of this new job or whether it was merely coincidence. But, there I was properly attired in a well fitting waitress uniform with white cap and cute white apron, tied in the back with a big bow. Debbie was a guest at the party giving me that “now I've seen everything look.”

I tried to ignore her as much as possible, but time and again, she would call, “Miss, may I have some more cheese.” or “Another cocktail please.” She was testing my patience as well as my self control.

I managed to stay unruffled and never gave her the pleasure of seeing that she bothered me. I remained the ever-polite waitress. And, that catering job was what landed me my present position.

At one of the parties at the house of our most popular doctor in Fairsdale, there were a lot of very distinguished people. As I was serving, I felt the eyes of one lady on me. When I became conscious of it, I noticed that she was watching me practically all the time. It made me a little self conscious, but by this time, I felt so much like a girl I did not even consider the possibility that my disguise had been penetrated.

Listening to the talk, I learned that she was a famous novelist who lived in Armonia, approximately fifty miles away. It was a college town where she taught English composition to a class of budding writers and spent all her spare time writing.

Later in the evening, when she was leaving the party, and I helped her into her coat, she said, “I like you. Would you, by any chance, be interested in a job?” I blushed at this unexpected offer. “Give me your name and address, and I will write you about it. Or better still, as I am staying overnight in Fairsdale, I could visit you tomorrow at home.”

“Yes Ma’am,” I said. “I will expect you at eleven o’clock.”

The next day was Saturday. I had not slept very well, having thought about the job I was being offered. I only had two weeks to go as a girl. What was I to do?

I was pretty sure the lady was not looking for a boy.

I got up early. At the breakfast table, I told Mother and my sisters about the job offer.

“Do you know what the job is?” asked Sally.

“She did not tell me,” I replied.

“If you were wearing your uniform last night, she is probably thinking about getting you as domestic help,” said Sandra.

I asked Mother, “My time as a girl is almost up. Should I tell her that I’m not really a girl?”

“Honesty is always the best policy,” remarked Mother, “but in this case, I would not come right out with that information. After all, it is not only very strange, but the way you are dressed and look, it is down right unbelievable.”

The girls helped me put the house in order, and promptly at eleven o’clock, the doorbell rang.

I wore one of my new winter dresses, of dark green wool, with a square neck and long sleeves. It was one of my favorites, because I felt very pretty in it.

When I opened the door, the lady looked approvingly at me, and said, "Good morning Marilyn. I'm Mrs. Baker."

"Please come in," I said, taking her coat and hanging it in the closet.

"You don't mind if I come right down to the subject?" she asked.

I shook my head. She sat down on the sofa, and I took a straight chair not too far away. Mother and my sisters had made themselves scarce.

"I am a teacher at Armonia College, and I also write books. Perhaps you have heard of me under my pen name, Miriam Russell."

The name sounded familiar. I think I had once seen one of her books advertised, but I had never read one. "I don't think I have read any of your books."

"Well, no matter. They sell well fortunately. Between my writing and my teaching, I am terribly busy, and I hate housework. I just don't have time for it. I need someone to help. But first, tell me about yourself."

I told her that I had finished high school about a year ago and since had done various part time jobs, and had also completed secretarial school and a course in dress making.

"From what I saw last night, you're not only very attractive, but also focused, intelligent and efficient. I wonder whether you would come to Armonia and work for me as a combination housekeeper, companion, secretary, and I'm sure, in due time... a friend? I can afford to pay you a substantial remuneration, at least three times what you have been making. In addition, you will have an opportunity to further your education,

perhaps by taking college courses. What do you think of the idea?”

“It sounds wonderful,” I replied, “but...I will have to discuss it with Mother.”

“Of course. Is she home?”

I nodded and stood up. “I will go get her.”

I found her in the kitchen with my sisters. “Would you come and meet Mrs. Baker, Mom?”

I followed her into the living room and made the introduction.

“You have a very attractive daughter, Mrs. Miller. It’s hard to find girls her age with focus and motivation to do things properly. Most are just into boys.”

“Thank you,” said Mother without hesitating, “she has become a very nice and helpful girl.”

Mrs. Baker explained to Mother what she was looking for. She concluded by saying, “Last night I had the opportunity to watch your daughter and saw how efficiently and gracefully she handled her chores. I thought to myself that it would be fun to have such a pretty girl around to help me, and maybe even make me feel a little younger.” She smiled as she spoke.

“I hope it is not a maid you want,” Mother said.

“No, she’ll be more like a daughter. Only once in a blue moon, when I entertain important people, will I ask her to wear a uniform. She gave me a kind look. “I think we would have lots of fun together.”

I had begun to take a liking to her. Last night she was nothing but a guest of my employer, a person I was to serve. But now, her elegant personality had come out, and I admired her style.

She touched my arm and said, “How about it Marilyn?”

“It sounds wonderful,” I replied, “but....”

Mother cut me off. “It would be quite a step for her. She would be away from home for the first time at only

eighteen years of age. We would like to discuss it amongst ourselves a little further.”

“Of course. I have some shopping to do. Suppose I stop back at three this afternoon?”

I showed her to the door and promised to seriously consider her offer.

When she was gone, my sisters stormed the living room as curious as cats. “What is the job? How much money would you get?”

That last question, of course, came from Sandra, my twin. The old rivalry was not completely dead. She was, no doubt, worrying whether I would be earning more than she.

“First, let's slow down,” Mother said. “This is a nice opportunity but an important decision.”

“It's actually my decision,” I said to Mother, trying to act independent enough to leave home.

“Not quite,” replied Mother. “Have WE forgot a little thing? It involves continuing the female role you have been playing now for almost six months. Any discovery could be a big problem.”

I then told my sisters, in somewhat glowing terms, what Mrs. Baker had offered me. When I mentioned the college courses, both of them were envious. We didn't have money to pay for college educations, so both of my sisters found jobs as soon as they finished high school. Sally was a secretary at a large pharmaceutical plant and Sandra was stuck as a sales girl at a local emporium.

Sally said, “It sure sounds interesting. I bet you'd be meeting all kinds of famous people?”

Mother watched me as I grew more enthusiastic. My face was flushed with excitement, and she decided it was time to cool me off. “Remember that you have to do housework, and she said you had to wear a maid's uniform when she had special guests.”

“He is already used to that,” said Sandra.

“Yes,” Mother said looking at me. “Don't forget that no matter how good the relationship may become, she will still be the employer and you the servant.”

While I was thinking that over, Sally piped up. “But, he won't have to be a girl anymore next month.”

“Don't say that,” Sandra said quickly, “I've just come to really like my twin sister.”

“Nevertheless, what Sally says is true,” Mother stated. She looked me straight in the eye, “I have the feeling that you have not minded being like a girl? Isn't that true?”

I turned beet red, and Sandra enjoyed my discomfort. As always, it was my older sister Sally who came to my aid. “He just got into a difficult position, and I think he has done an admirable job of coping under the circumstances. I will miss my new sister.”

Mother said, “The only way we are going to make the correct decision is to be completely honest all around.” Looking at me, she asked, “You don't want to give up your skirts, is that it.”

I thought for a moment. It was awfully hard for a boy to admit in the presence of his sisters that he liked being a girl. I swallowed a couple of times, hesitated... and then came out with it. “Honestly, I've enjoyed being one of the girls. The last six months were the most fun of my life.”

All three looked at me expecting more.

I felt I was on the defensive. “I can't help it. I feel comfortable in girl's clothes. I feel better as a girl than as a boy.”

Everyone was silent for a moment. Mother said, “Have you considered the fact that it may not be the clothes which have changed your life, but your attitude towards people and life's in general?”

“You changed as soon as you started dressing as a girl,” Sandra piped up.

Sally added, “You suddenly realized that it takes a lot of work and effort to keep a house. Almost as if someone opened your eyes.”

“But, that was because you made me do it,” I explained, “and I sort of got used to it.”

“Well, whatever it was, it certainly worked wonders,” Mother said, stroking my fairly long hair. “So, I will let you make the final decision. If it helps you get a better education, I guess a bit more time as a girl can’t do too that much harm?”

Everyone fell silent. Sandra started to say something when the doorbell rang. I went to answer the door and found Jim and Lana, his fiancée, both with shining faces. “You sure look like the cat who has just caught a big trout,” I said. “What’s new?”

Lana put her arms around my neck. “We’re getting married!”

Jim added, “As soon as possible. We are planning on next Wednesday.”

“But...,” I protested.

“Jim has gotten a promotion and a big raise, and we have decided not to wait any longer,” Lana added.

The rest of the family came into the hall to hear what all the commotion was about. Every girl gets excited when a wedding is in sight, and we were no exception.

In the living room, Lana explained the plans. They had already lined up the church, and she would wear her Mother’s wedding dress. It would be a fairly small wedding, because there was not much time for preparations.

Then, Jim said looking at me, “I want you to be my best man!”

Before I could say anything, Sandra butted in, “How can he, in a dress?”

“Of course, he’ll have to change. The girls will make an exception, right?”

“He can’t,” said Sandra. “He has another month to go as a girl. If he puts on a man’s suit, he will have to cut his hair and some of the sorority sisters will see him.”

“Then he’ll be in for another year, as a girl, I mean,” added Sally.

“For a wedding, they should make an exception,” Mother stated.

“I would not be so sure,” said Sally. “Debbie has been awfully mad for a long time because she had had to wear slacks all this time. She is bound to insist that Marilyn broke the rules. And, it was agreed that the punishment would be extended if he broke the rules.”

Jim’s face clouded. I was not too happy either. I wanted to stand up as my friend’s best man at this most important moment of his life.

Sandra said, “Look at him now. Do you suppose he will look like much of a man if he puts on a tuxedo? He has become too much of a girl to change overnight.”

Mother frowned then. “His whole posture and all his movements have become so feminine that he would look strange, to say the least.”

There seemed to be no solution until Lana’s face suddenly brightened. “I know! He can be one of my bridesmaids. That way he’ll be a party to the wedding after all.”

Everyone was happy with this suggestion, except me. I wanted to stand at Jim’s side at the fateful moment of his vows. But again, they all seemed to think this was the perfect solution. And, Jim was already suggesting alternate names for a best man to Lana. Again, things had been decided for me, without my

having a hand in it or without even leaving me time to protest.

The doorbell rang again. I had forgotten all about Mrs. Baker. I ran to the door to let her in. On our way to the living room, I explained that we had sudden visitors, and gave her the details about the sudden wedding.

As she was introduced, Jim remained standing. "I think we must go," he said apologetically. "There is so much to be done."

As they said their good byes, Lana said to me, "Don't forget now. I insist that you be one of my bridesmaids. I will call you about what to wear and when is the rehearsal."

"It's going to be a hectic time for you," Mother said smiling at Lana. "You young people ought to learn to be patient."

"We don't want to waste a minute of a long happy life," Lana replied. "See you all at the wedding."

We settled down, while Sally let the happy couple out the front door. Then, without consulting me, Mother said, "What with all this excitement, we have not had long enough to think about what Marilyn's plans will be. She likes the idea very much, but I think she is a little young to leave home. Would it be possible for us to postpone our decision for a week?"

Mrs. Baker looked a bit disappointed. Then, she said, "Of course, I understand. With the wedding and being a bridesmaid, Marilyn probably would not feel like leaving just now, anyway. I'll be in town again next week sometime. I'll give you a call and stop by to hear your decision then. Is that all right?"

I nodded. This was the first time anyone had asked me anything about my future during this whole conversation.

“Then I won't hold you up any longer,” Mrs. Baker said, shaking hands with everyone. I accompanied her to the front door. She had taken my arm. “I do hope you will decide to come. I'll take good care of you,” she said.

Looking at her, I could tell she meant it. I was pleased and smiled at her. “I'm sure I can get Mother to agree.”

Closing the door behind her, I went back to the living room. My sisters were excitedly discussing the coming wedding, and the fact that I, their brother, was going to be a bridesmaid.

“He has all the luck,” said Sandra. “I've never been asked to be a bridesmaid.”

“I still think Marilyn should have been Jim's best man. It almost seems like it would be making a farce out of a very serious ceremony,” Mother said.

“But, Marilyn is like a girl now,” Sandra argued. “He would look funny in boy's clothes. He'll need a long time and a lot of practice before he walks like a man again.”

“It can't do any harm, Mother,” remarked Sally.

“Well, I don't know about that. Think of all the pictures that will be taken, and all the people Marilyn will meet. How will they feel when they find out they have been fooled? And for decades to come, every time Jim and his family look at the wedding pictures, they'll remember that Marilyn was really a boy.”

“You mean Lana and Jim would tell the others?” I asked with concern.

“Well, they have to give some explanation as to where this girl bridesmaid suddenly comes from,” said Sally.

But Sandra would not be swayed. “I still think he should do it.”

“I promised Jim,” I reminded them. “And they want me.”

Mother sighed, "Well then, it's what they want." Then, looking me straight in the eye, "After the wedding, you have an important decision coming up. You had better give it some long and careful thought. Then, we will discuss your future together with Grandpa." To herself, she said plaintively, "I should have consulted Grandpa when this all started."

The next morning, I had a call from Lana. "Come right over for a fitting. My Aunt has a dress shop, and I would like you to see whether you like the dresses I have selected for you and my Maid of Honor."

Arriving at Lana's house, Jim met me at the door. "We have decided not to tell anyone about your masquerade. Elizabeth O'Conner, the Maid of Honor, doesn't even know," he told me to my great relief.

In the living room, there were all these excited women. Lana's mother and aunt, her younger sister who would be the flower girl, and also Elizabeth O'Conner. She was a tall beautiful blonde and a long time friend of Lana.

The dresses Lana had chosen for the bridesmaids were beautiful green satin floor length gowns, with demure boat neck and fairly narrow skirts. I had never worn an evening or floor length dress before. I changed dresses after Jim had been shooed out of the house. Lana's mother and aunt helped me with the long slip and into the tight fitting dress.

"We're lucky, this dress seems as if it were custom made for you," they said. "We just have to shorten the hem a bit."

I looked in the mirror. While I had long before accepted my feminine looks, this dress made me gasp. It was absolutely gorgeous, the way it fit with the skirt tightly draping itself over my hips, and the tight satin belt accentuating my waist.

Lana's sister had also changed in the meantime, but her dress needed some alterations. The Maid of Honor wore the same color gown, but with a lower décolleté. We were all to wear shoulder length gloves and matching high-heeled shoes.

Lana's mother sighed, "You all look so beautiful."

Lana seemed to have forgotten completely that I was really a boy, because she asked me to help her with her wedding dress. I was completely caught up in the excitement and was completely oblivious to the fact that here I was, a boy, helping Lana out of her dress and slip to her bra and panties and into her wedding gown. It was so beautiful. Why is a girl about to be married always so glitteringly happy, I wondered?

My thoughts were interrupted by Lana's question, "Do you like it, Marilyn?"

"It could not be more perfect!" I replied smiling.

Suddenly she blushed having realized that here I was, Jim's boy friend, helping her dress and being asked for an opinion on her wedding gown. Then, she winked at me. "You ought to know whether Jim will like it."

I smiled, flushing a bit also, "I do, and he will."

Then Lana's attention was distracted while her veil was adjusted.

The church rehearsal was set for Tuesday evening. I promised to be there. The Maid of Honor whispered that Monday evening there was to be a shower for the bride. "I hope you can come."

I hesitated. Suppose one of the sorority sisters would be there also? Elizabeth insisted, and I did not see how I could refuse.

Back home, I told Mother about the shower. "You're really getting in deep into the girlishness, aren't you?"

A little embarrassed, I said, "I couldn't get out of it."

My sisters squealed with delight when I told them about the shower. I had to describe the gown I was to wear, in great detail. Then, we discussed what wedding present we were going to give, and also what I should buy for the shower.

I dressed with great care for the shower, already knowing that girls dress to kill for a hen party.

I had bought a beautiful slip as a gift for the bride, and when Lana opened the door and saw me arriving for the shower, she burst out laughing.

"Elizabeth would not take no for an answer," I explained defensively.

"You're really going to be one of us, aren't you?"

"Well, it sure is a unique experience," I replied.

"We'll have to watch our talk," Lana said with a wink.

The room was filled with gabbing girls, sitting around a big pile of gift parcels. Just as I had feared, two of my sorority sisters were there. Fortunately, they controlled their surprise and amusement. This was probably the first time in history that a boy attended a bridal shower. So, we gravely shook hands, although both girls had glints of amusement in their eyes.

After refreshments, which I helped serve, the parcels were opened, and I was a girl amongst girls. The three who knew my secret completely forgot there was a man present.

It still amazed me how, in such a short period of time, I was completely accepted as a girl and thoroughly felt at home at such a special hen party. I seemed to make so many more friends as a girl than I ever did as a boy.

I thought about that for a long time, until one of the guests asked about my thoughts. “Dreaming about your wedding?”

I blushed and stuttered, “I don't even have a boyfriend yet.”

Then, the girl started telling me about how wonderful her boyfriend was, and that being her favorite subject, I kept her going with a mere nod here and there.

After the party, I helped with the dishes. Putting on my coat, Lana's mother asked whether I felt safe walking home alone at night.

“I'll be perfectly all right, thank you,” I smiled.

At home, I found the whole family waiting for me, and I had to tell them all about my first shower before they let me go to bed.

The wedding rehearsal went without a hitch. It did not take me any time whatsoever to learn that funny step, which always seems required of a bridal party.

The wedding, on Wednesday, was to be at six o'clock in the evening, followed by dinner.

“See you tomorrow at three at my house,” Lana said as we left the church.

“I'll be there,” I assured her.

I went from the church to the beauty shop where I had become a regular customer. My hair, now fairly long, was set in a beautiful curly bob with bangs reaching just to my eyebrows. Explaining that I was to be a bridesmaid, I was given the works. When I was finished and looked in the mirror, I could not keep from smiling at my attractive appearance. “It sure is fun to be a pretty girl,” I thought.

The next day, the bridesmaids dressed at Lana's house and then helped the bride. Lana looked so

beautiful and happy that I gave her an impulsive kiss and said, "You're the most beautiful bride I have ever seen."

Everyone was all excited when the time came for us to enter the limousine. Arriving at the church, I saw that there were a great many guests. Several photographers were busy taking pictures of us from all angles.

Then, it was time to enter the church. First Lana's sister, wearing a beautiful bouquet. Then I followed with the same slow, silly step. When I saw the eyes of hundreds of people on us, I almost panicked. To make matters worse, I spotted a large group of Jim's, and of course my, classmates and almost missed a step.

I wished I could disappear instantaneously. I looked at my feet as a sort of ostrich policy. Then, remembering that I had passed as a girl for many months and really felt like one now, I realized I had nothing to fear. So, I lifted my head but still did not dare look my former classmates directly in the eye.

I need not have feared, as all eyes were on the bride. The ceremony was short, but beautiful, with Lana and Jim exchanging rings in a double ring ceremony. When they walked down the aisle afterwards, they both looked radiantly happy.

I was again perturbed when the bridal party formed a reception line just outside the church. All the bridesmaids were in this line, and there was no escape. But again, no one noticed anything extraordinary. I made my handshake as feminine as possible and smiled sweetly at all the guests. Mother, Sally, and Sandra were also present.

When Sandra kissed me, she could not refrain from whispering in my ear, "You're beautiful, mister." But, I just smiled at her, not letting her comment disturb me.



*“I felt so girlish in my  
bridesmaid dress.”*

The photographers took shots of us in all kinds of poses, and I wondered how these candid photos would turn out. Would they give me away because of a masculine gesture or posture? Well, wondering would not help. I was in the boat and had no choice but to sail along with it.

Later, we all went to a near by restaurant where the wedding dinner was prepared for about one hundred guests. By then, I had become accustomed to my festive dress. After the toasts, and two glasses of champagne, I even consented to dance; something I wouldn't have dreamed of before. And, I managed nicely, even if I do say so myself.

It was a wonderful party, and I enjoyed myself immensely, feeling wonderful in my long green dress and gloves.

After the bride and groom left, Mother, my sisters, and I left for home. Because I would be too conspicuous in my long dress and very high heels, we took a taxi. Sally and Sandra kept on complimenting me, saying how wonderful I looked and how perfectly feminine I had behaved all evening.

Even Mother sighed, "You were really beautiful when I saw you marching down the aisle in church. I guess you should have been a girl all along.

I did not reply. I was afraid I would give away how happy and pretty I actually had felt all evening. But, I'm sure Mother saw my feelings in my eyes in spite of my efforts.

With a wan smile, she said, "I think you have squeezed more girlish experiences in six months than other girls do in several years."

I had to smile when she said those words "other girls".

"What do you mean, Mom, 'other girls'?"

Mother looked at me. “If someone had told me a year ago that my son would be a bridesmaid, and a beautiful one at that, I would have doubted her sanity.”

That night, I went to bed humming the tune of “I Enjoy Being A Girl”, and humming it with feeling.

The next week, I received a letter from Mrs. Baker saying that she would be in Fairsdale the following Monday. She wanted to drop by to ask whether I had made my decision. I had now firmly decided that I wanted to go ahead, but Mother insisted we discuss it with Grandpa.

So, that evening, Mother and I went to Grandma and Grandpa's house. I had given special care to my makeup and hair. In my opinion, I looked pretty nice in my rose suit, white blouse, and matching heels. The look in Mom's eyes confirmed this feeling.

Grandma was, as always glad to see me and took me by the hand saying, “I bought some fine linen for you to embroider as napkins. Let's get started on them tonight.”

Grandpa had by now become used to having three grand daughters, that he always welcomed me as a girl, kissing me on the cheek. I, in return, responded appropriately sitting on his lap like Sandra did..

Having chosen the color pattern with Grandma, I placed the needle and thread on my lap.

Mother then brought up the subject. “Marilyn has to make a decision about a job offer from a Mrs. Baker in Armonia. She gave the details and finally said, “What do you think, Father?”

“You're not planning to leave us, are you, Marilyn?” Grandma said with concern in her voice.

“It is a wonderful opportunity Grandma. I can take some college courses there, and I like Mrs. Baker very much.”

“You hardly know her,” Grandpa argued, “and I don't approve of you continuing this masquerade.”

“She is not masquerading,” protested Grandma. “She is a girl now.”

Mother added, “Mrs. Baker expects a girl to work for her.”

There was a lively discussion, and I was in the position of having to defend the idea. That made me all the more sure in my mind that this was what I wanted.

While Grandma was becoming reconciled to the idea that I was leaving town, she was firmly against the very idea of that I should change back to boy's clothes.

We did not reach a firm decision that night, but I had the feeling that I might get my wish.

“Well, let me think about it for a few days. What if he becomes too feminine?” said Grandpa finally.

And so, we left for home after an unusually warm embrace from Grandma. “I'll convince him,” she whispered in my ear.

The next day, while I was doing my morning chores, the telephone rang. It was the president of our sorority calling to tell me that there would be a meeting the following Saturday evening. My penalty period would be over then, and after dinner, I would be allowed to change back into trousers. I listened to the news with mixed emotions.

When Sally and Sandra heard the news, they were not too happy either. Sandra said, “I guess that means you won't be lifting a finger around the house again.”

Sally looked sad, and remarked, “It will be like losing a sister.”

When Saturday evening came, I took a suitcase with my old clothes. Sandra asked me to put a dress and

slip in it also, as she would no longer have to wear slacks.

While we always enjoyed the sorority meetings, that night we all left the house with strange emotions.

I wore my favorite yellow dress with the square neck that showed off my figure so nicely.

The meeting was again at Debbie's house, but this time a dinner meeting, as was customary once a year.

I had made many good friends among the girls and felt completely at home in their presence.

When the meal was almost finished and the coffee was served, the president rose. "Ladies and Gentleman," she said, looking at me as the last word was spoken. "Tonight, we want to honor someone who has been an asset to our sorority and a good sport. Someone who has shown that with determination and perseverance, one can overcome any handicap, including the one of being a boy. During his six months as a member, he has not only passed completely as a girl but has set an example for all of us. Marilyn, we are proud of you, and we congratulate you. All of us join me in wishing you the very best for your future. Your penalty has now ended, and you may change."

I sat there stunned for a moment. "But.... but.... ", I stammered.

Then Sally, nudged me. "Go ahead! Change now, if you ever want to be a boy in this town again."

Hesitantly I arose, deep inside wanting to wait another day or two. I knew it would look funny if I refused. So, I left the room, as did Debbie and Sandra.

"You can change in there," said Debbie pointing to a guest room while looking at me as if to say, "It's a shame."

Reluctantly, I took off my dress. Opening the suitcase, I found that I stupidly had forgotten shoes, socks, and underwear. So, I kept on my panties and

stockings, and quickly put my shirt and pants on. The tie felt tight and hot around my neck, and my jacket was bulky and most uncomfortable.

I was shocked when I looked in the mirror. I looked funny. I saw a girl's face with a girl's long hair and makeup, in an ill-fitting man's suit.

I washed my face, trying to get the lipstick off as best I could. But, there was nothing I could, or wanted to, do with my hair. That could only be made boyish with scissors.

Then, looking in the mirror, I suddenly knew my mind had been made up for me. I looked terrible as a boy. I would never again wear a man's suit, if I could help it. I took one more look in the mirror at the girl in men's clothing. Without makeup and with my plucked eyebrows, it was as if I had no face at all. My face was a slate wiped clean.

A knock on the door told me I had better come out. Opening the door, I found Debbie and Sandra waiting for me. I blushed, realizing how terribly silly I looked with my long hair, heels, tie and trousers.

Sandra spoke first. "You look so washed out and simply awful."

"I forgot my shoes and socks," I said, as if that were an excuse.

Debbie would have none of it. "This is ridiculous! I always said you should have been a girl."

Sandra pushed me toward the living room where the sorority sisters were waiting for us saying, "You might as well go in. You have no other choice."

When we entered the room, a mannish slob between two attractive girls. The room went silent. I was terribly embarrassed. While some of the girls diplomatically and tactfully remained silent, others were not so kind.

One girl gave a paper that said, “BOY!” She joked, “Merrill, in case someone isn’t sure. Show them this.”

“I hardly see any boy?”

“He still looks like a girl only in a boy's suit.”

The girls all crowded around me, and all at once it became too much for me. Without further ado, I turned and ran from the room and out of the house. I ran without looking back for a good many blocks. When I realized I was attracting attention by running, I stopped.

I felt so ashamed, dressed as a boy with much too long, attractively styled hair and 2 1\2 inch high heels. Ignoring the looks people gave me, I walked home not daring to lift my face and look at anybody. I could feel the eyes of people turning to look at me. I could not walk like a boy in my heels, and I was well aware that my whole manner of walking had changed.

After a seemingly unending walk, I finally arrived home with tears rolling down my cheeks. In my rush, I had forgotten my purse; therefore, I had no house key. I rang the bell, hating the idea that Mother would see me like this. No matter, I was desperate to get off the street.

She opened the door finally, and looking at me said, “Honey? What's the matter?”

I could no longer control myself, and I started to cry.

Mother put her arm around my shoulder. “Tell me what happened, dear?”

Between sobs, I managed to explain to her how awful I felt in boy's clothing and worse, how terrible I looked.

Mother looked me over silently, from top to toe, then said, “Sit down a minute. You must not take it so hard. You will get used to your old clothes soon enough. Before you know it, you'll feel like your old boy self.”



“But, Mother! I feel horrible in these boy clothes,” I sobbed. “How would you like to never be allowed to wear a pretty dress again?”

Mother sighed, “I was afraid it might come to this. It's too bad it has to end this way. You did make such a good daughter and a nice sister. But, I guess it will have to end....”

I looked up hopefully, desperately seeking her help in searching for a way to continue my role a little longer.

While I sobbed in self-pity, Mother remained silent for a long time as if lost in deep thought. Finally, she said, “As long as you have this new job offer and would be living out of town, maybe it would be alright if you continue to live as a girl a little longer. Maybe....”

I smiled hopefully through my tear filled eyes. “Oh Mom, look at me? Please?”

With some hesitancy, Mother said, “It does seem cruel to punish you after you behaved so nicely these last six months.” She smiled down at me, sitting at her knees, and stroked my shiny tresses. “I hope Mrs. Baker will take good care of my daughter.”

I kissed and hugged her, now almost crying with joy and happiness. I ran upstairs to rid myself of my ugly boy's clothes. I undressed in front of the mirror, reveling in the attractive figure dressed in slip, panties, stockings, and heels that emerged from that awkward boyish cocoon.

Then, I sat on the edge of the bed, thinking about my future. I was now looking forward to a couple more years of girlhood. I knew the longer I stayed in dresses, the longer it would take to revert back. I wasn't sure I should be a girl forever. But I was sure I liked Mrs. Baker, and going to college, and all the other exciting things that would happen in my life in Armonia.

Later, I heard the girls come home. Apparently, Mother asked them what had happened, as they stayed downstairs quite a long time.

I was sitting in my nightgown, combing my hair in front of the mirror, when both Sally and Sandra entered my room, and sat on my bed. Lately, we had adopted the habit of freely walking in and out of each other's rooms. My sisters thought nothing of this as they thought of me

as a sister. They often asked my help with zippers or comments on clothes and such.

"I'm sorry I ran out like that," I began.

Sandra said, "Well, you looked awful."

"But, don't you ever want to be a boy again?" Sally asked.

I remembered the terrible image I had seen in the mirror at Debbie's home. "Not if I look so awful," I replied.

Sally shook her head. "The longer you wait, the harder it will be. At some point it will be like buying me a necktie. Boys have it much easier than girls."

Sandra became irritated at Sally. "What are you trying to do, kill our nice sister?"

"No," Sally replied, "but this has got to end, sooner or later."

"Well, let it be later...much later," my twin sister said. Then, kissing me on the cheek, "Good night Sis, sleep well."

Sally stood to leave but with concern in her eyes. "Good night Marilyn," she said, "think about this some more, will you?"

I kissed her on the cheek, touched by her sisterly concerns and sensitive thoughtfulness. "Good night Sally. This is what I want...really. It's not like I'm being 'fixed' or something. I can always change later...."

"Sure, you can." With that, she left my room.

I tried to sleep, but it was quite some time when I finally dozed off. In my nightgown, my mind raced. I thought about what dress I would wear in the morning. I wondered what my hair would look like in six months. Too many exciting things were happening in my life for me to relax.



The next morning, the telephone rang, while I was making breakfast in my negligee robe. “Miller residence, this is Marilyn speaking,” I answered in my happy, high-pitched voice. It was Mrs. Baker. She was in town and wanted to come over to hear my decision.

“I’ll be ready in half an hour,” I said hanging up the phone and rushing upstairs to get dressed and fix my face.

I chose my clothes carefully, after having made sure that my makeup was perfect and not too overdone for a girl of eighteen. I decided on a simple flowered peasant blouse and a navy blue linen skirt, just above my knees. I liked this skirt because it had sporty and easy lines and hugged my figure to advantage.

When I was ready, I called Mom and told her Mrs. Baker was coming. “You had better hurry, Mom, she may want to talk with you.”

Mother smiled at my excited and anxious tone of voice. “Yes, impatience...I will hurry.”

When the doorbell rang, I rushed to the door, opening it almost out of breath. “Mrs. Baker, won't you please come in.”

“I can tell by your face that I have found a new companion,” she said pleasantly. She put her arm around my shoulders. “I'm so happy that you will come.”

I smiled at her. “It will be so exciting to go to college.”

“Do you know what courses you want to take?” she asked.

“Not yet. Mother gave her consent only yesterday.”

As Mrs. Baker was seating herself in the living room, Mother entered and welcomed her.

“I am grateful to you for letting me borrow your daughter for a while,” said Mrs. Baker.

Mother looked at me. “Why don't you make some coffee for our guest?”

Obediently, I went to the kitchen wondering what they were planning to discuss during my absence. While the coffee was brewing, I tied on an apron and finished cleaning the kitchen. When the coffee was ready, I served Mrs. Baker and Mother in the living room. They seemed to be getting along fine and were, in fact, smiling.

“Then it is settled,” Mrs. Baker said. “I will expect Marilyn on Monday.”

After Mrs. Baker left, I embraced and kissed Mother. “Thank you for letting me go.”

She smiled, and hugging me said, “It may all work out for the best. At least, you will be earning some college credits.”

The remainder of the week was spent in feverish preparation of my departure from home. My sisters helped me sort and pack my clothes. Mother even suggested that I buy some new outfits, in “college girl” styles.

So, we three Miller sisters went shopping one afternoon in stores that catered to the whims of the college coed.

Walking into the shop, Sandra whispered, “I can’t believe I’m helping my brother pick out new dresses.”

“I’m going to need them,” I smiled sweetly.

“You such an absolute total doll now.”

There it was. I had actually *asked* their help in buying me new dresses. This fact only caused them to smile in satisfaction and approval.

So the three of us went into the teen girl’s apparel section. For this outings, I had put on one of my nicest dresses, stockings and heels. I carried my purse on my elbow like my adorable sisters; confident in my appearance as a girl.

I had learned that people see what they want to see—and as long as I did what the girls did, I would just blended in with the rest of the women.

Occasionally, my sisters would stare at me and then whisper something to each other, then invariably giggle. They, of course, insisted on going to the changing room with me.

I was embarrassed for them to see me in panties and bra but they insisted. Sandra said, “What? We haven’t seen panties before?”

So they saw me in all shades of undress as I tried on various dress selections before the wall mirrors.

Sally checked me out and said, “Oh, that dress really looks good on you. It fits your hips perfectly. And I like the drape and it’s the right hem length to show off your legs too. The college boys will love it!”

I moaned but Sandra whispered, “You are going to have to learn how to deal with the boys. You’re going to be a girl and you’re going to wear a dress everyday whether you like it or not. Eventually you will have to deal with boys like a girl.”

I didn’t want to argue with them, so I just changed the subject to a cute mini-skirt I found.

After trying on numerous outfits, I went home with several new ensembles. I had cute pleated mini skirt, several jumpers and blouses, and a few new dresses with all of the appropriate accessories.

One outfit I really liked was a pleated red and green plaid short skirt that flared out most attractively. It had its own petticoat underneath. I decided to wear it home, and happily noticed that my shapely legs and new skirt caught the eyes of many passers by.

Sunday, I spent with my grandparents and cooked dinner for the three of us. Grandma was now allowed up most of the day. She constantly made remarks about my housewifely capabilities.

Grandpa still doubted that it was possible for his grandson to live as a girl, and, even more impossible to enjoy being a girl. “You don’t have to do this,” he said a dozen times. Maybe we should have gone fishing more often....”

“I don’t mind doing girl things,” I replied as I was darting around in a frilly apron, fixing, then serving dinner, and cleaning up afterward.

I even baked some cookies. My youthful styled dress did nothing to hide my eye-catching bust-line, legs

and hips. I was enjoying the feelings and sensations, the zinging, swishing sound of my nyloned thighs rubbing together.

I was leaving the family “nest” in a dress. I was expected to be in all ways dress-wearing young lady, living in a female’s role. Grandpa was worried I would become even more totally and permanently girlie. I was only worried I wouldn’t.

When it came time to say good-bye, Grandma was in tears, and they both hugged me as if I were going on a trip to the moon. Grandma gave me a fine pretty necklace with a medallion. I had tears in my eyes when I kissed and thanked her. “I want you to have it,” she said, “it is my favorite piece.”

I promised her I would never go anywhere without it.

We were home early and as the moment of my leaving approached, I did some last minute domestic chores. Mother could sense my nervousness.

“Oh, don’t be afraid, dear. Just let your hair down and enjoy being a girl. I’m sure Mrs. Baker will be nice to you.”

“Being at home taking care of my family was one thing but what if something happens?”

She laughed, “Maybe a good, extended taste of being a girl will change your mind. You need to really *know* what is bound to happen when you wiggle your fanny in front of a bunch of college students.”

“Oh mother,” I sighed, “I have already spent enough time in skirts to know what kind of attention I’ll receive.”

“But you need to be like a real girl now. If a nice boy asks you out, you need to consider going.”

“I don’t like boys like that. And what if something happens and they find out?”

“Seriously, just call and I’ll come get you. I expect you to think like a girl. What dress are you going to wear on the bus?”

The morning of my departure was a whirlwind of activity. Following my morning domestic chores of some light kitchen work to prepare coffee and a light breakfast for everyone, I made up my bedroom and double-checked my drawers in case I forgot something.

Mother came into my bedroom and helped me select the dress I would wear. We chose a frail, thin, silky polyester, navy with white polka dot, fitted skirted dress and some matching navy blue, strappy, high-heeled city sandals that would coordinate with my dress and my purse.

Mother stood back and said, “That dress always looks so good on you dear. It is one of my favorites on you.”

It was fun to think that mother actually had had a “favorite dress” for me.

She smiled, “You can wear that to college. The boys will love you in it.”

“I...I don’t know,” I stammered in embarrassment at the very thought of having to deal with college boys as a girl. I wondered if I was truly fully prepared psychologically for being a girl? I was about to find out.

Mom and my sisters took me to the bus. I was very excited to be leaving my boyhood behind.

I had changed several times before settling on Mother's favorite dress on me. Conservative, it was the dress of a girl who was becoming a young lady. But I was a boy who was feeling like a debutante. My skirt was a proper four fingers above the knee and I wore conservative, three-inch high heels.

Mother said I could be “sexy” but to do it always in a classy way. My silky, navy dress had cap sleeves; a scoop neck and the dress zipped up in the back with a wide belt that cinched my waist.

I was proud of my independent future. Even Sandra gave me a close hug and kiss, saying that she would miss her twin sister very much. I tried to hide it, but I was deeply touched by the fond farewell of my sisters. I had to swallow several times to keep my tears in check. The bus was loaded, and departed. I waved for as long as I could see my Mother and sisters.

I was in shock for a moment. My skirt fell loosely across my thighs and the proper swell of my breasts pressed outward from the bodice of my dress.

Underneath, I wore my spiciest white lace lingerie, including my favorite lace bra and matching full slip. I had selected sheer, nude hose to compliment my navy blue pumps. My shiny nyloned legs looked longer and shapelier and I primly pulled down at the hem of my skirt. I felt a wonderful sensation of surrender in my delicate and vulnerable state. Miles were being added behind my home and my male clothes.

The trip to Armonia took only an hour and a half. When I arrived at the bus station, the bus driver helped me with my luggage and I took a taxi to Mrs. Baker's home.

It was located in a sleepy, quiet university town with tree lined streets and, mostly old, well-kept homes. She lived on faculty row in a house much too large for one person. The lawn was well cared for, and the house had a porch all around it.

Mrs. Baker must have seen me coming, for she was waiting at the door. “Hi Marilyn, I'm glad you're here. I hope you will be happy here with me.” She hugged and kissed me, and I blushed slightly.

She showed me to my quarters, a large pleasant room with a connecting bath located in the rear of the house. The room had a large double sized bed. A beautiful desk was located in a recessed section of the room; a pleasant arrangement of low, comfortable chairs; an abundance of additional furniture that granted me more than enough space to store my personal belongings.

“Do you like it?” she asked.

I smiled happily. “It's very nice, thank you. I'm sure I'll love it here.”

She left me alone to unpack. “Call me when you're ready, and I'll show you the rest of the house.”

Unpacking didn't take long, but I did take a while to freshen up. I wondered whether I should wear my uniform, after all, I was supposed to do some work while here. Better start off on the right foot, I thought, so I changed into my black maid's uniform. I tied on a neat white bib apron but skipped the cap. I hoped that I looked the part of a proper housekeeper.

After touching up my makeup, I went downstairs where I found Mrs. Baker reading a book. She looked up, obviously pleased with what she saw. A properly dressed, young girl in a fashionable uniform. The idea that this was my life now, almost made me swoon.

My softly made up face and luminous black eyes literally glowed with joy as she smiled acceptance and gave me another big hug.

I know she realized that I wanted to show her that I knew my place, by wearing a uniform and apron. “You look very cute,” she said taking my arm, and proceeded to show me the rest of the house.

It had never occurred to me that Mrs. Baker was or had been married. From the several photos hanging or standing in the various rooms, showing her in the arms of a somewhat older man, I guessed that this must be

her husband. She noticed my interest and told me that it was her late husband, John. Sadly, she added, “He died in a car accident two years ago,” and with a deep sigh, she said, “I have been so lonely ever since.”

Upon completion of our tour of the house, she asked if I would care to have lunch. “I’ll make it,” I volunteered. I felt her eyes following me as I walked to the kitchen door. I became a little self-conscious, but continued my regular girlish gait to which I had become so accustomed.

Do you know how hard it is for a boy to concentrate on making a sandwich when someone is watching their every girlish move? I tried to not show it but my heart was racing when she had me sit down with her to eat.

She asked me, “Does it bother you to wear the maid’s outfit?”

I must have stammered a little because she said I could change into something else.

I told her, “I really don’t mind wearing the uniform. It will save my nice dresses.”

I caught her quite a few times admiring my legs, figure and makeup.

The possibility that Mrs. Baker might suspect my dual identity never occurred to me.

We got better acquainted during lunch. Later in the afternoon, while having tea, she told me that she would make out a schedule for me to follow as soon as I knew my college schedule. “Your household duties will be easy,” she said, “I don’t want a pretty young girl such as yourself to be tied down to the house. You should have plenty of free time.”

I had just finished the dishes when the doorbell rang. At the door were two men and two women. It appeared that they were associates of Mrs. Baker’s who also taught at Armonia College. After Mrs. Baker

introduced me as her new house companion and college student, she insisted I change into something more comfortable and rejoin her and her guests in the living room. "I want you to get to know my friends," she said.

I immediately left their presence and changed into one of my pretty dresses. I wore a simple, short sleeved, print dress with a flared skirt to just above my knees. I could not help see the admiring glances of the men. One of the women made a complimentary remark about my necklace. I told her that it was a going away present from my grandmother.

Soon, the conversation changed to a serious discussion about educational topics and books. I didn't participate in the discussion, but sat silently listening; my knees and feet demurely together; my hands in my lap.

In a while, the subject was changed by Mrs. Baker. She told her friends that I had to choose some college courses. After some discussion, it was decided that I would take English, History, and Literature as my primary subjects.

When the guests finally left at 5:30 and I had helped the ladies with their coats, I felt elated. I had made some nice friends.

The next morning, I arose early and prepared for my first day of college. I wore a white blouse, a flared pleated skirt, and my most comfortable medium heeled shoes. Putting on a pinafore, type apron, I prepared breakfast, and since Mrs. Baker was not yet present, I took hers to her room.

She was very pleased, and said, "You're spoiling me!" Then eyeing me in my young looking college clothes only partially hidden by my apron, she stated, "You will have trouble keeping the boys in check, the way you look."

I blushed and quickly left the room to eat my breakfast in the kitchen.

When Mrs. Baker came down carrying her breakfast dishes, the kitchen was all tidied up. I quickly washed them, and as it was time to leave for school, we left the house immediately.

Mrs. Baker drove me to the registration office, and from then on, I was on my own. I found that she had already paid a deposit to cover the cost of my courses. At lunch in the school cafeteria, I had several conversations with several very nice girls my own age. Also, I caught admiring glances from many boys.

I was mostly at ease dressed in blouse and skirt, high heels and sheer nylons. Being conservative by nature, I found wearing the short, schoolgirl skirt extremely exciting. Maybe because so many other girls looked so attractive in their short, swingy, pleated skirts.

I came home at 2:30 P.M. and quickly changed into a uniform. Mrs. Baker arrived an hour and a half later, and found me vacuuming the living room. Putting her arm around me affectionately, she asked, “How did my college girl make out on her first day?”

“I’ll make some tea and tell you all about it,” I said, hurrying into the kitchen. Returning after a while with a tray bearing a pot of tea, cups, and a bowl of cookies. We sat and talked until time for me to prepare dinner.

A routine was soon established, which Mrs. Baker liked very much. I took care of cleaning the house, laundry, ironing, and cooking. Saturdays, she cleaned her own room, and then, we went shopping together. Sometimes, she took me to dinner and a movie afterwards.

I loved going to college classes and being one of the coeds. I was fascinated by wearing the type of skirts and

dresses they all wore. Sometimes I remembered, I had once dated a girl who regularly dressed much like I did now.

It was a most erotic and exciting thing to be in class and place my hand on my knee; feeling my sheer silky nylons. I had the pleasure of many contradictory nylon sensations under my skirt at once.

While the other boys were all trying to get into the girl's panties and bras, I was totally immersed in them.

I still like girls but girls would notice my outfits but were focused on the boys. I realized that I had to give the boys those completely innocent, pretty smiles to not look "stuck up."

Sometimes it was very frustrating. There were some very attractive girls but I was showing off equally good curves under my tight sweaters.

Out of the sight of the boys, like in the ladies room, the girls seemed less concerned keeping their thighs and bottoms covered. My purse always had an extra pad for loaning. My fantasies about girls were being suffocated by nylon.

Even when occasionally a girl with long, lithe legs would accidentally provided me a "boy's dream" vision, I knew I was visually the same between my legs. Once I was caught looking, and my red face showed I was embarrassed. Still, the girl she didn't pull her skirt down. I was no threat.

The girl's liked making the boys "pop a boner". It was sport. One I didn't play...at least consciously.

One Sunday, Lucy asked me how well I could type. When I told her that I had taken a course for secretarial duties, she asked if I would be willing to help her by typing the manuscript of her new novel. I readily agreed.

Over time, Mrs. Baker and I became very fond of each other, and she began to regard and treat me as her daughter. After two months, she asked me to stop wearing uniforms, and if I would mind calling her Aunt Lucy instead of the formal Mrs. Baker. I, of course, happily agreed, and from that time on, we became even closer.

Some days, she seemed preoccupied and appeared to be staring at me thoughtfully. She would quickly look away when I caught her eye, but I paid no attention to it, feeling so completely girlish that it did not occur to me that she might know or suspect something was amiss.

Every week, I took at least an hour to write home. My letters must have been generally happy, because Grandpa wrote me one day saying that I appeared to be completely successful as a girl. As a result, he no longer doubted our decision to let Merrill become Marilyn for a time.

I felt completely at home, and became so fond of Aunt Lucy, that I suggested to Mother that she ask her to spend Christmas with us in Fairdale. The subject came up because Mother had written me to inquire whether I would be able to get home for the Christmas holiday. I had fallen into the habit of reading my letters from home to Aunt Lucy. Immediately, she consented, “Of course, you can go home for Christmas and New Years.”

“Aunt Lucy, won't you please come home with me and share the holiday season with us together, please?” I asked. I was so happy when she agreed.

Although the term ended December 12, we were quite busy the next two weeks shopping for gifts for everyone. We really enjoyed going onto gaily-decorated shops and consulting each other about the various presents to be chosen.

Another reason I had little spare time is that Aunt Lucy customarily gave a formal dinner party before Christmas for her friends and colleagues, including some very important people, even the Dean. Aunt Lucy had always catered this affair, but I told her that it would be much nicer and more fun if we did it ourselves.

“Do you know that there will be over thirty people here?” she pointed out.

I reminded her that I had been a waitress at many catered affairs and had the experience. She agreed, with the stipulation that I could do so only if some of the other college girls would help me. The following days were hectic, to say the least, but it was made easier by the presence of the other girls, who helped with the preparations. Aunt Lucy caught my excitement, and she was really happy. “You have kept me so busy that I have completely forgotten how lonely I was last year,” she said gratefully.

When I asked what she planned to wear, she exclaimed, “Oh dear, I’ll have to get a new evening dress.” Looking at me, she said, “I have an idea.” She refused to say what it was, thereby arousing my curiosity to its peak. “We’ll see tomorrow.”

The next day, we went to the best dress shop in Armonia. Together, we looked at many dresses, and I told Aunt Lucy which ones I liked for her. Suddenly, my eye caught a beautiful but simple, stylish gown of black shiny satin with a low square neck and long sleeves. It had a tight bodice and a flowing ankle length skirt. After she tried it on, I said, “You look like a Queen.” It was very expensive, but it was so beautiful that it was worth every dollar.

“Do you really like?” she asked.

“I love it,” I replied smiling.

Then Aunt Lucy surprised me by saying to the sales lady, “I’ll take this one in black and one in red for this young lady.”

I gasped with both pleasure and surprise. “But Aunt Lucy, I can’t afford it!” I protested.

“Don’t worry about that, my dear, it will be my Christmas present to you,” she said with a smile.

I flew into her arms, kissing and hugging her. “Oh Aunt Lucy, it’s too much!”

“Nonsense my dear, it will be so nice to be the hostesses of our party in matching dresses.”

When I tried on the red dress, I was in seventh heaven. If there had been a time when I felt more feminine, I couldn’t remember it as I whirled before the full-length mirror. We also bought high-heeled shoes that matched the dresses.

The day before the party, we went to the beauty parlor for the full treatment; hair set, manicure and facial.

Even though there were three college girls helping, the dinner party was hectic. We were very busy in the kitchen when Mrs. Williams, the Dean’s wife, came in. “You girls really go in for matching,” she said, as she looked at our dresses and identical aprons.

After the dinner, we girls served the dessert, and later, the coffee and cordials to the guests. There were many comments made which were flattering to us girls because they were in regard to the excellent preparation and handling of the buffet.

Some people were kidding Aunt Lucy about a book she was working on. It seemed she was writing about the authors of other books. The only thing I remember from the conversation was a quote someone used from Daniel Webster. “An individual is more apt to change, perhaps, than the whole world about him”.

Did I imagine it or was Aunt Lucy looking at me when he was quoted.

Midnight came before we realized it, and the guests began to leave.

When Aunt Lucy received many compliments about the excellent dinner, she replied, "Thank my pretty niece; she is mostly responsible."

The serving girls had, in the meantime, cleaned up so Aunt Lucy and I were immediately able to prepare for bed.

I was brushing my now shoulder length hair, sitting in front of the mirror in my slip when Aunt Lucy entered without bothering to knock. This surprised me, as she had never done it before.

She came to me and placed her hand on my shoulder and kissed me affectionately on the cheek. "I just wanted to thank you for making your old aunt so happy. It was a perfect evening. I am so proud to have such a beautiful niece."

I saw she really meant it, and my face glowed with pleasure and affection for her. "It is I who should thank you, Aunt Lucy, for making my stay with you so pleasurable and especially for that beautiful gown."

"You were very pretty in it," she replied. She sat on the bed, and we spent time talking about the party and her nice friends. Suddenly, she said, "How is it that such a pretty girl as yourself doesn't go out on dates?"

She looked at me with those friendly grey eyes, and I lowered mine in confusion and embarrassment. "Don't tell me you haven't been asked out by the boys."

I searched for something to say. How could I explain to her that I was a girl who was not interested in boys?

"I think you are very shy," she continued, "is that it?"

Still trying to hide my confusion, I just nodded my head.

“After the Christmas vacation, I will see to it that you circulate a bit more.”

“But...”, I started to reply.

“No buts about it,” she said. “You’ll soon discover that boys can be lots of fun. Aunt Lucy knows what is best for her niece.”

With another affectionate kiss good night, she left the room, leaving me to my thoughts. Trying to sleep was not easy that night. I knew it looked unusual for a teenaged girl to not date boys and I lay pondering the ramifications of dating boys.

We had more fun that week, shopping together for presents and wrapping them as attractively as possible.

I spent the whole week before Christmas cleaning the house during the day and helping Aunt Lucy with her manuscript at night. The time flew, and before I knew it, we were driving towards Fairdale on the morning of the 24th.

Mother and my sisters were waiting for us, and hugs and kisses awaited me. It felt good to be home with them. The morning was spent answering hundreds of questions asked of me by my sisters as Aunt Lucy and Mother listened and smiled at our girl talk.

Sally had a steady boyfriend, and I heard all the gossip about our mutual friends and sorority sisters. Debbie had been married in November to a boy from school, and Sandra made a nasty remark about the necessary speed of the ceremony, but I could not have cared less.

In the afternoon, I went to visit Grandma and Grandpa, dragging Aunt Lucy along with me.

I wore a nice frilly white blouse with a rolled collar and a back zipper, along with a tightly belted jumper. I was no longer afraid to meet any of my old acquaintances, knowing that nobody, but nobody would suspect that I was a boy. Grandpa and especially Grandma were very glad to see me.

Aunt Lucy and my grandparents got along fabulously having discovered some common friends. I had to tell them about college, my friends, and my clothes.

Everyone was excited on Christmas morning as we exchanged presents. I received, with happiness, many beautiful gifts of lingerie, stockings, jewelry, and many makeup aids that I had become very adept at using since living with Aunt Lucy. From Aunt Lucy, I received a beautiful nightgown and robe set of light blue nylon with lots of lace.

In the afternoon, we had our Christmas dinner. Grandma was now well enough to travel, so they would also attend.

When I entered the kitchen to help, I was shoed out by Sandra. "It's your vacation, so you don't have to help." When I insisted, she said with a gleam in her eye, "The kitchen is no place for a man."

I shushed her saying, "Shut up you. What if Aunt Lucy should hear you?"

It was a most pleasant dinner; relaxed and enjoyable as a family Christmas repast should be. Everyone was now referring to Mrs. Baker as Aunt Lucy. It seemed as if she had been Mother's sister for years and years.

When Aunt Lucy told them about the party she had given, Grandma insisted that she wanted to see us in our matching evening gowns. We decided to dress formally for New years Eve, so Aunt Lucy drove the fifty

miles to Armonia to pick up our “glad rags”. I was really happy when she told me how much she liked my family.

The remainder of the Christmas week, I spent with my sisters going shopping, to the movies, visiting, and, of course, doing all the chores. This gave Mom and Aunt Lucy much time together, and frequently, I found them in earnest discussion. As widows, they had much in common. Art, books, and music were usually the subjects, as they became fast friends. Little did I suspect that this friendship would lead to a discovery by Aunt Lucy.

It all happened when Mother, without thinking, got out the family album to show Aunt Lucy a picture of my late father. If I had been present, I could have prevented her seeing other photographs, but I was out that day. Mother started to leaf through the album, and feeling so close to Aunt Lucy, she was, at that moment, completely unaware of the bomb she was quickly warming.

If I am to believe what Aunt Lucy told me later, Mother pointed toward an old family picture, and said, “This is Merrill and Sandra when they were three years old.” She did not see Aunt Lucy's confused look, and innocently turned the page saying, “And, this is Marilyn when HE was ten. The picture, of course, showed me with short hair and pants.

With a gasp, Mother suddenly realized what a boo-boo she had made. She quickly closed the album, and got up. But, Aunt Lucy's hand prevented her from getting away as she was clearly on to something. “I think there is something I don't understand,” she said.

Aunt Lucy told me later that Mother was practically frantic. She looked into Aunt Lucy's steady, grey, inquisitive eyes. Turmoil was written all over

Mother's face as she desperately searched for an escape, an excuse, anything.

Aunt Lucy; however, would not be denied. "Well?"

Having no avenue of escape, Mother finally said, "I don't know how to explain this...."

"You are not trying to tell me that Marilyn is really a boy, are you?" Aunt Lucy said, bursting the bomb.

Mother squirmed uncomfortably. Not finding an acceptable alternative, she finally nodded.

"Oh my?" Aunt Lucy started, obviously just as much shocked as surprised. Then suddenly, she started to laugh until tears ran out of her eyes. "Well, I never... It is not possible!" she said.

Finally, she calmed down enough so Mother could tell her the whole story. Aunt Lucy listened, silently grinning at the episodes that had caused me so much embarrassment.

When Mother was finished, she asked anxiously, "Are you mad, Lucy?"

"No, not really, but I think someone should have told me. It is still unbelievable that this pretty girlish creature was ever a boy."

"What are you going to do?" asked Mother.

Aunt Lucy put her hand on Mother's arm. "Nothing dear, but you must promise me not to tell anyone I know Marilyn's secret. Not a hint or a word to anyone. Promise?"

Mother thought for a while before answering until Aunt Lucy, understanding her hesitation, added, "You know I'm very proud of Marilyn, or Merrill, or whatever his name. But I am entitled to some kind of revenge, don't you think?"

Mother looked concerned and Aunt Lucy, seeing this, reassured her, "You know me well enough to understand that I would not do anything to her...uh him. However, the rascal needs to be taught a lesson.

Imagine him fooling me all this time.” She laughed again.

“You know Marilyn has become very fond of you,” Mother reminded her.

Aunt Lucy's eyes softened somewhat. “Yes, and I have a great deal of affection and friendship for her. So, don't worry. We will surely have an interesting second semester. Maybe I'll write a book about his masquerade, some day.” Then, looking Mother straight in the eyes, “Please promise not to tell anyone that I know.”

“I won't tell anyone,” Mother promised. “I would not know how to break the news of my error to Marilyn anyway. But, you must not let this go too far.”

“Don't worry, I won't,” replied Aunt Lucy.

She continued leafing through the album, all the time seeing the pictorial history of my growing up years as a boy. The snap shots taken during the last few months; however, showed me as a girl. She could not believe her eyes when Mother showed her the pictures of Lana and Jim's wedding, pointing to the beautiful bridesmaid who was really her son.

Later that afternoon, I innocently returned from a visit to Grandma's, but neither Mother nor Aunt Lucy showed any sign of the fact that my secret had leaked out.

New Years Eve we all dressed as planned. Aunt Lucy and I put on our beautiful matching dresses. I wore my hair in a ponytail with a ribbon matching the color of my gown, the ends dangling femininely down my back. I had given special attention to my makeup, doing the best I could. I really had learned how to do it well, and if I do say so myself, I looked quite stunning. I wore small gold earrings to match Grandma's delicate necklace.

When Sally and Sandra came to my room in their formals, they were green with envy. “Marilyn, you look gorgeous!” Sally said.

Sandra, my twin sister said, “Compared to you, I look like I should be selling pencils on a street corner. Your dress is absolutely beautiful!”

I don't have to tell you that I was really pleased by their reaction.

“Are you ready, Aunt Lucy,” I said knocking at her door.

She came out. “Yes princess.”

I made a deep curtsy. “Then follow me, Your Majesty,” and all four of us went downstairs.

Grandma's eyes sparkled as she made me turn around and around so she could admire my dress. “I look like a scullery maid, next to you.”

I could not remember a night when I had been happier. We had a truly memorable evening, which ended with a toast of champagne to the New Year.

The following morning, Aunt Lucy and I drove back to Armonia. It had snowed all night, and I had to dig out Aunt Lucy's car. As I carted her luggage out, she smiled appreciatively. “It's so nice and helpful to have such a strong, healthy niece.”

I looked up at this remark, sensing something. She just looked at me in my cute short skirt, heavy turtle neck sweater, sculptured light blue stockings, and attractive snow boots, but said nothing. I took my place in the car beside her, having no idea of the fact that my secret was out.

The new semester started uneventfully. I did notice Aunt Lucy watching me quite frequently, as I moved about doing my household chores. But, in my innocence, I paid this little attention. I knew I looked, behaved, and moved like any girl, and I had forgotten

the possibility of discovery. Our relationship seemed the same as it has always been.

It was obvious; however, that she now took more interest in what I wore. As we went shopping together, she began advising me to more spectacularly feminine things. She practically insisted on my choosing a bikini bathing suit, which was so small, the whole garment fit into the palm of hand. As far as I was concerned, far too much of me was left bare. Then there was this abbreviated sundress with a halter-top so small, I felt I was wearing pasties.

“But isn't this immodest?” I objected.

“A pretty girl like you should display her wares. You want to attract some boyfriends, don't you?” she replied with a funny glint in her eyes.

“But really, I don't,” I said. “It's just that....” I in stopped mid sentence. How could I explain to her that I was only interested in girls?

She smiled, looking me straight in the eyes and said, “I see.”

Actually, I had turned down so many requests for dates that I was beginning to get the reputation of a “strange girl”. It worried me a bit, especially since my many girlfriends were always trying to arrange double dates for me. They wondered why a pretty girl like me did not date. I always used the excuse that I was too busy with housework and typing Aunt Lucy's manuscript.

So far, I had gotten away with it, although, the more thoughtful girls should have wondered why I always managed to make time when we girls went out together for movies, a concert, or tennis.

Among my many girlfriends was one in particular that I liked better than the others. Her name was Emily Smith. I had a special attraction to her, also. She was tall, 5' 10", had beautiful shoulder length brunette curls,

perfect skin, and unbelievably slender well formed legs. She combined a well-developed figure with a sweet soft character, which belied her rather statuesque appearance. We began to seek each other out more and more.

I asked Aunt Lucy whether she would mind if I brought someone to dinner. "Of course not, she said, "bring your beau any time so you can show off how good a cook and housewife you are."

I blushed. "But, it's a girlfriend."

"Oh, I see," she replied with a grin. "Still no special boyfriend?"

I shook my head. "All boys want to do is get fresh with a girl."

"Well, don't you want to be kissed by a nice boy? Someday get married? Have children?"

I wanted to shout, "Of course not!" but bit my tongue and swallowed my reply. Why did she have to make me feel so uncomfortable all the time?

In the meantime, my relations with Emily grew deeper to the point where I was spending most of my free time with her. She became a regular dinner guest at our house, and when I did not have housework or manuscripts to type, we studied together. I guess it was inevitable that my feelings of affection turn into love.

Several times, I had to use tremendous restraint when I found myself wanting to take her in my arms and kiss her. She, in turn, seemed to draw to me like iron to a magnet. She fell into the habit of putting her arm around my waist as we walked and to kiss me on the cheek when we greeted. These actions aroused my emotions to the point that I wondered if my natural response would show.

Finally, it became clear to me what was happening. I began to chafe at the fact that I had been forced to live

the life of a girl. Until now, I had been totally happy to dress as and indeed, feel like a girl. Now, suddenly, I was completely tired of the whole thing.

Aunt Lucy noticed my changing moods as I morosely went around the house vacuuming or stood ironing in my frilly apron, with a preoccupied expression.

“Is anything the matter Marilyn?” she asked me several times. She even noticed that I was losing my appetite.

I had managed to avoid a direct reply so far. How could I possibly tell her now, that I was a boy who had fallen in love. And being restrained in lingerie and skirts, I could do nothing about it.

I surely could not think of telling Aunt Lucy and Emily that I had fooled them all this time. I was too fond of them. I did not want to hurt them in any way. I guess my sister Sally was right when she said I could not be a girl all my life.

So I did what I could to be closer to Emily. I walked like her, borrowed a few clothes and we even double dated.

Then, one spring day, it happened! Emily and I were in the kitchen doing the dishes together. She turned unexpectedly around to put a dish away, while I moved in her direction to get something. We bumped into each other so hard that she lost her balance. I grabbed her tightly to keep her from falling.

Her nearness, the close body contact, and the pleasant clean smell of her hair around my face, made me lose control. Without thinking about the consequences, I continued to hold her tightly to me. Our painted lips found each other in a moment of delirious passion. Months of frustration made me drop all

barriers, and Emily submitted eagerly to my caresses with equal desire.

That was the moment Aunt Lucy chose to enter the kitchen. When she caught us in this loving embrace, she almost dropped the vase she had come in to clean.

With her entrance, Emily and I quickly regained our composure. Blushing like idiots, we somehow felt like criminals caught red handed. In addition, I suddenly realized that my little game was over. I tried to stutter some sort of explanation but was unable to come up with anything that might sound believable. So, I just stood there rooted to the floor. Emily tightly held my hand, feeling equally uncomfortable.

Aunt Lucy finally broke the silence. Looking at me with a frown, she said, "I think you owe this lady an explanation and an apology, MERRILL." She accentuated my real name so Emily could not possibly miss it.

Emily let go of my hand, still looking embarrassed but now also puzzled. "Merrill?" she asked looking at Aunt Lucy and then me.

"Merrill??"

I did not know what to do and just nodded, blushing terribly. Fingering the hem of my pinafore, I said, "I'm sorry.... I'm really sorry." I did not know where to begin my explanation.

"Let's go into the living room and have this thing out," Aunt Lucy said.

Silently, Emily and I followed her. Emily was still carrying the plate in her hand, dazed and confused. Aunt Lucy pointed to the couch, where we sat next to each other, while she chose a comfortable chair opposite us.

"Well...." she said, looking at me.

Desperately, I thought for words. More than a minute passed before I spoke. “You knew all the time?” I finally said to Aunt Lucy.

She nodded, “Your Mother unthinkingly showed me the family album at Christmas.”

“Why didn't you say something before?” I asked, feeling more than a little annoyed at Mother for being so careless with my important secret. I became even redder as I realized how Aunt Lucy had let me play my role and, no doubt, had all kinds of fun taking me to all those ultra feminine stores and pestering me about boyfriends. And, all this time, she had known I was a boy.

Poor Emily appeared, in the meantime, to recover somewhat from her embarrassment and shock. It must have been terrible for her, having been found by Aunt Lucy in a tight loving embrace with another girl, like she was a lesbian or something. “What is all this about?” she asked with the daze clearing from her beautiful soft brown eyes.

“Come on, tell her,” Aunt Lucy commanded. “Or are you too much of a pansy?” she added with a sneer.

Getting mad at her, I stood up. “I'll tell her,” I said nastily as I turned to face Emily. Looking into her beautiful face, I got flustered again just not knowing how to start. I had to tell her that this cute pinafores chick dressed in a mini skirt and heels was really a boy who was hopelessly in love with her. Finally, I said, “You see Emily.... I'm not a girl.”

“As a matter of fact, she is a BOY,” Aunt Lucy added firmly.

I was close to tears, seeing Emily's eyes cloud over. They first reflected doubt, then puzzlement, and finally hurt. “You mean you have fooled me all this time?” she asked, “...and all the intimate things we talked about...” she added with an angry blush.

She was apparently thinking of all those precious talks we had had as girls together. "I just can't believe it," she added, looking at my girlish appearance. "You are so girlish...in looks and thoughts.

Afraid that I might lose her friendship and affection, I quickly sat beside her. Taking her manicured hand in mine, I told my story. Hesitantly at first, ashamed of telling her about my picnic with Debbie, but eventually, the words tumbled out in a steady stream.

I told her all about the sorority meeting and how the members made me dress as a girl for six months; how my sisters helped me in becoming more feminine; and how I seemed to be a much better person as a girl. I told her how my sisters now liked me as Marilyn, how my grandmother had loved and end encouraged me as her granddaughter, and how even my mother approver of my better behavior. Mother even agreed to let me stay as a girl when the opportunity of a job with Aunt Lucy came up.

Both Aunt Lucy and Emily were touched as my story unfolded. I saw Aunt Lucy's eyes moisten when I told them how much I had wanted to work for her and had come to love her as a real aunt.

"I have really felt like a natural girl all these months...until I fell in love with you," I ended, looking hopefully at Emily. My story had taken over thirty minutes to tell. There was a long silence. Everyone was busy with her own thoughts. For me, it seemed the end of a beautiful dream. My house of cards had been destroyed...never to be rebuilt.

Emily seemed confused, looking completely flabbergasted by my revelations. She took her hand away and just sat there with her eyes fixed on the cute blue bow in my long shiny hair that matched my short dress. We had done each other's hair just hours ago.

She looked shocked but muttered, “But you know everything about being a girl. Your figure...our cycles?”

Finally, Aunt Lucy broke in, “Well, what do we do now? Call the police? Report him as an impostor?”

“Oh no,” Emily gushed suddenly. “She hasn't done any harm.”

“So far, HE has not,” Aunt Lucy replied, “except make a fool of us for over half a year.” She accentuated the HE, and it appeared that she was not going to let me off the hook so easily.

Quickly, Emily became her own sweet self again. “I'm so glad you're a boy...if it's really true,” she said. And after a long silence, she added, hesitantly taking both my hands in hers, “You see, I am also in love with you. All these months, I have worried and wondered why I was so attracted to you and so happy to be in your presence. My friendship was so deep and different than what I have ever felt for girls. Now, I know my instincts were right, and my feelings for you were completely natural.”

This was the happiest moment of my life. I bent over to her and kissed her gently on the lips. Quickly, deciding to follow my advantage, I said, “Then you will agree to marry me Emily, if I dress as a man again?”

I had read that such proposals were usually done on one's knees, but I knew I would look silly doing this in a skirt and I might run a nylon. Emily let me sit on pins and needles and looked at me from top to toe. She began shaking her head, and terror struck me. Had I lost her? I wanted all or nothing. One just cannot be friends with someone you love as much as I loved Emily.

What she said relieved me greatly. “I fell in love with you this way...and I want you to stay dressed prettily as a girl. I don't want you any other way,” she added with a sudden stubborn sound to her voice. “Most

boys are such bullies and egotists. I hate to think what pants would do to you.”

“But, I love you as a man,” I said desperately. “Don't you want me to look like one?”

Aunt Lucy laughed, a little harshly, I thought. “You're too girlish to be a man anyway...just look at yourself.” Emily nodded her agreement.

I looked down, blushing with shame, seeing my soft white feminine hands with bright red nail polish, perfectly groomed, demurely resting on the skirt of my apron.

The room was quiet for a long time before Emily said firmly, “I want you to stay this way for the time being.”

Both women looked at me expectantly while I tried to analyze my feelings. I did feel like a girl...completely at home in skirts.

I remembered how hopelessly inadequate I had looked as a boy that evening at the sorority dinner. I pondered how much I behaved like a girl and how natural I felt doing household chores, sewing, and other feminine things. I came to a decision, and happily said, “If that's what you want, it's alright with me.”

“You'd better,” Aunt Lucy said. “What would everyone at college say if you suddenly started wearing trousers?”

And so, it was decided that Marilyn would remain. I apologized to both Aunt Lucy and Emily. Emily forgave me wholeheartedly, but I was not so sure about Aunt Lucy.

She said in a tone that would introduce no argument, “You will have to stay as a girl until you finish college. I cannot afford any rumors or bad talk about persons in my house. And, you had better be an obedient, sweet, demure niece all that time. Or else...”

Her voice sounded a little harsh, but feeling like a worm, I looked into her eyes and saw something soft that was not revealed in her voice. She did not really mean to be nasty about this. “If, after three years, you still feel about each other the way you do now, there is no reason you can't get married then. No matter how unconventionally you are dressed,” Aunt Lucy finished.

Emily made me seal my promise with a long kiss.

That same evening, I wrote a long letter home, telling them about my discovery and my engagement to Emily. In putting my thoughts on paper, I became a little clearer in my mind as to the future. I began to realize that if I was to be a good father to my children, I would have to dress the part and say farewell to my soft clothes and skirts. And, I would become a man again...whether Emily liked it or not!

In the meantime, I could look forward to three more wonderful years of happy coed life, feeling more in tune to a girl I loved than any boy ever could. We shared so many interests in common. You really can feel close to a woman if you are doing everything like them.

Aunt Lucy and Emily's single devotion seemed to be making sure I continued to feel like a girl.

As I think back on them finding out, I realized that they both had only known and cared about me as a girl. They didn't want me to change.

Emily said, “If I wanted a BOYfriend, I'd have a boyfriend.”

But I was worried. I'd seen the appreciative looks of the college boys, the cunning glances at Emily's curvy bottom, at her trim legs and the intriguing swish of her short skirts. The realization that the boys were also

looking at my skirted bottom, left me with a strange feeling.

One Saturday evening, we were in my bedroom, both of us sat in our bra and panties, fussing with our hair. I was running a hairbrush through Emily's long hair, about to put it up into a French braid. The mirror reflected the youthful beauty of our bra-covered bosoms. It also reflected my long smooth legs and the soft puffy mound in the crotch of my panties.

Aunt Lucy walked into the room and smiled, "It's Saturday night, and don't you girls have something better to do?"

"We are going to a movie later," I said.

"Seriously," she said, "you are missing out on the social part of college. Isn't there a dance tonight?"

"We should dress up and go!" Emily said.

"And dance with boys?" I moaned.

"Of course, young lady," Lucy said. "You put on a pretty dress and go dancing."

I loved doing Emily's hair but Lucy said, "go dancing" more like an order.

We rummaged around in my closet and finally slipped into something pretty and perfect for a dance.

I turned my back to Emily and with a well-practiced toss of my head, swept the shimmer of golden hair from the back of my neck. "Zip me, please" I asked.

Emily lightly kissed the side of my exposed neck making me shiver deliciously up my spine.

"Oh Marilyn," she gasped, "I love seeing you like this. If I was a boy...can you zip me."

I ran the zipper up the back of her fitted dress and then she turned, facing me. I purred in a soft voice. "Darling... do I look all right?"

"All girl, you little minx."

“I hate seeing you dance with guys,” I couldn’t help blurting out.

“Nothing will happen,” she assured me. “We’ll just tease the boys, a little dancing, maybe let the guys sneak a few kisses?”

“I’m, well not really sure I can do that, for real...do you think that some guy will try to kiss me?”

“You have to get over that. It’s part of being a pretty girl,” Emily said impatiently.

“Would you like that?” I asked.

“If he’s nice and handsome. Why not? You should too.” Then Emily smiled, “Marilyn, I think I’d like to see that happen, see some good-looking man kissing you.”

It was obviously no use arguing my manliness when expressing so much girl-ness and all that entailed. The dress only accentuated my wider hips, breasts and long smooth legs. My physical appearance was womanly. Mentally, I had the nurturing tendencies, intuition, and compassion I’d seen in the ideal woman; my mother.

Emily went on, “I hope you don’t go nuts if a guy wants to kiss me?”

I knew my place. “I might have to hit him with my purse?” I joked.

I realized that living as a girl must have created an overpowering, submissive part of my temperament. I so enjoyed serving Lucy and even my sisters. Now, I would just go along with whatever Emily wanted.

When we were all properly painted and perfumed we each slipped on some "barely there" dance dresses and high heeled pumps. We swished down to the living room where we found Lucy writing at her computer.

Her eyes lit up at the sight of the two of us swishing into the room. She laughed, “I can tell you two

aren't going to a movie in those dresses! I feel sorry for the boys at the dance."

So I was anxious and excited, just a warm delicious bundle of nerves as we swished into the College Hall. It was a two story stone-faced building with a zillion college students mingling. The girls were dressed to thrill, as was I.

Once inside, Emily was leaning close against me girl to girl, protection style. The scent of her hair, the warm aroma of a lovely young woman drifted up into my nostrils...or was that me?

She was checking out the men and giggling like in the days before she "knew." I held my breath, wishing in some ways she didn't know. I felt light-headed as she pointed out the hot men, their muscles and masculine stagger. They were loud and arrogant, calling attention to their confidence.

What was Emily trying to tell me? Her tone of voice, the choosing of her words sent a little shiver up my spine. She didn't need to spell it out...I was just her GIRLfriend tonight.

"Oh, look at all the boneheads." It seemed to be Emily's most common description of men.

But there we stood; looking and smelling like flowers waiting to be picked. Among the wondrous mysteries of being a girl was that special sensation of letting the world revolve around you. A primal female ability to passively attract the 'right guy' but avoid the jerks and boneheads.

"You'd better have fun," Emily commanded. "You know, wearing a short, tight dress and even being kissed doesn't make it obligatory for you to breed with men."

I laughed, "Okay. I'm a girl tonight."

"Don't you want to see what it's like to kiss another guy," she teased. "You might like it!"

“Emily! That’s crude and you know I like only you!” I whispered in a more serious voice. “Well okay Emily. We can play with the fantasy a little and well, if I dance with a nice guy maybe I’ll let him kiss me....”

“You try...that’s all I ask,” she laughed.

There was a catered buffet, music and dancing. The crowd was happy and friendly and I stood among all fine high-breasted little “prey.”

As I did expected, several handsome guys quickly asked us to dance and we were swirling with the music, being held close, hands cupping our slender waists. With the second dance, the guy’s hands edged cautiously downward and settled on the upper swell of our curvy bottoms and as the night went on, the slow romantic dances were groin to groin.

I began to be comfortable and even held my bosom against the man’s chest; feeling lips across the top of my blonde hair.

Emily was loving the attention and we met often in the ladies room; both with a flush on our cheeks from the sneaked feels of our bottoms. It was exciting in a way that I had never imagined.

“So you got your cute ass pinched,” she teased, as we fixed our lipstick on the mirror.

“Stop it now,” I scolded. “We were just dancing... well, a little too close.”

“Mmmm... is that why your cheeks are so flushed? YOU got KISSED!”

“Please stop teasing me...you’re being silly.” But I could sense the growing exhilaration building up in both of us.

Emily’s hand nervously squeezed my arm. “Oh my, this is fun!” I looked into her eyes. She was blushing and I sensed an eager excitement. Just because I wasn’t attracted to men, didn’t mean she had to be too. Just

her encouraging me to do girl things sent a strange warm feeling crowding the confines of my panties.

And at the end of the evening, Emily and I wiggled out of the Hall together. We left the boys with only a vision of our swaying hips and sweet dreams of what might have been.

When we got back home, Lucy was up waiting for us. Emily gushed about the evening, the handsome boys and even bragged that she had gotten me kissed.

I caught a glimpse of Emily and myself in a mirror and suddenly felt all weepy. I realized that I was as girly as my future wife. My figure as curvy as hers; sporting equally attractive breasts and smooth legs perched comfortably in high heels.

I had spent the entire night, painfully dancing on my toes. As a boy, it was illogical to wear something you feel is uncomfortable. But I was like a girl now. I endured necessary pain because high heels are a fashion and made my legs look sexy.

When asked why I was in tears, I moaned, motioning to my short skirt and my smooth knees pressed together. "I shouldn't be like this! I want to be a boy again!"

Lucy stroked my hair and said, "I guess being around boys tonight made you realize how completely soft and girlish you have become."

"I love Emily and I want to be a boy again," I said between snuffles.

Lucy and now Emily patted my shoulders affectionately. Emily said, "I love your pretty face of a girl and when we do hair and dress alike. What if I don't like you as a boy?"

"You do have a lot in common now," Lucy suggested. "Dress, high heels, makeup, tampons,

lingerie, long hair, nails and even going to dances. What would you have as a boy?”

“Love?” I said softly and looked at Emily.

“I'd say I love what I see. You wear your hair like a girl, talk like a girl, and carry yourself very femininely. I love the way we paint our nails pretty and share cute earrings.”

Lucy smiled at my miseries. “You are even emotional like a girl.”

“We are on our periods,” Emily giggled. And then they both laughed and gave me a hug.

I had changed in many ways. The year of wearing brassieres had formed little fleshy bits on my chest. Tears flowed as I grasped what a few more years would do to me. I'd come so far, and I was at the point that three more years as a coed would fix me good. I would be a girl.

The two comforted me and told me I had no choice. I had become too girlish to ever be a boy again.

Emily began to set us up on double dates and she insisted we lead our college lives like normal coeds.

“Please, I love you being my girlfriend,” she almost begged when I first resisted and expressed jealousy. “I thought you liked doing girl things?”

I assured her she didn't have to break my arm.



*They said, "I had become too girlish to ever be a boy again."*

The first couple dates, I was a nervous wreck. The fun part...we would spend Saturday getting our hair and nails done, doing what girls do to get ready for a big date. Emily and I wore short dresses, the kind every woman dreams of wearing to make her look just right and drive a date wild.

On the double-dates; watching the woman I loved, flirt and cater to another guy was confusing but she was all mine when we were home alone. So there were moments when I really enjoy showing off my girlish ways, but there are times (like on double dates) when I literally felt embarrassed.

My theory is this. When I'm around Emily alone, I feel girlier and try to be like her. (Which she likes.) But when I'm around guys and Emily, I go through a bit of peer pressure and wish I could be manlier. I can't imagine Emily seeing me so totally girl-like, in a little dress with a male date and taking me seriously as a future husband.

I had to learn to cope. Emily had to be the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, and the only reason I had her was because I was so girlish. She told me, "No other man can ever compete with your legs in a short skirt!"

I couldn't help but be totally under her control and fantasize about all the possibilities the future held for us.

Sometime, I may decide to tell you about the next three years. Let me know if you want to hear about it.

THE END

IF YOU LIKED THIS STORY, WRITE TO ME:

[sandythomasbooks@gmail.com](mailto:sandythomasbooks@gmail.com)

[www.sthomas.com](http://www.sthomas.com)

SANDY THOMAS,

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624

[sandythomasbooks@gmail.com](mailto:sandythomasbooks@gmail.com)

[www.sthomas.com](http://www.sthomas.com)

# GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

## FEMININE PROPOSAL I

The First Proposal



Stan is forced to accept his wife's  
proposal...and become her girlfriend!  
**GIRLFRIENDS -- VOLUME TWO**

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

# FROM SANDY THOMAS WHEN BEING HER BEST FRIEND IS JUST NOT ENOUGH!

## HUSBANDS and WIVES

### GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION



**SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM**

**TITILLATING TV FICTION SERIES!**

.....HIS WIFE'S WIFE #20 NEW.....	10.00
.....LINGERIE & LIPSTICK #119 NEW.....	10.00
.....LINGERIE & LIPSTICK I #18 NEW.....	10.00
.....HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW.....	10.00
.....WHAT GIRLS WANT.....	10.00
.....WHAT SISSIES WANT.....	10.00
.....MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL.....	10.00
.....PRETTY IN PINK..II.....	10.00
.....PRETTIER IN PINK..I.....	10.00
.....THE STORE BRIDE.....	10.00
.....GIRLS' THINGS I.....	10.00
.....GIRLS' THINGS II.....	10.00
.....A WILLING WOMAN.....	10.00
.....PRACTICALLY A GIRL.....	10.00
.....UNDER HIS SKIRTS.....	10.00
.....AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2.....	10.00
.....AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1.....	10.00
.....HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3.....	10.00
.....HUSBAND TO SISTER #2.....	10.00
.....HUSBAND TO Sissy #1.....	10.00

**GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION**

.....SISTERS IN SECRET #11 NEW.....	10.00
.....HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10.....	10.00
.....DRESSING DOLLY #9.....	10.00
.....A PARTY GIRL #8.....	10.00
.....LUCK BE A LADY #7.....	10.00
.....FEMINE PROPOSAL (circle part #) .....#1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5.....	10.00
.....ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY! #1.....	10.00

**TV Fiction C**

.....HE'S HER BRIDESMAID II #98B.....	10.00
.....HE'S HER BRIDESMAID I #98A.....	10.00
.....YEAR SISSIES I #97.....	10.00
.....YEAR AMONG THE SISSIES I #96.....	10.00
.....HE'S THEIR SISTER II #95 NEW.....	10.00
.....HE'S #94 NEW.....	10.00
.....BOY WILL BE GIRL #93 NEW.....	10.00
.....AUNTIE'S HELPER #92 NEW.....	10.00
.....A PROPER LADY II #91.....	10.00
.....A PROPER LADY #90.....	10.00
.....GIRLHOOD #89 NEW.....	10.00
.....SWISHFUL THINKING #88 NEW.....	10.00
.....FOUNDATION OF FEMINITY #1B.....	10.00
.....FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #1A.....	10.00
.....GIRLISH #87.....	10.00
.....PINK SLIPS I & II #85 & 86.....	20.00
.....GIRLS' GETAWAY #84.....	10.00
.....PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83.....	10.00
.....MISS UNDERSTOOD #82.....	10.00
.....SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81.....	20.00
.....GOING AS GIRLS #79.....	10.00
.....CALL HIM "MOM" #77 & #78.....	20.00
.....JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75&76.....	20.00
.....A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74.....	10.00
.....AUNTIE GETS TOUGH (c) #72 & 73.....	20.00
.....TOES IN THE HOSE #71.....	10.00
.....MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70.....	10.00
.....WALKS LIKE DANNY I & II #68 & 69.....	20.00
.....BIRTH OF A LADY #67.....	10.00
.....JUST TRAINED LIKE MOM #65&66.....	20.00
.....HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64.....	10.00
.....FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63.....	10.00
.....HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62.....	10.00
.....A DRESS FOR DANNY #61.....	10.00
.....BECOMING LADIES/GF #59 & #60.....	20.00
.....THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58.....	20.00
.....MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56.....	10.00
.....LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55.....	20.00
.....ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53.....	10.00
.....THE GIRLMAKERS #52.....	10.00
.....SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50&51.....	20.00
.....DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49.....	20.00
.....BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG' #46&47.....	20.00
.....DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books!.....	20.00
.....MORE THAN A WOMAN #43.....	10.00
.....CODED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS.....	20.00
.....LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41.....	10.00
.....GIRL BY CHOICE #40.....	10.00
.....WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39.....	10.00
.....BLONDE & BLONDER #38.....	10.00
.....CAMPING IN CURLS #37.....	10.00
.....SLINK OR SWIM #36.....	10.00
.....DAUGHTERS ONLY #35.....	10.00
.....HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34.....	10.00
.....FEMINE APPEAL #33.....	10.00
.....PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32.....	10.00
.....MY SON, the DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31.....	20.00
.....LIKE A DAUGHTER #29.....	10.00
.....HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28.....	10.00
.....WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books!.....	20.00
.....ONE OF THE GIRLS #25.....	10.00
.....HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24.....	10.00
.....PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23.....	10.00
.....MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22.....	10.00
.....WOMAN'S WORK #21.....	10.00
.....THAT A GIRL #20.....	10.00
.....TIT FOR TAT #19.....	10.00
.....NEAR MISS #18.....	10.00
.....GOING A BROAD #17.....	10.00
.....DRESSED TO DANCE #16.....	10.00
.....FLIGHT OF FANCY #15.....	10.00
.....MAID UP #14.....	10.00
.....ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13.....	10.00
.....ALL DOLLED UP #12.....	10.00

GO TO: [www.STHOMASA.com](http://www.STHOMASA.com) for complete list.

**Contemporary TV Fiction:**

.....A FEMINE TOUCH II #76 NEW.....	10.00
.....A FEMINE TOUCH I #75 NEW.....	10.00
.....GIRLIE BOY, I AM #74 NEW.....	10.00
.....PRETTY FOREVER #73 NEW.....	10.00
.....DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72 NEW.....	10.00
.....LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW.....	10.00
.....LAVENDAR & LACE I #70.....	10.00
.....DRESS UP DAY #69.....	10.00
.....SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68.....	10.00
.....PURSE STRINGS #67.....	10.00
.....BIKINI BOUND #66.....	10.00
.....DISCOVERING DRESSES #65.....	10.00
.....MY BETTER HALF #64.....	10.00
.....LEARNING CURVES #63.....	10.00
.....THEY'RE (A) GIRL(S) NOW! #61&62.....	20.00
.....DRESSES & TRESSES #60.....	10.00
.....MAKEUP MATERIAL #59.....	10.00
.....HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58.....	10.00
.....BECOMING EMMA #57.....	10.00
.....PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56.....	10.00
.....FEMINE BUDDY #55.....	10.00
.....GIRLIE GIRL #54.....	10.00
.....SITTING PRETTY (TOO) #52 & #53.....	20.00
.....CHICKS RULE #51.....	10.00
.....DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOD #49-50.....	20.00
.....SON TO SISTER #48.....	10.00
.....MISTAKEN FOR GIRL #46 & 47.....	20.00
.....TAKING HER PLACE #45.....	10.00
.....FEMINE DESIRES #44.....	10.00
.....SISTERS FOREVER #43.....	10.00
.....JUST ANOTHER GIRL! #42.....	10.00
.....HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41.....	10.00
.....METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks).....	20.00
.....FRILL OF IT ALL #38.....	10.00
.....WINDOW DRESSING #37.....	10.00
.....HORMONES FOR LIFE #36.....	10.00
.....A SUMMER GIRL #35.....	10.00
.....TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34.....	10.00
.....JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33.....	10.00
.....JOINING THE GIRLS #32.....	10.00
.....CLEAVAGE #31.....	10.00
.....CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30.....	10.00
.....FEMINE METAMORPHOSIS #29.....	10.00
.....A LIVING DOLL #28.....	10.00
.....GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27.....	10.00
.....DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26.....	10.00
.....THE PAMPURED Sissy #25.....	10.00
.....JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24.....	10.00
.....FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23.....	10.00
.....TOO MANY SKIRTS #22.....	10.00
.....REDTOES #21.....	10.00
.....I DRESS, THEREFORE #20.....	10.00
.....HEAD OVER HEELS #19.....	10.00
.....MY BOSOM BUDDY #18.....	10.00
.....HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17.....	10.00
.....GIRLIES #16.....	10.00
.....HIS FIRST DRESS #15.....	10.00

**TRANSVESTIA TV Fiction Series:**

.....MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25.....	10.00
.....RED, WHITE AND PINK #24.....	10.00
.....FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23.....	10.00
.....TURNABOUT PARTY #21.....	10.00
.....BOYS TO BABES #19.....	10.00
.....THE MAKEOVER #18.....	10.00
.....PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17.....	10.00
.....FEMINE FORTE #16.....	10.00
.....MANNEQUIN #15.....	10.00
.....BIRTH OF BARBARA #14.....	10.00

**EMPATHY TV FICTION**

.....QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1.....	10.00
.....TV TRAINING CAMP #2.....	10.00
.....TV VACATION #3.....	10.00
.....BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4.....	10.00
.....BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5.....	10.00
.....DRESS UNIFORM #6.....	10.00
.....BABY FACED BRIDEGROOM I NEW.....	10.00

**SISSY'S SKIRTS**

.....HE'S SO SKIRT NEW.....	10.00
.....THE SLIP.....	10.00
.....THE SECRETARIAL SLIP.....	10.00
.....CANDY - BOY WAITRESS.....	10.00

**TOTAL ORDER —**

STATE TAX@ 7.75% (CA. residents only).....

USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max)  
(OVERSEAS \$1.00 flat rate—up to 10 books)

**TOTAL ENCLOSED**

SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:  
SANDY THOMAS ADV.  
P. O. BOX 2309, CARISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA

VISA or MC exp /

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ST \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
GROSS I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 9-11



[www.sthomas.com](http://www.sthomas.com)

**Is it true? You are what you read?**

*Ask about our special products!  
Let me know which stories you like the most!*

*SANDY THOMAS ADV.,  
P.O. Box 2309 Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA*

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

# IN THE PINK

## part 12



*"Gosh Mike, you really pissed off the real girls at the audition when you took your top off."*