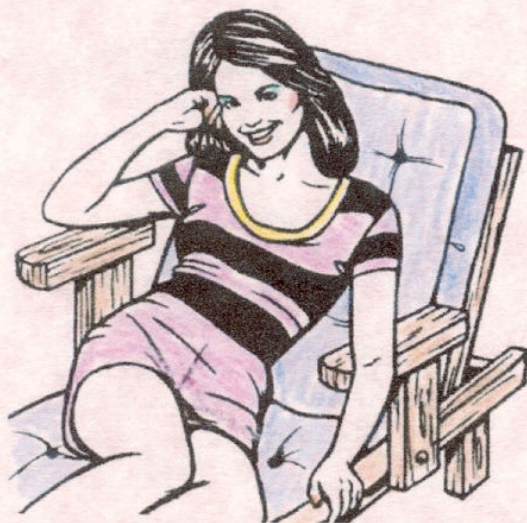


TRANSVESTIA TV FICTION



IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY

*John dresses in skirts to show the girl's
at school how they should dress.*

*His mother and father suggest he
try it for the summer.*

Thus 'Jane' is born. Many surprises!

VOLUME 2

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**TRANSVESTIA
FICTION MAGAZINE**

Volume 2

**IT'S ALL IN THE
FAMILY**

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Editor:

SANDY THOMAS

RENEE'

QUOTE BOARD

When you hear a woman bragging about being
being great in bed,
It's probably not a woman."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY

One rainy Saturday afternoon last April, I went over to my friend's house to see what he was doing. Chuck and I were juniors in high school and rather close friends. His mother let me in and told me that Chuck was down in the recreation room. I found him working on his stamp collection and soon we were both poring over his album.

Soon Mrs. Mathers came down and said, "I have the clothes ready now, Chuck. Come on up."

"No!" said Chuck. "I told you before, nothing doing."

"What's going on?" I asked in bewilderment.

"Oh," said his mother, "Chuck was arguing with his sister and I that girls have the best of everything and get all the breaks, so we offered to dress him as a girl and let him be one for awhile if that was the way he thought. Maybe this way he would learn that he was wrong and stop his arguing. Come on now, Chuck."

Chuck just sat there, red faced.

"Go ahead, Chuck," I said. "It ought to be fun to see you dressed as a girl."

"No", said Chuck, getting redder by the minute.

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Suddenly Mrs. Mathers turned to me and said, "Well, how about you, John? If he won't do it, how about letting us dress you up?"

Now it was my turn to get red. I stammered a refusal. Chuck suddenly turned to the offensive and began urging me, "Go ahead, John. You thought that it would be fun to see me dressed as a girl. Well, I think that it will be just as much fun to see you dressed up. Go ahead, don't be a chicken." The shoe was on the other foot now.

Chuck and his mother poured it on me. Mary, his sister, came down and joined in the argument. Finally, in desperation, I gave in. "All right, I'll let them do it, but only if you do it too," I blurted out. Caught in my own trap, what else could I do?

A smile crossed Chuck's face and suddenly he said, "OK, it's a deal. Let's go have fun and get it over with."

His mother led us upstairs and told us both to take a shower and then come to her room. Chuck went first and then it was my turn. By the time I had my shower and went to her room, he had on a panty girdle and Mary was fastening a bra on him. Mrs. Mathers handed me a panty girdle and told me to put it on. Somehow I managed to get into it and then she slipped a bra over my arms and hooked it in back. As Mary stuffed some cotton into Chuck's bra to fill it out, her mother did the same to me. Next they handed us each a pair of nylons and giggled as they watched us struggle to put them on and attach the garters. Then came nylon slips, mine being a pretty pink one trimmed with lace, while Chuck got a white one, also trimmed with lace.

I cannot describe the exquisite feeling it gave me as the soft material touched my body. I also noticed a strange look on Chuck's face as he put on his slip.

Shoes were more of a problem, but some flats were found that fit us both.

Mary then led us over to the vanity and the two of them went to work on our faces. They did a complete makeup job on us; base, powder, rouge, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, eye liner and mascara, even shaping our brows a little. Our nails were shaped and polish applied. Mary only had one wig and this she placed on Chuck.

I wore my hair quite long, although neatly trimmed at the temples and at the neck. After fingering my hair for awhile, Mrs. Mathers suggested that Mary fix my hair in a feminine style. With brush, comb and spray can, Mary teased, sprayed and combed until my hair resembled that of a girl.

Mrs. Mathers then brought out a pretty pink shirt-waist dress for me and helped me put it on. Mary got a lovely white shift dress for Chuck and helped him put it on. Earrings and necklaces were given to us and our costumes were completed with a spray of cologne.

Chuck and I looked at each other, and we were both speechless. He looked pretty to me, but both of the girls raved over my appearance. A long look in the full length mirror confirmed their opinions. I was thrilled with my appearance. I really did look like a pretty girl.

We were allowed to walk slowly around the room for awhile in order to get used to our new clothes and shoes. Then we were taken downstairs to the living room and told that we would have to spend the rest of the afternoon as girls. Chuck and I both grinned at each other. He was enjoying himself and so was I.

We both helped his mother in her regular Saturday chores, slipping rather easily into the role of girls once we became accustomed to the strange feeling of our new attire. Mary left the house shortly afterwards, saying she had some shopping to do. Mrs. Mathers talked to us as if we were girls, complementing us and helping us to overcome our shyness.

The afternoon passed all too quickly. Soon it was almost five o'clock and I remarked that I had better change back to my own clothes and get home. At that time I heard Mary's voice at the side door and then I heard a very familiar voice, my Mother's. Mary had brought her over to see me. I tried to run and hide but Mrs. Mathers held me until she came into the room.

At first mother just stood in the doorway, looking first at me and then at Chuck. I knew Chuck felt uneasy, but the exhilarating feeling I had had a short time ago was now gone. I felt miserable as my mother eyed my wavy hair, my made up face, my bosom, my dress and then my legs.

"How did you ever get them to do this?" she said. "I didn't believe Mary when she told me how good they both looked. To think that my son makes such a good looking girl! Why, it is unbelievable! I just can't get over it!"

The circumstances of our being dressed as girls were then given to her, but she just stood and shook her head in disbelief.

Looking at the clock I said that I had better change so that we could go home, but mother said, "Oh, no, there isn't time for you to change now. I have dinner in the oven and we must hurry home before it is ruined. You can change when we get home."

“But I can’t go out looking like this,” I said. “What if someone saw me?”

“So what if someone sees you,” mother said. “You look very nice in your new clothes. There is nothing wrong in the way you are dressed now and there is nothing to be ashamed of. Isn’t that right, Doris?” Mrs. Mathers readily agreed and Mary also added her two cents worth. Both of them fairly pushed me out the door.

It had stopped raining by this time and it was rather warm, so what else could I do? Our house was only three houses away so I fell in step along side of my mother. Wearing girls clothes inside was one thing, but wearing them outside was something else.

I was thrilled before, but I was on Cloud 9 now. I was conscious of the breeze blowing my skirt about my legs with every step. Mother chatted constantly in order to keep me calm and all too soon we were at our side door.

As I stepped inside I stopped suddenly. “What will Dad say?” I wailed. In my ecstasy I had completely forgotten about him.

“Don’t worry about him,” mother said, “He was home when Mary came to get me and he is anxious to see you. With that she took me by the hand and lead me into the living room where Dad was reading the evening paper.

When Dad looked up and saw me he almost dropped his paper. He sat there for quite a while just looking at me, then got up and walked over to me. He looked me up and down from every angle while I just stood there praying that the floor would open up and swallow me. The verbal barrage I expected never came. Instead he just whistled softly.

"You know, Ann," he finally said, "Our son makes a pretty good looking girl. Why, he looks just like you did when I first met you. If anyone had told me this I wouldn't have believed it possible. You look very attractive."

"Do you mean that you approve of this, Dad?", I asked.

"Well, approve isn't exactly the word for it, but I know that you are all boy and not effeminate so I see no harm in it."

"Come on, Jane," mother said, "Help me get supper ready like a good girl. We can't very well call you John now, can we?" Dad just shook his head in agreement.

My heart was pounding as I went to do mother's bidding. Why was I feeling like this? Here I was expecting nothing but abuse from Dad, but instead I had his OK. I thought that I was the only member of the family who was crazy, but my parents too? What was going on around here? I dismissed these thoughts, however, as I was setting the table.

All through the meal Dad couldn't keep his eyes off of me. Mother kept giving me little hints on how to act like a girl, such as how to smooth out my skirt when I sat down, how to hold my hands, how to eat, how to speak a little more softly, etc. I found myself enjoying my new role and new name. Not that I hadn't enjoyed myself all afternoon, but then I had to hide my pleasure. Now I could openly enjoy myself without fear of being censored for expressing my feelings.

After dinner I again helped mother, as any daughter should. We spent the evening watching television, and anyone who could have seen us would not

have known that a young boy was present. All too soon for me it was time to retire for the night.

Mother came to my room to help me undress and to teach me how to take care of my things. I found that I was only a little bit embarrassed to be seen by her in girl's lingerie.

As I was washing the makeup off of my face she brought me one of her nylon night gowns to wear, saying, "Here, you may as well wear this tonight. It will make your day as a girl complete."

I climbed into bed wearing the slinky nightgown wondering why I was wearing it. It did feel nice and soft around my body. I slept in seventh heaven that night.

Sunday, after we returned from Church, mother packed my costume from yesterday and returned the clothes to Mrs. Mathers. Nothing more was said of the incident, but I thought often of the pleasures I had experienced and wondered why I had enjoyed myself so much.

Things went well for me in high school. I played second base on our school baseball team and hit a respectable .330 average. But things were happening in school this spring. The dress code for students was abolished due to pressure from a small group of parents. About 95% retained a good taste in clothes and a clean-cut appearance, but an increasing number of girls started to wear pants and pant suits to school. Then too, these girls started to neglect their appearance until a lot of them looked more like boys than girls.

Some even cut their hair short in a boyish style. This was discussed among the boys until one of the

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group I went with suggested that maybe the boys should start wearing skirts to school. For some reason this idea took root and was discussed every time we got together.

One of the boys even went to the principal with this idea for his approval. The principal, after giving the idea some thought, welcomed the idea and gave us his blessing, stating that the pendulum had swung so far to one side that maybe something like this would shock the girls back to reality.

It was decided then that during the last week in May,(it being the last week of school before final exams) that we would wear nothing but skirts and sweaters or blouses to school. There were about fifteen in our group and we decided that the project would involve all of us or none. Everyone agreed to participate in the stunt.

For some reason I tingled all over when this decision was reached.

When I told my parents about this stunt they were all for it. Mother gave me several of her skirts and sweaters to wear and they fit me perfectly.

On Monday when we went to school wearing skirts, we were an instant success. All of the boys approved of our action, as did most of the girls.

On Tuesday there were more boys than just our group wearing skirts in school. Our idea was really catching on. The girls who were wearing pants and who had let their appearance go realized what we were up to and began to mock and jeer us, and even dared us to go further and add lingerie to our attire.

On Wednesday there wasn't a hairy leg among us. We were all wearing nylons, panties and slips under

our skirts. The girls involved still jeered us but this only made us all the more determined.

On Thursday mother had me put on a sheer silk blouse, which allowed my lace slip to be seen, a very light makeup, and even a pair of low-heeled girls shoes that she had bought for me to wear. A number of the boys were similarly attired and we all admitted that we were enjoying our experiment.

On Friday we agreed to continue to wear our skirts to exams the following week. Our little plan must have been a success, because during exams we noticed fewer and fewer girls wearing pants to school. I don't know what it was, whether it was from the satisfaction I derived from my attire or not, but I did much better than ever before in my exams! I passed every subject with a high grade!

That Sunday afternoon I was surprised to hear the following suggestion from my mother. "Since Tuesday is the final day of school and you have to go to get your report cards and for closing exercises, how about doing it right this time and go to school as the prettiest girl I can make you?"

"What do you mean, mother?," I asked.

"I mean dressing you properly from the tip of your toes to the top of your head. After all, you have been wearing girls' clothes to school for two weeks now, but never a complete costume or with full makeup. Let me do a complete job on you for one last fling. Besides, it is your birthday and this will be a good way to celebrate it."

I failed to see the logic of her reasoning, but the very thought of the idea thrilled me. Ever since that day in April I had always wanted to dress completely once more, but I was always afraid to ask.

"How about it, Dad?" I asked.

Dad thought for a minute or two, then said, "I guess it will be alright. It's not that much different from what you've done for two weeks. Why don't you go ahead and do it?"

"OK, I'm game. I'll let you do it, Mom," I said.

With that, mother took me by the hand and led me upstairs. "Do you have to start now?" I asked with surprise. "This is only Sunday afternoon."

"Yes," she replied. "I have a lot of work to do to make you into a girl."

As I undressed she busily gathered some of her clothes. "I think these will fit you just right," she said.

First she had me put on a panty girdle, then a bra. I had second thoughts about the bra, saying, "Gee mom, do I have to wear a bra too?"

"Of course dear, all girls your age wear them." She had me put it on, which she filled with cotton. Then came the nylons, a slip, the shoes she had bought me, and finally a robe.

Sitting me down at her vanity table she went to work on my hair which was even longer than it was in April. First she trimmed off my already short sideburns up to where the hair was long. Then she combed it evenly down both sides and cut the long ends to make it even all around. She then took me to the bathroom where she shampooed my hair thoroughly until it was as clean as it had ever been.

Back to her room we went where she put me under her drier until my hair was just damp. Again she combed my hair and then started to put it up on rollers, applying a hair setting lotion.

"Hey," I said. "I didn't bargain for this."

"Oh, yes you did," she replied. "You agreed to let me make you the prettiest girl I possibly could and this is just part of the process. I am going to give you a complete home permanent so hold your head still."

She worked with the rollers and lotion until every hair was wound up, then she put me under her drier again. While my hair was drying she started to pluck my eyebrows until I thought that she had pulled them all out. The thinly arched brows added a girlish softness to my face.

My nails were next and she gave me a complete manicure, trimming the cuticles and pushing them back to make the nails appear longer, and filed them to a girlish shape. She then applied two coats of pink polish.

By that time my hair was dry so she took the drier off and gave me a pretty flower print dress to put on and applied a light makeup. "We will leave your hair up tonight," she said, "and brush it out tomorrow to see what it looks like," she said.

When we went downstairs Dad looked at me and grinned. "I see she meant what she said, Jane," calling me by my girls' name again. This thrilled me to no end.

Again I helped mother to prepare and serve dinner. She criticized my movements and actions, telling me that I must now start to act like a girl. She also complimented me when I did things to her satisfaction. She was gently but firmly moulding and training me to act like a girl.

That night she again gave me a pretty pink nylon gown to wear, and instructed me in the care of my clothes and removal of my makeup. It was quite

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awhile before I dropped off to sleep, what with my hair up on unaccustomed rollers, but when I finally dropped off I dreamt sweet dreams.

Monday morning when I got up I dressed in the same clothes I had worn on Sunday. I again had to wear a bra with the outfit.

Instead of applying my makeup for me, mother sat me at her vanity and had me do it myself, coaching me when necessary. I looked a bit silly, my face made up and my hair still in curlers.

After I was made up to her satisfaction we had breakfast and then she left me to make up the beds and tidy up the house while she went shopping. She was gone all morning and when she returned the car was loaded with packages. I helped her carry them to her room but she said nothing about their contents.

After we had lunch and washed the dishes she started on my hair. She took out all of the rollers and then brushed and combed my hair, with a little spraying, until she was finally satisfied and stepped back to look me over with a critical eye.

At that time the doorbell rang so she left me to look over her creation in the mirror while she answered the bell. I couldn't get over my appearance. She had fixed my hair into a beautiful wavy style, just right for a girl my age. I looked just like any pretty teenaged girl at school.

A voice from the living room brought me back to earth; my was mother calling me to come down.

When I went down I was surprised to see Mary there. She had come over to borrow something and mother had told her about me. I turned a bright shade of red as she looked me over.

"What do you think of our *Jane* now?" mother asked.

"Well, he . . . I mean she . . . is absolutely beautiful," Mary said. "I didn't dream that he could look so much like a girl. But what is this all about?"

"Well, since he has been wearing girls' clothes to school for two weeks, I suggested that we go all out and really make a girl out of him for the final day tomorrow. I even bought some new things for him to wear. Here, *Jane*, put these on and get used to wearing them." With that she handed me a pair of bone colored pumps with three inch heels.

I sat down and slipped them on. I was a little embarrassed by Mary's stare but I was enchanted with the new feeling that they gave me.

Mom announced, "His first pair of high heeled shoes. Walk around in them."

After walking about in them and finally getting the hang of walking on high heels, with proper coaching from mother and Mary, Mary suggested that I go over to her house with her so that her mother and Chuck could see me.

"I don't know. Should I go, mother?" I asked.

"Why not," she replied. "You have on a pretty dress, your hairdo looks lovely on you and you do make a beautiful girl. There is nothing to be ashamed of in the clothes you are wearing nor in the way you look. Be proud of your appearance and of your new role. Show that you are not afraid to be seen and people will not criticize you for dressing like a girl. Besides, everyone will see you tomorrow so you may as well get used to it today."

She was right, of course, everyone at school would see me tomorrow anyway. I wondered if this was

really a good idea, but with a little more urging from Mary I went with her. Again I was on Cloud 9 just to be outside completely dressed as a girl.

A few of the neighbors were working in their yards but nothing was said. Did they recognize me? I couldn't tell from their reactions. Soon we were at Mary's house and we went in.

"Mother," Mary called, "Come and see what you think of our Jane now."

Mrs. Mathers came and looked at me with a puzzled look on her face, then her eyes lit up and she smiled in recognition.

"If you had not called her Jane I would not have recognized her at all. Here, let me look at you. My word, but you do make a lovely girl. That hairdo is absolutely beautiful on you and makes all the difference in the world in your appearance. Chuck, come here and see who is visiting us."

When Chuck came in and saw me he was speechless. He just stood there and gaped and gasped. Even though he had dressed as a girl that day in April, he had not been one of the group of us who had worn skirts to school.

Mary explained my mother's plan for me on the last day of school and all agreed that it would be a good stunt. Mary said, "Let's dress Chuck up too?"

Chuck about died, saying, "No way."

We all laughed. Mary then suggested that I go with her and Chuck since she would be driving their car to school tomorrow. I agreed, and after staying a little while longer I decided to return home. Again after receiving compliments on my appearance, I left.

Walking with someone else while outside and dressed as a girl was one thing, but being by myself was another. I was totally conscious of my clothes and appearance. I imagined that the whole neighborhood was staring at me and whispering about me as I passed. I decided that I better walk like a girl would, which wasn't hard in my new high heels.

I had no sooner entered our house when there was a knock on our side door. It was Mrs. Jackson, the woman who lived next door to us. "Was that your son who just came in, dressed as a girl?", she asked mother.

"Yes," she replied, "come in and see what you think of our Jane."

"Why, he looks absolutely stunning." Mrs. Jackson said when she saw me. "No wonder you called him 'Jane' just now. No other name would do, and I will have to remember to call you this and to think of you as a girl when you're dressed this way. I know that you have been wearing girls' clothes to school, along with some of the other boys, in order to teach some of the girls a lesson and I was all for it."

She continued, "I saw you coming down the street just now and I was wondering who that strange girl was. When I saw her enter your house without knocking it suddenly dawned on me that it might be you. You really do make a very pretty girl, but why are you dressed like this now that school is out, and with your own hair in that lovely hairdo?"

I explained to her the suggestion of my mother and that I was dressed at that time in order to get used to my clothes and my new high heels. Strangely enough, I felt no embarrassment at all in talking to her while dressed as a girl. In fact, I was enjoying this new experience.

"Well, I like seeing you dressed this way, Jane. I hope that you will do it more often and come and visit with me while dressed. I see no harm in this and I only hope that you never show any embarrassment or guilt while dressed as a pretty girl. You look lovely."

I thanked her for her compliments and she left.

The rest of the afternoon was spent busying myself about the house. I must admit that I couldn't pass a mirror without stopping to admire my appearance. When Dad came home from the office he openly beamed when he saw me.

I found it very easy to face him and to talk to him, and I told him of my adventures that afternoon and of my acceptance by Mrs. Jackson. He, too, cautioned, "To win acceptance you must never show any guilt or be ashamed to be seen dressed as a girl." He told me to always feel proud that I could be such a lovely girl.

The next morning mother woke me early, telling me that there was a lot of work to do before going to school. I took my shower and with a pretty robe on and a pair of mother's slippers on my feet I had breakfast with my parents.

As soon as we were finished she took me upstairs and started to dress me.

Instead of a panty girdle, she had me put on a lovely pair of lace trimmed nylon panties, and then handed me a regular girdle with a high cinch type waist band. It even had pads sewn in at the back and at the sides. As I was putting this on, Dad came in to say goodbye to us.

He laughed at the gyrations I was going through while putting on the girdle, saying that I looked as

funny while putting on a girdle as did mother. After wishing me good luck he left for the office.

With the girdle in place and hooked and zipped up, my mid-section was pulled in so much that I could hardly breathe. However, this and the pads gave me much more of a girlish shape than I had before.

As I was hooking my bra, mother opened one of the packages she had brought home the day before and handed me a pair of realistic looking false breasts. With these inserted in my bra I had the proper bosom of a girl, one that responded to every body movement.

A new pair of seamless nylons came next and then I was given the prettiest lace trimmed, pink, nylon slip that I had ever seen. I was swooning with pleasure from my new shape and my new clothes.

Mother's voice seemed to be coming from far off when she told me to sit down at her vanity. This time she really did a makeup job on me. Not only did she put on the usual base, powder, rouge and a lipstick to match the color of polish on my nails, but this time she added false eyelashes, eyeliner and shadow, and outlined my already femininely shaped brows with a pencil.

She then went to work on my hair and brushed and combed it until it looked better than it did the day before.

Satisfied at last with my appearance, she went to her closet and took out a beautiful pink dress made from a sheer "cream puff" material. The dress fit perfectly and emphasized my newly created curves. The high heeled shoes that I had broken in yesterday, earrings and matching necklace, her extra wrist watch and a spray of her favorite perfume completed my costume. Taking a new handbag that matched

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my shoes perfectly, she put in her spare wallet with some "mad money," several dainty hankies, a comb, and a compact and lipstick "in case you have to powder your nose and touch up your lips."

I was at last ready for school. Stepping back, she looked me over carefully. I must have passed her inspection because I saw tears forming in her eyes. Suddenly she hugged me and kissed me on my cheek. Instinctively I returned her hugs and kisses and whispered, "Thank you, Mom. Thank you, so very much."

"Wait until you see what will happen to you tonight," she whispered back.

We were still showing our affection to one another when we heard Mary and Chuck drive up to the house. Giving me one last kiss, we hurried downstairs and out to the car. When Mary and Chuck saw me both of them gasped at the same time. As I slid into the car Mary said, "Are you sure he isn't really a girl? Jane Baxter, you will be the prettiest girl in school today."

Arriving at school, Mary parked the car and we walked toward the building. Everyone we met stared at me but no one recognized me. I could see that they were wondering who this new girl was.

Mary walked with me to my home room and said, "This is your day, Jane. Now don't be nervous. Remember that you are a girl and an absolutely beautiful one. Go knock 'em dead."

With these words of encouragement I entered my home room, went to my regular seat, placed my purse on top of my desk and sat down, smoothing my skirt under as I did so. Immediately I heard a buzzing in

my ears and I knew that the whispering was about me.

Everyone in the room was staring at me. Our home room teacher came in and started to call the roll for attendance. When she called "John Baxter," I did not answer. Looking directly at me she asked me to please stand and give my name. Boldly I stood up and said, "for today my name is Jane Baxter."

Now there was no doubt as to who I was. The whole class started to laugh and then burst into applause. It was their way of giving me their approval.

When the applause subsided I sat down and roll call was continued. As soon as it was over everyone gathered around me and started to question me at once. I explained as best I could that after wearing skirts to school for two weeks that I simply wanted to find out what it was like to be really and fully dressed as a girl, and that the last day of school seemed to be the perfect day to find out.

The girls all agreed that I made a very pretty girl and fussed over my dress and makeup. They remarked about my pretty slip, which could be plainly seen through my sheer dress, and asked what I had on under it. Unashamedly I told them what my undies consisted of. The boys only stared in disbelief.

Soon the bell rang to begin our abbreviated class periods, during which we were to get our report cards. In each class, when my name was called, I boldly answered that my name for the day was "Jane Baxter" and that I was accepting the report card for "John." The teachers did not seem to mind this at all and gave me my cards without question.

They even complimented me before the classes on my appearance and fine taste in clothes, and re-

marked to their classes that it was too bad that the real girls were not dressed as tastefully as I was and that it had to take a boy to show the girls how they really should look. They also said that they hoped that the next school year would bring a general overall improvement in the appearance of the girl students.

After the classes were over the girls would gather around me and admire my dress, my figure, my hairdo and my makeup. The boys would just whistle or would be speechless. No derogatory remarks were made towards me. I seemed to have been accepted as "Jane Baxter" by my classmates as well as by the faculty.

After the final class I met Mary in the hallway. Quite a crowd gathered around me to talk to me and to question me as to why I was dressed as I was. I answered each question truthfully. Finally Mary led me away, saying that she had to go to the girls lounge and wanted me to go with her.

I objected to going into this girls inner sanctum, but she took me by the hand and pulled me in, overriding my objections and protests by saying that as long as I was dressed like a girl and looked so much like one that I may as well act like one too, and do the things that girls do.

Once inside I felt uneasy about being there, but the girls who were there made me feel welcome and soon put me at my ease. I soon found myself talking to them as if I were a girl, and indeed by this time I felt like one.

I carefully combed my hair while standing in front of the mirror and touched up my makeup, much to the delight of the other girls. Mary proudly said, "He's one of us now."

We were engaged in girl talk when one of the sloppily attired girls came in. She was obviously surprised when she saw me there and remarked sneeringly, "I bet you even have a girdle on."

"Certainly, I have a girdle on," I replied. "Every girl should wear one."

Taken back, she continued, "Do you have panties on too?"

"Yes," I said, "don't you?"

She left in a huff and the girls all laughed at this perfect epilogue. We all talked for a while longer, but when Mary wanted to leave they would not let me go until I showed them my undies. A bit embarrassed, I lifted my dress and showed them my slip, panties and girdle, and told them about my falsies.

They walked with us to the car and when I said goodbye the girls thanked me for coming as I did and several of them said that they hoped to see more of me during the summer.

Mary, Chuck and I laughed so hard on the way home that Mary had trouble driving. When we arrived home, Mary and Chuck came in for lunch.

Mother asked, "Well, Jane, did you enjoy yourself this morning?"

"Yes, mother, I certainly did. I never knew that it would be so easy to face my classmates while dressed like this, or that they would accept me the way they did. It was a great experience and I am glad that I let you talk me into doing it. I would not have missed it for the world."

We then had to tell her every little detail.

After Mary and Chuck left for home mother said to me, "Please don't change your clothes yet, Jane."

Stay dressed as you are so that your father can see you when he gets home. I am sure that he wants to see you. Now I have something else to tell you. Everything you have on is yours. Those clothes and accessories were bought just for you and they are our birthday present to you."

I was so overjoyed that I hugged and kissed her.

"But why, mother? Why are you giving me these things? Do you expect me to wear them again? I do enjoy wearing them, so much that even if you had asked me to change I would not have wanted to. Is there anything wrong with me, mother?"

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WHEN BEING HER BEST
FRIEND IS JUST NOT

ENOUGH!

HUSBANDS and WIVES

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Mother just smiled at me and said, "No, Jane, there is nothing wrong with you. You are simply doing something that you enjoy doing. This way, we can have a son and a daughter in one and the same person. You look lovely as a girl and it would be a shame to hide all of that beauty, wouldn't it? I am sure that everyone else will think the same. You have our permission to wear these clothes whenever you wish."

Satisfied for the time being, I went over to visit Mrs. Jackson. She was glad to see me and we had a nice chat. She treated me actually as if I were a girl and I enjoyed every minute of it.

When Dad came home I was surprised that he was so pleased with my appearance. He complimented me and said, "My, you make a lovely girl! It's like I have a daughter!" This remark rather surprised me coming from him, but I did not say anything.

We had a pleasant dinner and, as before, I helped mother. Again, I had to tell them about my day in school and Dad was as interested as mother was in every little detail. Dad asked, "I bet your buddies were shocked to find out you have such good legs? Any body ask you out?"

I blushed and we all laughed.

After dinner was over and we were enjoying an early show on television, mother said, "come upstairs with me, Jane. We have another surprise for you."

I followed her to her room where she told me to undress, cream the makeup off my face and take a shower. When I came back to her room she had me put on a new pair of panties, the same girdle, a lighter shade of nylons and, much to my surprise, a strapless bra.

When my falsies were put in this bra the flesh of my chest was pushed up above the top of my bra, creating a rather realistic looking cleavage. A white nylon half slip was next and then she gave me a pair of silver evening slippers with three inch heels.

She then went to work on my face and gave me a glamorous makeup job, using different shades of cosmetics than she had used before. She even arranged my hair in a different style, more suitable for evening wear than for daytime, she told me.

When everything was to her satisfaction she brought out the crowning glory, a beautiful aqua evening gown in a waltz length, made of sheer chiffon and with yards and yards of material in the skirt.

The gown fit my new form perfectly and exposed my "bosom" above it. She then gave me her good watch to wear and long dangling earrings with matching necklace and bracelet. Her most intoxicating perfume was applied and I was ready. Ready for what, I did not know, but I did not question her.

As I posed in front of her full length mirror and turned about, I was amazed at the beautiful girl who was looking back at me, but I felt a little embarrassed about my girlish nakedness. I had a strange feeling, standing there with my bare arms and shoulders and with my bosom showing, a feeling that I could not quite explain to mother. I looked like a girl ready to go to a formal dance or to a party.

She, however, sensed what was going on inside of me and told me to just walk around the room until I got used to myself. Meanwhile she changed her dress and makeup and I got a thrill when she asked me to help zip her dress. Finally she was satisfied with her appearance and asked me how I was feeling.

"I guess I am OK now, mother," I said. "I like the way I look in this kind of a dress and I am getting used to my nakedness, but why am I dressed like a girl going to her senior prom? What are you planning for me tonight?"

"Why, this is your birthday, dear," she replied. "I couldn't resist dressing you this way in order to celebrate your real birthday, and at the same time we can celebrate your 'birthday' as our daughter, Jane Baxter. Come, now." With that she took me by the hand and led me to the stairs.

Everything was quiet as we went down the stairs, but as soon as we reached the living room I was shocked to hear a chorus of voices shouting "Surprise!"

When I recovered sufficiently I looked about and saw most of our immediate relatives, a number of our neighbors and most of my close friends and classmates from school.

Faintly I heard mother's voice as she said, "Folks, I want you to meet our new daughter, Jane Baxter." It was just like a debutante's coming out party. In fact, that is just what mother was doing with me. She was presenting me to the public as her daughter, "Jane Baxter." A new girl was born that night.

Everyone gathered around me and everyone started to talk at once. I had to turn and pose like a model so that every one could see me from all angles. They all complimented me on my appearance and my girlishness.

I just loved hearing them say how feminine I looked, but at the same time I began to feel embarrassed appearing before my relatives and friends dressed as I was.

Mary came over to me and took my hand, kissing me lightly on the cheek as she whispered in my ear until I calmed down. Soon I found myself reacting naturally as if I were a girl.

Presents were given to me and I had to open them all and show them to everybody. To my surprise, I received many nice feminine things such as jewelry and costume accessories, purses, hose, etc., and even some items of lingerie.

Mary gave me a beautiful white nylon slip, lavish with lace, and everyone laughed at my embarrassment when I took it out of the box and showed it to the group.

A couple of my boyfriends giggled in the corner when I opened a bra and panty set from Mrs. Jackson. By the time I had everything opened I was enjoying myself tremendously and I felt no more embarrassment whatsoever.

Mother and my aunts prepared a buffet table, records were put on the stereo and soon we were dancing. I think I was asked to dance by everyone there, even by my boy friends.

Dad took his turn in dancing with me and asked if I were enjoying my surprise party. For an answer I kissed him fully on his lips, much to everyone's glee, and then whispered my thanks in his ear. He was as pleased as punch with my reaction. Mary danced with me as much as she could and was always at my side, paying me every special attention.

My boy friends extended me every courtesy and treated me as if I were really a girl. I enjoyed talking to them and dancing with them.

Towards the end of the party my Uncle Al, who was the head of one of our town's department stores,

said that he had an announcement to make. He offered me a job in his store as a sales girl for the entire summer. I was surprised by his offer and declined it immediately, saying that I couldn't possibly pass as a girl for that length of time.

Immediately every one spoke up and insisted that I accept his offer, arguing that I made a perfect girl and could carry off the deception with ease. Confused, I turned to my parents for help, only to find that they, too, insisted that I accept the offer.

Apprehensively I finally accepted my uncle's offer unknowing of what that really meant. Everyone applauded my decision and my uncle said that he would expect 'Jane' in his office at nine o'clock the following Monday morning.

The party then broke up and as they were leaving, the guests again welcomed me into their friendship as a girl, Jane Baxter, kissing me as they left.

After everyone had gone I threw my arms about my mother and cried, "Oh, mother, what have I done? What have I let myself in for?"

"Don't worry your pretty little head," she said. "You do like being a girl, that I know. Wouldn't you like to be one for the entire summer?"

"I don't know, mother," I confessed, "I do like being a girl very much, especially after the way I was treated and accepted tonight. But for the whole summer, too? How could I possibly do it?" I asked between sobs.

"Now, now, Jane," she said as she blotted away my tears. "Already you are acting like a girl. Imagine you are that darling girl you want to be and are *going* to be this summer. You can do it and I'll bet

that you will have a lot of fun while doing it, too. Besides, this will be a good way for you to earn money for your college education."

"But all summer," I asked, "What about baseball league? Could I play ball on weekends?"

"Forget about baseball. You'll be living as a girl 24 hours a day. Forgetting your 'boy stuff' will be challenging but I know you will be able to do it. Tomorrow I will start you on an intensive training course to teach you all about girls and how to act like one. By Monday you will be ready to face the world."

"You can play baseball any summer. . .this could be a very special summer," Dad said adding his reassurances. I felt a lot better. Winking at mother he said, "Maybe we can add a few more surprises before long." Mother just winked back and smiled.

Taking my pretty party dress off, I put on my nightgown and a robe then helped to clean up after the party.

Before going to bed I kissed them both, thanked them again, and asked what new surprises they had in store for me, but they just smiled and said to wait and see.

Wednesday morning, after I had dressed, combed my hair and applied a light makeup, my training began. As we made up the beds and went about the daily chores, mother coached me on how to raise my voice a bit, to speak more slowly and softly, how to walk and sit as a girl, how to hold my hands, how to eat as a girl, etc. Some actions and mannerisms she made me repeat over and over until I could do them automatically.

She was a severe critic but a fair one, and I realized that I only had five days to learn what a girl learns in years.

After lunch we changed dresses and then she took me shopping with her. I didn't want to go, but she said that I may as well start now to go out and get used to it. A working girl needs lots of clothes, she said, and I had to go along to try on things and make sure that they fit.

Mary came over as we were ready to leave, and upon finding out where we were going she asked to go with us. She was a big help with my education, teaching me how a girl gets into and out of a car gracefully and offering me other valuable hints.

We really went on a shopping spree. Mother bought me enough shoes of all styles, hose and lingerie to last all summer. Mary was a great help with the selection of dresses, skirts and blouses as she knew what the girls of my age were wearing.

At first I was reluctant to enter a fitting room to try on dresses, but Mother said, "For all intents, you are a girl now and these are your dresses. You might as well try them on." The idea intrigued me. With mother and Mary to guide me everything went smoothly and I enjoyed this area that was off limits to males.

It was sheer delight to select intimate items of feminine apparel such as slips, panties, girdles, bras, baby doll pajamas, night gowns, shoes, slippers, etc. Mother also bought me, with Mary's guidance, a complete set of makeup and hair setting items.

She told me, "From now on, you're a girl and these are your things. You will always be expected to behave as a proper young female." Make up, hair

curlers, high heels and lingerie were to be my summer's uniform.

When we returned home the car was crammed with packages.

The first thing that mother did when we returned home was to remove all of my boy clothes to the storage area and then we put my new wardrobe away. That evening, with Mary's help, I put on a fashion show for Dad and he approved of all of our purchases. Before she went home, Mary taught me how to put my hair up on rollers and how to take it down again and comb it out.

From then on Mary was my constant companion. She seemed to take a special delight in my girlish education and relieved mother of some of these chores.

Mother, however, taught me the intimate facts about womanhood so that I would understand these special things and be able to talk about them when in the company of other girls. I blushed deeply during that conversation.

By Friday the results of my tutoring were very much in evidence. I had learned to walk, to talk, and to act like a girl. It still felt strange to say, "My dress," or "My panties," but I was getting used to it. Mary and mother were good teachers and I had been a willing pupil. I was beginning to look forward to Monday morning.

On Friday evening, after we had finished the dinner dishes, mother and Dad excused themselves and went upstairs. Mary and I looked at each other

and both of us wondered what they were going to do. About an hour later we found out.

We heard them coming down the stairs and I'm afraid that my eyes almost popped out of my head, for I saw mother leading another woman into the room. Only she wasn't a woman, or was she? It was my father, completely dressed as a very attractive looking woman.

He had on a very becoming double knit light blue dress, nylons, high heels, a dark brown wig with long wavy hair, and was completely made up as a woman, even down to nail polish, earrings, necklace and perfume. His figure was padded to give him the figure of a mature woman.

For quite a while I just stared. Finally mother broke the spell by saying, "Well, Jane and Mary, I want you to meet Dorothy. What do you think of my sister?"

"Mother! Dad!" I blurted, "what does this mean? Does this mean that you, too, like to dress as a woman?"

"Yes, Jane," said the woman, who only an hour ago had been my father, "I have liked to dress as a girl, and now as a woman, for many years, ever since I was about your age. I started one Halloween when my sisters and mother dressed me as a girl for a party. I liked it so much that they let me dress up many times after that. We kept this a secret from you as we did not want my dressing as a woman to influence you in any way as you were growing up. Besides, up to just recently, the public was not ready to accept any man who liked to dress in women's clothes as anything but a candidate for the ding-a-ling ward."

He continued, "Times have changed now, as you so well proved, and as did that group of boys who wore skirts to school. You see, Jane, every male has some degree of femininity in him, some more than others. You and I are transvestites, people who like to dress in the clothing of the opposite sex, but the explanation goes much deeper than that."

"WOW, was my only comment.

"First of all, we are not criminals, gay, homosexuals, or such, as many people think we are. Every man is born with the rudiments of the opposite sex, so every man has a little bit of the feminine in him. During the course of natural development, this feminine side develops more in some men than in others. Eliminate the extreme cases at either end of the curve and you have a group of men in the middle of the curve in whom this feminine side has developed partially. Further subdivide this group, and you will find a smaller group of men who like to express their femininity by dressing and acting as women. Now this is very important. We are normal males in every respect, yet we have this feminine personality inside of us that demands a chance to be expressed. Society has imposed very rigid puritanical standards upon men and women and is very reluctant to accept any deviation from this imposed norm. Even if we are model husbands and fathers, leaders of industry, men of integrity and respected pillars of our community, there are those who seek to destroy us if we differ only slightly from what they consider to be normal male behavior."

"In recent years women have thrown off this yolk of imposed normalcy and are now doing whatever they please in regards to behavior and dress. It is now up to us men to do the same. We have organized into a groups known as Tri Ess, CHIC and others. It is their goal to educate the public that we are by no

means gay; that we are human beings with two distinct personalities and that we seek the freedom to express our feminine personality without fear of reprisal or persecution. The public is inclined to classify all men who wear women's clothes, whether for personality expression, for criminal purposes or to attract other men into the one classification of 'transvestites'. For this reason we have coined and adopted the name of Femme Personator, FP for short, to distinguish our group from all other groups of men who wear women's clothes. Slowly we are making progress and there are signs that our educational effort is now paying off."

"It was for these reasons that we decided to keep this trait of mine a secret from you until now," Dad said.

"I didn't have the slightest clue," I said.

"We did not want to influence you in any way and if you, too, had a feminine personality within you, to let it develop naturally," Mom said.

Dad, continued, "As it turns out you do have a feminine 'Alter Ego' and you already know what a lovely person she is. Your recent acceptance at school and at your birthday party is evidence of the effort is working."

Mom said, "Now we think that it is time to bring Dorothy out into the open and give *her* a chance to lead *her* own life. What do you think of you father as Dorothy?"

For an answer I jumped up and hugged dad. Mother and Mary joined us and we all had a good cry. We then dried our tears, repaired our makeup and had a "girl talk" session for the remainder of the evening. Dorothy said that she was determined to be with us for the entire weekend.

On Saturday morning it was strange to find three women using our bathroom. Dorothy made a lovely woman, even in just his slip, and it was hard to realize that this person was also my father. When he revealed himself in his lingerie I found that he was free from hair from his head to his toes, something that I had never noticed before.

In the process of dressing he revealed a rather extensive wardrobe, complete in every detail. Mother had known Dorothy for many years and had helped him in every way. They had kept their secret very well over the years and I had no idea at all that my father was a crossdresser.

Dressed in pretty daytime dresses, Dorothy and I prepared breakfast for the three of us. After eating and washing the dishes, he and I took over the house chores from mother, freeing her to do the shopping.

Mary came over to continue my training. With only two days to go I still had a lot of practicing to do. By this time Mary and I were as close as real sisters and she treated me as one. With Mary to take care of me, mother concentrated on Dorothy. She said that if we were going to be women that we had to be authentic in even the tiniest detail.

It was fun to watch Dorothy go about his chores. His voice was much softer and lilting as a woman and was quite passable. But mother said much practicing still had to be done to attain the musical quality of a woman's voice. When the doorbell rang Dorothy would answer it without hesitation.

He said that whenever he was Dorothy that he would try to be as complete and authentic a woman as possible and that he saw no reason to run and hide from anyone. He worked as hard at his lessons as I did at mine.

That evening we changed our dresses to something more suitable for the evening and we prettied up our faces. As we were sitting on our back patio talking girl talk, a car came into our drive. True to his word, Dorothy did not run and hide.

It was my aunt, my father's sister, and her family, to see me, they said, and to check on me. Were they ever surprised to meet Dorothy and to learn who he really was. They had no idea at all that she existed, even though Aunt Laura had helped in her development.

Mother was tickled to be able to show Dorothy off to someone and Dorothy was not a shy woman either. She enjoyed being seen, once the introductions had been made, and was very much at ease. In fact, it was Dorothy who fixed refreshments and served them to our company. It was funny to watch the reactions of my relatives. At first they were confused to no end, but as they got used to seeing Dorothy they relaxed and accepted her. It took my aunt a bit longer than the others to get used to seeing her brother dressed and acting as a very good looking woman, but my uncle acted almost from the first as if it were a perfectly normal thing for Dorothy to be doing.

My two cousins, both girls, thought that it was great. Before they left, my aunt, mother and Dorothy went inside for awhile. When they came out my aunt was laughing so hard that tears came to her eyes. I found out later that she had insisted that Dorothy remove his dress and show her how he had acquired the figure of a woman, which Dorothy readily did. Before she left, my aunt kissed Dorothy and welcomed her into the family. We knew that the entire family would know of Dorothy before long.

The next morning, being Sunday, a decision had to be made. Dorothy did not want to disappear, even for an hour or so, yet he felt that he would be recognized if we went to Church together.

Mother solved the problem by insisting that we attend services at a little Church out in the country at which we were not known. I am sure that the congregation wondered who the three strange women were, but they accepted us as three women visitors.

True to our expectations of yesterday, other relatives came to meet Dorothy. Word had gotten around about her and he soon became a very popular woman. We had a steady stream of visitors who came to see Dorothy for themselves. By evening almost all of our relatives had come. Some of our neighbors saw her too, and they came over.

Dorothy, however, was perfectly at ease and did a wonderful job of selling herself to everyone who came. When they saw how good looking and how charming and happy my father was as a woman, their prejudices disappeared and they accepted him into the family as they had accepted me. Mother just beamed at the two new women who had entered her life. But that night we were two contrasting females.

Dorothy was as happy as a lark over her first weekend, while I was as nervous as a bride as I thought of my coming day.

Monday morning dawned all too early for me. I was very nervous and jittery as I dressed. I put on my bra and panties then my mother and dad came in. Mother to help me and Dad to encouraged me. I was nervous. Up until this time I had been enjoying

dressing and acting as a girl, but to work and live as one, all summer? This might be too much. What was I getting myself into?

I asked, "Do you both think I'm doing the right thing? There's going to be a lot of things I can't do as a girl that I could as a boy."

They watched as I slid a white lacy slip over my head, the lace part over my bra cups was tightly fitted. I pulled on a pair of nude colored panty-hose.

"Of course," dad said, "I don't think you realize how much this will change your activities."

For my first day, Mother suggested a conservative dress in black and white which Dad helped zip me into. "You are going to be on your feet all day so I suggest these at first." She helped me into a pointed toe pump shoe with a medium heel. She added, "Once you get used to these, you'll want higher heels."

Mom and Dad watched proudly as I used my foundation, eyeliner, mascara, rouge then filled in my lips with a ruby lipstick. With my plucked eyebrows, a natural looking girl's face looked back at me in the mirror. Could I do this all summer. . .did I want to? I was scared.

Mother removed my curlers and combed out my hair. She teased the back and sprayed it with hair spray.

We went down to breakfast. However, as breakfast progressed I calmed down and I soon found myself restlessly looking forward to this new experience. Dad's office was also in the downtown area so I rode in with him.

We passed a group of boys going to baseball practice. They were rough housing and wearing jeans and t-shirts. He knew what I was thinking . . . I should be with them, not wearing lingerie, dresses and curling my hair.

"Dad," I asked, "Do you think I'm doing the right thing?"

He smiled and said, "I'm so proud of you. It takes a lot of guts to face the world and admit you like lingerie and dresses."

I sighed, remembering how much fun playing baseball was. I'd be in a store, parading around in high heels and a dress. "Do you really think I can pull this off all summer?"

"Sure you can," he encouraged, "By the end of a couple weeks you'll have forgot all about baseball and other 'boy' stuff. You are going to be astonished how feminine you feel. I know you are going to evolve into a charming young lady."

Then he added, "Don't forget, it's easy to look, smell and dress like a female, the hard part is learning to act and feel like one."

He dropped me off in front of the store and after a few final words of encouragement and a kiss from him, I entered the store to begin my new career.

As I walked to the elevator I imagined that everyone was staring at me, but of course it was only my imagination. The looks that I did get came from those who appreciated looking at a pretty girl, wearing a pretty dress, and that is exactly what I appeared to them to be.

I went to my uncle's office where he greeted me warmly, complimenting me on my appearance by

saying that he was glad that he had such a pretty niece, and took me to the Personnel office.

On the way he told me that another uncle of mine had bet him that I would not show up and go through with this idea of his and offered to share the bet with me.

I declined his offer graciously and told him that I was grateful for the chance to earn some money for my college education.

At Personnel, I found that my job would be that of a substitute salesgirl. I was to take the place of the regular salesgirls as they took their summer vacations and would work in various departments throughout the store.

After filling out various forms I was given a training program that lasted until lunch time. I went to the cafeteria where I had lunch with the other girls.

After lunch I was given a short tour of the store and taken to the boy's clothing department to begin my selling job. My first sale was made almost immediately and at the end of the day I had a good sales record for the short time I had been there. And why not? After all, who knew more about boy's clothes than I did?

The day went quickly, but I was exhausted by the time Dad picked me up to go home. I swung my legs into the car very girlishly and bubbled in my new found high, 'feminine' register, "I did it! I loved it! I'm going to be a salesgirl for the summer!"

Thus my summer as a girl began. Every two weeks I was in a different department. As a customer, I knew what I wanted in a sales clerk, and that was the kind of a salesgirl I tried to be. I must

have found a successful formula as my sales record was very high for a beginner. This added up to a nice paycheck as my commissions, when added to my salary, came to a very high figure.

I rode to and from work with my father and he loved hearing every little detail of my day.

My time spent in the women's clothing department, particularly the lingerie section, was the most enjoyable period, and the most lucrative, too. While in this department I was not only selling women's clothing, I was also close to and handling the clothes that I had come to love wearing.

Several amusing incidents happened while I was working at the store. My relatives and friends sought me out when they came to the store to shop. I am sure that my co-workers wondered how I, a new and young salesgirl, could have so many friendly customers.

Several of my classmates, not knowing of my femme-self nor of my plans for the summer, became very flustered and embarrassed when they came to shop in my department and I greeted them by name as I approached to wait on them.

However, I was always able to calm them as I explained my position and my new role for the summer. I never failed to make the sale nor gain a new friend.

One very attractive young woman, upon asking me my name and being told that it was Jane Baxter, asked if I were related to the president of the store. I simply told her that I was his niece. She replied that she knew him and knew of his family but never knew that he had a niece named Jane. About an hour later she returned and confessed that she had

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gone to my uncle's office and had asked him about me.

He had to tell her my story and had sworn her to secrecy. She complimented me on my appearance and on my ability as a salesgirl and said that she would keep my secret. I became her favorite salesgirl whenever she came to shop. She loved having me show her the latest lingerie, knowing that too was wearing it.

Dorothy came to visit every Friday evening and would remain for the entire weekend. She soon became a most mature and responsible woman in all aspects of feminine life. She did not expose herself daringly or unnecessarily, but she did not run and hide either.

She did all the things she wanted to do when she wanted to do them. Whenever she was confronted she said her piece and proved to all that she was very much a lady. The very fact that she showed no guilt whatsoever did much to win the neighbors and relatives over to her side.

Every one knew my father was an honest and righteous man; they also found out that Dorothy was a demure, respectable, confident and happy woman. In many respects she proved that her two distinct personalities were an asset; to our happy family life and so she was accepted by the community.

During the week Dad was a wonderful father to me, but I soon found that I loved Dorothy very much. I could talk to Dorothy very easily and confided in her much more than I did to Dad. We became very close during the summer. After all, we had very much in common.

Early in the summer, my mother suggested I start some figure training. I wore special bras that took the fat on my chest and pulled it up into the it's cups. I was amazed at how much there was and how after a while it stayed there. The longline 'slimmers' did the same, pushing fat from my waist down to my hips. They were uncomfortable at first but after a month, my body seemed to be molded by them, giving me a girlish figure.

Mary came over almost every evening, or I went over to her home. She took me to a number of "girl parties", some of which were given by our school friends who knew me. I was never accepted as anything but a girl.

I even gave several parties at home, with the help of mother and Dorothy, and to these I invited my close boy friends and my cousins.

It was decided early in the summer that I would mostly limit my association with 'boys' to these parties. I never accepted a date with a boy alone, but I did go to shows and various social functions with Mary and Chuck that were attended by my friends, both boys and girls.

Both Mom and Dad both seemed very concerned when I went to parties around boys. Dad said protectively, "For all intents, as summer continues, you will be subconsciously developing a girl's disposition and frame of mind. I see it in you already, a girlish flirty-ness; the way you walk, play with your hair and cross your legs. Be careful, as you blossom into a young girl."

Mom warned, "Boys your age can be quite rambunctious around pretty girls. Your father and I don't think you should date much this summer."

I was a little shocked. That was the first indication that there might be another summer. And did she mean that next summer I would be encouraged to date boys?

At work, I wore my grandmother's wedding ring on my left hand and it did much to discourage any advances by the fellows that I happened to encounter. Being in the public, I meet a lot of boys and sometimes they asked me out. I politely declined. Maybe dad was right, as summer progressed, I was asked out more often.

We went out to dinner often and whenever possible Mary would go with us. I met many wonderful people through the summer.

My parents were right, my daily activities were completely different. When not at work, I had to take care of my hair, which meant conditioning, curling, and an occasional perm. Mother took me to a beauty shop and had weekly 'sets' and manicures. In order to be able to sell the latest fashions, mother had me read the women's magazines.

She also gave me a set of chores that I'd never had as 'John'. I made the bed, did laundry, and even learned to sew. I made three skirts, one dress and a summer top. I was very proud of myself.

The summer was not all work. We even took our vacation the last two weeks of the summer before



*Mother helped me hem the first skirt that I made.
I was proud of it and wore it often.*

school started so we could spend them at lakeside resort upstate.

Before we left, I used my department store discount and with Mary's help bought a casual summer wardrobe which included shorts, mini-skirts, tank tops and even a white tennis outfit with matching panties.

Mary insisted I buy a couple bathing suits. We had become very close, sharing dresses and being best friends. Mother offered to let Mary go with us on vacation and shared a room.

Mother reminded me before we left, "Mary's mother and I expect you and Mary to be 'girlfriends' only." By now she could see that I even felt mostly like a girl around Mary since we only talked about girl things.

Mary and I had a wonderful time running around the lake in our swimsuits and summer dresses. Mary asked my parents if it would be okay if we went on a date with some college boys we met. I guess my parents knew it was natural that Mary would want to meet boys and unnatural if they didn't let me go too.

Mary told me what to do and soon we had light summer 'romances'. We only double-dated and nothing ever got out of line. I had to admit to Mary that I'd never felt so girlish.

My mother and Dorothy spent most of their time on the beach. My dad's figure had been being trained and had taken on a feminine shape that was enhanced by darling one-piece bathing suits. His tan line would sure looked funny as a man!

I had never seen Mom and Dad so much in love, sharing and loving every moment together. They giggled like school girls after their shopping sprees. The differences between them physically and mentally were diminishing. My father appeared as feminine in thought and action as my mother.

Near the end of our vacation, I overheard them talking one night, Mom asked dad, "Those men we met the other day at the beach called again, are you ready to go out with them?"

Dad said, "Gee, I don't know. Do you really think we'd get away with it?"

"Don't be silly," Mom laughed. "They are nice and you are as feminine as any woman I know. I'll call them."

The next day, my father looked uncomfortable as mom explained to Mary and me that they also had "dates" that night.

"With men?" I gasp.

"Of course," mother said. "I think he's ready for a normal woman's social life, don't you?"

I looked at Dad. He was blushing.

Both Mary and Mom were excited for 'Dorothy', but I felt strange. . .not about my father being a woman for a night but that my mother would be with another man.

Promptly at seven, two men came to our door. After introductions, (We were introduced as their daughters) my father put on an apron and served drinks and appetizers before they went out to dinner.

I went to my room unable to get out of my mind the image of my father serving my mother's date while wearing a frilly apron.

It went against every instinct. Seeing my father all dressed up in a little black dress, clutching a little handbag then leaving with my mother on the arms of two handsome men was disturbing.

He had a funny look I'd never seen in his dark mascaraed eyes. I looked out the window to see them leave. Dad's rounded bottom swayed from side to side fluttering the tiers of his black silk dress.

I saw the two men in dark suits open the car doors and my parents slide in primly, not showing too much leg.

It was about 1 a.m. when I heard them drive up. I snuck over to the window and saw two couples cuddled in the car, each in a goodnight kiss embrace.

It was dark but the cabin's front porch light lit up the interior of the car. Mother was in the front seat, my father in the back. Their date's lips pressed firmly on theirs. I felt sorry for Dad, knowing he was just responding like the woman he appeared to be. My mother appeared to be kissing her date back. I wondered if dad would be jealous.

When they came in they were giggling softly like teenage school girls.

Dad whispered, "Did you see when I put on my ruby lipstick and he kissed me?"

Mom hugged him and muttered softly, "I've never seen you so radiate such femininity. . .Did you like it?"

Dad glowed, "What woman wouldn't?" Dad's tone was so thoroughly feminine. He was breathless.



**SANDY THOMAS,
PUBLISHER**

Mom laughed and giggled, "I bet you didn't know a man could make you feel so giddy?"

The next morning Mary asked Dad about his "date" but mother "told all." I gazed at my father. He flushed a deep red as mother talked about the men as if Dad was just another woman.

It was a most wonderful family vacation.

All too soon for me came the end of August. School would start soon.

On Labor Day we had a big party at our place. All of our friends, neighbors and relatives were invited and few missed it. It was an afternoon and evening affair and Dorothy and I were the hostesses. We were dressed in our very best and we acted the part well. Everyone congratulated me for being such a perfect young lady for the summer.

Special attention and compliments were given to Dorothy too, and she was made to feel especially wanted.

After the barbecue my Uncle Al, who had given me the job at his store, gave me an envelope. When I opened it I found a check for a rather large sum. He said that it was the bet he had won from my other uncle and said that I deserved it as a bonus for the wonderful job that I had done that summer.

He offered me the same job for the next summer and I accepted it on the spot. Everyone kissed Dorothy and I as they left and said that they hoped Jane would come back again frequently during the winter. I promised them that she would. Mary cried as she left, but she knew that there would be many more occasions when she and Jane would be together.

School was to start and it was very strange indeed to be John Baxter again. Months of practice at being a girl had made me so much like one that I had to relearn the role of a boy.

For a couple days I was very disoriented. I felt like a girl in boy's clothing. Oh, it was nice to be out of those figure training garments. They had obviously worked, my body had changed. I'd lost several inches around my waist and gained several around my hips. There were soft pads of fat under my protruding nipples.

The first time my mother saw me dressed in boy clothes, she burst into laughter, "Oh my, you are still much too pretty. Slouch over a little. . .you're standing like a girl."



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I almost cried.

Mom put her arm around me and said, "One's movements are controlled by what we wear. You've been in high heels and tight skirts too long. You'll be okay in a short time."

I had my hair cut in a style that was as long as I dared to wear it. That way it was long enough to style it in a girl's hairdo whenever I wanted to be Jane.

I found it difficult to walk like a boy and I felt funny without a bra. I had learned to think about myself as a girl. . . girl thoughts, girl actions, and girl ambitions.

I got plenty of good natured kidding when I went back to school, but it was all in fun. Everyone agreed that I had the wildest vacation of anyone in our school.

One thing I quickly noticed; our campaign of the past spring had born fruit. The girls were dressed as girls again this semester and they never looked better.

All through the fall and winter Dorothy was very much in evidence. She was with us every weekend. There were a few weekends when Jane could not come, but this could not be helped.

Other crossdressers who had personal problems came to us for help, and Dorothy and Jane were only too glad to extend their helping hands to all who asked for help. On some occasions crossdressers brought their wives to our home.

When they saw the happiness in the Baxter household they were convinced that it would be best to let their husbands femininity escape from the

locked closet. We hope to continue our help for many years.

Halloween came on a Friday this year and the annual masquerade dance is one of the social highlights of the school year. Jane went as the very pretty party girl she was on her birthday, only this time her "bosom" was much more feminine. Mother's idea worked. Months of training by wearing a tight bra to bed had pushed up enough flesh to make it look like any girl's in a low cut evening dress.

Mary was my escort and she dressed in Chuck's best suit, called for me in their car, and even presented me with my first corsage. We were the hit of the dance and won first prize. Dorothy and mother also went to a party and mother went as Dorothy's escort by wearing my clothes. They made a very handsome couple in their adopted roles and received many compliments. They also won first prize at their party.

The following summer, I again spent the summer break working as 'Jane' at the department store. Driving home with dad the first day was wonderful. I sat putting on a fresh coat of lipstick and fluffing my long hair. I was admiring myself.

"My, oh my," Dad said, "Aren't we becoming a vain young lady."

"I admit it," I said shaking some curls free, "I'm glad to be a full time girl again."

"You don't miss baseball?" he asked.

I thought for a minute. I could feel the tightness of my bra and panties. I could see the twin lacy mounds of my breasts pushing out from under my blouse. "Nope!" I said.

That summer, my parents allowed me to double-date with Mary and we had a lot of fun. By the end of summer, I felt, thought and responded as I appeared, a young teenaged female.

That Fall, I left for college. It was harder than ever to revert back into a boy. My shape had changed from the figure training. My walk was still very girlish from my summer in tight skirts and I had to remember how to hold my hands. My shoulder length hair was no problem due to the longer men's styles.

Living in a dorm at college, I missed the freedom I had around the house to dress up. I couldn't wait to get home for Christmas.

At Christmas, I was surprised when Mother and 'Dorothy' met me at the airport. But that was only the beginning of many surprises.

In the car, on the way home, Mom broke the news. "Your father and I are moving to Chicago, to be near your school. We have decided that this town is just too small and 'Dorothy' needs more freedom."

I looked at my father. He sat comfortably in his brown knit dress. His hair had grown a lot and was now touching his shoulders. He wasn't even wearing a wig. There was something else. His face looked younger, clearer.

Mom continued, "Your father is having electrolysis and in a few months won't have to shave. Doesn't he look nice?"

She was right. He looked pretty and soft.

Dad gushed out in a very feminine manner, "I hope you don't mind, but your mother and I are going to live as sisters when we move. You can live at home and be 'Jane' on weekends. Won't that be fun?"

I wasn't sure.

Sure to their word, they moved to Chicago near my college and I move out of the dorm and back home.

Mother decorated my room in pinks and white, very feminine. I attended classes as 'John' but most of the rest of the time I was 'Jane'.

With my mother's training, within a year, my father's personality was totally feminized. Dad and Mom got jobs as secretaries at the same company.

Some times I missed having 'Dad' around but he seems so happy. They developed a totally new social life.

Mother was constantly looking for ways to make Dad more feminine. Mother talked him into taking female hormones. In six months they had changed my father's figure forever. From the slender curve of his hips to the new softness at his bosom, Dad was emasculated and feminized.

How odd to see my father with full, pert nipples visable through the silky bodice of his blouses.

It's strange how things change.

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Epilogue

It was unreal. Right now I am wondering what the future will bring. I have the most wonderful set of parents. I have the ability and the opportunity to express my feminine nature, and I have a most understanding girl friend who I hope some day will be more than just a girl friend to me. After we finish our college educations, that is.

Would you like to hear more of this story????? Let me know.

THE END

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