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“JESSE INTO JESSICA”

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QUOTE BOARD

**“If you only think about yourself as what you wear...
fashion is always working to destroy you.**

“JESSE INTO JESSICA”

by Raphaelia Iron

Mall Transformations

Chapter 1: Prologue, A few months past

September, The Decision:

“Ok Lana,” Marsha sighed after a long pause while her personal angst absorbed what she had finally committed to. “I’ll do it...When do you think the effects will be sufficiently apparent that he starts to...? Well you know.”

“Nine months to a year to really see significant effects,” an elated Lana, Marsha's sister, immediately exclaimed. “Just nine or ten months and the chemical buildup in his system will be just ready to blossom right under the surface of that male crust of his. And if you insist on him sleeping with the subliminal tapes I give you, there won’t be “aaannny” problem at all with his attitude when “he” (she emphasized the male pronoun as if it was a misnomer) comes to visit. In fact if this works...and I know it will.... There won’t be anything left of his “present personality” by this time next year! In fact, once “he” (she again embellished the pronoun) gets here, you won’t recognize any part of that old self in just a month or two if my estimations are right.”

“By the time you settle in to the new house.... Well... I think “he” will be ready to attend that private school we discussed,” Lana continued.

“Oh, Lana”, Marsha whined. “I know you really want to go ahead with this. But the child is only in his teens. What if....”

“That’s the point!” Lana exclaimed cutting off her sister's whining. “The sooner we start, the sooner the chemicals start to change the essentials, the sooner the aculturalization oc-

curs. The sooner we get a new...well you know..." Her voice trailed off in a sigh of satisfaction.

"I just don't know if this is the right thing to do!" Marsha retorted. "I love this child so much. What happens if the change doesn't fit? What happens if severe psychosis results in our playing with his core psyche?"

"Come on, Marsha," Lana disgustedly retorted. "We have gone over this a thousand times. You always wanted a...well...a pretty child. So why let nature get in the way...Everything will be just fine! There might be some screaming and a little angst at first. But I'll take care of that in no time...no time at all. Just do as I tell you and you will have the child of your dreams in every way! With a little cajoling everything might be "fully adjusted" by this time next year."

"In fact, I know it will," Lana motored on, not letting Marsha stop to ponder what she had committed her child to. "I am sooo sure of this, I intend to schedule the hospital room the minute you tell me you gave "him" the first dose. Like I promised, I'll even pay for it..."

"You don't have to do that," Marsha replied. "It is jus...well I'm just concerned we change the outer appearance but the child's inner self will refuse to adapt."

"Honey," Lana sensuously cooed empathizing with the child's loving mother, "That's what the tapes are for! They reprogram the child's essential psychological construct at incredibly deep hypnotic levels. They work! Think about it. If they can cure addictions, they certainly can readjust any core attribute of his personality. And anyway, the chemical adjustments also start to affect how the brain works. With time and sufficient doses the actual brain synapses change. The consciousness responds to the chemical environment and reprograms"

"Well, if you think..." Marsha was going to agree when her sister again cut her off just to drive home the point.

"Just make sure the tapes are played in the recommended sequence," Lana instructed. "Each layer will build on the old one. Each layer will prepare the outer personality for the externalization of the reconstructing new self."

"What happens if he starts to exhibit traits..." Marsha asked with some measure of concern for what the people might think.

"Physically there probably will be some evident display especially later in the school year. But that will only help the final transformation," Lana pondered. "But I doubt the initial external manifestation of the programming will be too obvious."

"He simple won't make it in society as a man anyway," Marsha added.

"The programming is designed for the psyche, at first, to be merely passive and open to the subconscious development of the new self. But the conscious personality shouldn't have a clue as to what is happening," Lana lectured. "The new inner self will need a trigger to be consciously assimilated, and that trigger will be missing until "he" comes to visit."

"Just watch your own things though," Lana continued as she observed her sister murmuring concurrence in the background. "He might get interested a little early. But I doubt it. The last tape really integrates all the previous implanted suggestions. And we won't use that tape until two to three weeks before he is due to visit here. By that time, the subconscious will be fully ready for the shift. The last preliminary tape will link all the crevices we've reprogrammed...and, "walla", all I'll have to deal with is the external personality. That shouldn't be too difficult once the triggers are in place to set off the programming.

There was a long silence.

"Well...OK," Marsha mused, still subconsciously processing the information.

"OK, I'll do it!" She finally bellowed.

"Do it now," Lana cajoled. "Do it now even before you hang up...I'll wait."

"Hang on," Marsha murmured as she gently put the phone down on the table.

Lana could hear her sister's footsteps walk away from the phone. In the distance she heard Marsha call for Jesse, her son. Her voice echoed, so she must have been in the bath. Jesse's voice could distantly be heard acknowledging his mother. It was followed by the evident scampering feet of a young boy.

"Here Honey," Marsha's voice, somewhat quivering, could be heard in the echo of the distance. "I want you to take these purple vitamins every day from now on, one in the morning and one just before you go to bed. You're getting older. They're going to make you grow up to be....really nice. Here you are, Honey....There you go...Good!"

Footsteps returned to the phone.

"It's done," Marsha advised. "First dose taken."

"See you in the spring after school gets out", Lana exclaimed adding a last thought just before they both hung up their phones. "Oh yeah, and remember, ...don't let him get his hair cut! Let it grow out!"

Chapter 2: The Present, School's Out

June: What's under the surface?

The ponytail swished on the shoulders of the petite child as Marsha lead her precious Jesse down the corridor connecting the plane to the terminal. She was still a young 38 years old, with the style and grace of a well to do professional woman and an upper middle class upbringing. The child had grace too, and something else. Besides the rather effeminate ponytail, there appeared to be a rather soft glow about the complexion. Indeed, for a teen boy, it appeared that puberty had strangely softened his skin instead of encrusting it in the hard shell the surge of testosterone brings.

The face seemed not to have any hard corners. The chin was soft, slightly retracted from the face. The lips were full, really too full for a boy's appearance. The cheekbones were rounded and pronounced. His nose had no hard edge at all. Instead, it might be considered perky. A plastic surgeon would have observed that the forehead and nose bridge were of a feminine construct. But most others would have only assumed the child was just a few years younger than his actual age.

Yet, it was the eyes that spoke of something very unique about this "boy". They were round passive pools of glowing softness. That glow magnified their passiveness as they gazed through long feminine fluttering eyelashes. There was no question as to what kind of eyes they were. They were simply, undeniably, feminine eyes.

There seemed something odd about his figure too, at least for a boy. He looked ungainly almost awkward. The figure was not just slender, it was delicate, almost petite, especially his shoulders and neck. At first glance, an observer might only notice the lack of male development. Yet, even for a girl, much less a boy, the feet could only be considered as tiny. The hands expressed a slender softness as well.

To the casual observer, such appendages would merely indicate the young child simply might be just a little slow in physical development. But closer scrutiny would uncover proportions more closely associated with the opposite gender. His legs were surprisingly long for the five foot four inch frame. The waist was misproportioned for a boy. It appeared higher on his frame. Interestingly enough, the waist also seemed far narrower than any teenage boy should have.

What was truly different though about this boy's figure, was his *derrière* and hips. They were far too curvaceous to be boyish at all. The *derrière* had an "upturned" look and flowed around the hips. The pelvis too, splayed far too much for a boy, although certainly not fully effeminate, seemed to be magnifying the soft roundness that had accumulated around his lower portions. Indeed, the thighs, although still quite slender, merged with the budding feminine curves the *der-*

rière and hips certainly commenced to profess and no pair of baggy trousers could hide.

Marsha looked around for Lana, her younger sister. There she was in a pair of Guess "painted on" jeans, high heel boots and a turtleneck sweater, five foot eleven inches of sophisticated grace and confidence. What a fashion plate! Lana could wear anything and make it look gorgeous. Although no longer modeling, she still watched her figure and could fit into a size 4 any day of the week. The flowing curls of her auburn hair shone as they cascaded down past her shoulders.

Both Marsha and Lana squealed a welcome as they mutually hugged. Their mascara started to run from tears of joy.

"Oh Sis, how delightful," Marsha effusively cooed while gazing into her sister's eyes after an absence of three years. Both embraced again.

"And this must be Jesse," Lana exclaimed as Marsha pulled away from their mutual embrace. Her eyes subtly feasted on the image of her "nephew". She absorbed every little nuance of the effeminization she had so long advocated. Her eyes glistened with delight and deep-seated satisfaction as she silently acknowledged that, at least physically; the "vitamins" had started to really do their job. There was no mistaking how the "vitamins" had stripped this young child of any masculine reflection. In fact she was pleasantly surprised at how much the vitamins had done. It was far more than she had anticipated. Such advanced physiological advancement had not been expected.

Previous research and medical consultation indicated the daily dose of Estrogen and Estrodial, Jesse's vitamins, coupled with an androgen block would only produce emasculation in the short time Jesse had been taking them. Instead, the child had advanced completely into a young girl's puberty. There virtually was little left of the child's original gender.

Indeed! Lana's original plan for Jesse projected a gradual shift of gender during the summer after she significantly upped the dosage of the effeminizing drugs. But now, considering Jesse's amazing effeminate appearance, Lana immedi-

ately began to ponder an acceleration of her program for him. After glancing at Jesse's *derrière* she realized it was possible to immediately start Jesse living fulltime as a girl.

"Wonder what Jesse's chest looks like," Lana mused to herself, with only a slight glimmer of delight emanating from her eyes while glancing at the child middle portion. "If Jesse's mind is as thoroughly feminized as his figure, all I'll have to do is kick her over the fence. Why, we might be able to go shopping as early as tomorrow!"

"Your mother said you were adorable," she exclaimed. Jesse didn't realize his Aunt really did intend to use such a feminine word to describe him.

Lana gazed, smilingly over at Marsha. Both looked into each other eyes with a delighted sense of conspiratorial understanding. Lana's eyes conveyed her acknowledgement of the child's condition. All started to meander down the terminal's aisle.

In between chatting, Lana noticed Jesse's gait was nowhere near correct for her plans for him, neither was his general body movements and voice. Although the voice had not cracked to a masculine tonality, the androgen testosterone blocks had prevented that, there was certainly no sense of effeminacy to it. The language was masculine; the words used were boyish. "Well, that will change," she bemused to herself. "As soon as the triggers are encountered, the mind should aculturalize in no time at all."

They found themselves at the baggage carousel. Marsha was only planning to stay one day as she was then off to the Northeast to find a new home. She had finally gotten that ideal executive job she had so diligently pursued since receiving her MBA from that very special Ivy League school. While Lana had received the gorgeous genes, Marsha had received the smart ones. Talented, sensitive and thoughtful, Marsha had made it in the publishing business principally because of her remarkable intuition and judgment. Indeed, most who knew her thought she had only made one strategic mistake in her life. She had married a complete jerk.

The marriage only lasted one year. Jesse came virtually the day she signed the divorce papers. An ordinary woman would have become depressed, but not Marsha. While cocooning her baby in love and compassion, her dignity and strength, underscored with the ambition of grand expectations, drove Marsha to career excellence.

It was her success that had triggered their plans for Jesse. Both Marsha and Lana had been raised in a very dominant, very female oriented upper middleclass home. For three generations, following the matriarchal side of the tree, there had not been any boys born until Jesse. When the doctor told her Jesse's gender, she was appalled. Since that very first day, although she was a wonderful, loving and supportive mother, she had always thought Jesse should have been a girl. In the family paradigm, girls were strong and majestic. A girl's life was filled with velvet richness. A boy child? Why how sad! Her child would miss so much. Marsha had secretly pitied her child. It wasn't selfishness that drove Marsha to commence the feminization of her child; it was the compassion of concern for her baby. She wanted to share the luxury of her femininity with the child she adored.

With the advent of securing the perfect job, and the subsequent need to change location, Lana's constant urging to feminize Jesse began to become viable. After all, as Lana advised, he was young when they began to discuss if feminization was possible. Yes, Jesse had already missed much. Girlhood had been denied her child. Jesse never had the opportunity to revel in a pretty party frock. Her child never had the pleasure to dress up Barbie. All of that had been denied her baby. But Jesse hadn't commenced puberty yet. The glory years of womanhood still lay in Jesse's future if only it was possible to delay or even eliminate the inevitable male puberty.

When Lana persuaded Marsha to look at some literature on hormone replacement and gender reassignment, her interest piqued. When Lana forced her to face the implications concerning what a young male puberty would manifest in

Jesse's and her life, she really commenced to focus on the problem.

Feminization was workable. But it had been a hard sell. Lana had constantly pushed Marsha for this solution. It had been Lana that had done all the research on hormones. She had even tracked down a female M.D., receptive to working with them, and provided written medical assurances to Marsha that the process was safe and healthy for her beloved baby. But such documentation wasn't enough. Marsha cared for her child's mental health as well.

It wasn't until Lana found a site dealing with professional hypnotic reprogramming that the logjam was broken. Research and successful application of the resulting techniques confirmed the most fundamental attributes of the human psyche were capable of alteration. Through subliminal tapes, the entire psyche could be reprogrammed. Even gender identity could be imprinted. It was this data that finally provided the basis for Lana's success in convincing Marsha to turn her child into a girl. A thorough plan was mutually created. That first dose of estrogen, given to Jesse under the veil they were vitamins, launched the program.

The family plan required Jesse to stay with Aunt Lana for the summer while Marsha found a new home and arranged the family move. It was an ideal excuse to require Jesse to visit Lana for the summer. When presented to Jesse, the idea emphasized the convenience such a visit would be for his mother. But, of course, the real purpose was to provide a fresh environment for Lana to externalize Jesse's new planned persona, a persona that had been slowly fostered by the hormonal program and the subliminal tapes Lana had professionally made for Jesse's use by the psychology center.

When Jesse initially heard of the plan, he wasn't so pleased. Like any young teen, summer vacations were sacrosanct. He wanted to stay home and enjoy freedom with his friends. But events of the last year had tempered such objections. The last year of school had been so difficult for him if not emotionally exhausting. Not only did Jesse feel isolated, he "was" isolated. The feminization program had manifested

major life shifts, shifts that had been somewhat anticipated by his mother and Lana, but still extremely disconcerting to Jesse. By the end of school, a visit to Aunt Lana's home now seemed like the best thing that could happen to him. He certainly needed that new start now.

Indeed, the last year had been extremely confusing if not fascinating for both Jesse and his mother. Although the start of school had seemed perfectly normal back in September, each day found Jesse surprisingly drifting away, not only from his old hobbies and interests, but his old friends as well. In fact, those old friends now wanted nothing to do with him. And the emotions! What a roller coaster ride they had become! One second he was happy, the next he started to cry and for no reason. In fact, Jesse cried now at almost every opportunity. He also felt...weak, sensitive and strangely vulnerable. It was this massive emotional change that had triggered the loss of his friends.

Although the emotional turmoil had settled down to some degree, the sensitivity and sense of vulnerability had gotten more pronounced as the days went on. Somehow he was getting used to it, even though he seemed to fully recognize he had withdrawn far too much from the activities of his previous lifestyle. Now, the more he let the emotions express themselves, and they seemed to express themselves in very passive ways, the better he felt. He was adjusting, but it wasn't easy.

The alienation had started simply enough. All his friends had gone out for football at the start of the school year. But his mother had insisted he not go out for any sports. After some consternation and pouting from Jesse, the decision later oddly appeared to reside quite comfortably with him. It was easy to rationalize that he still was able to hang around with the guys but didn't have to suffer from all that aggressive exercise. He still felt like one of the gang. But by not going out for any sports, the separation had begun. Then one day, something happened that changed Jesse's life.

In late November, about three months after he started taking the new vitamins, one of his friends started to joke

about Jesse's looks. He exclaimed to everyone that Jesse was starting to look like a girl because his hair was getting so long. Mother had, in fact, adamantly refused to allow him to go to the barber to get a haircut, even though the latest teen craze for boys was to wear crew cuts. So, after those three months since the start of taking his vitamins and the previous three months when he had let his usual haircut slip by for the summer, Jesse's hair had grown well past his ears and collar. Hence, in retort, Jesse admitted his hair was long and out of style. But he still insisted it was masculine.

At first it was just a little good-natured ribbing about his hair length. Jesse took it well. But some of the other guys now chimed in about his overall appearance. They declared he looked like a sissy. For a few minutes, he tried to blow them off. But the more he objected, the more they verbally jabbed. The more they jabbed, the more serious the calls got. Ordinarily such accusations would have started a fight. But instead of fighting, Jesse's emotional intuition now drove him to cry, to cry like a girl in front of all his old friends. Well, considering the reason for the verbal assault, Jesse's response confirmed the contention that he looked like a sissy. Now, not only did all of his old friends consider his appearance effeminate, but they considered Jesse's actions girly as well. He had cried, cried in front of everyone, and in high school that was simply never done. Worse, in a few days, the incident had spread all across the school. Not one upstanding boy wanted to associate with Jesse. It had branded him a sissy.

After the incident, he ran home from school. Gazing in the mirror desperate to discover why his old friends had accused him of such a vile condition, he shook with distress. For some time now, he had noticed a few differences about his skin condition. His skin seemed to be dry all the time. But now to his dismay, there did seem to be some kind of sissy softness about him. He looked the same, but...different. There seemed to be a soft glow starting to emanate from him. The skin was also becoming soft and sensitive to the touch. Of course, the discovery made him even more distraught. He didn't like it at all. But when he asked mother, Marsha had merely advised

that he was just maturing at a different pace than the others and to not let a few dense heads distress him.

Interestingly enough, in a few days time, although still emotionally devastated at his growing social ostracism, he seemed to entirely forget about his sissified appearance, or the awareness of becoming effeminate at all. In fact, he started to become attached to the idea of having long hair and a softer, glowing physical appearance. He even started to feel more "alive" as the growing sensitivity permeated his senses. It was like being "high" on softness.

Later that month, to Marsha's bemusement, he even exclaimed he wanted to grow his hair out "at least to the middle of my back". To that declaration Marsha approvingly smiled and immediately got Jesse feminine shampoos and conditioners to help the process. She gleefully acknowledged Jesse also reveled in using a girlish body wash that reduced the dryness but also enhanced the sensitivity of his soft skin.

About the same time, other issues seemed to take on importance in Jesse's life, while other ideas seemed less important. He started to think more about relationships. He became more fastidious when dressing. He wanted to feel "fresh". Accordingly, everything he now wore needed to be clean and ironed before wearing it.

Jesse started to become fastidious with his nails. Instead of just clipping them to the shortest length, he started filing them with an emery board and taking care of his cuticles. He started to let them grow out ever so slightly although no one would have seen any difference. Needless to say, he abhorred any dirt under them.

Mentally he was changing as well. He began to study harder. His narrow intellectual pursuits broadened. One day in literature class, one of the classics, a book by Jane Austen, was assigned. A year ago, Jesse would have merely read the Cliff Notes. But now he became enraptured by her prose. He loved it. Henceforth, fine literature and art became growing interests.

Jesse's intellect now soared in elation as he discovered the beauty of gentleness. Marsha immediately noticed this change and was not just elated by Jesse's renewed vigor for academic pursuits but was also proud that Jesse was finally aligning his intellect with hers. Of all the feminizing changes Marsha was seeing in her child, it was this intellectual growth that finally allayed any hidden doubts about whether feminizing Jesse was the correct action. From then on Marsha sincerely, approvingly smiled as she observed Jesse take the "vitamins" Lana's M.D. friend supplied.

Yet, when the emotions turned dark, Jesse's crying never ceased.

Conversely, sporting interests and feelings of aggression became fully passe. In their place, a new psychological trend appeared. Perhaps it was the just the ostracism expressing in a different way, but Jesse started to empathize with the girls. The change manifested one afternoon. Two boys got into a fistfight. One of the boy's girlfriends just kept on screaming to stop the fight, to stop being so stupid. She was really mad. A year ago, Jesse would have laughed at her while he watched the fight. But this time, all his senses resonated with her outrage. Every emotion he had, confirmed she was so right. Those boys were so stupid to fight! Since that day, although, Jesse was not conscious of the change himself, he had started to assimilate the softer emotions of the female gender into his personal psyche.

It was all so confusing to him. But at least he was getting a good night's rest. Since the start of school mother had put a recorder in his room. All through the night the soothing sounds of ocean surf gently filled Jesse's room allowing for a deep trance like sleep. But what Jesse didn't know concerned what he couldn't hear. Underlying the soothing sounds were subliminal messages that slowly were transforming Jesse's entire subconscious persona.

These tapes didn't just trigger the "inner girl". It is a fact that everyone has components of his or her psyche that assimilate with the female gender, even boys. Surely, Jesse's fundamental "inner girl" was being amplified by the tapes

from its dormant state. But those tapes were doing much more. They were changing Jesse's entire life paradigm. The entire core subconscious was being rewritten. Outwardly, he was getting great grades, better than he had ever had. He was also discovering aspects of himself that, although remarkably self-conscious, seemed to simply not fit any aspect of the code teenage boys adhere to. To his despair, the more he disowned that invisible code, the more he was alone. Yet, something simply drove him to eradicate those masculine assumptions. It seemed absolutely natural to "feel" the way he did. He just "felt" passive. In fact Jesse's entire consciousness' sensitivities were "passive".

All these changes were almost unnoticeable to him. The outer personality did not recognize such subtle change. Even later, after the Christmas break when his psychic passivity became noticeably effeminate, Jesse didn't recognize the changes for what they were. The girlishness of his desires, wanting to have long, feminine hair, the desire to feel fresh, sensing a delicate vulnerability in his life, all were dismissed as just phases. Maybe he was a nerd, Jesse mused, but surely nothing in his outer psyche discerned he was becoming effeminate or girlish at all. Then one day, an event his mother had been waiting for, began to raise utmost fear for his physical identity in Jesse's outer persona.

After six months of taking those purple pills twice a day, Jesse woke up one morning and discovered he couldn't put his jeans on! For the last month, they had started to become a little tight especially in the butt. But now, no matter how hard he tried, they simply wouldn't fit over his hips! They were too small. He called his mother up to his room to tell her he needed new clothes and to get some help to get the old jeans on at least one more time so he could go to school. When she got there, after explaining his dilemma, he couldn't help but notice the amused grin Mother was hiding as she helped him with those jeans. Why was she smiling? True, her attitude was rather nonchalant as she explained away the problem. She reiterated that he was only growing up. But, perhaps, he needed to go on a diet. However, that was nothing really to smile about, was it?

Yet Jesse's mother's comments did seem plausible to Jesse. Because he hadn't gone out for sports, maybe he wasn't getting as much exercise as he should. Further, maybe it was a sign he was finally entering puberty. Finally, maybe all those sissy taunts at school might start to fade, he mused to himself, as he envisioned himself becoming more like the other boys. But his inner psyche ached with a consternation that all was not well with this development. Something else physically seemed to be out of place. Yes, his body seemed to be getting bigger, but in the "wrong" places. His height started to spurt, but it was all in the legs. And if he was entering puberty, why wasn't his voice cracking? Jesse still sounded like a child, or worse, a girl. Phone solicitors always addressed Jesse as "Miss" when they called.

To amplify this growing concern, although his butt wouldn't fit into his jeans, just the day before, he had noticed that his waist was much narrower than the cut of the jeans allowed. His hips and butt had become bigger, but his waist had gotten narrower! Further, the legs of the jeans were now becoming pronouncedly too short. He must have grown two to three inches since the start of school. Of course, he appreciated the increase in height. But the proportions of his body just didn't seem to make sense to him. The narrow waist, the wider hips and longer legs made him look "gawky". He thought he looked like a nerd and felt like one too. Later that day, when confiding his feelings to his mother, all she had done was smile again, give him a hug and advise him that Bill Gates had been a little gawky as well. So, not to worry too much.

Jesse didn't even bother to tell his mother that his breasts were beginning to itch. Indeed, especially around his areolas, they were becoming quite sensitive. But he assumed that would go away now that he was entering into puberty. How wrong he was.

After the jean incident, mother had taken measurements of his body and told him she was going to buy him a few pair of jeans while he was in school. That evening Jesse did find a new pair of jeans on the bed. But interestingly enough, they

had no label. They looked like a normal pair of jeans but the back pockets had been sewn shut. They couldn't be used. When Jesse tried them on the jeans generally fit. Even the waist and hips conformed to his body. But the bottom and especially the crotch seemed tight. They really constricted his male thing. He even looked "smooth" down there while he felt his bottom being uplifted by the jeans. However he wore them without complaint. After all his older clothes wouldn't fit.

Fortunately, by now the catcalls about his appearance at school had died down. No one seemed to pay any attention to him, not even the other nerds who were now his acquaintances. But on that first day when he wore those jeans, even the girls teased him about having a cute *derrière*. Those jeans enhanced every feminine curve his psyche denied.

By now though Jesse could withstand the slings and arrows of the other students. All these changes in his social status, the psychic upheavals, even the alarming physical changes, although they made him miserable, were livable. When it came to his inner psyche, he even liked the innate sense of intuition his intellect was fostering. But others changes were alarming. Indeed, they were devastating to the child's very young ego. Those changes pertained to his private parts.

For some teens gym is a devastating experience. For Jesse, ever since the New Year, it was excruciating because Jesse's privates were not growing. One afternoon, one of his tormentors started to remark about its size. For boys that age, this is normal locker room braggadocio. Jesse now usually just ignored such talk. But this time he took notice. Jesse's appendage was becoming smaller! It was shrinking! In fact, privately when he felt himself, he noticed that his testicle sack was almost empty. The testes, although small but previously existent, were now moving back into the body. The sack was loose. Jesse panicked. After running home and telling his mother of his observation, all she would say was. "Don't worry. Some boys just mature at a different pace and in a different way. You're perfectly fine" But what kind of maturing is this Jesse thought.

At least the jeans were becoming more comfortable in the crotch.

Privately, Jesse now started to helplessly observe his privates rescind into the pubic hair that looked much more like a girl's "muff" than boy's hair. It became not just a self-conscious concern, but an obsession. Surely, as mother had stated, the concern over the size of his privates was normal at his age. So other boys were probably worried too. But was it normal for them to shrink? Everyday in the shower after gym, Jesse had proof that was not so. But there was no mistaking what was happening to him.

The other aspects of social ostracism isolated this concern too. Jesse could only talk about these fears with his mother. There was no one else. But all she would do is allay the concern by stating the changes were completely normal. And she said so with a smile and a loving hug. So he began to forget about it, at least most of the time, until another physical development triggered panic.

Jesse had been living with a great deal of angst about his body developments for a good four months now. He had distressingly observed how his skin had further softened, how his derrière had rounded while his privates shrank. Most of that he could rationalize if not hide. But one development he couldn't hide. Ever since mother had given him the jeans, Jesse's breasts had also started to change.

First, after the itching stopped, they would periodically ache. The skin seemed to start stretching. This was by far most disconcerting. They hurt, and his chest was becoming extremely sensitive to the touch. A month after feeling the itching and later the pain, while looking in the mirror, Jesse gasped. Were those little fleshy mounds on his chest? Indeed they were, but his eyes denied it to himself.

"They can't be growing", he exclaimed to himself. "I'm a boy!" But every week those little mounds seemed to get bigger, rounder, softer and significantly more sensitive.

Oddly enough, as if the growth of those little orbs created an empathy with the girls, Jesse became enamored with how

they live their lives. For a few years, Jesse was cognizant of girls and their differences. But now he started to become obsessed with girls, but not in a way he ever had done before. He started to observe how they walked and moved, how they held their arms and hands, how they talked, what words they used, how they wore their hair, how they brushed it and what they wore in it. He gazed at the details of their clothes, how they did their makeup. He seemed to be noticing all these feminine attributes but, interestingly enough, there was no sexual component causing such an obsession. He wasn't looking at them in a sexual way like other boys. He was observing their feminine expression. He was absorbing the art of femininity. When he did observe the girl's figures, there was an inner sense of comparison. And those thoughts made Jesse even more alarmed about his own development.

On another morning late in the spring, Jesse went to put on one of his new pair of trousers. After the first new pair of jeans, Marsha had bought him a few new pair so he would have more than one for school. Incredibly, although these still fit, they were getting tighter in the butt and hips just like his old pair did before they became too small. Thinking his diet was not working, with a little frustration, Jesse dropped his hand onto his jean, covered hip.... and hit bone.

"Oh my God," Jesse pleaded to himself as he raced to the full-length mirror hanging on his closet door. "It can't be," Jesse moaned to himself. "My hips are growing. My hip bones are getting wider!" It wasn't just a deposit of fat that made his *derrière* and hips become curvaceous. It was bone. His skeletal structure was feminizing. A fatty butt was something many of the boys had from lack of exercise. But there was no boy he knew that had a rounded pelvis.

Jesse was so shocked he didn't even bother to call his mother. He knew what she would say. Her usual words echoed in his mind. "It's perfectly normal dear. Everything is just fine." He knew she would give him another big hug and a loving smile. But now Jesse knew something was haywire. It wasn't a weight problem that caused Jesse's trouser not to fit. Immediately, Jesse found the baggiest pants he owned and

wore them for a week to hide his growing curves. He had to do something. Mother was oblivious. But, perhaps Aunt Lana might help.

But Jesse was on a ride he couldn't get off. A few days thereafter, he noticed his areolas were now starting to slightly enlarge. He started wearing soft t-shirts or his shirt, rubbing on the nipples, exacted pain and other feelings his conscious mind immediately denied. Sometimes his little appendage became erect when something brushed up on to his chest! Yet he still refused to consider that his chest or his pelvic development was becoming feminine. He rationalized that perhaps other parts of his body would adjust to these developments at a later date. But then a feminizing event occurred that Jesse's conscious mind could no longer rationalize.

Just a week before school let out, Jesse awoke to a big surprise. Upon rising from bed, his breasts felt as if they "bounced". Jesse turned. He sensed his breasts independently shift. He bent down only to realize the round flesh distinctly flowed out from his chest by much more than an inch. Jesse quietly panicked.

Racing to the bathroom, he peered at his chest. The swelling, noticed in the last few months, was now undeniable! Jesse had breasts, perky little effeminate breasts. But what was worse, the areolas, almost overnight, were now unmistakably larger, deeply red and fully effeminate. There was no doubt in Jesse's mind now. Jesse's chest was starting to look like a girl's chest. Indeed, it all came together in Jesse's mind. He was turning into a girl!

Racing down the hall, he rushed into his mother's dressing room. She was still in her lingerie. Exclaiming his concern, he tore open his pajama top to reveal the budding mounds and darkened, widening nipples. Mother, with all the care and caution she could muster first calmed him down. She looked at his chest, then turned away. Jesse was unable to notice the faint glimpse of a smile that flashed along her lips. The change had come and none too soon. Lana and the M.D. had advised Marsha that Jesse's breast would develop. They had also fully briefed her on all the other feminine developments

she was now noticing in her child. So she had been ready for this day and felt fortunate it had not arrived, say, two months or even one month ago. The retort had been well rehearsed. She calmly turned back to him.

"Jesse dear," She declared in a matter of fact way, "These are women's breasts." She slightly cupped her hand under her own bra, encompassed breasts.

"You don't have women's breasts," she continued while silently finishing her own thought with, "at least not yet. You now only have girlish breasts."

"So please do not be so concerned. Your figure, errr, body is perfectly fine." To her consternation, Marsha had accidentally used the feminine to describe her child's now generally girlish appearance. She continued, "So don't worry. We're going to Aunt Lana's next week. The summer sun will get you in shape."

Of course, Jesse didn't hear his mother's personal thought silently finish her sentence when she mused, "You'll really get in shape when Lana doubles your hormone dosage and those little orbs really start to bud with that butt of yours."

All Jesse could see was his mother's smile and feel her sincere hug.

That afternoon the gym instructor told Jesse he was needed in the office so he wasn't to attend gym. The next day, his homeroom instructor told him he was to work in the office for the rest of the term. Jesse never took his clothes off in a boy's locker room again.

Jesse's isolation from a boy's life was now complete. The school year had closed out with Jesse frankly longing for a break and an end to his significant measure of confusion not just about his body but his emotional and mental state as well. With all the changes, he truly needed to get in touch with what was happening to himself. Not only did he intend to finally get out in the sun and work off the fat, it was his intent to confide in Aunt Lana his concerns in the hopes she might provide some insight and assistance about his overall

girlish appearance. His mother seemed to not care that he was in the "shape" he was in. Jesse was hoping to find some answers with the assistance of his aunt. A psychic might say he would find those answers, but not the ones he anticipated.

Chapter 3

"So how did he respond to the programming?"

Jesse stood quietly next to the carousel in the baggage area of the airport. It had already been shut down for fifteen minutes. Both sisters looked at each other in agreement.

"Oh bad news, Jesse dear," Aunt Lana lamented, "It looks like the rest of your luggage has gone astray. But don't worry, Honey, they'll deliver it when its found. At least one bag made it."

She was right. Marsha's two bags and his small overnight bag had been pulled from the carousel. But the two larger bags holding virtually all his clothes and summer gear had vanished between airports. Little did he know all his clothes and all his gear were now sitting on a shelf at Good Faith Industries.

The absence of his bags was perplexing. He was sure they had been placed in the trunk when they left. But when they got to the airport, Marsha told him to get in the ticket line while she checked the bags at the curb with the Skycap. So he never saw his mother pull her bags out of the trunk and then consciously close the trunk lid with his bags still in the car. Marsha never intended to allow Jesse to wear any of his old clothes while staying at Lana's home. Even though all the jeans in the suitcase were girl's "Guess" jeans, she and Lana had other ideas for what constituted proper clothing for her child during the visit.

In order for this part of the plan to be executed, Marsha and Lana had decided to include a confidant in their planning. Marsha's hairdresser, Louise, was ideal. First Marsha hinted about feminizing boys to get her reaction. Louise thought it was great. Then she confided her plan for Jesse's feminization to her. Louise approved wholeheartedly. So

when the day came to be off to Lana's home, she became the chauffeur for Marsha, Jesse and all the bags.

When Marsha closed the trunk, Louise knew what to do. She sped off with Jesse's bags to give to the nearest charity drop-off. The next day, Louise cleaned out virtually everything in Jesse's room, all his sports equipment, all his memorabilia and all his remaining clothes were bagged up. All went to Good Faith. When Jesse got on the plane, although he didn't know it, the only clothes he now owned were the ones on his back. That would change soon enough.

All three piled into Lana's Mercedes and sped off to her townhouse located in one of the tonier neighborhoods. Upon arrival, Jesse noticed the home even had a private pool integrated into the patio. The décor was decidedly upscale. The antiques had been carefully chosen to coordinate with the more modern décor augmenting the not insubstantial art collection. Once ensconced in Lana's home, the conversation between Marsha and Lana became typical "sister". Even though this was a special mission, both really did enjoy the bonding. All the while, Jesse watched television. Finally, after Marsha and Lana were "talked out", Lana inquired whether Jesse wanted to see where he was going to live for the next few months. There was no need to view them before that time because there were no bags to put in them. It was getting late, so of course, he consented.

All three climbed the stairs. Lana showed them her room. It was more of a suite with a dressing room and bath included. The décor centred on a Queen Anne antique bed that dated prior to the American Revolution. The chest of drawers matched the bed. Marsha sincerely appreciated the choice.

Next door, was Lana's office. The maid had pulled out the Murphy bed and Marsha's bag lay upon it. The desk and decor was Louis the Fourteenth, very feminine, but functional. After showing Marsha some paintings, all three walked down the hall to a closed door.

"And this is your room dear," Lana purred as she pushed the mahogany door open. Even knowing what lay inside, Mar-

sha gasped. Jesse gulped. The room was utterly splendid...for a girl's room. The walls were powder blue, the carpet a lush off white. Off to one side was an antique, Early American chest of drawers with a circular mirror. Next to it was a narrow, high chest that Marsha gushed over. She thought the lingerie chest was simply gorgeous. In another corner, was a full-length mirror matching the design of the chests.

In the center of the room was the centerpiece of the décor, a full poster, antique, canopied bed. But it wasn't just the décor or the furniture that exuded girlish femininity; it was the accessories that conclusively expressed the essence of girlishness. Flowers and lace delicately graced the bedspread and bed skirt. The motif was continued elsewhere. Matching ruffles also graced the top of the bed. On the windows, the curtains were tiered in hand made cotton lace. The editors of *Country Living* could not have done a better decorating job. The room was gorgeous.

Both ladies smiled. Marsha gushed in praise as Lana lead her around the room and into the dressing area. Jesse's room was also a suite. In the dressing area they were shown the walk in closet now barren but for a few boxes. But that was not all in this boudoir. In a little alcove right off the closet was a vanity and mirror, a girl's vanity decorated in the same motif as the rest of the bedroom.

The adjacent bath was decorated in a pale yellow, the bath scented to reflect the nature of the décor. When he peaked in, Jesse saw not just a wash basin, bath and private toilet, there was another fixture next to the toilet he had never seen. After inquiring what it was, Lana merely mentioned that it was something called a *bede*. When he inquired about the fixture, his mother laughingly advised he didn't have to worry about how it worked. But when Lana glanced at her sister, both smiled. If they had their way, Jesse would indeed find out how a *bede* worked.

Jesse held back while watching the two women gush over the suite. He was profoundly shaken that he would have to live in such a feminine room for so long. Considering his major concerns, the room grated the male persona. But, as soon

as he entered the room, Jesse sensed a thought surge in his subconscious. Something, some kind of sense just under the surface felt absolutely contented, felt absolutely passive about the environment. Perhaps there was even a twitch of admiration, a sense of comfort that was triggered by such a girlish room.

"So what do you think dear," Lana cooed to Jesse all the while subtly observing Jesse's reaction as a gauge in how well the programming triggers were working.

"Well, it's a...a nice," Jesse murmured as some sense of acceptance, a sense of passivity subjugated any personality objections.

"I know it's a little "girlish", Lana responded, emphasizing the word girlish to further the program test.

Jesse was about to agree. In fact he was about to object. The outer consciousness thought it was too girlish and didn't like it at all. But the subconscious said. "It's pretty. I like it. I like girly things"

"Its fine," Jesse blurted surprised at his own response. "I like it just the way it is."

"Test complete," Lana gleefully thought. "The program worked. Jesse's psyche is a girl in there, or at least has very feminine tastes. But by my guess, by tomorrow night, you'll be in curls and skirts."

Both women glanced at each other, smiled and nodded. All the planning, all the work had been affirmed a success in that moment when Jesse's psyche accepted that gorgeous, girl's room as his own. If Jesse was responsive to the primary subconscious programming, then surely the more advanced programming had taken hold to at least some degree, as well. The foundations had been laid and now finally executed. Jesse was going to be fully feminized.

Marsha felt a little jealous of her sister. She also wanted to participate in the first shopping spree with Jesse. She wanted to buy a skirt for her child. But all in due time. After

the shift was completed, there would be plenty of time for girl bonding.

"Jesse, why don't you get ready for bed," Marsha inquired. "Your Aunt and I have little time, so we're going to talk more downstairs. And don't forget to take your vitamins. Oh, by the way, please take two of the old pills tonight. Tomorrow Aunt Lana is going to get you some stronger ones. Summer's here and you said you were going to be more active. So I suppose you'll need more energy."

Jesse, of course, consented, not because he was programmed to do so, but, because he was simply tired. After brushing his teeth, he stripped down to what was now his remaining set of boy's under shorts and tee shirt. Since his breasts started to develop, he never was without a top on except in the bath or shower. Just before turning in, true to his word, he didn't forget to take two of the purple pills. Little did Jesse know as he fell asleep, real changes were now about to manifest, not just physically, but mentally as well. Jesse's girlishness was about to explode.

* * * * *

"Just wait until you see Jesse's figure," Marsha whispered as they sauntered down the stairs. "The hormones have him.... well maybe we should start calling Jesse "her"... in complete girl's puberty."

"I noticed. What about....," Lana lifted her hands to under her breasts.

"I'll get to that," Marsha retorted. "Anyway, Jesse's hips started to round out sometime after the holidays just like you anticipated. A few weeks ago, I caught "her" gazing at "her" hips. There's no doubt about it. Jesse's pelvis is feminizing. I even had to start buying him girl's jeans and trousers to go to school in! I guess some of the girls identified the jeans even after I tore all the tags out. But of course, teenage girls know almost everything about clothes. At least the boys didn't attack."

"Umm," Lana pondered through her smile as she absorbed Marsha's comments. "Right on time. Dr. Felicia said the fem-

inizing process would start becoming irreversible just when school was about ending. Any physical problems?"

"Surprisingly no, thank God" Marsha continued. "Just like you advised, Jesse became rather ill immediately after the first few doses. But it only lasted a few days. With the exception of encountering a dry skin problem, I guess that's a result of the hormones, Jesse hasn't been in better health."

"Well, Dr. Felicia said she did have to make a few alterations in the hormone regimen," Lana advised. "That's why she needed the blood samples. Dr. Felicia told me it was her intent to have Jesse's hormonal balance follow precisely the norm for a girl the same age. Sure does look like it's working. Now, tell me about....." Again she lifted her hands to her own breasts.

Marsha smiled and affirmatively nodded. "Uhhuh...Oh yes, the breasts are budding just like his butt and hips. I would say they're about an "a" cup right now. I guess Jesse's been having a rather hard time hiding all the changes at school. Last week when he showed me those cute little boobs I had to tell the school to excuse him from gym or the boys would have simply attacked him in the locker room."

"Really," Lana empathized enjoying the story as they sat down with two steaming cups of evening tea. "Well, frankly, I was utterly amazed at Jesse's overall appearance. I had no idea how far the physical feminization had gone. Why there is hardly any boy left is there? And the legs, why Jesse has got the proportions of a girl already and it's only been ten months of treatments!"

She took another sip of tea. "And that face. Jesse's already gorgeous. Why with just a little mascara and lipstick Jesse's already "across the fence".

"And stopping traffic", Marsha concurred emphasizing how gorgeous her new daughter was already becoming. "I still can't believe how girlish his eyes have become. And those gorgeous lips. What a face! Simply adorable and utterly cute! If we can go the rest of the way, Jesse is going to really be something!"

"You're going to have an utterly adorable daughter, Marsha dear," Lana assured her sister. "We still need to knock off some of that male cultural crust though. But leave that to me. After I'm finished, Jesse, or shall we say Jessica is going to be the epitome of girlish femininity. There won't be one motion that doesn't exude "frufu girl" after I'm finished." Lana's arm swept in an exaggerated motion.

Both giggled, paused and took another sip of their evening tea. There was going to be a new girl in the family.

"It looks like the tapes worked too," Lana continued. "I was worried that there would be a lot of objections when we showed Jesse such a girlish room. But the subliminal training seems to be really working."

"And what a gorgeous room it is," Marsha complimented. "You did a marvelous job. The bed is simply stunning. The accoutrements just precious.."

"And that walk in closet will look great too when its stocked with pretty little dresses, skirts and sweaters for our little sweety," Lana replied with a sly grin. "Jesse's going to look adorable in girl's clothes."

Both giggled as Marsha patted her sister's knee.

"Lana dear," Marsha gushed to her sister. "I'm so pleased with the results so far. Jesse truly is a different person. Why Jesse's even is getting interested in art and literature. So much better to have around! I must admit there's been problems. It's been an emotional roller coaster until recently. And I must admit I do feel sorry for his loneliness. But I guess its all for the better."

"Well hon, the changes had to be done now," Lana emphasized. "Otherwise, Jesse would have gone into male puberty. That would have been a disaster. Without any male hormones ruining that sweet little thing's looks, Jesse's condition will be far better. Jesse will be all girl right from the onset. And looking like that, I don't think Jesse will encounter much more social ostracism. I think Jesse is going to be *very* popular."

"By the way, how is Jesse doing psychologically," Lana inquired.

"Remarkable transformation," Marsha remarked. "As soon as the tapes program commenced the attitude difference was astounding. Jesse went from aggressive to passive almost overnight. I thought it was the hormones. But, one day I caught him looking at the length of his hair, desiring it to be longer. So I knew it had to be the subliminal tapes."

"Lana dear," Marsha continued. "You never told me how the tapes worked. They're remarkable. I never knew how far they had changed his core perspective until seeing what happened upstairs. Its one thing to desire long hair but another to entirely conform to such a feminine room décor. Even though I couldn't surmise much if any of the programming externalization, after that event upstairs, I sure can say they really did the job. Jesse didn't even mutter one objection."

"Oh yes," Lana confidently concurred. "Each message was designed to add to the last message, slowly transforming the subconscious level by level, from mild to intense feminization. Do you want to know the progression?"

"Do you have it," Marsha eagerly inquired. "I didn't think they would release their trade secrets. Its going to be really interesting to hear what they suggested during particular times Jesse started to exhibit some changes."

Lana got up, got her attaché and pulled some notes from a folder.

"Ah, here they are. Well, the first one was sort of basic," Lana advised as she again sat down with her sister. "All it said under the ocean waves was,

'I am passive, I am gentle, I am soft

Be passive, be gentle, be soft'

"Together with the hormones, that certainly did the job," Marsha remarked. "Jesse immediately became incredibly passive. He even started becoming gracefully gentle."

"Ummh," Lana mumbled. "Now the next one reads...."

**"I am a sissy,
I like sissy things,
I like my hair long and girlish,
I love wearing my hair long and feminine,
Grow your hair long, long like a girl,
Keep your hair clean, condition your hair,
Grow your hair to the middle of your back."**

Marsha gasped. "So that's where it came from! Not only did he ever once ask to cut his hair, he used the very same language as the tape!" Marsha took a sip of her tea. "He came up to me one morning and declared, 'I want to grow my hair out to the middle of my back'. The next day I got him girl's shampoos and conditioners."

"Wonderful, how long is it," Lana satisfactorily asked. "Its hard to tell when its in a ponytail."

"Its about two inches past his shoulders," Marsha responded. "I trimmed it myself to control the split ends or it would be longer. But it's just not long now. It's healthy too. It's definitely very girlish, very effeminate. Maybe the hormones helped. But it certainly has a girlish texture and thickness too. The hairdresser shouldn't have any problems. It should look adorable when you get it styled and curled."

Lana leaned back, nodded and smiled. Tomorrow morning she would call the hairdresser. Lana turned another page.

Marsha continued. "You didn't tell me about the sissy stage. I guess that part of the program really hurt Jesse in school. He lost all his friends almost overnight. And none of

the girls wanted anything to do with him either. Jesse was pretty isolated this year."

"I know hon," Lana empathized looking just as sad as Jesse's mother while listening to the pain Jesse socially encountered. "But that transitional stage was critical in the programming. It provided a bridge to the deeper levels of Jesse's psyche so we could get to the core identity. He had to subconsciously perceive himself as a sissy boy before the transformation created a female identity at the base of his psyche..... Remember, we are dealing with the subconscious."

"So anyway, the next tape got a little bolder," Lana continued. "Listen to this..."

'I like girlish environments,

I am passive in a girl's environment,

I am feminine when I live in a girl's environment

I love living in a girlish environment,

I love being passive and feminine when living in a girlish environment

Be passive in girl's environment

Be feminine when living in a girlish environment' "

"The upstairs test really underscored that message," Marsha mused. "He seemed fully passive as soon as he walked in the door!"

"Well, if that little incident was an indication," Lana observed. "The transformation should go well without any objections. This will be really fun. Jesse shouldn't even object when I shave his legs tomorrow morning."

"You're going to shave Jesse's legs tomorrow? So soon?"

"Of course," Lana confidently advised. "After looking at how cute Jesse looks, I decided this afternoon to accelerate the original plan. There's really no sense in having Jesse be identified as a boy with those looks. So, instead of waiting, I'm going to take Jesse to the mall tomorrow, completely dress him up in some pretty girl's clothes while there and trigger

the entire subconscious programming. After that, Jesse's consciousness should fully be immersed as "Jessica", your daughter.

Marsha smiled. "So anyway, what was the next step."

"Ok, this gets technical. One of the hypnotists had to advise how this works," Lana continued.

"After we laid the general ideas to be passive, sissy, feminine and get those locks growing out, we then started to lay the basis of the actual transformation by creating a trigger to open and close the subconscious mind for programming a detailed, but secret, subconscious transformation. We didn't want the changes to be evident during subconscious reprogramming. I'm sure, Jesse would have either really objected or encountered major psychic problems, especially at school," Lana lectured.

"Simultaneously, we created another trigger to open the programming after it was completed. When that's triggered, then all the revisions made to Jesse's core identity will gush into the operating subconscious and the conscious mind. When the trigger is executed, nothing will stop the program from turning every thought Jesse has from a boy into that of girl. In this way we've reprogrammed the subconscious but didn't have the suggestions immediately exhibited in his activities. That would have been a disaster."

"I get it," Marsha acknowledged. "With a trigger, the suggestions remain bottled up. After we're finished with the priming, we unleash all of the programming at the same time. But why did he start to exhibit some of the suggestions?"

"Sis," Lana declared. "Science confirms, there's an 'inner girl' in everyone. You watched the first programming that stood outside the triggers. That part of the programming let Jesse's "inner girl" out. Those suggestions simply 'encouraged' what was already there...By the way, he probably wanted to grow out his hair anyway. But the triggered suggestions will feminize how 'she' sees her hair when the gate opens."

"Got it. So what was next," Marsha inquired, amazed at how thorough Lana had researched this part of the plan.

Lana continued. "Well, the next read...

'I accept all new thoughts and feelings triggered by the words...'Priority, Pretty girl clothes',

I absorb all new thoughts and feelings after hearing the words, "Priority, Pretty girl clothes,"

I replace my thoughts, feelings and actions with the new thoughts, feelings and actions after hearing the words, "Priority, Pretty girl clothes",

I stop accepting or absorbing new thoughts after hearing the words, "Priority, feel like a girl"

I express all my new thoughts, feelings and actions after I dress fully and completely in girl's clothes,

Wearing Girl's clothes changes all my thoughts, feelings and actions,

All my old thoughts, feelings and actions disappear after I fully wear girl's clothes,'

"See how it holds the programming until the trigger opens up. All I need to do is get Jesse fully dressed up in girl's clothes and "bingo", all the programming gets triggered." Lana instructed.

"Woah," Marsha murmured. "Instant girl. My God! When Jesse dresses, the psyche will instantaneously transform."

"The professionals state the conscious mind should be completely immersed in a matter of seconds," Lana continued. "The boy identity should be completely obliterated within that time. One minute, Jesse will still sense he is a boy, perhaps a feminine boy, or a boy being feminized. In the next minute, the actual psyche will identify as a girl. There will be no male outer consciousness left. The male consciousness will withdraw and become the "inner boy" that all girls have. What will be evident is a complete girl's identity."

"Utterly fascinating," Marsha exclaimed, amazed at the brilliance of what had been done to Jesse's psyche. "So how was the core identity altered?"

Lana continued her lecture. "The following subliminal messages were then inserted between the trigger comments. We also made the trigger comments to further feminize the accessible subconscious. Even that part of the subconscious now has undergone the feminizing process. The subconscious priority should now be "pretty girl clothes" and "feel like a girl". I doubt anyone else but us would use the same words in sequence. And after we unleash the programming, those will still be the subconscious priorities."

"Interesting," Marsha commented. "So what was the programming?"

"We did the programming in multiple parts," Lana advised smiling. "The last will occur here. And after the last is successful, there won't be anything but girl. The first read...."

'Priority, pretty girl clothes

I am girlish,

I am effeminate,

I love to be feminine,

I love feeling feminine and girlish,

I love to be girlish,

I love all things feminine and girlish,

Be feminine

Be girlish

Priority, feel like a girl'

"That got the basic identity in place, emotionally and mentally. The next step read..."

'Priority, pretty girl clothes,

I want to feel feminine,

I want to wear girl's clothes,

I want to wear makeup and girl curls in my hair,

I want to do everything a girl does to make herself pretty and attractive,

I want to live like a girl, living like a girl is normal,

I love living like a girl,

I want to feel like a girl, feeling like a girl is normal,

I love feeling like a girl,

I want to look like a girl, looking like a girl is normal,

I love looking like a girl,

I want to move and act like a girl, moving and acting like a girl is normal,

I love moving and acting like a girl,

I want to talk like a girl, talking like a girl is normal,

I love talking like a girl,

I want to think like a girl, thinking like a girl is normal

I love thinking like a girl,

The more I wear girl's clothes, the more I love feeling like a girl.

The more I feel like a girl, the more I love looking like a girl,

The more I look like a girl, the more I love acting like a girl.

The more I act like a girl, the more I love talking like a girl,

The more I talk like a girl, the more I love thinking like a girl,

The more I think like a girl, the more I love living as a girl,

The more I live as a girl, the more I love wearing girl's clothes,

Priority, feel like a girl"

"See how the cycle completes itself after the basic implants are established," Lana advised. "Each experience amplifies the other ones. No matter what happens, if it is a feminine experience, the aspects of the transformation are reinforced. You played this tape for virtually the entire year. The entire desire subconscious is now ready to express femininity....and "love" it."

"Now the next sequence reinforces the time component," Lana continued. "We amplified the core programming by amplifying the time spent feminizing. Here's the text we added,"

'Priority, pretty girl clothes,

The longer I wear girl's clothes, the more I love feeling like a girl.

The longer I feel like a girl, the more I love looking like a girl,

The longer I look like a girl, the more I love acting like a girl.

The longer I act like a girl, the more I love talking like a girl,

The longer I talk like a girl, the more I love thinking like a girl,

The longer I think like a girl, the more I love living as a girl,

The longer I live as a girl, the more I love wearing girl's clothes,

Priority, feel like a girl"

"Should be effective," Lana intellectually declared. "Now, not only does the effeminacy build on itself, but, the length of time the experience lasts reinforces the transformation. Once the process starts, the transformation builds its own momen-

tum. All I have to do is fully dress him up in girl's clothes and the trigger opens the programming. I can hardly wait."

"So what was the fourth message," Marsha questioned.

"Sis dear," Lana advised, "we now got the will programmed. We added,"

'Priority, pretty girl clothes,

Wear girls' clothes,

Feel like a girl,

Look like a girl,

Act like a girl,

Talk like a girl,

Think like a girl,

Live like a girl,

Wear girl's clothes,

Priority, feel like a girl'

"This part of the program acts like the personal will," Lana lectured. "The subconscious is not aware it is a program. It thinks it is the ego telling it what to do."

"So," Marsha commented rather impressed with the sequence. "What was on the last tape that is so explosive?"

"Why Marsha dear it unleashes the trigger," Lana smiled. "Remember the trigger is fully wearing girl's clothes?" Well, that last tape was simple.

"Priority, pretty girl clothes,

I want to wear girl's clothes,

Wear girl's clothes,

I want to feminize and dress completely and fully in girl's clothes,

I want to wear girl's clothes,

Wear girl clothes,

“Priority, feel like a girl”

“Amazing,” Marsha commented. “If this works, Jesse should simply let you dress him up and, “walla,” the programming is triggered and I have a daughter.”

“That’s right dear,” Lana concurred. “And after that, the rest of the programming will finish the job. I intend to start this subliminal tape as soon as we get Jesse completely dressed in girl’s clothes. The next tape will be.”

‘Priority, pretty girl clothes,

I’m a girl,

I’m a pretty girl,

I love being a girl,

I want to be a complete girl; I want to have a girl’s vagina,

I love being a girl; I love having a girlish vagina,

I’m a girl when I have a vagina,

I’m a girl

Priority, feel like a girl’

“Then, after surgery,” Lana smiled. “All the tape needs to say is.”

“Priority, pretty girl clothes,

I’m a girl,

“Priority, feel like a girl”

“Oh my,” Marsha mused. “You really do intend to have Jesse go all the way don’t you?”

“You’re going to have a daughter sis in every way possible,” Lana exclaimed.

Chapter 4**“Don’t you think you’ll be more comfortable?”**

“Now honey,” Marsha cooed as she kissed her child on the forehead as Jesse lay in the canopy bed. “I want you to be good and listen to Aunt Lana. Remember you’re a guest here and I expect you to act grown up. I know you’re going to miss home. But after we move, you’ll be able to make new friends.”

Jesse stirred in bed sensing the warmth not only of his mother’s love but also of the bed itself. Being encompassed in all the lace and satin of the canopy had started to trigger the subconscious programming especially while sleeping. Strange he felt so...so soft, so “girly”.

“I will Mom,” Jesse murmured. “Oh and Mom, will you check on my luggage when you get to the airport.”

“Of course dear,” Marsha lied as she kissed Jesse again. “Just remember, I love you honey, no matter what you look like or who you are.”

Marsha simply had to express her feelings. She gave Jesse one last hug through the ruffle flowered comforter. Walking back to the door, the sound of the silk of her slip whispering next to her skirt filled the room. She turned for one last gaze at her “son.”

“Goodbye Jesse,” Marsha smiled realizing this would be the last time she would ever see Jesse as a boy...at least if the program worked. One last look. Jesse smiled rolled over for a little more sleep. It was only 06:30am. Today would be a new day. Little did he know how true, how very true that thought was. It was really going to be a new day for Jesse in more ways than he could ever imagine.

Breakfast came about an hour later. Lana re-woke him. After showering, Jesse padded down his now very delicate body. He couldn’t help but notice the body wash was the same girlish brand he used at home. Funny, the scent didn’t seem so feminine and flowery back home. The towel magnified the soft sensitivity felt over Jesse’s body. He looked in the mirror. Long wet hair cascaded past the delicate shoulders. The sense

of breasts bouncing on a soft chest still had not yet become a part of Jesse's psyche.

"I have to find out what is going on with my body," Jesse pleaded to himself. But then a feeling, an urge manifested. The dim feeling had started to emerge about two weeks ago. It was so strange. The feeling simply didn't make sense. But every time Jesse stared at his now budding figure, the feeling exploded from the subconscious. At first, the feeling could not be articulated. But recently, actual thoughts and feelings were able to emerge.

"I want to wear girl's clothes," Jesse blurted to himself while staring in the mirror. "Why do I want to wear girl's clothes?"

The urge exploded again. "Oh, I want to wear them, I want to wear pretty girl clothes!"

Jesse stared again at the now effeminizing figure as he started to dry his locks. He picked up a strand of wet hair. "Girl curls!" The subconscious expressed another urge. Jesse stared at his hair.

"I need to set my hair," Jesse sighed as he flipped the locks and played with the length. "I want to wear my hair in girl curls!"

"Wait," another part of Jesse declared as he pondered the disturbing thought. "Why am I thinking this? I have to talk to Lana. Yes...Lana will have the answer. Lana will know what to do."

Jesse brushed off the thought, dressed in the only clothes he had, including the used under shorts and went down to breakfast. Lana greeted him with a smile and cup of coffee.

"So what kind of sports do you like," Lana inquired already leading Jesse to the very first step of the transformation.

"I quit sports Lana," Jesse bemused. "I just don't have, well the mind for them any more."

Oh, it's probably the sport dear," Lana retorted. "You know, bicycling is very popular here. Have you ever tried it? I ride all the time."

"Well no," Jesse pondered. "But it sounds nice."

"Of course it would my dear," Lana thought to herself. "It's gender neutral."

"Well, we'll get you ready for some biking right after breakfast," Lana pertly advised thinking about all the leg hair disappearing.

"Are those the same clothes you wore yesterday," Lana knowingly inquired, of course knowing the response.

"Umm, yeah they are," Jesse advised. The programming started to explode. "And the feeling is nothing but yuck. I'm even wearing the same shorts I wore yesterday."

"You poor dear," Lana smilingly purred. "I might have a few things around the house that might fit you while we wait for your other bags. It has got to feel horrid to especially be wearing dirty underwear."

Yes it was. The programming had made Jesse fastidious about clothes and feeling fresh and clean. As soon as they had been put on, Jesse felt tarnished. Then that other urge exploded. Girl's clothes! Maybe Lana was suggesting he dress up in girl's clothes! The personality retracted from the urge. But it persisted.

Well, maybe I'll take a look at them," Jesse commented, not knowing why he said it. "Hopefully, my other bags will arrive soon."

All Lana did was smile and nod approvingly.

She led Jesse upstairs back into his bath.

"Why don't you take off these dirty clothes and take another shower," Lana advised. "It will make you feel really fresh."

Again the scent of the shampoo and soap wafted over Jesse's senses. Meanwhile, Lana gathered up all his clothes,

except his Nikes and rushed out to the dumpster. Out they went. She turned back to the townhouse with a gleeful smile. Now there were only girl's clothes for Jesse to wear.

Lana found Jesse toweling off in the bath. The two showers with the effeminately scented soap and shampoo had permeated the scent surrounding Jesse. Lana jumped right in. She didn't want to lose transformation momentum.

"Here dear, let me help you," Lana exclaimed with a perky smile crossing her face as she pulled the dusting powder muff from the powder bin.

"Whaa," Jesse blurted surprised. "Aunty what are you..."

"Oh honey, you haven't investigated all the little niceties of your bath yet," Lana smilingly cooed while she started to "poof" his skin with powder. The scent was deliciously girlish. It was "Charlie" by Revlon.

"The scent, Aunty," Jesse's personality objected. "It's so...so gir.."

"Shh, dear," Lana cut him off. It was too early to associate anything she was doing to him in girlish terms. "Doesn't this powder make you feel so...comfy, so fresh (and pretty, her inner mind finished)."

Jesse inwardly sighed. The powder really did make him feel exactly how he wanted to feel, fresh. Yes, fresh and 'girly'. But other more conscious thoughts impeded. What was he thinking?

"Sit down over there at the vanity, dear," Lana encouraged as she observed Jesse's inward confusion. She was smiling almost giggling as she sensed the scent permeating her little ward. A girl's life starts with a scent, a pretty scent, and Jesse now was no different. "Let me have your leg dear."

"Why Lana," Jesse asked perplexed. "What are you going to do?"

ZZZZ. Lana didn't respond. Instead, the sound of the electric shear reverberated off the walls as she quickly slid the trimmer up Jesse's leg eradicating a swath of longish boy

hair. She got two more swipes before Jesse tried to pull the leg away. But her grip on the ankle was too strong.

"Stop Aunty," Jesse pleaded. "What are you doing to me?"

"Why honey, I'm shaving your legs," Lana responded as if this was the most normal activity in the world to do to him. ZZZ, the trimmer continued to do its work.

"But, Aunty, I'm not supposed to shave my legs," Jesse retorted as his eyes grew wide as he observed his hair turn from its boyish uncut length to a short stubble. "Only girls shave their legs. And I'm not a girl!"

"Ta, baby," Lana dismissed the objection but her inner smile couldn't be hidden. "There are quite a few boys that shave their legs, swimmers, bicyclists..."

"Oh," Jesse inquired as he released the muscle of his legs and now passively watched as the shears now worked up the thigh. "So bicyclists shave their legs?" A brief glimmer passed through Jesse's mind. Maybe Lana would help him regain his sense for sports.

"And others," Lana continued still beaming as she glanced up at his face. She silently added the transgendered, and boys who turn into girls.

She grabbed the next leg. The shears did the job. After that leg was done, she got Jesse to stand up so she could do the back of the thighs. All the long hair was now reduced to stubble, perfect for shaving.

"Lift your arms for just a second, honey," Lana lightly commanded. Jesse was already becoming compliant. The arms stretched up. Like a gunslinger wielding her pistol, the shear struck out at Jesse's underarm. ZZZ. Hair gone.

"What," Jesse again became confused. "Aunty, why are you shaving my underarms."

"You know there are different customs in different areas of the country, dear," Lana misdirected the question. It didn't really matter what to answer, just as long as the hair was

removed so Jesse would be taking that next step into girlish femininity.

Jesse thoughts were starting to look inward. What was happening? The programming started to emerge. **"I am feminine, I am girlish, wear girl clothes, pretty girl clothes, I want to dress in girl's clothes."** But the personality hadn't adapted yet. The thoughts were shook out.

Too late. Both underarms were already sheared. SSSS was heard behind him. Pppffh, Jesse sensed the soft foam of shaving cream right where Lana had just shaved under Jesse's arms. It was cool and slippery. Jesse sensed the quick strokes of a razor on each underarm.

Jesse quickly glanced down as Lana washed off the excess shaving cream. Smooth, shaved underarms reflected back. With the hair gone, a girlish sense emerged as he observed the effeminacy of his delicate shoulders and arms.

"Sit down dear," Lana cooed as Jesse heard the sssh of the escaping shaving foam from the can. "I need to lather and shave your legs. We'll get all this stubble off. You're going to love the feel of smooth, shaved legs.

Pppffh The foam slid up Jesse's soft leg. SSSsch. The razor slid up to the knee. The swath of skin left didn't even have stubble. Completely smooth silky, glowing girly skin, now permeated with estrogen, remained.

Jesse was shocked. But the feelings were remarkable. He slid his hand over the smooth skin. Jesse's sense of intense sensitivity exploded. There was a cool silkiness to the skin. Jesse felt entirely vulnerable.

Lana watched his expressions as she worked quickly to rid the stubble and let that soft girly skin become exposed. There is nothing like the feel of freshly shaved legs. So soft, silky. Just rubbing them together makes the owner feel feminine. Jesse was no different. The sense of feminine passivity unconsciously exploded. **"I am girlish, wear girl clothes, pretty girl clothes, I want to dress in girl's clothes."** The mind already started to explode in a sense of girly submission.

"There we are, dear," Lana cooed as she observed Jesse rubbing his legs together now so smooth but still wet with water and foam. The look on Jesse's face filled with shocked submission as a crevice of the programming bled into the personality. The look said it all. Jesse's mind was responding to the girlyness.

"Well the trial is over," Lana exclaimed to herself as she stood back and inspected her work. With all the hair gone, the femininity of Jesse's legs simply exploded. Jesse definitely had pretty girl's legs.

Lana was also relieved. She had surmised that if she could get his legs shaved, the other feminizing processes' would fall into place.

While Jesse washed the remaining shaving cream off and patted dry, Lana immediately pursued the next feminizing step immediately after she powdered his now girly, shaved legs.

"You know, dear, you really need to cut your toe nails. Let me do it for you," Lana lamented, trying to make the statement an offhand remark. This was going to be a real test. Shaving his legs broke the feminizing ice but could still be rationalized in Jesse's male mind. But nail polish? A girl's pedicure was hard to explain and the gate wasn't open yet.

"Sure, Lana," Jesse said somewhat defensively. He really didn't want to burden Lana. "But I don't want to be a burden....".

"Oh honey, you're not..." Lana trailed off purring. "I love doing things for you."



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Jesse started to ponder why Lana was putting some sort of rubber thing between his toes. He watched as she not just clipped his nails, but filed them too. She also took a sort of wood stick and pushed back the cuticle.

There was a little pain when Lana pushed on the cuticle. So frequently, Jesse would look away. But then an interesting scent caught Jesse's attention. Just as a liquid coldness touched one nail, Jesse eyes widened as he watched Lana applying clear liquid nail polish! "Aunty, you're painting my nails!"

"Just a little clear polish, dear," Lana murmured sincerely focusing on getting the first clear coat of Jesse's pedicure on each nail. "Nothing radical, honey. Look it's only some clear polish! Now just let this coat dry and I do the next coat."

Yes, it was true. The polish was clear. Nothing to worry about. Jesse had heard some really sophisticated boys had manicures and pedicures. The programming again though intuitively surged forth. . "I am girlish, be feminine, be girly."

"Aunty, are you going to do my hands too," Jesse inquired, not really understanding why he wanted a manicure.

Lana was shocked. Not even a whimper and he wanted a manicure! The programming was working. "Why of course, dear. If you want a manicure, I'll be happy to give you one."

There was no time to lose. She immediately started filing and shaping Jesse's right hand nails. Jesse didn't notice that Lana hadn't cut the nails at all. Instead she was filing them into a shape Jesse never saw on his hand before. They were being shaped into cute little girly ovals.

The clear polish went on each nail after working on the cuticles. Lana exclaimed, actually feeling quite pleased at her handiwork, "Now dear, don't move your hands or the polish will smudge. Just keep still."

Now was the time to strike. Lana opened the Revlon Raven Red polish. "Don't move Jesse dear. Just stay where you are while the polish dries on your fingers."

Jesse couldn't see his toes. He was sitting up straight and the knees blocked his view. But the scent of the polish was the same. So he naturally assumed from the sense of the cool polish on his toenails that it was the same clear of the first coat. Oh how wrong Jesse was.

Lana worked fast, if not gleefully. She almost giggled between the deep concentration it required to quickly apply the polish. Painted nails look so cute! The red just brightened, just feminized the look of Jesse's entire little foot.

Lana used a quick drying aerosol to assure the polish would dry fast, then again started on Jesse's hand to assure he would not move until all the polish was dry.

"Don't move, baby," Lana reinforced the command. "Just one more coat on your toes and we'll be all finished."

She worked quickly to apply the sealing coat of clear on Jesse's now raven red toes. So cute!

"Do this," Lana declared as she shook her hands loosely as only girls do when drying their nails.

Jesse followed her suggestion and realized the painted nails, magnifying the awareness of his fingernails, now gave his hands a sense of delicacy and passiveness. He felt Lana withdraw the rubber separators from his toes.

Jesse finally stood up, glanced down to finally view his toes...and gasped in shock.

"Oh my God, Aunty, what have you done! You painted my toenails! You painted them red like a girl!" Jesse squealed.

"Aren't they cute, honey," Lana giggled. "Your feet look adorable in that color".

"Lana, you must take it off," Jesse pleaded. "It's got to come off. My feet look like girl's feet! Only girls wear red nail polish! Oh Aunty why?"

"Oh dear, who's going to know? Don't you wear socks and shoes? No one will see," Lana exclaimed. She had to take immediate control of Jesse's personality and neutralize the objection. She needed to get the programming to work. "I told

you I was going to give you a pedicure. A little color doesn't hurt anybody. Enjoy it. So it's a little, well...girly. When you wear shoes no one will notice anyway! Why worry about something so simple? Your toes look cute!"

"I am girlish, wear girl clothes, pretty girl clothes, I want to dress in girl's clothes." The program kicked in around the edges of his conscious mind. The feminine feelings just seeped further into Jesse's consciousness. Girly toes now glistened back at Jesse as he gazed at his feet.

"Now, let's see what I can dig up for you to wear," Lana simply changed the subject. She was on a roll. Get Jesse out of the bath. She led him out by the hand and sat him down on the ruffled bedspread. With the large towel wrapped around Jesse's chest and Jesse's hair flowing down, the girlishness simply seeped from his image. "I'll be right back."

Jesse stared at his feet while sliding his freshly shaved legs together. His toes *were* cute. The polish shimmered. He liked the way the color augmented and shone on his little toes. It augmented the smoothness of his soft, silky legs. "I want my hands done too!" the inner voice exclaimed. But the personality simply manifested confusion. "What am I thinking?"

Jesse simply couldn't understand why feminine things were becoming so attractive. But they were. Inside, Jesse loved the feel of those freshly shaved legs, the delicate scent, now the polish, the pretty polish! He felt almost liberated.

"Here we go honey," Lana exclaimed as she sauntered into the room. "These should do quite nicely."

Her hand stretched out towards Jesse with a bit of silky white nylon tricot fabric hanging from two fingers. Jesse took them from her hand and inspected them. They were panties, simple white nylon tricot girl's panties.

"Aunty, uhh, these are girl's underpants," Jesse's frightened conscious mind declared as he noticed the cut. "Uhh, I can't wear girls underpants. Oh no, can't do that. Where are my old shorts, I'll just wear them until my stuff arrives."

"Well of course they're girls panties dear," Lana said with feigned exasperation. "What kind of clothes do you think I wear. I'm a girl aren't I! There aren't any boys clothes here!"

"But Auntie, I'm a bb..."

She refused to let him identify himself with that old gender. "Just look at them," she continued cutting Jesse's thought off. "All they are are nylon panties. They're really no different from yours except the fabric, and well...they're cut a little differently."

A little differently! The crotch was smooth without any opening. The elastic looked a little like lace and Jesse had noticed they were made by Victoria Secret.

"Well, I don't know," Jesse stammered. "They still look like girl's..."

"I am girlish, wear girl clothes, pretty girl clothes, I want to dress in girl's clothes."

The program kicked in. For a millisecond, the urge overflowed into the conscious mind neutralizing the boyish objections before receding back into the subconscious.

"Go on, put them on honey," Lana urged smiling as she jiggled the shimmering silk in front of Jesse's eyes. "Nobody will see them but you and I. They're going to be hidden under your shorts any way! Right?"

"Wear Girl Clothes!"

Jesse opened them up. Well they were just nylon under pants. Weren't they? With Lana looking on, one foot slipped into the opening, then the other. The coolness struck Jesse's silky, sensitive, shaved legs. Over the knees, then hips slipped the silky panties. Their cut perfectly formed over Jesse girlish hips and derriere. Jesse was now made to wear panties. Their caress clutched at Jesse's hips. The bottom compressed what was already disappearing between his legs into a sweet flatness.

Jesse was wearing feminine, girl's panties.

Chapter 5**"No one will notice dear!"**

As soon as the panties slipped over Jesse's derrière, Lana didn't waste any time. Dr. Felicia had instructed her on a method to push male testicles up into a cavity where they original resided and tuck the penis back into the sack to make the bottom look fully effeminate.

"Would you like me to help you dear with the fit of those underpants?" Lana asked as Jesse tried to get comfortable with the fit.

"Okay. I don't know what to do with..."

Lana quickly stepped behind Jesse and commenced to slip her hand down Jesse's panty.

Jesse was too shocked to prevent her, especially because Lana's hand was so soft and gentle as it progressed. His psyche was becoming significantly submissive with every feminizing step. When her hand reached his maleness he let out a gentle "eek" more feminine than he would have liked the sound to have been.

Meantime, Lana began focusing on executing the technique. The testicles had to be aligned and gently pushed up. The technique was not supposed to have been painful. Lana's hand reached the sack, expecting to find Jesse's little male orbs...and found nothing. The sack was empty. The minute testicles had already lifted back into Jesse's body. Jesse had already been chemically altered by the hormones.

"Oh my goodness," Lana realized to herself. "They're gone! There's nothing masculine down there!"

Matter-of-factly she tried to locate the penis. Instead of a masculine shaft, no matter how small, all she could locate was a tiny little appendage extending down in Jesse feminine muff. She immediately finished the technique by tucking Jesse's flaccid appendage back between his legs as best she could and enfolded it with the skin of his now empty sack, the edges forming the image of a vaginal lip.

Lana stepped back to inspect her handiwork. "Perfect," she mused. "Even the sales clerks won't be able to tell what Jesse is even if they walk into the booth when we try on some clothes." Indeed, it was true. Considering Jesse's little muff was so feminine, especially with the panties compacting the bottom, there was not one indication that Jesse had any male accoutrements. Lana continued her feminizing momentum. She reached over to a stack of clothes she had laid on the bed while Jesse was slipping into the panties.

"Try this on dear," Lana continued. "Perhaps it's a little large, but it should be close to your size." Lana held out a simple white tee shirt with a simple crew neck and short sleeves.

Jesse slid it over his head. It was too big.

"That's what I thought," Lana mused. "You're a small. That 't' is an old medium a friend left." She lied. There was no friend.

Lana had intentionally gotten the T-shirt in a store so she could require Jesse to change out of it because of fit later in her plan. It was intentionally bought to be baggy. It served her dressing strategy because Lana perceived it imperative to camouflage her real intent during these initial phases when dressing Jesse in her clothes. Hence although a girl's 'tee', there was virtually no difference from a boys "T-shirt".

Jesse was relieved. He didn't see that the tag read "Candy". But the brand didn't matter. It looked like a boy's T-shirt. So Jesse's outer psyche was relieved. The bagginess also helped hide the two little sins on Jesse's chest that weren't supposed to be there "if" he was a boy.

All this time Lana was playing around with a package. She let the silky, wispy fabric fall off the cardboard. "Sit down dear. Let me show you how to put these, aah, tights on." Lana stated matter-of-factly. "Why don't you just slip these on. They'll feel really nice on your legs. I'll show you how."

They were nylon panty hose.

Admittedly this was a significant test of the programming. If Jesse relented passively, there would be really no need to continue the charade. But alas for Lana, that time was not yet.

"Aunty, aren't those well, girl's pantyhose? Jesse's outer personality was now becoming rather distressed. What was happening to him? Why did he feel such an urge to wear girl clothes but the personality so needed to retain it's maleness? The personality temporarily won this small battle.

"Aunty, no...just no," Jesse vociferously declared. "I'm not going to wear girl's pantyhose. There is simply no need to wear them!"

Lana was taken aback by the outpouring. But she just smiled as she slipped her hand into the nylons to show their color. She had prepared for such an objection. "Oh silly, you're reading too much into this. Look at these nylons...Why their color is called "barely there". They're almost translucent. No one will even know you are wearing them honey!"

It was true. The nylons intentionally had little color. Lana just kept smiling as she started to roll up one of the legs getting prepared to slip the opening onto Jesse's foot. Jesse again started to look bemused.

"Wear Girl Clothes! I want to dress in girl's clothes!" The inner psyche screamed even though Jesse's outer personality still couldn't fathom this urge.

The consciousness simply could not fathom what was happening. But the outer psyche still resisted.

"Aunty, why are you dressing me up like a girl" There seemed a bit of self-pensiveness as Jesse spoke. "First shaving my legs, the nail polish, then panties, now you want me to wear girl's pantyhose? Why?"

Lana now had to act nonchalant. This had to appear entirely normal. Just a normal way to dress. She sat down next to Jesse.

"Honey...didn't you say you wanted to try bicycling? Lana withdrew to an intellectual explanation. Just anything to get the pantyhose up his legs. "That's why I shaved your legs, and no one will see the polish on your toes. Anyway, you know these panties are just temporary. The only fresh clothes in the house are girl's clothes and you need to wear something. So what's the problem?"

She glanced over to her ward, then thought to herself "Until I get you your own lacey, silk girl's panties." Then added directly to Jesse with a huge smile, "These pantyhose are for your own protection. You're not used to the temperature in this area. It gets a little brisk even in summer. And I don't want you to catch a chill."

Look, they're so sheer you can't see them!" She smiled again to disarm his concern. "It is a little chilly today and we just shaved your legs. Are you accustomed to having your legs so smooth and hairless? Not yet. So I thought it best if you wear some nylons. They'll keep you warm....Anyway.. No one will notice, dear."

She gave a little encouraging glance. Her hand delicately beckoned his foot. Jesse started to lift his foot, hesitantly at first.

"Wear Girl Clothes! I want to dress in girl's clothes!" The program automated the process. The foot unconsciously stretched out without hesitation.

Lana slid the pantyhose onto his foot and beckoned the other foot. The nylons slowly slid up to Jesse's knees.

"Oh Aunty was right," Jesse dreamed as the silkiness of the very expensive nylons clung delicately on his sensitized skin. Jesse rubbed the feet.

"Be feminine. Feel like a girl. Wear Girl Clothes!"

The psyche now started to attract to the delight of the sensitivity of the encompassing girlishness. It was feminine! And the feeling of a girl started to trigger the sequence. Jesse unconsciously wanted to look like a girl.

Lana slid the pantyhose over Jesse's hips after he voluntarily stood up. The pantyhose slid over the silkened bottom already encased in the panties. There was a passiveness about his actions, a slight sense of sheerness as he gazed down at his now very effeminate, smooth looking bottom. The sensation that Lana encouraged was succeeding. He *was* feeling like a girl...and the program started to surge into the operational subconscious.

"Feel nice?" Lana's voice encouraged an assent. Jesse just nodded in agreement. Every movement now incurred a sense of nylon silkiness on his derrière. Something had grabbed his mind as well. He liked the feeling but didn't admit it. Deep down inside, it was a sense of sheer girlishness and Jesse wanted to foster it.

"The more feminine I become..." The programming surged.

The personality came back to outer reality. The nylons were sheer. He could barely see them. But the feel, the feel was divine.

"Now here is a bit of clothing I know you won't be so concerned with." Lana laughingly offered. In reality, the hazelnut shorts she held up were remarkably feminine. It was really a skort by Honey Girl. It was a tailored style, similar to a boy's style. But there were significant differences. The legs were flared and the behind of the skort was designed to accent a girl's derrière. There were cute little buttons on each side of the front to attach the panel that would make the front look more like a skirt. But the most significant difference from a boy's garment was where the zipper was located. These shorts had a hidden back zip location. And the front magnified the smoothness of a girl's figure.

"Try them on dear," Lana held them out for Jesse to step into. She didn't want Jesse to see the brand...and she intended to zip it up so he would be less aware of the distinctly feminine style.

Jesse slid one leg in then the other. Lana quickly slid the skort up Jesse's nyloned legs. The waist was a little big. But

Jesse definitely filled out the back of the garment. She quickly zipped the skort and stood back to admire her work. Jesse sensed the skort tighten and lift his derrière.

"Hey, they fit great," she declared with a big smile. Indeed, that was quite true. The skort accented Jesse's budding butt and rounding hips. With the pantyhose and panties on, there was virtually no bulge in his bottom. Jesse's hair had dried and was now cascading on his shoulders in natural waves. The shoulders simply were delicate.

"Yes," Lana mused to herself. "All it takes are a few clothes and the girl comes out! Now to the mall."

Chapter 6

"Don't be such a worry wart. It's just a tee-shirt."

"Hmm," Lana faked a frown to indicate to Jesse that something was wrong. "You know that tee-shirt really doesn't go with those shorts at all! It looks trashy. I know its only temporary. But at least you could be a little more coordinated. You know you're in a new city and you really don't want to look like a dork. Do you?"

"Do you think I look like a dork?" Jesse reiterated as he slid on the plain white athletic socks over those nylon, encased feet. Jesse had never had such an experience. The sense of delicacy of the pantyhose sent a warm girlish tingle up to his knees. But, he was glad to hide the toe nail polish. It was really too feminine for the not yet feminized outer consciousness. "I really don't want to look like a dork, Aunty. But all you have are girl's clothes, right? So it sure will be tough to look fashionable as a boy."

"I was really thinking of color dear," Lana stated, opening the trap for Jesse to walk into. "If we want to go out to eat I really don't want you to look like you just got out of work. What do you think of say... wearing a colored tee-shirt that would augment those err... brown shorts."

Lana really knew the skort was colored hazelnut. She had already chosen a soft sand colored "t" that perfectly matched with them.

"It doesn't matter to me, Lana," Jesse retorted. "I just hope my clothes get here soon so I won't have to...well wear yours much longer."

He gave a perplexed blushing smile, half embarrassment and half, "I love it" that Lana knew was an indication of the confusion boiling up inside.

"Oh honey, you look perfectly normal dressed like that," Lana exclaimed to reassure Jesse while trying to hide the overwhelming smile emerging on her face. "Normal for a pretty little girl," she thought to herself.

Even though she had shaved his legs, painted his nails; got him into panties and pantyhose; even considering the fact that his derrière and hips were doing a very nice job of filling out that girl's skirt and that his front bottom was as smooth and flat as any girl his age, he looked almost like a normal boy. Well, almost. Even that horrid white, over sized T-shirt wasn't able to hide an aspect of his budding figure no boy could ever have, the two budding growths on Jesse's chest.

"These clothes are gender neutral Dear," Lana declared. "All the clothes look perfectly normal for a boy to wear. All I can see is a boy in a pair of shorts, white socks and tee shirt. Don't forget, no one can see the panties and the nylons are virtually invisible".

"What a lie," Lana laughed to herself. "The "shorts" looked like a skirt. We shaved your legs. Your butt is round. Those little orbs sneak through the "t". Your hair is about as girlish as it can get. And every one can see you're wearing nylons. They smooth the skin tone! And on top of all that no boy ever smelled as pretty as you do now. Now for the finishing touches!"

Lana put her finger to her lips, mumbled as if she was thinking then exclaimed she would be right back. What an act!

Jesse stared down past his budding breasts to his knees and mumbled to himself "Hey, I sure can see the nylons on my legs. And my legs are shaved. Why did I let Aunty shave

my legs. And the legs of these shorts sure don't look like any ones I've ever worn. But they are girls clothes aren't they?" Then he glanced at his crotch. No zipper! It was smooth! The skorts were even designed to magnify the smoothness!

"Wear girl clothes". "I want to wear girl clothes" again resounded in the subconscious. The cycle started to reverberate subconsciously. "Oh this is really nice, " the emotions blurred.

"Here we are dear," Lana gleefully exclaimed beginning her motor mouth tirade so Jesse could not voice an objection. He had already relented to a colored "t". "What do you think? I think it's just the perfect color for those shorts. I hope it fits. Give me that old white one and try it on! Here let me help you dear. Now, over the head! Here put your arms through... There!... Why I do believe it fits!"

Lana quickly stepped back to inspect her new creation. The color was gently effeminate. The match was perfect. But the effeminacy really exuded from the style, a very girlish boat neck ribbed 't'. It was magnified by the skort's style. The 'tee' literally put him 80% across the fence. But Lana wanted Jesse 100% over the gender line.

Jesse didn't have a chance to say a word until he stood there in the very girlish sand 'tee top'. "Uhh, Aunty," Jesse confusingly questioned. "Don't you think this color is a little too well...gir..."

"Too what dear," Lana again cut him off before the objection could be finalized. "Don't be such a worry wart. It's just a tee-shirt."

She especially had been careful to hide the label. It was from Umbargo, the premier girls' brand. It was really feminine especially the boat neck and the cut of the sleeves. They emphasized Jesse's delicate shoulders.

Jesse relented in front of such dominance. The color was one thing. But he had never before worn a boat neck style 'tee top'. He knew it was a girl's 'tee'. But a lot of girl's clothes

were really gender neutral. But why had Auntie chosen such a, well... girly looking one?

"Oh my," Jesse bemused to himself. "Is this my imagination or is Auntie trying to feminize me?"

"Wear girl clothes". "Dress in girl's clothes." The cycle churned in the subconscious again.

"You look great dear," Lana advised. And Jesse really did look great, but not for a boy. He appeared slender, longhaired, pretty, with a cute face and long legs, now nicely shaved and nyloned. The clothes nicely accented the natural budding girl.

"Now here is your errr....travel bag, honey," Lana declared as she handed Jesse a small brown leather purse to carry his things in. "Let's go!"

"Go?" Jesse responded in a rather perplexed way. "But, Auntie I can't go anywhere like this. I mean I'm basically dressed in girl's clothes! Why even my toenails are painted! I'm wearing some of your shorts and tee-shirt!"

"Can anybody see your toes in those socks and your Nikes?" Lana feigned confusion. "I'm telling you, you look absolutely normal! ("For a teenage girl," she mused to herself.) The nylons are just for warmth. I can't even tell you're wearing them!... You're just wearing a tee shirt and some shorts. They're neutral. And lots of the boys around here carry packs and travel bags! So why don't you quit worrying? You look fine!"

Jesse mused for a minute. Maybe he was being a little too cautious. But it was all so confusing. Underneath he liked the clothes and the feeling they gave him. But his outer personality just couldn't understand why Lana was doing this to him. It was rebelling.

But before Jesse could say anything Lana had him by the hand and was rushing out of the room.

"Why don't you do something with your hair dear," Lana remarked. "The least you could do is put it in a ponytail. You

seem so worried about your gender in those clothes, at least you can make your hair more masculine."

"Nice touch Lana," Lana thought to herself. "The ultimate misdirect! Get him to put his hair into a ponytail so he looks more masculine!"

Jesse's personal question started to fade. Yes, he knew his hair was rather girlish. He usually did keep it in a ponytail for just that purpose. But with all the occurrences this morning he had forgot.

"Thanks Aunty," Jesse replied as composed as he could be considering the stress the program was now starting to manifest. "I need a rubber band. Do you have one?"

Lana went into the bath and fetched one. It was a typical school type that he usually used. After having long hair for so long a period of time, Jesse had become adept at pulling his hair back and flipping a rubber band around the locks. He always positioned the ponytail at the base of the neck just like all the other guys did with their long hair.

Lana looked on and observed Jesse's "hair" skills. "Not bad," she mused to herself as she observed him quickly brush out his locks and twist the rubber band around the swirl of confined tresses. As soon as Jesse was finished, she again grabbed him by the hand and almost flew down the stairs. She wanted to get him out of the house as soon as possible. It was a lovely spring day in June so no coats were needed. Lana started to motor mouth on just about anything that came to mind just to keep Jesse's attention away from the fact that he was about to walk outside dressed in girl's clothes. She had to establish an atmosphere as if it was absolutely the most normal thing in the world to do; to take a boy outside essentially dressed in girl's clothes.

"There are so many things I want to show you dear," Lana commented as she got her car keys and purse from the entry foyer table. "This is a big city with so many sites. And we have so much time together!"

She opened the door, Jesse peered out into the front garden, the feelings of anxiety only half relieved by unconsciously listening to Aunt Lana. Lana gently put her hand on the middle of Jesse's back and lightly pushed him, no rather guided him to the open door. He stepped through. Lana smiled.

"...and we have a great symphony and band shell!" Lana continued. "Whomp.. click" The door slammed shut and automatically locked. Lana turned and subtly smiled at Jesse. He was outside dressed as a girl! Now she had Jesse fully in her web. There was no turning back for this little one. The girl was about to come out.

Chapter 7

"It's too far to go home!"

Jesse did feel a little disconcerted. It was the nylons and panties. He had never worn either panties or pantyhose before. They did seem to keep him warm. But they also caressed his legs and derriere in such a way that sensations of effeminacy started to surge forth from his programmed subconscious. With every step the nylons rubbed together. Their sound swished. The panties silkened the feel of the skort. He looked back at the house. There was no retreat there. "Oh my God," the personality realized. "I'm outside dressed like a girl".

Fear weakened his legs and only magnified the sense of passiveness the nylons and panties manifested. But when he glanced down at his feet, his old pair of Nikes reassured him that he could get away with this. Anyway, they were only a pair of shorts and a tee shirt, weren't they? All the rest of the girly expression was hidden.

Lana continued motor mouthing. The distractions of listening to her did dull Jesse's awareness of his predicament. Lana opened the Mercedes passenger door and Jesse got in. The panties and nylons slinked along the leather seat. The ponytail flounced on his delicate shoulders. Soon Lana had the car down the driveway and into traffic. They drove for

quite some distance. In fact, Jesse commented on the length of the drive. Lana could have stopped at any number of closer malls to transform Jesse. But she had to cross a particular bridge in order for the next step to smoothly work.

All along the way Lana pointed out points of interest. In between the geography lesson, she started to talk about clothes, makeup and general girl talk. The conversation was intended to start to acculturalize Jesse. Listening to a lecture on shades of mascara input little bits of knowledge that should be useful to Jesse in the future.

The programming was doing its job. Surprisingly to Jesse, even the personality was becoming interested in the feminine minutiae that Lana was feeding him. Skirt lengths and makeup. The color of nylons and what goes with what. Of course these swings into girl talk was interspersed with discussions on the city Jesse was visiting. After about a forty-minute drive, Lana saw the construction she anticipated. It was a bridge. Narrow, it was a little two lane bridge over a yawning creek bed five hundred feet below. And it was wide, wide enough for her to assure the items she wished to discard would surely go over the side and into the deep creek. She turned the conversation to her Mercedes C230.

"...and I always try to keep it clean," Lana advised. It was the truth. Lana did keep it immaculate. Just as she said that, Lana glance over at the carpeting on the passenger side.

"Oh Jesse," she exclaimed. "Did you track some mud from the garden into the car? I didn't see you get off the walk. Were you careless wearing those tennys?"

Uhh, no Aunty," Jesse defensively replied. "I didn't even get close to the grass."

"Take your shoes off. Let me see," Lana commanded. The bridge was a half-mile away. Jesse had to give her those shoes soon or she would have to slow down.

Eager to comply, the innocent always are, Jesse undid the laces of each shoe and took them off.

"Better tie the laces together," Lana advised. "That way I can hold them up and not get any mud on my skirt."

Jesse tied a large bow in both laces and held them up for Lana to view.

"Now this better be good," she privately mused. "Timings got to be perfect."

She took the shoes by the laces using the hand closest to the open window. She had gotten lucky with the weather. There had been no reason to keep the windows shut on such a beautiful day. Lifting them up with an intentional look of disgust on her face, she tried to view the undersole for traces of mud. But by holding the long laces by the tips in a feigned appearance of disgust, she intentionally was unable to see the bottoms. Jesse looked on with some measure of growing concern, initially because he didn't want to displease Lana. But this concern quickly transformed into distress as the shoes started to swing in and out Lana's car window.

"Oh drat," She murmured just loud enough for Jesse to hear. "I've got to lift them higher to see."

Jesse was about to volunteer to take the shoes and show her the bottoms when Lana shot her hand out the window. The shoes now dangled in the window and bounced on the door side. "I can't see the bottoms," She commented.

Her driving intentionally became erratic as she constantly tried to peer under the shoes as they bounced against the car. Out of the side of her eye, she saw the bridge fast approaching. She was already doing 55mph. Now she accelerated to amplify the erratic driving and to assure a good bounce on the pavement of the objects she intended to throw into the creek.

Jesse's distress turned to alarm as the shoes clambered outside the car dangling from their laces. The car swerved, then accelerated. It seemed Aunty was losing control. "Aunty, be carefff..."

The last word didn't get out. They were directly over the bridge now. Lana feigned one last look under the shoes. At

the same time she pulled the steering wheel over. The car swerved. For a split second Jesse looked forward at the road.

"Whoa!" Lana screamed as she flung the shoes as far away from the car as possible. To conceal what she did, her hand rushed back into the interior as if both hands were needed to regain control of the vehicle. Simultaneously, Lana gleefully smiled as she observed in the rear view mirror the shoes bounce on the bridge grating once and then tumble over the side into the creek gulch.

"My shoes," Jesse screamed. After glancing at Lana for a split second while she regained control of the car, the flash of bouncing objects quickly receding behind the car caught the edge of his eye. As he turned, he too noticed them bounce over the side as he swung his head around to view the event in the rear window. "Oh Aunty, you lost my shoes! We've got to go back! I don't have any shoes!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry hon," Lana pleaded as she continued on. "I didn't mean to do that."

"Lana we have got to go back!" Jesse was panicking. I need those shoes! They're the only ones I have!"

"Now, now, calm down dear," Lana had to now break the "bad" news. "I'm afraid you're never going to see those shoes again. I saw them tumble into Tadler Creek. That creek bed is almost five hundred feet deep and the creek itself is deep running too. I'm afraid they're completely lost."

"Oh great...just great," Jesse exclaimed. He sat silently for quite a few minutes, then requested, "Can we go home, maybe my bags have arrived."

"We're much too far away to go home dear," Lana advised. "I'll have to buy you a new pair. ("Ones with pink trim. And while I'm at it a pair of high heeled pumps and maybe some granny boots" she thought to herself.) Say, it looked like you needed a new pair anyway."

The car rolled on ever farther away from his last pair of boy shoes he would ever wear. Jesse was glum as he glanced

down at his socks. How could he even get out of the car without shoes?

"Hey, I just thought of something," Lana excitedly exclaimed after evaluating what might be a reasonable cooling off period. It was time to make the next effeminizing move. "Can you look in the back under my seat? I think I might have a new pair of sandals I was going to have adjusted."

Jesse nonchalantly nodded. Why not. He had nothing else to do. There he found the box Lana had secretly prepositioned even before they had got into the car. The box read Nine West on the cover. He knew Nine West was a girl's shoe store. But, of course, Aunt Lana would shop there. All her shoes would be girl's shoes.

"Aah, there they are," Lana exclaimed trying to fill the atmosphere with levity so that Jesse would catch the positive enthusiasm for finding an extra pair of shoes for him. "How lucky! We've got an extra pair of shoes in the car. Say, I've got an idea! Why don't you wear those sandals?"

"Yeah, why not," Jesse murmured still depressed about losing his old shoes. "At least they're shoes."

Lana glanced over smiling as he opened the box. Pulling away the tissue paper, Jesse gasped. There lay sandals alright. But they were the most effeminate pair of sandals Jesse had seen in some time. They were classic "T" straps platform wedgies. And the cork heel was at least 3 ½ inches high. They were girl's high heel sandals.

"Go on, Jesse," Lana cooed, not able to prevent the smile from radiating across her face. "Try them on, dear. Let's see if they fit."

"Uhh, Aunty uhhh," Jesse commenced. "I can't wear these."

"Well why not, Dear," Lana smilingly inquired, her tone of voice emphasizing the complete normalcy of trying on a pair of girl's high heel platform wedgie sandals. "You haven't even tried them on. How do you know the size won't be right." Of course Lana knew why Jesse had said what he said.

"It's not the size, Auntie. Uhh... They're girl's shoes," Jesse continued. "I can't wear girl's shoes. I won't wear girl's shoes. I'll look ridiculous!"

"Well they are just a little feminine," Lana had to agree to the obvious. "But I don't see any other shoes around, do you?"

She smiled a big smile. "And anyway, they could pass for boy shoes in a pinch. It's not like they're a pair of high heel pumps."

"That's the point," Jesse reiterated. "They are high heels."

"Well they might have a little bit of a heel," Lana retorted trying to downplay the utter girlishness of the shoes. "But look. They're platforms. Boys wear platforms too and you have to judge the heel from the base of the shoe."

The platform was about a half inch. But that still made the heel three inches high. Lana knew this. She had chosen them for Jesse just for this purpose. Now she had to talk Jesse into at least trying them on.

"Just try one on for size," she insisted. "If you don't like it, you can always take it off. But for the life of me I don't see why you would. You can't go barefoot! And they're the only shoes available right now."

Jesse looked at the shoes. He took one out. They were brand new. As he held it up, the girlishness of the design was amplified.

"Wear girl clothes". "Dress in girl's clothes"

The urge overpowered his outer personality. Reaching down, Jesse started to put the sandal on his socked foot.

"No dear, wait," Lana quickly interjected. "Those shoes aren't designed to be worn with socks. They won't fit if you keep your socks on. You'll have to take your socks off first before you try them on."

Jesse glanced over in disgusted consent. He had forgotten that his toenails were painted. While taking the sock off he couldn't really see his foot in the foot well on the passenger side of the car as the toe straps slid up on to his arch. His foot

took on a very effeminate arch. A surge of girly feelings wafted over his psyche. He felt for the ankle strap and after a brief second found the right hole for the clasp. Then sat back.

"Oh my God!" Lana heard Jesse exclaiming. "Look Aunty!"

Jesse held the foot up. The sandal did indeed fit. It should have. Jesse's mother had given Lana the correct size well before their visit. And Jesse's foot looked adorable in it. The foot had a pretty little arch in it. The delicacy of Jesse's now shaved and nyloned ankles were amplified by the "T" straps. But what really magnified the overall femininity was the pretty bright nail polish glimmering from under Jesse's sandal foot pantyhose exposed for all to see! Adorable!

"Aunt, I forgot that I was wearing nail polish," Jesse observed. Now for sure I ca..."

"So," Lana exclaimed. What's wrong with that? You know no one really looks at your feet anyway. So what if you're wearing a little nail polish! Half the population wears nail polish! There's no other shoes for you right now dear. So you might as well wear those. And anyway I'm the only one right now seeing your toes and I already knew your had a pedicure this morning. So what's the big deal?"

"But Aunt, that half wearing nail polish, and by the way wearing shoes like these are gi..."

"At least properly describe them dear," Lana interrupted to inject more feminine knowledge. "They're cork platform wedgies." She had intentionally left out the high heel description.

Ok,ok," Jesse replied. "Half the population wearing nail polish and cork platform wedgies are...*girls*."

"Well honey," Lana retorted. "What other shoes do you have. Just try the other one on and we'll think of something later. Go on just go ahead and wear them. They are girl's shoes but..."

She didn't have to answer. The programming took over.

"Wear girl clothes". "I want to wear girl's clothes"

Jesse's objections were immersed in a surge of feminine desire emanating for the core of his self, the core changed by the feminization training tapes. He lifted the other shoe from the box and repeated the procedure. Lana glanced over shortly thereafter to observe Jesse's feet conforming to the high heels. The knees were femininely together as the heels now dictated how his feet interacted with the other parts of his body. Little painted toes peeked out from under the nylons and highlighted the pretty shoes. It was a girl's image supreme.

Jesse was now wearing high-heeled girl's shoes.

WHAT'S NEXT?

"So you want to prove your masculinity?"

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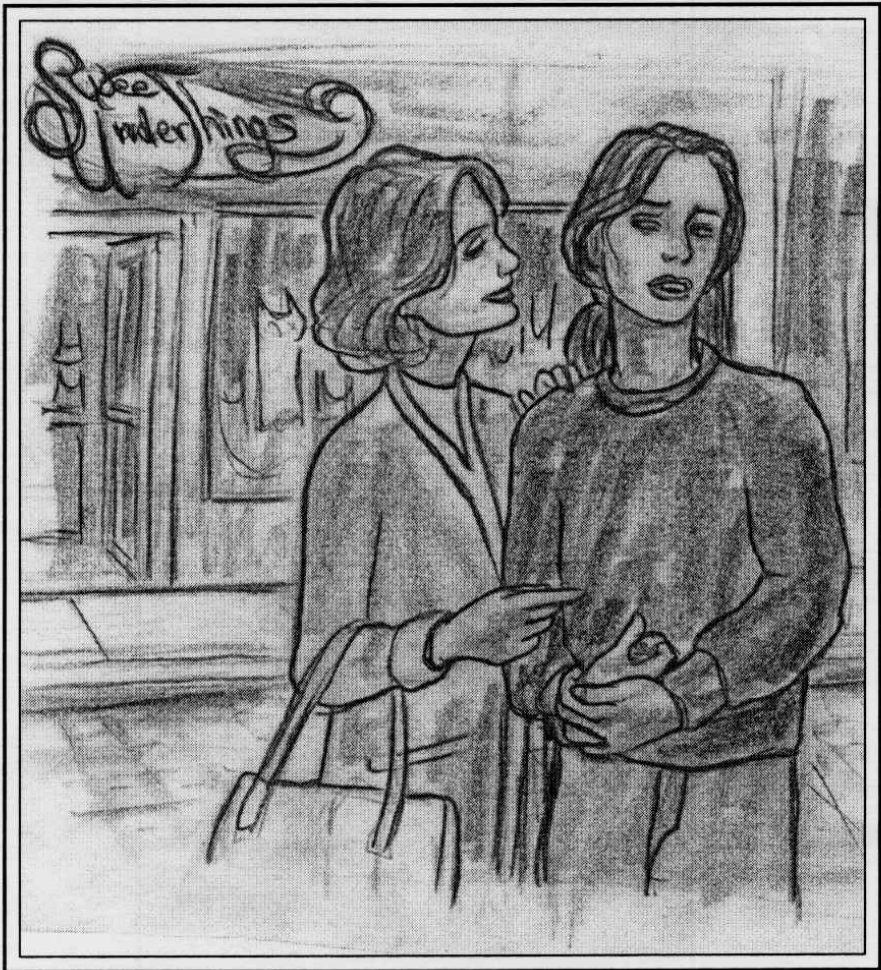
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.....	THE SLIP	10.00
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.....	STATE TAX @ 7.25% (CA. residents only)
.....	USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max)
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.....	TOTAL ENCLOSED
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.....	ADDRESS
.....	CITY	ST ZIP
.....	I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD	9-08

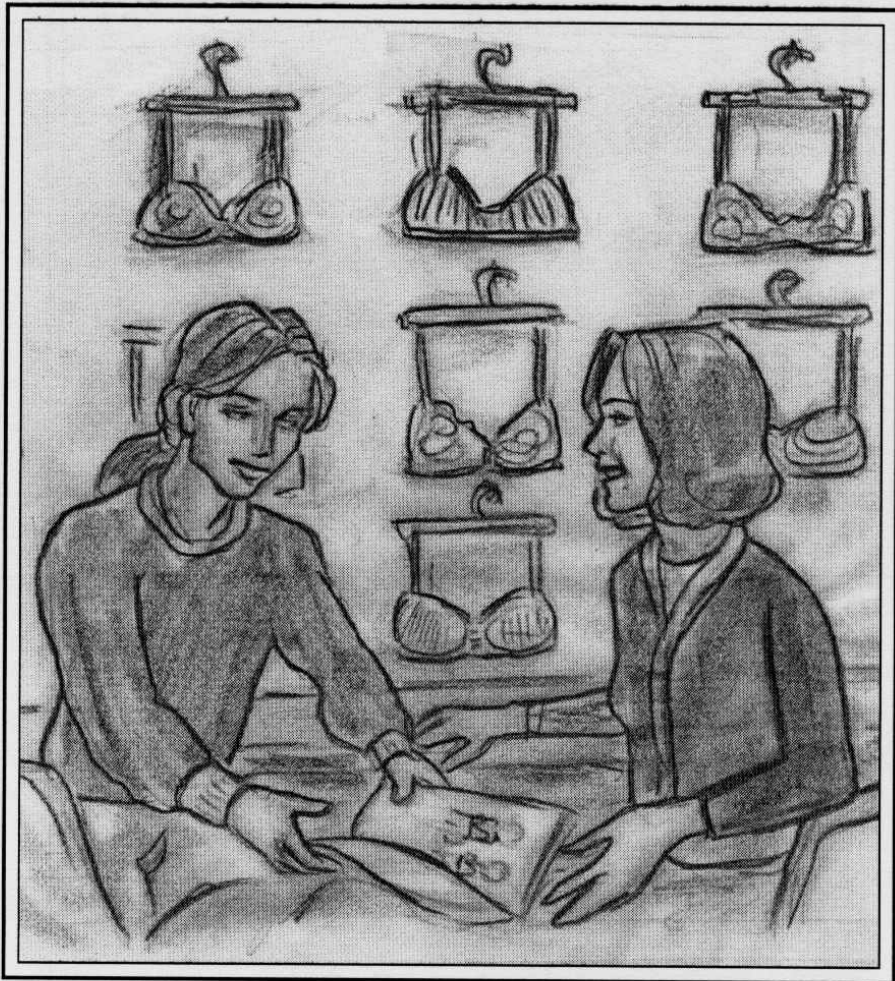
Visiting New York

Dear Mom,

Thanks for the pictures. I love looking at them. I'm back into the grind here at college. It was so much fun seeing you and Dad in New York for Christmas break. I don't know how you did it but I'm so glad you talked me into doing "IT" again.

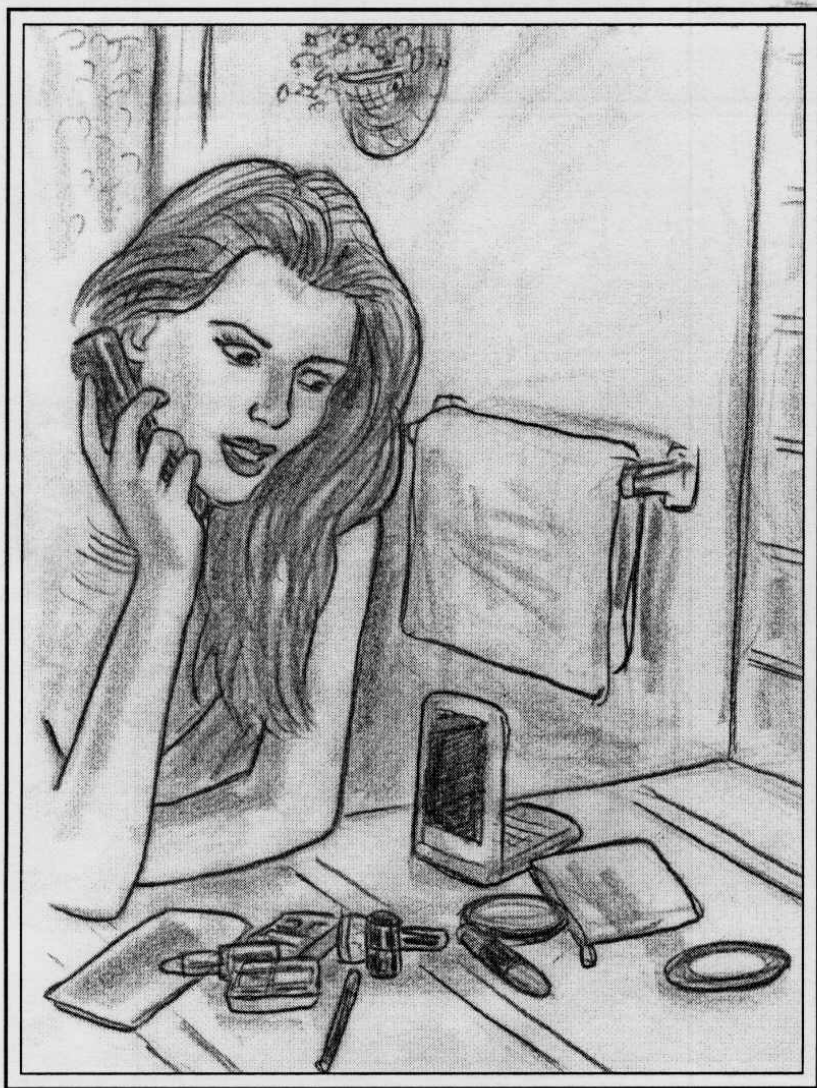


I find that now that I'm in college, I really appreciate our crazy family. What used to embarrass me now makes me strangely proud. I loved watching the shop girls when you helped me pick out a few new bras-sieres and I tried them on... I hope Dad didn't flip when he got the credit card bill.



Thanks for sending me their new lingerie catalogue! The answer is "Yes" for my birthday.

I think we got carried away at Bloomies' makeup counter. Once that cosmetic's girl saw a big sale, she couldn't do enough. I sure hope my roommate here at the dorm doesn't find my makeup.



(Continued in TVC #76, Jesse into Jessica)

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