

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

JUST LIKE MOM

Kevin follows in his mother's footsteps
and learns what it's like being a woman!



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JUST LIKE MOM -- 1

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JUST LIKE MOM

Kelly Anne

Chapter 11 (Book two of two—book one, see TVC65)

Mom and dad made a big fuss over my new “schoolgirl” look. Dad thought it was amusing to see me wearing a plain uniform after all of the frilly outfits I had been wearing.

“Quite a change for you isn’t it?” he joked as I crossed my legs to tighten the laces on my saddle shoes, “Although I must admit that you’re still very feminine even in that uniform.”

“There’s a dance at the end of the month,” mom added helpfully, “I understand that the girls get really dolled up for it.”

“Yeah, I heard that too,” I mumbled between tiny spoonfuls of cereal. I was now watching out for my figure.

“Are you going?” mom asked in her usual prying tone, “It’s supposed to be a big thing for the start of the year.”

“I haven’t decided yet,” I told her in as disinterested a tone as I could manage.

“You could wear your pink dress. The boys will go nuts when they see how pretty you look!”

I nearly choked on my cereal. The last thing I wanted to do was to go to that dance, and I certainly didn’t want to wear that dress!

“Are you okay with all this?” Dad asked, taking my side.

“Uh...yeah, just swallowed wrong,” I smiled. It was awfully sweet of daddy to be so concerned about me, but I still couldn’t tell him the truth. I finished breakfast, gave mom and dad a quick kiss, grabbed my purse and notebooks, and set off for school.

Carrying a purse everywhere I went took a lot of getting used to. Before, I could just shove a couple of bucks into a pocket and

be on my way. I don't drive, so I never bothered with a wallet. Now I not only had a wallet to carry, but lipstick, blush, liquid makeup, perfume, and tissues. You know, just normal, everyday, girl-type stuff. I can't carry my pencils and pens for school in my pockets, my skirt don't have any, and neither does my jacket. I have to carry a purse. It's not as if I have a choice.

I ran into Kim just before I got to school. "Have you heard from Joe lately?" I asked as I took a second to check out his uniform.

"Not since we got our schedules," Kim said, "I guess we'll run into him at school. He's gotta show up there."

Joe was waiting for us when we got to school. He was talking to a bunch of kids when he saw us walk up. "Hey, Trisha, Kimberly, over here," he called as he waved to us, "We've got a couple of minutes before class."

We wandered to where Joe stood with a group of kids, some we knew, and others we weren't sure of. One girl, Kelly, looked familiar, but I couldn't seem to place the cute little brunette with the perky smile.

Kelly noticed me staring at her, but waited for several minutes before smiling and extending her hand. "Hi, Trisha," she grinned, "Nice to meet you. I think you may know my brother Mark?"

"Mark?" I rushed over and gave him a hug, "Is that really you?"

"No, it's really Kelly. How's Kevin doing?" he laughed as we stepped back to admire each other.

"He's on vacation for a couple of years."

"Mark too," Kelly laughed, "What a coincidence. I hope we can be friends like our brothers were."



It felt so strange to return to school as girls with our skirts fluttering about our soft shapely legs. 'Girlfriends' who were my buddies last year greeted me.

I saw another girl who looked oddly familiar. She was cute, but didn't seem at all comfortable and kept adjusting her bra straps. "Yuck, I hate this crap!" she finally said in a voice I knew well.

Lynn?" I asked.

"Yeah, it's me," the girl said disgustedly, "or least it was me. I'm supposed to be Lynette for the next year, I guess."

"You look great," Kim told him, "problems with your bra?"

"Problems with everything!" Lynn shook his head. "I don't know how girls can wear this stuff."

"You get used to it," Joe volunteered. "After a while you forget you're wearing a bra."

"A while? How long is a while?"

"It took me about a month," Kelly spoke up, "but I was only wearing bras a couple of times a week."

"I started wearing bras after school last year," I shrugged. "They didn't bother me after about a week."

"How long have you been wearing girl's clothes?" Kim asked. "Not long, huh?"

"I started last week," Lynn replied as he tugged on his skirt, "but not every day."

"Does your mom help?"

"She offered to, but I was too embarrassed to let her," Lynn blushed as he ran his fingers through his curly hair. "I didn't want her seeing me in a bra and panties. I didn't even want her to do my hair, but I couldn't talk her out of that."

I took Lynn by the hand and started to walk. "Come on, let's go to the ladies' room and get you squared away before class starts."

"I can't go to the girl's restroom!" he cried.

"You're wearing a bra, panties, a skirt, and a blouse. Where else are you going to go?" I asked. "Come on."

It wasn't easy getting him into the ladies' room. When we finally did, I had him take off his jacket and blouse. With a bit of work, mostly getting him to stand still, I got his bra straps adjusted properly so they wouldn't fall off his shoulders.

I said, "I don't mean to upset you, but your mom did a great job on your hair. You could look really cute with just a little work."

"Are you serious?" Lynn asked, "I'm a guy. How could I possibly be cute?"

"Could I show you?" I asked trying not to spook him. "Nothing too critical, just a few little things. Trust me, you'll feel better if you look like a girl."

Lynn sighed deeply and opened the purse he carried. "Here," he said as he pulled out some makeup. Mom wants me to use this, but I don't know where to start."

"I'll show you," I told him as I gave him a quick hug, "Your mother's going to be proud of you."

Lynn took a deep breath, and then let me start to work. I showed him how to adjust his slip to prevent its peeking from beneath his skirt, brushed his hair back into place, then with a little mascara, blush, and just a touch of lipstick, he was ready to meet the world.

"Thanks," he said as he stared at the cute girl in the mirror. "You're okay."

"Sweet," I corrected him. "Girls say things like sweet, not okay."

"Then you're really so sweet," he smiled. "Is that better?"

"Much, now let's get to class."

I was happy to find that Lynn and I were together for our classes. Lynn had helped me out a few times in the past, now maybe I could repay him by helping. He seemed excited with the idea of having the help. He was just too embarrassed to ask his mother for help. She had picked out all of his clothes, his makeup, and even redid his room to make him feel comfortable as a girl, but it didn't help.

In our first period class, all of the new girls were required to stand and introduce themselves. I could see that Lynn was a little scared, so I reached over and whispered, "Don't sweat it, you look really pretty!"

Lynn's face brightened up and when his turn came, he stood and introduced himself in a soft voice. He smiled, smoothed his skirt and sat down to a thumbs-up from those of us around him.

My classes weren't that much different. After all, Algebra is still algebra, even if I'm wearing a skirt. The only hitch was in concentrating on the material when my panties rub across my slip, sending shivers up my spine. It also took a little concentration to remember to sit with my legs together since there were many boys in the class not involved in the program. There weren't any snickers from them, but once in a while I'd catch one or two staring at me in a way that made me feel funny. If I didn't know better, I would swear that they thought I was a girl and they were fantasizing about what they'd like to do to me!

Gym class was different, to say the least. The school had a separate shower and dressing area for the "new" girls, but other than that, we were treated as if we were normal girls. We took gymnastics, volleyball, tennis, but no baseball or football. We took health classes with the girls where we discussed "female problems" such as genital warts, irregular periods, and other things I can't bring myself to mention.

To make matters worse, Carol was in my gym and health class. She caught me trying to sneak off after the class on 'irregular periods'. "What's wrong, Trisha? Didn't you like the

subject today? I thought it was interesting, but then again I've never had an irregular period. How about you?"

"Knock it off, Carol," I insisted, "It was tough enough for me to sit through that stuff!"

"But you want to be a girl, remember?" she smiled ever so sweetly, "And this is stuff that girls need to know about."

"I never, ever, wanted to be a girl and you know it," I shot back, "My parents put me into this program just like every other guy that's in it."

"Not everyone," Carol whispered, a Cheshire cat grin on her face. "Some guys wanted to be in it."

"Yeah, for the jobs and stuff that comes from the training..."

"No, silly," she told me with that same funny grin, "for the clothes, the makeup, the attention from the boys..."

"What are you talking about?" I was totally lost, but that wasn't anything new when dealing with Carol.

"Sh-h-h-h," she put her finger to her lips and pulled me into an empty classroom. "Some of the new girls joined up because they like being girls," she laughed. "Some of them talked their parents into signing them up. They like being girls and this way they can do it without anyone laughing at them."

"That's ridiculous, but I have heard of some boys whose parents want to turn them into girls."

"I know one of them," Carol teased, "and so do you, but you probably don't know it!"

"Really," I asked dumfounded, "You really know a boy who's not going back?"

"Sure do," Carol kept the teasing up, knowing that it was getting to me.

Finally I had to take her bait. “Any chance you’ll tell me who it is?”

“Maybe...”

“Aw come on, Carol,” I begged, “Please tell me, please?”

“Say pretty please,” Carol ordered.

“Pretty please,” I begged again, “Pretty please tell me who the boy is?”

“On one condition,” Carol insisted, knowing that I’d agree to anything.

“Name it.”

“The dance,” there was that same sweet smile. I knew I was in trouble. “Go to the dance with me.”

“I wouldn’t make much of a date while wearing a dress,” I joked, hoping she’d change her mind. “You’d be better off with a guy that’s not in the program.”

“I didn’t mean as a date,” Carol huffed. “Trust me, I can get a real date. I want you to be a girlfriend. You know, check out guys and stuff.

“No, not a chance!” I couldn’t believe Carol would even think I’d agree to such a thing.

“I’ve got another secret I can tell you,” she teased. “It seems that a certain guy in our class thinks one of the new girls is hot!”

“You’re kidding! A guy actually thinks one of us is hot?” I wondered who the guy was and whom he was interested in. The next thing I knew I was starting to daydream about being with that guy in my fantasy.

Carol was kind enough to wake me up. “Trisha, are you in there?” she snapped her fingers in front of my eyes.

"Yeah, yeah," I told her, feeling sort of irritated with her for interrupting my fantasy. "Chill, will you? I was just day dreaming."

"Wishing you were the girl?"

"No, just wondering which of us boys is pretty enough to get a guy's attention, that's all." Hopefully she couldn't tell that I was secretly hoping that I was the girl and praying that I wasn't!

"Well let's get back to our little agreement, shall we?" Carol wasn't one to let up once she had a goal in mind. I could imagine her as a very successful businesswoman or infantry commander.

"We haven't agreed to anything," I pointed out. "You want a girlfriend for the dance. I don't want to be her."

"Please, Trisha," she asked in a little girl voice as she hugged my arm, "Please, it would be really cool and you'll like it too. I promise you will."

How could I, or any guy, resist a pretty girl like Carol? We'd known each other since Nursery School and she always knew just what to say whenever she wanted something from me.

"All right, you win again," I told her as I caved in for what had to be the millionth time, "but I'm not dancing."

"You don't have to," Carol said with her famous grin, "unless of course you want to."

"I won't," I was sure of that.

"There is one other teensy little condition."

I couldn't believe her nerve. "Geez, Carol, I'm going to a dance with you. What more could you possibly want?"

She looked me right in the eye and without a bit of hesitation said, "I want you to wear one of your teddies."

"I was thinking of wearing one anyhow," I said blushing.

“Great!” Carol exclaimed as she began to walk away, “It’s a done deal. You’ll go to the dance with me wearing your pink dress and a teddy.”

My pink dress! No way could I wear that and a teddy too. “I never said I’d wear that dress,” I sputtered. The pink dress and a teddy, with any luck I’d end up in a corner with some guy’s tongue in my mouth.

“That dress would be perfect for the dance,” Carol said as if she were talking to another girl. “It’s dreamy, and a teddy under it would be just adorable.”

Carol had me and she knew it. She’d overheard me mentioning to Joe my plans to wear a teddy to the dance. She’d stopped by the house one day and had seen me modeling the pink dress for mom and daddy. Any girl with a brain would know that combining that dress with a teddy would be wonderful.

“All right,” I said quietly, “The pink dress and a teddy. Are you sure you don’t want me to wear a garter belt and nylons too?”

“That’s up to you,” she shrugged as she started to walk away again.

“Hey, where are you going?” I started to shout, then thought better of it. If I had been quieter at the pool, Carol might never have known about the teddies and I wouldn’t be going to a dance in a couple of weeks. “Aren’t you forgetting something?”

“Okay,” Carol sighed in annoyance, “your choice. Do you want to know which boy is not going back or which boy has a crush on a new girl?”

“You promised to tell me everything,” I insisted, “I agreed to your terms, now come clean.”

Carol acted as if she were giving me the weather forecast. “The boy who’s going to stay as a girl is Kelly. She’s been taking female hormones since vacation. That’s why she looks so cute.”

"Wow!" I was amazed. Kelly looked cute, but I thought it was just hard work like Kim, Joe, and I had done. "Are you sure? Does he know about it?"

"I'm positive," Carol said smugly, "I overheard his mom telling my mom all about it. He practically begged his parents to sign him up for the program."

"His idea?"

"His mom said that he's been dressing like a girl since he was little. He used to take ballet lessons and was even a majorette before they moved here."

"That's unreal," I whistled softly, "but now, who's the guy with the crush on the new girl and who is she?"

"You're going to have to wait until after the dance to find out who the guy is," Carol laughed and began to walk away. "I need a little insurance that you'll actually show up. But as for who the girl is, it's you!"

Chapter 12

I stood there with my mouth hanging open. Me? I am the girl that a guy has a crush on? I hurried to catch up to Carol. "Stop joking, it's not funny."

Carol never even broke stride. "Think about it, have I ever lied to you?"

I had a sick feeling in my stomach. No, in all the years we've been friends, Carol never lied about anything. "Please tell me you're joking, please," I begged as we walked the hall. Carol didn't say a word; she just kept walking. "Carol, please don't do this to me."

"I didn't do a thing," she whispered to avoid other kids from hearing. "The guy knows that I'm your friend and asked me to

put in a good word for him. He thinks you're pretty and wants to get to know you."

"Why me? I didn't do anything to encourage another guy." I was on the verge of tears.

Carol stopped and pulled me aside. "Get used to it, Trisha. You're a pretty girl and guys are going to be interested."

"But..." I protested in vain.

"Yes, you are," Carol interrupted, "You're adorable actually, and you're going to be beating the guys off with a club."

"I can't go to the dance then..."

"If you don't, I'll give him your phone number and tell him you want him to call. I'll tell him you said that he was cute and that you want to go out with him."

"I'd kill you!"

"Welcome to the world of girls, Trisha," Carol laughed, "We do this to each other all the time."

With that she hurried off to her class, leaving me standing in front of the ladies room. I grabbed an open stall and sat down, feeling very sick. My friends and I bought the whole girl thing from the start. We wore makeup, fixed our hair, and wore pretty, sometimes even suggestive outfits. We competed against each other to see who could be the prettiest girl, and now I seemed to have won. Instead of claiming a prize though, I was being claimed as the prize.

I was way out of it for the rest of the day. My classes seemed like a blur. I hurried off to my room as soon as I got home, not wanting to come out again.

Mom noticed my mood when I flew through the living room and she was soon knocking on my door. "You seem upset, Trisha," she consoled, "Can I help?"

"I have to get out of the program, Mom," I sobbed, "Right away."

"You can't do that, Trisha," she kissed my head and started to brush my hair. "You have to stay in it for at least a year. You know that. Besides, your dad would have a baby if you didn't. Your pretty new outfits cost us a lot of money, you know."

"I don't care," I said as tears rolled off my face, "I'll do anything. I'll pay for all of the clothes, just get me out."

Mom continued brushing my hair and soon I found myself calming down. Mom held me tight and rocked me. "Tell me what's wrong, sweetie," she cooed softly, "I'll help if I can."

I began to tell her about Carol's teasing me at the pool and soon I was blurting out the whole story about the dance and the guy who wanted to date me.

"Carol's been your friend since you were babies," mom said as she brushed my hair. "You know she'd never do anything to hurt you. I'm sure that she was just having fun at the pool."

"But what about the guy, Mom?" I asked in between sniffles, "What about him?"

"Why not date him?" mom asked as though it was so obvious. "He sounds a bit on the shy side and those kind of boys are always very sweet. I'm sure he'd treat you well. I bet he'd be a perfect gentleman."

When mom said the word 'gentleman', I thought of the boy in my fantasy. He was a perfect gentleman, sort of shy, and I was the perfect young lady. Until 'Lookout Point', that is. I could almost feel his arm around me, his tongue meeting mine, his hand squeezing my breasts, his mouth...

"What are you thinking about, dear?" I heard mom's voice from far off. I was terrified that she'd see me letting my boyfriend suck on my breasts. Without thinking, I tugged at my bra trying to cover my breasts, and then pulled up my imaginary dress.

“What’s wrong?” I heard mom ask, closer this time. She sounded as if she were next to me. How was I going to explain being caught like this?

“I’m sorry, Mom,” I cried, “Please don’t be mad. We weren’t doing anything, really we weren’t.”

“Honey, snap out of it,” she said as she shook me, “You’re dreaming or something.”

I was jolted back to reality. I was in my room talking to mom. What had I done? “What were you dreaming about?” mom asked, “You were acting very strangely.”

“Nothing, Mom,” I stuttered, “Nothing at all.”

“You were dreaming about a boy, weren’t you?” mom asked pointedly, “What was he doing to you?”

I hated to lie to mom, but I couldn’t very well answer her truthfully. “I wasn’t dreaming about anything, Mom, I swear,” I said, trying in vain not to blush.

Mom gave me a squeeze. “I was a teenage girl once too, you know,” she winked. “Looks to me like someone was pulling on her bra, then her dress.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Mom,” I shrugged, doing my best to stay cool.

“Tell me about it, Trisha,” she said slowly, “I can’t help if I don’t know what’s bothering you.”

I never could resist mom when she acted like that; and I spilled my guts about my fantasy, the dress, the boy, the car, and everything. Mom sat and listened without interrupting. When I was done, she hugged me tight and stroked my cheek. “Looks like you went a little further on this girl stuff than you planned.”

I shook my head. “Way too far, way too far.”

“You really want to go to that dance, don’t you?” There was that tone of voice again. It wasn’t exactly commanding me to tell

the truth, just seducing me into telling my deepest secrets. I tried my best to resist, but she sort of seduced me into telling.

"I'd love to, Mom," I began to cry, "I want to wear a teddy under my pink dress. I want to wear heels, perfume, and be a fabulous looking girl. Is that so wrong?"

"No, it's not wrong at all," mom told me as she brushed my hair. "Your dad and I have been treating you like a girl for a good reason. You're supposed to be a girl. The object of the program is not just to have you wear girl's clothes and pretend that you're a girl. You're supposed to think of yourself as a girl in everything that you do. All of the parents have been given instructions on how to turn their sons into sweet young ladies."

"You mean we're really supposed to become girls? Not just dress up and pretend?"

Mom acted as if there was nothing unusual in what was happening. "Obviously, you can't really be girls. But you can be, shall we say, trained to think of yourselves as girls."

"Trained to think of ourselves as girls? How can you train a boy to think that he's a girl?"

"It's not as tough as you might think," mom laughed and waved her hand in the air. "No hocus pocus or anything like that. You just get them into pretty clothes and treat them as if they've always been girls. Soon they start to act like girls and the parents reinforce that behavior. There's an excellent reward for those who succeed, which prompts the boys to work very hard."

I had to know for sure that I wasn't cracking up. "What about my dream?"

"Perfectly normal," mom said with a big smile, "Girls your age often have sexual fantasies about boys. Your friends may not admit it, but they're probably having the same kind of dreams. I'd be willing to bet that a few are even dreaming about going to the prom in some gorgeous gown."

I felt better thinking that my friends were also getting hot and bothered over guys. I laughed, imagining how I could get them to talk about their fantasies. There was still one nagging question though. “What about this guy that thinks I’m cute?”

“Are you interested?” mom asked.

“Sort of,” I admitted, “I mean I work really hard to look pretty and it does make me feel better to think that I’m pretty enough to attract a guy’s attention.”

“Find out who he is. Get to know him better,” mom suggested, “You may decide he’s not your type after all.”

“What if I decide he is...you know, my type. Then what?”

“You’re a pretty young lady, so enjoy it!” mom laughed. “He’ll probably be thrilled to date you. You’d be quite a trophy girlfriend, one he could show off to all of his friends. Guys like that sort of thing, you know.”

“Vaguely,” I laughed, trying to remember what it was like to have a pretty girlfriend, “but what about daddy?”

Mom ran her fingers through her hair. “He’s got me. I’m his trophy,” she said in a sexy voice, “but you just leave him to me. I have a feeling that he’ll want his little girl to be happy.”

I felt so much better after talking to mom. At least now I knew that I was supposed to feel this way and that no one would think I was a little light in my loafers if I dated a guy.

I was really anxious to find out who the guy was, but no matter how much I asked Carol, she wouldn’t say. I would have to wait until the dance to find out.

In the meantime, school continued as usual. I gradually got used to wearing a skirt and even managed to get used to gripping my pen with long fingernails. I didn’t see Joe or Kim much because of our schedules, so I started hanging out with a bunch of kids who were in most of my classes. We always met in a certain

spot before school, ate lunch together, and went for pizza or burgers in the evenings.

Carol and Sue, another regular girl, were in our little group as well as a couple of other new girls, Tina from 'Girl Class' and my friend Lynette. A few guys, Greg, Mike, and Jack could usually be found in our group since they were unattached. Since none of us girls had a steady boyfriend, other girls didn't want to bring their guys around. That was okay since the guys in our group, although not our boyfriends, were always happy to go anywhere with us.

It was easy to forget that I was a boy around these guys. They treated all of the girls the same way and were always there for us if there was a movie a girl wanted to see but couldn't get a date for.

It was a week until the dance before we started to talk about it, and of course, it was Carol who first mentioned it. "Are you still going to the dance, Trisha?" she asked one morning.

I knew what she was up to and I was ready for her. "Sure, I've got this great looking dress that I can't wait to wear!"

She glared at me for a second before continuing, "The pink one? You look really great in that. I'll bet the guys will love it when you show up. Who's the lucky guy that's taking you?"

"I don't have a date yet," I shrugged. Then I smiled at Greg, "Are you going, Greg?"

"Dumb question, Trisha. Are you sure you're not really a blonde?" Greg laughed. "You girls are getting all done up and you think I'd miss it? Not on your life."

Greg was tall, good looking, and a lot of fun to flirt with. Since we were friends, the girls' felt free to practice flirting with the guys and the guys practiced their charms on us. Greg was my favorite guy to flirt with. He was a senior, but didn't act cocky like many of the senior boys. He also had a charm that I just loved.

I turned on my charm and smiled at Greg. "I'll save you a dance," I told him with my head cocked in a feminine way.

Greg never blinked. "I'll take you up on that, Trisha. Hope your dress looks as good as Carol says."

"I think you'll like it," I smiled, wondering if he was the one with a crush on me. Even if he wasn't, I planned on making his little engine race at the dance while teaching Carol a lesson.

I was going to be the sweetest, cutest, girl any guy could hope for. With any luck, Greg would be putty in my hands and Carol wouldn't be able to threaten me anymore. If she did give my phone number to a guy, I'd be more than happy to date him, if he were cute, of course.

Carol begged me to dress for the dance at her house, so that morning I carefully packed my pink dress, with a pink teddy, bra, and slip. I threw in my white heels and two pairs of stockings, in case I got a run in one. Nothing annoyed me more than getting a run when I didn't have an extra pair in my purse.

Carol and I rushed to her house after classes to get ready for the dance. She got first crack at a bath while I ironed our dresses. Carol had picked out a great looking outfit, a dark blue miniskirt with a silky white blouse and blue vest. I could picture Carol in that outfit, she'd get a lot of attention from the guys at the dance, but I was sure that I'd get more. Carol had a great figure, but my dress more than made up for anything that I lacked and no one would know it wasn't real. I couldn't wait to see how mad she'd get when the guys started hitting on me instead of her.

The fun started as soon as we walked into the gym. Greg and Lynette were the first to spot us and came rushing over. "Trisha, you are a doll," Greg told me as he followed the curves created by my dress. "Those uniforms should be banned because of what they do to girls."

"Thanks, Greg, you really know how to make a girl feel good," I touched his arm lightly, just enough to invade his

personal space and show that I was interested. "You're such a sweetheart!"

"I'm only calling 'em like I see 'em, Trisha," he joked, "And I like what I see!"

"Aren't you forgetting someone?" Carol asked, "Did I suddenly become invisible?"

"You look great too, Carol," Greg smiled, "but I figured you were used to hearing that from guys."

I saw a chance to upstage Carol while still defending her, so I went for it. "A girl can never hear that often enough," I flashed Greg a big smile and touched his arm again. "If in doubt, go ahead and tell us anyhow."

Greg took my hand and kissed it. "I shall burn it into my memory, my dear lady. Now 'wouldst thou' be so kind as to dance with me?"

I felt Carol burning up as I walked to the floor with Greg. I hated to do that to her, but then again, she deserved it after the way she teased me!

Greg turned out to be an excellent dancer. He went through the fast songs without missing a move and never once stepped on my toes during the slow ones. When we danced together, he held me without hesitating and treated me as though I was the only girl in the room. We talked about school, our likes and dislikes, and even about the 'Walk a Mile' program. He seemed curious, but not offended that I willingly took on the life of a girl.

"Why did you sign up?" he asked as we swayed to the music, "Did your folks want you to be a girl?"

"Not that I know of," I answered, feeling completely relaxed and comfortable. Greg and I were friends, so it didn't bother me at all to answer his question. "They thought it would help me get a good job, I guess. How come you didn't sign up?"

Greg chuckled, "I guess I'm just not man enough to be a girl. Not to mention that I'm six foot two."

I looked up at Greg. I'd always been short. Even in my heels I was only about five foot eight, but it never seemed that important. Staring up at Greg though somehow made me feel very secure and protected; even though I never felt that I needed to feel that way before.

"That could be a problem," I noticed that he seemed to pull me just a little closer. "It's best if you can at least look like a girl, I guess."

He looked down at me and lowered his voice. "You look great, do you know that?"

I wondered if he saw how badly I was blushing. Hopefully my makeup was covering it. "Amazing, a good dancer, charming, fun to be with, how come some girl hasn't snapped you up?"

"I haven't found any that I wanted to be snapped up by," he told me as he moved his hand further down my back. "How come some guy hasn't snapped you up?"

"I don't think many guys would be interested," I laughed, "I'm still a guy too, remember?"

"You're too pretty to be a guy," I could feel him gently trying to pull me closer. I took a small step forward to help him, "Do you like it?"

I knew what he was asking. "Sometimes," I blushed, "it can be fun to look pretty."

"Then you must be having a lot of fun tonight," he whispered softly as I laid my head against his chest. "You're the prettiest girl here."

"Thank you, I'm having a wonderful time," I whispered back. "I've never felt so much like a girl before."



As I looked about the ladies' restroom, I realized that many of the girls were boys I'd met at 'girl school'. The 'little girl's room' took on a whole new meaning.

Carol was stunned to see me holding Greg's hand after we danced. "What gives with you two?"

When the song ended, Greg reached for my hand. As his fingers closed around mine, I was so happy that mom had talked me into coming. I squeezed Greg's hand just to let him now how much I enjoyed being with him!

"Can't a girl spend time with a cute guy?" I asked innocently.

Carol took my hand. "Let's go to the 'little girl's room', Trisha."

"I'll b right back, Greg, don't run off," I whispered as he released his grip.

I secretly smiled as Carol dragged me into this most private of feminine retreats. "How did you know that Greg was the guy with the hots for you?" Carol questioned as soon as we entered.

"He is?" I gasped. "I didn't know, but I'm glad I know now."

"You mean that you're still going to dance with him, knowing that he wants to be more than just a friend?"

"Of course, girl," I giggled. "What girl wouldn't want Greg for more than just a friend?" I knew I had her goat now.

"You're joking, right?" she blinked. "I mean you are the one who was scared to death that a guy was interested in you."

I delicately dabbed at my lipstick and patted my cheekbones and nose with powder to remove any shininess. "So I was wrong," I shrugged, "Oh...and if another guy wants my phone number," I said as I left the restroom to rejoin Greg, "Tell him I'm taken..."

There was nothing but silence from Carol as I traipsed over to Greg, and he and I walked together to get a drink, our arms locked around each other's waists.

Greg and I had a terrific evening dancing together. It was just the sweetest thing the way he wanted to hold my hand or hold me

close during slow songs. I loved putting my head against his chest for a slow dance. The way he smiled at me during the fast dances made me feel weak. By the end of the night, in the eyes of the rest of the kids, Greg and I were officially a couple. He was my boyfriend and I was his girlfriend, nothing different than with any other boy and girl.

Carol couldn't wait to pester me with questions after the dance. "What happened to that scared little mouse that refused to come to the dance?" she demanded to know.

"I just had a change of heart," I skirted her question.

"But you were terrified of having a boyfriend just a couple of days ago. What happened?"

"You're right, I was scared out of my mind," I agreed, "but then I had a long talk with mom and she helped me get my head screwed on again."

Carol shook her head and smiled, "She must have used some awfully good screws. You made Kelly look like a linebacker tonight"

"Thank you," I said as I gave her a hug, "That means so much to me."

It really did. Kelly was wearing a short, pale yellow lace dress over a satin underskirt. His long hair was curled and held in place by a scarf that matched his dress. His legs looked fabulous in a pair of sheer stockings and he walked in heels with a sway that caused the guys to follow his every move. Thankfully, Greg showed no interest at all in how Kelly looked, he never once took his attention from me.

"You're goofy, do you know that?" Carol teased as she swatted me with a pillow.

"I don't care as long as I've got Greg!" I shot back, sticking out my tongue.

Chapter 13

Back at school on Monday, I found Greg waiting with the rest of the gang. As soon as he caught sight of me, his face brightened and he rushed to greet me. "Still my girl?" he asked as he picked me up and swung me around.

"If you don't put me down, I'm going to be everybody's girl," I teased. "I don't want to show off my panties for the whole school!"

Greg quickly stopped swinging me. "If you want down, I want a kiss."

"A kiss, Greg?" I whispered, "I don't know."

Greg must have felt me tensing up and slowly lowered me to the ground. "I'm sorry, Trisha," he said with the saddest look I'd ever seen, "I thought you wanted to be my girl."

I couldn't stand seeing this sweet guy looking as though I'd just plunged a knife into his heart. I stood on tiptoes and kissed him on the cheek. "It's all right, Greg," I whispered, "It's not your fault and I really do want to be your girl."

It was as if a searchlight suddenly turned on in his head. His face brightened up, the sad look vanished, and the next thing I knew I was in his arms. I couldn't believe the effect I had on him. He was so much bigger than I was, but I was in control. If I withheld my affection, he'd be reduced to a blob of jelly.

He held me very tightly, but I didn't want to get away. It felt so nice to have his strong arms around me and I just wanted to melt into him. I lifted my face to tell him how much I liked his holding me and was met by his face no more than an inch away. I knew exactly what Greg wanted and I knew that I'd give it to him. My lips met his and then our tongues touched.

My first kiss as a girl only lasted for a second or so, but it was something I knew that I'd never forget. I wasn't just a girl and it wasn't just a kiss. I was Greg's girl and it was our first kiss. "If

I'm dreaming, please don't wake me up," I sighed as I melted into my new boyfriend's arms. "This is heaven."

Greg took care of me, as he held me and kissed me on the head, making me feel so happy that I was his girl. I noticed the others looking at us for a moment, but they didn't seem at all upset, just sort of amazed.

"I see you two hit it off pretty well at the dance," Lynn said with a smile. "You look like you were made for each other."

"Can you give us some tips?" another girl chimed in. "Every girl in the school has tried to hook Greg. How did you do it?"

"Just lucky, I guess," I told her as I snuggled into Greg's arms and was rewarded with a kiss on the head. "He and I were dancing and started talking. The next thing I knew, I was his girl!"

"Way to go, Greg," one of the guys called as Greg and I walked hand in hand to class.

"Some girls have all the luck," I heard a girl mutter as we passed her on our way to class. I squeezed Greg's hand and let him pull me close. With a boyfriend like him, what more could a girl want?

Of course Joe and Kim were surprised that I decided to become Greg's steady girlfriend. There was a message waiting for me at home as soon as I got back from Carol's the next day. Joe insisted on knowing every little detail. He wondered if I was making a mistake while trying to get even with Carol. I told him not to worry. I was a big girl and although it did feel good to see Carol going nuts, I really did care for Greg.

Kim was so sweet. He also wanted to know all about how I took one of the school's best catches off the market. "What was it like when you kissed?" he asked after school one day. "Did bells go off? Did you see fireworks?"

"I don't remember hearing any bells," I smiled as I remembered our first kiss, "I just remember feeling so good, as if I didn't have to worry about anything ever again."

"Was it the same as kissing a girl?"

"No, not even close," I admitted. "When I kissed girls, I felt strong. With Greg, I didn't feel weak exactly, just that Greg was in charge and I felt secure," I sighed. "It's such a wonderful feeling when he puts his arms around me. I really can't compare it to being with a girl."

"Please don't say anything to Joanne," Kim begged. "She can be so cruel sometimes. I think that I've found a guy that makes me want to rush home and thank my parents for putting me into the program."

"I won't say a word," I promised, anxious to hear what kind of boy could spark a flame like that in Kim. He'd always been so level headed and sensible. I couldn't imagine him falling for a guy like I did.

"His name is Bobby," Kim confessed with a far away look in his eyes. "He's second string on the football team, he has the cutest smile, light brown hair that cries out to run my fingers through it, and best of all, I think he likes me!"

"How can you be sure that he likes you?" I asked breathlessly. My heart was pounding with delight listening to Kim tell me about the boy who captured his heart.

"I've been watching them practice after school. That's why I'm not around much," he smiled. "I spend my afternoons in the bleachers watching the practices."

"You're sneaky, do you know that?" I laughed at the thought of my sensible friend spending his afternoons staring at some guy.

"I try," Kim laughed. "I spend a few extra seconds in the girl's bathroom just to accidentally run into him when he switches classes after third period. I pretend to be doing

homework, but I always manage to smile at him if he comes close to the bleachers where I'm sitting."

"Sounds like you're doing everything right."

"So how come he hasn't asked me out yet?"

"I don't know, Kimberly," I confessed sadly, wishing that I could be more help to him. "Maybe he's shy and doesn't realize that you're there?"

"I could grab and kiss him the next time he gets close," Kim giggled. "That should let him know I'm there!"

"Kimberly Marie!" I feigned being upset, "you are not that kind of girl!"

"No, I'm just a lonely one," Kim said before we went our separate ways. Greg was waiting to study with me and Kim had to get to his spot on the bleachers.

Between studying and dating Greg, I lost track of Kim's attempt to land a guy of his own until he called me one evening bubbling with happiness. "It worked, Trisha," the voice on the phone shouted with glee, "I got him to notice me!"

"Kimberly? What's going on? What worked?"

"Remember that song from the '60's, Trisha? Bobby's Girl?"

Kim was a big fan of ancient music, stuff they called 'Bubble Gum'. "Yeah, I remember hearing it," I said, "So what's that got to do with you?"

"It's going to be my song soon, Trisha," he said proudly, "I'm going to be Bobby's girl!"

It all came rushing back, Bobby, the football player, Kim's crush on him. "That's super, Kimberly," I said, "Are you two going steady?"

“Not yet,” Kim giggled, “We’ve only gone out twice so far. I think he’ll ask me this week though. I’m going over to his house for dinner on Sunday.”

“Meeting the parents already?” I laughed, “He must think a lot of you.”

“He does, Trisha, he really does,” Kim gushed. “It wasn’t easy landing him, but he’s worth the effort.”

“Don’t keep me in suspense, how did you land him?”

“Just come to the field after school tomorrow. I’ll explain everything then.”

“Am I going to get a chance to meet this fabulous hunk?” I teased. “Maybe I’ll trade you Greg for Bobby.”

“Not until he asks me to go steady,” Kim laughed. “I’m not dumb enough to lose him to you.”

I couldn’t wait for the end of classes the next day. I just had to know how Kim had captured Bobby. When the last bell rang, I met Greg and gave him a quick kiss. “I have to meet one of my girlfriends,” I told him, “A little girl talk.”

“Have fun,” he said after picking me up and kissing me. At least I was able to break him of swinging me all around when I was wearing a skirt. “Don’t forget to call me later.”

I dashed off to the field, scouring the bleachers for any sign of Kim, but he was nowhere to be found. The football team was on one end of the field and the cheerleaders were on the end. I watched from the bleachers as the girls on the cheerleading squad ran through their dances and other routines. I never gave much thought to becoming one since I wasn’t all that outgoing.

Their practice ended and the girls were leaving the field when one started to run towards me screaming my name. “Trisha, come here.” The girl waved me to where she stood gathering her purse and gym bag. The voice was familiar, but it couldn’t be....

I walked to where the girl stood, she had her back to me, but there was just something so familiar about her. She grabbed her purse and bag, and then swung around to face me. "Aren't you going to congratulate me for making the squad?"

I couldn't believe my eyes. My shy, quiet, introverted, girlfriend, Kimberly was now a cute cheerleader! "Kimberly?"

"You got it, Trisha," Kim said with a broad grin.

"I don't believe it! You, a cheerleader?"

"It seemed like the best way to get Bobby's attention," Kim explained as we walked. "The cheerleaders get to be right down on the field while the guys practice. I figured he couldn't miss me from there.

I looked at Kim and thought that he was the perfect cheerleader. Short for a guy, he was just the right size for a perky little cheerleader. His figure was just right for the tight sweater and his legs looked exquisite under his short, pleated skirt.

"I watched the cheerleaders, then went home and practiced for hours until I just knew I could do their routines as well as any of the other girls. I begged for a tryout and here I am."

"You were never that outgoing before," I mentioned, still amazed at how cute and sexy Kim looked. "What changed your mind?"

"I just had to get Bobby's attention," he explained. "Football players and cheerleaders are sort of a matched set, so I decided to become his other half, so to speak."

"Well, spill your guts, girl," I chuckled. "How long have you two been dating and what kind of a kisser is he?"

"We've only had two dates so far. This week will be the first time I've been to his home."

"And the kissing?"

“Divine,” Kim pretended to go into a faint, “Heavenly, wonderful.” He leaned closer and whispered, “I nearly wet myself when we kiss!”

“Do you think we’re doing the right thing?” I suddenly asked. “I mean it’s one thing to dress like this, but dating other guys?”

Kim reached into his purse and pulled out his compact. Touching up his makeup, he took several minutes to think over my question. “I think it’s more than just wearing girl’s clothes and stuff,” he finally replied. “I don’t know how to say this exactly but...”

“You’re starting to think of yourself as a girl, aren’t you?”

“Since before school started,” Kim admitted sheepishly, adding a little color to his lips. “I have a great time with mom, we do each other’s hair, we watch romantic movies together, and we have girly girl days when we get manicures, pedicures, massages, and facials before we go out on a shopping binge. It’s been so much fun!”

“Mom and I have become closer too,” I admitted. “We talk about boys, go shopping, help each other dress, stuff I just couldn’t do if I was a boy.”

“So we’re both pretty much girls now, aren’t we?”

“Sort of,” I admitted, “Mentally at least. What can we do about it?”

“Nothing, not until we’re out of the program,” Kim took out his ponytail, and then shook his head. He looked adorable, sweet, young, and innocent; just the kind of girl that boys line up to conquer. If I weren’t involved in the program, I might have a shot at him myself.

“And then?” I had to ask, “What do we do then?”

Kim brushed his hair back with the casual gesture that drove boys mad. “I’m not going back, Trisha.”



"I'm not going back to being a boy," Kim stated proudly. A boy can't just change into a girl, but you couldn't tell by watching Kim skillfully apply lipstick to his sensuous pink lips.

“You’re kidding, right?” I blurted. “You can’t be serious.”

“I’m not kidding. I don’t ever want to be a boy again.”

“But you can’t...”

“Yes I can and I will too,” Kim said determinedly. He flipped his skirt and smiled. “Tell me the truth, Trisha, isn’t this the best thing that ever happened to you?”

I took my time to think over what Kim was asking. “I’m not sure,” I finally told him. “Yes, it has been a lot of fun pretending to be a girl, but I’m not sure I could stay this way.

“Pretending?” Kim smiled, “Are you just pretending to be a girl when Greg holds you tight and kisses you?”

Could I really say that I was only pretending to enjoy being Greg’s girlfriend? It feels like we are made for each other when he holds my hand. When he puts his arm around me, I can’t help but snuggle close to him. When our lips meet, it certainly is not pretending. I can’t possibly be anything but Greg’s girlfriend when he kissed me. It makes me feel all tingly inside.

“Come on, Trisha,” Kim teased, “answer the question. Are you pretending when Greg kisses you?”

No,” I confessed, snapping back to reality, “No, I’m not pretending. When Greg kisses me, I’m a girl, his girl.”

“Then you won’t switch back either?” he asked hopefully. “We can be girlfriends for the rest of our lives. We’ll be each other’s maid-of-honor when we marry. Better yet, we’ll have a double wedding! Imagine walking down the aisle in a beautiful white gown, wearing your sexiest lingerie. You say “I do”, he kisses you, and it’s official. You’re a married woman and you can’t wait until that macho husband of yours sees you in your lingerie. He kisses every inch of your sweet little body before he begins to undress you. Can’t you just feel him tugging at your panties, pulling them ever so gently over your hips and off your legs? You’ll go wild with delight when he starts to play with your nipples and then it will happen...”

"What...what will happen?" I hated it when Kim teased me like this. He loves to tell a story that he knew I'd be interested in and then let me hang. "When are you going to quit teasing me like that?"

"Never!" Kim laughed, "I love it when I can suck you along like this and then..."

"There you go again," I groaned.

"All right," Kim said with an evil looking grin, "You're in bed with your new husband, he's just finished removing your panties, he's playing with your nipples, and he's driving you over the edge. You want him, you need to have him, but he's taking his time."

"Like someone else I know," I muttered under my breath.

"You can't wait any longer. 'Take me!' you scream, and then you feel it. He's inside of you! It's a feeling you can't begin to imagine. Every nerve in your body is sending pleasure signals to your brain. You wrap your legs around him and squeeze. Suddenly he tenses up, and you feel it and do the same. A millisecond later, you and your husband climax together. You're a woman and wouldn't have it any other way."

"Jeez, you tell one hell of a story," was all I could say as I tried to catch my breath. "Have you ever considered becoming a salesman?"

"Saleswoman!" Kim corrected. "I might," he added with a toss of his head. "Guys would probably love to buy from me."

"I'm not going to argue that," I told him. "Actually, you look so much better as a girl than you ever did as a boy."

"I know," Kim smiled, "That's one reason I'm going to stay this way. All the guys used to tease me and laugh at me because I was short. Do you know that I already dated three guys before meeting Bobby?"

Looking at Kim in his cheerleading uniform, I didn't doubt it. "No wonder you haven't called. I wondered what you'd been up to."

"I'm sorry, Trisha. I really should have called, but I guess I got carried away with my new life."

"I understand, Kim, at least about not calling. I'm still not sure about your becoming a girl though."

Kim smiled sweetly. "I'm sure, Trisha," he said before walking towards his house. "Please don't be mad though, I still want to be friends."

"Always," I called and waved as I went my way.

Chapter 14

I still saw Kim occasionally at games. He was the one in front, his skirt flipping up and down as he gave his all to stir up support for the team and especially his boyfriend Bobby. There were many times that I overheard guys sitting near me commenting on Kim and what they'd like to do to him. What a surprise it would be for them to realize that Kim had the same feelings for them!

School settled into a dull routine, and I became used to being a girl. Stepping into my slip and skirt in the morning was nothing new, so looking for a little variety, I started changing the way I wore my hair. One day I'd have it in a ponytail, the next hanging loose with a pretty scarf or some other type of hair ornament.

Mom and I became even closer now that I had a boyfriend. We sat in the kitchen one evening sipping our cups of tea while she patiently listened to me go on and on about my honey. She shared stories of her dating years and what she had gone through to snag dad. It made me feel funny to realize that Kim and I had done the same things to land our boyfriends.

Mom laughed when I told her what I was thinking. "Boys can be so dumb. They never seem to realize that once we set our sights on them, we always win."

"Greg actually thinks he made the first move on me at the dance," I giggled. "He never seems to notice the way I used to smile at him, laugh at his jokes, or how I touched his arm."

"Let him keep thinking that way, Trisha," mom advised me. "Some boys will run if they realize that they were set up by a girl. It hurts their silly male pride."

I had an irresistible urge to defend my boyfriend's honor. "Greg would never act like that. He really loves me!" Did I say the L word? From the smile on my mother's face I was sure of it.

"You're a little young for love yet, Trisha," mom said softly. There wasn't a trace of sarcasm in her voice. "Enjoy yourself, and have a great time with your sweetheart. Maybe it will work out for the two of you, but don't be too upset if it doesn't. You're a very pretty and sweet girl. There will be plenty of boys who would give anything to be your boyfriend."

Maybe I should have argued with mom, but I guess that it was just like Kim had said. I had mentally become a girl. I smiled and told mom how sweet she was and how much I loved her. I kissed her goodnight then went to say goodnight to my father.

"Goodnight, Daddy," I said as I kissed him on the cheek, "Sweet dreams."

"You too, honey," he smiled. "I suppose that you'll be dreaming about Greg, won't you?" he teased.

"Well, he is awfully dreamy, Daddy."

"When can your mom and I meet the young man who captured our daughter's heart?"

"Soon, Daddy, but you have to promise to be nice to him."

“As long as he keeps you happy, he has nothing to worry about from me,” daddy said with a smile, “but if he breaks my little girl’s heart, it’s going to be a different matter altogether!”

I gave daddy another kiss and went off to bed. He really seemed much more accepting of me being a girl lately. He didn’t get upset at all when he found out about Greg, and now he even wanted to meet him. I guess mom was right when she told me to leave him to her. She certainly changed his mind quickly. I made a mental not to thank mom and to ask her for some cooking lessons. I felt a need to impress Greg with my domestic skills.

It took me a little while to get the hang of cooking, but soon I was taking over mom’s job as the family’s cook. Mom was thrilled to turn over the cooking duties, I was happy to learn, and daddy was happiest of all. He would come home from work to some of the best dinners he could hope for.

Some nights I kept it simple with a roast and potatoes, but I occasionally enjoyed branching out into more elaborate dinners, often a multi-course meal complete with dessert, which I also planned, prepared, and served.

Daddy wasn’t thrilled that I insisted we dress for our special dinners, but since he wore a suit to work, dressing for him was a matter of not changing when he got home. Mom always wore suits to work, but sometimes she’d change into a pretty dress or a gown just for my dinners. I had the toughest part of all. After school, I’d rush home and still wearing my uniform, I’d start dinner. Once everything was cooking, I’d rush to my room and change into something fancier than my plain uniform.

I loved looking through my closet and finding just the right outfit to wear. Sometimes it was a really cute dress, but most of the time I’d choose one of my gowns. I’d change into matching lingerie and stockings. I always wore stockings under my gowns. They seemed a better idea than pantyhose for special occasions.



"Please...daddy," I mewed as I cuddled into his arms and kissed his forehead. I was amazed how I could wrap him about my little finger. Being a daddy's girl...has its advantages.

Then I'd rush back to the kitchen to check on dinner. It gave me a special thrill to run around the house in just my bra, panties, and nylons. Even if no one else could see me, I still felt naughty and so very sexy!

Just before everything was ready, I'd dash back and fix my makeup. A little mascara to make my lashes look long and curly, a mix of white and whatever other shade of eyeshadow at the outside edges opened up my eyes. I applied a coat of liquid, blush, lip liner, and lipstick to give me kissable looking lips. I'd brush out my hair, add some jewelry, a little perfume, slip on my heels, and daddy's little girl wasn't so little anymore!

"You look so grown up in your gowns, Trisha," daddy once told me. "I guess you're not a little girl anymore."

"I'll always be your little girl, Daddy," I said as I snuggled up on his lap and gave him a kiss, "but thank you for telling me how grown up I look. It makes me feel so nice to dress up like this. I'm glad you appreciate it."

After weeks of practice, I was finally ready to show off for Greg. I invited him to dinner with the promise that I'd be cooking. "You can cook? Beautiful, smart, and you cook? I can't let you get away," he expressed his feelings in his preferred way, with a long, tongue probing, kiss.

"I hope not, Greg," I whispered sweetly, "I'd be lost without you."

Greg showed up exactly on time that Saturday. I had asked him to please wear a jacket and tie for me since I wanted it to be a very special night. I wore a long black skirt with a side slit, a white silk blouse that allowed my camisole to peek through, and the highest heels I had ever worn. I had spent weeks wearing them while I cooked and served dinner just to be able to walk in them for that one night, but it would be worth it to keep Greg's attention. I did my makeup a little heavier than Greg had seen before. I wanted to look a little more grown up for him as I served my first meal to him.

He was just so handsome as he walked up to my door, I couldn't help but worry that another girl would jump out and kidnap him before he reached my house.

Mom wanted me to stay in my room until she called for me. She thought it would be best to make a grand entrance. "That's so old fashioned, Mom," I insisted as I raced to get the door as the bell rang. "Girls don't act like helpless little dolls anymore."

I opened the door and smiled to see the world's cutest guy smiling down at me. "Trisha, you look gorgeous," Greg told me as he leaned over for a kiss.

"You're such a doll, Greg," I teased. "You know just what to say to a girl to make her day."

I took Greg by the hand and proudly introduced him to my parents. As soon as the introductions were over, daddy took him into the living room to watch some silly sports show while mom and I finished preparing the dinner.

The evening turned out to be perfect. Greg and daddy got along as though they were old friends, talking about who won the World Series, what chance the Jets had of getting into the Super Bowl, and all sorts of guy talk. I was bored listening to the men in my life carry on about sports. Fashion was my interest, but for some reason, neither Greg nor daddy seemed to care about the latest styles for winter.

Everything was going along according to my plans, when suddenly Greg saw an old picture that we had missed putting away that afternoon. He walked across the room to the mantle and stared at my freshman class picture. "Was this you?"

"That's what she looked like two years ago," dad beamed. "She's changed so much it's hard to remember when she was a boy."

"Daddy!" I screamed in horror. What was he doing?

Greg held my picture in his hand as he walked towards me. "It's okay, Trisha," he said softly. "I know that you weren't

always such a wonderful girl. The only thing that counts is that you are now.” With that he put his free hand around my waist drawing me close. He kissed me on the head and gave me a gentle squeeze.

“It’s almost a shame that you were a boy. You would have made the cutest little girl in the whole world.” I couldn’t believe my ears. Greg was looking at a picture of me as a boy and telling me that he still cared for me!

“It took a few months to turn him around,” dad remarked as casually as if he was talking about a car. “His mother worked hard to make a young lady out of him, but it was worth it.”

I stood speechless as dad and mom laughed about my first attempts at putting on makeup, how I struggled to learn to walk in heels, and of course my first bikini.

Greg took it all in stride, and when it was over, he told my parents that I should never be a boy again. “It would be such a waste to let a girl this wonderful become a boy.”

Dad nodded his enthusiastic agreement. “He’s right, Trisha. You are much too pretty to be a boy.”

I gave daddy a gentle jab to the arm. “If you don’t mind, I’ll make my own decisions on being a boy or a girl, thank you very much.”

After thoroughly embarrassing me, my parents finally decided to go to a movie and leave us kids alone for the evening. Daddy told Greg that he hoped he’d make a habit of stopping by. He felt better having another guy around to offset all of the girlish surroundings. Greg, being the perfect gentleman, faithfully promised to take over the role of my dad’s son now that I had abandoned him.

As soon as my parents pulled out of the driveway, Greg pulled me close and gave me another of his trademark, tonsil cleaning, kisses. “I don’t know how to say this, Trisha,” he said softly, “but I think I’m falling in love with you.”



"Kevin tried so hard to be manly," Dad sighed, "but he never succeeded."

"I'm happy he failed the macho test," Greg grinned.

"Daddy! You are embarrassing me!"

I was overcome with emotion and started to cry. “Oh, Greg, that’s so wonderful,” I blubbered, “I know that I’m in love with you!”

We had an evening to remember, we kissed, watched TV, kissed some more, cuddled, kissed some more, and when we got tired of all that, we kissed even more. Greg held me in his arms and told me again and again that he loved me with all of his heart.

Chapter 15

From that night on, Greg was considered a member of my family, which had its good and bad points. I got to see Greg more than ever, but I had to share him with my daddy. Daddy took an instant liking to Greg and began treating him like a son. They fished and hunted together, went to baseball and football games, argued over who had the best team, and worked on our family car together. I was beginning to feel like I had lost a boyfriend and gained a brother. I tried to be interested in the things they were doing, but a car engine just couldn’t hold my attention for very long. The only thing I cared about was that the car would get me to the mall so that I could shop. How it did that, I truly didn’t care.

While daddy and Greg grew closer, so did mom and I. We spent our new free time shopping or getting pampered at Betty’s beauty shop. It became sort of a biweekly ritual to get facials and massages at the beauty shop. I had to admit that my skin never looked better in my life. I knew I’d have a tough time being Kevin after all of this pampering, but it was just too nice to stop.

While Greg and daddy fussed over greasy car parts or stuck poor yucky little worms on hooks, mom and I sat in comfortable chairs having our nails done and our pores cleaned. “We were doing it for our guys,” mom explained. When their attention finally shifted back to us, we wanted to make them thankful that they had such pretty women.

I found myself changing now that Greg and I had professed our love for each other. I still liked frilly, girly, stuff like pretty lingerie, facials, and manicures, but I seemed to settle down, becoming more of the girl next door rather than the ultra feminine girl I had been. I moaned along with the other girls about having to wear the uniform, but on days when we were permitted to wear whatever we wanted, I leaned more towards casual, comfy, outfits like jeans. I still enjoyed getting all dolled up in a pretty outfit, especially for Greg, but not for school. In school and at home, I wanted to be comfy and there's just no way to be comfy in a miniskirt. You're just too busy tugging it down and worrying about whether or not your panties show.

After school, I'd take off my skirt and slip, then slide into a pair of jeans or a denim skirt to lounge around in. I still did most of the cooking, but my folks and I rarely dressed for it anymore. If Greg was stopping by, I might put on a pretty dress, but then again I might wear a nice pair of slacks with a comfy top since he often would just give me a peck on the head before going out to the garage with daddy. Why bother getting all dolled up for a kiss on the head? It took time to choose a pretty outfit, and then mess around with pantyhose, a slip, heels, and makeup. If I was going to go through all of that trouble, I wanted more from my boyfriend.

One day during a shopping trip, mom suggested a way to give Greg a taste of his own medicine. "How well do you know Greg's mother?"

"I've met Mrs. Tragen several times. She's a really nice lady."

"Have you ever really talked to her?"

"No, not really. Why?"

"Do you want to drive Greg nuts while making sure that he'll never stray?"

I thought about how Greg had recently been ignoring me to spend time with daddy. I loved him and it hurt to have him ignore me. "I'm all ears," I giggled.

"This is something I would never have told Kevin," mom chuckled, "Boys are never supposed to know this."

"I'll keep the secret, Mom, I promise," I pledged. No boy would ever learn girl secrets from me.

"Get to know Greg's mother," mom advised. "Find out what she's interested in, her hobbies, everything you can. You may have a common interest such as cooking."

"You mean I should become his mother's friend?"

"First her friend, then her daughter," mom smiled, "Just like Greg is your dad's son."

"And that will make Greg stop ignoring me?"

"Not at first, but once you become his mother's friend, you'll learn everything there is to know about him. You then have all the information you'll need to appeal to him. You'll also have his mother's help in tying her son up in a nice, pretty package for you!"

"Mom, that's so sneaky, so underhanded, and devious! I can't wait to get started."

Talking with Greg, I learned enough about his mom to start a conversation with her the next time I visited. She and Greg had been alone since Greg's dad died some years earlier. Greg did what he could, but he couldn't really connect with his mother. It was different for me though. We both loved to cook and bake and soon Mrs. T and I were best friends, swapping recipes, and sampling each other's work. I'd stop by now and then to bring her a new recipe I had found or a sample of a pastry I had baked. At first we talked about cooking and baking, then Mrs. T. started to talk about how she loved to sew. I didn't know anything about sewing, so she offered to teach me.

"It's tough to hem a skirt or dress without help," she told me. "You have to try it on to see how long or short you want it to be, then take it off, hem it, then try it on again. Well you see the problems."

"I could help if you like, Mrs. T.," I offered. "Why not let me try on whatever you need to hem. We're about the same height."

"That would be very sweet of you, Trisha," Mrs. T. beamed. "I can see why Greg's so fond of you."

While her son was spending time taking apart greasy engines or impaling poor worms, I was becoming the daughter Mrs. T. needed. A fair trade, my dad got a son, Greg's mom got a daughter.

"You're very pretty," Mrs. T. told me one day while we were baking cookies, "Are you happy as a girl?" That was the first time she'd ever referred to me as a girl. Up until then, she'd talked about my being 'in the program', not quite a girl.

I knew that she was asking if I was really serious about Greg. If being a girl were just a passing fancy to me, I wouldn't be the right girl for her son. "It was tough when I first started dressing as a girl," I admitted, "but then I got used to it and my friends and I really started to have fun with it."

The conversation took on a life of it's own after that. I told her about 'girl classes', shopping at the lingerie store, my breast forms, and especially daddy.

"Your dad had a tough time accepting you, I suppose," she said warmly. "That's to be expected though. He saw his son slipping away from him and he couldn't hold you back. Men want sons so that they can do guy things together. When you started to become a girl, he probably felt lonely."

"He never once asked me if I wanted to see a ball game with him or if I wanted to help with the car or go fishing," I pouted. "He could have asked."

“Would you want to risk breaking a nail working on a greasy motor? How would you feel about getting scratch marks on your legs or arms?”

“Ooh,” I muttered, “that would be awful. I have to wear a skirt to school and everyone would see the cuts on my legs.”

Mrs. T. gave me a motherly hug. “Spoken like a real girl, Trisha. Don’t worry about your dad, he’s got Greg now.”

“But I want Greg,” I made a long face, “I can’t believe that I’m jealous of my own father.”

“Don’t be, sweetie,” Mrs. T. said softly. “You are the only one Greg cares about. In his eyes, you can do no wrong.”

I couldn’t help myself. Tears welled in my eyes and began rolling down my cheeks. “I’m so happy to hear that, Mrs. T. I think Greg is the most wonderful boy in the whole world.”

“Why don’t you call me Mom T.?” she suggested. “I like the idea of having a girl around, and you can be the daughter I need. Deal?”

“Deal!” I agreed.

Mom T. and I became just as close as mother and I are. I even got permission from mom to include her in on our girly girl days. We’d pick her up on a Saturday morning, hit the beauty shop for our beauty rituals, and then off to the mall or maybe a movie. I felt so lucky having two mothers to help teach me everything I needed to know about being a girl!

Greg didn’t mind my becoming friends with his mom. Of course, if he knew we girls were conspiring against him, he might have thought differently. He still hung out with dad, but he paid more attention to me than he used to. Of course he didn’t know that his mom was coaching me on his favorite foods and desserts, which I just happened to have whenever he was coming over to help dad. He also didn’t know that I knew all there was to know about him, his fears and accomplishments since he was a little boy, the girls he had dated before, his favorite color, everything!

He was putty in my hands once I knew the real Greg instead of the one he was willing to show me.

Greg and I were never better after I got to know his mom. He was so sweet and attentive to me that I had girls begging me for the secret to my success. When I told them how easy it was, they all promised to make an extra effort to get to know their boyfriend's mother. If nothing else, a lot of women from different generations became a lot closer.

With the help of mom and Mrs. T., I really settled into a very traditional role for a girl my age. They loved teaching me how to sew, knit, crochet, set a perfect table for a dinner party, and arrange a beautiful spray of flowers.

"This is sort of a lost art," mom T. explained as she helped me crochet a shawl for myself. "Most girls your age just don't care about this sort of thing. They think they can get anything they want at the mall."

I looked at the beautiful light pink shawl in my hands. It had taken me weeks to get this far along, but now I just needed a few more stitches to complete it. I couldn't wait to wear it with the leather jumper mom had surprised me with the week before. There was a dance coming up at school and I promised Greg that if he could forget about daddy for one evening, his girlfriend would make it worth his while.

I thought an 'ear to ear' grin was just an expression until Greg saw the way I was dressed for the dance. "See something you like?" I asked as I put my hands on my hips, thrust one to the side, and bent one leg at the knee.

"You are the prettiest girl in the world, Trisha," he told me as he rushed to me. As usual, he grabbed me around the waist and swung me around while probing my mouth. It took some rearranging afterwards to get my dress and slip back into correct positions, but it was worth it to know that Greg thought so much of me.

I reached for my shawl, but Greg picked it up first and held it for me. "Thank you," I smiled up at him, "You make me feel like a real lady."

He leaned over and kissed my head, "You are a lady, Trisha, a very sweet, pretty lady."

I don't know what got into Greg, but I got that weak feeling in my knees again. I knew that I had to take very good care of my guy if I wanted to keep him. He was so good looking, thoughtful, kind, and caring that a girl would be insane to let him get away.

When we got to the dance, Greg quickly hurried to my side of the car to hold my door open, just as he had done when I got in. I still didn't understand Greg's increased attentiveness, but I loved being treated this way. When I stood up, I was looking into Greg's face, which just happened to be within kissing distance.

"You are such a sneaky devil," I giggled as we kissed. "I don't know what's gotten into you tonight, but please don't ever change."

That night I dreamed of being a beautiful woman, dancing around a ballroom in the arms of an incredibly handsome man. He held me tight as we waltzed, my head resting on his broad chest. I felt the skirt of my gown as it brushed against my nylon clad legs. The gentle tug of my garters reminded me that I wore nylons rather than pantyhose, the better to seduce my date when we returned to his room after our evening together.

We danced, kissed, and told each other how sweet they were, but I couldn't tell what my date looked like, his face never seemed to register in my mind. At the end of the evening, we drove back to his home where he gently led me to his bed. We stood toe to toe embraced in a deep kiss. I felt a gentle tug as he lowered the zipper on the back of my gown. I relaxed my grip on his back by seductively running my hands along his waist, stopping at his belt, which I slowly undid. I unbuttoned his slacks, and then slowly, erotically I hoped, slid down his zipper. His pants slid from his waist, and with a little help from me, they

were at his ankles. I unbuttoned his shirt as my dress slid to my feet revealing my ivory teddy covering my matching panties, garter belt, and bra. Even though I could not clearly make out my lover's face, I knew by his smile that his eyes were devouring me.

I stepped out of my gown and kicked off my heels while slipping my lover's shirt from his strong arms. He responded in kind by slipping the straps of my teddy from my arms. He ran his hands along my nylon-covered body, stopping at my crotch to undo the snap on my teddy, which allowed it to fall to the floor. I melted into his arms as he carried me to the bed where he gently removed my bra and panties.

"Keep the nylons on, my sweet," he whispered seductively. "You are an incredibly sexy lady."

I slid his shorts off, freeing his manhood while he pulled my panties from my hips. When at last we were both free, he began tantalizing me by licking and kissing every exposed inch of my flesh, working his way from my neck to my crotch.

I gripped his manhood tightly; guiding it to where I knew it would bring me waves of pleasure. My lover rolled me onto my back, then tenderly moved on top to position himself between my eagerly spread legs. I could feel my heart pounding as I prepared for him to enter me and bring me to an earth shaking orgasm.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," mom's voice interrupted my dream, "were you planning on sleeping all day?"

"No, Mom," I thought to myself, "just until I finish getting my brains screwed out."

"God, what a dream," I thought as I rubbed my eyes. "What's happening to me? I've gone from a boy kissing my breasts to getting my brains screwed out in my dreams."

I stepped into a pair of fuzzy pink slippers, tugged the skirt of my pink babydoll pajamas over my panties, and went to have breakfast. Mom was staring at me in a funny way. Did she

somehow know about my dream? She so understood and helped me so far that I decided to talk to her about it, since dad and Greg were already off fishing.

“I had another strange dream last night.”

“It must have been good. You were thrashing around and moaning when I came in to wake you. Was it Greg?”

“I don’t know, I guess so, but I can’t remember his face.” I gave her a detailed review of my dream leaving nothing left out, the guy, the gown, the bed, I told her everything. “What’s happening to me, Mom?”

“You’re growing up, Trisha,” mom said softly, “and you’ve fallen in love.”

Mom reassured me that it was perfectly normal for me to have dreams like that. All girls my age had them eventually, she said. I was a young woman with normal sexual desires, which were being expressed in my dreams.

“Boys have dreams like that all the time,” she told me. “People don’t understand that girls have the same sort of feelings. We’re supposed to be sweet and pure dolls that sit on a shelf and never think of sex.”

“But shouldn’t I be dreaming about a girl?”

“You’ve become a girl, Trisha,” mom said gently. “In your mind, you’ve decided that you really are a girl and now you’re dreaming the way a girl dreams. You don’t want to take a beautiful girl to bed and have your way with her, you want to be a beautiful girl that some strong, handsome man has his way with.”

“What about when my two years are up? Will I be able to dream that I’m the man?”

Mom shook her head. She reached out and took my hand. “No, I don’t think that will happen, dear. I really believe that

your dreams will always be of that handsome young man you've fallen in love with."

I didn't know what to think about being in love with Greg. I couldn't deny that I had feelings for him that I couldn't describe with any other word. What was I going to do after high school though? Could I really spend the rest of my life as a woman? I suppose I could, just as long as that woman was Greg's wife.

I never gave it another thought after my talk with mom. Somehow I was destined to become a girl and meet and fall in love with Greg. I haven't a clue as to how such a plan came into existence, but here I was, a junior in high school, and in love with a guy.

I didn't think that Greg would ever leave me, but I wasn't about to take chances. I made it a point to tell him that I loved him at least once a day and with help from my mother and mom T., I encouraged Greg to think that marrying me is completely logical. We women worked relentlessly and after a few weeks, Greg began to talk about life after we graduated from college, and whether I would mind waiting a few years to get married so that we could set aside some money to make our wedding special. I promised to wait as long as necessary, all I wanted was to be Greg's wife.

Chapter 16

That Christmas will always be a favorite memory. My whole family was there, mom, dad, Greg, and Mom T. all together for a happy occasion. I wore a white silk blouse with a short green velvet skirt, and green heels. My makeup was perfect, and my lipstick was a deep red, which matched my nail polish exactly. I had to go to six stores to get just the right lipstick and polish, but that's just part of being a girl and I really don't mind. Mom and Mom T. both said I looked lovely, but the only opinion that really mattered came from Greg.

“How did I ever get such a great looking babe for a girlfriend?” he asked as we kissed under the mistletoe. “Do you have any idea how happy you’ve made me since we’ve met?”

“Hopefully as happy as you’ve made me, Greg,” I whispered in a sexy voice. “I couldn’t hope to be any happier.”

“You will be, baby, I promise,” he whispered back, “We’ll have to wait a few years, but someday you’re going to be my wife.”

I was so choked up with emotion that I could hardly talk. “I’ll be the best wife you could ever want.”

“Looking at you today, I just wish we were married already.” Greg had a devilish grin on his face. “I’d carry you off to our bedroom and make you scream for mercy.”

I smiled sweetly, all demure and feminine. “The only thing I’d scream for would be more.”

Greg broke up laughing, “You’re the girl for me!”

We exchanged presents after dinner. Greg got a great tool kit from mom and dad and a new rod and reel from his mom. Greg and I had pitched in for gifts to our parents. Dad got some kind of tools for the car. Greg picked them out since I don’t know anything about that sort of stuff. Mom and Mom T. got gift certificates to Betty’s shop for makeovers.

My present to Greg was a forest green turtleneck sweater that I spent months knitting for him. When he put it on, he looked so handsome. It fit his muscular chest perfectly and made his deep brown eyes stand out even more.

I opened my gift from mom and dad and found a leather miniskirt, three silk blouses, and the perfect little black dress. The dress was velvet, ended several inches above my knees, and was low cut enough to guarantee interest from any male within fifty feet of me. It seemed a little daring, but everyone, especially Greg, seemed to think I’d look great in it.



More than a friendship ring, less than an engagement ring...it was a commitment ring! I knew I would one day be Greg's wife. It was a symbol of what I'd become.

My last present was from Mom T., a small flat box wrapped in pink tissue with a white ribbon around it. I opened it up and almost died of shock. I stared at the nightgown in the box with a mix of disbelief and desire.

The nightgown wasn't something you'd ordinarily give to a girl my age. It was very short, sheer white with a satin underskirt, and had a delicate pink ribbon running through it and ending in a pretty bow. Underneath the nightgown was a pair of matching bikini panties, which were so sheer that they would leave absolutely nothing to the imagination.

"I'd ask you to try it on, dear," Mom T. laughed, "but I don't think my poor little boy could handle the shock. Better save it for your wedding night."

"It's so beautiful, Mom," I cried, "I don't know if I could ever wear something this sexy?"

"Don't worry," my mother laughed, "When the time is right, you'll be only too willing to wear it."

"Open mine, Trisha," Greg urged as he pointed towards a small box. "I hope you'll like it."

Inside the tiny box was an emerald ring with a small note. The note, written in Greg's hand said simply, "Will you marry me?"

I cried tears of joy and leaped into Greg's outstretched arms. My parents and Mom T. were clapping and cheering. They knew all about Greg's gift to me.

My life was never the same after that night. My family let me know that they approved of my staying a girl and marrying Greg in a few years. Greg was now my unofficial fiancé. Once we were a little older, Greg could give me an engagement ring to make it official, but I was still the future Mrs. Gregory Tragen and that's what counted.

Chapter 17

Greg and I had a fun time visiting all of our friends over Christmas. Due to mid-term exams in school, we had lost touch with many of the kids we used to be close to. Christmas vacation was a time to get together and find out what everyone was doing.

Both Joe and Kim were thrilled at my news. Joe was still unattached; he had more boys that wanted to date him than he knew what to do with. He didn't think it was fair to all of the other boys to go steady. Good old Joe, always thinking of others.

Kim had broken up with Bobby, the football player after catching him with another girl. She said that she was ready to swear off boys and just wait out her time until the program ended. I felt sorry for her. It would be a very lonely time. I knew that I was lucky not to have to spend it alone.

One day shortly after the first of the year, Mom, Mom T and I were alone while the men were working on Greg's car. "Trisha," Mom started in a somber voice, "Martha Tragen and I want to talk with you woman to woman." Mom T sat next to her and nodded her agreement.

"What?" I asked, taken back by their somber attitude. Did they know something about Greg that I didn't know?

"Trisha, your mother, father, and I feel that by accepting Greg's ring and marriage proposal, you have committed to becoming a woman and his wife," Mom T started.

"Of course," I puzzled, wondering where they were headed. "I love Greg and want to become his wife more than anything in the world!"

"You do realize that you cannot marry Greg without becoming a woman, don't you?" Mom asked, "And wearing girl's clothes doesn't make you a woman."

"B...but..." I stammered.

“How would you feel if you started growing whiskers and your voice deepened?” Mom T interrupted.

“I...I...would be devastated if those things happened...and so would Greg,” I cried.

“We agree wholeheartedly, dear,” Mom smoothly continued. “Martha and I think it best if you start on hormone regimen.”

“The hormones will soften your body, give you real breasts so you can discard your breast forms, stop all beard growth, and keep your voice at its lovely soprano lilt,” Mom T continued.

“Oh...I...I want to, Mom,” I was shaking like a leaf, “I don’t want to become a man! I want to be a woman!” The very thought of becoming a man repulsed me.

“So you shall, my darling daughter,” Mom comforted me. “You have an appointment with a doctor tomorrow after school.”

After the New Year, Joe, Kim, and I lost track of each other again. I hoped that we’d all get together again at the prom.

I was on hormones for several months, but without my fake breasts, I could only do a thirty-two triple-A, bust line. Greg said they were fine with him, but I wanted them bigger, big enough that I could finally quit wearing my fake breasts, and certainly big enough that Greg could hold them in his hands and squeeze.

Thank God their small size didn’t deter Greg in the least. As soon as I told him that they were sensitive, he made it a point of playing with them any time we were alone. Our dates took on new delight, as we’d sit watching movies. He didn’t mind watching “Chick Flicks” with me, probably because he didn’t bother watching them.

If his mom was going to be gone, we’d go to his place where I’d try to concentrate on a romantic movie while his hands snaked under my top then lifted my bra. I never discouraged him, I adored the sensations that washed over me as he gently kneaded my breasts or rubbed my developing nipples between his fingers.

I tried to ignore him the first time he did it, but how do you ignore waves of pleasure with nothing to compare to. It took all of two minutes before I lifted my top and held his head while he licked and sucked my breasts. After that, if we knew we'd have the time, Greg would slowly seduce me by kissing me while undoing my top. Once he had my top off, he continued his kisses, with each passing minute moving closer to my breasts. He would slowly unhook my bra and help me out of it. I would sit proudly showing off my breasts while he told me how beautiful and sexy I was. As he leaned forward to take a breast in his mouth, I'd gently undo his pants so that I could return the pleasure I felt. It was just like my dream, my boyfriend sucking away like a ravenous baby, while I pulled and tugged to bring him to a climax.

Towards the end of the school year, the Prom finally arrived. I shopped with Mom and Mrs. T to find the perfect gown to wear to the prom. I had heard of girls spending months looking for "That Dress", but never thought that I'd be shopping for one myself.

Now though, I was stricken with what girls called "Prom Fever", an overwhelming need to shop until a dress popped out from a rack and took me by the arm.

I dragged my two moms into ten different stores, made them watch as I tried on sixteen different dresses, cried that I'd never find the dress I wanted, then finally, there it was, the dress of my dreams. It wasn't overly fancy, satin, off the shoulder, emerald green to match my ring, shirred at the bodice, it fit tightly to my waist and ballooned in a full skirt with several petticoats attached. The dress would be perfect for the prom. Somehow I knew that it would transform me into a beautiful princess. I modeled it for my two moms who broke into a round of applause. My quest was over, the fever had broken, and I had my dress!

I had an early appointment at Betty's shop on the day of the prom. Mom scheduled me for my usual facial, manicure, and pedicure, along with getting my hair done.

Betty had a million questions for me and she fired one after the other as she did my hair. "Is it true?"

Just for fun I thought I'd lead her along. "Is what true?"

"I'll bet you'd look just darling with a Mohawk for the prom. What do you think, Trisha dear?" Betty teased. "Or should I shave your head?"

"No, please," I cried, "Don't mess up my hair. I'll tell you anything, just please, not my hair."

"Then let's try it again, dear girl. Is it true? You're not going to go back?"

"I can't."

"You can always go back," Betty teased. "I was right when I said you wouldn't."

"Not really, I would if I weren't engaged," I let it slip out casually just to see if Betty really knew.

"Engaged!" Betty shouted. "Are you serious?"

I held out my left hand and proudly displayed my emerald. "One hundred percent serious. This is my ring until we make it official with a diamond."

"Oh, my God," Betty mumbled. "Your mom mentioned that you had a boyfriend, but she never said you were that serious!"

"He asked me to marry him at Christmas," I announced happily. "Of course I said yes."

"You're going to have to make a few changes," Betty remarked as she trimmed my hair and rolled in up.

"Mom and I have already started. I'm taking hormones until I'm eighteen, then I'll start making the other changes."

Betty leaned over and gave me a peck on the cheek. "Congratulations, Trisha, I'm sure you'll make a wonderful wife." With that she called over the other ladies to tell them the

news. I was so busy getting congratulated and answering questions that before I knew it, I was handed a mirror to see how I looked.

My hair was tightly curled, then piled on top of my head with ringlets framing my face. My eyes were so expressive thanks to the combination of light and dark shades of eyeshadow and expertly applied mascara. My lashes were thinned a little more and arched to attract attention to my eyes. My face was smooth and creamy with a blush that accented my cheekbones. My lipstick and nail polish was a perfect match for the small swath of material I gave Betty to compare with. All I had to do was slip on my lingerie, gown, stockings, and heels and I would be ready for my date.

"How about one more thing?" Betty asked. "On the house, sort of an engagement gift?"

"What did you have in mind?" I couldn't imagine what else I needed. My hair, makeup, and nails were perfect.

Betty held out a small gun and two cute little gold balls. "Pierced ears," she said with a smile.

I was considering getting my ears pierced, Kim had his done, but I was a coward. "I don't know. I heard that it hurts."

"Only for a second. You want to look good for your husband to be, don't you?"

How did she know just what to say? "Do it," I pleaded. Seconds later, I had a cute gold ball and a diamond stud in each ear.

"You're wonderful, Betty," I cried. "I could never make myself look this pretty."

I rushed home to get ready for my first prom. I was so excited that mom actually had to help me fasten the strapless bra for my outfit. I'd been wearing bras for over a year, yet I couldn't seem to get it fastened because my hands were shaking so badly.

“Calm down, Trisha,” mom gave me a kiss and held me. “You want to look good when Greg gets here, don’t you?”

“I want to be the prettiest girl he’s ever seen,” I dabbed at my eyes to keep any tears from ruining my makeup.

“You could be wearing a man’s suit with a mustache and Greg would only see the most beautiful young woman in the world. You’re a very lucky to have found a fiancé like him.”

There was that word again, Fiancé, a woman engaged to be married. Just a year ago, I was a fifteen-year old boy learning to walk in heels and act like a girl for what seemed like a silly idea at school. I studied hard and learned my lessons well.

I’m not a girl anymore, I’m a young woman engaged to the young man I’ll some day marry. I’m willingly giving up the rough and tumble world I once knew for the world of satin and lace. I never expected to end up this way, but I wouldn’t trade it for anything in the world!

It took me more than an hour to finish dressing. I kept taking things off and putting them back on until finally mom had enough. “You’re not going to look any better, Trisha. Now stop being such a pain and get dressed.”

I wasn’t really satisfied. I wanted to look better for Greg. I wanted breasts, a cute butt, and real curves, rather than the ones from my padded panty girdle. Along with the female hormones I was taking to help me become a real girl, I had to do hour after hour of aerobics to keep the weight from piling up on my butt and hips. It seemed that for every calorie I took in, a pound of fat was added to my body. It wouldn’t have been so bad if the fat went to my breasts, but it all seemed to flow to my hips and butt.

I rolled ultra sheer nylons up my legs and gently hooked them to the straps extending down through my panties from my wispy, red lace garter belt. I carefully stepped into a billowing, petticoat style, half-slip, then drew my gown up so that mom could zip and fasten the tiny clasp in the back. Once my dress was just right, I pulled out my treat for Greg, a pair of three inch, ‘Knock Me

Down and F... Me', heels! I never told him about them and I practiced for several weeks until I could walk as if I were born in them. They gave me such a sexy sway that I was positive that Greg's eyes would be glued to my cute little butt every chance he had.

I made a final check in the mirror while Greg waited downstairs. I know that I once felt that modern girls didn't pull that trick, but I now realize that there are certain things that men expect from women, and waiting for them to dress is at the top of the list.

I sprayed perfume onto several strategic spots, then picked up my small red clutch purse, slipped on a pair of red lace, elbow length gloves, adjusted my wrap around my arms, and slowly descended the stairs to where Greg stood waiting.

He gave me a quick peck on the cheek because I warned him that I'd kill him if he messed up my makeup. "I hope you know that every guy at the prom will be looking at you."

"I can handle it as long as you don't mind their dates staring at you."

I was thrilled when I noticed guys sneaking glances at me, and then quickly look away to avoid being caught. I would have never said anything to them but thanks. It felt good that all my work to make myself pretty was worth it. Guys stared at me because they thought I was pretty, which was just their way of saying 'Good job', Trisha!

Every girl at the Prom knew of my engagement, which made me the center of attention throughout the evening. Every time we sat down, girls rushed over to see the ring Greg gave me, and hope that their boyfriends would take the hint.

The only sad part of the evening was that my two best friends, Kim and Joe, were missing. Joe explained that he didn't try to get a date. There were two weeks left in the school year, and then he was giving up all the frills to go back to being a boy. He felt that if he went all girly for the Prom, he'd have trouble

calling it quits. He was grateful for the experience, but for him it was over. He had enough credits to graduate a year early, so he was off to college. Of course, we'd still be friends. I knew that after his year as Joanne, I'd be able to share my feelings and he'd understand. I promised to invite him to my wedding and asked him to please keep in touch.

Kim didn't go because he was dating a senior boy and only juniors and their dates could attend the Prom. He wasn't going through with his threat to return to being a boy. He talked it over with his family and decided that the right move was to be a girl. He would never again be picked on, he'd never have to worry about being lousy at sports, and best of all, and he wouldn't have to give up the pretty dresses and sexy lingerie that he loved.

Once near the end of the school year, I happened upon Joe and some friends hanging out near the library. They were casually talking when Kim walked by accompanied by a very handsome senior. Joe stopped talking and stared at Kim and his friend, but didn't greet them. He just glared at Kim, and in particular, the boy with him. That struck me a little strange, but I soon let it pass. I would have sworn that from the look on Joe's face, he was jealous, but of whom, Kim or the guy he was with?

Chapter 18

I lost track of Kim over the summer. He volunteered at a hospital as a candy striper, and I found a dream job at a local department store. I applied at Ford's department store hoping to land a part time job selling cosmetics or clothes to earn a few dollars over the summer.

One morning, I got a call from the store manager asking me to come in for an interview. I wanted to make a good impression, so I wore a sleeveless pink shift with a matching jacket, white pantyhose, and white heels. I kept my makeup toned down and my hairstyle simple.



Joe jealously glared at the passing couple. Was he jealous of Kim...or the boy? Why did he care since he was returning to being a boy and was off to college?

Mrs. Rogers, the store manager, was very polite and businesslike throughout the interview. She asked about my likes, my dislikes, what classes I had taken in school, and how I had done in them.

She looked over my application, and then suddenly she looked at me and smiled. "I see you list Martha Tragen as a reference. Do you know her well?"

"She's my future mother in law," I said proudly, "Sort of an adopted mother to me too!"

Her smile suddenly widened, "You're the girl that's engaged to Greg Tragen?"

"Yes, ma'am," I held out my hand to show off my ring. "It's not official yet since I have to finish high school and we both have to finish college. Once we have a few dollars set aside, we will be married though."

She looked down at my resume and she seemed puzzled. "You're participating in the WAM program?"

"Yes I am. I've been in it since last September. I still have a year to go."

"But that means that you're actually..."

"A boy? Not really, ma'am, I used to be when I started and I was when I met Greg, but now I can't wait to become his wife. I've been on hormones for several months, and I'll make the switch permanent once I'm out of school."

Mrs. Rogers stared at me for a long time. "I can see why he is so taken with you. You're quite a pretty young lady. I've known Martha Tragen all of my life, and there's no way she'd let any girl get that close to Greg if she didn't approve of her. If you're good enough for Martha and Greg, you're good enough for me. Now let's talk about the job I have in mind for you."

When the interview was over, I couldn't believe my luck. Instead of a part time salesgirl, I was placed in charge of a new

department Mrs. Rogers was setting up to cater to new girls like me. Most new girls have no experience picking out girl's clothing, Mrs. Rogers reasoned. They'd be dependent on their mothers to take them by the hand and choose dresses, sportswear, lingerie, and cosmetics for them. Mrs. Rogers felt that she had a better way that would help both the boys and her store.

I was to head a fashion-consulting department that would assist boys entering the WAM program in acquiring everything they needed to become proper girls. They or their parents would book appointments with me and I would work with them to select just the right clothing, makeup, jewelry, and anything else they needed or wanted.

Mrs. Rogers felt that she could gain sales by having someone the boys could feel comfortable with helping them make their first purchases of bras and panties. The boys would feel comfortable while their mothers would feel good knowing that their new daughters would be dressing like stylish young women rather than boys in dresses. Once the boys and their mothers were comfortable shopping here, they'd bring more business.

At first, I was the only one in the department. Mrs. Rogers would help if needed and once sales improved, she'd add more sales help. With the addition of more help, I would make more money.

I had my own office to meet with the boys and a very generous clothing allowance to wear the most stylish outfits the store carried. I could take the boys to all departments in the store and would receive a commission on anything they bought. If I did well and liked the job, I could continue it after graduation. Until then, I could set my own hours during the school year.

I was in heaven when I reported for work the next morning. I spent hours going through my closet to find outfits that would make me look a little older, and a little more stylish than your average teenage girl.

Mrs. Rogers told me that she was positive that she had made the right choice when she saw me in a white skirt, light pink blouse, and linen jacket. My heels were a medium height. I didn't think that flats would present the right image with my suit. My blouse was sheer enough to allow my camisole to peek through. I wanted to show the boys who would be my customers that they didn't have to look like drag queens. With just a little effort, they could be as pretty as any real girl.

My first customer was a boy whose mother saw the sign announcing our new service. He was extremely reluctant to be seen in the dress department and wanted no part of going with his mom to buy lingerie.

"Hi, I'm Trisha Hartner," I smiled and extended my hand as he entered my office. "I understand you're going to be a 'new' girl next fall. Is that right?"

"Uh huh," was the mumbled reply. It didn't take a genius to see that the poor boy was scared to death. I knew that I wouldn't get him to buy anything if I couldn't get him to relax. I asked his mother if she'd give us a few moments to talk in private.

"Is this the first time you've ever worn girl's clothes?" I remembered that Kelly was dressing for years before becoming a new girl. Maybe the same was true for this kid and he was afraid that someone might notice.

"Of course, what do you think?" he shouted back almost before I could finish.

"I'm just wondering why you're so afraid, that's all," I said in a soft, relaxing voice.

"I'm not afraid. I just don't like dressing up like a girl, okay?"

"It's not that bad," I joked, "Actually the clothes are much nicer than boy's clothes, like girl's underwear, for example. Panties are so much softer and feel ten times better than boy's briefs."

"How would you know?" he challenged.

I smiled and reached into my desk drawer. I moved aside the vase of pretty flowers that I kept on my desk and open up two yearbooks to previously marked pages. "This is me last year," I pointed out a picture of me as Trisha from the previous year. "And this is what I looked like the year before," I pointed to a picture of me as Kevin.

"You're a guy?" his mouth dropped open in wonder, "That's gotta be your brother."

"I am an only child."

It took minutes of silence before he finally spoke again. "I've done this before," he said softly.

"Good, then you already know what you'd like to wear, right?"

A look of relief passed over the kid's face. "Yeah, I know exactly what I'd like. It's gotta be pretty, lots of lace, and silky, very silky. I'd like a bra that has lace all over the cups, panties in pretty colors, dresses like other girls wear, and babydoll pajamas! But my mom can't know that I picked them out."

"Now we're talking!" I closed the yearbooks and pulled out a catalogue. "No problem. Let's see what we can find in here."

We managed to pick out an assortment of dresses, casual wear, lingerie, and shoes totaling several hundred dollars by the time I paged his mother to return to my office. His mother was thrilled that I was able to accomplish what she had tried so hard to do. "I'm just a little surprised that he opened up. I thought he'd be too shy. You were my last hope."

"It wasn't easy," I told her, "but I think I was able to find a few things that will look good on him without being overly frilly." His mother looked at me and then at her son. Something in her smile told me that she'd have a new daughter before the school year ended.

Customers started to trickle in as one mother told another about how easy it was to shop with me. If a boy was too afraid to

be seen in the girl's department, I'd have him select clothes from the catalogue then try them on in a private dressing room next to my office. If the boy was willing, I'd take him through the store, make suggestions about what was in style and how to combine different pieces for several looks, then let him select his own outfits.

A month later, I was booking several appointments a day and soon Mrs. Rogers began searching for another girl to help me. She asked if I had anyone in mind, and I immediately thought of Kelly. Mrs. Rogers trusted my judgment and Kelly was happy to get the job. She took appointments that I was too busy to handle and could charm even the most resistant boy into leaving with pretty outfits for every occasion. A few boys trusted us enough to come back for more bathing suits and feminine lingerie.

We never pushed the frilly stuff on them first, and we didn't suggest it to all to the boys who came to shop. For those that we thought would appreciate it, we planted the seed and waited. Once they got used to the feeling of silky clothes against their bodies, they came back for the prettiest and best lingerie they could buy.

Kelly and I made Mrs. Rogers a very happy lady. Not only did the store's sales to the new girls increase, but also many of their girlfriends and sisters came to us for advice. Mrs. Rogers made sure that we were well paid and often sent us to shows where we could see the latest fashions.

Chapter 19

Early in our senior year, the school sent letters to all the graduating new girls listing colleges that would accept them as girls. We could attend college without reverting back to being guys and feel secure that all of their records would indicate that they were coeds.

After graduation, Kelly decided to go to a college in another town. I was making too much money to quit, so I enrolled in a

local college as Trisha and kept my job with Mrs. Rogers. I studied Fashion Merchandising and did so well that I was promoted to a buyer in charge of merchandising for Ford's junior's department.

Two years later, I took a brief leave to finish what the WAM program had started. It was painful and tough to get used to, but I kept reminding myself that it was necessary if I was going to become Greg's wife. It took some time, but finally my doctors pronounced me fully healed and ready to take on the joys of womanhood.

Weeks later, Greg suggested that since I had been working so hard, we should take a little vacation to relax. He said that he was only thinking of me, but I knew what was on his mind. He had waited patiently for me and now that I was finally ready, it was pay back time.

I arranged a to take some time off from work while Greg was on a break between semesters at school, and we booked a get away week at a nearby resort. I didn't blink when Greg signed us in as Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Tragen; it would be true soon enough. We were given the keys to a luxurious condo on the beach complete with sauna, hot tub, fully equipped kitchen, and a bathtub big enough for two.

Greg was leering at me as we went into the bedroom. "Calm down, Tiger. We have to unpack, then I want to check out the beach, and there's a shop we passed..."

Greg never let me finish my sentence. His tongue was in my mouth, his hands were on my zipper, and soon we were on the bed. I wasn't even going to pretend to be a good girl. For years I held back from really showing Greg how much I loved him. This was going to be my chance to make up for all the frustrations we both endured. In a flash, I had him out of his shirt, pants, and shorts. My prize was waiting for me, but Greg was taking his sweet time undressing me.

"Hurry, Greg," I begged, "I want you so badly."

Greg helped me remove my dress and was thrilled to see that I wore a white lace teddy with a matching garter belt and nylons. He had never seen me in my underwear before my change, and now his eyes soaked up every inch from my flat little tummy to my crotch.

He gently reached between my legs to undo the snap on my teddy, and then slowly slid it off my body. I was impressed with his dexterity as he held me tight and undid my bra with one hand, but I was much more impressed with the treat that waited me between his legs.

He left my garter, nylons, and heels on as he lovingly lowered me back onto the bed. His fingers sought out my new lips, then I felt them sliding into me. I was bucking with pleasure as he alternated between rubbing my new clitoris with one finger while pumping two other fingers in and out of me.

"This is wonderful, Greg," I said breathlessly, "but it's not enough."

"I understand, my love," Greg whispered softly. He carefully parted my legs and positioned himself between them.

I was on pins and needles as I felt him pushing against me. Suddenly the pressure was gone and I was being flooded with the most wonderful sensations. Greg's lips met mine as he pumped away like a madman. I locked my nylon-clad legs around his waist, met his every thrust with one of my own, and soon we were locked in a mutual orgasm. I felt something warm flowing into me and I realized with pride that at long last I was truly Greg's woman!

I forgot all about unpacking and sightseeing. We never left the condo that day. Instead we made love in the bed, on the floor, in the bathtub, on the couch, and even on a coffee table in the living room. When darkness finally came, I seduced Greg again and led him onto the balcony overlooking the beach where I proved to him several times that I loved him more than anything in the world.

I surprised Greg with my knowledge of sexual stimulation and lovemaking. "I've done a lot of studying. Are you proud of me?" I asked in a little girl voice.

Instead of a verbal answer, Greg buried his face in my crotch and drove me wild with his tongue. Obviously he had done some studying of his own! We did manage to fit in some sunbathing and sightseeing during our vacation, but it was the lovemaking that I'll never forget. I had to contend with numerous comments from friends when I got back to work, but it was the most enjoyable week of my life.

We were planning for a wedding within the next year when I got a call from Kimberly who wanted to get together with Greg and I to introduce her fiancé. She had also undergone surgery to become a complete woman and was engaged to what she described as the most wonderful man in the world. I joked that we couldn't both marry Greg, but of course I agreed to bring Greg along to meet Kimberly's new love. She said that she was positive I'd like him.

Greg and I drove over to Kim's that evening. A beautiful Kimberly in a dress that made her look fantastic met us at the door. The dress was peach colored, lightweight, cut low enough to give a glimpse of well-formed breasts and short enough to show off a fabulous set of legs that ended in three-inch heels that matched her dress perfectly.

"You've never looked better, Kimberly," I told her as we hugged, "It's been so long. What have you been up to?"

"I'm a registered nurse now, Trisha," she beamed with pride. "Helping out at the hospital made me realize that I wanted to be able to help people even more, so I changed majors from business to nursing. I'm still working at the same hospital, but now I'm head nurse on my floor."

I told her all about my job at Ford's, my switch to femininity, and my upcoming marriage. "So tell me all about this lucky guy

who's going to be your future hubby. Where did you meet? What's he like?"

"He's the sweetest, most considerate guy I ever knew," Kimberly raved. "He understands me like no guy ever did or could. He's a perfect gentleman when he needs to be and the hottest stud in the world when I want him to be. He's my best friend. I could tell him anything and he'd understand. That's probably why I love him so much!"

"He sounds like quite a catch," Greg told her, "Where is Mr. Wonderful?"

"Right here," a familiar voice spoke up from behind us. I turned my head to get a look at the guy who stole Kimberly's heart and nearly fell off my chair.

"Joe?" I asked in a state of shock as I looked at the familiar face, "Am I seeing things?"

"That's right, Trisha," he smiled and gave me a hug. "You're looking great. Being a woman agrees with you!"

I took Greg's hand and squeezed it. "Yes, It was the smartest thing I ever did."

Joe looked great. The last time I saw him he was wearing a skirt and top. There was no sign of that girl now. The Joe I saw was all man and what a man he was! He had short black hair and a well-muscled chest and body. His shirt fit nicely, but it was obvious that it wasn't off the rack. Not with that chest, that was certain!

"When did all of this happen?" I asked as I admired my old friend, "By the way, you look wonderful."

Joe told me all about leaving town for college where he studied engineering. He started spending time in the school's weight room working out every day, pushing himself until girls stopped and stared as he walked by.

"It was fun being a girl for a year, but it just wasn't me," he explained, "I was never really comfortable in skirts. Once I started working out and seeing the results, I knew that being a girl had been just a game for me."

"You could have fooled me," Greg laughed, "Do you have any idea how many guys wanted you? You were considered one of the hottest babes in the school."

"I have a very good idea, actually," Joe laughed, "I dated most of those guys at one time or another."

"Joe's great aunt was a patient on my floor," Kimberly explained. "I was taking care of her one day and Joe walked in. I couldn't get over how good he looked. We started to catch up on old times and before I knew it, he asked me for a date."

"She thought it was a little odd dating her old girlfriend at first," Joe smiled and took Kimberly's hand, "but I was able to convince her that I wasn't that girlfriend anymore."

Kimberly looked into Joe's eyes. It was easy to see the love they felt for each other. "I dated a lot of guys before Joe, but none of them compare to how he treated me. He opened doors for me, took me to the best restaurants, and did what other guys never bothered to do. He treated me like a lady."

"She's not like girls I dated in college," Joe said as he pulled Kimberly close. "She's sweet, but not clinging. She can do things for herself. She doesn't have to depend on a guy. She's a perfect lady until we're alone, then..."

"Joe!" Kimberly squealed, "I think they get the idea."

Kimberly and I left the guys alone to talk. I wanted to have a more intimate girl talk with her that I couldn't do with guys around. "He's quite a catch, handsome, well built, I'm glad you two are happy."

"Thanks, Trisha. I was a little worried that you'd think we were nuts or something. I mean we did grow up together as boys and all." Tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

"That was years ago, Kimberly, a lifetime ago actually," I told her as I dried her tears. "We're grown women now and if Joe is the one that you love, then don't let anyone stand in your way."

"My family thinks he's great, but then again they knew him since he was a little boy," Kimberly laughed. "They just never thought I'd become his wife!"

"What did your father think? Mine seemed a little upset when I bought my first bikini, but then he insisted on meeting the boy who stole his little girl's heart."

Kimberly looked confused. "I thought you knew all about that," she said, "I mean your mom lent mine the tapes for my dad to listen to when he started freaking out about me."

"Tapes? I never knew anything about tapes."

Kimberly started laughing. Soon she was drying tears from laughing so hard. "Your mom sent away for special tapes that the school recommended. They have subliminal messages hidden in them that cause a guy to accept his son becoming a girl. Your mom gave them to your dad to listen to and that's when you became Daddy's girl!"

"Oh my God!" I stammered, "Can you do that to a person?"

"Remember Tina, the girl who was going to be presented at her dad's country club?"

I thought back to how I had been in awe of Tina. "How could I forget her? She was so pretty and such a prefect young lady. Don't tell me that her dad didn't really want to have her presented?"

"Not only didn't her dad want to have her presented, but Tina never wanted to join the WAM program," Kimberly shot me a smile. "She fought and carried on, but then her mom gave her some games for her PC and the next thing you know she was begging to wear dresses. Her dad got a gift of some "Books on Tape" to listen to on his way to and from work..."

"Spiked with the messages?"

"Tina's mother always wanted a daughter, so Tina became that daughter. Neither she nor her dad ever knew what happened to them. From the sound of it, neither did your dad."

I thought about how mom had tricked dad into letting me become a girl. If it hadn't been for her, I'd probably be wearing pants and looking for a job. Thanks to her, I had a great job and a fiancé who was going to make me a very happy woman. I'd have to remember to thank mom for her help.

"I'd like you to be one of my bridesmaids, Trisha," Kimberly announced. "My sister will be my Maid of Honor, but it would mean so much if you'd be there when Joe and I get married."

It was my turn to blubber. "I'd be honored, Kimberly. How can I let my two best friends get married without me?"

We collapsed into each other's arms hugging and crying. My best friends were going to marry and they wanted me to be there. I couldn't wait to see what a beautiful bride Kimberly made, but I still needed a favor from her.

"There is just one little condition to my being a bridesmaid, Kimberly," I sobbed, "I'll only do it if you'll be my matron of honor when I marry Greg." We sealed our deal with a long hug, then went back to check on our fiancés.

"Will you do it?" Joe asked anxiously, "It means the world to us."

"Of course, silly," I chided, "You couldn't keep me away from this wedding! I'm just lucky that you two are willing to include me in your plans."

Joe put one arm around Kimberly and the other around me. "You think you're lucky? I'm marrying the most beautiful woman in the world, and her drop dead gorgeous girlfriend is going to be her bridesmaid."

“How come I don’t remember you ever being such a sweetie before, Joe?” I teased.

Joe smiled and took my hand in his. He raised it to his lips, and then gave me a look that nearly made me wet myself before kissing it. “You were never this pretty before, remember?”

I looked over at Kimberly who was smiling like the cat who ate the canary. “See, I told you,” was all that she needed to say. This one was a keeper!

Kimberly and Joe were married six months before Greg and I. Kimberly’s sister was her maid of honor while Tina, Kelly, Lynette, and I were bridesmaids.

It was an exquisite wedding and Kimberly made a lovely bride. She stood seemingly hypnotized as the minister went through the ceremony. When he came to the part where he asked if Kimberly Marie Reynolds took Joseph Brian Michael as her lawfully wedded husband, to have and to hold, to love, honor and cherish, until death do they part, Kimberly answered with a firm Yes. Joe did the same when asked if he would love, honor, and cherish Kimberly Marie Reynolds.

I burst into tears as Joe lifted Kim’s veil and exchanged a passionate kiss with her. Soon Greg and I would be standing here and we would be asked the same questions. I couldn’t wait until our turn came. Nothing would please me more than becoming Mrs. Gregory Tragen.

Chapter 20

Six months later, it was our turn. Kimberly and Joe started the procession up the aisle followed by my bridesmaids, Lynette, Kelly, and Tina, and their escorts. I wore a white satin gown that was trimmed from top to bottom with delicate lace. My arms were encased in sheer sleeves decorated with a lace floral pattern, and the tops of my breasts peeked out from a revealing bodice shielded only by a sheer insert.



The bride, all the bride's maids, and the flower girls at Kimberly's wedding were formerly boys. The 'Walk a Mile' program was a resounding success!

I was in heaven feeling the rustle of my petticoats and the tug of my garters as Daddy took my arm and led me up the aisle to the minister and my future husband. At the end of the walk, Daddy kissed me on the cheek, wished me luck, and then gave me to Greg for the last few feet to the minister.

I listened carefully as Greg pledged his undying love for me and promised that he would be faithful to the end of his days. Moments later, I pledged my undying love for Greg and promised that I would be faithful to the end of my days.

Time stood still as the minister uttered, "I now pronounce you man and wife", then turned to the crowd and introduced us as Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Tragen.

Suddenly applause broke out and I saw mom and Mrs. Tragen wiping tears from their eyes. Greg lifted my veil and whispered, "I love you," to me just before we kissed.

I'm sure the reception was wonderful, but it was a blur to me. There were so many people to meet and kiss, so many friends who wanted to wish me luck. Before long, all the single girls gathered around for the tossing of the bouquet. I stood on a chair, threw it over my head, and listened to the squeals as the girls grabbed for it. When I turned around, I saw a very happy Lynette holding the bouquet while the other girls congratulated her.

"I caught it!" she shouted, "I had a feeling that I was going to catch the bouquet tonight!"

"Congratulations, Lynette, it looks like you're next!" I whispered. "That guy you came with certainly seems proud of you."

Lynette looked over at the man smiling at her. She blushed furiously then whispered back, "He's going to ask me to marry him. He just doesn't know it yet, but he will."

I kissed her on the cheek and congratulated her before getting back to my duties as hostess. Greg pulled a chair into the center of the hall and began lifting my skirt to remove my garter.

The single men gathered, there was a cheer as the garter flew back, then applause as Lynette's date proudly held aloft his prize.

"Good shot, Greg," I told my husband as we kissed, "Thanks for the help!"

I gave him a quick kiss then went to where all of my girlfriends were sitting. I hadn't seen many in years and it was time to catch up on the gossip.

"I'm working for the school district now," Lynette told us. "Can you believe that I'm in charge of the WAM program?"

Kimberly seemed surprised. "I didn't know that it was still going. Are you still getting many boys to take part?"

"More every year," Lynette nodded, "Last year we expanded it to the sophomore boys due to popular demand."

"How many stay?" I wondered if my class with 6 guys staying as girls was unusual.

"We had four official ones out of the twenty that started. Of course, that's seniors only. I think there will be more when this next class graduates."

"Do you still have parents enrolling their sons because they wanted daughters?" Carol asked. I glanced at Tina, but she showed no emotion other than a lukewarm interest. She'll probably never know that she was meant to become a girl.

"One or two," Lynette laughed. "See that pretty girl sitting with my family?" she pointed to a sweet looking girl in a short dress with yellow flowers on a light blue background.

"Your sister?"

"My obnoxious little brother," Lynette smirked, "He used to tease me so badly when I started the program, called me a sissy and a queer almost every day. I had to pay him to leave me alone with my boyfriends."

"He's cute," Carol noted. "How'd you get him into dresses?"

“Mom got hold of some tapes...”

“He’s never going back, is he?” Kimberly asked, “Not after those tapes, right?”

“Never,” Lynette answered with delight. “Mom wants another daughter and he is she. He started out thinking that he’d have to put up with dresses for a year or two and that will be it.”

“Not looking like that,” Kimberly added, “Some guy will snatch him right up.”

Lynette nodded, “Already happened! See the guy sitting on the other side of her?”

Carol shook her head, “Devious, absolutely devious.”

“It’s for the best,” Lynette shrugged. “I used to hate his guts, but we’re best friends now. I’ve been teaching him how to apply makeup and I gave him outfits that I don’t wear anymore. Mom gets another daughter and I get a little sister. We’re all happy, so it’s all working out okay.”

My friends and I talked about old times and plans for the future. We promised to stay in touch and come to the weddings of Lynette and Carol. It was getting late when Greg took me by the arm. “It’s time to leave, Mrs. Tragen.” We kissed our parents, said our last good byes, and then we were off for our honeymoon.

“I hope you’re well rested,” Greg teased, “It’s going to be a long night.”

“I’ll try to go easy on you, honey,” I told him in a breathy, promise filled voice, “but I’m not making any promises.”

The End for now...

IF you liked this story, let me know!

Sandy Thomas

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have all the things you never had!"*