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“Lavender and Lace II”

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“Lavender and Lace II”

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QUOTE BOARD

“Marriage should be between a man and
a woman... but men know little about
marriage because they were always men.”

“Lavender and Lace II”

My Name is Jenny Wilson

For those who missed Lavender and Lace I, Jimmy was a normal eighth-grade boy until he started using his mother’s personal care products laced with tea tree oil and lavender....a deadly mixture if you want to remain a boy! By the time the doctors found out why, Jimmy was Jenny.

I heard the doorbell ring as I was trying to zip up my new dress. I’d never done this before, and it was like trying to solve a Rubik’s Cube behind my back. Were all girls born contortionists?

“I’ll get it,” Mom said from the hallway.

“Okay, but please come here after you let him in. I need you!” I shouted. I reached over my shoulders again and tried desperately to grasp the zipper, finally falling back on my bed in frustration. I hate these clothes!

Mom tapped on my door and let herself in. “Bob looks so handsome!” she said. “What’s wrong, Jenny?”

“Oh Mom, I can’t get this stupid dress on.”

“Nervous?” she said as she hugged my shoulders and deftly zipped me up.

“Terrified.” I reached down and tried to put on my shoes. Try as I might, I couldn’t wedge my feet into them. “That’s it! Tell Bob I’ve come down with pneumonia!”

“Jenny, don’t panic! Every girl feels this way before her first date. The reason your heels don’t fit is that you don’t have any stockings on.” She walked over to my dresser and returned with a new package of sheer black pantyhose. “These will make your outfit.”

With a sigh of resignation, I eased on the delicate nylons and stood there while Mom fussed with my dress and slip. When she was satisfied, she led me into her bedroom and stood me in front of her full-length mirror. I could only stare at the beautiful girl with long blonde hair, her sexy legs shimmering beneath the wispy hem of her silky black dress. They felt funny, and they were a pain to put on, but if they made me look this good, I could learn to like these clothes!

Mom practically had to push me out of the bedroom, and I was shaking like a leaf in my little black dress as I made my way towards the living room. My first ever date, with a guy! Bob gave me a wolf whistle when I made my entrance. “Wow, you look great,” he said.

“Thanks,” I said shyly. “You look nice too.” And he did, in his jacket and tie. I had a moment’s sadness thinking about how I might have been a man like that someday...then we were out the door, with Mom calling after us to “Be home by eleven! Have a good time!”

I walked beside him, momentarily startled when he took my hand. I held his awkwardly as we made our

way down the path from our apartment to the parking lot. It was a soft summer evening, and scent of my cologne hung heavy in the gathering dusk. I was trying to think of something to say when I stumbled slightly in my unfamiliar heels, but Bob tightened his grip on my hand and almost lifted me off the ground. “Thank you, kind sir,” I stammered.

“Yes, milady,” Bob smiled as he released my hand and reached into his pocket for his keys. “Your chariot awaits,” he said, opening the passenger door of his parents’ Toyota. I held my breath and sat down as best I could in my short dress, while Bob enjoyed the leg show. Then he closed my door behind me and we were on our way.

Mom was waiting up for me when we got back home. “Did you have a good time?” she asked anxiously.

“Oh Mom, it was so cool! Bob introduced me to all his friends on the football team, and they were such great guys! I loved to listen to them talk about the team and the game today. They won, you know, and Bob scored a touchdown!”

“Did you dance with him?”

“Sure, there were a lot of fast dances. It was a little hard in these shoes,” I said, kicking off my heels and curling up beside her on the sofa.

“Were there any slow dances?”

“Yes Mom, we danced like that too. I just let him lead and held on for dear life.”

“I’m sure you did just fine, Jenny. Did he kiss you goodnight?”

“Mom!”

“I’m sorry Jenny, it’s really none of my business....”

I got up from the sofa. “I’m so ready for bed!” I kissed her on the cheek, picked my heels up off the floor, and retreated to my bedroom.

After I closed the door, I flung myself down on the bed like a rag doll and stared up at the ceiling. If there were any doubts in my mind, they had been swept away by the tide of emotions I experienced that night. There was nothing wrong with going to the dance with Bob. How could there be? After all, he treated me like a girl. I was a girl.

It seemed so strange when Bob took me in his arms and guided me around the dance floor! I pulled away from him at first, but when he nudged the back of my dress and pressed our bodies together, I just went with it, and it felt almost natural. I nearly freaked out when he put his hand on my knee while he was driving me home, and for the first time in my life I was glad I had pantyhose on...I shuddered when I thought of what Bob might have discovered if I’d allowed his hand to roam. In truth, when Bob finally kissed me on the front doorstep, I was ready for him. I’d never been kissed like that before, by boy or girl, and it blew my mind.

I closed my eyes and lay back on my bed for a long time, relishing my memories and the sensations of silk and lace against my tingling skin. I finally broke the spell when I got up off the bed and started wrestling with the zipper on my dress. It came off easier than it went on, and I actually hung it up in my closet so it wouldn't be wrinkled next time I wore it. As I went through the motions of peeling off my slip and nylons, I realized that I was destined to a lifetime like this, doing all the little things that only a woman understands. I decided that night to stop resisting, let myself go and try to enjoy the ride.



JENNY WILSON AT HIGH SCHOOL

Our lawsuit against the manufacturer of tea tree oil and lavender products was settled quickly and quietly. The last thing they needed was a media circus featuring a boy who had been turned into a girl by using his mother's soap, shampoo and body lotion! Our lawyer considered throwing my doctors into the lawsuit, but their cooperation paid off and we scored millions of dollars, tax free. The money was small consolation for what they'd done to me, but it did enable us to move out of our crummy apartment and settle into a new home close to my high school. A developer was just closing out a swanky new subdivision, and Mom bought a furnished model so we could move in immediately.

I was excited until I saw my room, which the interior decorators had turned into a parody of teenage girlhood. Everything was pink, poufy and precious! The movers were able to relocate our meager possessions in a few hours, and I watched glumly as my dresser and closets were filled with dresses, skirts and lingerie. I might be a girl, but I was a tomboy at heart. Only a girly girl would dig a room like this.

All my old boy clothes had been packed up in boxes, and Mom was going to take them to Goodwill, but the move was so hectic that she didn't have time. So they wound up in a spare bedroom along with a lot of other miscellaneous junk. Mom took to her bed after the movers finally left, and I tiptoed into the spare room and began sifting through the remnants of my lost boyhood, with mixed emotions. I was committed now to becoming a girl, but it was so hard to let go! I started to cry when I found my old Little League uniform and Pop Warner football jersey, never to be worn again....

My thoughts wandered back to my fateful meeting with the psychiatrist, who had offered me a way out: if I wanted to go back, I could have my breasts cut off and start mainlining testosterone, which might bulk me up enough to pass as a guy again. Could it really be possible? With grim determination, I started to paw through the boxes, looking for something to wear. Soon I had replaced my bra, panties and sundress with a pair of boxers, one of my old baggy sweatshirts, and my favorite jeans. Only the jeans didn't fit anymore! I could hardly get them up over my girlish butt, and once I did they were way too big in the waist! I tugged them on anyway, surprised by how scratchy and uncomfortable they felt against the smooth skin on my legs, and I found an old belt that managed to hold them up. I put on sox and some old sneakers, pulled my long blonde hair into a ponytail tied low like a guy's with long hair, took my wallet out of my purse, and tiptoed down the stairs.

There was no mirror in the spare room, so I had no idea what I looked like as I stole into the garage and found my old bicycle. While I was putting on my helmet my hand brushed against my earrings! Off they came, and soon I was pedaling like mad through the unfamiliar streets of our new neighborhood, not sure where I was going or why. I was a boy again!

I must have ridden several miles when I came upon a strip mall. By now I was dying of thirst, so I pulled up to a convenience store and went inside to buy a soda. When I got to the counter, the cashier said, "May I help you, miss?" I left my soda on the counter and ran back outside to my bike, tears streaming down my cheeks.

So there was no escaping it! I was past the point of no return, doomed to spend the rest of my life as a girl.

To make matters worse, I got lost trying to find our street, and I rode aimlessly until it was almost dark. I only located our new house when I saw Mom standing in the driveway, waving frantically at me. I pulled into the driveway, tumbled off my bike and fell into her arms, sobbing uncontrollably.

“Jenny, I was so worried about you! Where were you?”

“Oh Mom, I thought I could go back to being a boy again, but it’s too late!”

She hugged me and led me into the house. “Is that why you’re dressed up in those old clothes?”

“Yeah,” I sniffed. “I thought I could go back to being a boy, but I look so like a girl that even total strangers don’t believe I’m a boy anymore.”

We sat down on the sofa and she took me into her arms. “Jenny, I thought you were starting to like being a girl.”

“I was Mom, but when I saw my old clothes I just wanted to be a boy again, only now I can’t anymore.”

Mom lifted off my bike helmet, untied my ponytail and stroked my long blonde hair. “Have you ever heard the expression, you always want what you can’t have?”

“I guess.”

“It’s not unnatural for you to feel the way you do, Jenny. But let me ask you a question. If you could never wear a dress again, would you miss it?”

“No way!”

“Not even a little bit?”

I thought back to the way I felt after the dance.
“Well, maybe a little....”

“Or if I told you that you could never see Bob again, wouldn’t you miss him?”

“Sure, but I could still see him, as a guy I mean.”

“Jenny, Bob doesn’t think of you as a guy. He thinks of you as a girl, a very pretty girl who he asked out on a date. I wouldn’t be surprised if he asks you out again someday. Would you really want to give that up?”

I closed my eyes and remembered the way it felt to have Bob’s arms around me again, pressing our bodies close together as we danced, like we were the only two people in the world. “No.”

“No, you don’t want to be a girl anymore?”

“No, I don’t want to give it up.”

The Monday after we moved in was the first day of high school for Jenny Wilson. I was as nervous as a kitten all day Sunday, although it helped a lot when Bob called, just to talk! I took the cordless phone out by the pool in our beautifully landscaped back yard, stretched out under an umbrella and hung on every word while he did most of the talking. I quickly learned that most guys

like to talk about themselves, and all I had to do was prime him with questions about football, school and rock groups to sound like quite the conversationalist. Bob knew most of my teachers, and he gave me little tips on how to get on their good sides. It was fun having a senior to hang with, almost like having a big brother, only way better...he didn't ask me out again, but I could tell that he liked me and I hoped that he wouldn't wait too long. That was one downside to being the girl, although at least I'd never have risk getting shot down in flames by asking somebody out!

On Sunday night, Mom sat me down for a little talk after dinner. "I want you to know how proud I am of the way you've handled yourself this summer," she said.

"It's not like I had any choice, Mom."

"But you did, and you chose to make the most of your...situation. I have to admit, I was very worried about you for a while, but you have emerged as a beautiful young woman who is going to spread her wings in high school!"

"If I don't get found out."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Jenny. I've confirmed with the principal's office that you will be excused from physical education classes, and as long as you're careful in the girls' room, you shouldn't have anything to worry about."

"I guess, but I still feel creepy about it."

"That's only natural. I also spoke with Dr. Silver."



I stuck out my tongue and trudged up the stairs to my princess suite to get myself dressed.

I knew what that meant, and I wasn't sure I was ready for it. It was one thing to stand by helplessly while my body slowly became more and more feminine. It was another thing to have an operation down there. What if I changed my mind?

“You have an appointment after school tomorrow,” Mom continued.

“Please Mom, I'm under enough pressure tomorrow. Can't we wait a while?”

“I don't think so, honey.”

It took me a long time to fall asleep that night, and the next morning I was feeling a little groggy when I came down to breakfast. Mom was loving her new gourmet kitchen, and her French toast would have been wonderful if I'd had any appetite. “Eat!” she scolded me as I played with my food. “You're going to need your energy in class today.” I stuck out my tongue and trudged up the stairs to my princess suite to get myself dressed.

It was going to be an unseasonably hot day, and for once I had it better being a girl. My pink tee shirt and denim skirt would be nice and cool with my sandals. The poor guys would have to wear long pants, sox and shoes! I stepped into the shower and lathered up with tea tree oil and lavender, letting it soak into my body while I shampooed my long blonde hair with the same formula. It was doing wonders for my soft, smooth skin, even if combined with the hormones I was now taking, it had proven deadly for what remained between my legs.

I looked down at my old self and sighed, although my sorrow was soothed by the sensation of soaping up my firm young breasts.

I rinsed myself off, patted down with a plush new towel, and wrapped another one around my head like a turban. Mom had taught me a lot over the summer, all the little tricks that women use get themselves ready...it just took so much time! I gentle reminder from Mom over the intercom informed me that if I didn't get moving, I'd be late my first day of school.

It took forever to blow dry my hair, and I had to take a few more minutes to put on eyeliner and lip gloss – funny how it made my face look so different – then it was back to my bedroom to put on my bra and panties, tug on my shirt, step into my short skirt and strap on my sandals. Instead of a purse, I stuffed my wallet, comb and other girl stuff into a cute little backpack, then a long look at myself in the mirror, and I was skipping down the stairs.

Although it was a ten-minute walk to JFK High, Mom was waiting with the car revved up in the driveway. “Better let me drive, Jenny, you don't want to be late!” I jumped in beside her, no big deal in a skirt anymore, and sat back as she zoomed down the street. “Are you nervous?” she asked nervously.

“Nah. I figure, if I get outed by one of the kids from eighth grade, we have enough money now to send me to a Swiss boarding school.”

“That's not funny!”

“Chill out, Mom. Hey, I think you’re more scared than I am.”

“Do you have your new cell phone?”

“Sure, it’s in my backpack.”

“Just call me if you get in trouble, and I’ll rush right over.” She pulled up alongside the entrance to JFK High and gave me a tearful look. “Good luck today, Jenny. I’m so proud of you!”

“Thanks, Mom. Gotta go!” The last thing I needed on my first day of high school was for all the kids to see my mother treating me like a big baby! I hopped out of the car, slung my backpack over my shoulders and headed for my homeroom, just like all the other girls.

So I found my locker, had a quick peek at myself in the girls’ room (definitely not a boy looking back at me in the mirror!) and took a seat near the back of my homeroom. I quick glance around the room turned up only four familiar faces from my old grammar school, and the way I looked now, there was zero chance that any of them would recognize me as Jimmy, the geeky guy with boyboobs who missed the last month of eighth grade because of an undisclosed medical condition.

Our homeroom teacher was Mr. Collins. Bob had given me the lowdown on him: a history teacher, drama coach and all-around nice guy. As my home-room teacher, he was the only one outside the nurses and principal’s office who knew my secret, and he didn’t let on that there was anything special about me. We had a

few minutes before the bell for our first class, and after laying down a few ground rules, Mr. Collins went around the room and asked each of us to introduce ourselves. When he got to me I chirped, "My name is Jenny Wilson." I heard a couple of low whistles from some of the guys, which I pretended to ignore, then the bell rang and we scattered for first period.

The whole day was a blur, even more so for me, trying to pay attention in class while little things constantly reminded me of how crazy my life had become. In English, when we were asked to write a paragraph describing what we did that summer, I toyed with putting down something like this: "It was a typical summer for me. I grew breasts, put on a woman's swimsuit and laid out by the pool most of the time. Got my ears pierced and learned how to put on nylons. Bet not many guys can beat that!" Of course I didn't do it, and it seemed strange to watch my manicured fingers clutching a pencil as I tried to write in a girlish hand.

At lunchtime, I was standing in a long line at the cafeteria when I heard a familiar voice behind me. "Hey Jenny!" I turned around apprehensively, and was relieved to come face to face with Allison, the girl who had befriended me by the pool one day.

"Hey Allison."

"Did ya sign up for Pep Club yet?" she asked as she fell in beside me.

"Uh, no...but I still have the application. Is it too late?"

“Nah, they’re still looking for girls. How’s it going for you today?”

“Okay, I guess.” We picked up our trays and started to move through the serving line. “I miss summer.”

“Me too, but my classes so far are pretty cool. Have ya met any cute guys?”

“Yeah,” I said matter-of-factly. “I went to the dance last week with Bob Thornton.”

Allison’s eyes bugged out. “THE Bob Thornton? As in Bob Thornton the football star and President of the Senior Class?”

“Yep.”

“How’d ya meet him?”

“He picked me up at the mall.”

“Whoa, I gotta start hanging with you, girl. Did ya meet any of his friends?”

“Sure, they’re all cool guys.”

“Well, can you introduce me?” We filled our trays and I followed Allison to an empty table.

“Sure. Bob told me the Pep Club is the best,” I said as I fished the application form out of my backpack. I had a moment’s hesitation before I remembered to write down “Jenny Wilson” instead of my real name, and after I filled it out I gave it to Allison.

“I’m so blown away by the fact that you went out on a date with a senior guy.” As if on cue, I heard another familiar voice behind me. “Hey Jen. Mind if we join you?” Allison’s eyes bugged out again as Bob and Randy, one of his friends from the football team, pulled back the chairs next to ours and sat down beside us. “Who’s your friend?” Randy asked.

“I’m Allison,” she said, beating me to the punch. Allison was a flirt, and it wasn’t long before she and Randy were bantering back and forth, which was fine with me and Bob.

“How are your classes so far?” he asked.

“Okay. Hey, you didn’t tell me you were President of the Senior Class!”

“I thought everybody knew,” he laughed. “Seriously, that’s what I like about you, Jenny. You’re not like any other girl I’ve ever gone out with.”

Buddy, if you only knew, I thought ruefully....

“Are you going to the game this weekend?”

“I’m gonna join the Pep Club, if they let me in.”

“Trust me, you’re in. The President of the Senior Class will have a word with the President of the Pep Club,” he said with mock pomposity. I heard myself giggling, a real girly giggle, and I felt butterflies in my stomach when he asked, “Would you like to do something after the game?”

“Yes!” I practically shouted. That got Randy and Allison’s attention, and Bob said, “Hey, why don’t you guys join us?”

Although my backpack was stuffed with books and school supplies, I was walking on air all the way home. I had a date on Saturday night! So what if it was a double date – Allison was a lot of fun, and it would be a blast to hang with Bob and Randy.

Mom was waiting for me in the living room when I got home. “How was it?” she asked apprehensively.

“Okay,” I said as I shed my backpack. I gave Mom a big hug. “Thanks, Mom,” I said.

“Thanks for what, honey?”

“For pushing me to do this.”

“You mean going to school as a girl?”

“Uh huh.”

“I worried about you all day! I’m so glad things went well for you. Do you like your teachers?”

“They’re okay.”

“Did you make any friends?”

“Well, Allison and I had lunch together and....”

“Allison! Isn’t she the girl we met at the restaurant?”

“That’s her. She signed me up for the Pep Club. Our first meeting is tomorrow after school, so I’ll be home a little later, okay?”

“Of course! That sounds wonderful.”

“Oh, and I have a date with Bob on Saturday night,” I said as I started up the stairs towards my room.

“Oh my,” Mom said. “Good thing we have that appointment with Dr. Silver.”

The drive to the doctor’s office brought back a lot of bad memories. There were the endless visits the previous year, as my breasts grew larger and larger, to the consternation of the doctors and nurses. When they finally diagnosed my condition as gynecomastia, I was pretty far gone, and by the time they discovered the cause, it was much too late to save my manhood. By then I had taken on the outward appearance of a girl, and after a shrink recommended that I attend school as a female under an assumed name, I started on a regime of female hormones.

Dr. Silver, my specialist, was the one who finally discovered that Mom’s shampoo, soap and lotion were laced with tea tree oil and lavender, which turned me into a girl. He greeted me warmly after a nurse took some blood and urine, and his physical examination was very thorough. He lingered over my breasts before he turned his attention to my pitifully tiny privates, which seemed to shrink more and more every day.

After I put my skirt and top back on, Mom and I joined him in his office. “Your health is excellent, Jenny,” he began. “Your hormone levels are perfectly normal for a girl your age, although there is a slightly elevated level of testosterone in your blood.”

“Isn’t that to be expected?” Mom asked.

“Yes, which means that although Jenny’s testicles have atrophied considerably, there is still some residual activity going on. It will never be enough to trigger male puberty, but it could hamper her development into a woman somewhat.”

“Can you do anything to help her?”

“Yes,” he said, looking directly at me. “Jenny, it’s too soon for us to consider sexual reassignment surgery for you. Medical protocols require us to wait a little longer for that. But we can make sure that your testicles don’t interfere with your development into a woman, by removing them. This is a relatively simple out-patient surgery called a bilateral orchidectomy, which can be performed right here.”

I swallowed hard and looked at Mom. Once my balls were gone, there would be no turning back...but who was I kidding? I crossed my smooth legs and felt my breasts pressing against my bra. I felt like I was a girl already, and the sooner I put my past behind me, the better my chances for a normal, happy life. “How soon can you do it?” I asked.

“We can do it today,” Dr. Silver said.

I was shaking all over while the nurse prepped me, but the doctor used a local anesthesia. After I was numb, he made a small incision in my scrotum, pushed my balls through the opening, and out they came. Two little snips, and I was no longer a male. “Don’t worry, you’ll still be able to wear a bikini,” he said as he stitched me up, as if this was supposed to make me feel better. When I was able to sit up, all I saw was an empty sac with a bandage on it. Other than a dull ache from where my balls used to be, there was no pain, only a profound feeling of loss and sadness. The doctor prescribed a special panty liner to keep my stitches from oozing all over my clothes. I went to bed as soon as I got home, and cried myself to sleep.

I felt almost normal the next morning, a little stiff and sore but there was no pain to speak of. I was famished after going to bed without supper, and I was grateful for the big breakfast that Mom had waiting for me. “How are you feeling, Jenny?” she asked.

“Much better,” I sniffed. My emotions were still a mess, and I almost started crying again.

“Do you want to stay home from school today?”

“I can’t do that, Mom. I have Pep Club,” I bawled.

Mom put her arms around me. “Jenny, I know this is so hard! But what you did yesterday was the right thing.”

“I know, Mom. It’s just that until yesterday, none of this seemed permanent. Now I know that I’ll never be able to go back.”

“Think about the future, Jenny. There’s no point in living in the past.”

She was right, and I knew it, but it didn’t make me feel any better. I managed to finish most of my breakfast, and then it was back upstairs to get ready for school. There would be no shower today – I had to keep my stitches dry – and the nurse recommended that I wear loose-fitting clothing, so after I changed my panties and panty liner, I put on a bra, camisole, and cotton jumper that would be cool and comfortable with my sandals.

Mom drove me to school again, and she said she’d pick me up after Pep Club. “Remember, no physical activity today,” she said. “If anyone asks you why you’re not yourself today, just tell them that you’re having cramps. They’ll assume it’s that time of the month.” That sent me into another tailspin, and I burst into tears again. Not only could I never go back to being a boy, I had to pretend I was a girl having her period! Mom drove around the block a few times until I cried myself out

I skipped lunch so I wouldn’t run into Bob or Allison, and made it through the day without any more hysterics. By the time I went to the gym for Pep Club orientation, I was feeling almost normal, if anything about my life could be described as normal these days.

The gym was filling up by the time I got there, and I was glad to take a seat in one of the upper rows and get lost in the crowd. The band was playing fight songs, then the cheerleaders came in and did their thing, and then the Pep Club advisor, a very mannish P.E. teacher named Mrs. Clark, came to the microphone. She told us that the Pep Club's mission was to promote school spirit, then she turned the microphone over to the Pep Club President, who described the events that the Pep Club organized every year, like Homecoming and Winterfest. She said that the number one responsibility of the Pep Club was to encourage support for all the school's athletic teams, and just then the band played a drumroll and Bob ran out onto the floor in his football uniform!

In spite of all that I'd been through, I felt a little twitch in my panties at the sight of him. He looked so big, strong and handsome! Bob took the microphone and told us how important it was to the team to hear the kids cheering them on from the stands, and said that if we all got behind them they could go all the way to the state championships that year! After he left for football practice, the cheerleaders did another routine, the band played another fight song, Mrs. Clark handed out copies of the Pep Club Constitution, we all stood and raised our hands to take the Pep Club Pledge, and then we got in line to pick up our uniforms.

Of course Allison found me in the crowd. "Where you been all day?" she asked, flipping through the Constitution. "This is so lame: 'Hair and make-up must be in good taste, which is at the discretion of the Pep Club advisor' – have you seen Mrs. Clark? 'Jewelry is not allowed at games, practices, or performances. This includes earrings, watches, necklaces, rings, bracelets, and any piercings.' Dang, there go my plans for a nose

ring! ‘Members will receive one demerit for each of the following: chewing gum at Pep activities, negative attitude or inappropriate behavior.’ Uh oh!” She took her gum out of her mouth and stuck it on the back of her Constitution. I thought I was going to pop my stitches, I was laughing so hard. Allison almost made my blues go away, it was so much fun being girlfriends.

We finally got to the head of the line, where two senior girls measured us for our uniforms. I couldn’t believe how skimpy the little skirt was! Soon my arms were full: an addition to my skirt and matching panties, there was a sleeveless top, letter sweater, little anklets and hair ribbons, all in our school colors. I stuffed everything into my backpack, and called Mom on my cell phone to tell her to pick me up. By the time we got home, I was feeling pretty good about being a girl again.

The rest of the week flew by, and on Saturday I slept until almost noon. Mom finally had to wake me up to get ready for the game! My stitches were healed by then, and I took a nice long bubble bath after breakfast. Mom pointed out the peach fuzz on my legs and suggested that it might be time to start shaving them, so I took one of her disposable razors and experienced another right of passage into the world of femininity. After I shaved my legs, I shampooed my hair and lay back in the tub, my breasts peeking up through the bubbles. It was getting harder and harder to remember my life as a boy.

Putting on my Pep Club uniform for the first time was enough to make me forget that I’d ever been Jimmy. It was a good thing they gave us matching panties, because the little pleated skirt barely covered my behind! We were still having a heat wave, and Mrs.

Clark told us to wear our sleeveless tops instead of our sweaters. I put on my little sox with white sneakers and called down for Mom to help me with my hair. She sat me down on the bed and separated my long blonde hair into twin braids, fastening each with one of the gaily colored ribbons. "Oh Jenny, you look so precious!" she said when she was done.

I heard a horn blasting outside and realized that Allison was waiting in the driveway. Her Mom had offered to pick me up on the way to the game, which was at a rival high school. Mom helped organize some essentials in a little purse while I put on some lip-gloss and eyeliner, and I was off to the game. Two other members of the Pep Club rode along with us, and for the first time in my life I was just one of the girls, gossiping and giggling in our cute little outfits.

The game was awesome! Even though we were away, a special place was staked out on the visitors' side for the Pep Club, so we had great seats. The band played great, the cheerleaders were over the top, and we yelled for all we were worth as our team rolled up the score. Basking in the sun in my sleeveless top and skimpy skirt, watching the guys down on the field panting with exertion and getting their heads bashed, I finally got it: girls really do have it better than guys. The Pep Club did its first dance routine out on the field at halftime, something simple since we'd only been practicing for a few days, and as I waved my pom-poms and sang a school song along with the other girls, I looked up in the stands to see some of my old eighth grade friends, now dweeby freshmen on the bottom of the totem pole. If they only knew I was hanging out with the star of the team that night!

It was the first time I'd ever seen Bob play football, and he was fantastic, catching two long passes for touchdowns and even recovering a fumble in the end zone for another one. When the gun finally sounded to put the home team out of its misery, JFK High was on top by a score of 42-6, and all alone in first place. We raced out onto the field after the game, and when Allison found Randy he gave her a big kiss. I was standing there awkwardly when I was suddenly lifted off the ground, and then Bob was holding me in his arms and kissing me too. It was the most wonderful moment of my life.

Mom gave me a disapproving frown when I came downstairs that evening in tight jeans and a low-cut blouse. "I'm not sure I want you going out on a date looking like that."

"Oh Mom, I already talked to Allison and this is what she's wearing, and her Mom was in the car and it wasn't any big deal to her! Besides, you should see what some of the other girls are wearing out there. I look like a nun compared to them."

"They're not my daughter."

"Listen Mom, until I get myself fixed down there, jeans are much safer than a skirt." That totally threw her, and she was still trying to think of a response when the doorbell rang. "Bye!" I said as I scooted out the door.

"You're in a hurry," Bob said.

“Mom thinks I should change into something more ladylike.”

“Well, maybe you should,” he laughed.

“Huh?”

“Not tonight, for sure, but I have to admit I do like seeing you in a dress once in a while. You knocked me out at the dance.”

“Do you want me to change?” I asked.

“No way, you look hot in those jeans!”

“Well, you look nice, too.” He was wearing jeans and a short-sleeved shirt, and I never realized how muscular his arms were before. Randy and Allison were already in the car, and after we got in it was nonstop conversation about how great the guys played and how much fun it was to be in the Pep Club. “I owe you big time,” I said to Allison.

“It was all part of my clever plan: I get you to join the Pep Club, you get to meet Bob, I get you to introduce me to his best friend...”

“Bro, these girls are dangerous,” Randy said from the back seat. I heard Allison giggle, then I heard her sigh, and I didn’t have to turn around to figure out what was going on.

Mom was waiting up for me when I got home around midnight, way past my curfew. She could tell

that I had been crying, and instead of taking my head off she took me into her arms. “It’s okay, honey, tell me all about it.”

“Oh Mom, I feel like such a fool!”

“What happened, Jenny? You can tell me, I promise I won’t get mad. Please, tell me what happened.” She led me over to the sofa and I curled up beside her with my head in her lap. I was shaking with sobs as she stroked my hair. A long time passed that way, me fighting back tears, she patiently waiting for her daughter to open up to her.

Finally I was able to sit up and talk. “It all started so great,” I began. “Bob drove us to the restaurant where Allison used to work, you know the same place where you met her, and we had a great time there. Then the guys said they wanted to take us to the drive-in.”

“There’s still a drive-in somewhere?”

“Yeah, it’s like twenty miles away.”

“I would never have approved of that!”

“Mom, you promised not to get mad at me.”

“I’m sorry, Jenny. Go ahead, tell me what happened.”

“Allison was all for it, and there wasn’t much I could do....”

“Let me stop you right there. You can always say no.”

“Mom?”

“Sorry. I promise I won’t interrupt any more.”

“So we drove to the drive-in, and before long Randy and Allison were going at it hot and heavy in the back seat. Which left me holding hands with Bob and trying to keep him out of my pants.”

Mom seemed genuinely shocked. “He seemed like such a nice boy....”

“He’s a guy, Mom.”

“What did you do?”

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Did anything bad happen?”

“Not to me.”

“Did he try to force himself on you?”

“No, but I could tell he was really bummed.”

“What were Randy and Allison doing all this time?”

“That’s the reason Bob was so bummed. They really got it on.”

“Do you mean she let him go all the way?”

“Sure sounded like it.”

Now she really was shocked. “Allison seemed like such a nice girl....”

“She is, Mom, just a normal teenage girl. I’m the one who has the big problem....”

“I blame myself for letting you go out with a boy so much older than you. What was I thinking?”

I was tired of talking, tired of boys, tired of trying to be a girl, tired of everything about my screwed-up life. “I’m sorry, Mom. I don’t think I’m ready for all this. I just want to go to bed now.”

“No more dates with boys who are old enough to drive.”

“Don’t worry. I don’t think Bob’s going to ask me out any more.” I trudged up the stairs and collapsed onto my bed, sobbing uncontrollably. How could I tell Mom what really happened? It felt so good when Bob started feeling my breasts, then he had my bra off and his hands started to slide down into my jeans. I was so afraid that he was going to discover my secret!

I finally did what I had to do to make him happy, and I was so ashamed and confused. After that, we just sat there in the front seat while Randy and Allison went at it. The ride back home seemed to take forever, and the little kiss he gave me after he walked me to the door was beyond awkward. It was like Bob couldn’t wait to escape.

I slept till way past noon on Sunday. The weather changed overnight, and it was pouring rain by the time I got up. It was really coming down, a soaking heavy rain which matched my mood. I lolled around the house all afternoon, still confused and embarrassed about the way I behaved the night before.

I was doing my homework when the telephone rang. My heart skipped a beat, thinking maybe it was Bob calling to talk to me, but the call was for Mom. She took it in her bedroom, and she was in there for a long time. When she finally came out, she was the one who'd been crying this time. "Mom, what's wrong?" I asked.

She sat down and took a deep breath. "That was your father."

When it rains, it pours. My dating dilemmas paled in comparison to what Mom had to tell me. It seems that my father, who had walked out on us several years before, had gotten wind of our financial settlement and wanted back in our lives. After leaving us penniless, with Mom having to move us into a crummy apartment and take a secretarial job to survive, he wanted to cash in on my misfortune.

I was terrified. My father had always been cold and aloof, and that was when I was his son. How would he react when he learned what had happened to me? "Does he know that I'm a girl now?" I asked with dread.

"No, thank God. All he knows is that we moved into a new house, and he's obviously been down on his luck. He wants to stop by and see us next weekend."

"No way!"

“I know, it’s terrible. But if I try to stop him, he might get a lawyer involved, and if that happens he’ll probably find out what happened to you. I can’t bear to think about what might happen then.”

“What do you mean?”

“What if he decides to publicize your condition?”

“Why would he do that?”

“To make money, of course.”

Could my father stoop so low? I didn’t want to believe it, but I knew that Mom could be right. “What are we going to do?”

It rained nonstop all weekend, and it was still miserable on Monday morning, so Mom drove me to school again. By this time my wardrobe had expanded to include a slicker with a little hood, and I had boots and a long skirt on, which made it hard to run when I got out of the car, but I was able to make it into JFK High without getting completely soaked. What a way to start my day!

I kept to myself all morning, and at lunch I sat with some kids I met at Pep Club, really cool girls who were fun to hang out with. There were even a few boys at our table, freshmen and sophomores, who seemed so immature compared to Bob! At one point I peeked over at our old lunch table and saw Allison and Randy exchanging soulful glances....Bob was there too, with

some other girl. My heart sank and I quickly looked away.

Instead of P.E. I went to study hall in the library every afternoon. Staring out the windows at the driving rain, I played nervously with the hem of my skirt while I racked my brain. If I thought I had problems in high school now, just wait till Dad put me on the Jerry Springer show! There had to be some way to stop him. I took out a sheet of paper and made of list of all the people who knew the truth about me. It was a very short list. Could any of them help us?

Before study hall was over, I hatched the scheme to save Mom and me from my worthless father. But first I had another week of school to get through as Jenny Wilson, and Pep Club practice, and a game on Saturday...when I got home that night and told Mom about my plan, she rejected it out of hand. But as the days went by, with my father's arrival looming and no other alternatives, she reluctantly agreed to go along.

JFK won again on Saturday, of course. Bob only caught ten passes and scored two more touchdowns. I cheered his name along with the other kids, but my heart just wasn't in it. Allison and I had a long talk during the game, she was desperately in love with Randy and she was beginning to wonder if she'd been too easy. They didn't have a date that night, and he wasn't calling her as much. You just can't win if you're a girl!

When I got home late Saturday afternoon, our company was waiting for me in the living room. Mom had tried to prepare them for what they were about to

see, but when I walked through the front door in my Pep Club outfit, it blew them away.

“Omigod, you look so like a girl!” Kathi shrieked.

“I love that skirt!” Kristi gushed. “Why can’t we wear stuff that cool at our high school?”

My cousins and I jumped up and down, hugging each other, while my aunt and uncle looked on, speechless. “If I hadn’t seen him with my own eyes, I never would have believed it,” my uncle finally said.

“Seen her, you mean,” my aunt corrected him. You can’t tell me that Jenny is not my niece now.” Just then the doorbell rang, and Mom got up to let Mr. Collins in. As drama coach, my homeroom teacher was skilled at costumes and makeup, and when I confided my problem to him one day after school, he was only too happy to help. Before long he was hard at work.

On Sunday afternoon, my father pulled into the driveway in a rented Lincoln Navigator, right on schedule. He looked as sleazy as I remembered, with his thinning hair combed across his head and his gut bulging over his tight trousers. As I watched him from an upstairs window, it made me feel good to know I’d never go bald now, and I vowed to watch my figure from now on.

I heard my mother open the door with a chilly greeting. “Hey babe, nice digs,” my father said. “Looks like your ship came in.”

“How did you find out where we lived?”

“I’ve been trying to find you so I could start making child support payments.” What a crock! He hadn’t sent us a dime since he walked out on Mom. “Where’s Jimmy?”

That was my cue. I shuffled down the stairs, my hair tucked under a baseball cap with the brim turned backwards, wearing a baggy sweatshirt and grunge pants. My breasts were uncomfortably squished by one of my old sports bras, and with one earring and wrap-around sunglasses, I looked like Barbra Streisand playing Yentl as a rapper wannabe. My father could only glower at me as I sat down next to Mom. “Jimmy, looks like you need some exercise, boy!” he said. “Are you playing any sports in school?”

“Up yours,” I said.

For a moment I thought he was going to haul off and belt me, but just then my uncle entered the room, looking like Jesse Ventura after a bad day in the ring with a feather boa. “Well well, look what the cat dragged in,” my uncle sneered.

“What are you doing here?” my father asked. The two of them had never gotten along, and they stood at opposite ends of the living room like two prizefighters sizing each other up before the bell.

“I live here, dude.”

“You moved in with your sister?” Dad asked Mom.

“Yes, no thanks to you. We’re lucky we’re not out on the street.” That was Kathi and Kristi’s cue, and they waltzed into the room looking like two teenaged hookers. My father gaped in astonishment at their micro skirts, stiletto heels and fishnet stockings.

“I need some bread for condoms,” Kristi said, an unlit cigarette dangling from her garish mouth.

“And I need a night off!” Kathi groaned. “My back is killing me.”

My father had done many bad things in his life, but I could tell that he was truly shocked. “You’re pimping your daughters?” he asked.

“That’s it. I’m gonna kick your ass into next Tuesday,” my uncle said as he started across the room.

“Whoa, this is too weird! I’m outa here!” my Dad said as he ran for the door.

“Wait,” my mother called after him as he jumped into his car. “What about those child support payments?” Her words were drowned out by his screeching tires as he disappeared, this time for good.

We all had a good laugh, and then we changed for dinner. It felt so nice to take off my old boy clothes and put on a dress again! It was like having sisters as Kathi and Kristi swapped makeup and clothes with me, and they insisted on doing something called a French braid to my hair that made me look so much older! Kathi and Kristi looked darling in their dresses too, and Mom

insisted on treating everyone to an expensive dinner at a fancy restaurant, including Mr. Collins and his wife.

There were many toasts to Mr. Collins, who brushed them all aside. "I was merely the director," he said modestly. "Jenny wrote the script."

"I want to thank you for being so kind to her," Mom said. "We were very apprehensive, but she's really enjoying high school."

"Really, I've had nothing to do with her success. Jenny has been accepted by everyone at JFK. To tell you the truth, she has more grace and style than most of the young women in her class."

"I knew you'd make a great girl, ever since that day at the mall," Kathi said.

"I don't think I've heard that story," my aunt said, and the adults hung on every word as we told them about my first outing as a girl. "Jimmy was a cool guy, but I like Jenny even better," Kristi said.

"I'm just glad my ex-husband never met her," Mom said.

"I think you've seen the last of him," my uncle said.

"Are you referring to my husband or my son?" Mom asked.

It was kind of a letdown when my cousins left for home early Monday morning, and I had to go back to the

grind. By now the novelty of dressing as a girl had worn off, and it was becoming second nature to me to put on my makeup, style my hair and decide what to wear. I did get a big wink from Mr. Collins on Monday morning, but he played it totally cool after that and I soon settled back into my routine.

Allison and I were best friends again. After Randy dumped her, she started dating another guy on the football team, but her heart still belonged to Randy. She told me how smart I'd been not to give it up to Bob, and how cheap and dirty she felt when she realized that she was a one-night stand. We talked on the phone for hours every night, until Mom finally put her foot down and told me I was neglecting my homework. Every now and then I'd learn little tidbits about Bob, which girl he was dating this week and what colleges he was thinking about. I guess I was still carrying the torch for him, because I had no interest in dating anyone else.

Autumn came, and there was a definite nip in the air. I liked walking to school, and I didn't even mind wearing nylons or tights to keep my legs warm. Once I got used to them, I hardly even knew I had them on, although they did make it a big pain when I went to the girls' room. I'd become so used to the little hassles and sacrifices of womanhood that I no longer complained about them, and I was looking forward to the day when I could complete the final step in my transition. I envied the girls who got to play volleyball and basketball in P.E. every day while I was hunkered down in the library.

So I wasn't all that scared when I got home from school one day and Mom told me it was time. "Dr. Silver says your psychiatrist has cleared you for sexual reassignment surgery. You'll be in the hospital for

several days, and he thinks he can schedule it over Thanksgiving break so you won't miss too many classes. Are you sure you're ready for this, Jenny?"

There was no longer any doubt in my mind. After my castration, I stopped thinking of myself as a guy, but I knew that I would never be able to think of myself as a woman until I could share that part of myself with a man. In my dreams, I still hoped that maybe Bob would ask me out again someday, and if he ever did, I vowed to be ready for him. I told Mom to schedule my surgery without delay.

There was still one more football game before the season ended, and the school was in a frenzy all week. As Bob had predicted, JFK High was still undefeated, and if they won on Saturday they would be a lock for the state championship. The Pep Club held extra practices to work on a special program for halftime, and we were all excited about our new routines. When Saturday came, it was cold and overcast. Thankfully, we were allowed to wear dance tights under our outfits, but even in my thick letter sweater I was shivering in the stands before the game.

The game started well, with JFK scoring an early touchdown, then the other team recovered a fumble and tied the score. It remained like that for the rest of the first half, then we were out on the field strutting our stuff. I remember commenting to Allison how chewed up the field was, and how sorry I felt for the guys having to try to keep their footing. My words must have been an omen, because on the first play from scrimmage in the second half, Bob went downfield for a long pass and stumbled as he reached up for the ball. He was off balance when he caught it, and when he came back

down, an opposing player was waiting for him. Crack! You could hear Bob's leg break from the stands, and there was a deathly silence when he was carried off the field. Tears were streaming down my cheeks as he was wheeled into an ambulance and taken to the hospital.

That seemed to take the fight out of our team, and they lost in the last minute, 14-7. We were like zombies as we filed out of the stands for the long ride home. There was a big homecoming dance that night, but I didn't have a date for it, so I stayed home with Mom and tried to psych myself up for my operation. I'd read all the literature Dr. Silver gave us, and I knew I was in for a lot of pain. "How long will I be in the hospital?" I asked.

"Two or three days. You'll be heavily sedated at first, and it will be uncomfortable when they change your dressings. I want you to know that I'll be there with you day and night."

"You don't have to do that, Mom."

"Oh yes I do! I'll let you in on a little secret. Before you were born, I really hoped that you'd be a girl. Of course I loved you anyway, but I'd always dreamed of having a daughter. Well, now that I'm about to get one, I'm not taking any chances! I'll be watching the doctors and nurses around the clock."

I don't remember anything about my surgery. Of course, I was under heavy anesthesia, and even after I woke up I was so full of drugs that I didn't really know where I was or what was happening to me. I do

remember Mom holding my hand and Dr. Silver standing over me in the recovery room as I drifted in and out of consciousness. When I finally came around, the pain between my legs was vicious, and the first time I went to the bathroom was sheer agony. I cursed, I cried, and I begged for more painkillers.

Gradually things got better. I was able to get up and walk around in my hospital gown, leaning against Mom for support at first, and eventually I was able to get around on my own. I was shocked at how drawn and pale my face looked in the mirror, and the bandages between my legs weren't pretty. The worst part of every day was when they removed my dressings and inserted a dilator into my virgin vagina. It felt like I'd been impaled each time, and I whimpered when the nurses told me to be brave.

Because I was so young and my male parts had become so small, my recovery time was relatively swift. I would be able to recuperate at home for another few days before going back to school, and it looked like I'd only miss a few days of classes. My friends had been told that I'd gone in for minor "female surgery", and nobody pried. On the day I was to be released, Mom brought a small suitcase with some clothes and makeup, and for the first time in my life, I dressed myself in women's clothing as a woman. My panties finally fit my body, and my dress and stockings felt so right now. I took my time with my hair and makeup, and I was almost presentable when I was wheeled out of my room.

Good thing! I was waiting in the lobby in my wheelchair for Mom to get the car when I felt a tap on my shoulder. "Jenny?"

My heart skipped a beat when I looked up and saw Bob, in crutches, with his leg in a cast. “I didn’t know you were here,” he said. “What happened to you?”

“Oh nothing, just some minor surgery,” I lied. “I felt so bad when I saw you get hurt. Is it bad?”

“I’m just bummed about the way the season ended.”

“Will you be able to play in college?”

“The doctors say it’s a clean break and I’ll be okay. But it looks like the basketball season is shot.”

“I’m really sorry.”

“I am too, Jenny.”

“Huh?”

“For the way I treated you that night. I should never have come on to you like that. I’ve thought about it a lot.”

“It’s okay, really.”

“No, it’s not. You weren’t ready, and I shouldn’t have pushed it. I’ve been kicking myself ever since.”

“Well, you can’t do that anymore,” I said, poking his cast.

“No, I guess not,” he laughed. “I’ve really missed you, Jen.”

“I’ve missed you too, Bob. A lot.”

“Looks like I won’t be able to drive anywhere for a while, but when I get this cast off, maybe we could go out?”

Just then Mom pulled up to the curb, and she smiled when she saw us together. “I see you two have something in common,” she said.

I got out of the wheelchair, stood up on my tiptoes and gave him a little kiss. “Call me,” I said.

On the way back home, we stopped at our lawyer’s office to sign some legal forms changing my name and birth records. I was now officially Miss Jennifer Wilson, female. I was still pretty sore down there, so I spent the next few days with my feet up, reading the homework assignments that Allison brought over to me after school each day. She was thrilled for me when I told her about Bob, and we spent hours talking about school, clothes and boys.

Bob called me every night. It was so easy to talk to him! His cast was coming off in January, just in time for Winterfest, the biggest social event at JFK next to the senior prom. When Bob finally asked me if I’d go with him, I was on cloud nine! It was a formal affair, and Mom and I spent hours at the mall looking for the perfect dress, and then there were the matching shoes, purse and lingerie...good thing we were rich!

Mom made an appointment for me at her hair salon when the big day arrived. It was fun being pampered, having my nails done and my hair shampooed, tinted and fluffed to perfection. Then it was home for a long,

hot bubble bath before I got myself dressed for the dance. My dress had spaghetti straps that showed a lot of skin, but it covered me in all the right places and made me feel so sexy! For bling I wore a little diamond pendant and matching earrings, and Mom treated me to a spritz of her most expensive cologne. My pantyhose were so sheer I was almost afraid to put on my strappy little sandals.

Bob was waiting for me when I made my grand entrance, like Scarlett O'Hara, down the curving staircase. "Wow," was all he could manage as he fastened a corsage to my wrist. Mom took our picture, kissed me on the cheek and slipped away. "You look sensational," Bob finally said.

"Right back at ya," I replied. "You look awesome in a tux."

"They're kind of a pain to put on."

"Tell me about it," I laughed as he helped me put on my coat. "Try getting dressed up like this sometime."

"No way," he said. "I can't even imagine what it must be like to be a chick."

"I'll tell you all about it sometime."

Needless to say, I was walking on air all night, even if it was backwards in high heels. There were a lot of slow dances, and we didn't sit out any of them. When my toes couldn't take it any more and I finally kicked off my heels, my chin just rested on his shoulder as he squired me around the floor in my stocking feet. We talked about nothing in particular as he held me tight.

I asked him if he wanted to come inside when we got back home. Mom had already gone to bed, and Bob snuggled with me on the sofa for quite some time. My breasts were waiting for him when he peeled off my spaghetti straps, and this time I didn't flinch when his hands continued to roam. My long dress kept him from getting very far, but just knowing that I was all woman down there made it so much better this time. I played with him like I'd been there before, and I could tell that he was feeling good when we finally kissed goodnight.

The rest of the school year flew by. Bob walked me home from school every afternoon, and we were inseparable that spring, going out every weekend. It was no surprise when he asked me to the Senior Prom, although I was embarrassed when we were voted the cutest couple in the high school yearbook!

My prom dress, a taffeta confection with a long, flowing skirt and a plunging neckline, was ice blue, and it took forever to find a purse, shoes, shawl and lingerie to match. The day before the prom, Mom took me to a day spa and I experienced the works: manicure, pedicure, facial, even a bikini wax. Except for the wax, it was heaven! The next day my hair was styled with romantic curls at Mom's salon, and by the time I got dressed, I felt like a living doll. My dress felt so cool against my bare skin! Bob was gorgeous in his white tuxedo, with a cummerbund and matching tie in our school colors. We couldn't keep our hands off each other, and we left the prom early....



The next day my hair was styled with romantic curls at Mom's salon, and by the time I got dressed, I felt like a living doll.

I was over the moon when Bob got a football scholarship to the state university, but before long it was time for him to leave. By then our friends were teasing us that we were like an old married couple, and we both knew that once he left for college, it could never last. I was going to miss him terribly, but I also knew in my heart that it was better this way. We'd meet new people, and it was inevitable that we would drift apart. In a way, I was almost relieved that I would never have to tell him my secret.

Sophomore year was a drag without Bob, but I made new friends and got into girls' sports. I guess I had an edge, having been a boy all those years, even if I never was much of an athlete. I excelled at softball, if only because I didn't throw like a girl, and it was a hoot having the Pep Club cheer for me for a change! Allison's father was transferred and she moved away, but we did our best to keep in touch.

The rest of my high school career was pretty undistinguished, which was probably a good thing considering all that I'd been through. Although I had my share of dates, I never met another guy who excited me like Bob. I graduated as just another girl, and took some classes at a local community college before getting a job as a flight attendant. It was hard work and the hours were brutal, but I loved to travel and meet new people. Mom and I were still very close, but she knew it was time for me to leave the nest.

One winter day I was walking through a crowded airport when I saw a familiar face. It was Bob! He was gone through the security line before I could catch up

with him, and suddenly I was feeling very sorry for myself. Christmas was coming up, and with my low seniority I'd be working over the holidays. I sadly put Bob out of my mind as I tugged my little suitcase behind me on the way to my flight, just another flight attendant in her navy blue uniform, stockings and heels.

I was working a charter flight for a professional football team that day, and I was handing out menus when I came face to face with Bob again. This time he couldn't get away! My hair was a lot shorter, but still blonde, and he recognized me in an instant. "Jenny!" he said with a big smile. "You look terrific!"

I'm sure I blushed bright crimson as I moved on to the other passengers. After we took off, I found an excuse to go back to Bob's seat, and he insisted that I sit down beside him. "I can only talk for a minute," I said.

"I know. It's so great seeing you again!"

"I didn't know you were in the NFL."

"Barely. I'm a rookie and I don't get to play very much." He looked handsomer than ever, and a lot more muscular, if that was possible. He slipped a note in my hand as I was returning to my duties. "Here's my cell phone number. I'd love to have dinner with you tonight if you're free."

Fortunately I had time to go shopping for a dress to wear. It was bitterly cold out but I went with something a little daring...I was determined not to blow this! I called Bob and gave him the number of my hotel room,

and my heart jumped like I was back in high school when he phoned from the lobby.

He took me to a quiet little Italian restaurant, and at first it seemed like we had never been away from each other, as we bantered back and forth like we did when we were teenagers. He ordered a nice Chardonnay, and I was feeling very mellow. "How can you stand playing football when it's so cold out?" I asked.

"I'll let you in on a little secret. We wear queen-sized pantyhose under our uniforms."

"No way!"

"All the NFL teams do it." I couldn't stop laughing at the thought of Bob in pantyhose. "Hey, it's not that funny," he said. "It takes a real man to wear them."

How true, I thought to myself. "Don't worry, Bob, your secret's safe with me."

The waiter came, and after we ordered, I decided the time had come. "So, are you married?" I asked.

"Nope. Still looking. How about you?"

"Stopped looking. I guess I'll be single all my life."

"Come on, Jenny, you're a beautiful woman. You could have any guy you wanted."

"I've got a secret too, Bob."

“Jenny Wilson, the All American Girl, has a secret? This I’ve got to hear.” He poured me another glass of wine. “Give.”

I knew I had nothing to lose, but I was still so scared! I’d probably never see him again, but at least it would bring some closure to tell him the truth. “When I was in eighth grade, I came down with a condition called gynecomastia.”

“Sounds bad. What did it do to you?”

“It...it made my body change.”

“Well, you sure can’t complain about the results!”

“I did then. For the first thirteen years of my life, my name wasn’t Jenny. It was Jimmy.” I felt a tear running down my cheek.

If Bob was freaked out, he didn’t show it. He just stared at me for the longest time, like he was trying to comprehend what I was telling him. “You were a boy?”

“Yes. When my condition was diagnosed, I wanted to kill myself, and if it hadn’t been for Mom, I’m sure I would have.”

“So what did you do?”

“Mom enrolled me at JFK High as a girl, and during freshman year I had two operations to make me a she.”

“Freshman year? That’s when we were going out!”

“I had the second operation at the same hospital where they treated your broken leg.”

“I remember now, seeing you in the hospital...this is just so far out. I mean, you never looked anything like a guy. How did you get so good at being a girl?”

“I guess I was a natural. Maybe I never was cut out to be a man. I had a lot of help from Mom, even though I fought her every step of the way, but eventually I just gave in and learned to live with it.”

“Wow,” was all he could say. Our dinners came, and we ate in silence for a while. I already regretted my foolish decision to tell him...why couldn't I have just enjoyed the evening together and gone on with my life? When he finally spoke, there was a seriousness I'd never heard before in his voice. “I spent a lot of time in the hospital when I was a kid, too,” he said.

“You did?”

“When I was ten, I came down with a bad case of Scarlet Fever. It almost killed me. When I got better, the doctors told me that it made me sterile.”

I took his hand in sympathy. “Oh Bob, I'm so sorry.”

“I guess that's why I got so into sports, to compensate in some way. I'll never be able to be a dad, which is why I've never asked anyone to marry me.”

Our minds met at that moment, and I trembled when I realized what he might be thinking. “Me, too,” I

said. “I may be a woman, but I can never have children. That’s why I’m stuck being single.”

“No, you’re not. Jenny, there’s never been anyone else like you for me. I don’t care if you’re an alien from outer space! Just being with you again reminds me of how much I always loved you.”

The tears were streaming down my face now. “I’ve never stopped loving you.”

“Do you think you could be happy with a guy who wears pantyhose to work?”

“I’m your girl.”

Life has a way of settling old scores. Two days later, I was passing through another airport when I happened to notice the sports section of USA TODAY. The front page featured a long article about the rookie wide receiver who got his big chance on Sunday when his team’s starter was knocked out of the game with a broken leg in the first half. All Bob Thornton did was make two spectacular catches for touchdowns, leading his team to an upset win and a berth in the playoffs. I smiled at the memory of our night together before the game. Guess I didn’t wear him out after all!

Six months later, Super Bowl MVP Bob Thornton’s wedding was the social event of the year back home. It was held in our home, and Mom was in her glory, organizing everything like Martha Stewart. She insisted on taking me to an expensive bridal salon, where I tried on dreamy dress after dreamy dress until I found just

the right one. It had a halter top and a ball skirt, and the long train that was almost impossible to walk in, but I just had to have it!

Mom was happy to deal with the caterers, the band and the flowers while I got ready for my big day. Allison was my maid of honor, and we had so much fun getting ready! A lot of our old friends from JFK were there, of course, and several of Bob's NFL buddies came too. Needless to say, Allison zeroed in on the cutest one, and a few months later, we went to their wedding!

Only a few members of my bridal party knew the secret about Jenny Wilson. My uncle, looking like Governor Jesse Ventura this time, gave me away, and Kathi and Kristi were ravishing as bridesmaids. Mom and her sister were bawling like babies when I made my long, slow entrance down the curving staircase to our living room. I felt like a princess in my long white dress, and Bob was gorgeous as usual in his morning suit and striped tie. When the minister asked if anyone knew any reason why the bride and groom shouldn't be married, I held my breath! Then we were pronounced man and wife, and we kissed to cheers and applause from our friends and family.

A sports reporter crashed the wedding, and he cornered me during the reception in our backyard. "Is it true that you were Bob Thornton's high school sweetheart?" he asked me.

"Yes," I replied warily.

"This isn't my beat. Can you describe that dress you're wearing?"

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“Let’s see, my dress is made of peau satin and Battenburg lace, with a funnel neck and a full skirt. That was a semi-cathedral detachable train, oh and this is a Basque waist”. I watched him sweat as he tried to write it all down.

“Wow, that’s a mouthful. I guess you’ve dreamed of wearing a dress like that ever that since you were a little girl, huh?”

Bob rescued me before I could come up with a response. “Hit the road, pal.”

“I’m just doing my job. What’s your wife’s name, so I can get it right for the story?” he asked as Bob started to hustle him out the gate.

I felt a little sorry for him. “My name is Jenny Wilson,” I said for the last time.

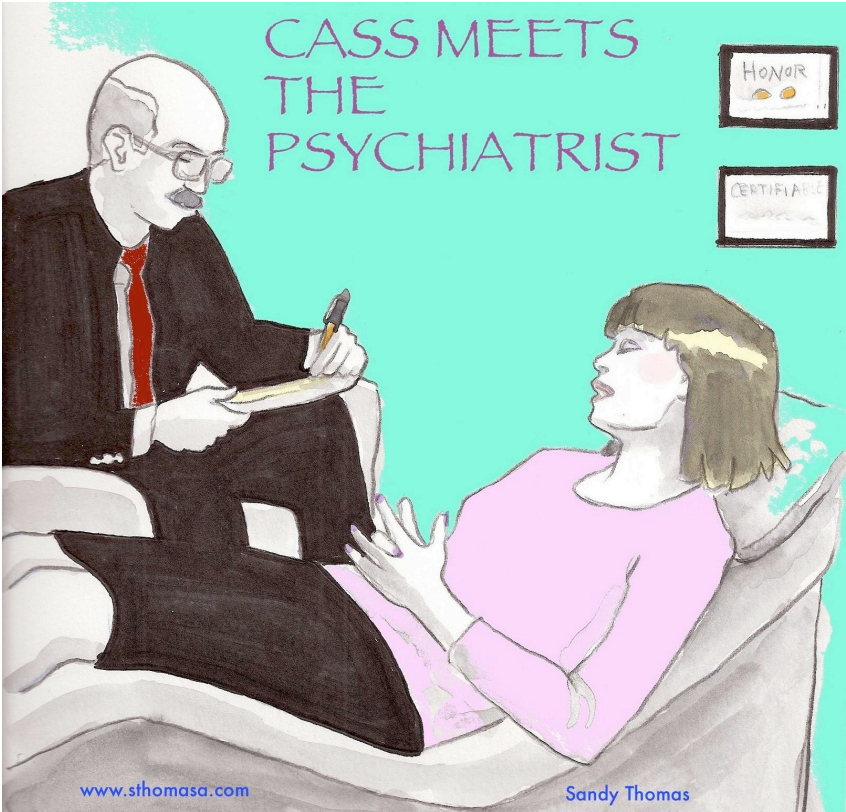
“No, it’s not,” my husband said. “Her name is Jenny Thornton.”

THE END....

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JENNY WILSON
I'M YOUR GIRL!



CASS MEETS THE PSYCHIATRIST

Sandy Thomas
FROM TRANSVESTIA #77

The nurse arose, adjusted the gold-rimmed glasses on her thin, almost hawk-like nose, and stood waiting behind her desk as the young blonde in the mini-skirt entered the reception room. She looked impatiently at the clock to convey her annoyance to patients who arrive late.

“Bellingham...” said Cass. “I have an appointment.”

The nurse looked down at her appointment book running her finger over a list of names. She looked up slowly, “We were expecting a man? Casper Bellingham?”

“I’d rather you called me ‘Cass’...it’s much more suitable. Don’t you agree?” said Cass, wrinkling his nose. “Sorry I’m late, I couldn’t find a close place to park and didn’t want to walk by all that construction.”

The nurse forced a thin-lipped smile of sorts. “Doctor Patewaner has been waiting for you.”

She showed Cass into the office. “Doctor, this is Casper...er...Cass Bellingham.”

“Thank you,” Cass whispered as he sidestepped past the befuddled nurse.

The consulting room reminded Cass of a Hollywood set. Such conformity...appointment book...furniture of dark oak upholstered in coal black leather accented with brass studs. A huge desk with a rather noisy clock. Behind the desk was a solid wall of hooks which, while they might have had their intended impressive effect on others, served only to further reduce Cass’ already significant lack of faith in the likes of Dr. Patewaner and their craft.

Golly, Cass thought, “If he needs all those hide-bound reference tomes, he can’t really be too sure of himself...”

Dr. Patewaner was sitting forward with his legs crossed, elbow-to-knee, thumb-to-chin on the edge of an overstuffed chair near the head of a typical psychiatric couch also overstuffed, tufted and buttoned in black leather matching the other pieces.

Dr. Patewaner was a short man, Cass guessed, about fifty-five and balding. He wore a dark gray three piece suit, a white shirt and blue tie. His shoes were black. His gray socks were covered with tiny flecks of lint.

The doctor made no move or gesture of any kind.

“Hi!” said Cass flashing small white teeth in a devastating smile as he unbuttoned his fun-fur coat: “Don’t bother getting up!”

Dr. Patewaner dropped his head slightly and looked over the top of his glasses: “Are you always late?”

“Gosh no,” said Cass stripping off the coat and fluffing out the curls, “Only when I’m not on time!”

“Being late is significant.”

“Significant? Yes, that I shouldn’t expect to park a Mercedes in a city full of Volkswagens. Do you drive, Doctor?”

“Yes, a very small practical car young lady...I mean man!” Dr. Patewaner corrected himself. “Please lie on the couch and make yourself comfortable. I’d like to take down your particulars.”

I’ll bet you would, Cass thought as he repressed a grin, sat and swung his smooth legs up and leaned against the raised back of the couch. As an afterthought he reached forward, took off his high-heeled pumps and dropped them beside the couch. Cass wondered is the doctor would notice that they were expensive and fashionable Italian shoes.

“Relax,” said the doctor his pencil noisily scratching on a stenographic pad. “How old are you?”

“I am relaxed,” Cass replied, smiling inwardly at the triteness of it all. “You shouldn’t ask a lady her age.”

“We need to be real here,” the doctor said glancing down at Cass’ legs and high heels again. “I am told you are not a female. Tell me why you came to see me!”

“Because my father sent...actually forced me. You know you shouldn’t be concerned about being short...lots of men are below average in stature. Are you wearing lifts in your shoes?”

"This is not about me. Why do you suppose your father sent you?"

"Duh! Probably because he doesn't like the way I dress. He has this old fashioned thing about clothes and hair length...silly stuff."

"Does your mother say anything about your clothes?"

"She likes them...she borrows them but it's mostly Daddy's problem; he has something grim to say almost every day!"

"Why did you come to my office dressed like that?"

"Good grief Luv!" said Cass, twisting up onto his elbow and turning to the doctor. "Does it embarrass you like Daddy? What's wrong with a sweater and a tweed skirt in mid-afternoon in the winter...don't answer. Let me guess...you don't like mini-skirts or you think my fun-fur too funky. Is it my sweater? Too tight?"

"I think you know what I mean," the doctor suggested, disdainfully serious.

"It's the mini..."

"Come, come now..."

"Well, which?" Cass asked dropping back on the couch. "It's what all the girls are wearing in the big cities..." Cass looked at the doctor. "I suppose you're like Daddy. You think I should wear a suit and tie like you. But I really look like something else in a man's suit...my long blonde hair and all. It's not a wig you know? I do have a cute pantsuit thing though. I could have worn that?"

"Why didn't you wear a regular man's suit?"

"Like I said, I didn't want to embarrass or shock you."

"Nothing shocks me, young lady...er, young man!"

"Why don't you call me 'Cass'? I'm surprised that nothing embarrasses you; that's significant you know."

The doctor cleared his throat as Cass adjusted a long blonde tendril that had fallen across his face.

“Why are you uptight about my coming dressed this way? Are you afraid to look at my chest?”

“I’m not uptight!”

“I don’t mind you looking. It’s normal. Why bring what I’m wearing up at all...or do you always discuss your patient’s clothes?”

“It’s why your father sent you.”

“Do you want to know what I’m wearing underneath my clothes? Did you ask your nurse what she’s wearing underneath her uniform?”

With a bit of a superior tone, he said, “I assume you are wearing women’s lingerie?”

“No,” Cass giggled. “I am wearing MY lingerie. I bought the matching bra and panties on sale and my slip was a gift from my mother. I owe nothing on credit so they are MY UNDERWEAR.”

The doctor blew his nose in a large white handkerchief that he stuffed back into his pocket with much ado; “Let’s move on to something else.”

“Yes, let’s,” said Cass.

“Tell me...do you really believe that you are a girl?”

Cass crossed his nyloned legs, wrinkling his brow thoughtfully, “Sometimes I really feel like a girl.”

“Hmmm,” the doctor sighed, then asked, “Can you prove to me that you feel like a girl?”

“Yes, but I’m not going to. You’ll just have to take my word for it. Besides, all we are talking about is me being a boy.”

“Do you like wearing a brassiere?”

“Back to my underwear, eh? I’d better like wearing bras.” Cass was aware of where the doctor’s eyes were fixed. “I’m probably going to be wearing one for the rest of my life. This one fits really nice in the band area and is comfy all day. Looks good, right?”

Dr. Patewaner, perplexed, changed his approach: "You're not content with the way you were born, are you?"

"Who is?" Cass retorted. "You're not content, you change yourself, make yourself taller, shave your natural beard and your suit has padded shoulders. I see other stuff too. Heaven only knows what else you're into. It's all a matter of degree and mostly a matter of fashion!"

"Perhaps, but as you know, your father is deeply concerned about your life style. How do you feel about that?"

"Terrible," Cass replied. "I'm worried about him."

"Are you teasing?"

"Golly no, Doctor," said Cass. "I'm really worried. I'm afraid Daddy needs help. He reacts so strangely...gets so uptight about my clothes. I used to think it was just the bills from the department store but now I'm not so sure...there's something deeper troubling him."

"He's worried about you buying nothing but girl's clothes."

"Girl's clothes do cost more you know? And I pay my own bills now."

The doctor said, "Your father is worried about that but also because you are doing what girls do. Your hair is as long as my nurse? Aren't you concerned?"

"It can hardly be justified nowadays with unisex hair styles and such. But to answer your question, no. I would be worried if I had to go around in men's clothes. Anyone who saw me that way would freak out! Do I look like a girl or a boy to you? If you didn't know...tell the truth?"

"Well...you appear to be a female."

"Go on...what kind of female?"

"Well...a very lovely, young attractive girl."

“I look like a man at all?”

“No.”

“Then stop asking nutty questions!”

“All right...!” Dr. Patewaner snapped. He paused and looked at the ceiling, his left foot pounding deeply into the carpet. “Tell me about your early years...what do you remember most vividly? Were you close to your mother?”

“When I was born? I was VERY, VERY close to her...like all babies,” Cass laughed

The doctor shook his head. “Okay then, later....”

“Well...let’s see...then I was small...a mere child in fact.” Cass asked, “Why didn’t YOU ever marry?”

“Never mind that...go on about YOUR childhood.”

“Duh...I went to school. Perhaps you never married because you have some sub...I mean unconscious deep-seated feeling of insecurity...inferiority...being short and like that. Do you ever give THAT any thought?”

“Did you like school?” Dr. Patewaner tried to keep the conversation on course.

“Yes. I had a very happy childhood...except that I was made to dress as a boy. Not my bag at all. That was probably a traumatic experience, right?”

“What else can you remember? Maybe the first time you wanted to put on lipstick?”

“My mother was going out with my father and she said, ‘I have to go put on my face’. I wanted another face to put on too!”

“Then what?”

“I grew up and realized I had a brain.”

“Hmmm...?”

Cass burst into laughter: “Oh golly, I wondered when you were going to get around to saying ‘hmmm’... it’s so hokey!”

Dr. Patewaner stopped in the middle of his question and sat silently for a moment. His pencil tap-

tap-tapped on his note-pad. He looked carefully at Cass who had been living in women's clothes and appeared to adapt very well to the lifestyle. He asked, "Was being a boy so bad?"

"No. It's not bad unless one has a better alternative."

"Did someone force you to dress like this? Your mother maybe...when your father was away?"

"Did my father tell you that?" Cass asked. "My mother only took me down to a used clothing store and bought my starter wardrobe."

"Starter wardrobe?"

"A boy can't just throw on an old dress and look like this!" Cass ran his manicured hands down over his curves. "You have to learn how to be a girl while wearing a dress and learn proper ladylike mannerisms. It's not easy, you know?"

"So just wear pants...you know, boy clothes."

"Lots of people wear dresses and skirts every day. You should try it. You'd get used to wearing them, I promise. Skirts are very comfortable."

The doctor frowned. "Men don't wear skirts."

"It just takes time," Cass giggled. "Pretty soon you won't even think about putting on a dress and high heels every day. Wearing a bra will become second nature to you, just like it is for all women. Oh, and those high heels? You'd love being taller."

"Yeah? Er...that's not for me," responded Dr. Patewaner. "So tell me how you feel when you are wearing a sexy dress?"

"I feel special," Cass said. "I feel sensual and uniquely me. My biggest problem is what to wear."

"Don't you want your father's respect?"

"Ohhh, I want him to like me," Cass sighed, reaching up, his slender fingers slightly nervous as he brushed a lock of golden hair from his cheek.

The doctor liked to see a loss of some composure in his patients. Cass beginning to shift his hips slightly as his soft voice said whispering girlishly, “I like who I’ve become. It’s Daddy’s problem.”

“He just wants his son back,” Dr. Patewaner suggested.

Cass took a breath, and shook his curls of blonde hair to make them spread on the back of the lounge. “I could bring him home a son-in-law if he wants one so bad?” Cass laughed, “All Daddy’s friends at his county club like me, especially his men friends! I am comfortable being feminine. So you are not married?”

“How do you know I’m not married?”

“Oh, that’s easy,” said Cass. “You have lint on your socks. Married men seldom have that - I’d never let my husband go to the office in dirty socks! Were you ever...involved?”

Dr. Patewaner reflected for a while and then: “Well...there was a girl...once...”

“Yes,” Cass prompted, “go on.”

“We went to school together.”

“Did you love her very much?”

“No, she ran off with a used-car salesman.” He snapped out of his brief reflective mood, then, speaking brusquely. “Let’s move on to something else. Sex.”

“Groovy,” said Cass, settling back on the couch. “Did you have sex with this girl?” Cass whispered, eyeing the closed door.

“Of course not!” the doctor snapped.

“Oooh...!” Cass squealed, up on his elbow again. “You have a thing about sex! You poor thing...no wonder you’re all hung-up!”

“I’m not hung-up!”

“You are so! And you’ll have to admit to it if I’m going to be of any help to you, Doctor Patewaner,” said Cass sitting up and swinging his smooth nyloned legs

off the couch, wiggled his feet into his high heels and stood up. "Here, why don't you lie down and tell me all about it!"

Dr. Patewaner meekly handed his stenographic pad to Cass, got up and stepped to the couch. He settled down and folded his hands on his stomach.

"Okay...sex!" Cass exclaimed, taking the doctor's place in the black leather armchair. "You are so wrapped up with the problems of others that you have no time to think about your poor self..."

Cass ripped off the page of doodles the doctor had made on the pad, squashed it into a ball and fired it across the office into a tarnished brass garbage pail. "I'm ready...now, what seems to be the problem?"

END

The above story was written in the 1970's. In December 2012 the American Psychiatric Association's Board of Trustees approved certain notable changes to their Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders. Patients whose subjective experience of gender does not match their biological sex, the T in LGBT is to be replaced with the more neutral term "gender dysphoria."

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