

LIKE A WOMAN

TV FICTION

"FAMILY GONE GIRL"



A BOY'S DRESS UP PRANK AT SCHOOL TURNS INTO
A SUMMER JOB! EVEN DAD GETS INTO DRESSING.

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TV FICTION

Volume 1

FAMILY GONE GIRL

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QUOTE BOARD

“Sometimes it is a long journey to become
where you were to begin with....”

FAMILY GONE GIRL

By Sandy Thomas

Some people don't like Birthdays. Maybe because they never get what they really want? I didn't know what I wanted....

One rainy Saturday afternoon last April, I went over to my friend's house to see what he was doing. Tommy and I were juniors in high school and rather close friends. His mother let me in and told me, "Tommy is down in the recreation room."

I liked going to Tommy's house. His sister, Kaylee, was a popular and "hot" student at my school. Mrs. Gault was also considered hot. Both mother and daughter were always dressed in fashionable tight skirts and stiletto heels. I don't know why I cherished Tommy's mother's precarious wobble as she walked.

That day, I remember feeling very sorry for women who had to wear high heels every day and all day. Mrs. Gault's sleek, streamlined black patent leather heels were utterly spellbinding! Of course, she was not the only wearer of needle thin, spiked heels. My mother never complained but choose her shoes based on only fashion, never comfort. Always in fashion are some very high heels.

I found Tommy working on his stamp collection and soon we were both pouring over his album.

Shortly, Mrs. Gault came down and said, "I have the clothes ready now, Tommy. Come on up."

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

“What’s going on?” I asked in bewilderment.

“Oh,” said his mother, “Tommy was arguing with Kaylee and me that girls have it easy in school and get the best of everything. He thinks girls get breaks without working. So we offered to dress him as a girl and let him try being one. Maybe he’ll learn how wrong he is. Come on, Tommy.”

Tommy just sat there, red faced. “Go ahead, Tommy,” I said. “Seeing you in your sister’s dress will be a hoot!”

“No way,” said Tommy, getting redder by the minute.

Suddenly Mrs. Gault turned to me and said, “How about you, Brendan? If he won’t do it, how about letting us dress you up?”

My smiling face suddenly froze into a mixture of astonishment and embarrassment. Mrs. Gault was serious and I felt like wilting as she saw my total embarrassment.

I said, “I have to go. I’ll be late.”

Mrs. Gault said, “I’ll call your mother. I’m sure she’ll let you stay.”

Now, my face was red, as I stammered a refusal. Tommy suddenly turned to the offensive and began urging me, “Go ahead, Brendan. You thought that it would be fun to see me in a dress. Well, I think it will be just as much fun to see you all dressed up. Go ahead, don’t be chicken.” The shoe was on the other foot now.

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



“Go ahead, Tommy,” I said. “Seeing you in your sister’s dress will be a hoot!”

A smile crossed Tommy's face and he suddenly agreed, "OK, it's a deal. If you tell anyone, I tell everyone it was your idea...."

His mother led us upstairs and told us both to take a shower and then come to her room. Tommy went first and then it was my turn. By the time I had my shower and went to her room, he had on a panty girdle and Kaylee was fastening a bra on him. Mrs. Gault handed me a panty girdle and told me to put it on. Somehow I managed to get into it and then she slipped a bra over my arms and hooked it in back. As Kaylee stuffed some cotton into Tommy's bra to fill it out, her mother did the same to me.

Next they handed us each a pair of nylons and giggled as they watched us struggle to put them on and attach the garters. Then came nylon slips, mine being a pretty pink trimmed with lace, while Tommy got white, also trimmed with lace.

I can't describe the exquisite feeling it gave me as the soft silky material caressed my body. I also noticed a strange look on Tommy's face as he moved about in his slip. Shoes were more of a problem, but some 'low heeled' flats were found that fit us both.

Kaylee led us over to the vanity and the two of them went to work on our faces. They did a complete makeup job; base, powder, rouge, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, eyeliner and mascara, even shaping our brows a bit.

After our nails were shaped and polish, Kaylee placed her only wig on Tommy. I wore my hair quite long, although neatly trimmed at the temples and at the neck. After fingering my hair for a while, Mrs. Gault suggested that Kaylee fix my hair in a feminine style. With brush, comb and spray can, Kaylee teased, sprayed and combed until my hair resembled that of a girl.

Mrs. Gault then brought out a pretty pink shirtwaist dress for me and helped me put it on. Kaylee got a lovely white shift dress for Tommy and helped him put it on. Earrings and necklaces were given to us and our costumes were completed with a spray of cologne.

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

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

We both helped his mother in her regular Saturday chores, slipping rather easily into imitating the role of girls once we became accustomed to the strange feeling of our new attire.

At some point, Kaylee appeared with a couple pairs of real high heels for "a test."

We put them on and made our way around the living room. I could barely hobble in them and Tommy was walking even more erratically than me. We all laughed at our attempts in only about 3" heels. Kaylee said, "Someday try spending the day in my 5" heels!"

But it was fun as Tommy and I cat walked and I hobbled and tried to master a fabulous pair of Kaylee's finest high heels.

At one point, Mrs. Gault kicked me her stiletto heels and said, "Let me see how you do in big girl shoes."

I tried to hide my excitement as I slipped her shoes on my nyloned toes and stood up. A rush of adrenaline hit me as I stood, perched in Mrs. Gault's incredible shoes! I felt that extra bit of height and was almost dizzy. The sense of feminine instability was overwhelming as I took a few precarious steps.

I hardly heard Kaylee say, "Wow? You're a natural? Just take shorter steps. Shoulders back and relax your hips."

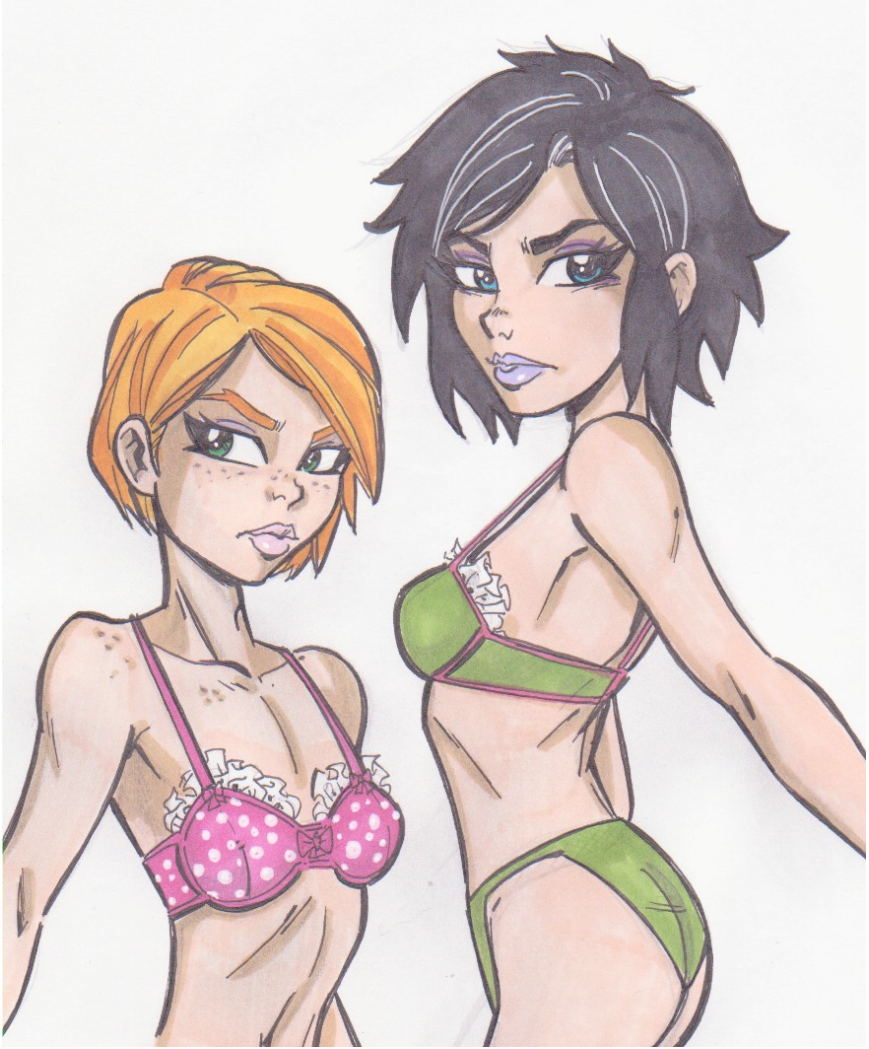
I was quite unprepared for the new sensations. My hips moved to a new angle, and I took small mincing steps around the room. In a mirror, the heels had transformed my posture. I felt a little steady and enjoyed the exaggerated wiggle and extra height.

In Mrs. Gault's higher heels, I quickly found my ankles beginning to wobble with the strain of trying to walk and then almost fell over like a drunken sailor.

"I'll take those back now," she said.

She wore them beautifully without a hint of a wobble, mince or stagger. I had a new respect for what women achieved for "fashion."

Kaylee left the house shortly afterwards, saying she had some shopping to do. Mrs. Gault talked to us as if we were girls, complementing us and helping us to overcome our awkward shyness.



Tommy and I looked at each other, and we were both speechless. He looked pretty to me, but both of them raved over my appearance.

The afternoon passed all too quickly. Soon it was almost five o'clock and I told them that I had better change back to my own clothes and get home. At that time I heard Kaylee's voice at the side door and then I heard a very familiar voice, my Mother's! Kaylee had brought her

over to see me. I tried to run and hide but Mrs. Gault held me until she came into the room.

Mom just stood in the doorway staring at Tommy and me. I knew he felt uneasy, but the exhilarating feeling I had had a short time ago was gone. I felt miserable as my mother eyed my wavy hair, my makeup, my padded bosom, my dress and then my legs.

“How did you ever get them to do this?” she asked. “I didn’t believe Kaylee when she told me how good they looked. My son makes a good-looking girl! Unbelievable! I just can’t get over it!”

Looking at the clock, I said, “I better change so we can go home.”

Mother said, “Oh, no, there isn’t time for you to change. I have dinner in the oven and we must hurry home before it is ruined. You can change when we get home.”

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

“So what?” mother said. “You look very nice in your pretty new clothes. There is nothing wrong in the way you are dressed and nothing to be ashamed of. Isn’t that right, Kaylee?”

Mrs. Gault readily agreed and Kaylee basically pushed me out the door. It had stopped raining and it was rather warm, so what else could I do? Our house was close, only a block away so I fell in step along side of my mother. Wearing girl’s clothes as a joke ‘inside’ was one thing, but wearing them outside was terrifying at first then exciting.

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

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

"Don't worry about him," Mom said, "He was home when Kaylee came to get me, and he's anxious to see you. With that, she took me by the hand and led me into the living room where Dad was reading the evening paper. When he saw me, he almost dropped his paper. He sat there for quite a while just looking at me, then got up and walked over to me. He looked me up and down from every angle while I just stood there praying that the floor would open up and swallow me. The verbal barrage I expected never came. Instead he just wolf whistled teasingly.

"You know, Honey," he finally said, "Our son makes a pretty good looking girl. Why, he looks just like you did when I first met you."

I blushed as he said to me, "Well, aren't you a beauty."

I felt my face grow fiery under his astonishment, but I turned a full circle so he could get the full effect of the dress.

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

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

"Come on, Brenda," mother said, "Help me get supper ready like a good girl. We can't very well call you Brendan now, can we?"

"Go on now BRENDA," Dad nodded his head in agreement.

My heart was pounding as I went to do mother's bidding. Why was I feeling like this? Here I was expecting nothing but abuse or teasing from Dad, but instead I had his OK. I thought that I was the only member of the

family who was crazy, but my parents too? What was going on around here? I dismissed these thoughts, however, as I was setting the table.

All through the meal Dad couldn't keep his eyes off of me. Mother kept giving me little hints on how to act like a girl, such as how to smooth out my skirt when I sat down, how to hold my hands, how to eat, how to speak a little more softly, etc. I found myself enjoying my new role and new name.

I had enjoyed myself all afternoon, but had to hide my pleasure. It was a one-time thing.

After dinner, mother said, "Brenda, help me finish up the kitchen." As any daughter should.

We spent the evening watching television, and anyone who could have seen us would not have known that a young boy was present. All too soon for me it was time to retire for the night.

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

"You are only wearing what I wear...everyday," she laughed.

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

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

Sunday, after we returned from Church, mother packed my costume from yesterday and returned the clothes to Mrs. Gault.

Nothing more was said of the incident, but I thought often of the thrills I had experienced, wondering why I enjoyed myself so much.

It was Spring and I was doing well in high school. I played second base on our school baseball team and hit a respectable .320 average.

We had a new headmaster and he put in a strict dress code for students that was proposed due to pressure from a small group of parents.

All was fine until the temperature soared past 90 earlier one week and another heat wave was coming. A few boys had asked their teachers if they could swap their long trousers for shorts. They were told "no". Shorts weren't permitted under the school's new dress code policy.

When the class leaders protested that the girls were allowed bare legs, the headmaster, no doubt joking, said, "You boys are free to wear 'proper length' skirts too."

So on Wednesday, when forecast was for 85 degrees; a handful of boys braved the giggles and did so.

"Quite refreshing" was how one of the boys described the experience.

Another said he rather enjoyed the "nice breeze" his skirt had afforded him.

The scale of the rebellion increased on Thursday, when at least 30 boys opted for the skirt option attire. Ironically, the temperature had dropped to a more manageable 70, but some boys said they had enjoyed the freedom afforded by the skirts and that they might do it again if the dress code wasn't changed.

The next heat wave, about 20 boys just showed up in skirts. The headmaster told one tall boy that his skirt was too short and exposed too much hairy leg. Some of the swimmers who shaved their bodies gave out razors to make sure the boys did not fall foul of any health and beauty violations.

Some had borrowed skirts from girlfriends, or mothers, others from sisters. A few had gone the extra mile and shaved their legs. The hottest Spring days had led to a bare-legged revolution.

About 30 boys, heads held high, showed up in proper skirts. The headmaster did not complain, saying, “Many schools are going to a uniform. No one wants that! Besides, the girls are learning from the boys that really short skirts and poor hygiene will not be accepted.”

The dress code would remain as written. The headmaster felt the pendulum had swung so far to untidiness that maybe something like this would shock the student back to reality without a strict uniform.

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

For some reason I tingled all over when this decision was reached. When I told my parents about this stunt they were all for it. Mother gave me several of her skirts and tops to wear and they fit me perfectly.

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

On Tuesday there were more boys than just our group wearing skirts in school. Our idea was really catching on.

The girls began to encourage us, and even dared us to go further and add proper lingerie to our attire.

On Wednesday there wasn't a hairy leg among us. We were all wearing nylons, panties and slips under our skirts. The girls involved encouraged us to "meet every detail of the dress code."

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

On Friday we agreed to continue to wear our skirts to exams the following week. Our little plan must have been a success, because during exams, we heard the dress code might be adjusted.

I don't know if it was from the satisfaction I derived from my attire or not, but I did better than ever in my exams! I passed every subject with high grades!

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

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

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

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

“How about it, Dad?” I asked.

Dad thought for a minute or two, and then said, “I guess it is not that much different from what you’ve done for two weeks.”

“OK, I’m game Mom,” I said.

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

“Yes,” she replied. “I have a lot of work to do to make you into a presentable young lady.”

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

First she had me put on silky nylon panties and a bra. I had second thoughts about the bra, saying, “Gee mom, I’ve worn panties to school before, do I have to wear a bra too?”

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

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

Back to her room we went where she put me under her drier until my hair was just damp. Again she combed my

hair and then started to put it up on rollers, applying a hair setting lotion.

“Hey,” I said. “I didn’t bargain for this.”

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

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

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

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

When we went downstairs Dad looked at me and grinned. “I see why your mom called you “Brenda.”

Dad calling me by my girls’ name again thrilled me to no end.

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

That night she gave me a pretty pink nylon gown to wear over my panties and instructed me in the care of my

clothes and removal of my makeup. It was quite awhile before I dropped off to sleep, what with my hair up on unaccustomed rollers, but when I finally dropped off, I dreamt sweet dreams.

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

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

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

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

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

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

When I went down I was surprised to see Kaylee there. She had come over to borrow something and mother had

told her about me. I turned a bright shade of red as she looked me over.

“What do you think of our Brenda now?” mother asked.

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

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

I sat down and slipped them on. I was a little embarrassed by Kaylee’s stare when my skirt rode high on my nylon-clad thighs. Still, I was enchanted with the feeling the stilt heels gave me.

Mom announced, “His very first pair of high heeled shoes. Walk around in them and see how they feel.”

After walking about in them, I finally got the hang of walking in heels, with proper coaching from mother. Kaylee suggested that I go over to her house so that her mother and Tommy could see me.

“I don’t know. Should I go, mother?” I asked.

“Why not,” she replied. “You have on a pretty dress, your hair looks lovely, and you make a beautiful girl. There is nothing to be ashamed of, like any pretty girl, be proud of your ‘look’. Show that you are not afraid to be seen and people will not criticize you for dressing like a girl. Besides, everyone will see you tomorrow so you may as well get used to it today.”

She was right of course; everyone at school would see me tomorrow. With a little more urging from Kaylee, I

went with her. Again I was on Cloud 9 just to be outside completely dressed as a girl.

A few of the neighbors were working in their yards but nothing was said. I doubted they recognized me? I couldn't tell from their reactions. Soon we were at Kaylee's house.

"Mother," Kaylee called, "Come and see what you think of our Brenda now."

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

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

When Tommy came in and saw me he was speechless. He just stood there and gaped and gasped. Even though he had dressed in a skirt that hot day in April, he had not been in our group who had been wearing skirts to school.

Kaylee explained Mom's plan for me on the last day of school and all agreed that it might help change the dress code.

Kaylee said, "Let's dress Tommy up too!"

Tommy about died, saying, "No way."

We all laughed. Kaylee then suggested that I go with her and Tommy since she was driving their car to school. I agreed.

Again after receiving compliments on my appearance, I left.

Walking with someone else while outside and dressed as a girl was one thing, but being by myself was another. I

was totally conscious of my clothes and appearance. I imagined that the whole neighborhood was staring at me and whispering about me as I passed. I decided that I better walk like a girl would, which wasn't hard in my new high heels.

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

"Yes," she replied, "come in and see what you think of our new daughter, Brenda."

"Why, he looks absolutely stunning." Mrs. Woodside said when she saw me. "No wonder you called him 'Brenda.' No other name would do, and I will have to remember to call you this and to think of you as a girl when you're dressed this way."

"It is just for tomorrow, last day of class because...."

"I know that you have been wearing girls' clothes to school, along with some of the other boys, in order to change the dress code. I was all for it."

She continued, "I saw you coming down the street just now and I was wondering who that strange girl was. When I saw you enter your house without knocking it suddenly dawned on me that it might be you. You really do make a pretty girl with your hair in that lovely style."

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

"Well, I like seeing you dressed this way, Brenda dear, she giggled, "Maybe you will do it more often and come and visit with me while dressed. You make a lovely young lady."

I thanked her for her compliments and the rest of the afternoon was spent busying myself about the house. I must admit that I couldn't pass a mirror without stopping to admire my appearance.

When Dad came home from the office he openly beamed when he saw me and I found it very easy to talk to him. I told him of my adventures that afternoon and of my acceptance by Mrs. Woodside.

He cautioned, "To win acceptance you must never show any guilt or be ashamed to be seen dressed as a female. Just be proud that you can be such a lovely girl."

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

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

He laughed at the gyrations I was going through while putting on the girdle. "You look as funny as your mother when putting on a girdle. Good luck with keeping your skirt down." After wishing me good luck, he had to leave for the office.

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



Satisfied at last with my appearance, she went to her closet and took out a beautiful pink dress made from a sheer “cream puff” material. The dress fit perfectly and emphasized my newly created curves.

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

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

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

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

Satisfied at last with my appearance, she went to her closet and took out a beautiful pink dress made from a sheer "cream puff" material. The dress fit perfectly and emphasized my newly created curves.

The high heels I had broken in yesterday, earrings and matching necklace, her extra wristwatch and a spray of her favorite perfume completed my costume. Taking a new handbag that matched my shoes perfectly, she put in her spare wallet with some "mad money," several dainty hankies, a comb, and a compact and lipstick "in case you have to powder your nose and touch up your lips."

At last, I was ready for school. Stepping back, she looked me over carefully. I must have passed her inspection because I saw tears forming in her eyes.

Suddenly tears of fear were forming in my eyes. The pink dress seemed to rustle with my every move and the

swishing silkiness of the material around my hips only served furthered to remind me...I was going to be a sissy girl in front of the entire school!

Suddenly mother hugged me and kissed me on the cheek. "You are my girl today!"

Instinctively I returned her hugs and kisses and whispered, "It's a great joke.... Thank you for the help, Mom."

"Wait until tonight," she whispered back.

We were still working on details when I heard Kaylee and Tommy drive up and honk. Giving mother one last hug, I hurried downstairs and out to the car.

When Kaylee and Tommy saw me, both of them gasped at the same time. As I slid into the car, Kaylee said, "Are you sure you aren't really a girl? Brenda Owens, I think you will be the prettiest girl in school today. I'm jealous."

Arriving at school, Kaylee parked the car and we walked toward the building. Everyone we met stared at me but no one recognized me. I could see that they were wondering who this new girl was. My pulse quickened, feeling a fresh surge of excitement and a twisty little tug of anxiety.

"They all think I'm a girl." I needlessly commented.

Kaylee laughed, "And when the boys find out, you are going to have a tough time keeping your skirt down."

Kaylee walked with me to my homeroom and added, "This is your day, Brenda. Don't be nervous. Remember that you are a girl and expected to be treated like a beautiful one. Knock 'em dead."

With those words of encouragement I entered my homeroom, went to my regular seat, placed my purse on top of my desk and sat down, smoothing my skirt under as I did so. Immediately I heard a buzzing in my ears and I knew that the whispering was about me.

Everyone in the room was staring at me. Our homeroom teacher came in and started to call the roll for attendance. When she called “Brendan Owens,” I did not answer. Looking directly at me she asked me to please stand and give my name. Boldly I stood up and said, “For today my name is Brenda Owens.”

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

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

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

The bell rang to begin our abbreviated class periods, during which we were to get our report cards. In each class, when my name was called, I boldly answered that my name for the day was “Brenda Owens” and that I was accepting the report card for “Brendan.”

The teachers did not seem to mind this at all and gave me my cards without question. They even complimented me on my appearance and fine taste in clothes. They remarked to their classes that it was too bad that the PTA had that crazy dress code. They hoped that the next school year would bring a general overhaul.

After each class was over, the girls gathered around me to admire my dress, my figure, my hairdo and my makeup. The boys would just whistle or would be speechless. No derogatory remarks were made towards me. I seemed to have been accepted as “Brenda Owens” by my classmates as well as by the faculty.

By the end of the class day, I needed to pee but knew I had to wait out the day with clasped knees. At times there was a flaming red blush of excitement on my cheeks. At times I held my breath as I felt the tight “V” of my silky girdle’s nylon gusset and its smooth hug of the soft flesh of my inner thigh.

After the final class, I met Kaylee in the hallway. Quite a crowd gathered around me to talk to me and ask questions like I was from outer space. I answered each question truthfully. Finally Kaylee led me away, saying that she had to go to the girl’s room and assumed I wanted to go with her.

I objected to going into this girl’s inner sanctum, but she took me by the hand and pulled me in, overriding my objections and protests. “LOOK, you are dressed like a girl and look like one; you may as well do the things that girls do.”

Once inside I felt uneasy about being there, but the girls who were there made me feel welcome. Kaylee said, “We can’t have Brenda going into the boy’s room, can we girls?”

The girls all nodded and sent me into a private stall. “Keep your feet pointed out!” I heard one tease. That put me at my ease and after I found myself talking to them as if I was a girl and belonged in the ladies room.

I carefully combed my hair while standing in front of the mirror and touched up my makeup, much to the delight of the other girls. Kaylee proudly said, “Yeah, he’s one of us now.”

We were engaged in girl talk when one of the sloppily attired girls came in. She was obviously surprised when she saw me there and remarked sneeringly, “I bet you’re even wearing panties?”

“Certainly I have on panties,” I replied. “Every girl wears them and mine are clean.”

Taken back, she continued, “Do you have a girdle on too?”

“Yes,” I said, with a girlishly bitchy tone, “you could use one too.”

She left in a huff and the girls all laughed at this perfect epilogue to the boys dressing pretty. Besides, there was no use trying to hide the fact that I was wearing lingerie just like them. And there was something about being included in a group of girls that was really exciting.

We all gossiped for a while longer, but when Kaylee wanted to leave, they would not let me go until I showed them my undies. One of the girls lifted her skirt and showed me hers and more than a bit embarrassed, I hiked up my dress and showed them my slip, panties and girdle. They wanted to know all about my falsies and my curves.

One girl asked. “Do you like wearing dresses to school?”

I blushed and looked at Kaylee. All the girls were looking into my eyes. My face felt hot and I was suddenly speechless. I felt my pulse leap.

"It's sort of fun," I admitted. "I almost wish there was another day of school...NOT!"

They all laughed, but my stomach was still tied in knots. I had almost admitted I liked wearing dresses to a bunch of girls!

And so it went on for a few more minutes, as we all talked about makeup, hair and from time-to-time, how I felt being in skirts. There was the thrill of sharing these girl's experiences; simply unparalleled.

When it was time to go and as protection from the boys always hanging around outside the girl's room, we walked as a group to the cars. When I said goodbye, the girls thanked me for dressing up. One of them teased that she hoped to see more of "Brenda" during the summer.

Kaylee, Tommy and I laughed so hard on the way home that Kaylee had trouble driving. When we arrived home, they both came in for lunch.

Mother asked, "Well, honey, did my girl enjoy herself today?"

"I really did. It was a great experience and I am glad that you talked me into doing it so completely." I turned to Tommy and said, "Mother made me do it."

"Sure, she did," he smiled knowingly.

I had to tell Mother every little detail of the day with Kaylee adding her impressions. She told mother, "He was really cute and did a lot of blushing. But I could tell he loved it. Look at that pretty smile on his face."

She was right, just the thought of my day in a dress sent a strange warm feeling through my body.

“Honey?” mother asked, with a mischievous tone. “So, would do it again?”

Admitting that I would in front of Tommy and the two women gave me strange, scary feelings...exciting feelings. I sheepishly lowered my eyes and my fingertips toyed idly with the hem of my skirt.

Kaylee said, “He should. Nothing about him was like a boy. He was sweet and there was no sign of that boy aggressiveness and that fearlessness that teen boys project.” She glared at her brother. “Most boys are like roosters. In a dress, Brendan radiated beauty, confidence and poise. It’s nice that ONE boy enjoys beautiful clothes and understands a girl’s life.”

“I never thought I’d ever enjoy doing this,” I admitted as Tommy rolled his eyes.

After Kaylee and Tommy left for home mother said to me, “Please don’t change your clothes yet, Brenda.” Then she looked at me with an inquisitive grin. “You like the idea of me treating you like my daughter, right?”

“Yeah, I do, it’s fun. I’m not sure why,” I admitted.

“Then stay dressed as you are so that your father can see you when he gets home. And I have something else to tell you. Everything you have on is yours. Those clothes and accessories were bought just for you...they are a birthday gift to you.”

I was so confused but hugged her. Then it sunk in. “I actually hoped I was getting a new baseball mitt. You are giving me a dress and lingerie? I don’t know when I’d wear them again?”

She said, "We have been sharing a much different bond. I think your dress is beautiful and you seem to love it. If you keep your legs shaved, you could be my 'daughter' sometimes."

"I can't believe you are giving me a dress."

"You like it, right?"

"Yeah!" I was so thrilled that my eyes got misty. Which for a boy, is like sobbing hysterically out of joy. "Thank you mother. It's a perfect birthday gift that I never imagined I wanted." Then I gasped, "Oh gawd. Is there something wrong with me?"

Mother just smiled and said, "No, Honey. You are simply doing something that you enjoy. You look lovely in the dress and it would be a shame to hide all of that beauty. Don't you agree? You have my permission to wear your girl clothes whenever you wish."

I was confused. I'd never had a "girl clothes" option. I asked, "So like on weekends or something?"

Mother laughed, "No. Just whenever you don't know what to put on, you now have the option of wearing a pretty dress and all that goes with it."

"Should I ask you?"

"No, they are your clothes. Like most other things, you'll get more comfortable with time."

When a mother gives her son a dress and lingerie, it sparks strong emotions. All boys want to be the "little man" in their mother's life but she was suggesting I could be "her girl" too.

"So Mother, I could put on a dress for 'no reason'? Won't everybody laugh? Does Dad know you gave me a dress?"

“We’ll have to see how he handles it,” mom said. “No one will laugh. You just wore a dress to school and had a great time. If you want to wear your dress, you have to get used to people seeing you. So no more worry for today...just keep your dress on so your father can see.”

So he can see his completely sissy son,” I said with a self-deprecating laugh.

“Don’t think like that. Kaylee isn’t a sissy. You are not going to be a sissy just because you wear a pretty dress.”

There was no use defending my masculinity as I looked at my birthday gifts. I didn’t want to show it, but I was having the time of my life.

SHOW YOUR DAD!

When Dad came home, I was surprised that he seemed so delighted to see me still wearing girl clothes. He complimented me, “You make a very attractive young lady! It’s like I have a daughter! Should I call you Brenda?”

I nodded but this remark rather surprised me coming from my father, but I did not say anything.

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

I blushed but we all laughed.



When Dad came home, I was surprised that he seemed so delighted to see me still wearing girl clothes.

After dinner was over, dad turned on the television to a loud baseball game. Mother said, “Instead of some game, come upstairs with me, Brenda. I think I have another surprise for you.”

I followed her to her room where she told me to undress, cream the makeup off my face and take a shower. When I came back to her bedroom wearing a towel, she handed me a brand new pair of panties. They were full cut, brief style panties with a lace-trimmed panel in front. She smiled, “I bought these for you this morning.”

“This morning?”

“I’ll turn my back. Just slip them on.”

I tried to take Pi to the tenth digit as I slipped the soft thin layers of nylon up my smooth legs, getting some non-feminine sensations again. I quickly tucked everything well back in the close-fitting gusset of my new panties.

I shivered as mother asked, “I hope you don’t mind me buying you extra panties? I bought an identical pair for me too.”

I shrugged as I put on my same girdle, a lighter shade of nylons and, much to my surprise, a new bra that matched the panties. Only on this bra, mother removed the thin straps.

“This is a strapless bra but you keep the straps with the bra.”

“Strapless?” I gasped. “I can think of two reasons THAT will not work on me.

Mother laughed, “You think you are the first schoolgirl with that problem? See, there is a wide, broad band to encourage you to hold your shoulders straight and not hunch. The support comes from the band and that is what keeps your bust up.”

When my falsies were put in this bra, the flesh of my chest was pushed up above the top of my bra, creating a rather realistic looking cleavage.

“WOW!” I said. “I’m learning so many “girl” secrets.”

“Well, you made your first trip the girl’s room. Bras and breasts are everyday talk there. Next time you go, you can stand up straight, giggle, and brag about your bras!”

I nearly swooned at the notion of any future ladies room visits. Mother said, “You need to ask me if you have any questions about anything. Comfortable?”

“It feels amazing, like a hug,” I said.

She laughed, “You may have never guessed it, but I’m only a B cup, but proud of it! Flat or busty, one of the benefits of wearing the right bra is confidence. I’ll teach you what bra to wear with what. The idea is to fill out a dress and shape your bust for an overall attractive appearance.”

“I really don’t need many bras,” I laughed.

“Do you want to know how many bras I have?” as she walked over to her lingerie drawer and opened it. She giggled, “I don’t know.... Do I have enough? Never. Bras and panties can be fabulous gifts!”

“I know that now,” I laughed. “Not sure when I’ll wear what I have?”

“Pretty panties make me feel good all the time,” she said.

I blushed as mother talked about her intimate apparel in a most unaccustomed way. It was not a mother/son chat but should have been mother/daughter. She told me her bra size and what style cup she preferred to create a nice swell of smooth cleavage. I guess I now noticed her

beautiful bosom, so full and shapely that she always concealed within the protection of a bra.

Mother showed me her favorite style of everyday panties...a super soft, semi-sheer, nylon brief with classic style, dainty lace overlay at the legs. “I think you’ll find they are fun to wear,” she smiled.

“Fun to wear panties everyday...like a girl?” I thought. “I know you’ll like wearing panties and you’ll need more if you wear them every day?”

“I’m not sure I’ll want to do that,” I answered honestly.

Mom said, “Just try it and see if you like it? You need get used to wearing them everyday without feeling self-conscious or excited.”

I blushed; they were exciting. Mother said softly, “Girl’s lingerie can be very exciting for boys. You have very pretty panties and at some point, you’ll feel they are just your underwear.”

“How do we do that?” I blushed.

“As a boy, wearing panties can be a little tricky, especially as you get used to them.”

It was like mother couldn’t talk enough lingerie but finally handed me a white nylon half-slip. I refused to have any thoughts of resisting as butterflies skittered inside my belly. The slip had a rose embroidered at the hem and I wanted to ask if that was mine too. I tried not to think it wasn’t.

Then she gave me a pair of silver evening heels with three-inch heels.

I placed my feet into the strappy slippers and giggled as I saw my little painted toes peaking out the front of the shoe. There had to be some catch, I asked again, “So these are mine too?”

Mother smiled, "Your panties, your bra, your girdle, your stockings, your slip, your dress and your high heels. All for you to enjoy."

I had never imagined a birthday like this. I was still floating from my day at school when mother said, "Let me pretty up your face and we'll go show your father."

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

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

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

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

She sensed what was going on inside of me and told me to just walk around the room and check the mirror until I got used to myself.

Meanwhile Mother started to change her dress and makeup. Surprisingly, in front of me, she began to

unbutton her blouse and kicked off her shoes. She dexterously unbuttoned her skirt and unzipped the zipper, pulled her skirt down, bringing her own half-slip down with it.

I turned my back but there were mirrors everywhere. She turned herself as she changed into a different lace-covered bra; her hands in front of her peek-a-boo fashion.

"I love this bra," she said, pointing, "The cups push my breasts together, creating an eye-catching cleavage."

My eyes looked and I said, "You have a great figure."

"So do you, honey," she giggled, raising the pitch of her voice.

As she dressed, I walked about the room, getting used to the high heels. My full skirt made a lovely swishing sound when I walked.

"Boy stuff is so boring," I said as she slipped on her black evening dress. I got a thrill when she asked me to help zip up the back of her dress. When she was satisfied with her appearance, she asked me how I felt.

"Shocked, I guess, mother." I said.

Mother said, "You've had a big day. You went to school today in a dress and now you are in yet another prettier dress."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A couple of my boyfriends gasped in the corner when I opened a bra and panty set from Mrs. Woodside. I realized it was too late to try to defend my masculinity so by the time I had everything opened, I was enjoying myself tremendously and I felt no more embarrassment whatsoever.

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

Dad took his turn in dancing with me and said, “You look so beautiful honey and you follow very well. Are you enjoying your surprise party?”

For an answer, I kissed him fully on his lips like a daughter would, much to everyone’s glee. I whispered, “Thank you for understanding. I feel like Cinderella.”

“When did my little boy grow up?” Dad laughed, “The transformation is amazing.” He seemed pleased with my role-playing. When dad spun me around, I felt like a princess.

Kaylee danced with me as much as she could and was always at my side, paying me every special attention.

My boy friends extended me every courtesy for taking the school dress code joke so far. They treated me as if I was really a girl and I enjoyed talking to them, even dancing with a couple.



“Don’t be silly, I couldn’t possibly pass as a girl for that length of time. These heels are already killing me!”

Towards the end of the party, my Uncle Al, who was the head of one of our town's department stores, said slowly, "I have an announcement to make. I'd like to offer my new little niece a job...in my store...as a sales girl...for the entire summer!"

Everyone laughed and applauded. I blushed and was stunned by his offer. Of course, I declined it immediately, saying, "Don't be silly, I couldn't possibly pass as a girl for that length of time. These heels are already killing me!"

"Now you know what we women have to put up with," my Aunt said. "You should take the job."

Immediately every one spoke up and insisted that I accept his offer. I wasn't sure they were joking or what?

I asked my Uncle, "Are you serious? I guess I could be a stock boy."

"No, Brenda. I need a sales*girl*." He said, "Com' on. From what I see, you can carry off the deception with ease."

Confused, I turned to my parents for help. They both nodded and mother said, "What a unique experience...and with a good salary!" They both insisted that I accept the offer.

Apprehensively, (and mostly just to shut down the conversation) I finally (and jokingly) accepted my uncle's offer, innocent of what that really meant.

Everyone applauded my decision and my uncle said, "I will expect 'Brenda' in my office at nine o'clock Monday morning. Don't be late!"

As the party broke up, all the guests said, "I guess we will be seeing more of Brenda Owens."

After everyone had gone I threw my arms about my mother and cried, "My uncle? That was a joke, right?"

"No," she said, "Your Uncle was impressed and loved it that you accepted the challenge. He's been having a problem with his female employees not dressing nicely and up to their dress code. He figured if it worked for your school...."

"Oh, mother, this is silly! I couldn't wear high heels everyday!"

"Don't worry your pretty little head," she said. "You like dressing up as a girl...that is obvious. Wouldn't you like to try it a little longer? A few more days or maybe the entire summer?"

"I don't know," I confessed between sobs, "Tonight was fun, especially after the way I was accepted tonight. How could I possibly do it?"

"Now, now, Brenda," she said as she blotted away my tears. "You are already acting like a girl. Just imagine you being the darling girl you were tonight. Imagine another day and another day...and for the entire summer. Besides, this will be a good way for you to earn money for your college education."

I asked, "What about my baseball league? I guess I could play ball on weekends?"

"Forget about baseball. Do you think you can put on and take off nail polish twice a day? No, you'll be living as a girl twenty-four hours a day. Forgetting your 'boy stuff' will be challenging but you can do it."

"This is silly. So I'd just start living like a girl?"

"Tomorrow I will start you on an intensive training course to teach you all about girls and how to act like one. By Monday you will be ready to face the world in dresses and those awful heels."

Dad was quiet but he added his reassurances, “You can play baseball any summer. Besides, you haven’t kept up with the young men in the developing department. You are still shorter, your voice is higher and you carry your weight at your hips...this could be a very special summer in skirts.”

“Yeah, I’m not even sure I’d make the first team,” I sighed.

Dad laughed, “So second string, second baseman, or first string salesgirl?”

“I’m shocked,” I gasped. “I’m actually thinking doing girl stuff could be fun. So I just start doing girl stuff?”

“You are already doing it,” Dad said, winking at mother. “Maybe we can add a few more surprises before long.”

Mother just winked back and smiled.

As I was taking my pretty party dress off, mother walked into my bedroom and gave me one more gift. It was a somewhat short, pink baby doll nightgown with matching panties and a sheer cover up robe. Mother said, “Your father thinks it’s too sexy for a young girl, but what does he know?”

The three piece, baby doll style was so beautiful. It had two sheer layers; one of soft nylon, the second of a gauzier material and the matching robe was sheer nylon with big puff sleeves and a pink ribbon tie. Most eye-catching were the extremely frilly, full cut nylon panties.

“Oh mother,” I gasped. “I can’t let dad see me in this?”

“You are more covered up than you think,” she giggled. “Now come help your father and me clean up the kitchen.”

I was sure he'd laugh out of control at me but so far he'd accepted my playing dress up. But this nightgown just screamed, "SISSY" as it sat on my bed for me to admire the sparkling pink lace embroidered at the bust.

I put it on and it felt so nice, the way the layers hung in front made it look like my breasts had started to swell. It felt so nice, like a cool rush of liquid spilled over my body. I looked in the mirror and felt like dancing but just put on more lip gloss.

Once in my nightgown and the barely there robe, I reluctantly went to help clean up after the party.

When dad saw me, he looked at me strangely and I folded my arms across my breasts. He said, "Sorry to stare but I'm not seeing any of my son."

Mother laughed, "Get used to it. We are going to have a daughter for a while. That means getting him into the whole look, not just dresses but hair, make-up and sweet little nighties too."

Dad laughed without hesitation, "Sounds like a girls' dream world."

"Or a boy's nightmare," I said blushing.

Mother laughed, "Come on, honey, don't be shy. You are going to be just as pretty as any girl your age."

Before going to bed, I kissed them both and asked what new surprises they had in store for me. They just smiled and said, "Wait and see."

Okay, maybe you have read stories of a boy waking up after a night like mine. The boy is wearing a beautiful baby doll nightgown. His mother comes in and sees her beautifully disheveled son and says, "Young lady, you are amazing!" She leans over and kisses him lightly on the forehead.

Well, this is what really happened the “morning after”. I woke up and was groggy and I had not removed my makeup very well.

When I glanced over at the mirror, I looked awful! My hair was everywhere and smelling like old, stale perfume. A little discouraged with the morning after being Cinderella, I got up and stumbled across my image in the mirror. I was not cute in anyway and all of a sudden, I felt...not normal. I felt nothing like that sweet birthday girl from the night before.

And I what was I going to do now? I realized I was feeling like a complete fool. I went from a euphoric high of being the most beautiful girl in the world, admired by all, to a boy in a silly nightgown.

Everyone else at the party; their life was continuing as usual today, but not mine.

I was totally confused, trying to remember every conversation. What had I agreed to? I had woken up facing a different kind of world. I wasn't really prepared to be a girl full-time...that was pretty obvious. But last night, I'd been told by more than a few that I should try it and I'd had a few days of going through the motions of being a girl.

But waking up in a girlie nightgown with my lingerie about my bedroom was ominous. I wasn't sure what I should do. I knew no one could make me do anything, even if I'd agreed last night.

Mother heard me and came in. “Well, young lady, are you ready to begin your training?”

I stammered, “Joke is over. I don't think so....”

Mom put her hand up to stop me from talking. “Look, we'll take this one minute at a time. Get dressed. Be sure to put the jelled inserts in your bra. Then, put on

YOUR skirt, blouse, and a tad of makeup and lipstick. Then, we'll talk about it."

Then she kissed me on the forehead and said, "Brenda honey, we just need to get you into a skirt again. One day at a time."

I had a shameful guilty feeling but felt that heart-pumping throbbing sensation. I was scared; you know the feeling. Fear that starts in the pit of your stomach and runs in pulsing little waves as I realized I would do what she said.

"Mom," I mumbled, running my hands down my nightie. "Are those really my clothes?"

After I had dressed, combed my hair and applied a light makeup, we talked...as my "girl training" began in a constructive and nurturing environment. Make-up, hair products, and learning to make me more "attractive" were going to be my new life.

Mother said, "First, some woman's work."

Mother began working on me inside and out as we made up the beds and went about her daily chores. She coached me on how to raise my voice a bit, to speak more slowly and softly, how to walk and sit as a girl, and how to hold my hands.

At lunch, she showed me how to eat as a girl. Some actions and mannerisms felt odd but she made me repeat them over and over until I could do them automatically.

She was a strict critic but a fair one. She said that I only had five days to learn what a girl learns in years. Never did she ask if I changed my mind.

My Uncle called and said, "I'm counting on you to do this right. I've already set up a "pre-loaded super"

discount account for you here in the store. This is going to be fun!”

After lunch, I changed dresses, and Mom took me shopping. I didn’t want to go, but she said, “You might as well start getting out. A working girl needs lots of clothes and you need to go along to try things on and make sure that they fit.”

Kaylee came over as we were ready to leave, and laughed, “I really didn’t think you would go through with this. Can I go and make sure your mother doesn’t buy you “old lady” clothes?”

Mom laughed and said, “Thanks! First, you can teach him how a girl gets into and out of a car gracefully.” She immediately started offering me other valuable hints.

I was a little hesitant when we walked into the store but I followed the ladies into the “Miss” dress section. “This is where you belong,” Kaylee said.

I blushed but realized she meant size wise. I glanced at myself in a large mirror and saw a mother and two girls. I certainly was looking like a girl.

“Hey?” Kaylee teased, “The dresses are over here, not in the mirror.”

I felt my skirt swish back and forth as we walked about the racks of pretty things. I couldn’t believe how much I was enjoying the cool nylon slip caressing my legs.

Mom asked, “Are you ready to make a commitment? Once we start buying you dresses, I expect you to wear them.”

I looked her straight in the eye, “Oh gawd, I don’t know.”

Mother smiled and said, "Say the words...buy me a dress."

"I think I'd like to try on a couple...nothing too fancy?"

Mother said, "We are here to buy you 'go to work' dresses."

I stammered, "Seriously, I don't need many...or really any...." I was suddenly worried that I was making the wrong decision and was about to fight it, but I could feel the sensation of panties on my rounded bottom.

"Next summer...maybe next summer, I might..." I gasped, wondering how I ever got this close to spending the summer in a dress. I don't know what came over me. There I was at the mall in a dress! Mother was looking at me like she was tuning in to hypnotizing me.

Our eyes met again. "Honey," she said, "I know you are a little scared but you look like you are having fun."

I could feel my boyish will quickly slipping away as I looked around at the pretty, soft and colorful fabrics. I was wavering, and I realized there might never be a "next summer" or a more perfect opportunity.

In a very soft, sincere whisper, mother said, "I think you'd really like wearing some of these dresses. Maybe I can buy you one? Another birthday present from me?"

I was breathing nervously. My resolve was weakening as I was starting to consider maybe one dress. But one dress might turn into two and then an everyday work wardrobe. I was on the verge of giving in and like a hungry hawk; mother sensed it.

"Brenda, please allow me the honor of buying my most beautiful daughter a dress or two...." Mother picked a dress from the rack and held it up to my chest. It was a luscious satiny dress with the trim finished in a charming lace and had a rounded neckline and nipped waist.

“Or this one?” She held up a simple one tone but satiny “work” dress with a chiffon panel encircling the skirt’s hem. “You could dress this up or down with accessories.”

I drew a long breath; my fingers touched the soft fabric. “Oh my,” I sighed, “that is very nice.”

My heart was thumping in my chest. There was a long pause as I stood there, my mind racing, toying with the decision because at that very moment I knew I was going to be wearing dresses for the summer.

“I don’t want to force you to do anything you don’t want to do,” Mother said. “You need to say those words....”

“Okay, buy me a dress. Maybe two.”

“Good,” she smiled, wrapping an arm around my shoulder. “Let’s get you going. Kaylee already has a couple of really cute dresses for you to try on....”

At first I was reluctant to enter a fitting room to try on the dresses, but Mother said, “For all intents, you are a girl now and these are going to be your dresses. You might as well try them on.” The notion intrigued me.

With mom and Kaylee to guide me, everything went smoothly. They seemed to enjoy themselves as they picked out my dresses. Funny, the first discussion was to get into an argument over the hem length of a dress. Mother thought I should be wearing my hemlines just below the center of my thigh like hers. Kaylee wanted the hems to be well above the center of the thigh, like hers.

Funny, they never consulted me.

I was like a drunk as we shopped. Mom bought me enough shoes of all styles, hose and even lingerie to last all summer. Kaylee was a great help with the selection of

dressess, skirts and blouses, as she knew what girls of our age were wearing.

I found myself in areas that are off limits to males. Most shocking was shopping for bras.

Mother said, "When you buy a new bra it must fit you comfortably on the first row of hooks. As you wear them, they will stretch and you can then fasten your bra on the tighter rows to compensate."

Kaylee nodded and I blushed. They were actually talking about me wearing out a bra?

As mother gathered handfuls of bras for me to try on, she never stopped coaching, "It's the elastic that keeps your bra snug against your body and gives support to your bosom. You should only wear the same bra once every few days."

It was sheer delight to select other intimate items of feminine apparel such as slips, panties, baby doll pajamas, nightgowns, shoes, slippers, etc.

Mother also bought me a complete set of makeup and hair setting items (with Kaylee's youthful color input and guidance.) I suddenly realized I would not be leaving my house without makeup (or a bra).

At home, I'd just put on some lipstick but the rest of the summer's outing would require powder, eye shadow, mascara, and lipstick to look nice.

It was a nice day. For hours, it was all about me. I must have tried on a zillion different outfits that all hugged, squeezed and caressed my feminized body in different ways. When Kaylee complimented my appearance, mother put them in the pile to buy. Sometimes they argued as I stood looking in the mirror like a bride to be.

There I was, standing with my mother and Kaylee, listening to them discuss whether a skirt was “hot or not” on my bottom. Kaylee talked about her boyfriends and what they liked. She would tease me, “If you buy that dress, I’m keeping my boyfriends away from you!”

Mother laughed, but bought me the dress. She told me, “Okay honey, from now on, these are your things. At times you might feel competitive with Kaylee but I will expect you to dress and behave as a proper young lady.”

Make up, hair curlers, high heels and lingerie were to be my summer’s uniform.

I was trying to be confident as a sissy and overcome my sense of self-consciousness. Yes, I was a boy in a dress but was starting to get over it. It was all just too much fun.

When we returned home the car was crammed with packages.

BOY CLOTHES...OUT.

The first thing Mom wanted to do when we returned home was to remove all of my boy clothes.

“All of them?” I asked.

“How many girls want boy clothes in their closet? None...so off they go to the storage.”

As I put my boy underwear in a box, I realized that a moment of truth neared. A wisp of fear was squirming its way into my stomach.

“Honey,” mother said, “Shall we put your panties and bras in the same drawer?”

“I think it will be all right,” I sighed, putting the bras in the drawer. I felt an excited feeling, so intensely different then handling my boy things. We carefully put my new wardrobe away.



“How many girls want boy clothes in their closet? None...so off they go to the storage.”

“So Honey,” mother asked as we finished. “It looks like you are ready now to begin a summer you will never forget?”

“Uh-huh.” My eyes drifted to my closet and the dresses hanging... “I’m a little embarrassed and scared, but the thought of it takes my breath away.”

“At times it’s going to be a little bewildering but I know you can handle it....” Mom gave my hand a loving squeeze, and my eyes drifted back my newly feminized bedroom. Tears came to my eyes and she saw them.

She whispered softly, “Be careful dear. The thrills and disappointments of being a girl can open a floodgate of emotions,” she whispered. “You are going to have bad hair days and other days think you are in heaven. It’s all part of being a girl.” And as if to impart the message, her warm fingers squeezed mine again. Mother seemed to be reading my mind and seeing into my very soul.

“I guess dressing like a sissy for a few months can’t hurt me too much?” I joked.

“It’ll be special. I bet the memories this summer will always be in your mind. Little things will jog your memory; like seeing an ad for a dress or bra.” Suddenly, her mood shifted. Her voice softened and she looked intently, into my eyes, “Honey, listen carefully. Don’t feel embarrassed and never apologize.”

Mom took the last box to storage, and when she left me alone in my room, I let out a deep breath. She had just carried away my last link to boy life and I obviously loved the sensation. My head was spinning. Part of me wanted to scream at her to come back with my boy stuff. I even felt like crying to release the tension...to cry like a little girl....

Now what? I looked in the mirror, there was a blush of confusion on my cheeks and a tear had run my mascara. I fixed my eyes and added a coat of gloss to my lips. I ran my hands over my skirt and felt my panties pulled over my curvy rump.

I stopped to pee before helping mother in the kitchen. Learning to sit with my knees pressed together and hold up my skirt up was new. I resisted even though somewhere in my subconscious lurked a primal urge to “stand and point” like a boy. Would that inclination go away even though I had that physical capacity to stand.

Despite that, I sat down to pee. I don't understand why other men stand to pee - why would you want to splash everywhere? I also liked sitting to take a breather. Peeing standing up doesn't feel like a break so I sit and take inventory.

My painted tipped fingers clutch at my skirt and I feel my long dark lashes flutter on my cheek. My smooth shaven legs are stark white against the band of my pink panties and control girdle.

After, I have to be very careful as my nervous fingers begin to struggle to get everything back in the right position again. I pull at my panties and control girdle and think to myself, “Okay girl...get it right!”

I aligned the gusset's plumb strips trying to meet societal expectations of what should be in such delightful pretty panties. I sometimes have trouble tucking everything back, conscious that I'd just have to get used to seeing sexy lingerie.

Slipping my thumbs under the elastic of my undies waistband... I tugged up hard and wiggled my hips... I tugged more and wiggled more until everything was up and tight over the curve of my buttocks. I dropped my skirt and sigh, asking, “Is this more fun than baseball?”

In the kitchen with mother, she saw my red eyes. “Look, after the summer is over, and you’re back in the comfort of boy clothes, you might feel some embarrassment. But for now, I know you are going to have the time of your life! You get to forget the male pressures to *perform* and be a girl.”

I could feel the anticipation creeping ever deeper into gut. I was excited. A never-to-be-forgotten summer doing the forbidden...like showing off the swell of pert breasts and wearing sexy lingerie under a short skirt.

“You are going to be totally like a girl,” mother said. “Are you starting to feel it yet?”

“What am I supposed to feel?”

Mother giggled, “Like you are not a boy or feel like doing anything like a boy.”

“Oh yes...I think I’m beginning to feel that....” I wanted to feel it.

That evening, I put on a fashion show for Dad with Kaylee’s encouragement. He was sitting in the living room and watched as I modeled dress after dress, skirt after skirt, outfit after outfit; for him. His favorite was my little black dress and simple low-heeled pumps. I struck a very girlish pose and walked back and forth, wiggling a bit too much like a supermodel.

I looked at Dad. His eyes lingered on my feminized figure and the way my dress caressed my smooth legs. He had this look of astonishment on his face. Was he embarrassed by me...his sissy son? Taking a breath, I suddenly felt like my padded breasts were going to rip through my bra and the front of my dress. Dad’s eyes

moved slowly over my image like he no longer recognized me.

Kaylee asked him, "So what do you think? Cute girl, eh?"

Dad clapped his hands and then gave me a big smile. "I can't believe it...I'm going to have a daughter for the summer!" he said, seemingly approving of our purchases. "You look beautiful. In fact, everyone last night was so impressed at your transformation."

With that, I saw Kaylee disappear and then she and mother came back into the living room with a part of my birthday cake and a lacy pillow. Mother said to me, "Honey, sit down."

I sat down in a chair while my father stood up and mother gave him the pillow only now, on top were a pair of the highest heeled, patent leather pumps I'd ever seen.

Dad ceremoniously helped me into the new high heels and said, "These are very high. I wouldn't wear them to work until you get some experience spending the day in heels." Once they were on, Dad added, "I guess these heels are symbolic. You, my son, have now transitioned into my daughter."

Everyone had tears in their eyes.

Kaylee was the first to speak. "Oh, those shoes are to die for. And they are going to kill you slowly for a while. Let's see if you can walk in them."

I stood up and yes, the feet hurt...hurt good. And these weren't like when I was a kid; trying on "mommy's shoes"...these were my very own high heels! I stood and tried to just stand in my stunning, new heels. It was like I was standing on a tightrope.

They were so sexy and I wondered if I'd ever be able to wear them a whole day. Dad helped me take a couple

wobbly steps and they totally “feminized” my walk adding a saucy back thrust to my bottom.

I tried to hide my excitement and rush of adrenaline at being perched in such a feminine roost. How could anything that hurt so badly, and feel so incredible?

“I like feeling tall,” was all I gasped.

Kaylee laughed, “Your head IS in heaven. But you are still shorter than most boys...even with high heels, you are more girl sized.”

I was a little embarrassed, and blushing furiously as I learned to take shorter, more teetering steps. As everyone coached me, Mother said, “Oh honey, those look wonderful on you. With a short, tight skirt and...”

“I’ll be totally hobbled,” I interrupted. My big toe was being painfully forced, no “molded” into the point of these heels. But they made my foot looked smaller, my legs longer and shapelier, and made my hips and bottom wiggle when I walked.

Before she went home, Kaylee taught me how to put my hair up on the new rollers and how to take it down again then comb it out.

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

Mother was excited and enthusiastic when she explained the intimate facts about womanhood. She said, “There is no reason you shouldn’t understand the “special things” and be able to talk about them when in the company of other girls.”

Mother showed me how to put a pad on by using a clean pair of panties. She made me pull off the strip and stick it to the panties. She also showed me a tampon and

described how it worked. She wanted me fully prepared to be one of the girls.

Without sugarcoating the facts, she talked about the pros and cons of pads vs. tampons. She even charted a 28-day cycle for me on our kitchen calendar and circled four days every month in red. It was all so silly but the knowledge gave me more confidence in being one of the girls.



"Oh, how sweet!" Kaylee exclaimed seeing the calendar. She laughed, "I wish I could choose my days. Are you going to use pads or....?"

I blushed and at first, I was very, very shy about that whole cycle thing. I liked wearing dresses but Kaylee could tell, I struggled against the intimate details of a female life.

"You can't be ashamed by the facts of life," she said. "Come with me." So off we went to buy my pads and tampons, then she showed me what I should carry in my purse and when. She said, "Always remember to zip up your purse during your special days and around boys!"

Women around me had never been open to talking about anything feminine: periods, bras, shaving legs, hair, padding breasts, nothing like that. Now that I “got my period,” they all wanted to help the clueless--me.

At the store, we were waiting in line and Kaylee strikes up conversation with a lady about periods.

I blushed deeply during that conversation but I had to understand; as if I was a female, I would have a monthly period. I had to know how to use them and to loan them to the needy. (girl code) They are a fact of a girl’s life and not something I could be embarrassed about. I’m sure the boys at school would have been absolutely horrified to know what I had to carry in my purse.

By Friday the results of my intensive tutoring were very much in evidence. I had learned to walk, to talk, and to act like a girl.

It still felt strange to say, “My dress, my panties, or my bra,” but I was getting used to it. Kaylee and mom were good teachers and I had been a willing pupil. I was beginning to look forward to Monday morning.

On Friday evening, after we had finished the dinner dishes, mother and Dad excused themselves and went upstairs. Kaylee and I looked at each other and both of us wondered what they were up to. About an hour later, we found out.

We heard them coming down the stairs and I’m afraid that my eyes almost popped out of my head, for I saw mother leading another woman into the room. Only she wasn’t a woman, or was she?

It was my father, completely dressed as a very attractive looking woman. He had on a very becoming double knit light blue dress, nylons, high heels, a dark

brown wig with long wavy hair, and was completely made up as a woman, even down to nail polish, earrings, necklace and perfume. His figure was padded to give him the shape of a *developed* woman.

For quite a while I just stared. Finally mother broke the spell by saying, "Well, Brenda and Kaylee, I want you to meet my sometime sister?"

"Dad!" I blurted. "What does this mean? Does this mean that you like to dress as a woman too?"

"Yes, Brenda," said the woman, who only an hour ago had been my father. "I have liked to dress as a girl, and now as a woman, for many years. I started one Halloween when I was about your age. My sisters and mother dressed me up as a girl for a party. No one at the party knew I was a boy."

Mom added, "His sisters had so much fun that when other boys unmasked, they didn't remove his wig or tell anyone about your father's true gender."

Dad said, "I liked it so much that my sisters let me dress up occasionally even giving me some of their clothes. We kept my dressing a secret from you because we did not want it to influence you when growing up. Up until recently, the public was not ready to accept any man who liked to dress in women's clothes as anything but a candidate for the ding-a-ling ward."

He continued, "As you now know, every male has some degree of femininity in him...some of us more than others."

"WOW," was my only comment. "You look like a woman...a real woman?"

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“Thank you,” he smiled. “I guess you know now that men who wear women’s clothes are not ALL crazy. If half the population likes something, how can it be that bad? We are part of a small group of men who like to express their femininity by dressing and acting as women. Most are normal males in every respect, yet we have this feminine personality inside of us that demands a chance to be expressed.”

Mother said, “Your father has been a leader of industry, a man of integrity and a respected pillar of our community. Sometimes as a human, even men have to throw off the yolk of imposed normalcy in regards to behavior and dress.”

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

“I didn’t have the slightest clue,” I said.

“We did not want to influence you in any way. If you had a feminine personality within you, we had to let it develop naturally,” Mom said.

Dad, continued, “As it turns out, you do have a feminine ‘Alter Ego’ and you already know what a lovely person Brenda is becoming. Your recent acceptance at school and at your birthday party is evidence that society understands.”

Mom said, “We think that it is time to bring Donna out into the open and give her a chance to lead her own life. What do you think of your father as a ‘Donna?’”

“Donna?” I gasped. “A woman’s name? Mom, wasn’t that your favorite Aunt?”

“Yes. She was a sweet and feminine woman. He likes being called Donna,” mother said, as Dad blushed. “Do you mind calling him by a female name?”

“Always?” I asked, looking at Dad, his initial exhilaration at check.

Mother laughed, “Not when he’s in his business suit....”

For an answer I jumped up and hugged dad and said, “I think you are wonderful Donna.” He began to cry then we all had waterworks.

We then dried our tears, repaired our makeup and had a four-way “girl talk” session for the remainder of the evening.

Dad said, “If it’s okay with your mother, I’m going to show off my feminine talents as Donna for the entire weekend.”

“Yes, Donna. I will love having some sister time,” mom giggled and said to me, “When you went to summer baseball camp, you weren’t the only one running around in spikes....”

On Saturday morning it was strange to find three “females” running around our house. Donna made a lovely woman, even in just his slip, and it was hard to realize that this female-like person was also my father.

When he revealed himself in his lingerie, I found that he was free from hair from his head to his toes, something that I had never noticed before. Also, he revealed a secret closet with a rather extensive female wardrobe, complete in every detail.

Mother said, “We have been working on his femininity for years. I swear, he has more panties than I do.”

Mother had known about Donna before they were married and had helped him in every way. They had kept their secret over the years and I had no idea at all that my father liked wearing female clothes.

Dressed in a pretty daytime dress, 'Donna' and I prepared breakfast with domestic skill. After eating and washing the dishes, he and I took over the house chores from mother, freeing her to do the shopping.

Kaylee came over to continue my training. With only two days to go I still had a lot of practicing to do. By this time Kaylee and I were as close as real sisters and she treated me as one. With Kaylee to take care of me, mother concentrated on Donna. She said, "If you are going to be women, you both need to be authentic to even the tiniest detail."

It was fun to watch Donna go about his chores. His voice was much softer and moved into a higher tone as a woman. His voice was quite passable. But mother said, "He still needs a lot of practice to attain the musical quality of a woman's voice. He'll get it."

When the doorbell rang Donna would answer it without hesitation.

He said, "Whenever I'm Donna, I want to be as complete and authentic a woman as possible. I see no reason to run or hide from anyone."

Dad worked as hard at his lessons as I did at mine. We both knew we were male but in the scheme of life, we would try to become comfortable with exploring femininity. Not the flaunting or flaming femininity or the kind inviting attention...just the kind imposed by being female. The routine, functional kind that rendered the world around us a more balanced place...a kind of world with feminine values and attention to pretty details and wearing clothes in ultra-sleek fabrics and feminine touches such as lace trim on lingerie but concern about showing panty lines.

Mother said, “The more you and your father act like females, you more female-like you will become. You just watch me, do what I do and the way I do it.”

I had to laugh, most boys want to be like their fathers. My father liked girl things and was learning to move, talk and dress like my mother. I guess I did want to be like him?

I knew that learning to wear lipstick and perfume was not something boys were expected to learn but it was how I was expected to behave if wearing dresses.

That evening we changed our dresses to something more suitable for ‘after five’. We didn’t need to change but why not? Not you when you’ve got a darling dress in the closet. Changing dresses was fun and flirty.

Dad said, “In the 1800’s, boys and girls would wear dresses until age 6, usually white but the generally accepted rule was pink for boy, and blue for girls. They thought pink was a stronger color. Blue was considered delicate and dainty...prettier for a girl. In the mid 1900’s, pink became a girl color.”

“So wearing a dress is mostly just a fashion statement?” I asked.

He laughed, “In a way but you and I want to explore the girl side of fashion. If blue was the girl color, that’s what we’d want to try.”

As we were sitting on our back patio making girl talk, a car came into our drive. True to his word, Donna did not run and hide.

It was my aunt, my father’s sister, and her family to see me, they said, and to check on me. Were they ever surprised to meet Donna and to learn who he really was.

They had no idea at all that she existed, even though Aunt Laura had helped in her development.

Mother was tickled to be able to show Donna off to someone and Donna was not a shy woman either. She enjoyed being seen, once the introductions had been made, and was very much at ease. In fact, it was Donna who fixed refreshments and served them to our company.

It was funny to watch the reactions of my relatives. At first they were confused to no end, but as they got used to seeing Donna they relaxed and accepted her. It took my aunt a bit longer than the others to get used to seeing her brother dressed and acting as a very good looking woman, but my uncle acted almost from the first as if it were a perfectly normal thing for Donna to be doing.

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

The next morning, being Sunday, a decision had to be made. Donna did not want to disappear; even for an hour or so, yet he felt that he would be recognized if we went to Church together. Not wanting to be the center of unwanted attention at our church, we had a setback.

Mother solved the problem by insisting that we attend services at a little Church out in the country where no one knew us. I am sure that the congregation wondered who the three unexpected women were, but they accepted us as three female visitors attending church.

As we left, the minister introduced himself. “My name is Brenda,” I stammered.

But my father proudly said his name was “Donna,” and daintily shook hands. He was wearing one of his best dresses, a light blue floral print, short-sleeved shirtwaist in thin silky polyester. Under it, he wore one of his favorite nylon, full slips in snow white with a hem of frilly floral lace.

The minister suggested we “LADIES” might like taking a Sunday walk in a flower garden nearby. We did.

Once home, true to our expectations of yesterday, other relatives came to meet Donna. Word had gotten around about Dad and he soon became a very popular woman. We had a steady stream of visitors who came to see “Donna” for themselves. By evening almost all of our relatives had come. Some of our neighbors came over too.

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

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

I asked mother, “Do you really think I can do this?”

“Honey, I believe you have everything you need inside of you right now...you just need to understand feminine emotional triggers, and that is not that easy for a boy.

“Emotional triggers?”

“One of the biggest problems is that you have spent your life revolved around masculinizing pressures, need to win, compete, and all the elements ingrained into ‘becoming a man.’ Part of that is resisting any natural feminine energy.”

“Do you think all boys have a female energy?”

“Sure,” she said. Both boys and girls have way more options now. Girl’s can become business leaders and boys can...well, show vulnerability. You being a girl for the summer is an emotional decision, not a rational one ”

“You can say that again!”

FIRST DAY AT WORK....

Monday morning dawned all too early for me. I was very nervous and jittery as I dressed. I put on my bra and panties then my mother and dad came in. Mother began to help me with my hair.

Dad was there to encourage me. He said, “Remember darling, we love you, not your clothes.” He kissed me lightly on the cheek.

It was beginning...a wash of pure excitement rushed up my back.

I was nervous. Up until this moment, I had been enjoying dressing and acting as a girl, but to work and live as one all summer? This might be too much. What was I getting myself into?

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

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

“More things you CAN do as a girl,” Dad said, “I don’t think you realize how much this will change your daily behaviors.”

For my first day as a working girl, Mother suggested a conservative dress with black dots on pale pink that Dad helped zip me into. “You are going to be on your feet all day so I suggest these at first.” She helped me into a pointed toe pump shoe with a medium heel. She added, “Once you get used to these, you’ll want higher heels.”

Mom and Dad watched proudly as I used my foundation, eyeliner, mascara, and rouge then filled in my lips with a ruby lipstick. With my plucked brows, a natural looking girl’s face looked back at me in the mirror. Mother removed my curlers and combed out my hair. She teased the back and sprayed it with hair spray then squeezed my hand, holding tightly as if not really wanting to let go.

The preparations for this day had been many hours in the making and now, with Mom’s final touches, it was here. Could I do this all summer? I was scared.

I looked in the mirror; the tension on my face was evident, as my long dark eyelashes fluttered nervously, a pinkish blush spreading over my pretty cheeks. I put my ruby lipstick in my purse, seeing the tampon Kaylee had teasingly put on top.

“Guess it’s time to go to work as a salesgirl?” I sighed.

“The *girl* part won’t be work for you,” Mom whispered. What a rush of feelings. The mirror reflected a lovely, wholesome but shy girl about to step into unexplored territory. Over my shoulder I saw the excited smile of my proud father. I drew in a nervous breath and left the protection of my bedroom, taking another anxious step into girlhood.



My hair fell to my shoulders in glossy dark waves. My first job and it was in a dress that felt

too snug in the waist and the bodice too low. But that's what wearing a dress is all about!

We went down to breakfast and I calmed down. I found myself restlessly looking forward to this new experience. Dad's office was also in the downtown area so I would be riding in with him.

We passed a group of boys going to baseball practice. They were rough housing and wearing jeans and t-shirts. He knew what I was thinking; I should be with them, not wearing a bra, panties, a dress, lipstick, and with curly hair. "Dad," I asked, "Do you think I'm doing the right thing?"

He smiled and said, "I'm so proud of you. It takes a lot of guts to face the world and admit you like girl stuff like bras, panties, slips, dresses, nylon stockings, and high heels."

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

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

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

Dad stopped in front of the store to drop me off and gave me a few final words of encouragement. Pulling me close for a hug, he nuzzled against my perfumed hair, his lips moving to a sensitive spot where the graceful curve of my neck blended into my shoulder and whispered, "I've

seen my simple, ordinary son blossom into my fresh-faced, lovely young daughter. I love you like this.” After a kiss from him, I swished into the store to begin my new career.

INSIDE THE STORE....

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

My hands were trembling as I pushed the elevator button and watched the doors close. The excitement of the sensations was rising every floor. I felt a welling sensation grow from the pit of her stomach to the extra tight pressure of my panties.

My breath caught in my throat as little moan escaped as I leaned against the back of the elevator. “Oh, my,” I said out loud and then checked my dress. My spine tingled downwards; seeing my breasts press outward, I felt like a child watching fireworks.

It seemed such a wild, impossible hallucination...my long curls spilling about my blushing face, my long dark eyelashes lowered. An objectionable thought...“Oh gawd...I have become such a sissy!” Raw fears but thrills were washing through my jangled nerves. What was it going to feel like to be a girl everyday?

Shivering with nervous excitement, the elevator seemed to stop on every floor. People got in and smiled... I smiled back then my lashes shyly fluttered. I was so aware of the material of my skirt and panties between my closed thighs. My face flamed with embarrassment.

On the top floor, I walked out of the elevator and went to my uncle’s office where he greeted me warmly; complimenting me on my appearance by saying, “I’m glad

to have such a pretty niece. I'll take you to the Personnel office."

On the way, he told me that another uncle of mine had bet him that I would not show up. He laughed, "I got odds and since you have *showed*, I think you should get a share of the winnings!"

I declined his offer graciously. "I'm just grateful for the chance to earn some money for my college education. I thought I'd be slinging burgers for the summer."

At Personnel, I learned my job would be a substitute salesgirl. I was to take the place of the regular salesgirls as they took their summer vacations. I would work in various departments throughout the store. After filling out various forms, I was given a training program that lasted until lunchtime. I went to the cafeteria where I had lunch with the *other* girls.

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

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

Thus my summer as a girl began. Every two weeks I was in a different department. As a customer, I knew what I wanted in a sales clerk, and I was that kind of a salesgirl. I must have found a successful formula because

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

I rode to and from work with Dad, and he loved hearing every little detail of my day. Being a girl can be a tedious daily chore, but always absolutely a challenge.

At the beginning of my training, Mom said, "You can never allow *boy* sensations or urges to take over, even when you are all alone. Your body might be temporarily satisfied after the act but male pleasure could break your female chi and you'll feel ashamed as the female spell is broken."

I didn't want to discuss it, but I knew what she was talking about. So, any thought a boy might have had to be put aside. To be feminine is to be like a female in all senses. Anything a boy might do, even in the privacy of his bedroom, had to be replaced with the nature of a girl. Male impulses were replaced by female impulses like putting on lipstick, moisturizing my face, or rummaging through my closet to coordinate a dress with my bra, panties, slip, high heels and purse.

Getting my hair up in rollers and shaving my legs became more important than anything a boy might do before bed.

As time went on, there was a bond between my body and female spirit that I could not explain but felt. Taking care of my female attitude became uppermost in my mind. I would never be without proper nail polish or the right lingerie; anything that might make anyone, (including me,) think *boy*. I was living a young woman's life.

I had to become obsessed with the natural desires of a girl. Without the outlets of a boy, I felt vulnerable, sometimes over-analyzing what wearing a dress meant.

One night, I let the boy go and the next day, I considered calling off my summer, just to make the confusion go away.

CONTINUED IN FAMILY GONE GIRL #2

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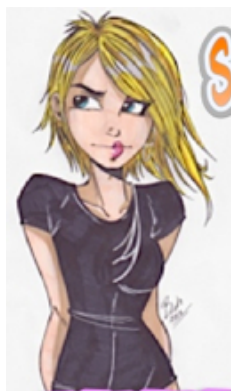
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