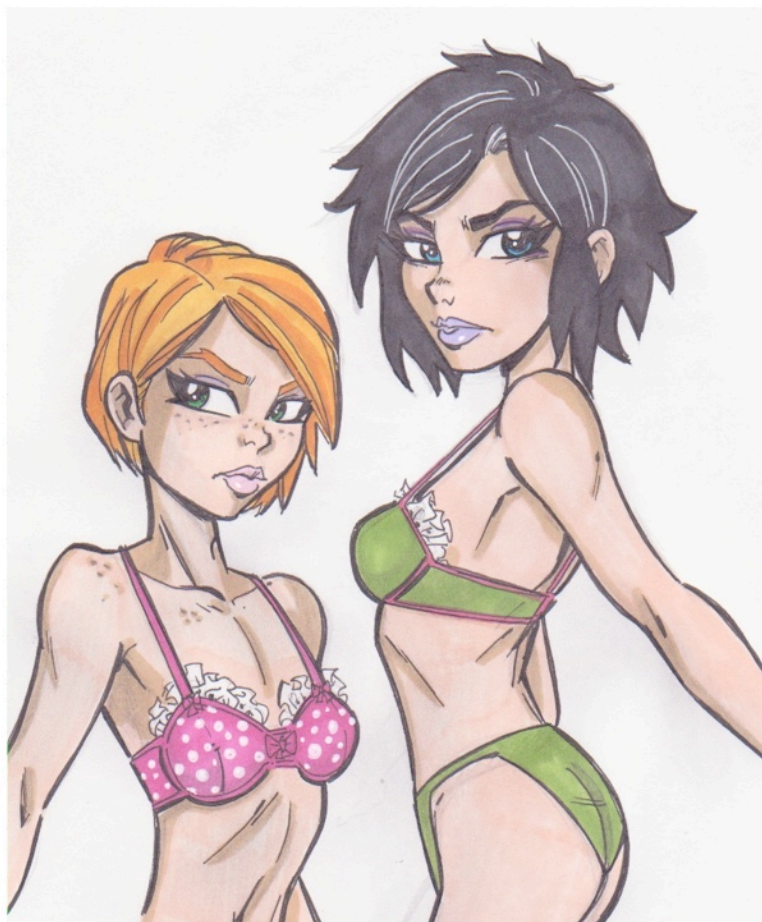


LIKE A WOMAN

TV FICTION

"FAMILY GONE GIRL II"



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

LIKE A WOMAN # 2 www.sandythomasadv.com

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LIKE A WOMAN

TV FICTION

Volume 2

FAMILY GONE GIRL II

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QUOTE BOARD

**"I think it's about time we voted in a transgender senator.
Why not? We have voted in enough boobs!"**

FAMILY GONE GIRL II

By Sandy Thomas

The next morning, Mother saw me being sad and nostalgic about last summer and its boyhood fun. She knew why I felt unprepared to be a girl that day.

She asked, “Lost control? This is why you have no boy clothes in the house. Girls don’t, no, can’t do that.”

I felt a twinge of guilt bubbling to the surface, but mostly shameful betrayal to my femininity. I said, “I couldn’t sleep....”

“Read one of your romance books or re-organize your lingerie drawer. “You were doing so well and are becoming so daringly feminine.”

My eyes flickered with boyish shame. She whispered sweetly, “Get a mini-pad out of my purse.” I want you to wear a one for a few days....”

She watched in female empowerment as I wiggled to get the mini-pad and off to the bathroom.

As a girl, there is no reason to be embarrassed but for a boy to wear one for a prolonged period prevented any male feelings. While the silky lingerie is jam-packed with sensual feelings, the moment I’m facing a pad, it hits me that I’m doing something completely female. I just don’t like this one aspect of being a girl. And neither do most women.

Driving me to work, Dad said, “There are a lot of things that are supposed to make a woman feel like a woman; breasts, hips, curves, and a monthly cycle.”

I laughed, “Mother seems to think, ‘Oh look. My son has sanitary napkins in his purse. That will make him forget he’s a boy.’”

“Honey, maybe she is right, Dad said. “The whole ‘period and on cycle’ is a completely feminine thing. When I’m wearing a pad, I feel, “Yay, my body’s functioning correctly...”

“And you can make babies!” I joked. “Seriously, are you on a cycle too?”

Dad laughed, “Your mother one day moaned, ‘Oh good...my period blood. So you want to feel like a woman too?’ She was serious and the inconvenience aside, I love sharing her experience of being female.”

“You’re wearing a pad under your business suit?” I asked.

“More important than looking like a man on the outside, is knowing who you are on the inside. When your mother suggested we share her period ‘fun,’ I initially felt feelings of embarrassment, especially buying ‘feminine products’ for myself. I thought I could have just used some of hers but no...she wanted me to have the complete experience.”

“With the control panties too?” I asked.

“I’m trying to get used to them,” he blushed. The control was minimizing panel made of a firm microfiber to prevent movement of budge while staying in place and riding up but not down.

I nodded understanding. “Mom was right even though I thought it was a far-fetched idea but one can’t really feel feminine without the right frame of mind.”

He laughed, "Listen to your mother and she will turn you into a independent, strong-minded *daughter*."

I tugged at my skirt, "She has done a pretty good job so far. Femininity is a force more complex than I had ever imagined. I want to be in two places at once: I miss the safety of boyhood and its tough and tumble but also love this new place."

Dad agreed, "What a thrill it has to be for you to dress and go to work, surrounded by others who expect you to react as a natural girl."

I joked, "You could do it Dad? You just need an extended period.... Maybe of nothing male."

"Your mother and I have talked about it," he said, "But I've been a man, husband and father for so long, it would be tough."

"I know Mom likes Donna a lot," I stated.

"She's teaching me how women love each other...." Dad laughed, "Now you know why some women want to spend so much time alone in their bedrooms...with the doors closed."

"I love being alone with Kaylee, but she just wants to talk about boys."

"She is teaching you that you are not only attractive to yourself but to boys your age, and also to grown men... and some of whom do not mean you well."

"Kaylee has warned me. I guess I have to accept being irresistible is a reality," I joked.

I was wearing my new pretty floral dress and had been staring at myself in the mirror almost all morning. I didn't mean to be vain, but my hair was nearly perfect that morning — pulled back in a sleek bun with curls down, framing my face. I felt pretty and feminine even with the constricting pad.

“Having a womanly cycle brings on a new awareness,” dad said. “We are treating our bodies as female and going against the truth of male reproduction. You know boys are trying to get near you, right?”

I nodded. Sometimes men or boys would catch me in the elevator and brush by me to get out like there was no room. At times it made me feel sleazy. And confused. Sometimes I like it, feeling like I had created the mythical “perfect woman”. I had a beautiful face, shapely legs and long thick, shiny hair. Oh, and yeah, boobs became part of my identity. It was the first thing any male noticed. I sometimes felt a little like a celebrity even if the boobs were the real stars.

There was a muscular, young college guy in the stock room that often rode the elevator with me. All I could think was how cute he looked, even when he smiled and gawked at me. He had the biggest smile I'd ever, probably because he stared at me like I was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen.

That was the toll and consequence of feminine sexuality. I never knew how I was going to feel around men and their gawking. Sometimes I was embarrassed and wanted to run, other times, I felt like an adorable little girl who wants a cuddle.

I knew that Kaylee and other girls at this stage of their life had dreams of being in love, of having a boyfriend, someday a husband, and a family of her own. It all began in the arms of a princely lover whom wants to cherish her beauty and that is intimately ensnared with romance and the female function.

So avoiding the male urges, I had to dig out the pads, treating down there as female. I peeled off the sticky backing, attached the pad to the crotch of my control panties, and went forth assured “down there” would be sequestered.

Mother had always been a vision of womanhood so my father and I followed her lead and tried to copy her sense of femininity.

Since I wore female clothing exclusively like her, I loved it when she'd say, "I love you in that dress!" or, "I love the way you walk. Not all girls can walk properly in high heels."

One day, all dressed and walking into work, I experienced a very stronger than usual "Ooooh" moment. NO, not what you are thinking! It was that lovely feeling of everything being proper and together. A special moment where I was very proud of myself without any real reason to be excited.

For me, it was just another day as a salesgirl in a conservative work dress but it made me feel feminine and girly. Last summer I was in t-shirts, jeans and tennis shoes. This year, a lightweight, silky dress that flowed over my body like rainwater, highlighting all my curves. My nails were manicured to match the dress as were my strappy sandals.

I had curled the ends of my hair and pinned up the sides with sparkling clips, allowing the rest to flow down over my shoulders.

As I walked into the store, my uncle stepped out of the elevator and caught sight of me. "Wow! You look fabulous," he said. "Are you having a good time?"

A thought came through that last summer, my Uncle had come to several of my baseball games. I pushed it aside; I didn't want to ruin this silly imagined illusion.

I said, "Mother has really helped me."

He laughed, then whispered, "I guess I encouraged her to teach you `vanity'. My best looking, best dressed

salesgirl is my nephew! The other salesgirls are dressing much better now. I owe you!”

“It had been an amazing learning experience,” I said trying to make it something more than getting lipstick on straight.

He laughed, “All I know is that you are a stunningly beautiful girl. Your mother did her job well and I’m proud of you.”

I knew my uncle had security cameras and he knew when not busy, I’d been staring at myself in the mirrors. I didn’t want to be vain like the other girls, but sometimes I loved looking at my hair and checking my makeup.

I felt pretty. Prettier than I’d ever felt or looked before so walking through the department, with everyone watching, I felt a little like a celebrity and I was floating more than walking in heels...and there were mirrors everywhere!!

Mother encouraged my vanity but more, she wanted me to know and experience what it meant to feel only female. All boys explore their genitals but as a female person, my energy was to be spent in in vanity, distracted by lacy bras, silky slips, and pink panties. The girlish things that covered my body twenty-four hours a day created a soft sensual caress of nylon that never stopped. I had to admit mother was right, there could be no male thoughts allowed.

Mother would walk into my bedroom and she could sense with I had idle hands. She would call me to the kitchen to work on meal preparation or other girl work.

She taught me to sew and laid out the fabric and pattern and how to follow the direction sheet. I first made a simple skirt and then a top; learning about darts that make everything fit better.

The technical aspects of sewing intrigued me. Mother said, "The love of adornment is one of our most basic female tendencies. It exists in all cultures and fills a girl's desire for beauty, identity, and play. Why not, since you are bringing all those wonderful qualities into your everyday life."

I loved sewing and made my first dress with an unlined jacket. It fit well and I wore it with pride to work.

At some point, I was more comfortable with shorter skirts and hemmed some older dresses to mid-thigh. I always got lots of compliments on my wardrobe. The thrill of taking a piece of fabric and making something wonderful out of it, then wearing and showing it off was thrilling.... I was over the moon.

My uncle saw me in a flared skirt I'd made for myself, and asked where I'd bought it. I shyly told him about sewing it. He looked surprised.

"Keeping your hands busy is a good idea," he laughed. "Are you using your grandmother's old sewing machine?"

To my surprise, he had a shiny new sewing machine delivered to our house. It was the latest model that even sewed backwards! I set it up in my bedroom. Besides sewing my own clothing, mother said I should make a "housedress" for Dad, which I did.

Very unboy like, at night I would go to bed dreaming about what dress or skirt I could make next.

Kaylee would come over and we'd work on matching projects. Since she had taken Home Ec in school, we helped each other with hems. She was impressed with my skills, and I love our afternoons sewing up a storm and loved being a shop girl. When I finished a dress, I proudly wore it to work.

No matter what happened in my future, I would always remember this summer.

Learning the construction of dresses helped me with the time I spent in the women's clothing department. With my uncle's sense of irony, he made sure I was in the girl's and woman's departments, even the lingerie section.

It was the most enjoyable period, and the most lucrative for commissions. While in that department, I was not only selling women's clothing, I was also close to and handling the clothes that I had come to love wearing. Sometimes when in the changing room, I had to help women zip up a dress. I looked at them in their nylons and silky, lace-trimmed bra and panties as any other woman.

It was very enjoyable to help a lady carefully shop for that special dress to wear for her man, but also for new high heels, slip and bra. I knew they wanted just the right colors, right feel, and the right expression as they looked at themselves in the mirrors.

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

My Uncle often walked about the store with clothing vendors and never failed to come by my department to introduce me. He would sometimes announce, "Brenda, did you make that dress or is it one of ours?"

"It is one of yours that I recut," I said as I felt myself grow warm under the adoration, but I would turn a full circle so they could get the full effect of the dress.

My uncles said proudly, "Oh yeah, a model 47923. Brenda is becoming quite the fashion seamstress. That dress is very popular with the young women, and I love what you did with it...."

I was wearing a cap sleeved dress with a fitted stretch knit top and a flared above the knee skirt. I said, "It is simple and comfortable and easy to dress up or dress down."

The vendors would usually say something like, "Well, your niece is a very talented girl...and a beauty. She should be a model."

I often wondered if my Uncle had told them. I tried to not show any insecurities as I showed off my dress. It was complicated. On the one hand, I felt excited and flattered by the reaction of strangers. On the other hand, I was scared and constantly questioning myself.

What a strange time it was as a part of me felt beautiful and another part of me a complete sissy, who wanted to feel sexy, slinky, and feline in a dress

Most of my dresses usually had a short straight skirt and were quite close-fitting at the hips. When on my feet, I always tightened my belt one more notch to nip in my waist for more curve. The idea of showing off in my homemade dresses made me a little giggly. In a dress, it was hard to not feel like a girl.

My uncle would wink knowingly at me when they moved away.

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

I didn't hide who I was since I was sure gossip was already being spread. It was no use lying, so I just stated, "I'm working as a girl for the summer."

Some were the mothers of the other boys who wore skirts during our protest. They usually gasped as they looked over my professional salesgirl look: V-neck scoop top, fitted skirt and high-heeled pumps.

"You look like a model. I can't believe the difference! Are you dressing like THIS all the time?"

"I guess my Uncle thought it would be good for the 'makeover' business. You should say good-bye to boring old clothes, shoes, and bags."

I learned as a sales girl that it was profitable to help women to not hang on to frumpy clothes! Some were shocked but I was always able to calm them as I explained my position and my new role. I never failed to make the sale nor gain a new friend.

One very attractive young woman, upon asking me my name and being told that it was Brenda Owens, asked if I was related to the president of the store. I simply told her that I was his niece. She replied that she knew him and his family but never knew that he had a niece named Brenda. She went to my uncle's office and asked him about me.

He had to tell her my story and had sworn her to secrecy. About an hour later she returned and confessed that she had loved seeing me selling lingerie. If the customers only knew how *into* my work I'd become.

She complimented me on my appearance and on my ability as a salesgirl. "How fun. I will keep your secret and you are going to be my favorite 'salesgirl' whenever I come to shop."

I thanked her and said, "I know this is silly...."

“Not from what I see,” she smiled. “If I was a boy like you, I’d want to be a girl. Now show me the latest lingerie, something you’d love to wear.”

I sorted through the lingerie to find her just right bra and panty set. Knowing that she knew made me feel self-consciousness as I showed her the panties.

She giggled, “I hate lingerie shopping. It’s almost as bad as bathing suit shopping. Show me a few swimsuits? Are you going to be wearing bikinis?”

I went pale. “I am not sure that is a good idea and I don’t see me wearing any bikinis?”

“Trust me, you’ll like it.”

The swimsuits were right next to lingerie and I showed her a sapphire blue flowered bikini that I thought would go well with her eyes.

“Perfect. I want to be sexy for my man. Do you have a boyfriend?”

“No,” I said, “Padded bras are my best friend.”

She laughed, “Yeah, some boys can unhook any bra in two seconds.”

Her underlying assumption was that if someone wore a bra, the dream was to have a man unhook it for you. Not true for me but I learned women shopped for bras like they were buying candy.

But I had joined the “need a new bra” bandwagon too. Payday always included a new bra or two for me and mother giving me the look of “Oh you poor thing! You are ‘hooked’ in more ways than one.”

I had a few favorite bras and actually felt sad thinking I might wear them out.

That woman who knew asked, “I bet a lot of boys ask you out?”

The swimsuits were right next to lingerie and I rifled through a rack of barely there swimsuits, I blushed but just said, “That is not a good idea either.”

Her eyes were lit with tease, “Of course it's a good idea. Get the right swimsuit and you'd blow some boy's minds. You should buy this one!”

She pulled out a very sexy pink polka dotted two-piece and held the padded top up to my chest. “You want your summer as a girl to be special, right?”

I was a boy so I knew what “bikini mammary madness” was and it was practically the definition of teenage girl femininity.

The spark of pink would catch any eye. In a shimmery, silky fabric, the top had fully padded bra cups and spaghetti straps. Above all, the top was a highly engineered structure, with two conical, softly padded cups and the goal was to make small, large. Make an A, a C or D. The goal of a padded bikini was to get as deep into the alphabet as possible.

The bottom was full, made of a spandex and full enough to work with my control panties.

“It would look terrific on you.” she said, admiring the swimsuit. “You're a knockout. I wish I had a camera. I'd love to show your picture to my nephew.”

“I'm glad you don't.”

I looked around the lingerie department and realized everything there was about becoming the kind of young woman that men desired. For many women, it was an unattainable dream.

I was learning that the real dream was becoming a kind of beautiful, confident young woman who enjoyed the frills of life.

Donna (Dad) came to visit most every Friday evening and would remain for the entire weekend. Mother said, "Your father is learning to be a most proper and responsible woman in all aspects of feminine life. He will not expose himself daringly or unnecessarily, but he will not run and hide either. When dresses, treat him as you would any lady."

Dad liked to wear his skirts on the shorter side, so his long legs were revealed. He was rarely out of high heels; his favorites had low cut uppers showing a hint of toe-cleavage with thin spikes.

He wore them charmingly without a hint of a wobble, but with a proper mince. I'd learned it was high heels (mostly) that help give girls the wiggle factor. Even low heels gave the impression of a hip wiggle and made the wearer feel feminine.

As Donna, Dad did all the things he wanted to do when he wanted to do them. Whenever he was confronted, he spoke his mind and proved to all that he was very much a lady. The very fact that he showed no guilt whatsoever did much to win the neighbors and relatives over to his dressing.

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

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

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

Kaylee came over almost every evening, or I went over to her home. She took me to a number of “girl parties”, some of which were given by our school friends who knew me. I was accepted as “one of the girls.”

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

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

Both Mom and Dad seemed very concerned when I went to parties around boys. Dad said protectively, “It is natural that as summer continues, you will be subconsciously developing a girl’s disposition and frame of mind. I see it in you already; a girlish flirty-ness. The way you walk, play with your hair and cross your legs can rouse the boys. You must be careful, as your femininity blossoms.”

Mom warned, “Boys your age can be quite rambunctious around pretty girls. Your father and I don’t think you should date any boys alone. At least not this summer.”

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

Confused? So was I. At work, I wore my grandmother’s wedding ring on my left hand and it did discourage some advances by the fellows I encountered. Being in the public, I began to meet and chat with a lot of boys my age.

It was only my second week at work in a dress when a young man in his twenties asked me out on a date. He said, “I don’t know why but I’ve never met a girl as exciting as you.” It was difficult for him to hide his excitement. Yes, he was excited and I discreetly looked the other way pretending not to notice. I had never seen a man aroused and was not sure quite what it really meant.

I politely declined but inside, I was freaked out. If it had not been the end of the day, I would have gone home sick.

Mom immediately noticed something was wrong when I walked in the door in silence. There wasn’t my usual overflowing of gossip or even my undulating hips running to the mirror.

“Mom, where are my boy clothes,” I asked.

“What happened,” she asked.

“Maybe I should go back to being a boy.”

She asked again, “What happened?”

“A guy asked me out on a date. I don’t like guys like THAT! Are my clothes in the shed?”

“First,” she announced, “You are not getting your boy clothes back just because a boy asked you out.

I heard a little tremble in my voice, “Please? I shouldn’t be doing this!” I suddenly felt like a total sissy

in a dress. My hands ran down my skirt feeling the silky under-impression of panties and slip.

“You don’t have to like boys just because they like you,” Mom said. “C’mom honey, relax and don’t be silly. No one’s going to molest you! Boys are going to look at you and they are occasionally going to ask you out. It’s a compliment and one that you need to accept and get used to receiving.”

“You won’t give me back my boy clothes?” I asked, abruptly feeling very trapped.

“You wanted to be a girl for the summer and are past the point of no return,” she stated. “Now go change into a casual dress, freshen your makeup, and add a tad of lipstick., When your father comes home, tell us both all about this boy that asked you out....”

She was treating me like a real girl. The answer to any emotion was “touch up your lips.” I loved her more than anything and did as she suggested. It had been hot, but the store required salesgirls to wear nylons and slips under their dresses. My full slip was silky and trimmed with lace that lay up against my bra. I slipped into a casual skirt and blouse and went to touch up my lips.

Mom said, “A little lip color can make all the difference in your attitude.” That was her approach to me being a girl. I had almost a dozen tubes of lipstick to choose from, in various shades of pink and red and picking the right shade took finesse.

Mother came in and watched me, instructing, “Too red and it will kill your ‘nice girl’ look. Not red enough and your face is washed out.”

I glared at her. I wanted my boy clothes back and she was giving me that little smile that said, “Come on, I dare you! Make those lips kissable!”

I put the glossy, wine-colored red tube up and touched my with a tease then a taunt. I didn't hold back, covering my lips fully to fulfill their potential for a romantic kiss.

"Happy?" I asked mother as I fluffed at my shoulder length hair. "Now can I have my boy clothes back?"

Mother smiled, knowing she had just fed my addiction and I realized she had taken advantage of my vulnerability. She said, "See? You don't have to go out with boys BUT you have to be a girl."

I fixed up my eyes for evening with eyeliner and eye shadow. Added mascara and changed my earrings. Mother painted her lips the same gloss red to match mine as if to say, "My little boy is gone and in your place is this beautiful young woman. I'm not letting you go back too soon."

Surprisingly, my father seemed excited for me and wanted to know the details. "I can see that you are becoming more confident in your femininity, and the boys are seeing it too. No matter how feminine you dress; it's that female confidence that makes you really attractive. As you assume a female role in society, you will be sending out subconscious cues to the boys that makes you even more attractive and appealing."

Mother again stated, "I told him no boy clothes."

Dad asked, "You still like wearing your pretty dresses, don't you dear?"

"Yes," I said, sitting there in my short-skirted, floral print dress—navy blue with little white daisies.

"So boys come with the dresses," Dad smiled.

I blushed and almost whispered, "I guess I've been sort of teasing some of the boys."

“Well, good,” mother said. “Wearing pretty dresses in front of boys is half the fun. You wear the skirts and the boys wear the pants now.”

Dad nodded and laughed, “Don’t be afraid to think like a girl. Looks like your mother is not going to let you give up a summer of dress-wearing.”

I did relish the silken slippery sheathing of panties around my hips and bottom and the way a delicate skirt seemed to caress them. It should have been embarrassing knowing that I was conveying “nothingness” between my legs.

Dad giggled, “Your mother is encouraging me to always wear panties like you. I’m not exactly thrilled to announce that my wife thinks I belong in panties.”

Mother said, “For the record, there is absolutely 100 percent nothing shameful about anything female. At least we can throw away his tidy whitey undies.”

Dad was right, wearing the panties was actually enjoyable and knowing that the boy clothes were gone made it that much easier to accept that I was trapped as a female.

He admitted that becoming a master of pantie wearing, took some major trial and error, He’d learned how to hide pantie lines at work. His business suit pants were just loose in the crotch area.

At first Dad felt like everyone could tell he was wearing control panties but logically knew no one was watching at his crotch. If they did glance down and happen to notice, they would just see flatness or the outline of his pad if that time of the month.

Mother suggested Dad shop for some suit pants at Ann Taylor in a lovely fabric called “tropical wool”. They were wool but with a bit of stretch and high waist.



“Wearing pretty dresses in front of boys is half the fun. You wear the skirts and the boys wear the pants now.” I had pants too?

I realized that Dad knew exactly what it was like for me. I was a boy having to function as a girl 24/7, living and being totally emasculated. I got up and put on panties, a bra and a skirt or dress every morning...a normal routine. I had no choice. All my male things were gone...trapped...my fate...to spend the summer as a girl.

The boys who asked me out on dates were unaware of their feminizing influence on me. As I rejected them nicely, I saw them eyeing my shapely legs, figure and feminine manner.

And as is human nature, after being the object of male attention a few times, the next times were comfortable, and the next met with some mix of anticipation. Male attentiveness was reinforcing my feminine nature and made me feel that I actually belonged in dresses.

Teasing boys and swishing about wearing frilly, girl's things was so wrong for a boy, and I knew it. But I was growing unable to resist being flirtatious. Being asked out felt slightly like winning a jackpot...something nice that I didn't deserve.

I began to be able to tell when a boy liked the way I looked. There was a little quiver of excitement when I saw him moving toward me to chat. I got a swirly mix of nervousness and delight.

When picking me up one day, Dad watched a guy approached and "chat me up." When I got in the car, he laughed, "I saw that! You wiggled away from that guy."

I started to blush, embarrassed by "getting caught" by my father. "Sweetheart," he said. "Don't be embarrassed. You make a lovely girl and I'm proud of your beauty. But you know you were teasing that guy, right?"

I nodded in agreement. Dad smiled at me and said, "I knew it. I must admit, it is fun to see you getting into your `summer job.'"

My fingers fumbled in excitement as I smoothed down the front of my tight skirt. My skirt was too short so the hem required a tug down too. It took a moment while the realization settled in. Most fathers would be humiliated if their son swished and purposely attracted boys but not mine! I asked him, "It excites you, doesn't it...me having to wear dresses and be a girl all summer?"

His sparkling eyes showed the obvious answer, "Yes... yes it does. I would have never encouraged this if you didn't like it. Like father, like son?"

"Yes, it excites me too." My fingers played with the hem of my short skirt then fumbled with my purse and pulled out a lipstick. It seemed surreal, talking to my father about boys while wearing a thin summer dress. The wispy fabric slinked down over my body, over the up-thrust of my pert breasts, and the curve of panty clad bottom. A flush of heat washed across my face as I touched up my lips and saw another boy staring at me.

Dad whispered, "You have another admirer. I'm so jealous! I never got the chance be a young girl."

I felt a slight shiver as I fluffed my hair. I whispered, "Oh my, I'm beginning to think like a young girl."

"He's cute," Dad whispered. "If I had my way, you'd be going out on dates with boys. But your mother is right, you need time to learn to say no, before you say yes."

"I don't like boys like that!"

"Don't be so defensive," Dad scolded. "You are very feminine and when you are around boys, their goal is to make you feel more feminine and like them...my guess, at some point you are going to like getting asked out."

I sensed my control panties stretched absolutely smooth about my hips, erotically creating the flat “V” between my thighs. “I feel silly...but I guess I deserve some fun?”

Dad smiled, “Boys are attracted to your cute little wiggle when you walk.”

I gasped, “I am not intentionally walking with a wiggle? It’s the heels and....”

Dad smiled, “Don’t take it the wrong way. Your natural gait is now graceful, but that innocent hip sway will attract boys when they see you from behind.”

My skin tingled all over thinking about being thought of as *female* by boys. Walking in girl’s clothes required me to keep my shoulders back, head up, tummy in, and walk a line, taking very small steps.

I knew my hips swayed somewhat, maybe even more when I knew boys were watching. Was it nerves? Or the way my pointed toes moved inward to maintain my balance thus making my bottom stick out more naturally?

Dad was right, I actually felt more comfortable and feminine wearing high heels in front of boys.

I feel like I should point out that being in high heels for extended hours is REALLY BAD for your manly strut. Heels are slippery and I also read somewhere that if you wear higher heels daily your muscles stretch and hips adjust so it’s awkward to clomp around like a boy. Heels are not supposed to be comfortable and the key is to learn how to walk and stand in feminine ways so that you can take the pressure off the ball of your foot.

As summer progressed, I was asked out at work more often but always said no. My uncle and too many people

knew about me to ever chance dating a boy who didn't know.

My uncle came up to me one day after helping a handsome young man pick out some earrings for his mother. He asked, "Did that guy ask you out?"

I nodded shyly and he laughed, "It is nice to not worry about my prettiest sales girl getting knocked up. Next summer I'm going to hire a bunch more like you!"

Being asked out was a compliment. I wasn't sure why I actually thought about going except I was being treated so sweetly by men. How did being asked out as a girl make me feel? It felt like I belonged in pretty dresses!

At the mall one day, a cute college boy came up and started talking to me. He was wearing his college baseball jersey and was obviously a player. He was a college all-American and I was impressed. Then he asked me out and I so wanted to go...to talk about baseball?

I turned him down but after he left, I saw my image in the store window. "Damn, girl!" I said to myself as I sashayed away knowing I made him do a double take. "You'd better be careful." I felt dazed by some boy's attentiveness and reading into its underlying meaning. Was being flirtatious like a girl around a boy mean I wanted to be his girl?

As you can imagine, since normal boy attentions at bedtime were off limits, I had to keep my thoughts oriented toward the feminine world. Since I was soft and surrounded in a lovely nightgown, I could not help but admire the fantastic changes that were happening to some boys like that baseball player.

This gave me a terribly ambivalent feeling. On one hand I was ashamed my interests were limited lingerie, dresses and getting my hair right. On the other, of course that was what other boys delighted in seeing.

As a family, we went out to dinner often and whenever possible, Kaylee and “Donna” would go with us. I liked being so busy and met many new and wonderful people throughout the summer. Sometimes we ran into people we knew. You’d think that a boy (and sometimes his dad) being out in dresses would be embarrassing and everyone would stare.

But the key is to look as feminine as possible. Dad dressed just like mother. His dress fit wonderfully with just the right amount of leg and cleavage showing. I was dressed like Kaylee and we didn’t apologize for the female way we were dressed or the “proper way” we wiggled our little bottoms when walking.

My parents were right; my daily activities were completely different. When not at work, I had to take care of my hair that meant conditioning, curling, and an occasional perm. Mother took me to a beauty shop and I had ‘sets’ and manicures. In order to be able to sell the latest fashions, mother had me subscribe to several young woman’s magazines.

She also gave me a set of chores that I’d never had as ‘BOY’. I made the beds, did laundry and learned to maintain a household. In the process, I became a homebody. I loved to sew, knit, and do other home-crafts while being dressed perfectly in comfortable, but feminine dresses over a minimum of a bra and panties.

Kaylee would come over and we *played* with my clothes, accessories and jewelry. Around-the-house, dressing didn’t have to be boring or drab. Cooking while wearing aprons can be such fun! Adding a little ruffle to my favorite apron made it flounce out with every step and made me feel *so* feminine!

Watching us baking cookies, Mom said, "I love seeing you girls busy with domestic activities."

Since Kaylee was a girl, we pursued many girl-like activities and hobbies together. We also gossiped, did each other's hair, danced to songs, and sang to tunes. Above all, I had learned to talk, dress, walk, sit, stand, and go about life as a girl. I loved the way doing little things like sewing. I made three skirts (you can never have too many skirts), simple dresses, and a couple summer tops.

When we drove by the baseball field and saw the boys practicing, I remembered how much that had once meant to me.

But now, my spare time was filled with working enthusiastically to make alterations to dresses I'd made. First, I'd raised most hems and couldn't help thinking about other boys. They had no interest in halter straps, sheer lace, darts or dress fitting. My dresses looked as if they had been made for me and they had...by me!

I was intentionally making myself look different from boys, focused on making my figure look soft and round in the mirror. I loved short skirt outfits and heard a boy say, "She has legs that go all the way to Heaven."

On my lunch breaks, I walked the mall, gazing at the various store windows. Often people would ask where I bought my dress since they were all a perfect fit and in the ones I made, I knew no one would be wearing a dress like mine.

When I found a dresses I loved, I bought them without thinking what I'd do with them after summer.

Mother was very impressed with my skills. She said, "I have the most amazing daughter. I absolutely love seeing you enjoying girl things. It's like a fantasy of you being a blushing bride someday, having children and being a beautiful lady."

“That can’t happen,” I laughed.

“But you are learning to be graceful, to have good-manners, have conversation skills, and radiate feminine flair and beauty. I also see you being comfortable with your unique gift of savoring the beauty and fun of being a girl on the outside. Few boys ever get the chance to enjoy pretty colors, sparkling jewelry, wearing soft feminine fabrics, and matching up cute outfits.”

As a family, we decided that we’d spend the end of summer at a lakeside resort upstate. Since Kaylee and I had become very close; sharing dresses and being “best girlfriends.” Mom offered to let Kaylee go with us. Since we shared clothes, I hoped that we could share a bedroom too.

Mother reminded me before we left, “Kaylee’s mother and I expect you two to be *girlfriends* only.” By then, they could see that Kaylee related to me as another girl, since we only talked about girl things.

With Kaylee’s help, I used my department store discount to buy a casual summer vacation wardrobe that included shorts, miniskirts, tank tops and even a white tennis dress with matching panties. Kaylee also insisted on me buying a couple swimsuits including the pink polka-dotted two piece.

With my discount I also bought Dad a sexy, silk nightgown with spaghetti straps with a flowing robe with gathered sleeves and a satin ribbon at the neck. I wondered what mother would say, so I bought her a similar gown.



By the end of summer, it was all so normal. Another day in a dress... Another day spent at the pool in a girl's swimsuit and the night in a dress, nylons and high heels. I felt the sunshine on my shoulders, and felt the "nothingness" between my legs and seeing bosom rise and fall.

At the lake, Kaylee and I had a wonderful time running around the lake in our swimsuits and short summer dresses. Of course, we met several boys. Kaylee asked my parents if it would be okay if we went on a double date with some college boys we met. I guess mom knew it was natural that Kaylee would want to meet boys and unnatural if they didn't let me go too. She asked me, "Do you want to go out on a date with a boy?"

"It's just a movie and the boys want to come with us," I said blushing. Since I'd never been on an official date, mother agreed as long as it was a double date and we were never with the boys alone. Kaylee wasn't too pleased with that rule but there was no other option and agreed.

That night, we walked out of our bedroom wearing short knit dresses and our highest heels.

"You both look beautiful," Dad said, "but take a sweater for protection from the cold." He winked at me.

Mother said to me, "You might have to kiss your date goodnight. Do you feel comfortable doing that?"

"I'm a little nervous," I smiled. "Kaylee has told me what to expect."

Mother looked at Kaylee and smiled mischievously. She said, "Trust me; a little kiss isn't going to hurt anyone."

Kaylee was telling my mother that I was girl enough to handle IT. I'd been sleeping with a beautiful girl and totally under control, even in swimsuits.

With that we were going on our first double date; College boys taking us to eat and later to a movie. It was all so normal.

Upon entering the theater, we found a lot of empty seats. Kaylee sat next to her date and I mine.

The trailers were barely finished when I turned to say something and my date led me. It was just a little kiss, a small gentle kiss that made my heart pound rapidly. I looked over and Kaylee was kissing her date. The effect of her kissing a boy shocked me. "My girl" was kissing another guy. In my confused state, I thought I could make her jealous...my lips were free game now.

When we got home, Dad was waiting up and doing his nails. Kaylee went in to shower and I could tell he wanted to chat. Dad said with a smile, "You looked so pretty tonight. You must have had to fight the boy off?"

I had the sudden urge to tell Dad my feelings. I blushed but had to tell him. I whispered, "He kissed me; a boy kissed me on the lips! I didn't think a boy could make me feel so feminine!"

I was scared of what he'd say and how he'd react! Granted, it did make me anxious knowing I couldn't wait to tell my father about my first real kiss. I guess I wanted an okay or advice or tips?

"Oh honey, so you couldn't help yourself. I'm so proud of you," he said with a tear. "It's okay honey. You have become feminine enough to kiss boys and not be filled with guilt. You are really feeling like a girl that is an amazingly sweet thing."

My femininity had matured and a female sexuality came out of hiding. Every encounter with a boy was a learning experience and something I relished. Kissing was exciting, and I had the giddiness of a young girl finally precipitating in my girl dreams.

“I assume you certainly don't plan to go around kissing every boy you see but it is good for your self confidence.”

I couldn't believe that I had admitted to my father that a boy made me feel butterflies in my belly. I asked him, “Have you ever kissed a man?”

It was his turn to blush. “Your mom and I love to go dancing. Some guys are more aggressive than others.” He admitted, “Your mother likes the more aggressive guys, as long they know the limits. I guess I do too. When I'm all dressed up and slow dancing with a handsome man, the stimulating nature of it all is exciting and the feminine sensations are almost overpowering. You must learn to never get too carried away.”

“Do you ever wish you were really a woman?” I asked.

Dad laughed, “When I'm dancing with some silver tongued devil...who has the right moves, I think I could almost be swept right off my high heels. But my skirt stays down....”

“So you've been kissed?”

“A lady never tells,” he teased, self-consciously tugging at his tight skirt to cover his upper thighs. “But when your mother and I are out, I always keep my lipstick fresh.”

I sighed, “It is weird. I wanted my date to kiss me. My stomach won't stop turning and jumping. I feel so strange.”

Dad finished his nails. His lovely soft fingers, long and delicate, the nails now glossy with an unpretentious pink polish. His voice had a delicious little tremor as he softly whispered, “Don't worry, it's natural for anyone who's been feminized to struggle with conflicting emotions. Sometimes we feel female and want to experience what women feel.”

“Oh...this is so embarrassing.” We were both trying to overcome the societal constriction of our birth gender. I blushed but admitted with a joke, “Oh dad, I felt like such a....”

“Sissy? Slut?” he laughed. “Seriously, I know you like girls more, but as a girl, you can appreciate guys too. Your mother has been coaching me on what to look for in men and incorporate feminine attitudes and behaviors into my daily life.”

“How is she doing that?”

“She has encouraged me to read her romance novels and we talk intimately like women about the ‘hero’ men in the books. Like you, I am not attracted to guys in any guy sex way but I feel like a young teen girl...innocent, inexperienced and learning about femininity. Both your mother and I like giving up the pretenses of my being male, and a husband.”

“As women, you can kiss a lot of frogs and never find a Prince....” I teased.

I saw the slight squirming of his sweetly skirted bottom. “Your mother seems intent on teaching me to think like a lady. I don’t know...it’s scary to admit I like the idea.”

I was also fidgeting nervously as I blushed, “To be honest, I think it might be fun to have a crush on the right boy.”

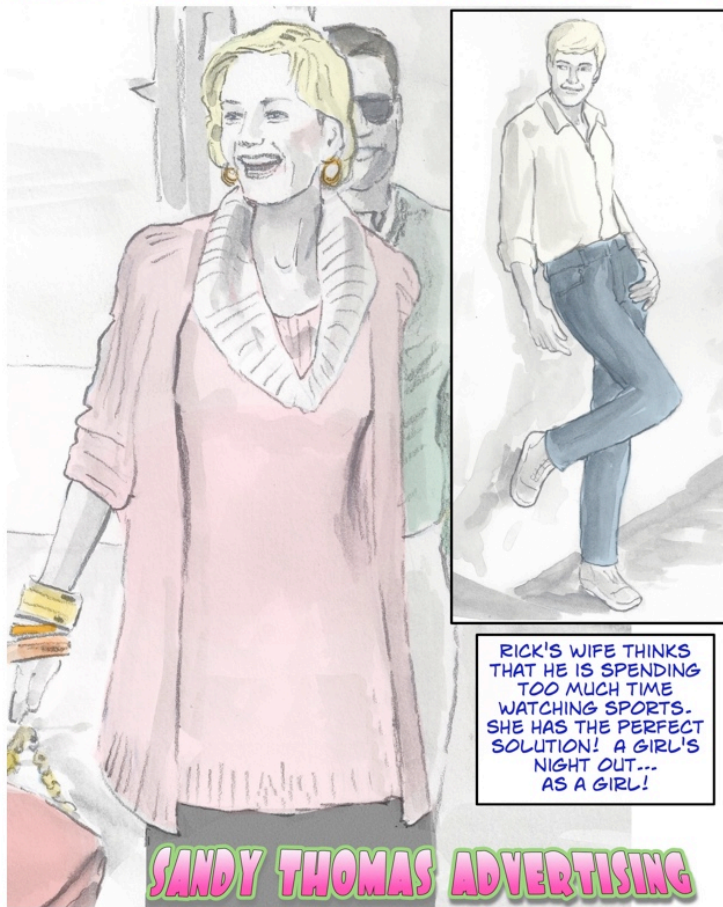
“A girl crush? How fun. You and Kaylee should invite those boys here, maybe cook them dinner. Your mom and I will go out but I’d love to see you interacting with a boy.”

I nearly squealed with delight. “What a great idea! Kaylee would love that! Oh my, it would be like playing housewife.”

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“You don’t have much time left before school starts. Your mother has been bound and determined to make you live completely as a girl. So enjoy and have some fun.”

“I feel like I’m being so naughty teasing the boys,” I stammered.

“Of course you are teasing the guys, honey. You are pretty. But they asked you out, so just repay them with a few kisses. You only have a couple weeks left.”

I moaned, “Gawd, summer is almost over.”

“But you have a few weeks of intensive girl-ness left. Tonight you had a real date and responded like a real girl. You need to relax and enjoy but remember that most guys expect more and more on every date. That’s not bad, really. Some guys are very good kissers. If you learn to enjoy kissing boys, it could be a really nice part of your female experience.”

“I don’t know,” I said.

“It’s just something that girls learn to do to completely control guys. It’s natural and the boys will treat you fabulously as your female personality fully develops.”

Kaylee and I soon had light summer ‘romances’. We only double-dated and nothing ever got out of line except for fun, flirty kisses, usually only at the end of the evening. Kaylee insisted that I couldn’t say “good-bye” until my lips met his, no matter how brief it may be.

I always prepared with a healthy coat of lip-gloss making sure my date’s lips were coated in the end too. It discouraged long lip locks. I also began to use a sweet, fruity lipstick flavor.

I had to admit to Kaylee that I’d never felt so girlish.

My mother and Donna spent most of their time on the beach. My dad's figure had been being trained and had taken on a feminine shape that was enhanced by his darling one-piece bathing suits. His tan line would last much longer than the summer and look funny at his "man" gym! I was guessing he wasn't going back there.

I had never seen Mom and Dad so much in love, sharing and loving every moment together. They giggled like schoolgirls after their shopping sprees and long walks on the beach.

The differences between them physically and mentally were diminishing. My father acted as feminine in thought and action as my mother.

Taking my dad's suggestion, Kaylee and I invited a couple boys over for dinner and a night of "playing house." While the boys watched a baseball game, Kaylee and I giggled in the kitchen and prepared a three-course dinner with a cake!

The boys watched the game and our every move as we served them in our white ruffled aprons.

"Can't we have that cake first?" one boy asked.

"No sweets until after you eat everything on your plate," I said with authority.

I slipped off my apron and we sat with the boys. My flowery sundress showed off my curves and its soft fabric enhanced the swell of my breasts. Kaylee said my dress made my boobies "pop."

I didn't know what that meant but I felt pretty in it and the matching cute little bow in the back of my hair.

Sitting there with young men, I was stunned with my ability to be ridiculously girlish and feel adorable at the same time. Even in my heels, I was much smaller than

these boys. My legs were smoothly bare, my hair slightly tousled and one strap kept falling off my bare shoulder. Totally submissive looking, I knew the boy's hormones were perked and tuned into us "girls" every move. Their "up to no-good" eyes looked up from their food mostly to focus on our bosoms. I almost felt sorry for them.

After dinner, we all sat and watched the end of the game. Both boy's played baseball in college and their brawny, muscular chests filled every inch of their tight golf shirts. When I put a hand on my date's powerful shoulder, I was shocked by how different my body was from his.

"Hmmm?" I thought to myself. "If I liked men, I'd like them big and strong, muscular and Whoa!" I was suddenly being kissed and he was grabbing at my hips to get me to sit on his lap.

"Easy, big guy," I demanded, staring into his eyes.

"I know you like me," he replied confidently, moving his hips.

"Maybe," I said nonchalantly.

He leaned in and gave me a big, fat kiss on the lips before saying, "Wonderful dinner! As good as my mother."

Being a sexy girl and in total control of a macho guy was so much fun. Kaylee was already on her date's lap and being kissed. It made me shudder. I knew I had to say "no," but I wondered how Kaylee could.

I looked at the clock and gave him a little peck on the lips. He responded by pressing his hard body against mine. I could feel the heat from his chest through the fabric of my dress. I let out a sigh and granted his tongue access to my pink lips.

For a minute or two, I would allow my feelings to be all girl. My date kissed me deeply and I felt like I was going to melt. I wrapped my arms around him and pawed at his back, feeling every muscle move under his shirt.

His lips left mine and traveled down my neck, leaving little kisses and love bites as his lips explored my skin. I looked up again and gulped. His hands were on my hips, and suddenly I was in his lap. Kaylee was being groped feverishly by her date and I wanted to be like her.

I cared nothing about this guy but I did care about being like Kaylee and experiencing being one of the girls. During the summer, I was accustomed to doing things as a “girl”. I did girl things but never “sissy” things.

“Sissy” conjured up images of effeminate and weak. But I was now like a girl, doing my hair and makeup and the rituals of doing girl things. Kaylee and I had had a summer of shopping, hair care and her favorite topic of conversation was boys. A part of me was maybe even a little jealous.

As a muscular young man enjoyed my femininity, my mind filled with conflicting feelings. I never imagined I could undertake anything like this. I’d had a summer hearing Kaylee and other women talking about men, boys, and sometimes the jerks. And I experienced the pleasure of finding the right figure-flattering skirt or getting a hairstyle right.

Kaylee would one day be a woman like my mother and probably become a wife. Even when I felt like a girl, I knew I was different. I could dream of wearing the perfect wedding dress, giggling and planning a wedding but I was like a puppy locked outside...outside of true womanhood.

So I was doing what Kaylee and my father had suggested... "Just relax. Being kissed and even pawed isn't so bad either once you get used to it."

The skirt of my dress was tight about my hips and I even wiggled my pantied fanny a little. How feminine I felt, and everything constantly reminded me that I was a girl. And I liked it. I liked being pretty and being able to wear pretty dresses and skirts and lipstick. I liked doing my hair with ribbons. I thought, "So what if I have to kiss a boy occasionally?"

But in a skirt, a girl can do literally nothing to prevent a boy from feeling her smooth legs and maybe higher up. I felt a bit afraid now...defenseless...vulnerable.

Being like Kaylee had become so routine, that after all my time in skirts, I barely thought of being different anymore. Now I was on a boy's lap, being kissed like any girl. To me now, putting on a dress each day had become a routine thing. I was used to it. Used to it all. But I knew I didn't want this boy to know I was a Sissy! Treat me like a girl yes, a sissy no!

But as time ticked slowly, and as this guy put his hands on me, I felt less creepy and more natural in my femininity. I stopped over-thinking and feeling so awkward.

I didn't have much time. I just relaxed and joined in; comfortable with his large hand on my smooth legs. I felt it moving upward slowly as the other hand pulled me closer. I put my arms around his neck as I felt him bite at my neck...hard enough to leave a mark. Then back to my pink-coated lips. I felt his fingers playing with the hem of my skirt as I pressed my knees tightly together.

Where would this all end? I knew....

Suddenly his lips were off mine.

His eyes looked different, no more flickering with passion. His lips were a bit pink from my lipstick and his cheeks were flushing red. He had a shocked look on his face.

“GIRLS! No!” I heard. My parents had quietly arrived.

As planned to the minute, no the second, the evening was over. We were to just have enough time for some light romance before my parents came home “early”, “catching us,” and sending the boys home frustrated.

After getting ready for bed, Dad joked with me over a glass of milk, “I wanted to give you an extra five minutes with your boyfriend but your mother said no.”

“Mom was right. Another minute and I might have had a problem. But you were right, I won’t forget my night of playing house.”

We were alone and chatted about my evening. Dad said, “I bet he asked you out again. Will you want to?”

“Ohh Dad, you know what it would lead to... what he would likely expect to happen....” I wanted to close my eyes, Dad wanted to talk.

When that boy was holding you down, I saw him whispering, what was he saying?”

“Just things... like how wonderful I was and that...”

“...that what?” Dad asked after a long pause.

“That maybe we could... well, “do it” someday,” I said with a little twitchy feeling in my stomach.

“How did you answer?”

“I just said, ‘maybe.’ I didn’t know what else to say.”

Dad thought for moment, "Yeah you're right; I guess a flat out 'no' would have hurt his feelings. When you said "maybe," well, deep down inside... did you really want to say yes?"

"Well, I suppose I was feeling a tiny tingle of anticipation while we were actually kissing and touching each other."

"He was a good looking young man," Dad sighed,

I felt a sudden flush of emotion, my voice softened, "I still can't believe all this is really happening." I ran my hand over my silky nightgown.

My father was as proud of my girlishness as any father whose son hit a home run at a baseball game.

I liked most everything about being a girl. Even the parts I shouldn't like were a challenge. Kissing boys was a part of being a girl; something most all girls enjoy. The first time a boy stuck his tongue in my mouth, I felt sick to my stomach. It didn't taste bad, just kind of musty. But I had to relax and accept feeling every inch of being a girl.

It was stressful, exciting, traumatizing and unforgettable, all at the same time. I knew that I was not a real girl but I had become more than comfortable doing what girls do...like having boyfriends.



My father was as proud of my girlishness as any father whose son hit a home run at a baseball game.

Near the end of our vacation, I overheard my parents talking. Mom asked dad, "Those men we met the other day at the beach called again. Are WE ready to go out with them?"

Dad said, "Gee, I don't know. Do you really think we should date in front of the girls?"

"Don't be silly," Mom laughed. "The guys seem very nice and you are as feminine as any woman I know...."

"Oh my?" dad said, in his highest most feminine voice. "Those tall guys did make me feel cute and feminine."

"Going out with a man can make you feel feminine, attractive, beautiful, and sexy...translated: feeling like you are a wonderful example of your gender."

"I can get on board with that, can you?" dad asked.

Mom said, "Are you kidding? I'll call them back."

The next day, my father looked uncomfortable as mom explained to Kaylee and me that they had been asked out on "dates" that night.

"With men?" I gasped.

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

I looked at Dad. He was blushing.

A shiver ran down my spine. Both Kaylee and Mom were excited for 'Donna', but I felt strange...not about my father being a woman for a night but that my mother would be the date of another man...a manly man.

Mother made it a super-busy day so Dad didn't have time to think about the date that evening. They spent hours working out what to wear, what heels and color of

lipstick. Dad tried on every dress in the closet and in the end, he opted for a favorite little dress, teamed with high heels.

Dad was ridiculously nervous. He was used to being seen in a dress but that night was different. A double date...and he said it felt as if butterflies were doing a dance in his tummy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was dark but the cabin's front porch light lit up the interior of the car. Mother was in the front seat, my father in the back. Their date's lips pressed firmly on theirs. I felt sorry for Dad, knowing he was just responding like

the woman he appeared to be. My mother appeared to be kissing her date back. I wondered if dad was jealous.

When they came in they were giggling softly like teenage schoolgirls.

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

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

"Did you?" he asked.

Mom laughed and giggled, "I bet you never thought a man could make you feel so giddy?"

"So now what?" Dad was feeling a little stupid for being so giddy about their date but decided that being unemotional was overrated.

She giggled, "We put our hair up, put on nighties and spend the night talking about the date. When we wake up and take our hair down, it will smell awesomely like our men!"

The next morning Kaylee asked Dad about his "date." He flushed a deep red as mother talked about the handsome, manly men as if Dad was just another woman.

Dad's voice had a delicious little tremor as he softly whispered, "Honey, this is so embarrassing." His nervous fingers played with the hem of his short skirt; his nails long, delicate and glossy with a down-to-earth pink polish.

Pretty as a picture, Dad stood up to serve Mom more coffee. He poured the coffee, nervously shifting his feet; his cute pink painted toes peeking out from open-toed sandals.



Dad had a simple hair bow, calling attention to his dress that made his hips seem fuller. His manner had become even more graceful and womanly. Like father, like son.

As Mother talked about their dates, Dad blushing lowered his lashes; his lovely made-up face was flaming.

Kaylee started with the questions. "But did you have fun? Did they ask you out again? Were they nice?"

"Uh-huh," Dad admitted with a blush on his cheeks.

I asked, "Are you going to go?"

"Of course, we are," Mom said, while trying to keep the exciting tremor out of her voice.

It was a most wonderful family vacation.

BACK TO SCHOOL....

The end of August came all too soon for me. School would be starting soon and summer vacation was nearly over.

Mother asked me, "So what did you learn?"

I laughed, "I hate some things. I never had a period but felt emotional at times. I couldn't go without make-up for a minute or you'd tell me, 'Put your face on before anyone sees you like that!'"

"I didn't want you to see your boy face," she smiled. "What else did you learn?"

"I'll never call a girl's breasts, fun bags, melons and or any other names boys call them. Wearing a bra all the time is not fun. And neither is being worried that some guy is going to see my legs apart."

"So you hated being a girl?" she teased.

"No, it was fun. I could dance in a flirty dress, wear glitter and be vain in the mirror. I learned that I could get dressed up sexy not because I wanted a guy to notice me but how I felt about my own feminine identity.

Shaving and keeping my legs smooth was a badge of honor.”

Mother said, “Once school starts, you can keep them shaved?”

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

Special attention and compliments were given to Donna too. She was made to feel especially appreciated for her honesty.

After the barbecue my Uncle Al, who had given me the job at his store, gave me an envelope. When I opened it I found a check for a rather large sum. He said, “That was the bet I won from your uncle. You deserve it as a bonus for the wonderful job you did during the summer.” Then he added, “And you can have the same job next summer!”

I accepted it on the spot. Everyone kissed Donna and I as they left and said, “We hope Brenda will come back again frequently during the winter.”

I promised them that I hoped there would be more occasions for “Brenda” to visit. Kaylee cried as she left. I think I shed a tear too.

School was to start and would I just be left to just admire femininity from afar? It was very strange indeed to be treated and ignored like a boy again. Months of practice at being a girl had made me react so much like a

girl that I had to relearn some of the ways of a boy...but not all.

Mother said, "You have developed a gentle and loving attitude towards others. You don't have to give that up. Even when not wearing pretty and feminine dresses, you can be composed, well-mannered, polite and use your new new-found charm."

Mother was right; once you have dealt with being feminine, you're more likely to have a new self-confidence that comes from within. Nevertheless, for a couple of days, I was totally disoriented. I felt like a girl in boy's clothing.

The first time my mother saw me dressed in boy clothes, she burst into laughter, "Oh my, you are still much too pretty. Slouch over a little...hands off your hips. You're still 'posing' your hips and bottom like a girl."

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

The only good part was to be out of those figure-training garments. They had obviously worked because my body had changed. I'd lost several inches around my waist and gained several around my hips. There were soft pads of fat under my protruding nipples.

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

I found it difficult to walk like a boy and I felt funny without a bra. I had learned to think about myself as a girl...girl thoughts, girl actions, and girl ambitions. By all means, didn't go back to being a drab, sloppy boy. My hair was always tidy and I had to try to not be girlish.

Now I was a boy again. I had to look at girls and NOT first wonder what their dress would look like on me! And boys...I had to learn to not smile sweetly at the nice looking ones.

I got plenty of good-natured kidding from family when I went back to school, but it was all in fun. Everyone agreed that I had the wildest vacation of anyone in our school. One thing I quickly noticed; our campaign of the past spring had born fruit. The girls were dressed as girls again this semester and they never looked better.

All through the fall and winter, Donna was very much in evidence. Dad was a cat that wasn't going back in a bag. Donna was with us all but a few weekends.

Dad said to me, "Everyone has someone they truly admire. For as long as I can remember, your mother has always been my source of feminine inspiration. I look up to her and now I get to be like her. I just watch her, and study her. She is pretty fabulous."

He and mother loved preparing dinner, both dressed up very domestically. Dad loved wearing his dark grey pencil skirt with the slit in the front with a white translucent blouse with black seamed stockings. He was as steady as mother in black stiletto heels. They, of course, wore aprons to do the domestic chores. Mom joked, calling it "housewife" training for dad.

Dad was allowing himself to be completely ladylike around mother and freely expressed emotions of a naturally feminine woman.

The Calendar on our kitchen wall was now tracking three 28-day cycles. I don't know why I continued to track mine but my father was excited and thrilled to be "on the

wall.” There was a sense of belonging to that exclusive female “secret society” that was hard to abandon.

HELPING OTHERS....

Other cross-dressers who had personal problems often came to us for help. Donna and Brenda were only too glad to extend their helping hands to all who asked.

On some occasions, perplexed wives of cross-dressers would come to our home. The wives needed to talk with my mother, another woman. As they chatted about life, my father went about being the perfect hostess. He served coffee, and went about household chores in his perfect dress.

Mother would say, “Most women grow up dreaming about having a daughter, few want a sissy husband.” She reminds them of their “daughter dreams” of tea parties and pedicures and what we affectionately called the “mirror wars” in our house.

Mother would say, “I’d be lying if I said it was easy. Our boys are mixed up with messed-up messages. They want to slay dragons and be the princess at the same time.”

Watching my father, I heard one wife say, “He’s like having a maid? When in a dress, is he always so helpful?”

Mother laughed, “Doing the dishes in a dress makes him so happy...I SO miss doing those womanly chores.”

It was a dress but Dad liked to show off by wearing a dress that was shaped like a French maid outfit or waitress uniform. I couldn’t help remember the saying, “No wife ever killed her husband when he was doing the dishes.” It was hard for any wife to not see there were some benefits to a husband’s cross-dressing.

As Dad leaned over the sink, I’d see the visiting wife re-evaluating her position. Dad looked nothing like a

husband. He looked like a very attractive woman, totally comfortable in panties, dress and high heels. He was “doing it up” on purpose and mother liked showing off his femininity. That included a bit of “natural” wiggle and swaying of the hips with every movement.

More than one wife asked mother, “Amazing. I see no maleness at all? How did he ever learn to walk *that* way?”

Mother would say proudly, “It just takes some quality time in a skirt. It was always a fantasy of his to walk effortlessly in high heels like a lady. After months of training, I’d say he’s got it.”

I knew they were thinking, “His walk is sexier than mine?”

The idea that a man (or her husband) could develop an “attractive feminine walk” was intimidating. Mother would say, “It’s all about the thighs and hip area and giving the ‘impression’ of only responding female. Camouflaging the males’ reproductive organs creates a new disposition. It doesn’t have to make any logical sense, it just works.”

Dad would pose, calmly poised, and lady like. His movements’ fluid, taking no effort to stop his sway and feminine wiggle, and at times, his hips fluttered, almost dancing.

These visiting wives were amazed that my father was running all the domestic duties of the house. He cleaned and cooked and vacuumed and did laundry. All skills that most husbands never dealt with or could never imagine doing in a skirt or a dress.

Mother would advise, "It just takes a few months of concentrated dress-wearing for a man's repressed feminine mannerisms to take over."

Usually these wives were worried about losing their husband. Some would comment, "That walk? When you go to dinner in dresses, guys must ask you both out?"

Mother would explain that was why it was important that training must be taken seriously. "You must spend time making him feel feminine and beautiful on the inside and the outside. It is lovely for them to take pride in a womanly appearance but true beauty comes from reacting in a feminine way in social situations."

Many wives were used to their husbands being threatened by manly men. She would advise, "You can't allow your husband any kind of male jealousy. If he's in a dress, he's one of the girls. There are lots of men out there and he has to accept that he's one of the girls. He must play along, flirt and appreciate the attention."

Sometimes tearful at first, most all the wives left with them saying, "Maybe buying my husband a dress or two wouldn't hurt. Where would we start?"

"Dressing up should be fun. When you both feel totally ready, remember being a woman is supposed to be fun—really fun. He needs you to lead him in the right direction."

Mother would explain the basics. "You don't just put your husband into a cocktail dress and sling-pumps." She said, "You have complete power over his future. At some point, it will hit you. It's a pretty heady feeling to realize you're in control of his feminine life, like a young daughter. Make sure you are always gentle and never cruel."

Most women would say something like, "Seeing your husband so womanly, I'm not sure why I was so repulsed

— after all, he just wants to enjoy what we women take for granted. My husband has had financial success so why shouldn't I work hard to encourage his emotional and sensual needs?"

At this point mother would carefully unwrap and hold up the lacy froth of a gaff. She'd say, "If your husband is serious...if you are serious...."

I'll never forget the first guy who came to pick up his wife. She handed him the gaff. "You want to be like Donna?" she said. "You start here and now."

His blush deepened. "Can't we do this at home?"

"You can continue to sneak around in lingerie or begin now to see if you have what it takes...."

He looked at his wife and knew she was serious. It was now or never. He said, "I'll be right back!" and scurried out of the room with my father to be "fitted."

I knew what was about to happen. More than ever before, this husband was going to feel total dicklessness in front of his wife. The gaffe would compress his male parts well up into his crotch area to produce only a femininely smooth curved over surface like his wife.

Once fitted, no masculinity would be revealed and he would have to sit to urinate. While the garment was in place, any normal male response would be impossible. It would be an embarrassing sensation at first but I knew not all that unpleasant. Over a few weeks, he and his wife would get used to being "without" bulge.

It would change the way he stood, sat and soften his attitude towards life. He would be easier to get along with and the wife would probably say, "Maybe you should start being a girl at home. I won't care, honey. If you feel like you want to do woman's work in a pretty housedress then you should be able to."

In ten minutes, the thin young man looking the same in every way except at the top of his legs. His face was red as he gingerly sat down in a new, wonderfully enthralled, and feminine way.

“Let me see you walk,” the wife said.

He stood up, and modeled the new smooth fit of his pants. His legs looked longer and the crotch showed no evidence of anything male. Like many males, he’d “fessed up” and admitted that he liked wearing girl things. Now this.

“Is this necessary?” he asked.

“Absolutely,” the wife said and seemed to smile pleasantly at his discomfort. “Being ‘without’ is something that you have to get used to...we both do.”

“I guess so,” he sheepishly admitted.

She stated, “If you can wear that gaff for a few weeks and learn to *like* wearing it, it’s okay with me. At that point, I will try and help you to become as feminine as you want to be. Can you do that for me?”

The man just nodded and blushed. It was a blush in shame but also a blush of excitement. He looked at my father and me in our dresses. We could be like females anytime we wanted. The absolute truth, both of us were probably more like females than males.

The man looked confused by his wife’s offer but also like he’d swoon.

Dad said later that when he helped fit the gaff, the man was not very manly anyway and after a few months of wearing a gaff with all the tucking, his wife’s interest in him as a man would have to change anyway.

Dad said, “It is something we have to accept as we grasp the wonderful held in sensations. If we want to wear panties, we want them to fit properly.”

He was right again. Once I’d experienced what it was like to be held in and supported daily in a gaff, I became quite dependent and really needed the support. I found if I was not in a gaff and panties, it was like something was missing. Funny eh?

After my first few days to a few weeks of being held in and supported, the feeling was quite addictive and wearing panties becomes very much a part of who you are.

I began to notice at bedtime when I removed my control garment that everything stayed up and in place where my gaff garment kept it secure all day. Even when the gaff was removed, my maleness stayed in “position” and took its time to expand from its restrained position.

The key to get to this feeling is make sure you are fitted in the right make and model gaff. It must be tight enough; too loose will not give you needed control. If too tight, it can be unbearable like a pair of wrong-sized shoes. In a sense you need to be in a gaff that is just tight enough to hold everything up and flat. Then you will be amazed how you can relax and enjoy the feminine sensations.

With daily use, I had female dreams and never got any little unwanted night-time stiffies. I preferred to show nothing between my legs even when dressed as a boy. I hardly even thought about IT anymore.

When others saw the happiness in our feminized household, many wives were convinced that it might be

best to let their husband's femininity escape from the locked closet.

Mother would say, "The men now understand how having a new dress can make one feel...."

There were also others my age and even younger. Seeing other boys becoming accepted and enjoying the chance to be like girls was gratifying. Like my first experiences, most boys were awkward at first, then grew to enjoy their unique differences.

Mother would talk to the women about my father and my own personal evolution. Mother was able to provide the women with lists of hairdressers, clothing stores and even feminization supporters such as vocal coaches and even plastic surgeons. Helping others develop into complete feminine beings was exciting. Instead of being ashamed, we watched as others begin to find themselves.

We planned to continue our help for many years.

As I got back into a regular boy schedule, not all was as before. Mother slowly changed my monthly cycle to match hers and dad's. It was only for fun and to keep me thinking in 28-day periods...like any normal female. It was kind of neat—and audacious when I wore a pad to school.

HALLOWEEN....

Halloween came on Friday that year, and the annual masquerade dance is one of the social highlights of the school year. I went as Brenda, the very pretty party girl she was on her birthday, only this time her "bosom" was much more feminine.

Mother's idea had worked. Months of training by wearing a tight bra to bed had pushed up enough flesh to make it look like any girl's in a low cut evening dress.

My nightwear had become comprised of a full strapped half-bra with special push up cups with matching panties and nightie.

At the party, Kaylee was my escort and she dressed in Tommy's best suit, picked me up in their car, and even presented me with a corsage. My crimson velvet dress was tight about her slim waist and short across my smooth shapely legs. But most thrilling was that excitingly low cut top, offering a teasing glimpse of cleavage!

I pretended not to notice where everyone looked but showing off half exposed breasts was quite exciting. They appeared rounded and luscious and almost like they were trying desperately to escape my super low cut dress.

Maybe I should have been embarrassed as the boy's eyes roamed over my exposed flesh (and sissy ways); but I did not. I knew I was girlish and felt a controlled excitement. My cheeks blushed crimson like any girl in a low cut dress. It was the power to captivate and control.

I was no longer embarrassed by my femininity. I guess it had reached a "point of no return". We were the hit of the dance and won first prize.

Dad and mother also went to a dance party as playmates in very skimpy outfits. In a nutshell, their social life was as two attractive women and they wouldn't trade it for the world.

Dad took dance lessons to learn how to instinctively follow a man's lead. He joked, "My life has been a wild ride: from a husband to a playmate girlfriend. Every day I wake up thankful to be with your mother."

I watched as they dressed as sexy playmates...nothing was spared. They wore long, ash-blond wig with bangs,

lined their eyes heavily in black kohl and applied bright red lipstick and lip-gloss.

As for the outfit, it was basically a black corset to chinch in the waist, emphasize the rear, and pushing the breasts up and out.

They helped each other get into the outfits, taking deep breaths while easing their figures into shape.

After struggling with the pointy bra's back fasteners and pulling every ounce of excess flesh up into the cups, they were ready.

Mother said to Dad, "Honey, you are such a girl. All this discomfort and not a word of complaint."

"Like my control garment," he said. "If I am too comfortable, I am probably compromising the intended effect!"

Dad said putting his hands under his breasts, "I feel so naked, like walking into a party in just bra and panties. I hope I can keep the cleavage up and *something else* hidden away."

"You have been having no problem with that," mother said. "As far as the cleavage, keep your arms down."

When they were finished, their waists appeared dramatically cinched and the soft flesh was nearly overflowing their tops.

For Dad, it gave him an exaggerated woman's shape. His only worry was the sheer challenge of getting in and out if a ladies room visit was necessary. In blonde wigs, they were entirely different people as they pranced out the door in fishnets and stilettos.

They were not going to the costume party as husband and wife dressed as playmates but two women. They both knew as females, that included attracting handsome,

good-looking men and that those men would insist on dancing with them.

When they came home late, they were giggling and excited. Dad seemed to have a new tantalizing sway to his hips.

“Gawd,” I said, “Those outfits are so hot. There is nothing left for the imagination. I bet you whipped those guys up into a frenzy.”

Dad laughed, “I learned by watchin’ your mom work the room.”

Mother said, “Hardly. He’s a natural. He stepped shyly into the dance, made a saucy toss of the head, gave the boys a warm smile, and wiggled over to a table. We had a line asking us to dance.”

They didn’t win first prize at their party but no one had a more deceiving costume than dad!

Play it again....

The following summer, I again spent vacation working as ‘Brenda’ at the department store. The first day when I drove home with dad, in the little mirror, I put on a fresh coat of lipstick and fluffed my long hair, I gushed on between admiring myself.

“My, oh my,” Dad said, “Aren’t you becoming a vain young lady.”

“I admit it,” I said shaking some curls free, “I’m happy to be a full time girl again.”

“You don’t miss baseball?” he asked.

I thought for a minute. I could feel the tightness of my bra and panties. I could see the lacy mounds of my breasts pushing out from under my blouse. “Not a bit!” I said.

That summer my parents allowed me new freedoms. Kaylee said, "I really like you as a boy but you are my girlfriend this summer and I don't want to ruin a good thing. So, it looks like we'll be double dating again...with boys!"

What could I say? I felt funny, jealous feelings since I liked Kaylee as a boy but I was her girlfriend too and would be acting like a girl for the summer. I shrugged my shoulders. Boys were easy. You just had to be attentive, smile a lot and let them do most of the talking. I didn't mind as long as the boys were good looking.

Seeing me trying to get my hair just right before a date, Mother laughed, "You put yourself in this situation, so make the best of it. Have fun."

That second summer there were many new sensations. I was comfortable doing anything a girl would do. I teased boys, crossing my smooth legs in a sexy manner, letting my skirt rise up on my thighs, and giving a sway to my hips when I knew a guy was watching.

Kaylee would tease me but that's how she acted around well-built and handsome boys. And even when on double-dates with Kaylee, we always had our 'alone time' in the ladies' room. We'd touch up our lipstick, spray on perfume and check our hair while the boys just waited. I didn't fight it. I did what girl's do.

I kissed boys, sometimes again and again. I sat on their laps, even teased them with a little hip wiggle. I loved all the attention as much as any "good girl."

I kiss from a boy made me glow, mince and swish about even more. Kaylee saw it and said, "You are such a girl!"

"I guess so," I responded with kind of a sashay in my hips. "I love wearing pretty dresses and skirts. I feel sorry for boys."

By the end of summer, I felt, thought and reacted as what I appeared to be...a young teenaged female.

On our 'end of the summer' family vacation, something was obviously very different. I knew Dad had put on a little weight... I thought it was because he was now doing most of the cooking.

When mom and dad went off to play tennis, I looked up, startled. I guess I was in sort of a daze and used to seeing him in a dress.

I took a deep breath. "Oh my," I gasped seeing my mother and father in matching tennis dresses. Their white low-cut tops with sheer layered short skirts flitted about as they gathered their equipment.

Mother teased, "Your father will be much better at tennis this year."

I knew he was so bad at tennis that his swing was like swatting a mosquito. He picked up his racket and took a practice swing. I noticed something new; his breasts were jiggling. I did a double take and he saw me looking, and said, "Usually I wear a bra....I mean, for tennis. But your mother says I should try it without one."

"How?" I asked.

Mother giggled, "Your dad has been gaining weight in all the right places."

"I don't even like tennis but I think your mother just wants to watch me jiggle around? It would be really humiliating if it wasn't so much fun."

He bent over to tie a shoe and his tiny booblets pointed down, swaying slightly. Then he stood and stretched, arms behind his head, pointy fleshy cones thrust out as far as they could be.

I gasped, "I didn't realize you had gained so much weight?"

Mother defended him, "It might be more comfortable wearing a bra but he jiggles beautifully now."

"How?" I asked again. "He's got titties!"

"So do I, but mine are too big to go braless," mother teased. "We have had your father on a few months of girl juice. You'll be shocked when you see him in his bikini."

Obviously, Dad knew his boobs had gotten much bigger, and in the braless tennis outfit, I realized just how much they had changed. It was hard to believe he used to be flat chested since the flesh pointing from his chest now were a far cry from flat. They were perky, firm cones; soft and fatty. They were girl boobies and since he was thin, they were nothing like a fat man's.

I was shocked at the way two plump prominences moved under the white halter-top. His breasts were sort of nice but the thought of scores of manly men drooling over my fathers "jiggle" was confusing.

I asked him, "Doesn't it make you uncomfortable?"

Mom said, "Men always like to look at breasts and your father is getting used to being the object of men's fantasies. You seem to be used to boys ogling you now?"

I laughed, "Dad, I guess visually your tennis game is near perfect now and you won't need a single lesson."

Mom laughed, "He has a lesson on his serve with the tennis pro then a couple games. Then we are back to sit at the pool...."

Later as they prepared for an afternoon at the pool, I took a good look at Dad in his bikini. His hips were fuller and his normally flat stomach wasn't. It had a distinctly

female round bulge. Gone was last years black one-piece. In it's place, a cheerful, skimpy bikini that would make heads turn.

I said, "Oh, Dad. You look fabulous. That bikini is going to turn heads."

"Dear, it's the body that make the heads turn," Mother said laughing, then turned to my father, "Honey, wasn't all that PMS worth it?"

"I mostly feel fat and naked," he said running his hands down over his bikini-clad hips.

"But not male?" mother twittered, grabbing her cover-up. "You would be totally indecent now without a top!"

He ran his hands along his strap's tanlines. He turned to me, "How many tan lines do you have?"

I had swimsuit lines, short shorts lines, skirt lines and even sandal strap tanlines. All were unmistakably female like.

He laughed, "We are such girls!"

Mom said, "Com'on honey, let's go show off your pert little bum and other bits and pieces."

Dad's fleshy hips were far more feminine then they once were and his legs were round and had fleshy pads that caused a flare to his bottom and hips. His storing fat had moved downward to the places females store it for childbirth.

My mother had been mysterious about him being grumpy and his weight gain. He seemed to have more 'PMS' than mother but he glowed and his hair was growing quickly. Obviously breasts are the most pronounced feature of the female anatomy and reproduction attributes. Dad had them all.

In the bikini, his figure commanded attention. He blushed, "I never thought I'd be wearing a bikini?"

Mother said, "You deserve it. Getting a good figure is not easy and seriously, I'm so proud of you. You make a beautiful lady."

"Of course, I learned from the best." Dad winked at mom. "I'd be happy to look half as good as you."

Mother was wearing a two-piece bikini, rose colored with a halter top that showed off her full bosom.

I found out they had started preparing for this summer's goodness at Christmas. If you want to make your butt look good in a bikini, you shouldn't wait for warm weather to show up...so after months of dieting, both were giddy with excitement.

As they got ready to go to the pool, Mother teased, "Ok young lady, you ready to go show off your new figure!"

Dad's face was hotly flushed and I could only wonder where his mind was going. "Honey," he whispered in a little quivery voice. "This is giving me strange scary feelings..."

"Exciting feelings? I hope not too exciting?"

He lowered suddenly sheepish eyes and toyed idly with the strap of his bikini top. "Sort of...well, this is so stimulating..."

I took a good look at his exposed curves in startling detail. There was no puffy outline of male sex, just the flat V shape of a bikini bottom. From the blush on his face, I was sure there was that strange warm feeling at his groin. Seeing his blush made me funny between my legs.

I knew tightness and being trained to be able to wear a girl's swimsuit to not allow any bagginess. It was

important to keep everything tucked away and hidden and to never touch down there.

It has to be like you have nothing down there at all, just a smooth, flat shiny gusset. Dad was nearly swooning from the firmly pinned sensations and the tickle of hair against his made-up face. Any semblance of my father had been erased and a “Donna” had confidently emerged.

And the bikinis mother and dad wore were designed show off femininity, highlighting soft curves and show off the visual enforcement of being female.

Mother teased Dad, “That lifeguard is so handsome. I bet he’d curls your toes too!”

His breasts rising and falling, he teased mother, “Oh darling, it excites me when you whisper things...well, about ‘other’ guy’s maleness. Seriously, it still seems so unreal.”

“Honey, it happens... It is what we gals talk about when half naked at a swimming pool party.” As mother swooned and clucked over how womanly my father had become, he looked in the mirror, smelling his own perfume and tasting his own creamy lipstick.

I knew what he was feeling. More than ever before, the naughty whispers would make him feel totally feminine and dicklessness. The mirror’s impression was only female, a figure in proportion, hips rounded but not too wide, and enough cleavage to give the undeniable signal that this was a woman who could have babies.

Next to mother, Dad felt like he had the same as her between his legs—a sensation not all that unpleasant for him.

“You really like being like Mom, don’t you?” I said to him.

He nodded as mother said, "I'm flattered your father wants to be like me. He can be my twin sister all the time. Besides, he is starting to look funny in male clothes!"

OFF TO COLLEGE....

That Fall I left for college. It was harder than ever to revert back into a boy. My shape had changed from the figure training. My walk was still very girlish from my summer in tight skirts and I had to remember how to hold my hands. My shoulder length hair was no problem due to the longer men's styles. Living in a coed dorm at college, I missed the freedom I had around the house to dress up so I couldn't wait to get home for Christmas.

At Christmas, I was surprised when Mother and 'Donna' met me at the airport. But that was only the beginning of many surprises. On the way home, Mom broke the news. "Your father and I are moving to Chicago, to be near your school. We have decided that this town is just too small and Donna needs more freedom."

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

Mom continued, "Your father is having electrolysis and in a few months won't have to shave. Doesn't he look nice?" She was right. He looked pretty and soft.

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

I wasn't sure. I was used to seeing my father in heavily padded bras that made his chest look like B/C cups. I was used to him being a man and a woman but he was changing. As a man, his manner and even his chest had changed. His chest didn't require the support of a bra because they didn't hang, bounce or jiggle. But his nipples stood out as slight elevations from the chest, with full nipples on top. I knew what was happening.

Femininity beckoned. He wanted to become more beautiful and truly like a woman...not just a part-time imitation. Mother seemed totally behind his goal of becoming a vision of womanhood.

And I knew how mysterious and inviting femininity could be. It's the stuff of finding the perfect dress, the smell of sweet perfume, getting one's hair up perfectly, painted nails and the feel of wearing soft pinks.

It's about unquestionably moving from male-hood to womanhood and seeing femininity in the mirror. Seeing a closet filled with dresses and wearing them every day. And feeling that shared accepting of femininity we'd seen in my mother and other women.

My father had decided to keep wearing dresses and skirts. He would work to become unambiguously feminine and exclusively wear women's clothing.

Sure to their word, they moved to Chicago near my college, so I moved out of the dorm and back home. Mom decorated my room in pinks, lavenders, and white, very feminine. I attended classes as 'Brendan' but most of the rest of the time I was 'Brenda' or more Brenda than Brendan.

With my mother's training, within a year, my father's personality had changed and softened. He was friendly, gracious, sensitive, caring, and more supporting. Dad and

Mom got jobs as secretaries at the same company. Sometimes I missed having a 'Dad' around but he seemed so happy. The two of them developed a totally new social life.

Mom was constantly looking for ways to help Dad feel more feminine, so she talked him into trying female hormones. At first, it was only a low dose estrogen cycle, but it added to his comfort. His skin got softer and it seemed to quickly feminize his slender, hairless figure.

I was worried that it might change their relationship. Mom took me aside and said, "You father sits demurely in an office eight hours a day, wearing high heels and tight skirts, his breasts thrust up and out for all the men to see. I've never seen him so happy."

I agreed, "Dad used to just sleep in and now he's up several hours early just to do his hair, makeup and get himself all dolled up for woman's work."

Mom nodded and laughed, "Yeah, it's hard for me to deny him anything that will make him feel female. It is a trade off. Instead of having someone to mow the grass, we share hours sitting in beauty parlors getting our hair and nails polished. You understand."

I did understand the pleasure of having long pink nails and getting my brows waxed into cute high arches to show off my expressive eyes. But he was my father and it was hard to get used to seeing his bottom swaying as he minced about in insufferable high heels and tight skirts.

"We are going to increase your father's estrogen level to that of a normal female...that will put to sleep any lingering maleness."

I gasped, "Is that reversible?"

"After a year or two of having female levels of estrogen, he will have all the secondary characteristics of

a woman. Any fatty deposits in his waist and upper torso will have been permanently redistributed to his breasts, hips and butt. Have you noticed they have already softened his face, making it more womanly?"

Dad was gone and in his place, a sweet & flirtatious "lady." His hair had grown dramatically reaching well below his shoulders. It was the same length as moms' and that allowed their hair to be styled in similar ways to emphasize his comparable femininity.

How odd it was to see my father and mother with full, pert nipples visible through the silky bodice of their blouses.

Mom said, "Cycles of estrogen would do the same for you."

"Couldn't Dad have just used padding?" I asked.

"Yes and a wig too," she said, "but he wants to experience a female life, feel comfortable and be accepted. That includes boobs and bras, purses, skirts, curlers and high heels. Anyway, he loves it and is now he is 'too womanly to be male again.'"

I knew his days of passing as a male were over. Even wearing jeans, his carriage had changed and his derriere swayed and wiggled slightly as only a womanly figure should.

Mom seemed to have no problem emboldening Dad to go through life with breasts jiggling and bouncing on his chest. All the changes were making him become increasingly womanly...his voice was higher, his gestures refined and his outlook more feminine. Like my mother or any woman, he was obligated to wear a bra (and women's clothes) at all times.

I saw my parents at home and occasionally for an extended lunch hour at a favorite restaurant near where they worked. It was a chance for me to dress up pretty and be among the adorable working girls. I dressed like a young secretary in a striking, fitted A-line mini-dress that showed off my shapely nylon clad legs. I wore navy high-heeled pumps, and I know, a bit too much makeup for a workday or a *boy*!

My parents seemed to know everyone, especially the men. Mom would introduce me, "This is my pretty daughter! Does she take after me or her aunt Donna?"

I was introduced to one man who said, "So this is your daughter? She's very pretty." Then before he left, said to mother, "We have dinner reservations at seven. I'll pick you up at six."

I looked at dad, who looked a little nervous. When the man left, I asked mother, "Do you have a date with that guy?"

Mom didn't seem in the least apologetic. "Relax honey," she said in a soft calm voice. "Your dad likes it when I go on dates with men. It makes him feel more feminine."

From the blush on dad's face, I could see it was something he didn't want to discuss with his son.

"That guy seemed nice enough," I said, and then turned to dad, "When Kaylee went out with guys, it made me feel so girlish. I guess I understand."

"Your mother is a lovely woman that any man would be proud to take out and be seen with!"

She whispered, "And so are you, honey." She turned to me and said, "Please don't worry about us. Men have to be a part of our lives as women but we love each other

dearly. We share everything so no man can come between us.”

Dad was smiling sweetly at Mom. “What dress are you going to wear tonight?” That was not the question a husband asks his wife. That was the question a girl asks her girlfriend.

Mom’s mischievous smile broadened. “I think he’s a leg man. Maybe my new leather mini and that low cut knit sweater you wore last week? Will you help me with my hair?”

“Of course. Your date will be delighted,” dad giggled, obviously excited about the adventure of dressing mom to “hook her guy.” I knew dad loved wearing plunging necklines.

“So mom, do you kiss or what happens on your dates?”

Mother’s cheeks had turned the color of pink rose petals as she explained to me, “It’s just a normal date. Nothing too serious.”

I noticed a couple guys walking out who glanced down the open neck of dad’s blouse. He was wearing a bra, but from his seated position, I knew they could look down at the smoothly rounded cleavage of his womanly breasts.

“Gawd, your mother is so beautiful,” he whispered to me, tugging gently at his short skirt’s hem. “I never imagined that helping her get dolled up for another man could be so exciting. Trust me; she’s going to knock his eyes out.”

“I hope so,” Mom giggled. “I really want him to think I’m hot!”

I gasped, “Are you going to kiss him or.... Oh my?”

Dad interrupted, “YOU know. It happens on dates and your mother’s date is a really cute guy.”

“Mom? What’s going on?”

“Darling, don’t you worry. I don’t think anything is going to happen tonight,” Mom whispered. “Your father really wants to first be my girlfriend. His measurement of how successfully he has been feminized is not about being able to pass as a female...but how he is perceived by me; his wife.”

“I’m not much of a husband anymore,” he said, tugging at his short skirt.

Mother said softly, “Your dad and I are happily living as girlfriends, and I have no expectation of him being male again. We need to interact instinctually as female friends. That means we probably both will have real boyfriends. That’s what women with nice breasts do,” she laughed.

Was she joking? My father had an XY chromosome but was living XX. If there was anything I’d learned, it was think before you pass judgment on another person’s life style. But my mouth was open. Somehow my father (or me) dating another male wasn’t serious, but mother dating a man was sobering.

She turned to my father and said, “Tell Brenda it’s okay and what you think of me dating?”

“It’s exciting to so feminine that I’m not threatened by jealousy of a manly man. Your mom can go out for drinks and dinner, even flirt with no problem. I have been encouraging her to enjoy the fact that men find her attractive and she is a desirable female.”

“Both of us are now,” mother said touching Dad’s hand gently.

Dad added, “I am very comfortable with the idea that your mother will flirt and given a chance, a man is going

to try to seduce her. Besides, I'd go out with her date...if he asked me. He's a real hunk and seems like a fun guy."

I asked Dad, "What are YOU going to do tonight?"

He lowered his voice, "I'm at the end of my estrogen cycle. I hate it when my boobs hurt so much that I can't stand being without a bra. It is the only time of the month I hate being like a woman. Tonight I'm going to stay home and plan to cry over some sad film."

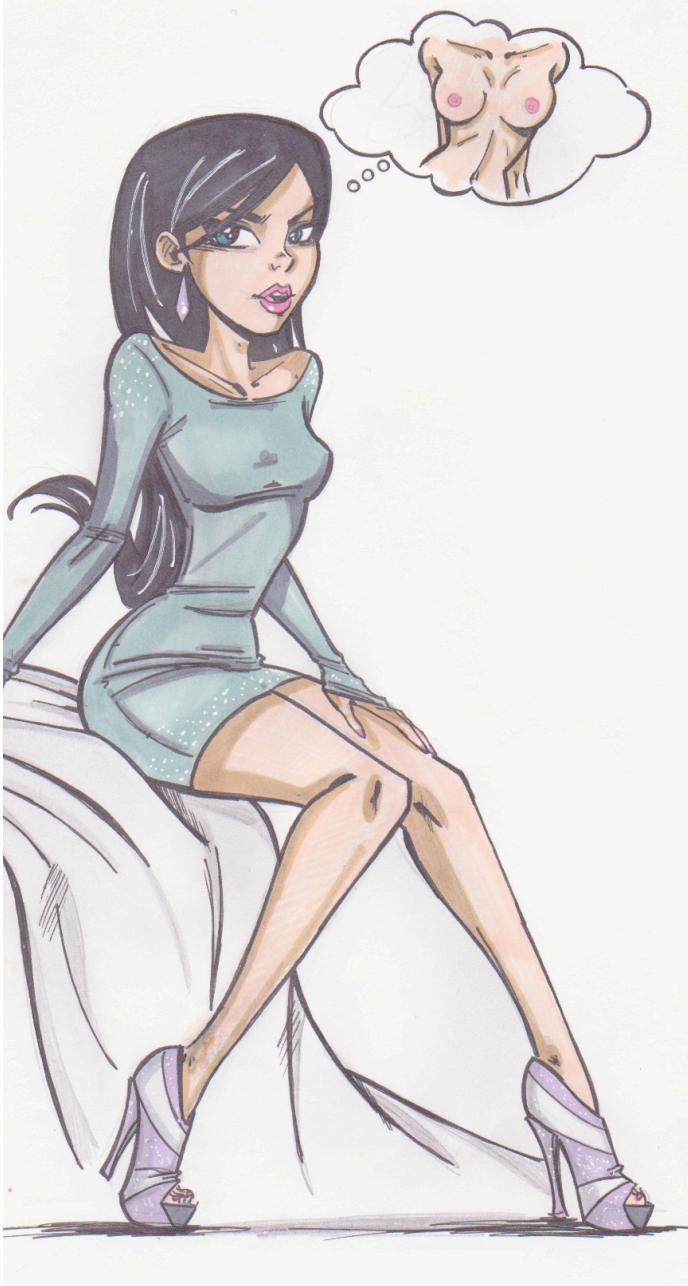
Mother laughed and whispered, "Funny eh? Your dad takes birth control pills and I don't!"

Dad looked embarrassed when she said that. I guess it was the use of "Dad." He shyly teased, "At least I won't end up barefoot and pregnant?"

I asked dad, "Are those estrogen cycle highs and lows worth it?"

He smiled, "All I know, this time next week, when on my high estrogen cycle, I can think of a million reasons why being like a woman is fabulous. But after your mother leaves tonight, I shall clutch at my bosom, curl up, eat chocolate and cry a bit."

I looked at mother and she winked at me. "Surface femininity attracts surface feminine emotions. Your father is not "acting" femininely vulnerable, he is really feeling it."



“Surface femininity attracts surface feminine emotions. Your father is not “acting” femininely vulnerable, he is really feeling it.”

After lunch, I met Kaylee for coffee and shopping. The conversation with my parents bothered me. “I think my father is crazy,” I told her. “All he seems to care about are his boobs.”

Kaylee was wearing a tight, low-cut top that accentuated her modestly proportioned, yet perfectly formed breasts. She laughed, “Look at you. With your push-up bra, you are guilty of false advertising.” Then she said, “Seriously, we need to talk about our future. What are you going to do after you graduate?”

“Get a job.”

“As a boy or as a girl?”

I crossed my legs and tugged down at my skirt. “As a boy I think. Every so often though, I’d like to dress up, wear a dress and makeup and do stuff like we do now.”

“I loved our summers. You make a lovely girl and I’d hate for you to cut your swishy long hair. What if you took a job as a girl?”

“I don’t know....”

“You look beautiful today. That’s what’s great about being a girl and, you can feel beautiful everyday.”

“Work as a girl like I did summers?” I queried. “That might be fun for a few months before I have to cut my hair and get a real job.”

“Why only a few months? It could be an endless summer.”

“Oh my!” I gasped and nearly swooned. She was suggesting that I become a young working woman.”

Kaylee giggled, “Maybe we can get jobs together and wear sexy dresses to work. We’ll make the guys drool over us and get all the promotions.”

I fluffed my hair, "I guess you are still boy crazy. I was hoping I'd someday be your boy?"

"You are more fun as a girlfriend. Come on, we'll be the kind of working girls who playfully tease cute guys and toy with their desires."

"I guess I could try it for a few months." I said. I knew very well that guys were watching us and she fully enjoyed being noticed! Maybe I enjoyed it too, as we both flashed our nyloned legs.

Kaylee smiled mischievously. She teased, "You know, in the end, being a girl is pretty darn awesome. Your mom knows it and now your dad knows it and I know it. You sort of know it. Given some good quality time in dresses, you aren't going to want to be a boy again."

"Maybe."

"Remember how you felt at the end of the summer of being a girl and on our double dates?" she asked. "After a few months, you are not going to want to ever trade your stylish dresses and skirts for suits and ties. You are going to want boobies like your dad. He seems to think they are great, right?!"

"Yeah, I know!"

She laughed and joked, "Boobies. Yeah! Once you get `em, you can play with them any time you want. You can jiggle them at the boys and they are the perfect accessory to nearly every dress!"

Kaylee made me smile as she went on, "And, the holders are amazing! They come in all colors; beautiful lace and they command a lot of attention. When you got `em, they make you know you are feminine and not a boy. AND, unlike a pretty dress, breasts are not dead to feeling. They get sore, excited, feel too big or too small and

susceptible to every gust of cool wind. Like your dad, you are going to want them.”

It's strange how things change.

Epilogue

It was unreal. Right now I am wondering what the future will bring. I have the most wonderful set of very happy parents. I have the ability and the opportunity to express my feminine nature.

Kaylee is a most understanding girl friend that I hope some day will be more than just a girl friend to me. Until then, we go shopping and she encourages me to always wear the most stylish skirt and the highest heels.

Maybe our relationship will evolve into a more normal bond...after we finish our college educations and maybe some more exploring.

THE END

Write comments and suggestions to:

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Epilogue:

Tommy opened the door to greet us....

It was the first time I'd seen Tommy since graduation. He was dressed rather provocatively. He had on a dark pink and grey pencil dress with a tiny slit in the middle back. He wore a bright pink lipstick to accent his dress and seamed stockings with black pumps that had a 4 inch stiletto heel.

He looked quite the sight and nothing like the "little girl" from our last dress-up play date.

"Well?" he said, turning left then right to show off his curves.

For a moment, we both stood and sized up each other. I too, wore a dress that hugged my girlish curves. My hair was swept up and back from my face into curls.

He giggled; "Now we both look great! I was so jealous when you started wearing such great high heels to work."

His mother said, "I caught him playing in my best Jimmy Choos".

"At some point I determined Tommy looked too much like a girl to not be one," his mother said, fingering his curls. I noticed her expression, as if she was wondering if she'd done the right thing in forcing us to dress like girls.



Would you like to hear more of this story or see more art by Brooke Westin, let me know.

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EYE CANDY....

by Sandy Thomas

I am not old enough to know everything about women. It is in most men's best interest to not have that goal, but I did not understand women at all.

I saw her get to her feet. I stood ten feet from this tall striking blonde in a pink waitress uniform. Her nametag said, 'My name is CANDY'.

Yes, I stared. Nothing of nature was left untouched. Her waist long blonde hair looked dyed and turned to a bright sunny mass of curls. Her skirt of the translucent pink uniform was too tight, too low-cut. I couldn't imagine how anyone could stand in the 4-inch high heels let alone do a shift.

Everything else was pushed up or down or in some way forced into a different place than nature intended. I smiled at Candy and she smiled back. Obviously there was a need for attention and maybe it was about the tips?

Her face and nails were an unnatural color. Her nails were bright red like blood, eyes were blackened and lengthened with false lashes. I looked up from her cleavage and our eyes met. I winked and she winked back. Did I have a chance with her, did I want the chance. I nodded and she nodded.

I stared at her cleavage and the top of a fancy lace black bra. I wanted to grab and caress the soft mounds... if I had the chance, but knew my wife was near. I moved closer and smelled the overwhelming perfume.

That's when my wife walked up and stood next to me. She was wearing a square cardboard box over her shoulders. She had painted drawers and knobs and was wearing a hat that looked like a lampshade. Cigarettes were glued to the top in an ashtray.

"What are you supposed to be?" I asked.

"WE are 'ONE NIGHT STAND WITH CANDY'. Quit staring at yourself in the mirror. We'll be late for the Halloween party.

So what goes on Halloween, stays in that night, right?

If you like this story idea, let me know.

Sandy Thomas

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