

# CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

## "LEARNING CURVES"



**LIFE THROWS A CURVE AT TWO BOYS.  
IN FACT, IT THROWS TWO CURVES THEIR  
WAY...AND THEY LEARN A NEW WAY OF LIFE.**

VOLUME 63

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**CONTEMPORARY  
TV FICTION**

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Volume 63

**LEARNING CURVES**

**By Sandy Thomas**

**&**

**Alice Trail**

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The characters, companies, and incidents  
in this book are entirely the products of the  
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to any person or event in real life.

QUOTE BOARD

Women want:

1. A man who is good in bed and loves making love to her, and her alone!
2. A man who makes her laugh
3. A man she can count on and who doesn't lie to her
4. A man who helps her around the house and has a good job

If she is to have her life's greatest desires, it is paramount for her to understand that these four men must never ever meet!

# Learning Curves

By Sandy Thomas

&

Alice Trail

A holiday tradition...

"Aren't they cute?" Dolly said, looking at the two six year old boys all decked out in their mother's clothes and lip-synching to Madonna's song "Like a Virgin."

Chris, Lee's cousin was wearing an old satin gown with clip on earrings and high heels that were way too big.

"Aren't they adorable?" Chris's mother, Kitty said, looking at the two nine year old boys flipping out their long blonde curly wigs.

"They're so dazzling!" the neighbor lady said over Christmas eggnog, looking at the two eleven year old boys doing their yearly holiday "skit" for their mothers and a few close friends, usually other widows that didn't have family.

By fifteen, the preparation for the yearly skit began at Halloween. Lee and his mother were discussing what he'd go as that year. "I'm getting a little old for Halloween, Mom."

"I know but we have such fun planning your outfit and practicing for Christmas. Your cousin is going as Brittany."

Lee moaned. "Some of the guys at school are beginning to wonder why I always go to the Halloween party as a girl. Maybe this year I should go as a Pirate or something."

Aunt Kitty and Lee's cousin lived in the swanky part of town. While both boys were young, their fathers were killed in hunting accidents, Chris's father had a big insurance policy and left them well off.

At least once a week, Lee and his mother went over to their spacious estate for dinner. Since Chris was the same age, they had a lot in common.

On Sunday evening when they arrived, Lee knew something was up. Since it was "planning" for Halloween, everyone was usually in good spirits. Lee was anxious to break the news to Chris that this year he was not going as a girl. The smiling mothers the smiling mothers handed both boys a package by, when they were barely in the door. Even Chris had no clue as to the contents.

"Open them," Dolly said.

Lee and Chris opened their flat, rectangular gifts that could have been a long, thick CD case.

Seeing Lee's face as he opened it, his mother asked, "What's the matter, don't you like your Aunt's gift?"

"Are you serious?" Lee asked his mother.

"About what?" she said innocently.

He pulled a frilly little garment out of the box. "It's a brassiere?"

His aunt defended her actions, sounding a bit hurt. "I thought you two would like to be more grown up this year?"

By then Chris had his out of the box. "Wow! A bra! A padded bra!" The garment positively fascinated Chris. Chris brushed back his long ash-blonde hair and fingered the little pink rose between the cups.

Both boys were very aware of what was happening to the girls in their class. Nearly all had begun the journey from girlhood to womanhood. The brassiere seemed to be the sign for all the boys to see.

Lee gasped, "You bought us a bra?"

"Actually more than one, and panties too!" his Aunt said, digging out several other boxes that weren't wrapped. "They came in sets, and you need to try them on for fit..."



Lee was thin and lanky and was considered a "MOD."

Lee was surprised that Chris didn't even need to be asked. He slipped off his t-shirt and began to figure out where his arms went. "Oh well, he thought. "If I have to wear panties, at least no one can tell I'm wearing them under my jeans."

Kitty quickly stepped behind him and helped him slide his arms into the right loop. Then quickly and easily, she hooked the bra behind his back. "You'll have to learn to do this yourself," she said as she massaged the satin straps over his shoulders. "This one fits pretty well. Is it comfortable?"

"I guess," Chris stammered. "Okay, Lee, put yours on."

"You can remove your pants and step into your panties while he does, young man!" Kitty admonished.

Lee's face was red, as he sighed, "I shouldn't do this."

"Come on!" his mother snarled. "Chris already put his bra on. If anybody has reason to be embarrassed, it's him!"

"Okay," he sighed in resignation. "At least we didn't have to go shopping for our panties and bras like we did when you took us to the beauty parlor to shop for blonde wigs during our Madonna days."

Dolly held Lee's bra as he removed his shirt and helped him into it. The cool air and the ticklish satin garment sent shudders up his spine. In a flash, he was standing next to his cousin; both wearing panties and bras just like real girls their age. "Now what?" his expression asked.

"Put on your outer clothes and enjoy," Kitty stated with a satisfied smile.

Without hesitation, both boys hurried to replace their clothes and conceal their feminine undies. Neither of their bras was heavily padded but the effect was striking, and the women smiled when they tried to smooth the bodice down. They had nice girlish mounds pressing outward from their chests...like the girls at school who were just starting to develop.

"Now what?" Lee asked aloud this time.



The feeling was odd but both boys went about their usual evening....and nothing was discussed about the way their shirts clung to their new curves.

"Nothing," his mother giggled. "Just wear your bra and panties until you get used to them."

The feeling was odd but both boys went about their usual evening. Dinner and some playing on the computer and watching TV...and nothing were discussed about the way their shirts clung to their new curves. But their mothers noticed that they played quieter and with no fighting or rambunctious behavior. They looked at each other and giggled, "If bras and panties can do that, we should have had them wearing lingerie at six!"

On the way out the door, Chris' mother said, "OH! I forgot about fitting the other bras. I'll get Lee's. He and Chris can wear them around the house and get used to them. They can compare notes at our next meeting."

On the way home, Lee asked his mother, "Do you really think I should?"

"What dear?"

"Wear these things around the house," he said, pulling his shoulders back to accent his points.

"Sure, why not? Your Aunt spent a lot of money on your new undies, and your posture is better already. Besides, how else will you get used to them?"

"Okay, I'll try them on but I really don't think I should wear them that much?" he said softly.

"Just try wearing them for a day or two. By then, you'll know if you like them."

"What a disaster," Lee thought as he put the bras and panties away in his underwear drawer. Before bed, he switched into a basic white stretch bra with soft padded cups and slipped an oversized white t-shirt over it. While the white shirt covered the bra, it did nothing but cling to his new shape. He looked in the mirror and could see the indent of the satiny straps and back hook.

"It's only for a couple days," he thought. "I could never get used to wearing one of these, and I'll bet Chris feels the same."

When Lee left for school the next day, he was minus his bra, but he was wearing panties under his jeans as his mother directed. He caught himself with a whole new awareness of the girls and what they wore under their tops.

The minute Lee got home from school his cousin called. "You doin' it?"

"I just got home, and I haven't done anything yet," he replied honestly.

"You and Aunt Dolly are coming over for dinner on Thursday. Mom said that if we are both used to wearing panties and bras by then, she has a surprise for us!"

"What surprise?" he moaned. "I really don't need a drawer full of feminine lingerie!"

After the call, Lee changed out of his school clothes. He put on a simple, lightly padded cotton bra that he figured he might be able to hide under a loose, cotton shirt. The wool shirt did a pretty good job of hiding the straps but he still had twin little pointed mounds pressing outward.

When Dolly came home, he was doing homework. She smiled when she spotted the twin mounds on his chest. "We are going to your cousin's on Thursday, you know?"

"Do we have to?" he asked.

"Yes, dear." Her eyes constantly drifted towards his chest, making him feel uncomfortable and embarrassed. She finally said, "I must say, you have the right proportions to look good with breasts. If you had muscular shoulders, you'd look silly."

"I feel silly."

Silly or not, Lee wore a bra every hour, except for when at school, for the next few days. By then, he'd worn every bra in his drawer and even had a few favorites. He liked wearing the pink satin bra with fiber padding. It was a bit more "pointed" than the others but fit him well and was comfortable.

When his mother found a bra on the floor with his other dirty clothes, she scolded him and showed him how to wash out the delicate garment and hang it in his bathroom for drying.

When mother saw him washing the same bra out twice, she observed, "You like that one do you?"

He blushed.

"Honey, even girls get embarrassed when they start wearing bras. I'll bet you're surprised at how comfortable they are?"

Lee nodded his head once more.

Getting ready to go to dinner at his Aunt's, Lee changed into his favorite pink bra and the matching panties. He slid the shoulder loop straps over his arms and nimbly took the main straps and hooked it behind his back. Only a few days ago that little undertaking took several clumsy minutes. He even leaned forward and adjusted the bra over his chest and unsmoothed the shiny, satin cups. It fit him well and all the straps were lying flat over his thin shoulders.

The padding wasn't much but was shaped well. On Lee's thin frame, it was unmistakable. He caught himself staring in the mirror at the little frontage not unlike like the younger girls in his class. The visual configuration was confusing.

"I remember when I got my first bra," he heard his mother say behind him.

He about jumped out of his skin.

"I didn't mean to scare you," she said coming up behind him as he stared at his image in the mirror.

She adjusted one of the straps slightly. She said, "How fun. I remember when I first started wearing bras. My nipples were so sore and having them covered was such a relief." She giggled, "Are your nipples sore, my dear?"

"MOM!?" Lee moaned and slipped a t-shirt over his head. "I'm a little uncomfortable. Do I have to wear this tonight?" What he didn't say was that his bra was comfortable, and he'd

actually gotten used to having something pressing out the front of his shirts. Panties, of course, were always soft and comfortable.

"No need to be self-conscious. Chris will be wearing his, and besides, you look nice."

It was dark when they arrived, so Lee wasn't afraid of anyone seeing him. When they walked in, Aunt Kitty met them and giggled, "Oh Lee! Don't you look adorable! Don't slump your shoulders, dear."

When they walked into the kitchen, Lee saw his cousin and almost burst out laughing. He was wearing a white apron with a ruffled bodice with straps that buttoned on, a tight waistband, and a gingham gathered skirt. And most obvious was the eye-catching mounds pressing out the bib of the apron. The image said, "GIRL!"

Over dinner, conversation turned to "the bra thing". Kitty asked Lee, "SO, what do you think of wearing panties and bras? Got a favorite set yet?"

His mother answered, "He likes the pink satin ones."

"Me too!" Chris gushed. The, with a bright blush, he admitted as if it was naughty. "I've even been sleeping in them."

"Lee too," his mom divulged while Lee's face turned deep red.

The next week, the mothers went shopping together, but when the "Halloween" discussion came up, both mothers became frustrated. Dolly said, "As much as he seems to like his panties and bras, Lee refuses to go to school as a princess or any thing girlish."

"Chris too. Sometimes I wish they'd never grow up...at least not into toads...I mean."

"They left it up to us," Dolly mused. "They said 'no girl costumes.' What if we just took them out for dinner and a

movie as regular GIRLS? No costume, just a family out to dinner on Halloween. What do you think?"

"Gawd that would be fun. We have a couple weeks to get them ready. I say let's do it..."

"Maybe we should go by Goodwill and find some used dresses and things?"

"No way!" Kitty protested. "We get new dresses and skirts in the latest styles! I have plenty money, and there's no one I'd rather spend it on than Chris and Lee. We were young girls ourselves once, and we always wanted to look our best, remember?"

"Well, if you put it that way, I'd prefer going out with them as girls in neat dresses. Do you think they can pull it off?"

Kitty chuckled, "They don't need to 'pull it off', just hide it really well!"

"What fun it will be to outfit to boys the way we wish we could have when we were young! Are you sure you want to spend enough to accomplish that goal?"

"No question! I'll gladly spend whatever it takes for their shoes, lingerie, dresses, jewelry, and all the trimmings. Not only that, you and I will have a marvelous time getting them all dolled up!"

The two mother flitted through the shop, examining dresses, skirts, and lingerie, making up outfits, chattering all the while with considerable animation. Before long, they had selected several dresses and were searching for accessories to match.

As they entered the cosmetic area, Dolly gushed, "This is such fun! Boys! They're impossible!"

"I agree. Who knows, after they see themselves all dolled up and decked out, we may have a couple of daughters!"

They both laughed as Kitty went behind the counter to fetch a case covered in pink leather.

"Everything they need is in here," she informed her sister. "Lipstick, rouge, blush powder, eye shadow, mascara, even a tiny bottle of French perfume that is 'guaranteed' to make a boy lose his masculinity in seconds!"

"You must let me pay for Lee's!"

"You couldn't afford it, honey. The perfume alone costs a small fortune. Besides if we can't make them use these cosmetics, it would be such a waste of your hard earned money. I had rather you would spend it on something sweet for Lee that he will wear and enjoy."

"You've been so kind..."

"Nonsense. I've never enjoyed myself more! What time is it? Three? When's Lee coming home?"

"Around four."

"Well, honey, you rush back and order him to take a bath and wash his hair before you come over tonight. Make sure he wears his bra and panties!"

Dolly giggled, "That shouldn't be a problem. It's easier to convince him to wear them when he knows Chris will be wearing like items, even if they are exclusively feminine."

Half an hour later Lee was soaking in a tub of hot water in his room, his hair coated with the new perfumed conditioner Dolly gave him. He was luxuriating in the water and suds and had just stepped out of the tub to dry off when his mother timidly knocked on the door.

Lee wrapped a towel around his body and opened the door to see his mother. Kitty and I went shopping today, and she insisted on buying you several of the satin bras and panties you like in an assortment of pastel colors."

Lee cringed. He didn't like "liking" them.

"Did she buy Chris some too?"

"Of course dear."

Lee had been fighting himself for some time now, feeling guilty about doing something so unmanly. Urging him on was

the matter-of-fact non-judgmental attitude of his mother, aunt, and cousin, causing untold confusion. It was like: "Why shouldn't a boy wear a bra if it was comfortable and fit him well?"

But, Lee concealed another, stronger, emotion not so easily denied. Wearing a bra made him feel funny in his belly, a purely physical sensation that was too potent to be dismissed with logic. He didn't want to be girlish, but seeing the little mound pressing outward from his chest and the gentle encirclement of nylon was too much.

His mother added, "Your new bras are bit different." He gave way to that burning impulse and picked up one of the many new bras. She smiled and with one brow arched inquisitively, she asked, "Like it?"

Without emotion, he slipped his arms into the straps and nimbly hooked the back of his new bra. While the same brand and style of his others, it was obvious that this was different. It had much more padding and little push up pads. "It's too much," he moaned.

"No it's not dear. Wait until you get your shirt on and you'll see. You'd better hurry, or we'll be late."

"This is too much!" Lee exclaimed. "Everyone will notice!"

"That's the idea! I guarantee they will notice your new figure. The new bras fit your frame much better and emphasize your assets."

Lee didn't say anything but the feeling was incredible! The cups were padded and pushed up a little of his chest flesh. Once into his shirt, the bra no longer pressed out in little points but the rounded cups actually "filled out" his shirt like some of the older girls in his class. Looking in the mirror, the impression was unmistakable. He pushed his shoulders forward wondering if that would hide the fact that he was wearing a bra and had new feminine curves. Suddenly feeling very girlish, he pulled his shoulders back to make the curves stand out, sending a very pleasurable sensation flowing through his veins.



Lee looked in the mirror and saw something in his own eyes he'd never seen...an inter beauty!

Lee was nervous but walked into his Aunt's with his head held high and shoulders back. The second she saw him, she stepped back and surveyed his new curves. "You look fabulous, Lee! You really have developed some nice curves!" Lee blushed as she said, "Wait till you see Chris!"

Chris was eagerly awaiting them in the kitchen. Lee stopped for a second when he first saw his cousin. There was something out of the ordinary. Yes, he was sporting the curves Lee expected to see but it was his shirt. He was wearing jeans and a bright blue slip-on sweater ... a woman's sweater! "WELL?" he asked turning to the side to show off his 'figure'.

"Your mother's sweater?" Lee quizzed.

"I guess it's mine now," he laughed. Look how it shows off my new curves."

Aunt Kitty said, "I gave him a few of my tops to wear around the house.

Honey?" his mother asked Chris, "Why don't you take Lee up and find him a pretty top?" Lee felt his knees giving way and he looked as though he was going to bolt.

Chris giggled nervously as he followed his cousin up to his room.

"They're in your room?" Lee asked.

"Yeah," Chris said opening his huge walk-in closet. I think mom was glad to get it out of her closet.

What had always been a wonderful place to find old toys and knee deep in boy stuff was now hospital neat. On one side were all Chris's regular clothes...but on the other, the more colorful side, were tops, blouses, and sweaters. "Mom never throws anything away," he said. "Most of it is back in style now. Which one do you want to wear?"

Lee's face was red. He wasn't sure he should 'want' to wear any of the feminine sweaters or blouses. "You pick something for me...not too low cut," he stammered.

"Okay! You asked for it! What color bra are you wearing?"  
Chris smiled.

"Pink."

Chris picked out a pink, rayon blouse with ruffles around a low round neckline.

Lee cringed but pulled his t-shirt over his head, exposing his pink bra. When he pulled his arms through the sleeves of the pink blouse, he realized it buttoned up the back. Chris had to help him turn it around and buttoned the back. "My Gawd, Chris! What are we doing?"

"Just having a little fun! Relax, no one will know ...unless you tell them." Both boys looked into the full-length mirror and saw that they were both sporting the figures of healthy teenage girls.

"Eat your heart out, Sally Sweet!" Chris sniggered, referring to a "busty" girl both boys had a crush on the summer before.

Dolly gushed over his appearance in the pink blouse, and with Kitty's permission, the blouse was suddenly his.

Dolly gushed, "I have one almost like it in white that I don't wear anymore. You can have it too."

Lee murmured absently, "It's hard to get buttoned..."

"It just takes practice, dear," she said, "but I also have some slip-ons and a sweater like Chris is wearing. Doesn't he look nice?"

Lee agreed with some reservation. Still, he was confused about why his mother would want to give him her blouses or even why he enjoyed wearing brassieres. He guessed it made sense that, if he was wearing a bra, he should wear clothing made for the curves.

Everyone just ignored the illogic of what they were doing. The rest of the evening was spent rather normally until Kitty suggested that her son might look good in a certain dress of hers.

Lee looked distressed at the turn of the discussion. It had occurred to him that the bra and now blouse might turn to, heaven forbid, a dress or a skirt! His masculinity was at best "developing" and "fragile." Even Chris looked down and didn't add any comment to his mother's suggestion.

Seeing their reservations, Kitty said, "There's nothing wrong with exploring one's gender." She put her arm comfortingly around her son's shoulders and pulled him close then giggled, "I can't wait to get my darling little sissy son into a pretty dress!"

Her words were like a fingernail on a black board. Chris blushed and brushed his hair back with his fingers. What kind of a boy would put up with being called a sissy? I guess the kind that wears a bra.

Lee frowned as his mother gently touched his shoulder. "I'm NOT a sissy, and I'm NOT wearing a dress~" the boy said abruptly.

"I'm sorry," she said, quickly drawing her hand away.

On the way home, nothing more was said about "clothes." Once home, Dolly reached into the back seat and handed Lee his new bras and tops. In his room, he pulled off his new but embarrassing blouse, hung it in his closet, but left on his bra. As bad as he felt, the gentle cling of his bra was comforting. Despite his masculine urges, he had become accustomed to wearing the dainty girl's garment about his chest.

The next day when Lee came home from school, he walked into his closet to change. Hung there were about ten of his mother's blouses and a few sweaters. This day like all the ones before, he promised himself not to wear a bra...but he found himself groping some exquisite woman's attire. Next to the blouse he'd worn the night before were two others in different colors.

Just then his mother came in with a few more tops. She giggled, "I am so happy SOMEONE is going to get some wear out of these things."

His face was glowing in embarrassment and anguish. He cleared his throat, and asked, "Are these for me?"

Dolly reached over and handed him the tops to hang up. "Of course dear. Don't be so startled, I thought we talked about this last night."

"But Mom, a boy isn't supposed to wear clothes like these?" he blushed.

"Aw, poppycock," she shook her head. "Put on your bra and this top..."

Somewhat timidly, he did as she requested. In a way, he was relieved that his mother was 'forcing' this thing on him. The little sweater top was soft and felt nice over the satin brassiere. He smoothed the fabric over his soft mounds, grimacing a bit as he waited for her feedback.

"That looks very nice...now come help me prepare dinner."

Lee's confusion was increased by his mother's flattering remarks like, "Look how you're holding your arms and standing. Wearing a pretty top like that brings out the bust effect and reminds you to stand up straight with much improved posture."

With the approval, no it was actually with encouragement from his mother, Lee began to wear the girlish tops over his bras on a daily basis. He still felt uncomfortable with the concept, but her gushy admiration comforted him. After school, he began to love standing before his mirror in a bra and trying on different tops.

Behind closed doors, he agreed with his mother that women's tops are meant to be worn over bras. What he saw had the shape of a slim girl in jeans and a red sweater. The sleeves were rolled up to the elbows like his mother wore it. The reflection of a face was sans makeup, but was clear and smooth nevertheless. His hair was brown, shoulder length and gently curving away from a heart shaped face with full lips and thick, slightly arched brows.

The next couple of family visits, the boys grew more and more accustomed to wearing skirts and being seen sporting

breasts. They never talked about their odd behavior, and in their own minds, it was innocent fun, not the actions of effeminate sissies.

Seeing the boys in aprons, finishing the dinner dishes, Kitty clapped her hands in joy as she said, "You boys are such a delight! I simply have see you with lipstick."

"Dolly agreed. "Please for us! We'll do the paint job, and show you how to do it in the future!"

While the boys stared, their mother's opened their purses. Without objection, they picked out a color and painted the boy's lips. Chris's found himself wearing strawberry red, while Lee was sporting watermelon pink. Dolly shook her head in disbelief. "You two darlings look absolutely precious!"

"My goodness," agreed Kitty. "I have a wonderful idea! I can call my hairdresser and get their hair done up right! We'll have a great time!"

Lee started to protest, but he sort of liked being a dress-up doll for his mother and Aunt. However, if his she had shown even the slightest disgust, or if his cousin had any reaction other than, "Gee whiz!" this might have not gone farther.

The next week, Dolly was applying the finishing touches to Lee's lips when they heard Kitty's car pull in the driveway. "They're here! Remember, honey, your aunt is spending a lot of money to get you boys a private styling at the salon to save you embarrassment, so don't forget to thank her."

Lee felt silly. His mother told him to wear something comfortable but feminine, so he opted for panties, slacks, and a nice blouse with darts that accommodated his padded bra quite well. Jeans and a blouse would be fine, and yes, the bra and lipstick were "appropriate" for getting one's hair done at a beauty parlor.

There was one addition when his mother handed him a pair of sandals. She was wearing a similar fashion except she wore high heels. Lee was relieved to see Chris attired in a similar manner as himself, except his cousin was wearing clip-on earrings as well.

"Mom thought earrings would be fitting for my first trip to the hairdresser," Chris blushed when he saw Lee looking at his additional feminine "adornment".

Of course, when Dolly noticed Chris's earrings, she insisted on attaching a similar pair to Lee's ears as well. The boys being ready, although quite uneasy about their feminine outing, manner of dress, padded bras, and lipstick, were off for "the works" at a full-treatment beauty salon.

At the salon, the boys followed their mothers into the changing room, donned robes, and went to get their hair styled. Lee had his hair washed, trimmed to even it, and simply styled. Chris, on the other hand, had his hair washed and colored to a shade lighter than before. The professionals at the salon made the color uniform and conditioned his hair so it was silky and shiny. They also cut several inches from his shoulder length hair and styled it with an elegant cut that did not reach Lee's shoulders but framed his pretty face.

After the hair styling the boys were escorted to an area of the salon for a makeover. Lee had never been so pampered in his life. Unknown to them, their makeup would give them a more feminine and girlish look than they could imagine.

They were being transformed from mousy boys into young ladies whose innocence would attract boys from blocks away. One look at the new Lee would stir the blood in any young man, even men and boys who never noticed him before.

At home, Lee headed to the bathroom to be alone and consider the feminine 'touches' he had received at the beauty salon. As he stood before the mirror, his mouth fell open when he realized he was looking out through the eyes of a boy into the eyes of a girl, his styled hair and thinned eyebrows giving him an innocent girlish look!

Later, when Dolly and Lee arrived at her sister's for dinner, the boys sat motionless like they might break or mess up their perfectly made up faces stared at one another.

Dolly laughed, "Boys! You can't spoil your makeup! Why don't you run along and practice what they taught you at the salon?"

Lee was intrigued by the way Chris' hair and makeup had been done at the salon. The outline of darker lip gloss made his lips appear and pouting. Every move was different because of the glue-on fingernails, and that was a major change for the boys. They normally kept their fingernails trimmed short, so having long fingernails with dark red glossy enamel was strange.

When it was time for the boys to dress for dinner, Chris chose white panties, a matching bra, a simple light colored dress, and white pumps with three-inch heels.

Lee, on the other hand, wore the outfit he brought from home, wearing black panties and bra, a sheer gray blouse, a black straight miniskirt, and pumps with three-inch heels. He had difficulty with the snaps and buttons because of his unfamiliarity with his long fingernails. Chris; however, was eager to help.

Chris placed extra makeup, a comb, a brush, and his pink wallet into a purse and told Lee he needed to carry a purse as well. Going to his closet, he found a black one to match Lee's skirt.

"Why does he have so many feminine things in his closet?" Lee wondered as he accepted the purse.

When the boys came downstairs, their mother's were dressed and waiting. "You were right, they didn't need our help, and they look scrumptious!" marveled Dolly. "It's hard to believe they aren't really girls."

The two mothers touched up the boy's makeup and added a dab more lipstick for fun before standing back and admiring their works of art. As Chris was staring at his image in the mirror, his mother joked, "Maybe we did TOO good a job."

Lee did a double take when he looked in the mirror as well. He stopped and gazed, momentarily, taken aback at the sight of himself in a skirt and blouse. He took another look to make sure it was really he!



Lee did a double take when he looked in the mirror. He took look after look to make sure it was really he!

"Okay boys!" Dolly gushed. "And I use the term 'boys' loosely, we have to go. I'll bet anything you two won't gobble down your food and run around the restaurant tonight!"

Chris and Lee were very quiet, quite unlike themselves as they walked to the car, their heels clicking on the driveway. They were soon parking at a fancy restaurant that was very crowded. The boys were concerned as their girlish figures were on display for all to see. "We need to get out of here, Aunt Kitty!" Lee declared in a panic filled voice as he eyed the huge crowd.

"Oh, come on!" Kitty reasoned. "What good is having your hair done and getting and getting all dressed up if no one will see you?"

Lee could only lid his eyes and blush upon hearing her logical response!

As the boys feared, their cute young figures and styled hair attracted immediate attention. To their bewilderment, this was the first time anyone other than their mothers had seen them in skirts, and they were extremely self-conscious. In fact, Lee felt as though everyone was staring at his bra that was exposed by his sheer gray blouse.

Dolly kept him on edge by whispering, "Keep your shoulders back. Don't hide your assets."

Lee took a deep breath and tried to overcome his embarrassment. To salve his feelings, he pretended his arms were tied at the elbows behind his back.

Chris, who enjoyed the attention as much as Lee was embarrassed by it, giggled and whispered to his blushing cousin, "Oh, this is so much FUN!"

The hostess seated them at a table in the middle of the room, and Lee wasn't sure exactly how to respond when a waiter helped with his chair and napkins. As he sat, seeing the two mounds above the napkin in his lap was indeed strange.

The young handsome waiter proudly announced the specials and smiled broadly at Lee and Chris.

After he left, Kitty tittered softly and said, "You boys have done it!" Her voice was full of pride, self-satisfaction, and approval.

Lee blushed and looked down at the table unable to make eye contact even with Chris. He shifted slightly in his seat thinking of what his classmates would think if they saw him sitting so pretty in a skirt, sheer blouse, panties, bra, heels, and all! His panties involuntarily became tighter when the waiter returned to take their order.

Kitty and Dolly made polite conversation, mostly about what the other women were wearing and the latest fashions. "We should get our kids some of those new shorter skirts?" Kitty mused.

"Promise mom?" Chris gushed. "Oh, I can't wait!"

"Okay, but you'll have to promise not to wear them to school!" she laughed teasingly.

It was then that a young lady walked in on the arm of an older man. She was wearing a sleeveless, glossy black dress with a long, narrow skirt, a very high neck with no back at all. It was simple, understated, extremely well designed to the point of elegance.

Everyone was staring at her. Her long styled hair framing a nicely made-up face. Her high cheekbones were elegant, her mouth was a dark pink and her deep-blue eyes were much too worldly for a woman her age. She was probably only a few years older than the boys.

Just then the waiter, looking marvelously dashing in his tuxedo and black tie began to bring the first course.

"What a dress!" Chris gushed in complete awe. "Her back is completely bare. How does she wear a bra?"

"Shhh!" Kitty cautioned. "Don't be rude, our waiter is here."

Chris blushed slightly, but he couldn't be distracted from staring at the lovely dress.

"You should be intrigued by that sexy woman, not her dress!" Lee whispered to his fascinated cousin.

"Boy, would I ever love to have a dress like THAT and the equipment to wear it!" Chris continued unabated.

Lee gave up trying to talk sense to his infatuated cousin, and as he noticed several young men eyeing him sheepishly, he fidgeted nervously. No man had ever looked at him like that, and he had no idea how to react.

"Honey, shall we ladies go to the powder room?" Dolly asked Lee when they were finished eating. With that, she took his hand, and led him to the small, single stall Ladies room. She checked out the room while her son went into the booth, and when he came out, his mother touched up his makeup and lipstick. "Oh, this is such fun!" she whispered. "I hope this isn't the last time I you wear a dress!"

"I don't think it's such a good idea," he muttered nervously, looking at the door for an escape.

"Oh admit it!" she giggled while lovingly smoothing his curls. "Wouldn't you like a glossy black dress like that young lady Chris was ogling? I'd buy it for you...if I had the money."

Lee, looking terrified and bewildered, cringed and wistfully sighed, "Please, mom. I want to go home. I can't take any more of this."

"After desert, dear," she said.

Lee became very flustered in the skimpy shelter of his little skirt, sheer blouse and delicate lingerie. Being viewed and treated like a female was confusing, and he definitely did not look or feel like a boy as he and his mother walked out of the ladies room. He was carrying his purse in his manicured fingertips, and that reminded him that his outward appearance was anything but male.

Upon his return, the handsome waiter held his chair for him like a gentleman while he seated himself comfortably. Lee nervously noted that the young man's eyes seemed to linger on his 'breasts' as he told of the desert selections. Thus, Lee was deep in thought and saying very little.

After dinner, Dolly said, "I think we should take my daughter home. She's a bit grumpy. I think it's her time of the month, y'know.."

"I have a Midol," Kitty giggled. "Are you sure you can't stay? I hoped we'd all go into the bar and listen to the band?"

"I'd better get her home."

"I'm planning dinner tomorrow, so we can start making plans for our cruise," Kitty reminded them.

"I shouldn't be wearing these clothes, and I'm not going on a cruise wearing a dress" Lee moaned on the way home. "It's too embarrassing, and it makes me feel like a sissy!"

"Oh honey," Dolly consoled. "That's something you can't help. Just because you are small boned, have fine features, and look nice in a dress, it doesn't make you any less of a person." She patted his nylon-encased thigh. "You and Chris are very special. Not many boys could learn to wear dresses and act like girls."

"Not many boys would want to!" Lee scoffed as he pulled down the car's vanity mirror and looked at his face. An unexpected shivery delight went through the boy when he saw his thin, highly arched eyebrows above his big grey-green eyes. His full red lips quivered, and he asked his mother, "So, it's okay with you if I wear these things?"

His mother smiled and giggled, "I'd much rather have a lovely daughter than a sissy son," she said softly.

Lee could feel his stomach tighten. "Is that what I am, a sissy?" he sniffed. "Are you saying I'm a sissy? I knew I should have never agreed to have my hair styled and wear these girlish things, and I'll never wear them again!" When Dolly gently touched his shoulder in sympathy, he snapped, "Don't!"

"I didn't mean that you are a sissy," she said, quickly drawing his hand away. "It's just you look so nice in a dress and...." Knowing she was only getting in deeper, she stopped and not another word was spoken until they reached home.

Lee quickly went to his room and undressed. As he pulled off each article of the humiliating feminine clothes, he put them away properly as he'd been taught. He hung the dress in his closet with the others and tossed his undies in the laundry basket. He hated seeing his styled hair and made up face, so he washed off his makeup and put a night cream on his face, but he failed to wash away the humiliation of the evening.

"What the heck," he moaned as he pulled a silky babydoll nightie over his head and stepped into the matching panties. He lay on his bed, his arms crossed on his chest. In the moonlight, he could see his manicured nails shining and the soft lace at his bodice. The girlish way he was behaving made his thoughts so disturbing, so effortless, so addictive! The distress of the day left him weary, exhausted, and feeling less masculine than ever!

His phone ringing the next morning startled Lee awake. Groggily, he answered it and looked at the clock. It was late, ten am. "You really missed out!" he heard the Chris' voice say. "Are you still sleeping?"

"Yeah," Lee sighed as he sat up in his bed and adjusted the hem of his nightie over his smooth thighs. He remembered his mother admonishing him that young ladies always keep their skirts down.

Chris was gushing on about what he was wearing, but Lee wasn't really listening. He was refreshed, but subdued. Seeing his long painted nails, he knew he'd have to spend the day in a dress. While not a "cheerful daughter", like Chris, the good night's sleep had renewed his energy. "I have to go," he said to Chris. "We'll be over later."

In his bathroom, he disgustedly played with his hair and brushed down his bangs, trying to get his mane to look at least slightly masculine.

He heard his mother come in and called out, "Hey, sleepy head!" while noticing that, after vowing never to wear girl's clothes again, he had slept in a silky nylon nightie. Suspecting a change of heart on his part, she probed farther, "Are you feeling better?"

Lee pulled the scrunchie out of his hair, let his long silky tresses flow about his face, looked up and said, "Mom, I've decided that I want to be a boy."

"You are a boy," she said softly. "You just get to be a girl at times too! You know, the best of both worlds."

"I want to be a boy all the time."

"Then, why did you sleep in a girlish nightie?"

Lee blushed at her perceptive question, and he struggled for a way to explain that would make sense and not land him in skirts again. Finally, he stammered, "Wearing dresses and other girlish things is embarrassing, especially in public like last night."

Dolly saw her son was having difficulty trying to devise an excuse for his unmanly sleeping attire. Suspecting he had a penchant for wearing silky feminine clothes, and not wanting to push him too far too fast, she tried a diplomatic approach. "Whatever you say, dear," she cooed. "It's just that I thought you liked wearing pretty soft lingerie. Are you saying you want me to throw your pretty things away?"

"I don't know," he waffled, not really wanting her to throw out his feminine clothes. Then, in a sarcastic tone, he spat, "You might give them to Chris. I think he'd like that!"

"Don't be bitchy with Chris just because you're having a problem," she snapped, feigning anger. "You'll have to return to the salon to have your nail extensions removed, so you are stuck with them until Monday. I suggest we make the best of it."

With that, she led him to his closet where his dresses hung. "I suggest this one for today for our dinner with Kitty and Chris," she said, holding it up to her distraught son. It was a soft, flowing chiffon style that had ties at the shoulders and was perfect for a Sunday with the family. The flowing dress was lined and fitted with side darts creating a nice silhouette of curves.

Hesitantly removing the proffered dress from the hanger, Lee lamented, "Do I have to wear nylons?"

“Of course!” Dolly insisted. “It’s Sunday, a time when girl’s like to look their best!”

Lee took his time getting ready, even though he was amazed that he could dress and do his makeup all by himself. After a clean bra, panties and slip, he gently lowered the pretty dress over his head, moving as if he was in a dream. He was quick to notice that the dress fit well and was totally feminine. Slipping his feet into matching three-inch heels, he went down to help his mother in the kitchen.

“There! That’s my pretty girl!” Dolly gushed when he joined her. “Do you feel better now that your tantrum is out of your system?”

“I ... I guess,” he stammered with a bright blush. Over the late breakfast he curiously asked, “Mom, have you ever wished you were a man?”

“Sure, but I love being a woman. Men are so crude, and if women ran the world, there would be no war.”

“So, it’s okay that I like wearing dresses and things ...sometimes?”

“Of course, darling. I love having a daughter at times. Wear your pretty dresses and skirts whenever you like.”

His mother’s reassuring words convinced him that “experimenting” was normal and okay. Thus, for the remainder of the morning, Lee was the perfect daughter. He helped with the chores, and they even had time to play with different hairstyles before they left for Aunt Kitty’s. His hair was pulled back with a pink barrette on each side.

When it was time to go, Lee glanced in the mirror, and he was quite impressed with how well rounded his legs appeared, and he liked the feeling of his skirt about his knees. As they prepared to leave, both mother and son made identical motions. They grabbed their purses and added a bit of lipstick.

Dolly eagerly pointed out how natural Lee’s movements were as she hiked up her skirt, adjusted her slip, and advised, “Check your slip, dear.”

Lee raised his skirt and pulled down his slip while his mother pointed out that they were wearing almost identical panties. She remarked that they were "most comfortable" and that they "should get all the colors..."

Lee was already well aware of that and it made him blush. The panties, his most girlish, were made of white nylon and generously edged with lace.

Chris met them at the door, and quickly revealed that he and his mother were wearing identical pale yellow linen dresses. Lee was quick to notice that Chris' dress fit him perfectly and reached to just above his knees. His feet were adorned with a pair of matching yellow sandals with thin three-inch heels.

Seeing his cousin so feminized was strange but thrilling for Lee, who was also conscious of his own soft feminine clothes.

"Oh Lee!" Chris gushed. "You look HOT. Don't you just love being a girl!"

"I'm still a guy," Lee moaned.

"Well, you don't look like one!" Chris spat as he turned and walked toward the kitchen, his hips swaying with each dainty step.

While Lee was getting used to wearing heels, Chris seemed totally at ease in the highest stilts. He walked gracefully and with poise like the girls at school, only better! Now, he was even adopting their temperamental attitude. In every way, he was like a girl and seeing him swishing about, perched atop high heels, surprisingly captivated Lee.

After setting the table and helping fix dinner, they all sat down to eat. Kitty asked Lee, "So it's back to school tomorrow. Do you think you can be a boy again?"

"Once I get rid of these nails and polish!" he insisted.

"Okay, unless you want to show them off at school, we'll remove them before you go home," Kitty laughed."

Both mothers noticed that the nail extensions made such a remarkable difference in the way the boys carried their hands. It's tricky to grab things like a boy when one's nails are long and tapered. Even in the shower, the boys were reminded of their status by their shaved legs and pretty pink toes.

Kitty went on, "Okay, what do you think of a family cruise in the warm waters of the Caribbean during Christmas break? If you like, I'll make reservations for two adjoining cabins. The greatest thing is, since it's in the Caribbean, birth certificates will serve as passports for our 'girls' on the islands we'll be visiting." Kitty was ignoring the fact that the 'girls' were really boys, and she was completely caught up in the excitement of the ten-day cruise. "Should we share the cabins; women in one, girls in the other, or by family?"

"Girls?" Lee gasped when he realized his aunt was suggesting that he and Chris sail in dresses. "I can't go on a cruise in dresses! I want to go as a boy!"

"You wore a dress tonight, didn't you?"

"I only wore this dress because I couldn't get these awful nail extensions off! This is it! I'm through wearing dresses and acting like a girl! What's the big deal about us prissing around on a ship in dresses, anyway?"

"Due to my encouragement, Chris wants to learn more about his feminine side in a non-threatening situation for an extended period of time. I think the cruise will be a perfect venue for such an experiment. As his best friend and cousin, he wants you to come along for support. How much support could you be for him if you were in pants? No, I'm afraid this will be an all girls venture, or Chris and I will go it alone."

Dolly smiled, "It would be our first Christmas alone, and a cruise in the tropic temperatures during the dead of winter sounds divine. On the practical side though, dresses or not, I could never afford such an extravagance."

"Oh, did I forget to mention that I will gladly pay all expenses, including the cost of the girl's clothes?" Kitty explained. "I hope you can come, I really do!"

"An all expense paid cruise sounds like SO much fun, and getting away from the cold to bask in the sun would be magnificent!" Dolly beamed with a far away expression. "On the other hand, I have to respect Lee's reluctance not to go in a dress. Your offer is more than generous, dear sister, but under the circumstances, I'm afraid we'll have to pass."

"How could you be so selfish?" Kitty scowled at Lee. "Your refusal to go on our cruise in a dress will not only deprive your mother of a vacation in the sun, it will deny me the company of my beloved sister and leave Chris without an understanding friend!"

Lee was in a quandary! His mother and Chris were crying, and Kitty was angrily berating him for their grief! Could he deny his entire family a happy cruise just to avoid wearing dresses? Finally, he moved to his mother's side. Smoothing his skirt beneath him, he sat beside her and meekly asked, "Mom, do you really think I could get away with wearing dresses on a cruise?"

At that, Dolly threw her arms around her son's neck and burst into a torrent of tears. When she composed herself several minutes later, she gushed, "You would wear dresses on a cruise just for me? Oh, you are the best daughter a mother could have!"

"But Mom!" Lee protested, feeling trapped. "I didn't say I would do it! I just wanted to know..."

"Lee, you're a very considerate boy to agree to accompany us on our cruise in dresses in spite of your own desires." Kitty praised. "You and Chris run along while your mother and I work out the details,"

"But Aunt Kitty, I didn't..."

"Run, run, run!" kitty said while motioning him away. "Your mother and I have lots of planning to do!"

As he and Chris walked up the stairs, Lee raised his hand; with it's long dainty manicured nails, to his cheek and moaned, "I didn't agree to go on that cruise in dresses! Mom

and Aunt Kitty misunderstood. Anyway, I didn't mean to say what they thought they heard!"

"Hey, look!" Chris teased. "Don't talk like that! I'm the blonde here, not you! Look, just relax and go with the flow Mom creates like I have."

"You're really getting into this girlish thing, aren't you? You like wearing dresses! Come on, admit it!"

Chris was a little self-conscious as he admitted, "Okay, I'm having fun, and Mom likes me in dresses. Face it. You and I better looking as girls than we ever did as boys. Anyway, this could be a once in a lifetime experience for us as well as our mothers."

"Do you really think we can masquerade as girls, and no one will know? I don't want to land up in some island prison while wearing a dress!"

"Never happen!" Chris assured. "After you left last night, Mom and I went into the bar at the restaurant where she said she wanted me to experience a little of what it is like to be a more grown up girl. Men started asking us to dance, but since I don't know how to dance as a boy, much less as a girl. I refused, but Mom accepted, and we had a wonderful time. One man even asked Mom out on a date and was trying to set me up with his son!"

"Gawd," Lee gasped, "I'd throw up!"

"I was just a girl out with her mother," Chris said smugly. "Okay, I'll admit I'm flabbergasted at how, with just a little training and a pretty dress, I was completely accepted as a girl."

"But ten days on a cruise ship?"

"Oh, don't be a prude!" Chris blushed with a girlish giggle. "Slink or swim! What do you plan to do?"

"What choice do I have after Mom's crying jag and Aunt Kitty's praises?" Lee said. "I guess I'll have to go on the cruise in a dress."

"Oh, Lee!" Chris happily enthused. "We'll have SO much fun!"

"I hope you're right," Lee sighed as he envisioned being read as a boy in a dress and ridiculed or thrown in jail. "I hope you're right!"

"I am! Just you wait and see!"

Later the boys helped with the dishes then sat with their mothers and talked while they soaked off their nail extensions.

Kitty said, "We only have eight weeks to get you boys ready for the cruise, so we have lots to do in a short time. We'll schedule weekly visits to the beauty salon, and do some serious shopping after school and on weekends."

Chris' long hair was set in a beautiful curly bob with bangs reaching just above his eyebrows. He mused with a far away expression, "I think Mom and I would look bitching as California blondes."

Later, on the way home, Dolly thanked Lee for being so self-less. "Honey, I know you don't want to go on this cruise in a dress, but if you dedicate yourself to the task, we'll have loads of fun, I promise!"

"I'll be so embarrassed, Mom!" he sobbed. "I know I will! Oh, I wish I didn't have to do this awful thing!"

"Don't worry, sweetheart. You look wonderful, and you behaved perfectly feminine all evening. And Chris! I guess he should have been a girl all along."

Nodding, but not replying to her comment about Chris, Lee asked, "What now, Mom?"

With a endearing smile, she said, "We just squeeze years of girlish training into eight weeks."

"What does that mean?"

"Well, for one thing, Kitty wants Chris in dresses when he's not at school, and he'll be wearing panties full time. I think you should do likewise, but that's up to you." That

night, Lee went to bed in a soft nylon nightgown, feeling abnormal without his long, painted nails.

When Lee stepped out of the shower and perused his body the next morning, he was glad the physical education program had been cancelled because of school budget cutbacks. His smooth shaved legs would have given the boys in the locker room even more reason to tease him about being a sissy.

Opening his drawer, he saw his boy's underwear and a pair of lacy panties. Reluctantly, he chose the boxers, and quickly stepped into his jeans. He felt so uncomfortable! His shirt was rough and his sneakers were like small anchors.

He was stunned when he looked in the mirror and saw his face. It was pale and washed out with no features, and taming his long hair back into a boyish ponytail was difficult. His pink lips appeared stained by the lipstick he had worn, so he scrubbed them again, only to make them appear redder.

A 'girl's face' was still apparent as he brushed down his eyebrows and tried to make them look shabby. When there was nothing else he could do, he looked featureless and drab as a boy. "No one ever looks at me anyway," he sighed as he took a dejected glance in the mirror. Without makeup, and with his plucked eyebrows, he seemed to have no facial features at all!

When his mother saw him, she gasped, "Oh my! I almost forgot what my son looks like in boy's clothes!"

Lee blushed, realizing how terribly odd he must look in his jeans and tee shirt. "Do I look as dreadful as I feel?" he sighed in dejection.

"You look fine," she replied. "It's just that you looked so beautiful with makeup and your hair styled over the weekend."

Lee moaned, "Do you think I should have been a girl, like you said about Chris?"

Dolly gave him a big hug, and teased, "Oh, my Gawd! If that's the case, you'd better hurry and change into a dress!" They both laughed at her flippancy.

Walking to school, Lee realized that he was taking tiny steps and swinging his hips as if he was wearing heels. "How could my whole approach to walking have been altered so drastically in just one weekend?" he pondered as he started "tromping" heavily and taking long strides to change his mood. "Gawd," he thought. "I can't believe boy's clothes are so rough and uncomfortable. I wish I'd worn my panties and nylon stockings like Mom wanted!"

By the end of the day, surrounded by pretty young girls in their cute little dresses, Lee couldn't wait to get home. He literally ran to rid myself of his burdensome, heavy, and unsightly clothing. Undressing quickly before his full-length mirror, he was soon wearing silky nylon panties and a bra. He unhooked his hair, let it float about his face, and sighed contentedly as if the weight of the world had been lifted off his shoulders.

His mother wasn't home and wouldn't be for a while, so he sat on the edge of his bed, wondering what to wear. On a whim, he picked up the phone, called Chris, and without saying even "hello", he asked, "What are you wearing?"

Chris laughed and raised his voice, "A darling dark blue dress with a modest scoop neck. It has short sleeves and a pleated mid-thigh length skirt. And, my dear cousin, how about you?"

Lee giggled at his cousin's response and hesitantly replied, "Panties and a bra. I called you because I didn't know what to wear. What do you think about that yellow tunic dress with the straight miniskirt and the silky white long sleeved blouse Aunt Kitty bought me?"

"That sounds great!" Chris gushed. "This is SO much fun, and I'm glad you're getting into it with me. I'll call back when I have my makeup on. I can't wait to try that Apple Red shade Mom wouldn't let me wear over the weekend!"

When Dolly come home, she found Lee sitting at her vanity in his cute yellow dress brushing his long hair into a neat girlish style. "Hi, Mom," he greeted. "I'm glad you're home because I need help with my makeup."

"Let me get changed first," she replied as she began undressing as if she were alone. When Lee asked if she was going to change in front of him, she smiled, "Why not? We're both girls now." After that, they walked freely in and out of each other's rooms. Since they were wearing the same kind of clothes, "Why not?" they reasoned.

Anyway, since they were likely to be sharing a cabin on the cruise, it was important that they get comfortable dressing and parading around in their silky undies in front of each other. Besides, Dolly liked helping her son with unfamiliar zippers, buttons, and clasps.

"Look dear," she said, opening a bag. "I found several more colors of the panties we both love..." She pulled out a stack of colorful nylon panties and began sorting them. "Look how pretty! This is your pair in peach and mine..."

"Why did you buy so many panties for me?" he asked. "I won't be needing them after the cruise."

"What should I have bought? Neckties? Look, I'm just trying my best to help pull off this masquerade. As far as I'm concerned, you and Chris are masquerading as boys. You are girls now, so save the deception for going to school as boys!"

The training started with a fury. At Dolly's insistence, they shopped for and bought new dresses, skirts, blouses, sweaters, panties, bras, slips, camisoles, teddies, jewelry, purses and every other accessory any girl could wish or hope for.

During the first of their weekly visits to the hairdresser, the color of Chris' tresses was lightened to a golden blonde 'California Girl' shade. Even though he knew he would be teased and ridiculed by his classmates, he was absolutely thrilled with the results.

Highlights were added to Lee's dark brunette hair, and as he viewed the results, he heard a 'pop' and felt a slight pain in his left ear. Before he could react, he felt a similar sensation in his right ear. Grasping his lobes, he shrieked, "You pierced my ears!"

"What's the big deal?" Kitty queried. "Lots of boys have pierced ears."

"Not BOTH ears!" he wailed in near panic.

"I don't know why you're making such a fuss! Look at Chris' ears."

When Chris happily held his recently bleached tresses back, Lee saw not one, but two, gold keepers in each ear. "They're double pierced!" he gasped.

Of course they are. Now, stop complaining and enjoy your femininity. It's short lived, you know."

Giving up and going along with the program, Lee began wearing panties under his jeans, and he changed into cute miniskirts, with a stylish sweater or blouse when he got home after school.

At first, evenings and Sundays were spent with his aunt and cousin. The boys darted merrily about in frilly aprons over their skirts as they helped prepare dinner. Afterwards, they put on a little fashion show for the mothers to decide what to actually take on the cruise.

The mother's had gone shopping together and decided that matching mother/daughter outfits would be fun. Both boys blushed slightly when they were given the "skin out" matching outfits down to the high heel pumps! Kitty gushed, "We'll all wear the same shade of lipstick, and hair style! You boys will look older and WE'LL look younger!"



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**Dance lessons.**

When Antonio first walked in the door, the two boys had no idea that their mother had set up dance lessons for them. Kitty said, “Kids, this is Antonio. He is a friend of Deena’s at the beauty salon. He know all about what we are doing, and he is here to teach you to dance like girls.”

The boys wanted to run. Antonio with a deep Italian accent went right to work. “You two are boys? My goodness,” he said loudly. “This is not what I expected. I thought...well you two are far too pretty to be boys.” To the reluctant boy’s shame, he had them stand up while he looked them over from head to their little pink toenails showing through their nylons. He went on, “On your cruise, you are going to have to know how to dance as girls. Do either of you know how to dance as boys?”

Both boys shook their heads.

“Good,” he said. “There won’t be any bad habits to break. Let me see how you walk in those heels.” Each boy walked across the room gracefully in their high heels. Suddenly Antonio had a funny look on his face and looked curiously about the room. “Am I on one of those hidden camera shows? I’m having trouble thinking of you two as boys!”

“They’re boys,” Kitty laughed, pointing to some pictures of the family on the wall.

Antonio went over and looked, first at the pictures, then at the boys. “Okay! Let’s get to work.” Antonio was thinking, he’d taught many young debutantes to dance. This was really no different, right? He thought. “Okay boys, I’ll be teaching you everything I teach the girls by taking a couple wallflowers and making them into the most popular girls on the cruise. THEN I’ll teach you how to handle the attention, take you through everything that can happen and teach you how to respond with grace, charm, and elegance.”

He shook his head. This WAS different. He really had no idea where to start or where he was starting. “I need to understand you two a bit. Please excuse the silly questions, but...” He hesitated, “Do either of you have a boyfriend?”

"NO!" they both said boldly.

"A girlfriend?" Antonio asked softly.

Both shook their heads. Despite being such a gorgeous little things, neither had much experience in life period. "Well," Antonio laughed, "When I'm finished, you can bet that you will definitely be asked to dance...by men." With that he walked over and patted Chris's shoulder sympathetically. "No better time to start than now. Come, Sweetie. Dance with me." He pulled Chris to his heels and half dragged him to the makeshift dance floor they made up on the hardwood living room floor.

Antonio had lived all over the world. He thought there was nothing that could surprise him...yet the way this innocent boy moved and tried to follow his lead intrigued him. He said sympathetically, "Just relax and move with me."

Lee was watching intently and fiddling with the hem of his skirt, and suddenly it was his turn. With his mother and cousin watching, he took the young man's hand and allowed Antonio to draw him close.

Antonio smiled down into Lee's eyes and tightened his grip before moving his unsure partner backwards in time with the music.

Lee followed docilely as best he could.

Antonio expertly guided Lee to the music and suddenly became aware that his bra was pressing against Antonio's chest. He couldn't put together the feelings but some hazy nervousness stirred in him. He looked up at Antonio's handsome profile. His black hair, thick and wavy, was combed back. His chin was square and clearly defined, and he had very white teeth. A remarkably handsome man was holding him.

Antonio asked, "Do you boys have any higher heels?"

"We can purchase whatever you think they need," Kitty answered.

“Good! I’ll show them some simple box steps. If they practice in four inch stiletto spikes, by next week, I can teach them to be more gracefully.”

Lee glanced up at Antonio shyly, but dropped his long mascara covered lashes when he smiled back.

“Very good,” Antonio praised, then softly asked Lee, “Do you have a long tight skirt?”

Lee replied, “All my tight skirts are short.”

“See if you and Chris can’t get one for next week. Short rapid steps will help your feminine glide on the dance floor.”

Antonio was a beautiful dancer; strong, graceful, and rhythmic on his feet. After working with the boys for an hour, they took a break. While the boys practiced the steps, Antonio met with the mothers in the kitchen



Lee and Antonio after a long dance lesson.

The next week, Antonio walked in and surveyed the two boys. They were both wearing long tight skirts and dancer's pumps with straps across the ankle and four inch heels. Being very pleased with the appearance of his pupils, he took Lee's hand and praised, "What a perfectly lovely dress!"

Lee looked down at the flow of his long, tight skirt and was brought back to reality, leaning into Antonio slightly. His blouse was an exceptionally pretty 1940's blouse of his mother's made of soft lavender rayon. It had capped sleeves and a simple collar, closing down the front with three small white buttons. The shoulder seams were gathered in the front for a lovely, full drape through the bust. The fabric was quite thin had had a nice soft drape and flow over Lee's bra.

A life of getting up in the morning and going to bed at night; drinking, eating, going to school, dressing and undressing, washing and getting dirty again; everything was different now. He was dancing with a man who was teaching him to move in his arms like a girl, and yes, he had worn the long tight dress for this man. It was a flattering, white, chino pencil skirt that had a sexy tapering over the hips and a wiggle enforcing tight straight hem, back kick hem, back zipper and a wide waistband. It was made of a silky-smooth blend of cotton and nylon with a little stretch for shape.

He tried to hide his flushed face while they danced, but Antonio pulled him close and steered him expertly to the walled mirror in the dining room so he could see them dancing together.

"Very nice," Antonio said, moving his hand down to Lee's hips. "Shift your hips a bit more to make your skirt move to the music." Lee did as he was told, and he heard Antonio say, "Good! The boys will like that, and when they do, watch out for this!"

Antonio swept Lee across the room, and when they moved slowly before the mirror once again, Lee felt Antonio's hand sneak down and caress his buttocks. When he tried to pull away, Antonio cautioned, "No, no my sweet! Pretty girls learn to expect men and boys to cop a feel at every opportunity, so

when it happens, don't appear surprised or offended. Look into his eyes with a slight smile. Go ahead, try it."

When Lee looked up and smiled as instructed, Antonio planted a soft, but brief, kiss on his red lips. Not knowing how to respond to a kiss from a man, Lee was virtually frozen in place. Antonio took advantage of Lee's slow reaction and kissed him again, this time, a long lingering kiss as he slowly caressed Lee's posterior. When Antonio pulled him closer, Lee felt a bulge and realized what he was doing to the man. As he quickly pushed away, Antonio announced, "Chris! Your turn!"

Chris anxiously slipped into his strong arms and, in his long restrictive skirt, was merrily whisked away toward the living room. With a blush over what had just transpired, Lee fretfully saw Antonio's laughing dark eyes wink suggestively at him. When the dancing couple twirled back into the den a few minutes later, the confused blush on Chris' face and his smeared lipstick, inferred that the same thing had just happened to him!

Near the end of the lesson, Antonio sat the boys down and asked, "I hope both of you beauties learned that you don't do what a man wants simply because he insists." Both boys blushed, knowing that was exactly what had just happened. "Next week, I'll teach you the tricks of keeping a man at bay while maintaining his interest and keeping him on the dance floor where he is relatively harmless."

That explanation was good enough for Lee, but Chris wondered with a blush, "Did Antonio kiss me because he cares, or was he just teaching a lesson? Oh, why did I reach down and caress his erection during our embrace?"

Paying little attention to his rambling cousin, Lee sighed, "My feet are killing me from dancing in these stilt heels, and wearing long skirts is such a bother!"

With each passing Sunday afternoon, the boys became progressively more comfortable expressing their femininity. Chris would answer the door, as they were anxious to see each other. Giggling like girls, they would hug sweetly and look over the other's dress. Their hairstyles framed their faces

flawlessly and their makeup was lovely. Each would be wearing a potential cruise dress, and their dark mascara laden lashes set off their plucked brows and blue eyeshadow.

They would run off to Chris's room to giggle and show off their new wardrobe additions before Antonio arrived for dance lesson later in the day. Slowly, Lee forgot the strangeness of their mode of dress.

"Take Lee up and show him your new things," Kitty laughed one afternoon. "There's a couple new things for him on your bed. Help him into one."

In his room, Chris indicated the items on the bed and said, "Antonio suggested we get them. They're for dancers, you know!"

Lee looked distastefully at the garment and read the tag. He gasped, "SPAY BOY? These have to be for girl dancers?"

"Maybe, but here, I'll show you!" Chris said proudly as he lifted his skirt to his waist.

Lee was astounded to see that Chris's panties were pretty and lacy and fit smoothly without a bulge! Not the slightest sign of boy!

"Go on," Chris gushed, "It's tight, but you'll simply LOVE the way your panties fit!"

Still not fully trusting Chris' motives, Lee hesitantly raised his skirt and started pulling the little "SPAYBOY" garment up into place. To cover his embarrassment, he kept his skirt down as much as possible.

Chris insisted he get out of his underwear so Lee dropped his panties. Lee told his blushing friend exactly how to put it on and have everything in place. Puzzled, Lee followed instructions, pulling the springy garment up his legs and placing his private parts back and up. Painfully his masculinity was evenly concealed.

But it still wasn't in place. "Look at the picture on the tag. They need to be higher on your hips," Chris encouraged.

The elastic was strong and Lee pulled harder till he was gasping, "This won't work!"

Chris calmly talked him through the various steps to "make it work." Only when it was fully on did Lee realize how far he had gone. The SPAYBOY was so tight that he couldn't get his fingers under it. After replacing his panties, Lee raised his skirt and inspected the girlish 'fit' of his panties in the mirror. "Oh my!" he gasped as he gave up trying to analyze his emotions.

"Gorgeous!" Chris declared, clapping his hands ecstatically adding to Lee's bewilderment. "I've been wearing mine for a few days. They're tight but you'll get used to the pressure and soon forget you're wearing them."

Lee gave Chris a resolute look and said, "This can't be good for THEM?" Lee's pink tipped fingers felt his panties and what he didn't feel made him even more nervous. As he dropped his skirt, he was puzzled at Chris's calm acceptance of these things.

Chris pulled up his skirt and again admired himself in the mirror, and even Lee found himself approving the effect. Chris joked, "Anyone who can look this good in panties SHOULD have to wear dresses!" Lee looked at his cousin, and there was a meaningful silence between them.

When the boys made their way back to their mothers, Kitty exclaimed, "Okay, show us!"

Silently, Lee lowered his head and raised his skirt. He seemed frightened at others seeing what he'd done.

"Wonderful!" Dolly declared. "With the SPAYBOYS you can wear tight shorts like the 'other' girls now!"

Lee blushed. THAT part of his body had never been the center of so much attention.

In contrast, Chris was enjoying the conversation. Without being told, he eagerly flipped up the hem of his skirt to show off his very dainty panties. All signs of manliness now hidden away, he giggled, "Now we don't have to be so careful in our short skirts!"

As Chris dropped his skirt, Kitty turned to them and teased, "Hey GIRLS! Wake up and smell the roses! Minding your short skirts is even MORE important NOW!"

Lee suddenly felt a strange tingle of excitement. With the garment, his panties fit much more like a girl. And showing off his panties gave him a feeling of exhilaration like none he'd ever before experienced. While he had never experienced so extreme a constriction around his masculinity, but the initial "ache" had gone way and given to a dull "numbness." Sitting made the garment even tighter, and at first he wanted to run and take it off.

Later, when he used the bathroom, he discovered how much smaller his maleness had become in such a short time. His fleshy flesh had been squeezed up and made flat, and his heart sank as he realized how easily everything had been compressed. He grimaced, still unsure how he felt about the effect the SPAYBOY garment produced. Chris said it made his hips wiggle delightfully and his stride smaller and more fluid. Is that why Antonio suggested they wear them?

Over the weeks, Lee more or less gave up protesting. Despite his original reservations about wearing dresses, he began to enjoy the training and being molded into the pristine young lady. After school, he couldn't wait to get out of his jeans and cotton shirts. Sure, applying makeup on a daily basis was a bother, but he was rapidly becoming faster and more adept at the task.

Lee only polished his nails on weekends, but he wore the four-inch dance pumps an hour or so every night. He was getting quite comfortable walking on his toes in his spiked heels when practicing his dance steps. To his embarrassment, he began to enjoy the way his hips moved and swayed in long tight skirts. After each grueling practice, his feet ached, but he never complained.

As Antonio's cocky manner ceased to intimidate Lee, he began to look forward to the weekly lessons. When they were dancing, Antonio would sometimes whisper in his ear things

like, "You have such a cute figure. What a shame not to use it for anything." Or "You lucky kid to be able to wear all this feminine finery. You are destined to make the men suffer, my shy little friend."

If it was Antonio's purpose to give Lee confidence, it was working. He simply smiled and his long, silky lashes swept down to his cheeks. Dancing with a man caused strange sensations in the once hesitant boy. The sensations of Antonio pressing his hips against his lingerie and dresses caused a confusing, yet pleasant, stirring in his modesty device. Antonio, having trained hundreds of maidens, sensed his inner turmoil. Feeling the boy lean the tips of his breasts into his chest and move his hips, he encouraged, "That's a girl! Don't be afraid! Let yourself go!"

Lee would feel Antonio's hand on his back, sometimes lightly touching his bra straps, other times below his waist line feeling the silky panties under his dress. The sensations made him feel almost dizzy and feverish.

At the end of the lesson, Antonio had everyone come into the living room. He said, "I must say, both boys are becoming quite good dancers, but there are other things I must teach you about men. Other than the kisses I sneaked to make other points, have either of you boys ever been kissed by a man?"

Both boys blushed and said an emphatic, "NO!"

"Well, as your mothers know, some kissing and sexual banter is proper and okay in a social situation. Lee stand up." They took a slow dance position. "At the end of a dance, some men might want to say thank you by a 'Hollywood' kiss on the cheek. That is acceptable."

With that, Antonio taught both boys how to accept and give a cheek kiss like girls. "Now for the twist," he stated as he began to give Lee a kiss on his cheek. At the last moment; however, he abruptly turned his head and POW ... a kiss right on the lips. "Okay," Antonio said, "Girls and women kiss men socially and as a thank you after an evening of dance, and you must accept that. Ask your mothers."

Lee looked at Dolly, and she agreed, "The boys will try to kiss you dear."

Kitty added, "It's part of being a girl? Look, you boys haven't had much in the way of affection from men, not having fathers and all. Maybe a little affection from boys will replace something missing from your life."

Antonio agreed, "It is normal for girls their age to have an interest in boys."

"What do you suggest," asked Kitty.

"I know this sounds a little odd but, I could teach them how to kiss. After all, kissing is normal for girls their age."

Lee was reacting with nervous discomfort.

"Don't scare them," Dolly cautioned, "They are just finding their new identities, different and difficult as that might be."

"I'm not afraid," Chris interrupted. "I'll try it."

Lee glared at his cousin.

With that, Chris took Lee's position and Antonio instructed him on how to give a sweet 'goodnight' kiss.

Chris's face was flushed, but he followed Antonio's instruction. He leaned against Antonio, with his 'breasts' gently touching his partner's manly chest, and kissed him tenderly upon the lips. The mothers clapped their approval.

"Very nice," Antonio said. "Now I'll kiss you. Just relax your lips, and close your eyes."

"Slut!" Lee thought as he watched Chris press against Antonio and present his pink lipstick enhanced lips.

They practiced it a few times before it was Lee's turn. He was angry and confused, but he followed instructions as best he could. First one kiss, then another and another, and soon, he was kissing like an expert. If he pretended he was a girl, he found the kisses not that different from dancing with a man. The act was simple. On the face, it was meaningless, but it caused a definite stirring in his loins.

Like with Chris, Antonio kissed Lee several different ways, showing him how to respond properly. “Very good session,” Antonio announced. “I’ll bring a video camera next week, and you can see how far you have come.”

On the way home, Lee complained, “Why did you let him do THAT?”

“Kiss you dear?” Dolly smiled. “Antonio’s goal is to help you evolve from inexperienced boys into confident young ladies. I would say he is on target, Missy!”

After a long week, Lee was unusually quiet and contented. For some reason, it took him a long time to pick out what he wanted to wear to his dance lesson. After going through his wardrobe, he finally picked out a dress from his mother’s. It was a sexy black 1960’s style dress, very slim fitting from the shoulders to the hem. “It makes you look older,” Dolly commented.

It was made of a fairly thick black crepe. All the slinky goodness started at the neckline, with a cleavage-revealing opening in the front. The sleeves were short and the bust and waist were tapered for a close fit. The skirt fell pencil straight to the hem. A strip of black velvet started at the neckline with a small flat bow, then weaves down the front and center of the bodice, drawing the eye up to the exposed skin of the shoulders and neck.

“I never looked anywhere near that good in that dress,” Dolly sighed as she watched her son close the side zipper. Suspecting the reason he wanted to look especially sexy and feminine, she asked, “So, is Antonio a good kisser?”

“MOM! How would I know?”

“You’ve kissed him more than I have,” she laughed. “Seriously, he’s really quite handsome. I guess for one’s first kiss, he’s an A plus, huh?”

“He’s okay, I guess” Lee blushed at having his motives read so easily.

As the time for the cruise approached, both boys were feeling confident in their debutante roles. As a final “exam”,

Antonio suggested he take them out to a dance club to observe them in a public scene. "I'd have them home early," he said, matter-of-factly.

Since there were only two Saturday nights left before they left for the cruise, each boy took a night, and Lee was first.

Antonio picked up the pretty clad boy at seven. They were to have dinner and then to a dance club for a couple hours. As they walked to the car, Lee felt his tight skirt about his knees and felt Antonio eyeing his every move. As Antonio opened the door to the car, Lee said, "You don't need to do that...this isn't like a date."

Antonio laughed amusingly. "Honey, this is to be exactly like a date. Keep that in mind. So far you are doing great, and you look really hot!"

Lee's tugged his tight skirt down and adjusted it across his smooth nylon clad thighs as Antonio climbed into the car. "Move over so I don't have to yell," he said gently guiding Lee into the center seat position.

"What do you expect of me?" Lee scowled angrily. Antonio grinned and mimicked his high voice, "I expect you to be a girl tonight...I want to forget you were ever a boy. Frankly, I've forgotten." He laughed and put his hand on Lee's knee. When Lee firmly moved his hand away, he said, "Very good move young lady. You don't have to pretend you like your date, especially if he gets too aggressive too quickly."

Lee's red lips were pouting. "This is not fun," he thought gloomily.

"I really admire you and Chris," Antonio said. "You are trying something most boys would be terrified to even think about. Once you are really into puberty and the testosterone starts pumping, you'd never get away with this. Maybe all boys should be raised as girls until their beard starts. What do you think?"

Lee gawked at Antonio with jealousy. While he looked good in a dress, was good at putting on lipstick, and knew

how to carry a purse, Antonio was strong, handsome, and confident in his masculinity, everything a man could want to be.

“Anyway,” Antonio said, “Tonight, I want you to taste femininity. I don’t kiss you to make fun of you, my dear. I do so because I admire you.”

“Really?” Lee gasped, almost with a tear in his eye as he pressed his thighs together under his tight skirt.

“Here, I’ll show you,” Antonio said as he pulled the car over. With a sincere expression, he looked into Lee’s eyes, leaned over, and took Lee’s chin in his hand. When their lips met, he his arm around Lee’s shoulders and drew him close. Lee’s lipstick enhanced lips lay passive under Antonio’s until the one kiss became two, then three, and their tongues invaded each other’s mouth. “Very nice,” Antonio whispered brusquely as he slowly pulled away.

Lee could feel the grumble of his tone as he spat, “You’ll say the same thing to Chris, won’t you?”

“Are you jealous?”

Lee hesitated, “No! I know you don’t care about Chris or me. This is just some kind of a weird job to you, isn’t it?” His voice trembled. He’d never talked back to an older man before.

Antonio’s eyebrows rose quizzically, and his lips warped into a jovial smile. “I care about all my girls, and frankly, most of them develop a crush on me. Since you have been wearing sexy and stylish dresses for your lessons, why should you be different? I’ve just done what was necessary to make sure you learn to cope successfully in life. My job has been to create capable and contented young women of you and Chris, not to woo you as lovers.”

“Is that what all the kissing is about?” Lee blushed, not wanting to admit his affection for Antonio. “You just wanted to make me feel more feminine.”

“Admit it, doesn’t the way I respond to you make you feel like a special girl?”

Feeling discarded and deserted, Lee clutched his fists at his sides and pressed his lips tightly together. He wanted to vent his anger by hitting Antonio, but he knew he'd only succeed in breaking a few nails.

Over dinner, Antonio got serious. "Your mother and aunt want me to talk to you about sex." Since Lee didn't have a father, he never had the "talk." Antonio went on, "They knows it's normal for teens to try some sexual experimentation. It was your aunt that encouraged me to teach you boys to kiss and prepare to date boys."

"I like girls, not boys!" Lee was red faced.

"I won't make a big deal about it, but not many girls are attracted to boys who wear panties and look better in fancy dresses than they do. You are wearing panties under your dress, aren't you?"

Lee's face turned bright red, and he sighed just above a whisper, "Of course, I'm wearing panties, you jerk! Jockey briefs or cotton boxers would ruin the fit of my dress."

"I don't blame you for liking to wear silky panties," Antonio added. "It's not as though you're hurting anyone, so don't be embarrassed. Anyway, I think you should have been born a girl."

"I'm a boy!"

"Is that why you've always worn your hair so long?"

Lee felt funny inside. Sure, he'd let his hair grow until it was a few inches past his shoulders. Lots of boys did. "Chris has long hair too," Lee started to say then. Not wanting Antonio to think of his cousin, he stopped.

"You don't even have the start of a beard," Antonio added.

"I have body hair under my arms and below," Lee defended.

"Like a girl. You've been shaving your legs for the last couple of months, right?"

"So what are you saying?" Lee spat.

“You aren’t much of a man, and maybe you should admit it to yourself, and stop being so shy.”

“What? Just suddenly become a girl?”

“Just admit you like being a girl in pretty dresses and skirts, and then, I can really help you.”

“How? Me being a girl is impossible.”

“Do you like having lovely breasts and wearing a bra?”

Lee looked down at his chest, “Okay, they are nice.”

“Maybe you’d prefer to have the real thing,” Antonio suggested.

“Who are you kidding?”

“Nobody. Kitty has done some checking. A doctor could cycle some female hormones through your immature body before puberty sets in, and voila!”

Lee suddenly didn’t feel at all shy or bashful. He was fascinated. “I would grow breasts?”

“Just like the girls!” Antonio laughed.

A shiver swept over Lee. He loved the embrace of a bra and now was so comfortable that being without one felt odd. “Maybe I shouldn’t admit it, but I wish my breasts were real,” Lee sighed.

“Okay then,” Antonio whispered, “Tonight, you’re a pretty girl out with a handsome man. There’s no need for you to defend anything. It’s just the two of us.”

With that, Lee bashfully leaned forward and kissed Antonio on the lips. Antonio responded and put his arms around the boy, pulling Lee’s bosom into his muscular chest.

“That’s a girl,” Antonio whispered then returned the kiss, his tongue parting Lee’s lips and entering his mouth before pulling away. “Sorry,” Antonio said. “I just got carried away.”

“It’s okay,” Lee said, playing with the hem of his skirt. “I don’t mind. I guess I should get used to being kissed by men,

huh?" They both laughed as Lee put his arms round Antonio's neck and kissed him again.

"That was a wonderful girlish kiss," Antonio sighed as he slid his hand down to Lee's bottom and caressed it, feeling his silky panties beneath his skirt. Lee politely took his hand and placed it on his knee...just the way he'd been taught. "Very good! You'll make an incredibly sexy young woman."

"Could I really grow breasts?" Lee asked.

"That's what I hear. That's a big step to take," Antonio said. "Let's just see how you do dancing in public first."

The rest of the night, Lee couldn't think of anything else. Breasts! Real breasts. Somehow the idea that he could be "real" made the pretense of defending his masculinity a sham.

The night went well with Lee dancing most of the time, as the men flocked around their table. Finally, the evening ended and they drove home. A couple of blocks from Lee's house, Antonio stopped the car, and they talked about the evening.

"You did well kid," Antonio said. "No one had a clue that the young lady they were dancing and romancing was a boy."

"I'm not feeling very boyish," Lee whispered as they kissed once again.

At home, Lee couldn't wait to get out of his dress and heels. When he felt that he had sufficiently scolded himself about his behavior, he stopped thinking and stared appraisingly at himself, still clad in nylon panties and bra, in his full-length mirror. His eyes narrowed, then grew large. Who, he asked, was that in the mirror? Shapely, seductive, perfectly made up. White skin. Warm curves.... A young creature apparently made for one purpose ... a plaything for boys and men!

For a moment he was puzzled. What had become of the boy who had hopes of growing into a strong man? Now, he

was more concerned about a 'strong man's' hand creeping under his skirt and caressing his nylon-covered buttocks.

The next morning, Lee wriggled into a gray skirt and soft, sweater, part of a stylish but casual outfit, just right for a Sunday at home. He selected a pair of shoes with rather low heels, as compared to the rest of the shoes in his closet and wore a softly padded brassiere to go with the sweater and adjusted it with care.

Chris was wearing a pink outfit, a rather dangerous motif to affect; but he was getting by with it superbly. The navy blue suede pumps he wore to set the pink off; would have been an act of costuming suicide for most women; but somehow, he had the confidence to carry it off magnificently. His tight-fitting pink wool dress attested absolutely to the fact that he wore no artificial aids to heighten the sensual effects of his astonishingly curvaceous figure.

Over his arm he carried a light colored leather purse leather bag, which could not possibly have cost less than six hundred dollars. His eyes were a very light blue; his face a perfect oval; full lips, firm cheeks, silky skin. He very much resembled his mother in the old pictures.

Kitty and he had worked on his look nearly all day. His hair, was golden, and done with infinite caution by a skilled beautician. Yes, he had a special day at the salon. His skin was only to be described by the customary clique: "peaches and cream." His eyes, the clique, "eyes like stars," would do. For his figure the clique: "slim and boyish" would NOT do. He'd been "figure controlled" to within an inch of his life. With thin shoulders, his round, fleshy hips had a full swing to his stride. He also wore a thick, tan leather belt to pull in his already controlled waist.

Lee was feeling a bit jealous. But it was Chris's turn to go out with Antonio. By now, it was obvious to all that this was more than a couple boys acting screwy and trying to see if they can get by as girls."

Kitty giggled, "My new daughter's first date and with such a handsome man! I wish he'd asked me out! Now hurry up!"

Chris blushed deeply but shrugged his shoulders and went back to the mirror. He liked the sleek pink dress with the back zipper. He adjusted slightly the beautiful lacy bra, making sure his breasts looked just right in the clingy material.

He had done his own makeup, including mascara, eye shadow, mascara, and bright pink lipstick. He wanted to ask Lee if "kissing" had been part of the evening, but was too embarrassed and Lee didn't seem to want to talk about it.

Chris's fresh pink nail polish matched his lipstick, and a couple thin gold bracelets and two small gold hoops clipped to his lobes, finished him off. He sprayed a nice perfume and again studied himself in the mirror. He had to admit that he looked better as a girl than he'd ever looked as a boy. He could not deny it.

His aunt and cousin all agreed that there was not a trace of boy to be found and he surrendered to the wondrous feeling of femininity.

His mother was so proud, all smiles at the way he'd turned out. Chris walked with a new sway in his hips.

When Antonio arrived, he was surprised to see Lee and his mother. When Chris entered the living room, all eyes turned toward him as he stopped to pose as taught.

Antonio spoke, "Absolutely stunning!" He walked over and kissed Chris on the lips making him blush deeply. This was partly because his mother was watching and partly because Lee glared at him. Antonio said, "We should go."

Kitty gushed, "This is so exciting! Bring him home a lady!" That made Chris blush all the more as he demurely took Antonio's arm and they turned to leave. Dolly and Kitty wore large grins with that, "this is so great," expression. Lee just sat by silently.

With Antonio, Chris felt so feminine and girlish, that he could hardly believe he had ever been a boy. He felt fragile and helpless in his dress being with Antonio in his neat suit. Sitting close in the car, he found himself experiencing strange

feelings and emotions. Everything was so natural even when Antonio pulled the car over and began the “birds and bees talk.” He was aware of his skirt slightly above his knees, but he didn’t feel shy or self-conscious.

Looking at Antonio from under mascara-laden lashes, he asked, “Do you think I should have been a girl?” The only thing that mattered to him at that moment was what Antonio thought of him.

“Never mind what I think, Chris,” Antonio replied. “It’s only important that you are perfectly comfortable with who you are. In all honesty; however, you look terrific in a tight skirt and heels! Mark my words, after tonight, you’ll never want to be a boy again.”

“Ooooh,” Chris giggled. “I can’t wait!”

They had a very pleasant dinner at a small Italian restaurant near the club, and at the dance, Antonio looked approvingly at the appealing young girl on his arm and thought, “It’s impossible to tell this boy from the girls. If anything, he’s prettier and sexier!”

Because of Chris’s naturalness, everyone took him for what he appeared to be and was the object of many admiring glances. He was obviously enjoying himself, and he giggled girlishly when he was the recipient of a provoking smile.

Chris loved dancing with the guys...his only protection, his little dress and wispy, dainty lingerie. Their hands seemed to linger, almost affectionately as they danced.

During one of the dances, Antonio whispered, “See if you can get a boy to ask you out on a date.”

“How do I do that?”

“Come on...you know. Just be friendlier. Let them think you might be willing to have their baby!” Chris blushed, but Antonio could see he was still confused, so he encouraged, “Just swing your skirt, wiggle your hips, and keep your shoulders back.”



**“Just swing your skirt, wiggle your hips, and keep your shoulders back,” Antonio reminded Chris.**

As the music began for the next slow dance, a young man took Chris's hand and led him to the dance floor. He noted, with a blushing amusement, that moving his hips made a difference about the sensation of having his bosom pressed against a man's chest and was not unpleasant. Secure in a man's strong arms, he allowed him to take full control of his body, make the decisions, and lead wherever he pleased. This man proved to be an excellent dancer, and Chris became lost in his arms as he was swept away by the elegant moves of his partner.

Chris remembered Antonio's first words to his mother, "After practice, the boys will become comfortable dancing as girls." Chatting with the young man also made him feel very feminine. As the music ended, he felt the man's lips brush his neck softly before asking if he's like to take a breather outside.

Chris looked up at the handsome man and said, "Yes, I need some air, thank you. That would be nice."

By the time to go home, Chris wished the evening would never end. On the way home Antonio stroked his shoulder. "You behaved beautifully. I'm very proud of you. You were pretty, sexy, sweet, and you remembered your dance steps beautifully. Now to bed with you. Tomorrow you pack."

PACKING...The list for Lee went something like this:

- 1) Dark gray, three-quarter length sleeved button up shirt with collar.
- 2) Black polyester short sleeve shirt. Pleated at breast and flared out at bottom like a maternity shirt with a big collar.
- 3) Slinky black sleeveless shirt with a slit on the chest for a cleavage shot
- 4) Black skirt with grey and white paisley print that almost reached the ankles and has slit on bottom, back side. Also has lacey-type stuff on bottom.
- 5) Deep purple velvet sleeveless shirt with thin sparkly squiggly lines on it, size medium.
- 6) Black polyester pants with zipper on side and flared legs.
- 7) Red cotton three-quarter length sleeve shirt with long flares out at the bottom and a medium collar.
- 8) Gray button up cardigan-type shirt with silver glittery designs on front.
- 9) Black sleeveless, zip up hooded shirt with two pockets.
- 10) Gray and white checkered Capri pants that zipped up the back.
- 11) Red cotton shirt with velvet trim

- 12) Black stretchy short sleeved shirt with knitting up by the neck area and on the sleeves
- 13) Sheer black short sleeve shirt that exposed your nipples unless you wore a bra.
- 14) Long sleeve velvet shirt, grayish velvet with thin brown designs that bell out.
- 15) Black corduroys with flare legged.
- 16) Red, orange, and yellow v-neck shirt with very detailed pattern of gothic style flowers, ruffles on the sleeves, and tie in the center of the chest.
- 17) Black spaghetti string tank top with adjustable straps and swirl details sewn into fabric.
- 18) White long sleeve shirt that buttons up front.
- 19) Black ankle length skirt with slits down both sides
- 20) Deep red long sleeve hooded shirt with zip up front
- 21) Gray polyester pants with baggy in legs, and elastic waist.
- 22) Baggy black nylon pants with elastic waist
- 23) Black ankle length skirt with big pocket on the front, and drawstring waist
- 24) Mary Jane style black vinyl shoes

#### ACCESSORIES

- 1) Two long beaded necklaces, one red, one white.
- 2) Metal tribal-type necklace.
- 3) Big metal beaded necklace.
- 4) Silvery belly chain that can be used as a necklace, and had a crisscross design.
- 5) Red and black beaded choker
- 6) Dark silver choker with stars
- 7) Black metal necklace with dangling rhinestones
- 8) Silver choker with pink rhinestones.
- 9) Silver choker
- 10) Clear rhinestone ring with rhinestone
- 11) Silver thumb ring with swirls
- 12) Big chunky ring with four stars

#### MAKEUP & GLITTER (in addition to the necessities)

- 1) Bottle of roll-on glitter
- 2) Glitter body gloss
- 3) Two face and body pencils.
- 4) Tube of silver glitter.
- 5) Bottle of brown glittery nail polish. All of accessories were carried in a carry bag. It was black velvet with lots of pockets, a strap, and a mirror inside.

### THE CRUISE...

Two days later, they were leaving for their cruise. Both boys put curlers in their hair and creamed their faces before bed. Sleep did not come easily. They lay there in their soft nylon nightgowns talking softly about the week ahead

and playing the role of girls. The idea of being discovered that they were really boys in disguise scared them both. They both vowed to try hard to behave like girls. Still, they were perplexed at how easily it had been to get along in a pretty dress and makeup.

The next morning the boys dressed in cute travel dresses and the four left for the airport. It was raining and Lee wore a fitted raincoat and boots that he doubted he'd ever wear.

Chris walked mincingly in his high-heeled pumps through the airport while Lee was in boots. Neither did anything to hold back the swaying of their hips, knowing the businessmen were not missing a pulsation. After all the training they had been through, they knew to never give any guy the satisfaction of knowing they existed.

The four found a seat near the boarding gate and Lee sat, crossing his shapely nylon clad legs. Knowing that every man's eyes were on him, he tugged his skirt down a trifle to reveal slightly less of his silken limbs. He opened his little black purse and took out a lipstick, adding a shiny coat to his already red lips. He pursed them into a cupid's bow, and added even another coat even though he'd been taught applying makeup in public was in bad taste. Sometimes, it was just fun to "flirt."

Without looking around, but well aware of staring eyes, Lee pulled a paperback from his carry on bag and began to read...at least he appeared to be reading. Instead, he was actually thinking about all that had happened in the last months.

The mother's knew everything was okay and that their boys must have looked acceptable because every man in the terminal was looking and smiling at them. The flight was uneventful, and they took a taxi to the cruise ship.



It was raining and Lee wore a fitted raincoat and boots that he doubted he'd ever wear.

## THE CRUISE BEGINS...

They were ushered to their cabins by a porter. While small, the cabins were sumptuously decorated with mirrors everywhere. Lee and Chris would share a cabin and the mother the adjoining cabin.

After unpacking, they went for a lunch at the buffet that consisted of wonderful fruits, soups, sandwiches and deserts that would kill a diabetic. Afterward, the boys went to change and get ready for the day's activities.

Lee put on a flowery summer dress with white sandals, while Chris wore a short white pleated skirt with a blue nautical tank top with cute little anchors on the bodice. Before they toured the ship and facilities, his mother said, "Now, GIRLS! Be very ladylike, and be sure to hold your skirts down. It's very windy on deck."

The ship was beautiful and like nothing the boys had ever seen. Every one said hello and was friendly, especially the male crew. Walking around the decks the boys giggled about being girls. There were other girls their age on board, but their mother's had warned them not to get too close at first.

"Girls are more critical of other girl's flaws than boys," Kitty warned. They got in an elevator with one, and she introduced herself. "I'm Tiffany...I'm with my family...I'm from Chicago...I'm a junior..." and on and on. The boys barely got out their names, which was good. At her floor, Tiffany, in her little white silk blouse and navy mini-skirt skipped off the elevator.

"Whew!" Lee whispered, "She was cute!"

"Watch out! Might be another boy...like us?" Chris giggled.

"What's the big deal?" Lee teased. "You never kissed a boy before?"

"Not one in a sexy dress!" Chris tittered.

On board, anyone feels pampered, but the boys felt like celebrities and so utterly girlish. After a short time to

acclimate themselves to the routine of shipboard existence, they made hair and nail appointments for the formal dinner nights.

Later, before the lifeboat drill, Lee asked his mother, "Is being an older woman as enjoyable as being a young girl?"

She laughed, "Why? Are you thinking of growing into a woman now?"

That embarrassed Lee. "No," he sighed with a blush. "It's just I'm having so much fun..."

Walking into a room with hundreds of people while wearing an elegant dress and carrying a little clutch purse was intimidating to the boys. The elaborately decorated ballroom was lowly lighted and romantic music played. They were seated with several other couples.

After dinner they all went to the ballroom. Crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling and a large band in formal wear played soft dance music.

As Lee sat on the perimeter of the dance floor, the front slit of his long silken skirt parted and revealed his trim thighs as intended by the designer. "I sure hope I remember everything Antonio taught me," he gasped, as he looked about the ballroom.

With a slight blush, Chris sighed, "If we were wearing tuxedos like most of the men, we could ask some pretty girl to dance. Since we're wearing elegant evening gowns and made up like girls, what do we do?"

"We sit and wait," Kitty chuckled. "We 're the lures, and the sharks will come biting. You'll see!"

Sure enough, a handsome young man approached the four "females" and asked Chris to dance. As he was twirled merrily about the dance floor, Lee grumbled, "Why did he get asked to dance before me?"

"Because he's a blonde, dear," Dolly replied. "When we were girls, Kitty was always asked to dance before me because she was blonde, so be patient, and don't let it bother

you." Just then, a man appeared out of the blue and asked Lee to dance.

As he moved and gyrated to the lively music, his silken skirt flew askew and bared his trim, nylon clad thighs. He had thought he would be self-conscious with his legs on display, but his hours of practice with Antonio made him readily accept the consequences of wearing such a daring gown.

That night, it was 2:00 AM before the boys were in their nighties and in bed with their faces creamed and hair up in curlers. The gentle hum of the ship mixed with the memories of the hours of music and dancing. "My feet hurt!" Chris sighed. "But, they hurt good!"

The next day, and for the remainder of the cruise, Chris and Lee learned what it was like to be popular and sought after young GIRLS! As boys and young men of all sizes and builds rivaled for their approval, they learned to take advantage of the attention. All they had to do to put the males into action was coo, while lying out in a revealing bathing suits or cute sundresses, "Oh my, I'm getting so hot and thirsty. I think I'll go to my cabin for a while."

Half a dozen males would rush to them, distraught at the thought that these lovely 'babes' might be leaving the deck. "What would you like, a soda, a bottle of water?" the smitten group would chorus. As boys, Chris and Lee never garnered that kind of attention from members of either sex, so they quickly learned to use and enjoy their power.

On the way home after the cruise, Dolly asked, "Would you like to be a girl all the time?"

Lee blushed, adding, "Sure, if I wasn't a boy!"

Dolly didn't smile. "Kitty has already started Chris on a regimen of female hormones."

"Why?"

"If she doesn't, he'll start growing a beard and develop muscles and all that other unsightly manly stuff. Female hormones will leave him like he is, sort of..."

"Sort of?"

"He'll develop small breasts, his hips will broaden, and his skin will get much softer."

"Wouldn't that mean he'd have to be a girl all the time?"

"Not at first but in a year, I suspect he'll be more girl than boy."

"Oh Mom! Would I grow breasts if I took female hormones?"

"I'm sure you would, but for now, we have to get you back into boy's clothes and ready for school on Monday."

By then, Lee looked and felt comfortable in girl's clothes, and he was quick to learn that changing back wasn't as easy as putting on pants. His hands had no purse to cling to or the hem of a short skirt to watch. When he came down for school wearing jeans and a tee shirt, Dolly almost laughed. He looked ridiculous, but she reached out and gave him a hug.

"I look stupid, don't I?" he asked as he stood there, his posture demure, his hands low on his hips like a girl.

"You look fine. Now hurry, or you'll be late for school." Dolly cringed as she watched her son mince out the door holding his books like a girl. She could only hope that his boyish feelings would return once he was back in school and wearing rough boy's clothes."

As Lee walked onto the school grounds, he wasn't feeling very boyish, even with his thick rough and cotton shirt against his bare chest. He'd become accustomed to wearing stylish dresses with short skirts, nylons, and heels. He felt so out of place! He reflected on the pleasant memories of the cruise and being treated like a princess at a royal ball, but now, he was just a regular boy. DRAB...Dress Required As Boy!

When Lee got home that afternoon, Dolly saw his long face and asked, "How was your day?"

Lee hesitated for a moment and then moaned, "Miserable! I guess I forgot how awful being a boy can be."

"Me too. I really expected to see you all dressed up like my daughter. We did have so much fun together. I just hung up with Kitty. Chris came home from school in tears and didn't stop crying till he was in a dress."

"Oh mom? Should I?"

"I do love it when you help me with the housework? I guess dresses really are much more practical and comfortable in the kitchen..." She had to admit that Lee was not acting much of a boy anymore. He was so comfortable in his dresses and having feminine responsibilities. Looking at him setting the table made her wonder how it could be bad for anyone to miss out on the marvels and pleasures of femininity. There were so many more experiences and principles a mother could teach a daughter. She could teach him to sew and cook, and they could share many things together.

Later that night, Dolly called Kitty, and the two mothers talked about how proud they were of their feminized sons.

Kitty said, "I don't see anything wrong with a boy taking time out from being a stupid boy, do you?"

"No," said Dolly as she looked over at Lee. He was doing homework at the table and had smoothed his skirt over his nylon-clad legs, and he sat with them pressed together like a girl. He looked so demure as his mother and Aunt commented on the femininity of their boys, both feeling happy to have experienced having daughters.

Kitty finally said, "Start thinking about where could we take our daughters next summer."

**WHAT WILL THE SUMMER HAVE IN STORE FOR THE BOYS???**

The End...

Unless you have an idea where they could go?



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