

LIVING AS A GIRL

By Jennifer Sue



ILLUSTRATED BY VERONICA VINYL

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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LIVING AS A GIRL

BY JENNIFER SUE

Paul Tate wanted his son to be a man, to excel in sports, and to love the thrill of physical exertion. Ashton wasn't very competitive, big, or strong. Ashton *was* bright, liked to read and draw, and enjoyed music and art. Paul wanted his son to hunt, fish, and backpack. These differences created a conflict between the father and son; they had nothing in common. Paul constantly berated his son for his lack of competitiveness and the “wimpy” esthetics that interested the lad. Ashton learned at an early age that it was hopeless to argue with his father.

The boy attempted every activity his father pushed upon him. At most enterprises he failed quite miserably; at best he achieved a level of mediocrity. Each failure to reach the level of performance Paul demanded would result in a severe and bitter tongue lashing for the lad. Ashton would merely lower his head and keep silent until his father grew frustrated. The angry man would throw up his hands in disgust and stalk away, bemoaning the fact that he was stuck with a sissy son.

It was Paul's pride and need to prove that his seed was as manly as his ideals that made him continue to try to “make a man” of his sissy son. *Sissy!* That accusation hurt Ashton. Even when his father didn't come right out with **the word**, it could be seen in his eyes. Ashton knew he was not a “sissy”; he was merely studious, creative, and had an artistic bent.

To compound the dilemma, Paul was an obnoxious, demanding, brutal, macho husband in addition to being a bully and drunk. Karen, his long suffering wife, regularly received beatings. When Ashton failed to make the Little League team, the boy began to receive beatings, also. In addition, Paul lost several jobs as a result of his cocky attitude and belligerence. When he *did* work, most of his earnings went to the race track. Karen's well-paying job as a school teacher kept the family clothed and housed, but just barely. Karen continued the loveless marriage for the sake of Ashton.

The “final straw” came when Ashton was fifteen. Paul took the reluctant boy hunting. Ashton refused to shoot a rabbit that darted before him. Angrily, Paul yelled and condemned the cowering boy. A few minutes later, Paul bagged a rabbit. When he saw Ashton pale at the sight of the bloody body, he swung the shotgun towards the boy.

Enough is enough," he growled through clenched teeth. Brandishing his hunting knife, he brusquely flung it into the ground between the terrified boy's feet. “Pick up the knife, you sniveling sissy," he hissed. “You're going to clean that fuckin' rabbit!" To reinforce the threat of violence, Paul jacked a fresh shell into the chamber of the shotgun aimed at his son's stomach.

Ashton was beside himself with fear. "D... Dad..." he begged as tears ran from his eyes. "I... I can't.... please...."

Damn you and your fucking mother," Paul shouted. "Pick up the knife, you slimy little son of a bitch!"

Ashton couldn't hold back the tears as he bent to pick up the knife. Staggering like a dead man, he approached the still twitching rabbit. His entire body shook as he stood beside the quivering form.

Do it now, you little bastard," screamed Paul. "For once in your life, be a Goddamn man!"

Terror and fear got the best of the cowering boy. He wasn't even aware of what happened next.

As the angry father threatened to shoot his son, he stared in disbelief as a dark spot which appeared at the boy's crotch. Quickly, it spread and moved down his pants legs. Paul realized Ashton was so terrified that he pissed himself! "You're nothing but a fucking sissy!" Paul screamed in a hoarse voice as he raised the shotgun to his shoulder. "No son of mine is going to shame me! No one will know I blew you the fuck away! I'll tell them it was an accident!"

"Freeze!" A loud voice tensely called out. "Lower that gun now or I'll shoot you!"

Paul hesitated, torn between his desire to rid himself of his now detested sissy son and his own death. Slowly, he lowered the barrel until it pointed into the ground. Anger and frustration welled up in him. Paul began to turn to face the stranger. "Mister," Paul stated harshly, "you got no right to interfere..."

The man standing before him was a state game warden. Clenched in his hands was a nasty looking .44. "Lay the shotgun on the ground, real slowly," the man stated. "Step away, lie down on your stomach and put your hands behind your back."

For a few moments, Paul considered shooting the warden, but common sense prevailed. With a sigh of resignation, Paul placed the shotgun on the ground, stepped away, and assumed the indicated position on the ground.

The warden handcuffed Paul, then turned to Ashton to make sure the terrified boy was all right.

By that time, Ashton realized he'd wet himself. Relief over his last minute rescue overcame the humiliation he felt for the cowardly act. The boy broke down crying.

The upshot was that Paul was arrested for child abuse, making terrorists threats, and a dozen other offenses. Ashton was quite traumatized by the entire affair, and had to relive the horrific ordeal during the trial. The brutal man was convicted and sent to jail for five years.

Ashton was afraid to be alone after the incident. Karen couldn't afford to quit her job, so she turned to her retired Aunt Lydia for help. Lydia welcomed Karen and Paul into her home, a comfortable three-bedroom Cape Cod-style house. Lydia urged Karen to begin divorce proceedings immediately, bluntly telling Karen that Paul would never be welcomed into her home. Karen finally saw the light and agreed. The main stumbling block of the divorce was visitation rights. Even though incarcerated, Paul in-

sisted he be allowed to see his son. He still hoped to make a man out of him. The heavy-handed attitude sent fear through Karen and Ashton. The ruling finally came down. Ashton would be the sole responsibility of Karen, although Paul would receive visitation rights once he was out of jail, providing he received counseling during his incarceration. The boy, however, hated his father, and wanted no parts of the man. It took Ashton almost a year before he felt comfortable being alone. Aunt Lydia took good care of her great nephew.

Ashton stumbled about the high school. The lurid story of the trial had swept through his classmates. Naturally, members of the tougher, macho element of his class tormented him for being a wimpy sissy. The boy silently endured the harassment. The girls felt sorry for the sensitive boy, and went out of their way to be near and comfort him. Ashton enjoyed the closeness and the arousal the girls created in his just-burgeoning manhood. As the girls clustered about him protectively, he tried to stifle an erection. Home, he sought relief by masturbation.

Unfortunately, Ashton's relationship with the girls didn't go beyond dreaming of touching their bodies. The girls treated him like mother hens rather than girlfriends. The guys didn't know this, and became almost insanely jealous. They made things even tougher for the "sissy". This created a vicious cycle because the girls became even more protective. Ashton knew he was *not* a sissy and thus was not about to give up the closeness with girls to salve his wounded manhood pride. He held out the hope that somehow one or more of the girls would switch their orientation from "mother" to "lover". The youth persisted in marching to his own drummer.

Lydia Dyer's career as a nurse spanned forty years. For the last fifteen she was head nurse of the Pediatric wing of the local hospital. For the first thirty-five of those years, she'd been married to a kind but autocratic, miserly man. The death of her despotic husband had freed her to discover her likes and dislikes.

Mary Wayne was Lydia's best friend. The two had met while working together, and shared many common interests. Once Lydia was certain that Ashton and Karen would be able to make it without her daily assistance, she began to make the plans for the vacation of her dreams. Mary was to be her traveling companion. The year-long trip would take them around the Mediterranean Sea, exploring many countries, visiting historical sites, and even joining in an archeological dig in the Holy Land. The thought of visiting the myriad museums, seeing the Sistine Chapel, and listening to the opera at La Scala made her deliriously happy.

Naturally, Ashton knew of the plans, and eagerly joined the elderly women as they laid out their itinerary. His interests matched theirs and his wide-ranging reading enabled him to give valuable input to their plans. It was quite obvious that the youth would give almost anything to accompany them on their grand tour.

The boy knew he could not go on the trip, and thus never embarrassed the women by asking. Both women found the lad to be charming, witty, and not at all obnoxious as were most boys his age. They promised to take plenty of photographs and bring home souvenirs.

As the date of their departure approached, Lydia went about finalizing all the arrangements. Since she had not been able to bear children, she had lavished her ma-

ternal instincts onto her niece Karen, the daughter of her late husband's brother. It was now Karen's turn to help Lydia. Karen would keep an eye on Lydia's home while she was gone, paying all the bills and forwarding any correspondence.

All arrangements had been made and all costs paid in advance. Then, tragedy struck, two weeks before departure. Mary was involved in an automobile accident; both legs, one arm, and her pelvis were broken. The kind lady would be bedridden for three months, then in therapy for six months to a year. There was no way she'd ever be able to take the trip. Physical exertions as they'd planned would likely be forever out of the question.

Naturally, everyone was upset. Lydia attempted to cancel the trip, but discovered the advance money was not refundable. A few days later, as the woman sat by the bedside of her friend, she sadly decided to forego the trip. Mary grew angry.

"Lydia, this entire trip was your idea." "You *must* go! If you don't do it now, you might *never* have another chance."

"I know, Mary," lamented Lydia. "But I feel I must stay with you. Besides, all the arrangements were made for two. Who would I find to take your place? Who our age has the strength, time, or money to join me? How will I know if I could even stand being around them for a year? To find someone suitable in ten days is impossible!"

Mary nodded her head sadly. "I'm sorry I messed up your plan., "I just wish I could somehow make it up to you. How's Ashton taking it? He must be almost as disappointed as you."

"There's no need to feel sorry, Mary," Lydia consoled with a smile. "I'm just glad you're going to be all right. Ashton is a bit depressed. He was looking forward to our photos and letters, but his main concern was for you to be all right."

The friends sat silently for a few moments, deep in their own thoughts. Suddenly, Mary perked up. "Lydia," she almost bubbled with excitement. "I know how you can go on your dream trip with someone who shares your interests! I know you'll get along just fine! As for the costs, well, I'll donate my share to you. After all, what are friends for?"

Lydia was obviously confused. "Who would be willing to join me on such short notice? How do you know we'll get along and share the same interests? Besides, I insist that who ever joins me pay their own way. I don't want a mooch!"

Mary laughed. "The person I have in mind can't pay, but isn't a mooch. Take Ashton! You know he was just *dying* to go with us; he'd be the perfect companion! All I insist is that you bring back photos and souvenirs for me! I'll expect a letter from both of you every other day! Now, don't even *try* to argue. We both know it's the only way, and it makes perfect sense! If you insist on paying his way, do so when you get back."

Lydia was surprised. Ashton? They *did* get along, he shared the same interests, and he'd be *more* than willing to go. Of course, Mary was right. A smile filled her face as she turned back to her friend. "You're right, Mary, Ashton is the *perfect* choice," she stated happily. "I promise that we'll write every day!"

"Don't make promises you can't keep," admonished Mary. "Now go tell Ashton the good news!"

Ashton was beside himself when he heard the news. The joy of going on the trip was only diminished by Mary's misfortune. That accident now gave him the chance of a lifetime. Karen was also delighted by the opportunity. During the next two days, Karen approached the school about giving Ashton permission to take the trip. The itinerary presented with the request, coupled with Ashton's excellent grades, convinced the administrators to approve the trip. Upon his return, Ashton would be required to make a presentation and would be given placement tests to see if he could skip the grade he would miss.

Arrangements were made to pickup a passport at Dulles Airport in Washington, DC. Ashton personally thanked Mary profusely, promised to think of her at every stop, and to write unfailingly. While Mary was saddened that *she* was unable to take the trip, the obvious joy and gratitude that Ashton exhibited in taking her place eased her pain and anguish.

Two days before they were to leave, as they were packing their bags, Lydia stopped dead in her tracks. All plans, arrangements, and accommodations had been made for two. They would share everything. The problem was that everything was set up for two *females!* Ashton was obviously *not* a girl!

When the dejected Lydia told the boy of their problem, he crashed. Karen was just as depressed about the unexpected roadblock that had reared its ugly head. Lydia and Ashton walked into Mary's room to tell her of their latest problem. She knew immediately something had gone wrong. When they explained their dilemma, she too was quite upset. After a few moments of reflective silence, Mary perked up.

"Ashton," she called to the sad-faced lad. "You said more than once while we were planning the trip that you'd 'give anything' to go on the trip. Do you *still* feel that way?"

"Well, sure," replied Ashton in obvious bewilderment. "But, what could I possibly do that would change our problem? Everything was arranged for two women. A girl could replace one of the women, but I'm a *boy*. The only way I could do this is if I were a girl!" The hanging head and forlorn tone of his voice made it obvious that he was quite upset by his inability to take Mary's place.

Lydia immediately caught on to Mary's idea. For several moments she examined the despondent boy, slowly nodding her head and smiling. Glancing to Mary, she saw the broad grin upon the face of her friend. Lydia winked, Mary did likewise. "Ashton, that's the answer! You're absolutely brilliant," Lydia praised the perplexed lad. "We can solve this problem quite easily! If you were a girl, we'd have no problem! While we can't change you from a boy into a girl, we can make you LOOK like a girl! If you really want to go on this trip, you'll simply have to do so as my *niece!*"

To say that Ashton was stunned would be an understatement. When he had innocently stated that he'd be able to take the trip if he were a girl, he hadn't been suggesting that he *become* a girl! How could he ever pretend to be a *girl?* "I'm *not* a sissy," he hastily replied in a hostile, anguished voice. After a few moments of contemplation, he went on in an now less certain voice. "Dad always said I was a sissy, and the guys at school are always teasing me about being a sissy. But I know I'm *not* a sissy!" The de-

fensiveness in his anguished voice left no doubt that he was quite sensitive about possibly being considered a sissy.

"No one *said* you were a sissy, Ashton," replied Mary compassionately. "All we said was that you would have to pretend to be a girl! I remember when you were younger that you would dress up like one of those Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and pretend to be one. No one ever thought that you *were* one, we all knew you were just pretending. All you have to do is act the part of a girl! Acting is an art form. A true actor can play *any* role, even that of a *girl*. Just because you play the character of a girl doesn't mean you're a "sissy". It's simply a role! Besides, if you do a good job, no one other than us and your mother need know! When you come home, you'll simply go back to being a boy."

After pausing a few moments to let Ashton think about what she had told him, Mary continued. "The fact that everyone teases you about being a sissy only proves that you appear a bit on the girlish side. Why, if we restyled your hair and put you in a dress, you'd make a very pretty girl!"

"Mary is right, Ashton," Lydia confirmed before the boy could rebut her condemning appraisal of his physical structure. "You'd simply be *portraying* a girl for the duration of the trip. Under these circumstances, I'm sure your mother won't object to your assuming the temporary identity of a girl. Besides, it's either that or we cancel the trip! You know we don't have any time to waste. If either of us want to take this trip, we have to go shopping to get you an entirely new wardrobe!"

Ashton found himself in a dilemma. His thoughts were in a turmoil. "Ever since I can remember," he mused silently to himself. "I've been doing all I can to deny that I'm a sissy. Granted, I'm not the typical, sports-oriented macho guy. Despite what Dad always claimed, though, I am far from being a limp-wristed pantywaist!"

Slowly the anger and fear gave way to logical thought and cool reasoning. "To give up my masculinity would be quite a sacrifice, but there really *isn't* any other way. If my schoolmates ever found out that I was going to pretend to be a girl, I'd never live it down. I'm quite certain if Dad were to find out, the crazy idiot would break out of prison just to kill me! Yet, this trip promises to be more than I'd ever dreamt of. Spending a year touring, visiting the greatest museums in the world, seeing the magnificent art, the ruins, the cultures, the people, the music!"

The sudden upswelling of the emotional high, the mere thought of those sights and sounds temporarily put aside, Ashton realized that he just *had* to go. *Any* sacrifice would pale by comparison to what was to be gained. "The experience of the trip would far outweigh any damage to my masculinity. Besides," he rationalized. "I know I'm *not* a sissy, I'm a real guy! It'll be just like they said, I'd simply be *acting* the role of a girl. I can handle *that*."

Mary and Lydia kept silent as they watched the lad wrestle with the problem. Both knew how fragile a man's self-esteem can be. The hours they spent together planning this dream trip had also made them quite aware of the tenuous nature of Ashton's masculine confidence.

Finally, a timid smile appeared upon Ashton's perspiring face. "I'll do it if Mother approves," he stated quietly but with firm determination. "But it's *only* a role! I'm *not* a sissy!"

Lydia crushed the boy to her as she replied. "We know you're not a sissy. It takes a *real* man to be willing to disguise himself as a girl. It's only the bullies who are so unsure of their manhood that have to constantly prove that they're 'real' men."

That bit of praise and reinforcement made Ashton feel better. Desperately, he latched onto that bit of wisdom. Many times during the next few trying days he would recall those words. When the fear of being a sissy became too great, he'd reassure himself by remembering that he was so confident in his inherent manhood that he could assume the role of "girl" without fear.

At first, Karen was apprehensive when they approached her about her son's need to masquerade as a girl to go on the trip. Their arguments swayed her, eventually. The need for Ashton to masquerade as a girl *did* seem quite logical.

Aunt Lydia called the three beauty shops in town with the best reputations, explaining the circumstances that necessitated Ashton's assumption of a girlish image. Two flatly refused to even consider aiding the deception, Fortunately, the third responded that they'd be only too glad to assist. Two hours later, a not too-certain Ashton entered *Alternative Images Beauty Salon*, the exclusive shop on the other side of town. When Lydia registered Ashton with the receptionist, the pretty woman critically examined the fidgeting, red-faced boy before breaking into a broad smile.

"Well, Ashton," she stated with genuine sincerity. "I'm sure that we won't have any difficulty helping you assume your role. If you'll please have a seat, I'll let Mr. Bangs know that you've arrived."

Barry Bangs, the owner of *Alternative Images*, was a decidedly effeminate, bubbly, energetic man. In stereotypical gay fashion, he first graciously kissed Lydia's hand before turning to the frightened boy to clasp his hands to his chest in unfeigned delight at the girlish potential he saw in the slight lad. Smiling broadly, the gaudily-dressed man shook hands with Ashton in limp-wristed manner. Ashton almost bolted as the lispng man lavished praise upon him. "Ashton, I must say that you are quite noble to acquiesce to take a role our so-called enlightened society selfishly deems unacceptable for males. It is *quite* understandable that you want no one to discover your ruse. You show great potential of become a *very* pretty girl! I'm not insulting you when I tell you that I don't think we'll have the *slightest* problem in creating a realistic, girlish appearance for you."

Before Ashton was able to reply, he'd been turned over to a trio of waiting women. Ashton found himself the center of a whirlwind of activity. While the women jabbered incessantly about how pretty they were going to make him, they deftly stripped him to his underwear before dropping a pink gown over his head. While one washed and conditioned his shoulder-length blond hair, a second began manicuring his toe nails, and a third began pouring a hot gooey white substance on his legs, arms, and trunk. They giggled in response to his inexperienced questions before explaining what each was doing.

One by one, as the wax dried, each strip was torn from his reddened flesh. Ashton had been unaware that the pale, nearly invisible peach fuzz hair that covered his slender body was rooted so deeply, or so easily removed! The pain created when the woman tore the dried wax from his flesh caused him to yelp in unexpected surprise.

Soon, they hustled him to the beautician's chair to trim and style his hair. While his hair was brushed and trimmed, more wax was poured onto his flesh. After his toenails had been manicured, that attendant moved on to his fingernails which were reshaped and polished a glossy pink. The brief "Snap!" of a piercing tool upon the lobe of his ears startled him for a moment. Then, in silence, he waited as three more "Snaps" followed the first to give him double-pierced ears.

The brushing and blow-drying of his hair went almost unnoticed; he scrunched his eyes closed in fear as an electrolysis needle was skillfully wielded. The intention was to thin his eyebrows to an acceptable state of femininity without going so far that he couldn't resume a masculine role. The final deed was an application of soft pink lip gloss, before he was allowed to redress in the clothes he'd worn upon entering the shop two hours earlier.

When they presented the shy, uncertain lad for approval, Aunt Lydia clapped her hands together with delight. "Ashton, you look simply divine!" she gushed enthusiastically. "If I didn't *know* you were a *boy*, I'd never in a million years dream you were anything but a pretty *girl!*"

Since they had not allowed him a glimpse of their handiwork, Ashton blushed profusely and shivered with trepidation at the unexpected compliment which he wasn't sure *was* a compliment. He was anxious to see what he looked like. "Do I *really* look like girl?" he wondered fretfully. "Or do I look like a sissy *boy*? I hope I look like a *girl!*" The admission of that hope made him feel awkward and confused.

Before he was allowed to see himself, Barry Bangs swished over and clasped his hands together in unfeigned delight. "Oh my," he gushed breathlessly. "You look simply scrumptious, my dear. I just wish *I* looked so cute when I was your age!" Turning towards Lydia, he admonished her. "Darling, you really shouldn't go around calling your lovely niece *Ashton!* Why someone might wrongly assume she was a horrid boy trying to dress up as a girl! You really should call her Ashley at all times. After all, you don't want to make a mistake at the wrong time!"

Barry's comments were obviously honest and heartfelt, which made Ashton squirm even more. Again, he wondered whether he was *really* doing the right thing by masquerading as a girl. Before he could decide, Barry spun him about to face a full-length mirror. What he saw flabbergasted him and left him utterly speechless.

Reflected in the mirror was a surprised tomboy. Even wearing worn blue jeans, a well-worn T-shirt promoting Earthday, and scruffy sneakers, she was quite pretty. It appeared as if "she" was just discovering "her" femininity. The softly-curved bangs of her blond hair made her heart-shaped face quite soft. The glossy pink lips added to the image of youthful exploration of awakening girliness. Softly waved locks of full-bodied blond hair whispered against her shoulders. All in all, she appeared to be innocently naive and pure, but willing to learn about her girliness. While he didn't want to admit that he'd been so easily transformed, he was forced to acknowledge that with-

out a doubt he *was* that girl! Ashton also had to admit that anyone who saw this girl would never imagine that she was really a *boy*. That knowledge made him feel better about his masquerade. It almost took his breath away to realize that even dressed in his boy clothes, he looked like a *girl*! The totality of the change shook him to the very core of his being. Doubts about his masculinity bubbled freely in his stunned mind.

In a daze, he allowed himself to be ushered from the beauty salon. The nonstop compliments of the staff washed over him like the waves of the ocean even after he exited the building. The last words of Barry Bangs rang in his newly-pierced ears. "Mrs. Dyer, I'm *sure* you'll want to get Ashley out of those horrid clothes she's wearing as soon as *possible*. Take her right over to Fairytale Fashions. Olivia Childress is the owner, and she'll be *delighted* to outfit Ashley. The boutique is just down the block. I'll call and let her know you're on your way!"

Olivia, a smiling grandmotherly woman, anxiously rushed to the front door of the trendy children's' boutique as soon as she hung up the phone. She and Barry shared an intense interest in feminized boys. Spotting Lydia and Ashton as they ambled down the sidewalk was quite easy due to the smile upon Lydia's face coupled with the securely held hand of the numbed tomboy. Experience enabled her to tell by the stunned expression upon Ashton's girlish face that he was the lad Barry had sent. Opening the door as they approached, she ushered Lydia and Ashton inside the sweetly scented shop. Rack after rack of dresses, blouses, skirts, and lingerie filled the store. All were designed to accent dainty softness and femininity. Ruffles, satin, velvet, lace, ribbons, and bows abounded.

Ashton gazed about the forbidden sights in dumbfounded confusion as he followed the bubbling woman to a private dressing room in the back of the store. *Never* had he imagined the existence of a store that exemplified absolute girlishness. It was more than enough to make his "masculinity" shrivel. Fear, the desire to scream and flee the girlishness, the secrets waiting to be revealed, the temptation of the trip, the sacrifice taking the trip would require, all made his mind seethe with confusion and anguish. Before he was even aware of what was happening, he realized shamefully that he'd been stripped to his shorts.

Olivia quickly and efficiently took all his vital measurements, all the while asking his age and the reason for his assumption of a feminine guise. Satisfied with the answers, she did her best to put both at ease. "Barry Bangs and I are both quite liberal in our outlooks. We try our best to serve the needs of our customers, even when those needs require a male to dress as a female. Both Barry and I feel that our society is quite pigheaded and unfair about the way boys dress and behave. A girl can wear the same clothes as a boy, play the same games as a boy, even act like a boy; and all people say is that she's a tomboy. But if a boy dresses like a girl, or plays girls' games, or behaves like a girl, then people condemn him as a sissy or faggot. That's simply not fair!"

Turning to address Ashton she continued. "You are not the only boy to come here to be outfitted as a girl. I have *dozens* of boys as regular customers. Some dress as girls just for fun, others do so because they're forced. It's been proven that nothing settles a rowdy, disrespectful boy faster and more efficiently than putting him in petticoats. I'm sure you'll also be interested to know that *most* boys are reluctant when

they first come in to be outfitted, just as you are right now. They discover that they enjoy wearing pretty girls' clothes, once they overcome their shame.

"My intention is not to embarrass or humiliate you, but to *help* you. I do all I can to make you appear as girlish as possible. After all, if no one ever figures out that you're a boy, you can relax and enjoy being a girl! Most of the boys I've outfitted as girls are anything but 'faggots'. They like girls just like other boys; it's just that they respect and understand girls a lot better once they've experienced life *as* a girl. Most girls appreciate a boy who's understanding and sensitive to a girl's likes and dislikes. I dare say boys who dress as girls enjoy a much more active sex life than boys who have *never* masqueraded as a girl."

Lydia and Ashton were both thinking about her discourse and Olivia set to work. "Think about what I've just told you. You'll understand there's no need to be scared or ashamed of dressing a boy as a girl, as long as it's done with love and purpose." With that, she scooped up his discarded clothes and slipped from the room.

Ashton looked at Lydia, hoping for a reprieve from the odious need to dress as a girl. "Aunt Lydia...", he whined petulantly.

Lydia felt her heart go out to the lad since she knew the fears he felt were justified. Yet, the need to push on was undeniable to both. Besides, she felt herself being swept up in the bizarre circumstances. A long-denied need to nurture and mother, to have a child of her own to dress in girlishly dainty clothes, grew within her breast.

Despite the rationalization that they were only dressing Ashton as a girl to enable him to accompany her on their trip, she knew she secretly wanted him to make him as girlish as possible for her own enjoyment and fulfillment. "Ashton, don't...", she cautioned the desolate lad. "It'll only make it worse for both of us."

Ashton hung his head and sighed deeply. Aunt Lydia was right. It would be easier to forget that he was going to be dressed as a girl and just concentrate on the trip! The end was more important than the means.

Olivia returned in a few minutes to hand the still bewildered boy a matching panty and training bra set. "Take off your underwear and slip into these while I get some other things. Your Aunt can help you if you need assistance," she stated with authority before leaving them alone.

Ashton had instinctively accepted the offered clothing when Olivia handed it to him. Now, he stood facing the entrance to the dressing room holding the dainty lace edged pink nylon panties and stretch training bra at arm's length. He stared at them with wide-eyed horror as if they contained the Plague.

Lydia was barely able to stifle a laugh at the boy's unfeigned agony as he touched the heretofore hidden girlish delights. "Ashton..., Ashley," she chided gently. "You're going to *have* to get accustomed to wearing such dainty undies. That's all you'll have to wear during our trip! Now, stop being so shy and stand-offish. You must put yourself wholeheartedly into the role of a girl or we'll have to forget the entire trip!"

Ashton tore his eyes away from the panty and bra and turned about. He glared hotly at his aunt as if she had just sentenced him to the electric chair. Then, the earlier resolve that "the end justified the means" reasserted itself. Standing up straight,

he looked again upon the panty and bra, this time in a more controlled, logical manner. He had to admit they *did* look nice, and felt cool in his fingertips.

"Take off those nasty jockey shorts and let's get you dressed like a proper young lady," Lydia stated softly as she saw the resolve to see this ordeal through settle onto his demeanor. "It's about time you shed your tomboy image!"

The words resurrected his fears. Ashton looked at his aunt with undisguised trepidation. "But, Aunt Lydia," he whispered. "I'm not a *girl!*"

"Ashley!," Lydia replied in a firm but caring voice. "For the next year you must *be* a girl. Every second of every minute of every day, you *must* be a girl! Do you have any idea what will happen if we're in a foreign country and someone should discover that you're really a *boy*? We have no choice but to make sure you're behaving like a girl at all times. The softer and prettier the clothes you wear, like these dainty undies, the easier it will be for you to maintain your disguise. I'm sure you can imagine that wearing these panties and training bra will provide a very vivid and constant reminder that you are supposed to be behaving like a girl. Now stop wasting time! We must get you fitted for your new wardrobe. We leave the day after tomorrow; you've got to get accustomed to wearing skirts!"

"Skirts!" Ashton squawked with alarm. "You mean I have to wear *skirts!* I thought I could wear jeans or shorts and stuff!"

"Ashley," Lydia stated sadly, shaking her head in mild rebuke while placing a comforting hand upon his shoulder. "You will be wearing skirts or dresses most of the time. Visiting the museums and opera will require proper dress. The only time I can even conceive of a need to wear anything *but* a skirt is when we have to climb about some ruins or at a dig. Surely you realized that our itinerary will require that the majority of our time will be spent in skirts."

Ashton was dumbfounded. The need to wear a *skirt* had never occurred to him. Naturally he'd assumed that he'd wear jeans or shorts most of the time like the girls at his school. But now that Aunt Lydia had pointed out that their plans would indeed require skirts to worn most of the time, he had to concede that she was correct. A shiver swept his almost nude body as he raised the palsied hand that still held the seemingly diseased lingerie.

With dread, he gazed upon his future. A whole year wearing such naughty delights! Another shudder swept through him as he guiltily recalled the many times he'd attempted to catch an errant glimpse of a girl's panties when the wind blew her skirt in the air, or when she'd unconsciously part her thighs while sitting. A look of revulsion filled his face as he realized that now it was going to be *his* panties that other boys would be trying to see!

Lydia could read his thoughts and fears. "Ashley, you are *not* a sissy," she stated with sympathy. "A sissy would never try to look up a girl's skirt to see her panties. A sissy is too weak and cowardly to ever attempt such a thing. A sissy would be afraid of being caught. I'm quite sure that you took advantage of every opportunity to catch a glimpse of an unfortunate girl's undies. That alone proves that you are not a sissy. It proves that you're normal. That experience will actually put you at an advantage compared to real girls since you know what boys will do in an attempt to peek up your

skirts! Besides, only a boy who is confident and secure in his masculinity would so willingly agree to masquerade as a girl. You're actually proving yourself to be a *man* by dressing as a *girl*!"

Ashton looked at his aunt with a perplexed expression upon his confused face. What she said seemed true enough. He *had* often peeked up a girl's skirt. Several times he had even successfully created situations which resulted in awesome sights. Since he was less macho than most of the guys in his classes, and the girls insisted on mothering him, the girls weren't as wary of him, and thus played into his plots. A smile tweaked the corners of his mouth as he recalled that, twice, girls who had fallen victim to him realized that he had caught a glimpse of her panties. Both times he had taken advantage of his seeming lack of masculinity to successfully avoid their condemnation by feigning embarrassment and innocence. While he didn't like being labeled a "sissy" by his more macho classmates, it *did* have its advantages.

Aunt Lydia was quite correct. This was just a masquerade, it didn't mean that he was any less a man. The only thing he was sure about was that he didn't want anyone to see through his disguise. To be discovered as a boy dressing as a girl would be the ultimate humiliation. With that in mind, he made up his mind to try to be as girlish as possible.

Slowly, he turned his back on his Aunt to tug his jockey shorts off. As he stepped out of the sturdy cotton jockey shorts, he realized it would probably be the last time he did so for over a year. Embarrassed by his nudity, he quickly slipped the soft panties into place about his bottom. Strange electric-like tingles swept through his body as the delicate lace touched and caressed his legs and the dainty panties slid into place. Even more distressing was the surprising and quite unwanted erection that began the instant the soft nylon snuggled itself about his testicles and penis. The more he tried to will his swelling to subside, the larger he became. A most un-girlish bulge tented the panties from his crotch as his face turned beet red.

Ashton stood facing the entrance trying to push his obstinate penis back into its normal flaccid position. Olivia bustled into the room with her arms filled with girlish clothes. When he saw the woman, his embarrassment made him gulp guiltily; he wished the floor would open and drop him straight to hell. Even that would be preferable to his present predicament.

Olivia laughed aloud at his obvious discomfort. As she placed the clothes she brought on a counter, she spoke reassuringly and without condemnation. "Well Ashton, it looks like something has come up which will prevent you from appearing as a real girl. There's no need to be upset, darling, what's happened is quite normal. I have yet to put a lad into dresses that this hasn't occurred. It seems that those male appendages have a mind of their own. They become stubbornly insistent in demanding attention at the most inopportune times. I know *exactly* what to do to reduce that little monster."

Ashton felt confused, humiliated, exasperated, and frightened. Olivia's statements caught him as unprepared as the rest of this unusual situation.

Lydia was shocked. It had taken her a few moments to understand why Ashton was taking so long to settle the panties into place. The rapid reddening of his neck and face

confirmed her suspicions that he was aroused. Before she could think of how to react or comment to this unsuspected dilemma, Olivia had swept into the room. A very appalled Lydia merely stood by listening and watching as the woman took care of the problem.

Experience allowed Olivia to sense Lydia's building outrage. Such a reaction was not unusual from the person who brought a lad into her shop to be petticoated. "I'm sure you never suspected putting Ashton into girls' undies could have such an effect on him," she stated with mild condemnation. "This happens to *every* lad worth his salt. Such reactions normally occur whenever a boy sees the dainty delights worn by a girl. That's the main reason boys attempt to peek under a girl's skirt. Only a *very* naive woman wouldn't realize that a healthy male in his age bracket responds to feminine lingerie just as Ashton has done."

"I'm sure you know how sexy pretty lingerie makes a woman feel," Olivia continued. "Females have the benefit of having grown up wearing such delights while males simply try to catch a glimpse of what we wear. Just *imagine* how Ashton feels! Not only is he seeing the alluring lingerie at very close range, but he is actually *feeling* it caress his flesh! I've never known a male to resist such erotic stimulation. There are two ways to handle such arousal, either relieve it or prevent it. Since it was too late to prevent, I relieved it. In the future, you'll have to deal with this, one way or another."

Lydia felt the wind fall from her billowing sails of indignation. Sadly, she had to acknowledge that every word that Olivia said was true. Shame engulfed her as she recognized her naiveté. A desire to kick herself in the butt swept over her for a brief moment. Of *course* Ashton's reaction was quite normal for a boy his age; she should have anticipated it!

Anger at her own stupidity welled up within her as she recalled that she had even pointed out to Ashton that he was obviously a man and not a sissy because he had attempted to peer up a girl's skirt to see her lingerie. The only reason a boy would *do* such a dastardly thing would be because it was a *turn-on!*

Suddenly her anger subsided as fear that the trip would have to be canceled engulfed her. This unexpected revelation that Ashton would be regularly aroused by the lingerie he would have to wear threw another obstacle into their path. How would they be able to take this trip if poor Ashton became aroused every time he dressed? Lydia was not a prude, but she felt a strong repulsion to relieving the poor lad's arousal as Olivia had just done. It wasn't just the lad's youth that made her feel guilty about performing such an act; it would be incest to boot! *Now* what were they going to do?

Olivia waited and watched Lydia closely. The same thoughts, fears, and revulsion played across the older woman's face as Olivia had seen on so many others. When the time was right she went on. "Don't feel bad about this, Lydia. *Most* of the women who bring boys in to be dressed as girls never think of this aspect. They feel just as upset about it as you do. I can see that you don't like the idea of having to do what I just did, and to have the boy do it himself can be quite distressing. Why, every time he visits a bathroom you'll be wondering if he's playing with himself. The easiest thing to do is to prevent the problem from occurring in the first place. There are three basic ways by which this can be accomplished."

Lydia regained her composure, somewhat relieved to find out that she was not the only one to make the same mistake. It was rather common, she supposed, for females to misjudge the reaction of boys to the sexy stimulation of lingerie even though almost all women realized that adult men think with their genitals rather than their brains when it came to sex. Of course Olivia was correct that it would be preferable to prevent the situation from occurring. With a questioning look in her eyes, she waited for Olivia to continue.

Ashton was beginning to regain his senses by this time. The illicit experience had been quite naughtily thrilling. At the same time it had been utterly humiliating. It would be better, he thought from his deep sense of humiliation, if the problem had never arisen. He just caught the tail end of Olivia's discussion with his aunt, and eagerly listened. Without being consciously aware of it, he repositioned himself inside the panties so that everything was comfortably tucked away from sight.

"Wearing a restricting garment, generally called a 'gaffe', is the simplest method of keeping a male from becoming aroused," explained Olivia. "What a gaffe does is tightly compress the male genitals into the groin, completely flattening them. The strong girdle-like device will not allow the organs to become erect. In addition, it works quite well to give the lad a very girlish-appearing groin. The draw back is that the device must be removed to bathe and lowered to allow normal urination and bowel movements. It is not at all unusual at those times for the natural desires that were so strongly suppressed during the time the garment was worn to exert themselves with a quite demanding presence. The resulting arousal must be dealt with in a manner similar to that which I just used upon Ashton.

"Quite simply, all a gaffe will do is limit a lad's arousal to times that are safe. In addition, it is possible for the youth to 'forget' to put the device on when dressing in order to enjoy the thrills of the lingerie. Most boys are reluctant to assume the role of a girl on a full-time basis and so utilize the natural male arousal the lingerie creates to assuage their dented masculine pride. The boys often become addicted to masturbation while wearing lingerie. Many of my clients find the idea of their boy masturbating to be quite unsatisfactory, especially since the intent of dressing a boy as a girl is to *eliminate* all male attributes. On a trip such as you intend to take, I'm afraid Ashton will find the urge to satisfy his natural arousal too great to resist." Turning to Ashton she smiled benevolently. "Don't you agree, Ashton?"

Ashton had been listening quite intently. Based upon his brief experience in lingerie, what the woman said seemed true. When she turned to ask him if he agreed, the flustered lad turned beet red and stammered as he tried to respond to the unexpected question. The response left no doubt that the accusation was quite true.

Olivia smiled and patted the perplexed lad compassionately upon his bowed head. "It's all right, Ashton," she comforted the boy. "Like I said, I've been through this with many boys. There is absolutely *nothing* to be ashamed of." Olivia turned back to Lydia. "The other extreme is to take the boy to a physician to be surgically transformed into a functional female. Once a boy has undergone a sex-change operation, even the most unwilling lad will yield to what is then a natural state of femininity. Of course, in this case, there is no time for such surgery, nor do either of you want to go to such extremes."

The fear that Ashton felt when she began to suggest that he might undergo a sex-change to become a “real” girl almost strangled him. His eyes bulged out and he began to choke at the mere prospect. Lydia had a very similar reaction. Never had the idea that Ashton become a real girl ever entered their minds. It was only when Olivia wrote off such a possibility that they relaxed a bit. Ashton, however, remained quite shaken.

“The best alternative would be some type of hormonal program,” added Olivia once she saw the two had overcome their shock about the idea of a complete sex-change. From previous experience she knew that the two methods she'd already detailed formed opposite ends of the volatile issue. Both were generally found to be unacceptable, the first because it only postponed the natural arousal while the other was simply too extreme. The middle route, represented by hormonal therapy, was the usual route taken.

“With this method, Ashton simply would be physically incapable of normal male arousal. This is done by suppressing the normal production of testosterone in his body. Without it, he'll become impotent. As of now, Ashton retains the neutral body of an a preteen adolescent, neither fully male nor female. It would be fairly easy for him to assume the guise of a girl. So far, he hasn't shown any of the normal secondary male sexual characteristics. Once he enters puberty, masquerading as a girl *could* become virtually impossible. A hormonal therapy program will assure that he won't suddenly go into full fledged male puberty. At this point, he's just *starting* to become a man. He hasn't developed the musculature. No dark body hair or beard has appeared. The normal male aggression that testosterone produces has obviously not occurred. But the best thing is that his voice has not yet changed. Unfortunately, any or all of these changes could take place at any time. It would be quite a problem if you were halfway through your trip and his voice changed and he began to grow a beard! The best way to solve these problems is by suppressing the testosterone in his body.”

For several moments, Olivia paused to let Lydia and Ashton think about what she had told them. It was obvious by the sober expressions upon their faces her words had made them think for the first time about Ashton's approaching adolescence and the problems it might cause. It only took a few moments before their eyes met. In silence, they agreed that placing Ashton on a hormonal therapy program would be necessary to ensure the success of his masquerade and their trip.

Olivia smiled. “I can tell you both understand the need for Ashton to begin a hormonal therapy program as soon as possible. You'll be reassured to know that any hormonal program Ashton begins will be completely reversible. Any physical changes that occur due to hormonal therapy will last only as long as he stays on the program. I know a doctor who will make arrangements to see you today to get you started. Dr. Balkut will be only too happy to assist your masquerade. She has plenty of experience. While she gives you a physical, she'll explain the effects of testosterone blocking.

“Another thing I'm sure she'll recommend is that you go a step further. Introducing female hormones into the program would soften Ashton and make him quite girlish in appearance and behavior. Female hormones will even help him adapt to the role of a girl with ease. After all the male hormones are flushed from his body, the female hormones will propel him into normal female puberty. Once he begins to blossom into

womanhood, he'll begin to think, feel, and react like a girl! The best thing is that it's all *quite* safe and fully reversible."

Ashton turned pale as he heard Olivia suggest the hormonal therapy program involve female hormones as well as the testosterone blocker. The doubts he had been suppressing as to the wisdom of masquerading as a girl in order to take the trip bubbled into his conscious worries. The earlier resolve that the "end justifies the means" began to slip. It would be one thing to masquerade as a girl, but to allow his body to enter puberty as a girl... Why, that would mean he'd grow breasts! Reversible or not, that was *not* something he wanted to experience! "I'll go along with the testosterone blocker," he stated somewhat uncertainly. "But there is *no* way I want to go on female hormones! You said yourself that right now I'm physically neuter and able to masquerade as a girl. Making sure my entry into male puberty is held back is all I need do!"

Lydia smiled. "I thoroughly agree with Ashton," she stated. "I can see the testosterone blocker, in fact I'll *insist* upon it! But, to place him on female hormones would be going too far!"

Olivia smiled and held up her hands defensively. "I never said he *had* to take female hormones. I'm only telling you the options that are available. Dr. Balkut can explain the facts in much greater detail and answer all your questions. Her office is just down the street. If you're free this afternoon, I'll call her to set up an appointment."

Lydia looked at Ashton. Ashton smiled dismally and lowered his head in a desultory nod of submission. Lydia stepped to the lad and swept him into a comforting hug. "We can make time to see her as soon as we're done here," Lydia told Olivia.

"Wonderful!" Olivia exclaimed. "Get Ashley dressed while I call." With that, she turned and left the room.

Lydia held the trembling boy to her for several moments. Finally, after he'd composed himself, he looked up at her with his wide, innocent eyes. "I guess we may as well see how I'll *look* as a girl."

Lydia released her pantied grandnephew and scooped up the slightly padded training bra. While Ashton stared at the floor, she slipped the ultimate female garment into place about his chest. Deftly, she adjusted the shoulder straps to assure the correct effect. Ashton shivered with humiliation.

Before he had a chance to recover, she picked up the delicate lace-edged pink nylon slip from the pile of clothes that Olivia had brought in. Shaking it out to remove any wrinkles, she held it out briefly. The satiny material shimmered in the slight breeze created by the air-conditioning.

The scintillating sight drew Ashton's fear-filled eyes from the floor to stare at the enticing, formerly forbidden garment. With each breath that swelled his lungs, the unfamiliar, soft, sensual caress of his training bra made the flesh of his expanding and contracting chest tingle as the silky fabric stretched to maintain its snug fit. At the same time, the distressed lad's panties began to grow a bit snug in the crotch as his drained manhood futilely attempted to reassert itself. The anticipation of having the dainty, girlish slip encasing his already titillated body made his knees weak. Suddenly, his mouth felt parched, his lips dry as the Sahara Desert. As his aunt gathered the

slip and raised it above his head, he nervously licked his lips. The first touch of the scratchy lace upon his shoulder felt like an electric shock. His body jerked once in reaction before it became paralyzed by thousands of similar jolts that resulted from every contact the slinky slip made as it slithered cozily into place about his shivering body. The lace hem swirled deliciously about his legs, tickling his thighs about two inches above his knees.

The sensations created by the slip, combined with the panties and training bra, were overloading the pleasure receptors in his muddled brain. Slowly, his vision narrowed and the room seemed to spin. Just before his knees collapsed, some survival instinct screamed at him to breathe. With a gasp, he sucked in a lungful of fresh air like a swimmer who had been underwater too long. Almost at once, his knees grew stronger and his vision cleared. It was only then that he realized he'd been unconsciously holding his breath. The embarrassed boy panted to rebalance the oxygen level in his blood.

“Are you all right?” asked Lydia guiltily as she placed a steadying hand upon his soft shoulder. So enraptured had she been by his girlish appearance that she hadn't even noticed he had stopped breathing. But even now, even though he was obviously shaken by what was happening, Ashton looked like a girl!

“Y... yeah..., I'm all right, Aunt Lydia,” Ashton managed to squeak out. “It's just that all this is so new and strange, it's taking my breath away.” The blush upon his pretty face revealed that he was speaking the truth.



"I can appreciate that," Lydia replied with a grin. "I often get the same feeling when I dress up in something really nice. Why don't you sit on the bench for a few moments while I slip your shoes and socks on your feet."

Ashton was more than willing to sit. With a most unladylike motion, he flopped upon the bench with his knees spread.

"Ashley!" scolded Lydia harshly. "Stand up this instant!"

Ashton instantly complied with her order but was totally confused. A look of consternation spread across his face.

"A girl does not just plop herself upon a seat," Lydia chided the girlishly clad lad. "She always carefully smooths her skirt across her bottom before slowly sitting. She also makes sure that her knees stay together. Do you want everyone to see under your skirt?"

Ashton turned beet red. Masquerading as a girl was not going to be nearly as easy as he had naively assumed. Again, doubts as to continuing their efforts to take the trip assailed him. The first obstacle, the idea that masquerading as a girl made him a sissy, had been relatively easy to overcome. The next roadblock which shocked him had been the news that he would have to wear dresses and skirts. This he overcame by reluctantly determining that the end justified the means. Next was the revelation that, to preserve the childish sexual ambiguity that would enable him to assume the disguise of a girl, he would have to prevent himself from entering male puberty. This almost made him give up the entire idea. His fervent desire to take the trip gave him the courage to do whatever had to be done, carrying him over that rough time. Now, he had failed to comport himself as a girl and was faced with his first lesson in girlish behavior, habits, and practices. How could he overcome *this* hurdle?

In response to this unspoken question, the image of a girl smoothing her skirt as she sat came unbidden into his mind. All he had to do was to tap his memory for images of how a proper young lady comported herself and try to copy those actions. Meekly, he attempted to mimic the memory of a girl wearing a skirt sitting.

First, he placed his feet and knees together. Next, he slipped his hands across the nylon slip that covered his pantied butt to smooth out the wrinkles. Then, making sure his legs stayed together, he cautiously bent his knees in a slow, prudent manner to demurely place his derriere upon the bench. Once settled, he apprehensively looked up at his aunt for approval or correction.

For a moment, Lydia was shocked. She knew that this person before was Ashton, her grandnephew, but the girlish image he now created belied those facts. Even the smallest doubts she still harbored about the lad being able to successfully masquerade as a girl vanished. They would, she was quite sure, be able to enjoy their trip without worry of discovery. The image of Ashley would naturally take care of itself. All she had to do was instill in him proper girlish behavior. "That was marvelous, Ashley," Lydia praised the uncertain girl who sat unsurely before her. "If you make it a habit to sit like that every time, you'll have *no* problem maintaining proper girlish modesty and denying the boys *any* possibility of seeing your pretty panties." A broad proud smile filled Lydia's face.

Ashton feebly returned the smile as he girlishly wriggled his butt to move into a more comfortable position. Once settled, he nervously attempted to tug the lacy hem of the slip down towards his knees. "It's going to take a lot of concentration to do things correctly all the time," he stated softly as his blush slowly faded.

Once more, Lydia was amazed that Ashley's timid movements had been totally girlish. "With practice, you'll soon be doing it without thinking. It'll become your natural way of sitting," Lydia reassured the pretty girl she was now determined to think of as her grandniece.

Ashton blushed and shivered. While he was confident that he had done his best to sit in a girlish manner, he still wasn't sure of his ability to appear like a girl. Yes, he knew that the trip to the beauty salon had changed his facial appearance to that of a girl, but what about the *rest* of him? Fears that he would look like a crass, dumpy, or even slovenly girl made him afraid to continue his efforts. Yet it was obvious that Aunt Lydia was pleased with his appearance and behavior.

While those thoughts swirled in his mind, he idly looked past Aunt Lydia. On the other side of the room sat a very comely girl staring at him! This momentarily surprised and upset him. He had thought that he and Aunt Lydia were alone but here someone else just as scantily clad as he was watching his humiliation! The girl was quite lovely but obviously was as embarrassed as he felt. Despite his mortification at being seen, he couldn't tear his eyes from her. There was a winsome guilelessness in her gaze that attracted him. In other circumstances, he would have been more than ready to make her acquaintance, but being seen like this made him wish he had never agreed to masquerade as a girl. Yet, despite these feelings of lust and shame, he was unable to tear his eyes away from her.

Lydia saw that Ashton was staring at his reflection, obviously entranced. Her smile as she noted that he was pleased with his girlishness. It took a few moments until she realized he wasn't aware he was looking at his own reflection in the mirror across the dressing room! Biting her lips to suppress a chuckle, she turned her head to gaze into the mirror to see the image they projected.

Ashton was suddenly confused. It was only when the older woman standing near the girl moved that he noticed there was someone else with the cute girl. Momentarily his gaze flickered to the face of the woman before returning to the girl. The image took a few moments to register, then confusion filled his perplexed mind. The woman with the girl looked just like Aunt Lydia! Once more his gaze moved to the smiling woman. It was then that he realized it *was* Aunt Lydia and that he was looking in a *mirror*! The girl who held him so entranced and shamed was none other than "Ashley", his feminine alter-ego!

A gasp of surprise escaped his lips as he watched the girl's pretty eyes widen in surprise. Once more, he felt reassured that his appearance would not be a hindrance to the success of his masquerade as a girl. The ease with which he was able to appear to be a girl, a pretty one at that, cut deeply into his masculine self-assurance. The resultant confusion and tension caused him to break into soft, nervous giggles. Lydia quickly joined the unexpected chortling outburst as the two conspirators relaxed.

After a few moments, Lydia leaned forward to sweep Ashley into a warm hug. The two embraced for several seconds before Lydia pushed herself up to gaze into Ashley's damp eyes. "Well, Ashley, from what I see, I don't think we'll have *any* problems with your masquerade as a girl. I think Olivia is correct in suggesting we have your testosterone subdued for the duration of the trip. As far as putting you on female hormones, I don't think we need to push it *that* far. I do think that for our safety and peace of mind, we should both get accustomed to calling you 'Ashley' and thinking of you as a girl. No more 'his', 'him', or 'he', for the next year it'll have to be 'hers', 'her', and 'she'!"

The giggle fit had buoyed Ashton's sagging spirits, but Aunt Lydia's pronouncement acted like someone reeling in the string on a high-flying kite. The boy had to acknowledge that what she was telling him they had to do was correct, but that didn't make it any easier to accept. Once more, he had to suborn his masculine pride by conceding to begin thinking of himself as a girl. With a deep sigh of abasement, he yielded. "I guess you're right, Aunt Lydia. It *will* be better and easier for us to think of me as a girl."

Lydia patted him condescendingly upon his pretty head. "That's my good girl," she praised the wilting youth. Then, she knelt before Ashley and rolled up an anklet.

Ashton watched her work, then obediently raised his foot when she was ready to slip the anklet on him. A shiver spread through his body as he watched her roll the dainty lace-edged pink anklet over his foot. While gazing at his foot, he saw two girlish knees peeking from beneath the pretty lace hem of his slip. It was hard for him to accept that the girlishness he saw was really *his*.

Enraptured by what he was seeing, he continued to watch and instinctively cooperate as she slipped the second anklet onto his other foot. It amazed him that something as simple as a bit of lace edging on a sock could transform the foot he'd always thought of as boyish into absolute girlishness. Dumbfounded, he watched as she slipped a pair of black patent leather Mary Jane strap shoes onto his feet. When she finished and stood, he raised both feet until his legs were held out straight from the knees. The girlish image his feet projected mesmerized and fascinated him and he twisted his feet from side to side.

It was at that moment that Olivia returned to the room. She smiled when she saw the faint nervous smile upon the pretty lad's girlish face. She knew that here was another boy succumbing to the joys and thrills of femininity. "I've made the arrangements for you to visit Dr. Balkut when you're finished here," she stated with a broad smile. "I must say that you make a simply *lovely* girl, Ashley. I'm sure you and your aunt will have *no* problems during your vacation. However, since your time is limited, I suggest we continue to find cute outfits for your new wardrobe."

"Of course," Lydia replied. "We've already spent too much time getting Ashley dressed this far."

Olivia smiled warmly. "I'll disagree with you on that point. The first time a boy tries on girls' clothes it's important not to rush. It takes time for him to adjust to the changes, to learn how nice the clothes feel, not to mention how cute they look. You've given Ashley the time she's needed to accept her new image. It's quite plain that she's now ready to accept her inherent girlishness and use it to your advantage."

With that, she picked up the dress she had earlier brought in and held it out so the shy new girl could slip it onto her lithe body.

Ashton swallowed nervously as he slipped his arms into the sleeves of the dress as it was lowered over his head. In seconds, it was settled about his slim body and zippered into place. After a few tugs and adjustments, he was ready to see the results.

The pink cotton gingham dress had a “country girl” look. Eyelet lace trimmed the short sleeves and flouncy hem. The Peter Pan collar overlaid an attached ruffled lily eyelet lace pinafore. The outfit was utterly soft and girlish, and made Ashley look like a sweet, innocent prepubescent girl on the verge of womanhood. No words were needed. The youth made an adorable girl.

After several moments of silence, Ashton turned and smiled at the women. “I guess I’ll take this dress,” he stated softly. “I like the way it looks.”

After that, dress followed dress, skirts and blouses followed jumpers, and finally, nightgowns followed swimsuits. Ashton was slowly acclimated to the femininity in which he found himself immersed. By the time they completed their selections and he had returned to the first dress, he was accustomed to seeing himself in a skirt and appearing as a girl.

Every mistake in comportment he’d made had been kindly pointed out and corrected; it was already becoming second nature to handle his skirts as if he’d always worn them. He had even reached the point where he was beginning to accept and think of himself as Ashley. This is not to say that he had forgotten that he was really a boy. To the contrary, the uncomfortable pressure inside his panties served as an all too clear reminder that he was still *very much* a boy.

The short trip to the car was made with both Lydia and Ashley overloaded with bags stuffed with new wardrobe. Ashley, as he kept trying to think of himself, was kept so busy juggling the bags that she had little time to worry whether or not anyone saw through her disguise. It was only after they deposited the bags into the car that those fears struck the suddenly frightened girl/boy.

Aunt Lydia noted the abrupt change in the confidence of her pretty niece and protectively reached to grasp Ashley’s hand. Ashley bit her lip tentatively and smiled at her Aunt Lydia silently thanking her for the reassurance. The two began the short walk to Dr. Balkut’s clinic. As they walked, Ashley kept peering about her, checking to see if anyone was staring at her.

Lydia smiled and laughed softly. “Ashley,” she whispered into the ear of the nervous girl. “Relax. It’s quite plain that everyone thinks that you’re exactly what you appear to be.”

Ashley returned the smile. Aunt Lydia was right, those that did look at her smiled and nodded just as she’d often seen people do when they saw a pretty girl. No one showed the slightest hint that they suspected the pretty girl they saw was really a boy. As she relaxed, the sensations of the skirt and slip rubbing her exposed thighs made her tingle with excitement. Her earlier anxiety had completely occupied her mind and left her unable to note those delightfully new perceptions.

As they approached the building that housed the clinic, Ashley's confidence in her ability to pass herself off as a girl was burgeoning. A slight spring entered her steps as the effervescent girl began almost skipping beside her aunt. This made Lydia feel happy and certain that they would be able to pull off their deception.

As they turned to the front door, a gust of wind whipped around the corner of the building. Lydia instinctively slid a hand down to keep her skirt from billowing upwards. Ashley, never having ventured outside in a skirt, was totally unprepared. Yes, she felt the cool breeze as it struck her legs, but she had no conception that the increasing draft would do what it did.

Even when her skirts filled and puffed out, the unknowing girl had no clue what was going to happen. Suddenly, it happened! The thing that all girls hate and dread, the very same thing that boys love to see happen to girls, happened to Ashley! The playful zephyr naughtily lifted her billowing skirts high above her waist!

Ashley panicked for a second as her skirts and the lace of her slip flashed before her eyes as they swirled, tossed about by the errant wind. A high-pitched squeal erupted from her lips as she released her Aunt's hand to flail both arms in a hectic effort to subdue the villainous skirts that had so unjustly betrayed her. Lydia quickly came to the aid of her distraught niece; between them they soon had Ashley's skirts back where they belonged. The now red-faced girl quickly glanced about to see if anyone had seen her girlish undies.

The women on the sidewalk were all judiciously looking at something else. But the males, especially two boys of about thirteen, were staring right at her! The boys were laughing and jabbing each other with their elbows as they pointed at Ashley. It was quite evident by their libidinous reaction that they *had* seen her panties! Tears of humiliation quickly filled Ashley's eyes as she valiantly crushed her skirts to her legs. Fortunately, Lydia had the presence of mind to urge Ashley into the building and away from the rude boys.

Ashley broke into sobs and buried her face into Aunt Lydia's bosom. Lydia quietly wrapped her arms about her shaken niece and maneuvered her to the side of the lobby. It took several moments before Ashley regained control.

"It's not the end of the world, Ashley," Lydia comforted the upset girl. "*Every* girl has gone through what you just did at one time or another. I remember several occasions when it was *my* skirts that flipped up! It is upsetting, but no real harm is done. It's just one of the many things you'll have to endure as a girl."

Ashley dried her eyes with the tissue Aunt Lydia handed to her. "It was really horrible," she exclaimed in a high-pitched voice. "I never realized it was so embarrassing! I'm really ashamed of myself for all the times I behaved like those two jerks when I saw a girl's skirt flip up. God, it was horrible!"

Lydia smiled knowingly. "Look on the bright side, darling. Those boys are jerks. *Most* boys are jerks. You're learning just how obnoxious they can be. When you return to being a boy, you'll be much more aware and compassionate about how a girl feels and thinks. Girls will appreciate that!"

Ashley smiled as she dabbed away the last of her tears. “Yeah, I guess you're right. I'll never laugh at something like that again!” A sudden look of worry filled her face. “You don't think they saw that I'm really a *boy*?”

“No way!” Lydia replied with a chuckle. “If they *had*, those boys wouldn't have reacted like that. They'd have been horrified to see a boy dressed as a girl! No, they and everyone else saw an unfortunate girl.”

Ashley relaxed a bit with that reassurance. It was comforting to know that even in such dire circumstances she appeared completely girlish. That knowledge helped Ashley to regain confidence in her ability to be a girl. A tentative, nervous smile appeared on her upset, embarrassed face as they headed for the elevator. At the same time, the success of the masquerade disturbed Ashton. After all, he was a *boy*. But how boyish was he if no one could tell he was a boy, even when his panties were flashed? That shook his masculine self confidence more than anything else so far.

So it was that fifteen minutes after they left *Fairytales Fashions*, they entered the waiting room at the *Diagnostic Possibilities Clinic*. Ashley fearfully gazed at the women seated about the room, trying to see if any suspected that he was not what he appeared. To his relief, those that took the time to note the newcomers simply smiled at the nervous pretty girl who held protectively onto the hand of the older woman she accompanied. A notice posted on the wall behind the receptionist stated that this was a private clinic specializing in evaluating and treating hormonal problems.

After Lydia identified themselves, the receptionist smiled broadly at Ashley. “Well, sweetheart,” she stated in an amiable voice. “You certainly are a pretty girl! If I hadn't been told you were a boy, I'd never have guessed! I'm sure Dr. Balkut can help you maintain your disguise and make you feel comfortable as a young lady. If you'll take a seat, I'll let the doctor know you're here.”

The short but eventful walk to the clinic had initially given, then shattered, and finally restored, the uncertain lad's confidence in his ability to successfully masquerade as a girl. Ashton smiled at the receptionist for the compliment which added to his resurgent assurance. Aunt Lydia squeezed his hand reassuringly. As the two turned to find seats, it was quite evident that the receptionist's words had been clearly heard throughout the waiting room. It was so quiet a pin could have been heard dropping. Everyone stopped what they were doing and intently examined the pretty pseudo-girl who turned from the receptionist's desk to find a seat.

Ashley was ready to bolt and run when one of the women smiled and moved over a seat to create two adjoining seats for Lydia and Ashley. “You can sit here,” she said sweetly with compassion in her voice. “It's so nice to see a boy who is unafraid to take advantage of his good looks! I'm certain that you'll never grow up to be one of those crude, overbearing men. You'll be sensitive and caring about women and their likes.”

Lydia and Ashley hesitated, suddenly unsure of what to do. Several other women spoke up to compliment Ashley upon her totally believable girlish appearance. “You *can't* be a boy! You're *much* too natural and cute to be one of those horrid creatures!” “You certainly make a lovely girl!” “I *never* would have guessed that you're a *boy*!” “It's obvious that you're *much* too pretty to be a boy!” Soon, the entire room was peppering Ashley and Lydia with compliments and questions. When they discovered the reason

for the masquerade, they laughed and praised Ashley for having the self-confidence to assume the role of a girl. Most couldn't believe that he'd only first put on girls' clothes for the first time a few hours before.

The minutes flew by as Ashley basked in the unexpected attention. Several women even voiced the idea of petticoating a son, brother, nephew, or grandson. They said they intended to ask Dr. Balkut about the testosterone blocker and female hormones. Their determination to subdue their male relatives made Ashley shiver and feel sorry for those boys who would suffer forced feminization because he had been seen as a polite girl. Yet, in another way, he felt that if any of them were like the two boys who'd laughed at his misfortune they *deserved* what they were about to get.

Soon, Ashley and Lydia were led to an examination room. Ashley couldn't help but admire the shapely figure of the pretty nurse as he followed. Her rear swung saucily with each step, her micro skirt swinging to reveal her garters. The nurse simply gushed with praise about Ashley's apparent girlishness, telling him that he had a definite advantage over most of the boys they treated to become girls. After he stripped to his panties and training bra, the talkative nurse took a blood sample, weighed Ashley, took his temperature, and recorded his height. Ashley gazed at her full, bouncy breasts as she leaned over him, barely able to control his drooling. The front of his panties were tented out in a *most* embarrassing manner.

In an effort to turn his thoughts from lust and the embarrassing result, Ashley wondered just how many boys there were who were dressing as girls. Never before had he even suspected that boys dressing as girls existed. In the last few hours, he had discovered that many people knew girl/boys! It would give him quite a bit of food for



thought later; for now, though, he found his mind drawn back to the luscious breasts of the nurse. How he'd love to touch and fondle them! An irritating thought intruded on his lust as he wondered how it felt to have pretty breasts. That thought disturbed him and yet at the same time made him even hornier.

Dr. Sarah Balkut swept into the room, taking the chart from the quiet nurse.

The doctor laughed. As she turned to the nurse she spoke. "Reduce this monster, and keep the emissions as a sample."

Lydia and the doctor watched as the nurse placed Ashley's legs in the examination stirrups and strapped them securely in place. Soon, both arms were tied to the sides of the table, a cinch strap crossed his neck, another his chest, and a third his waist. By the time Ashley was completely secured to the examination table, he was nearly swooning from the heated desire the nurse had created. .

Moments later, the nurse capped the test tube. She picked up the second tube containing his blood sample before leaving the room to take the samples to the lab for immediate tests. Dr. Balkut, who had closely watched Ashley all through the ordeal, smiled and turned to Lydia. Lydia was not nearly as upset by the abruptness of this reduction of Ashley's arousal as she had been by the earlier incident. Already, she was becoming inured to the deed she realized was necessary. It also reinforced her desire to see that it would not be required again.

"As you can see," stated Dr. Balkut to Lydia, "the methods we employ are *quite* efficient. Nurse Gina is vevry competent in determining if a boy is a man or sissy. I always have her escort the boys to the room and do the preliminary work. If they aren't aroused by the time I get here, I know they're not sexually attracted to girls. If that's the case, I have Gina remove her dress, bra and panties. Once a sissy sees her naked, he *always* gets aroused. You see Gina is a pre-op transsexual who has decided to stay that way. She's on a hormonal program that keeps her soft and feminine, especially her full breasts, while allowing her penis to function! Under that tight dress is an eight-inch cock!"

Ashley was slowly returning to consciousness and had heard every word about Nurse Gina. The revelation that the sexy nurse was a *male* stunned him! How could she have such full and firm tits! Her legs... her butt... she could be classified as *any* red-blooded boy's wet dream! She appeared totally believable as a girl. Then, a terrible thought occurred to him. He looked just as girlish as Gina! Again, he wondered how it would feel to have breasts budding from his chest. Strangely, he realized that the thought was not as reprehensible as it had been a few hours earlier.

His reverie was broken as Dr. Balkut began to probe his groin, poking and squeezing every square centimeter of his drained genitals. Satisfied, she turned her attention to his flat chest. After slipping the training bra upwards on his chest, she pinched his nipples almost painfully to note their response. Then, she massaged the surrounding areas to see if his flesh was firm and supple. Ashley instinctively knew that the doctor was checking to see if he could grow pretty breasts. The thought repelled yet intrigued him.

Ashley quietly endured the examination by biting his lips and closing his eyes. Lydia had listened with shock as the doctor explained that Gina was a male. The thought

that Ashley would make an even *more* believable girl if he had breasts stood out in her mind. With rapt attention, she watched the rapid but quite thorough examination, knowing that Dr. Balkut was checking Ashley's feminine possibilities.

Sarah Balkut smiled at the lad and patted his restrained hand. It was only then that Ashley realized he'd been tied down. His eyes flew open with fear as he tried briefly to free himself.

"It's hopeless to struggle, Ashley," Dr. Balkut stated softly. "You can't escape. I always hope the restraints aren't needed, but I feel it's better to be prepared. I won't do anything to hurt you, so you can relax a bit."

Turning to Lydia, she continued. "Olivia told me that you're dressing Ashley as a girl so she can accompany you on a year-long European trip."

Once she was assured by Lydia's nod that she was correct, she asked for and received the details of the trip and a brief history of Ashley's background, including the hunting incident. "Since Ashley is sixteen and obviously into puberty, immediate steps will be needed to prevent the testosterone bubbling in his body from making the rest of the changes that will turn him from a boy into a man. Ashley is an unusual case, in that he seems exhibit the secondary sexual characteristics we would expect of a boy a few years younger. Olivia told me she had to reduce his manhood before dressing him, which should have drained him for several hours. Judging from his response to Gina and the copious amount of discharge in the short time since his last arousal, I'd say he's on the verge of going into full puberty which will result in the appearance of all the secondary sexual characteristics."

"It's probably only weeks until his voice starts to change, his body hair darkens and thickens, his beard comes in, and his musculature bulks up," Dr. Balkut went on. "Not to mention a marked increase in his libido. At this point, he can still easily assume the appearance of a girl. Once those changes begin, it will become harder and harder, until eventually it becomes virtually impossible for him to pass as a girl."

"The only way to prevent this is to treat him with a testosterone-blocking agent," the doctor explained. "There are receptors in the nervous system that monitor hormonal levels in the blood stream. As a boy reaches puberty, these receptors order the testicles to produce testosterone to begin making the boy a man. In some people, these receptors don't work properly. The results can range from a small, wimpy, usually impotent man to a burly, hairy ape-type man who is a virtual satyr. In most cases, the receptors work properly and yield a normal man. What the blocking agent does is seek out the receptors and bind to them which results in a false reading of the testosterone levels. The nervous system thinks that the blood stream is flooded with testosterone and orders the testicles to shut down production until the excess levels are flushed from the body."

"A dose of the testosterone-blocking agent will bind to the receptors for five to six weeks before being washed away," Dr. Balkut added. "A booster shot once a month is needed to make the effects of the blocking agent continuous. I'll give Ashley the initial injection today. Within twenty-four hours all testosterone production will be shut down. It will take three to five days for the testosterone already in his body to become diluted to the point where it is ineffective. At that point, he'll find it difficult to ejacu-

late. In a week to ten days, all traces of testosterone will be flushed from his body. By that time, he'll most likely be unable to achieve an erection. This effect will last as long as the blocking agent is effective. When the agent finally washes away, the receptors will signal the testicles to begin production of testosterone. It will flood his body, making him surly and easily angered. This will last about a week, at which time he'll begin to feel his genitals stirring. It will take about a month to return to his present condition. After that, he'll follow the route of maturation that would normally have occurred. All the testosterone-blocking agent does is temporarily put the entire cycle on hold. No permanent damage is done."

Dr. Balkut looked at Lydia and Ashley. Both had closely followed the explanations, and were nodding their heads that they understood what effects the testosterone blocking agent would have on the youth. Satisfied that the two *did* understand, the doctor went on.

"Once she receives the shot, Ashley will not enter male puberty, but will continue as she presently exists. As is quite evident, she *will* be able to assume the role of a girl. Since you'll be gone for a year, it will be necessary that I receive an itinerary of your trip so that I can contact local physicians to administer the booster shots. I can make sure that the doctor is not a quack and willing to administer the drug. If the drug is unavailable, I can ship it to the doctor. This way you'll be able to receive the monthly doses to ensure that Ashley does not suddenly start changing into a man. All we need do is miss the last month, so that by the time you arrive home, you'll be returning to your present state."

A knock on the door indicated that Nurse Gina had returned. She entered with a clipboard laden with several sheets of paper. "Now that you understand what will happen," Dr. Balkut stated, "it's a legal requirement that you sign permission slips and waivers. Please read these forms and sign each at the indicated place."

Lydia took the clipboard and began to read the standard legal forms. As a nurse, she was familiar with the terms and technicalities. A brief perusal satisfied her that all was on the up-and-up. She signed every form, which Gina notarized and witnessed.

While that was going on, Dr. Balkut prepared to give Ashley the injection. When Gina indicated that all the forms had been signed, Dr. Balkut swabbed the base of Ashley's penis with alcohol. "This will be a bit uncomfortable, Ashley," she stated softly to calm the nearly hysterical youth. "Once this takes effect, you'll be a lot less sensitive here so that the boosters won't be any more uncomfortable than a normal shot in the arm." With that, she deftly slipped the needle into the tender flesh.

Ashton was beside himself with fear, regrets, and doubts. Even as he had listened and understood the explanation of the effects of the testosterone blocker, doubts as to the wisdom of taking such drastic action assailed him. Even though he felt sure of himself in his manhood, knowing he was not a homosexual or sissy, willingly allowing his masculinity to be erased was quite daunting. As he watched Dr. Balkut prepare the injection, he understood her wisdom in securing him to the examination table. He sincerely doubted he'd allow her to give him the shot if he were free. When his genitals were swabbed with alcohol, his reticent masculinity rebelled. Even knowing resistance was futile, he nevertheless struggled.

“No... please, no...,” he begged as tears rolled from his eyes. “I've changed my mind...” His hysterical words were ignored as he felt a sharp pain. “NOOOooo...,” he moaned as he felt the cool contents of the hypodermic needle permeate his flesh.

The boy collapsed into a sobbing heap. It was too late. He had allowed his manhood to be put to sleep. Fears once more washed over him. *Was* he a sissy to let this happen? The trauma simply became too much. Ashton fainted.

Lydia placed her hands on the boy's shaking shoulders in an effort to comfort him in his dilemma. She felt great sympathy and love for him at that moment and wished she could take away his fears and doubts. When he fainted, she began to panic. Had he reacted to the medicine?

“Relax, Lydia,” Dr. Balkut stated. “He's fainted. Happens almost every time to boys who don't *really* want to become girls. However, it gives me the opportunity to discuss the possibility of further treatments.”

Lydia was obviously perplexed, but willing to listen. “*What* ‘further treatments?’”

Dr. Balkut smiled. “Olivia, I told you about giving him female hormones in addition to the blocker. I think it's a must for several reasons. First, at thirteen, which is what Ashley appears to be, a girl is beginning to develop into a woman. While Ashley is able to pass as a young girl quite well, he *should* be passing as a budding teenager. That means breasts and butt development. Padding can be used to give that illusion, but it is bulky, hot, and uncomfortable. In addition, it's impractical for swimming or exercising. Only natural development can give that image.

“Second, Ashley is still a boy, even though she *appears* to be a girl. Her reactions, thoughts, and emotions are those of a boy. It has been proven that those things are related to the hormonal balance in the brain. Even though Ashley will have no testosterone, her brain is already patterned to react based on male instincts. Only by flooding her system with female hormones can her brain patterns and instincts be altered to match those of a girl. Lastly, Ashley will always feel guilty about the attention males pay to her as long as she maintains her present neutral body. Fears of homosexuality will eventually make her a nervous wreck. All the security she currently feels in her masculinity will suffer and weaken with each day as a girl. Eventually, she'll break down.”

“I can see what you mean,” Lydia stated quietly. “Why, in just this short time I've seen her react to the way boys look at her. Her emotions and feelings are up and down. Even her reaction to the testosterone-blocker proves that she'll have problems handling her masquerade for a long period.”

“Exactly,” agreed Dr. Balkut. “That's why she should be given a comprehensive female hormone treatment. It will change the patterning of her mind so that she'll accept male attentions as natural without being offended or frightened. It will help her relax and *enjoy* being a girl. She'll feel free to giggle or cry as the mood hits her without any male hang-ups. The physical changes will occur slowly just as normal puberty happens to ‘real’ girls.”

“The first week she'll feel out of sorts and possibly have a bad case of morning sickness. At the same time, her ability to achieve an erection will cease due to the com-

bined effects of the testosterone-blocker and the female hormones. You'll be able to write off those problems as a result of the trip and time change. By the end of the second week, she'll notice an increased sensitivity in her nipples and breasts. That you can attribute to wearing a training bra. By the third week, her nipples will become erect and even ache. The aureole will become larger. Any contact will hurt. That, too, can be attributed to the bra. By the fourth week, a lump and puffiness will be forming beneath the nipple and aureole. Again, the bra can be blamed."

"While all that is taking place physically, there will be mental changes happening," Dr. Balkut continued. "During the first week, the nausea and discomfort of the morning sickness as her body adjusts from male to female hormones will keep her distracted. She won't be worried about her loss of masculinity. The second week will be awkward since her brain will be stripped of normal male thought patterns as they are replaced by female patterns. The fears of loss of masculinity will be strong and her entire thought and reasoning process will be wrought with confusion. This will be the hardest week, since she'll no longer be *male*, but not yet *female*. Your best bet to get through this time will be to keep her busy with your itinerary. Don't give her time to slip into melancholy thoughts and fears.

"The third week will be a transition from male to female as the female thought patterns firm up and begin to guide her thinking and reactions. She'll be horrified by her breasts and begin to fear that they will continue to develop. Anxiety will make her a nervous wreck if you don't keep her occupied. By the fourth week, she'll know that she's growing breasts. Again, she'll be horrified and most likely will lash out and rebel. It will be most critical to keep her out amongst others. Her need to maintain her feminine image will force her to quietly accept the changes. The reactions of others to her burgeoning femininity will reinforce her confidence in her ability to be a girl. The new feminine thought patterns will joyously accept the attentions and praise of others in her innate girlishness. Reinforce this."

"It's most important that you avoid referring to her in the masculine tense. Praise her for being so pretty, for behaving in a lady-like manner. While her masculinity will be screaming out for freedom, at the same time she'll be relishing her girlishness. Make her feel like a girl at all times! By this point, you'll be ready to see a doctor for the booster on the testosterone-blocker. The doctor will examine her body, and inform her that everything is normal. The changes will be attributed to the testosterone-blocker and her innate girlishness. After this reassurance, the influence of the female hormones will force her to accept the changes. At the end of the second month, she should be filling out an A-cup bra. Her comfort and sense of self-worth will be firmly associated with her femininity. She'll simply stop questioning the changes and accept them, eventually enjoying them."

Lydia nodded her head and looked at the unconscious naked youth. A smile crept over her face as she visualized perky breasts sprouting precociously from the flat, boyish chest. In the short time since she'd dressed him, she found that she much preferred having the youth as her "niece". But how could she *do* this to him? He was a good boy, and it wasn't *right* to deny him his manhood. Yet, that *was* what he'd agreed to do in order to take this trip, to become a girl. Would she be wrong to *add* to that girlishness?

“You explained that the effects of the testosterone blocker are temporary,” said Lydia. “Will the female hormones make any permanent changes?”

Dr. Balkut became quite serious. “Yes, there *will* be permanent changes. When the testosterone-blocker is used in combination with female hormones, the male genitalia will atrophy. The amount of degeneration is hard to judge. I'd say that in Ashley's case, since he hasn't fully entered male puberty, the effects will be quite drastic. A normal adult man undergoing a year's treatment with testosterone-blocker and female hormones can expect to permanently suffer about a twenty to twenty-five percent loss in size and ability to function.”

“What about Ashton?” Lydia asked. “How much permanent loss will occur during the trip?”

Dr. Balkut looked deep into Lydia's eyes. After a few moments silence, she replied. “Considering his present state of masculinity, I'd venture a guess that Ashton's masculinity will permanently atrophy at about twenty to twenty-five percent per month after the initial month.”

Lydia was astounded. Her mouth dropped open in disbelief. “You're saying that by the end of the fifth month, he'll be unable to *ever* return to being a male?”

“Yes,” replied Dr. Balkut. “That is my opinion based on previous experiences with previous boys. Stop deluding yourself, Lydia. Ashton is sixteen now, even though he could pass easily for thirteen. He'll be seventeen when this trip is over. What do you think his chances are of returning to be a normal guy? Didn't you both admit that he was already considered an outcast and a sissy by his peers? After a year of swishing about in skirts, sitting daintily, and giggling, do you *really* think he'll be able to revert to normal behavior? At best he'll be hounded and harassed for being a pantywaist! Besides, after a year wearing soft, pretty dresses and lingerie, do you *seriously* believe he'll be able to give them up? Think! Just this first day has changed his appreciation of femininity. After a year of unending girlhood, he'll never be able to make it as a guy. You'll actually be doing him a favor by placing him on the female hormones. Then he won't be faced with the dilemma of feeling *forced* to give up his joyous girlhood to return to his previous unhappy existence!. I can see that you would prefer a niece to a nephew. I'm sure his mother would love a daughter better than a son. I can do a complete sex change upon him when you return so that he'll be a complete girl by the time he's ready to return to school.”

Lydia thought about the twisted logic of Dr. Balkut's words. She was unable to deny that the statements were all quite true. “I can see your points, but I'm just not sure. What gives me the right to make such a decision? Even if I would prefer him as a girl, what does *he* want?”

“If you were to ask now, he'd say he hates the idea of becoming a girl. *Any* boy would. But if you ask him in six months, *she'll* thank you.” Dr. Balkut paused, then went for the jugular. “Besides, just think of the effect having his son become his daughter would have upon the boy's father!”

That was the key! Lydia's eyes blazed with hatred as she thought of Paul sitting in his jail cell ranting and raving about his “sissy son”. Transforming Ashton into a girl

would be the most effective punishment that could be given to the overbearing, macho man. “Do it!” Lydia said simply in a flat, monotone voice.

Thirty seconds later, the first dose of a time-release female hormone was seeping into Ashton's bloodstream from the injection in his tender bottom. “If you should change your mind,” Dr. Balkut added in an effort to reduce the guilt she knew Lydia would feel, “simply tell the doctor not to give him the next dose of the female hormones. However, once you see the changes, I'm sure all doubts will vanish.”

The words did indeed comfort Lydia who immediately regretted her hasty decision to give Ashton the female hormones. It was too late, though, to change what had been done. She would simply tell the doctor next month not to give him female hormones. A devilish desire to see Ashley blossom as a pretty teenage girl filled her heart. How would he react to his breasts? He certainly had been interested in *Gina's*! Now Ashley could watch her own development and learn what girls experienced. With that thought, Lydia was already reconsidering her decision to stop the hormones. After all, waiting to the second month to stop the hormones wouldn't do much harm, she rationalized. After all, even if he suffered a twenty-five percent permanent loss, the “performances” she witnessed him render left her no doubt that he would be at least as vital as the average male!

Smelling salts revived Ashley, and in minutes the hastily dressed youth and his doting aunt were headed for the elevator. The trip home was filled with Lydia asking Ashley pointed questions about his new wardrobe. At first he objected, stating he was too embarrassed or upset. However, Lydia pointed out that their time was limited, and he had best understand feminine fashions and descriptive terminology. By the time they arrived home, the girlish lad knew how to properly describe each piece of dainty apparel.

When his mother saw the pretty girl who was in reality her son, she almost passed out. Karen had never suspected that the youth could appear so authentic or natural as a girl. Of course, she voiced concern when told about the testosterone-blocker treatment, but the logic of the need made her accept it. The night was spent removing tags from the new clothes, laundering those that needed to be pre-washed, and packing the suitcases. Both Lydia and Karen began to love the idea of “Ashley”.

As they worked, Ashton asked numerous questions. Since he would have to behave like a thirteen-year-old girl for the next year, it was important that he understand what it *meant* to be a girl. What would a girl his age have experienced? What would her feelings and emotions be? How should she react to boys? It was obvious that this last concern was vital to Ashton. He didn't want to *encourage* guys, but he didn't want to give the impression that he was a man-hater or lesbian. The women did their best to ease the youth's concerns.

Ashton donned one of his new babydoll nighties and slipped into bed. As he tried to fall asleep, his hands idly roamed his nylon-clad body, stroking and petting his sensitive flesh. It only took a few moments before his manhood reacted and tented the front of his cute nightie. Giggling nervously as he recalled the erections he'd had earlier in the day, he “took matters into his own hand” and quickly dealt with the insistent monster. As he basked in the satisfying warm afterglow, he found himself wondering what

he'd feel like in the next week as the testosterone-blocker robbed him of the ability to enjoy his masculinity.

The next morning, Ashton awoke quite groggy with an upset stomach. In moments he was heaving the contents of his stomach. Lydia realized it was the natural reaction of the male body to the female hormones.

Karen was quite concerned when Ashton decided to lie down for a few minutes rather than eat breakfast. The boy smiled wearily and assured them that he would be all right. The nausea was simply a bad case of nerves. The nausea also kept the sexual arousal caused by the soft girl clothes from manifesting itself.

Lydia felt overwhelmed with guilt, and as the boy rested, she confessed to Karen that in addition to the testosterone-blocker, she had allowed Dr. Balkut to administer female hormones. Karen was quite upset at first, but once Lydia repeated Dr. Balkut's explanation, she, too, had to admit that it *would* be better if Ashley blossomed into a teenage girl. Karen felt compelled to insist that significant permanent atrophy of Ashton's male equipment be avoided. As the women discussed the effects, they decided to have him receive a second dose of the female hormones, just to make sure he started to develop breasts. They decided the expected atrophy would be acceptable. They speculated about whether skipping the dose every other month would keep the feminization going without causing his masculinity to atrophy. Karen decided to check with Dr. Balkut.

Once Ashton felt better, he dressed as Ashley and joined his mother and aunt. The excitement now caused a very unfeminine reaction to occur inside his snug panties. There was no time to seek relief. Soon their bags were packed into the car and they were ready to leave. As Karen drove the travelers to the airport to begin their trip, they made a stop. Karen and Lydia entered the hospital room of Mary Wayne. She was glad to see her friends to wish them a happy trip.

“But where's Ashton?” Mary asked forlornly. “I had hoped to see him off, too.”

Ashton waited impatiently outside the room. The strain in his panties increased now that he had time to reflect on his girlish apparel. “Where's Ashton?” was the signal he'd been waiting to hear. After making sure his erection was hidden by his skirts, into the room he walked as a perky thirteen-year-old girl. Ashley smiled, pirouetted, and dropped into a dainty curtsy. “Thank you again for giving me the opportunity to take this trip,” she told her boggled patron.

Mary was stunned. Ashley was adorable! She wore a full skirted jumper of jade plaid. It featured a button front, waist tie, and two side pockets. The simple white linen peasant blouse made her look angelic and naturally soft and girlish. White ribbed knit kneesox and simple black Mary Jane style shoes looked perfect with the outfit. The obviously happy smile upon her pixie-like face revealed her happiness and self-confidence. Flashing blue eyes glistened beneath the straight bangs that touched her thin eyebrows. But the crowning effect was the big white bow tied into her bouncy ponytail.

“Is that *really* you, Ashton?” she whispered in disbelief.

Ashley responded by demurely stepping next to the bed to give Mary a tender hug and kiss upon the cheek. "Thank you, Mary, I promise to write and send oodles of photos!"

The conversation was continued for several minutes before time constraints cut it short. Mary was certain that her idea of having Ashton assume the role of Ashley would work out just fine. Ashley had seemed so real and natural as a girl that she wondered if the boy would *ever* be able to return to being a boy.

An hour later the plane zoomed into the air, headed for Dulles International Airport in Washington. Once safely airborne, Ashley headed for the restroom. Inside she raised her skirts revealing a most unladylike bulge inside her panties. Ashton slipped his panties down to free his erection, which took only seconds to reduce. It was a relaxed and bashful young girl who demurely exited the restroom.

The layover and plane change would leave just enough time to get Ashley her passport. The clerks at the passport office had been notified of the rushed circumstances and need for hurry by the travel agent. So when Lydia and Ashley hustled into the office, everything was ready. All went as Mary the travel agent and Lydia had assured the nervous youth it would. They said that a positive, bubbly girl would keep the truth from being noted.

The photo of the cute teenager was soon pasted onto her passport and they were off. So convincing was Ashley's appearance and demeanor as a girl that the clerk never noticed the birth certificate was marked "male" or that the name was Ashton instead of Ashley. In his quick glance at the certificate, the pretty teenage girl he saw waiting for her passport blinded him from noticing the discrepancies between what was written and the image before him.



It was only when they were safely airborne and flying over the Atlantic that Ashley came down from her euphoric high. The early morning rush to bath, dress, say good-bye, and get her passport had left her exhausted but happy. Now, all she had to do was maintain her girlishness for the next year.

After settling back in her seat in an attempt to take a nap, Ashley's frazzled mind relaxed as she reviewed all that had transpired to bring her to this point. The simple fact was that she had performed flawlessly. At no time had any boyishness seeped through the girlish facade. Confidence in her ability to pull off the year-long masquerade soared. At the same time, though, it made her feel very guilty. As she relaxed, Ashley slipped away and Ashton took over.

The youth realized he was actually two people! Ashley was the girl who would enjoy the vacation, Ashton was the hidden passenger, to be kept cooped up in the dark recesses of her mind. Guilt over betrayal of his masculinity once more reared its ugly head. Even as it did so, he knew he had to control the rage and fear, since any revelation of his true sex would be worse than the masquerade. Ashton forlornly wondered where he'd be if he had skinned that rabbit. Would he be better off? Would he be able to resume being a boy after the trip?

That fear was very real. As Ashley, he enjoyed the soft, girlish clothes, even the dresses and skirts! The reactions of the people he'd met had been warm, positive, and complimentary since they thought he was a girl. That was a far cry from the cold, often belligerent emotions he had experienced as a boy. It *was* nice to be a girl, he had to admit to himself.

An additional concern was how the testosterone-blocker would affect him. In recent weeks, his male drive and libido had been multiplying as his manhood finally began to exert itself. The new emotions and feelings had given him a sense of pride, self-worth, and even *power*. Now, those pleasant sensations would disappear. Several times during the day he had been thrilled to feel so girlish. What would he feel like after a year if he *already* felt joy in his femininity?

The stewardess gently awoke the sleeping girl. Ashley smiled and thanked the smiling woman and rearranged her dress to erase the wrinkles her brief slumber had created. Soon, she and Lydia were enjoying their in-flight meal. During the nap, Lydia had been engaged in conversation with a few of the surrounding passengers. Some now peppered the pretty girl with compliments and questions. All were impressed by her polite and open poise, saying that they wished more young girls were so well-behaved.

After eating, Ashley watched the stewardesses as they collected the trays and took care of the needs of the passengers. All of them were very pretty young ladies with shapely legs. A warm, tingling in his groin reminded him that he was still a male despite his appearance. A smile of satisfaction filled his face as he shifted in his seat. One hand furtively slipped to his groin where he began to massage the growing ache. Soon, he felt the front of his panties growing very tight. Nervously, he looked about to see if anyone saw his dilemma. Thankfully, no one noted anything out of the ordinary.

As he straightened his skirts, he wondered if the testosterone-blocker was already taking its deadly toll on his manhood. Dr. Balkut had said "a week to ten days", but it

was only just over twenty-four hours. Concern and guilt for allowing his manhood to be put to sleep once more came to the forefront of his concerns.

In Rome, they disembarked and slipped through customs with ease. A taxi took them to their moderately-priced hotel. Both had heard that the Latin male exhibited his machismo behind the wheel, but now they experienced it first hand. Ashley reveled in the wild, erratic driving of the mustachioed Italian driver. The fervid gestures and shouts with which the man peppered his fellow drivers on the crowded streets made it seem as if they were opponents in a race. Aunt Lydia clung to Ashley for security as the older woman exerted all her will to avoid chastising the driver. Doing so would have been a grave insult, or so their travel agent had informed them.

Once settled into their room, they relaxed. "Ashley," Lydia asked with concern. "Are you having any problems handling your masquerade?"

Ashley had kicked off his shoes and lain upon the bed. "Not so far, Aunt Lydia," he replied with ease. "Everything has been a piece of cake so far."

With that reassurance, the two changed into skirt and sweater sets. The sun had set when Lydia walked down the sidewalk clutching Ashley's hand as they wended their way to a nearby restaurant for their evening meal. The casual meal was delicious and without incident. Both practiced their meager Italian, much to the amusement of their waiter.

That night, as Ashley lay in his bed trying to fall asleep, his thoughts once more turned to his seemingly innate girlishness. The ease with which he slipped into the female persona made him feel a bit guilty. As if to reassure him that he was indeed still very much a guy, his manhood began to stir. After first checking to see if Aunt Lydia was asleep, he turned to the matter of reducing his rampant manhood to safer dimensions. Afterwards, he once more felt guilty. This time noticed a marked lessening in the intensity of his orgasm and the amount of discharge.

The next day they visited Vatican City. Both marveled at the sheer size and majestic beauty of St. Peter's Cathedral. The serenity of the Sistine Chapel filled them with awe. The size of the museums and displays of paintings and statues overwhelmed their sensitivities. That evening, as they collapsed into bed to ease their aching feet, both fell asleep almost instantly, lulled into peaceful dreams by the beauty of what they had seen.

The next several days, they toured Rome. From roaming the depths of the catacombs of the early Christians to mounting the steps of the ruined splendor of the Coliseum, they trudged their way across the Eternal City, passing through the dust of the ages. They traveled and explored, from the splendor and decadence of Ancient Rome, through the blossoming of the Renaissance, to the cultural hodgepodge of the twentieth century. Their itinerary had been planned to keep them busy three days, relaxed one, busy two more, and relaxed the third.

Each evening they retired to their beds, exhausted. Each morning, Ashley awoke with slight nausea, although each passing day was less intense than the first. So busy and tired were they, that Ashton never missed not having the usual urges of his previously demanding manhood. It wasn't until the evening of their first rest day that Ashton realized that he'd stopped having erections. Reaching beneath the sheets, he began

to stroke and caress himself. A warm glow formed in his tummy and spread slowly and luxuriously, suffusing throughout his body. It wasn't until he awoke the next morning that he realized he hadn't gotten hard, much less reached an orgasm. Even more amazing was his realization that he felt satisfied!

As he sat on the toilet that morning, he gazed at his limp manhood. Taking a deep breath, he decided to try to get it up. After fifteen minutes of fruitless effort and several calls from his aunt, he gave up the hopeless effort. As he slipped his snug pink nylon panties into place about his soft derriere, he wondered how long it would be before he had another erection. He found it interesting that the knowledge that he was now impotent didn't really faze him. Now that it was a fact rather than a threat, it seemed far less important than the crisis it had seemed only days before. The hormones were already taking their toll.

Little did he know that the female hormones were already altering the way he felt and thought. The next crisis would occur in a few weeks, when his breasts began to swell. By then, the female hormones would have subdued and eliminated any masculine abhorrence of such an ordeal.

At the end of their first month, Ashley lay back on the examination couch in the office of an Italian doctor. The doctor poked and prodded Ashton's limp genitals and soft, slightly puffy chest. Their conversation was stifled and limited by the lack of common language. In the end, Ashton meekly accepted the two injections. The testosterone-blocker would keep his manhood subjugated, while the female hormones would continue to soften his flesh and enhance his already flabby breasts.

The next month found the duo touring Greece. Again, their busy itinerary coupled with the lulling effects of the testosterone-blocker and the alterations created by the female hormones to make the youth unaware of the subtle but steady changes occurring in his body, thoughts, and behavior. Ashley didn't even realize he no longer had to think about how to behave as a girl. Girlishness was now quite natural *and* most becoming.

The swelling and itching of his breasts as they grew caused the youth mild concern. When he complained, Lydia simply explained it was a combined reaction to the softening of his flesh and loss of musculature due to the testosterone-blocker on top of the effects of constantly wearing a bra. The pleasure Ashley derived from massaging the insistent tingling more than compensated for the embarrassment of his small but growing breasts.

An item of greater concern for Ashley was the growing attentions of males. Now that he was completely at ease wearing a skirt, his every movement had become femininely graceful and enticingly fluid. His natural beauty combined with the effects of the female hormones to subtly alter his body. The formerly lithe youth was blossoming into the provocative erotic proportions that virile boys and the proverbial dirty old man find irresistible.

Everywhere they went, guys ogled Ashley's shapely legs and budding breasts. At first, the unlooked-for attentions made her quite uncomfortable, but soon she accepted it as the cost of maintaining her masquerade. As a formerly virile male, Ashley knew what those men would like to do to a pretty girl. This proved quite disconcerting

since every time she saw a male leering at her, a warm glow seemed to suffuse her body which made her nipples swell and her budding breasts tingle with the desire to be fondled and kissed. Even her limp, shriveled manhood would twitch with twinges of desire to be manipulated and consoled. When she first connected these pleasant sensations of burgeoning girlish sexuality with the lecherous gazes of her admirers, she almost fainted. It was a day she'd never forget.

Lydia and Ashley were walking through the ruins of Corinth. A group of English schoolboys were jumping about the fallen stones of the market place, laughing, yelling, and playing tag. Ashley slowed for a moment to watch their antics as a longing to join their fun bubbled up from her suppressed boyhood. One of the lads spotted her and stopped dead, staring. The others noted the leer and turned to see what he found so interesting. The market place fell suddenly silent as they all stopped their rough house play. It took only a few seconds until the wolf whistles began. Like a pack of hungry wild dogs, the boys jumped from their various perches to saunter in her direction to get a better look at the pretty girl. For a moment Ashley was confused and wondered what they had spotted. She looked behind her in an attempt to see what infatuated them. She saw nothing but ruins.

Suddenly it hit her like a wall collapsing upon her. They were staring at *her!* Ashley's step faltered and she turned beet red. Blushing deeply, she looked away from the boys. A sudden dryness came over her mouth and a feeling of dizziness made her stumble to a halt. Through her slightly out-of-focus eyes, she looked down at herself. In her dazed state of mind, she saw the pink sneakers at the end of her shapely legs which disappeared beneath the pleated hem of a pink miniskirt. The snug, rib knit sleeveless pink top hugged her torso, calling attention to her proudly budding breasts. The wolf calls of the approaching boys and the terror evident in Ashley's big baby blue eyes left no doubt in Lydia about the problem. Protectively, she placed an arm about Ashley and used her own body to shield the trembling girl from the boys. At the same time, their leader noted his stalking charges and quickly ascertained their objective. In a loud voice, he called the boys together and led them off in the opposite direction.

It took almost fifteen minutes for Ashley to collect herself before they could continue. To Lydia, it seemed obvious that her young companion had other things on her mind rather than their surroundings. That the boys had found her attractive had been unsettling to Ashley. Worse was the knowledge that, even though quite humiliated, she had found their attentions stimulating! That evening the two had a very long discussion about the "birds and the bees".

Ashley's greatest fear was that she was becoming homosexual. While she had been able to suppress her boyishness, she had done so with the understanding that it was all a temporary masquerade, and that she would return to her boyhood while maintaining her heterosexual masculinity. Enough of her suppressed masculinity remained that the mere idea of being sexually aroused by males was abhorrent. Aunt Lydia remained silent as Ashley poured her fears out. After deep thought, Lydia knew she had to allay those fears.

"Ashley," Lydia stated as she rose from the bed where the two had been cuddled comfortingly, "I have a confession to make. I let myself be talked into doing something that I never dreamed I would do. I explained the situation to your mother before we

left, and she was as upset about it as I was. However, we both agreed that under the circumstances, it was something that had to be done. We decided to do it for two months and then reevaluate our decision. We should have told you then, but we knew that you would never be able to accept the rationale behind it. Now I think you can, since you have been experiencing the results our decision has endowed upon you.”

Ashley was totally confused. It was evident that Aunt Lydia was upset and concerned about whatever decision she had made, and it was equally obvious that it concerned *her*. “What is it?” she asked in a soft, timid voice.

Lydia took a deep breath. “After you fainted when Dr. Balkut gave you the testosterone-blocker, she explained that you would be better off if you also took female hormones.”

Ashley turned pale and gasped. Her soft, dainty hand instinctively rose to her budding breasts and cupped the firm flesh.

“Yes, Ashley,” Lydia confessed. “You’ve been receiving female hormones. Your breasts are the result. So are the feelings of arousal that you’ve been so worried about. You’re not queer, you’re simply going through the same emotions and feelings of desire *every* girl endures during puberty. Only a boy, with testosterone and functioning male equipment would be queer if he was turned on by guys. His arousal would be evidenced by an erection. Your arousal is totally feminine. It’s in your breasts and groin, just like a normal girl.”

“Dr. Balkut convinced me that in order for you to think, feel, and look like a thirteen-year-old girl, you had to be entering feminine puberty. Simply stopping masculine puberty would not be enough. A girl that age and your size should be evidencing the onset of womanhood. It simply would not do to have you be flat-chested for the entire length of our tour.”

“Female hormones affect the way you think and feel. She also explained that it would be easier for you to accept your girlish role if you felt like a girl. I’ve watched you closely during our trip. I’ve seen you soften and relax. I’m sure you have to admit that you are no longer masquerading as a girl, you actually *are* a girl! The reactions of the guys who leer at you are the reactions of lusty males for a healthy female. Your response to their lust is that of a healthy female! The female hormones have indeed done everything Dr. Balkut promised.”

Ashley sat upon the bed nervously fondling his breasts as he took in the outrageous revelation. The first rush of emotion was anger and betrayal, but quickly moderated to meek acceptance. It *must* be the female hormones, he realized with a sense of awe and shock, that had helped him accept his burgeoning girlishness. After a few moments of contemplation, he looked at Aunt Lydia. “Will the changes be permanent? Can I go back to being a boy?”

“Yes, you can go back to being a boy, as long as you don’t stay on the female hormones *too* long,” stated Lydia. “That’s why your mother and I decided to review your situation after two months. During a second month of female hormones combined with the testosterone-blocker, your male organs will permanently atrophy about twenty to twenty-five percent. We felt that a twenty percent loss was acceptable, since two months would be needed to bring you to your present state of girlishness. I’ve been

keeping your mother posted on the effects of the hormones, and we are both inclined to skip the female hormones the third month in order to keep your male equipment from getting any smaller. Dr. Balkut assured your mother that a dose every other month would result in only a two to three percent loss with each additional dose. We still have another week before your next checkup. I was going to call your mother to discuss the matter.”

“What were you planning to do?” Ashley asked in a barely audible whisper.

Now it was Lydia's turn to blush and stammer. “I'm not sure. I *love* what's been happening to you! You were a model nephew but you make an even more wonderful niece. To be honest, if I knew I wouldn't feel guilty about it, I'd keep you on female hormones and turn you into a real girl!”

Ashley sat there in stunned disbelief. Their time together *had* been wonderful. Behaving and acting like a girl was now quite natural. In truth, he realized with a bit of shock, he had even begun to think of himself with feminine pronouns! Now that he understood what was causing these changes, he was able to accept that aspect. With grim determination, he decided it would be easier if he thought of himself as a true female. Besides, the changes in her body as she entered feminine puberty were most pleasant. The relief that she wasn't gay helped her relax. But to be prevented from any chance to return to boyhood was not her idea of fair play! With a bit of anger in her voice, she sneered. “So what was my mother going to do? Does *she* want me to become a girl, too?”

Lydia paced about the room. “She hasn't seen you, hasn't discovered how much of a girl you really are. You know she fell in love with you before we left. She wants you to skip a month of the female hormones. However, I think if she were to see you, to meet you, she would *want* you to become her daughter.”

“It's *my* decision now,” Ashley stated as she rose from the bed. “If I become a real girl, it will be *me* who decides! I'm stuck this way now, and I hate to admit it, but Dr. Balkut was correct.” Her voice was surly and bitter. After a few moments of bestowing a most withering gaze upon her Aunt, Ashley relaxed as she realized what she had said. “I do feel comfortable this way,” she added in a soft, bemused tone. “It's almost as if I were *always* a girl! No one has teased me for being a sissy. No one has condemned me for being less than a tough, macho guy. I'm free to cry or giggle without being embarrassed. I don't have to show off for other guys. Being a girl *does* have definite benefits! I guess the hormones have eased up on my prejudice and fears. Heck, I can't even imagine wearing pants anymore! Maybe I *should* be a girl! Only thing is, I don't look forward to making out with guys!”

Lydia laughed. “No one says you *have* to make out with guys. If you do, fine, if not, that's all right, too. Perhaps as the female hormones make your girlishness stronger, you'll become interested in dating. Dating and liking boys won't mean you're homosexual. Since you'll be behaving and appearing as a girl, you'll attract boys like any girl will. They will treat you as if you're a real girl because they won't know the difference. Your feelings and emotions are changing. What boyishness you had is being replaced by caring, amiable girlishness. If we look at this matter honestly, I think we both know

you're far happier now, as a girl, than you ever dreamed of being when you were a boy!"

Ashley blushed once more. It was true that she was happier. "Yes," she responded thoughtfully. "I *am* happier. But, it's still going to be MY decision!"

"Agreed," conceded Lydia with relief. "Why don't we call your mother and talk this over with her?"

The upshot of that conversation was basically the same. Ashley discovered that her mother had always wanted a daughter. The brief time they had been together as mother and daughter had awakened the long-suppressed desire. It was also with great relief that Karen agreed the final decision to continue or discontinue taking the female hormones should be Ashley's.

The week between the revelation that Ashley had secretly received two doses of female hormones and the next doctor appointment seemed to speed by as the boy/girl explored her burgeoning girlishness and feminine charms. When circumstances were such that male admirers wanted to pursue her, the pretty teen began to intentionally flirt with them! The first time she did so her flirting was hesitant, tentative, subtle, and coy. But, as her confidence grew, she became quite coquettish, even bordering on brazen.

As she reflected on the arrogant, often inane responses of the guys, she realized that males truly thought with their balls rather than their brains. Virtually every hopeful suitor make a fool of himself as he tried to impress her. The macho arrogance and attitudes the guys exhibited made her realize that being a guy was not all that great. Boys and men were quite shallow and seemed tied into playing the role of a rough and tumble, devil-may-care male. Based on her own experiences as a boy, though such were admittedly limited and unsuccessful, the former boy knew the guys had only one goal in mind when they pursued a girl.

Ashley shook her head as she tried to fathom why getting into a girl's panties was so damn important to guys. Even her own past meager efforts now seemed foolish and insensitive. Developing a solid personal relationship was much more important than getting one's "jollies".

At the same time, however, Ashley reveled in the power her girlishness seemed to have over men as she teased them into revealing their ineptitude. Now that her eyes had been opened by her need to masquerade as a girl, she was glad that she was no longer like the boys. The knowledge that she *was* no longer "like them" also made her feel guilty.

The fact that she also found herself becoming sexually aroused while flirting only compounded her growing dilemma. The sexual arousal she felt was quite different from the arousal she knew as a male. As a boy, the stimulation had all been centered in her swollen penis. Now that her body was being altered by the female hormones, her penis was no longer the only spot of excitement; the shriveled organ merely tingled. The main titillation now emanated from her softly budding breasts and slowly spread in the form of a warm, comfortable, tingling throughout her girlish body. Ashley was forced to admit that sexual arousal as a girl was *much* nicer than that which she had experienced as a boy. This, too, was a cause for guilt.

Even more guilt-inducing, however, were the tentative explorations when bathing. Simply relaxing in a tub of warm water surrounded by mountains of floral scented bubbles made her feel soft and concupiscent. The slippery sleekness of her smooth, soft, hairless flesh intrigued her. Tentatively, she began to stroke and massage her changing body. New and very pleasant sensations swept through her as she stroked her thighs, her tummy, and especially her budding breasts. With each bath she took these new explorations a bit further, pushing back the flimsy guilt-induced barricades that her suppressed masculinity desperately tried to build.

In calmer moments, she tried to make the decision about whether or not to continue taking female hormones. One moment, her guilt would make her decide to forgo further treatments, the next her new-found delight with her girlishness would make her decide to continue the female hormones. Ashley slowly realized that she really wouldn't be able to make a firm decision until the time came when she *had* to do so. She wondered if, even then, she'd be able to do so.

During Ashley's introspection and self-exploration, Lydia wisely kept her own counsel. At the same time, she encouraged Ashley's growing girlishness. In their conversations no mention was made of the female hormones.

They saw the next doctor in Athens. After the jolly doctor, who spoke fluid English, examined Ashley and prodded her almost A-sized breasts, he smiled with delight. It was quite evident that he was intrigued by the changes the female hormones had already wrought in the boy. The verbose man gushed about how pretty and naturally girlish Ashley appeared. Several times he mentioned it was "obvious" they were making the right decision to change Ashley into a real girl. "Correcting the mistake of his birth," as he so aptly put it. After preparing the two syringes and picking up the first, he swabbed the boy/girl's groin and easily inserted the needle into the base of the lifeless shrunken man-flesh.

During the exam, Ashley blushed and was pleased by the comments the doctor made. But at the same time, his continual references to the lack of innate masculinity roused the suppressed and almost vanquished boy within. When the doctor approached with the second needle, it was Ashton who clamped his soft, effeminate thighs together. "Wait!" the girlish boy panted breathlessly. "I'm still not sure if I *want* that shot!" Tears formed in the corner of his eyes as he fought to make the fateful decision. Ashley wanted the shot, Ashton didn't. However, Ashton was no longer strong enough to refuse while Ashley was too sensitive to demand what she wanted.

The doctor was obviously puzzled. "But you *must* take this shot! Your doctor clearly indicated that you were to receive the testosterone-blocker!"

"Yes," responded a tearful Ashton. "I know I need *that*. It's the female hormones I'm not sure about!"

The doctor turned red and stammered. "B... but child," he stated with obvious shock as he held up the full syringe. "*This* is the testosterone-blocker. I've already given you the female hormones!"

Ashton gaped at the doctor for several seconds before despondently clutching his shriveled and useless masculinity. "B... but that means I'll lose another twenty percent

of my... Why it won't even be worthwhile being a guy if I'm *that* small! Take it out! Please take it out!" begged the nearly hysterical boy.

Lydia stepped to the examination table and took the trembling youth in her warm protective arms. "Ashley, it *can't* be undone. It's too late, Darling," she cooed softly as she stroked the sweated brow of her frantic charge.

Ashton desperately looked at his aunt hoping to see that she was joking. The unhappy youth buried his pretty face in Lydia's bosom as he cried. The defeated boy knew that Aunt Lydia's words were true. Meekly, Ashton slipped back into the recesses of his mind in a vain effort to salvage something of his fading masculinity. Once more, Ashley took over.

Lydia could sense the sudden change in her ward. Relaxing her embrace, she looked down at the soft, still weeping girl.

Ashley bravely sniffed back her tears. "I... I'll be all right now, Aunt Lydia," she whispered softly. "Thank you for comforting Ashton. He's really scared."

"I know, Darling," responded Lydia with a weak smile. "I'm glad you're not gloating over what's happened."

"Oh, Aunt Lydia," the shocked girl stated. "I could never gloat over this! Sure, I wanted the hormones, I *like* being a girl. But Ashton wasn't ready. He needed more time to see that I *should* be a girl. He knows he should have been born a girl, but there is still too much boy left inside to yield. Now it's too late..."

Ashley grew quiet and her eyes glazed as if she were suddenly lost in a dream as her consciousness turned inward. After a few moments a soft, agonized wail emanated from deep in her chest and huge tears trickled from her eyes.

Lydia and the doctor watched the youth closely. Both intuitively understood that the boy within and the girl without were communicating. That Ashley didn't want to hurt Ashton was also quite plain.

Finally, life returned to her eyes. Again she sniffled and gratefully accepted several tissues to dry her eyes and blow her nose. "It's all right now," she whispered as she dabbed her reddened eyes. "Ashton understands that he's not going to return. I've promised to always remember him. We're one person now. I'm Ashley. Doctor, I'm ready for the shot."

The doctor smiled and gave the still trembling girl a gentle kiss on the forehead. "You are quite remarkable, Ashley. I'm sure you'll keep your promise." With that, he injected the testosterone-blocker into the youth.

The rest of the day was very difficult for Ashley as she tried to accept what had happened and assimilate Ashton and Ashley. Every time she relieved herself, she felt a wistful longing as she looked at the shrunken tube and empty sack that had been her manhood. It seemed as if she could almost *see* them getting smaller. Her earlier words about the worth of such small equipment haunted her. She knew that Ashton had given up resisting his feminization mainly because such puny equipment would have made him subject to even more ridicule and abuse from his peers than he had received in the past.

The only good thing about receiving the female hormone shot when she thought she was receiving the testosterone blocker was a sense of relief that she had not had to make a decision about the hormones. Several times she tried to think like a boy, to feel the outrage she felt a boy would feel at what had happened. Nothing came but sullen, defeated feelings of guilt and betrayal. Truly, her boy-self had meekly accepted what happened with a fatalistic sense of irreversibility.

The resumption of their travels the next day pulled Ashley out of her guilt-ridden funk. Soon, the girl was bright eyed and bubbling. Now, whenever a boy looked at her, she blushed and found herself imagining the swain kissing her breasts, cuddling her, and even making love. It was obvious to the boys what she was thinking, since several actually approached her with offers. While she steadfastly refused their efforts, those brazen boys did much to cement her confidence in her girlishness.

Two weeks after she had received the third dose of the female hormones, five different boys propositioned her in one day. Ashley turned to Aunt Lydia as they were preparing for bed. "Aunt Lydia," she asked in a frightened, small voice. "If I continue to take the female hormones, will I become a *real* girl?"

Lydia smiled. "No, Ashley, the elimination of your masculinity will not make you a real girl."

Ashley was crestfallen. "But I don't want to be a useless boy who *looks* like a girl! If I'm going to look like a girl and eventually date boys, I want to be a *real* girl!"

"I didn't say you couldn't *become* a real girl," Lydia replied with a chuckle. "You'll need surgery to turn what's left of your male organs into female organs. Dr. Balkut told me that once she operated on you, no one would ever guess that you had ever been male."

"Can I get that operation," Ashley asked hesitantly after several minutes of introspection. "I mean," she said defensively, "I'm *almost* a girl now, emotionally anyway. I feel like a girl, and... well... I'm starting to like guys!" Ashley turned beet red and lowered her eyes to hide her embarrassment about her confession. After a few moments to catch her breath, she looked up to see Aunt Lydia smiling in a most understanding manner. This encouraged her to continue. "Just because I'm starting to like boys doesn't mean I'm weird," she added in a soft, high-strung whisper. "I know I'm not a queer because I want guys to love me like they would a *real* girl. I could never make out with a boy while I'm still a boy!"

"I know you're not a homosexual, Ashley. Of *course* you can have the surgery," said Lydia as she swept Ashley into a warm embrace. "We'll let your mother know. She can set everything up with Dr. Balkut so that as soon as we return home, you can become a real girl. By the time you're ready to start school, you'll be all healed and appear to be a perfectly normal fourteen-year-old girl!"

"Thank you, Aunt Lydia," Ashley tearfully replied as she happily returned the warm hug.

The next morning, Ashley called her mother. Karen was delighted to hear that Ashley had finally resolved her dilemma and she told her daughter that she was very glad to finally have the girl she always wanted. Ashley was pleased.

That afternoon, Karen notified Dr. Balkut of Ashley's decision to undergo sexual re-assignment surgery upon her return from their trip. Dr. Balkut reassured Karen that Ashley would be completely healed and fully functional by the time the new school year started.

Ashley never faltered from her goal of achieving complete womanhood. The perky “fourteen-year-old” girl started ninth grade. As she had been put into a school across town from her old one, none of her new classmates ever made the connection between vivacious Ashley and mousy Ashton. Ashley had no problem getting dates. What proved puzzling to the more macho boys was why such a pretty girl gave them the cold shoulder while seeming to faun over the geeky nerds.

The truth was that Ashley knew what the boys wanted. She also knew what she would give. To avoid problems, she never went out with the arrogant guys who expected a girl to put out. Instead she dated the boys who were like Ashton had been. She knew those boys were all male, but softer. They would respect a girl, treat her kindly, and do all they could to pamper her. Never did she allow any to go further than that. She intended to save *that* for her wedding night!

By the time Paul Tate was released from prison, he was stunned to be told that his sissy son had “disappeared”. Truth be told, there was little left of the Paul his family had known prior to his incarceration. Five years is a long time and it allows a person much room for reflection. Paul had come to a realization of his own during that period.

Before his prison stint, Paul Tate had been violent, hyperaggressive. He had never felt “right” in society. All through school, his counselors had struggled to get a handle on his behavior, to no avail. One had even written on his “permanent record” a note that said “Paul will likely have trouble fitting in, unless he is able to effect a major change in his personality (which, unfortunately, is unlikely).” The consensus of opinion among his teachers and his family was that Paul would be a truant and, later, a criminal. That, of course, is exactly what transpired.

Paul was never one for reading. Books, he thought as a boy, were for people who didn't have TV. That all changed once he was behind bars, however. Except for a few precious hours a week, he had become one of those “people who didn't have TV”. The endless hours, the tedium and repetition of the prison routine, eventually forced him into the prison library.

It was there that he accidentally found a book titled “The Transsexual Phenomenon”. He picked it up because he saw the book's spine on the shelf. Initially he only made out the “sex” part of the title. Paul was surprised to see a book with *that* in its title in the prison library. It would, he thought, make a pleasant way to pass a few hours in his cell. Perhaps it even had a few photos in it.

When he saw the actual full title, he was about to put it back on the shelf, disgusted. Something, perhaps boredom, made him take the book to his cell, though. What he read in it was eye-opening, to say the least. Slowly, as he made his way through the various case studies, he began to recognize someone he knew—himself! Feelings he had suppressed for decades, thoughts he hadn't had since childhood, started to make their way back to his consciousness. Suddenly, the reasons for his never having felt “right” came into focus. With each page he turned, it was as if the

meaning of his life was unfolding in front of him. Never before in his life had he “identified” with any book he had read. Simply put, he saw himself and the reasons for his lifelong problems in the pages of the book. Paul Tate was a male-to-female transsexual.

After a number of sessions, the prison psychiatrist agreed with Paul’s self-assessment. Transition obviously wasn’t practical while in prison, so Paul had to wait the six months until his release before he could take the next step. The time dragged, as time tends to in prison, but eventually, release (in more ways than one) was at hand. Paul had informed his family that he wanted to take a few weeks after release to get reacquainted with life “on the outside” before he saw them. Understandably, because of his behavior prior to his prison stint, they were more than happy to postpone the reunion. He used the post-release time judiciously.

The first several weeks he spent post-prison were his own “rehabilitation” program. Put simply, Paul became Paula. He celebrated his self-realization by purchasing an entire female wardrobe and burning his old one. For the first time ever, he, *she* rather, felt truly alive. Suddenly, the world held infinite possibilities. It was as if Paul had shed his skin to find an entirely new person beneath. Where Paul had been emotionally cramped, reluctant to make friends or be intimate on any meaningful level with another person, Paula was open to new possibilities and eager to meet and get to know people.

Her first few “steps” were hesitant. For the first two weeks, Paula only ventured out when necessary, to go to the supermarket to pick up a few items. These trips were done as quickly as possible, as Paula was still afraid of being “read” by the other shoppers or passersby. She needn’t have worried. As it turned out, Paula was such a “natural” in the feminine role that any “clues” that might have otherwise have given her away as a genetic male were overlooked by the people she encountered. Gradually, she gained confidence and was more able to relax in public. The trips out became more frequent and less occasioned by need.

Paul was lucky in that he, like his offspring, was slight of build. Fortunately, women’s clothing was not hard to obtain in his size. This is not to say that transition was without its problems. Paul was, after all, dealing with being in the outside world for the first time in years as well as attempting to present himself as a woman. A daunting task, no doubt, but there was within all this, a certain psychological “comfort” that was hard to put one’s finger on. It was, of course, born of the fact that Paul was truly *alive* for the first time.

One day, the unthinkable happened. Paula was in the frozen food section of the supermarket, lost in thought. She was trying to decide among several varieties of Lean Cuisine dinners. It was, as she would later realize upon reflection, the first time she had ever been truly comfortable as “Paula”, relaxed and not conscious of how she might be seen by others. She was totally lost in her thoughts, wondering if the Salisbury steak tasted as good as it looked on the box. Suddenly, a voice from her left broke her concentration.

“Excuse me, Miss.” The voice was unmistakably male. “Could you move your cart? It’s blocking the aisle.” Paula was snapped out of her reverie. “Oh, I’m sorry,” she said, hastening to take the cart’s handle and relocate it closer to the refrigerator case.

The handsome stranger saw where she had been looking. “Are those good?” he asked, referring to the Lean Cuisine dinners. Paula nodded shyly, still not entirely comfortable with her female voice skills. The man took her seeming indifference as a rebuff to his awkward advance.

“Maybe I’ll have to try one some day,” he said, pushing his cart away. To him, it was clear that the attractive woman just wasn’t interested. “Probably married,” he thought to himself.

It was when Paula was loading the bags into her car’s trunk that it hit her. He had been *flirting* with her! *Her!* She could remember trying just such clumsy come-ons herself in what she now thought of as her “former life”. She felt bad that she had rejected the man without even realizing at the time just what was happening. The feeling was mixed with an odd sense of pride born of the realization that she had actually been *hit on!*

Three months passed and Paula decided that, finally, the time had come. It was time to meet the family as the new person she had become. Leaves swirled around her high-heeled feet as she made her way up the path to the old Cape Cod. For a moment, it was if the world had gone silent save for the sound her shoes made on the concrete path. Each step took enormous courage, but Paula moved forward resolutely. The steps to the porch made hollow echoing sounds as she took the last few steps to the door. A knock. Wait. Then, the door opened.

“Yes?” the young woman said. Seconds hung in the air. Then, recognition flickered on Paula’s face. A wide grin spread across it. Ashley wondered for a millisecond what, or who, the unfamiliar woman was smiling at. Suddenly, she realized just who she was looking at. Paula’s eyes widened as she beheld the beautiful young woman who had once been her son. Her mouth formed a silent “O”.

The girl froze in place. “Oh my God!” she said. Nothing else seemed appropriate at the moment. Without thought, the two moved together spontaneously. Father and son, *mother and daughter*, hugged for what seemed like an eternity. No words were necessary. There would be all the time in the world for explanations.