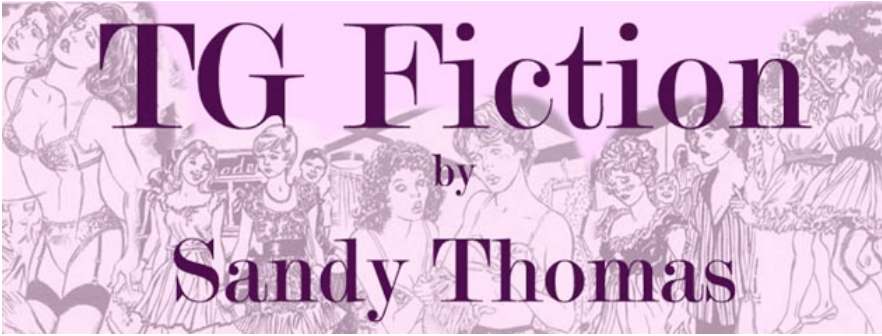


TITILLATING TV TALES

"MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL"



**SUMMER VACATION IN THE BIG CITY!
NOT MUCH ROOM FOR A GUY TO RUN AND JUMP BUT
PLENTY TO SWISH AND PRANCE...
TITILLATING TALES...VOLUME 14
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS**



MAKE BELIEVE GIRL

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**“There is one thing worse than being an ugly duckling in
a house of swans...it's having the swans pretend there's no
difference.”**

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

By BJ & ST

CHAPTER 1

Most people only fantasize about working on a cruise ship in Alaska for the summer season. The good news, it doesn't have to be a fantasy. The bad news it was mom who was going...without me. She was a Registered Nurse. Dad was a doctor who ran off with a younger nurse. So where did that leave me? I was being dropped off at my Aunt Ellie's in New York City. I barely knew her.

Mom was hired to work as a RN during the Alaska cruising season that ran from May to September. She had experience in critical care, and they made her an offer too good to be true. It would be long hours but she could work part-time the rest of the year.

I begged her to take me. "Billy, I'll be on call, regardless of whether it's my time off or not," she said. "It's not a place for a teenager even if I could take you."

I pictured her dispensing a few bandages in her spiffy naval uniform while gallivanting on shore excursions at every stop. I got out of school a couple weeks early and we drove the half-day to my Aunt Ellie's in New York City. I had my *stuff* in 2 large shopping bags since Mom was taking the luggage and I didn't need much.

Aunt Ellie lived in a brownstone walk-up near Riverside Drive. She had to be rich since everyone in NYC is rich, right? Well, that morning in mid May, Mother pulled up to the curb and gave me a loving smile. "Do what Ellie asks you, okay Billy?"

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I promised I would be good. Before entering Ellie's, she gave me a hug and said she'd really miss me. "I don't even know this lady?" I moaned.

"She's eccentric but this is a wonderful chance for you to get to know her. She loves art and music. I'll be back the second week in September, and we can get back home." When driving away, I remember looking at my mother and she had tears in her eyes.

Aunt Ellie took my hand in hers and said, "I'm not used to having company under my roof, but I'm sure we'll have a wonderful summer together. "Do you like the opera?"

I sat back and tried to relax. She gave me her perfumed scented hankie to wipe my tears away. I tried to return it to her, but she refused telling me to keep it as it was okay to cry.

Over dinner, I took a good look at my aunt and admired her beauty. I guess she felt me staring at her for she turned to me, smiled and said, "Can you see the family resemblances? You look like your mother when she was your age."

"You're beautiful," I said.

She replied, "My goodness Billy, how sweet of you to say that." She reached over and took my small hand in hers adding with a smile. "We are going to get along just fine." I knew she had a fine figure too, but didn't want to mention that.

I had my own bathroom with a shower stall, which was new to me. Our bathroom didn't have a shower and I couldn't remember ever taking one. After dinner, I put away my clothes. That didn't take long, as I didn't have that much.



**This had every chance of being the worst
Summer of my life! What could a boy do in New York?**

The next morning, Ellie explained what she wanted me to do for her. As she had a part-time job in lower Manhattan, she wanted me to take care of the apartment. I think she just knew as a typical boy, I wasn't neat.

The first chance she had, she showed me around the neighborhood. It was pretty scary for a kid from a small town. There was a lot of traffic and noise, some yelling, music, guys hanging on corners, and the smells of cooking. It was all pretty overwhelming. I liked the park near her brownstone.

I remember holding her hand. While some may have thought I was too old for that, I felt comfortable when she took my hand in hers. She was confident and knew what she was doing. She knew when to cross the street to avoid some crazy and such. I was impressed.

That afternoon we went to the movies. We held hands to and from the movie too. I was really enjoying this closeness and handholding. Mom never did that. The other thing that she did was complement me on little things; like on taking care of her place and how nice my complexion was...little things mother never noticed. The rest of the week went fine as I was getting comfortable living in this new environment.

On Saturday morning, we walked to the market. She walked everywhere and in high heels! My feet were killing me. She said, “You need a new pair of shoes plus some other things. I only do laundry once a week and I saw you only had three pairs of underwear.”

“Mom does laundry almost every night.”

“I have better things to do,” she said. “Your mom gave me some money to use for school clothes in September, but you need a few things now.”

We went to a shoe store and I was in awe of the variety of shoes. When the sales lady measured me, I found my size was a boy’s 7. Aunt Ellie asked the sales lady, “Isn’t that the same size as a Ladies 8?”

“Pretty close,” the sales lady said. “Without socks, you’re an 8 or with socks an 8 ½.”

Ellie said, in front of the saleslady, “Maybe you could wear some of my shoes? I have a million pairs!

I must have gone beet red. I saw the sales lady smile and look at Ellie’s 4-inch high-heeled pumps then say, “He has a narrow foot. They would probably fit perfectly.”

Aunt Ellie looked at me with a cute smile and said, “We’ll take one pair of tennis shoes. He’s at the age where suddenly he’ll be growing and what we buy today probably won’t fit at the end of the summer.”

“Do you want to try a pair of 8 Ladies? If he outgrows them, you get a new pair of shoes.”

My aunt loved the idea of saving money. “Waste not, want not!” she said, before buying a very expensive pair of sneakers in a size 8. They fit her and me perfectly.

“Do you have them in just white?” I asked, seeing that she was buying the white tennis shoes on sale but they had pink edges and pink laces!

“Not on sale,” the lady said.

I wore the new sneakers home and my old, smelly shoes were left at the store to be thrown out. The new and expensive sneakers felt fabulous. I even loved how they smelled being new and all. “Can we get some white laces for these?” I asked.

“Are you afraid of pink?” Ellie she teased.

“Boys don’t wear pink where I come from.”

“Dorothy,” she laughed. “You aren’t in Kansas anymore. You can wear anything you want in New York City, and no one will care.”

Aunt Ellie had a shopping routine and I guess I was along for the ride. “I need to go to Carol’s. The poor woman owns a great shop but they have the street all dug up in front of her store, and her business is almost dead.” As we made our way across a dug up road with construction workers yelling, she said, “See? No women want to come here with all that, but I try to buy something every week to help her out.”

When we walked into the very nice, large store it was empty. Carol, the owner ran up and greeted us. After introductions, Ellie went about looking for something to buy. When she checked out the dresses, she handed me her purse to hold.

I took it timidly and with a red face. I held it by the strap with the bottom of the purse almost touching the floor.

“Honey, get it off the floor. That’s not the way to hold a purse. Put the strap over your shoulder if you don’t want to carry it.”

I didn’t want to make a scene so I did as I was told. I didn’t want her mad at me. There was no one in the store and besides, I had no other place to live. I carried the purse with the strap over my right shoulder and my right hand over it, holding it next to my body. As Ellie was checking out the dresses I heard Carol say to her that it was sweet that I was holding her purse.

Ellie laughed, “The poor boy has been rather sheltered. He was even embarrassed to wear pink his new trimmed tennis shoes.” Ellie continued looking at the ladies apparel while I carried her purse, which made me feel more connected with her.

She asked my opinion of some of the dresses, holding them up to her shoulders. Since it was just the three of

us, I told her I liked one or another. The dust from outside made her stuffy and she asked me to get her hankie from her purse. I quickly opened it and handed it to her.

I suddenly found myself in the lingerie section. If I thought that looking at dresses was uncomfortable, this was awful. "Look at these slips. Aren't they just yummy with the lacy bodice?" She had me touch the soft nylon material. When I nodded, her eyes lit up, and she gushed, "Maybe we could buy your underwear here?"

I just looked at her with my mouth wide open in disbelief at her assertion.

Undaunted, she picked up a pair of smooth silky-like nylon panties and remarked, "These are on sale, and they are so much cheaper than your boy underwear. Let's get a couple. You need some briefs."

"I can't wear *panties!*"

"Don't worry," she pooh-poohed me. "They are UNDERwear. No one will see them, and they are very comfortable." She went about picking out the right style.

Frankly I was speechless. I couldn't argue...as they *were* much cheaper than my regular briefs. I guess Carol just wanted to reduce inventory until the street was fixed. "These use less energy to dry, and you are really helping my friend Carol," she said holding up a girlish pair of panties. I really thought she was joking.

She then pondered out loud, "Let's see, you don't need the real young girls panties. I think the teenage ones would be best." With that, she held a pair to my waist for size. To my disbelief, she picked out two three packs, one pink and one white. I turned beet red when asked me to carry them so she could continue shopping.

I was embarrassed beyond words as I carried the pastel pink and white bits of fluff about the store, espe-

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cially knowing Ellie would insist on me wearing them in the future! At the checkout counter, in addition to the panties, she'd picked two pairs of girl's anklet socks, saying they would go better with my new tennis shoes.

I handed the items to Carol – she looked at them and then at me and just smiled. I thought I better tell her something so I said they were for my *sister*.

Carol smiled and said, "I'm sure your sister will love them." She then added in a soft voice, "Is that your sister's purse?"

I told her it was my aunt's and tried to hand it to her, but she just told me to give her the wallet. After paying, she handed it back to me to return to the purse.

Upon leaving, Carol thanked us, handed me the bag with the panties and socks, and smiled, "Come back. We have a lot of other pretty things your sister would love."

Ellie nudged me and told me to thank the sweet lady, which I did with a red face and was glad to get out of there. Out on the sidewalk, I exhaled, "Whew! I'm sure glad to get out of there."

"Oh relax and have some fun. This is why people live in the big city. No one cares what you do or wear!"

I didn't realize it but I was still carrying her purse and the bag of panties. She took my left hand in hers and we continued down the street. I noticed a couple of people smiling at us and realized it must have been because I was carrying her purse and the pink bag.

I tried to hand it to her but she said, "You are doing fine."

"I love shopping with you," she said. "Let's celebrate by sharing a banana split."

Once seated at the ice cream shop, I don't know why but I put the purse on my lap rather than on the table. Maybe I was afraid someone would swipe it. I admitted, "It was fun but I was embarrassed about being in a ladies store and buying panties."

Rather than laugh at me, she said, "Thank you for helping Carol. She is a good friend, and every dollar is helping her store to survive."

"A good friend?"

"Yes, honey. Good enough to know you don't have a sister. It will be more comfortable next time."

"Next time?!"

"Yes dear. I go in there several times a week. They have so many pretty things. Don't you think?" She gave my hand a loving squeeze. We did share a banana split and Ellie told me about wanting to help Carol. "Once they finish the construction, her store will boom again."

"You could give her money or invest in her store," I suggested.

"She would never take it, so I buy things I don't need. And you! Carol knew the panties and pretty socks were for you. Every time you wear them, you know you are doing a good deed. We'll go back and buy something else for your sister. Okay?"

I wanted to tell her no, but I think I got caught up in her enthusiasm. When we finished the banana split, she asked for her lipstick. I held out the purse so she could get it herself, but she said, "You get it; the gold tube."

I said, "Mother told me to NEVER go into her purse."

"Purses are where we women keep our secrets...but I have none from you."

I looked around to see if anyone was looking before I opened it and dug out the red lipstick, a lipstick brush and her compact with a mirror. As she was applying the lipstick she must have noticed me staring at her. “What’s the matter honey?”

“Nothing,” I replied, “It’s just that I’ve never seen a lady put on lipstick with a brush.

“The pointed tip allows a person to easily reach the thinnest part of her lips and allows a smoother application for bolder shades such as reds and wine tones.” She looked at me and added, “You have nice lips. Would you like to try some?”

I gave her a one-word reply, “Yuck!” causing her to giggle. “Not your shade, right? Seriously, you should use something once in a while to protect your lips. I have some clear at home.”

We got up from the table and I tried once again to give Ellie her purse but she wouldn’t accept it. So, I put the strap over my shoulder and picked up the pink bag with the name “Carol’s” clearly visible. When we got to the cashier, Ellie gave me the check to pay the bill.

I put the purse on the counter and opened it up. The cashier saw my nervousness and said, “Take your time honey, I’m in no rush.”

Ellie came to my rescue saying, “I have a sore shoulder.”

When we got back to the apartment I flopped down on the couch and let out a big sigh. But that was short lived as Ellie said, “Go try on your new things.” She meant the pink panties and the anklet socks. “I really enjoyed shopping with you, and you looked so *darling* carrying my purse.” That caused me to blush but I replied that I too enjoyed it.

In my room, I disrobed including my new sneakers. My old male sneakers went up over the ankles. When I opened the bag and picked up the pink panties, a shiver went through me. These were not cheap! They were special designer panties made for a girl, very girlish girls, I would think. Perhaps even the kind of girl who loved being a girl. In fact, I'd go so far as to say, these panties would be a girl's favorite.

I tried to imagine how they look on one of the cheerleaders at my school. I looked at the tag. Size five, whatever that meant in girl's sizes. I hoped they didn't fit, but Carol knew they would. For reasons unknown, I had to prepare myself for putting them on. The panties were made of silky nylon, decorated with lace and a little bow in the front. 'Some girl, somewhere, would look great in these panties,' I thought. But they were mine, and Ellie was waiting for me to put them on and report to her on how they fit.

Once on, they felt nothing like my BVD briefs. They were so light and cool feeling. I then sat on the bed and put on the anklet socks. They too were soft and light and they had a little lace trim with little flowers just below the lace trim. Even the tennis shoes felt quite different than any other footwear I had worn before. I tied the pink laces and realized that they matched my panties. With a blush, I replaced my jeans and went back to Aunt Ellie.

When I entered the room, I saw a big smile on her face while I felt that my face was burning up with embarrassment. "See? No one can tell!" She had me turn around. "How does everything feel?"

I told her I wasn't sure, "But they are rather nice."

"You'll get used to them. I suggest we get you some shorts and short-sleeved shirts next time we go shop-

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ping. She didn't tease me about wearing the girly things or I wouldn't have worn them long.

I settled in, becoming close with my Aunt. The environment was completely different. Mom worked long hours at the hospital and came home grumpy. I was a latch key kid and no one was home most days. In this new environment, my aunt added an aroma from her floral perfumes that seemed to be filled with peace and love. If heaven had an aroma – it would be how her home smelled.

She didn't call me Billy. It seemed my name was now *precious*. While being called precious was a little embarrassing at first, I got used to it. Everything was described as *darling* or *lovely*. When we were out in public, Ellie used the word *pretty* to describe not only an inanimate object like the dresses. She said I looked pretty in my new tennis shoes.

I began to wear the panties every day and frankly, I not only was getting used to them, I was getting to like them. I wore them *high* on my waist and they didn't bunch down around my hips like bulky boy underwear.

I could feel the panties against my hips and bottom. I assumed this is what girl's felt, knowing it was a feeling few boys had ever experienced. Just walking would make my panties move about in a soothing softness.

It was like a naughty secret I was sharing with my Aunt and all girls.

Every Friday, we *dined*. She was teaching me about proper comportment. I didn't have anything really nice to wear so we went to a casual Italian restaurant. She whispered, "Sit up straight to keep your knees together

and your hands in your lap. You can cross your legs at your ankles if you wish.”

We chatted over the candlelight and good food. She said, “You really need more clothes. Do you mind if we go to Carols’ and see what she has?”

I whispered, “I can’t believe I like wearing panties.”

She said, “Isn’t it exciting to be a little naughty?”

I giggled, “I feel naughty but like a sissy.”

“Maybe you just need to be naughtier and more sissy? You don’t need to be ashamed. We girls know and love sissy stuff, you know,” she added soothingly.

“Ooooooh, I guess we could look?” I stammered sheepishly.

“This is going to be so exciting, honey. Carol has some really pretty things.”

I felt some stirrings down below unlike most normal boys would have at a discussion like this. I smoothed my napkin down over my pants that covered frilly, snow-white, full brief, nylon and lace trimmed panties.

She then called my attention to my hands and specifically my fingernails. “Let me help you take care of those.

“How?”

She replied that she would show me. Then she called my attention to a young lady that entered and sat at a nearby table. Her escort was a real handsome man. Ellie said, “Did you see her? Isn’t that a gorgeous, pink dress?”

“Yes, I guess so.”

“Guess so? Why I bet that satin material is as light as a feather! I think it’s the same color as your panties? Maybe she’s wearing the same ones?”

“I’m wearing white,” I whispered.

“Maybe she is too?” Her teasing was done so lovingly that I couldn’t get angry.

“A girl likes to not only look beautiful but feel beautiful,” she said. “Like your panties, no one can see them but I bet they make you feel pretty and special.”

Knowing she was right, I blushed and admitted, “That woman’s dress is really pretty.”

“We need to start building you a more trendy wardrobe now that you are taking pains to keep your hair done nicely and learning some proper manners and carriage. The finer things are very suitable for your personality.”

On the way home, I thanked Ellie for dinner. During the four-block stroll back, we window-shopped. Her closet was like a clothing museum. “I love clothes and fashion!” she said. “Wait long enough and everything comes back in. Look at that skirt and blouse combination. It was fun to wear in the eighties, and now it’s back. The skirt was red with tiny pleats, and the blouse was white polyester with $\frac{3}{4}$ length sleeves, a high collar, and lace trim and small shiny buttons. “What do you think of it?”

“The red heels go well with it,” I added.

“My goodness, precious – how observant. You have a delightful eye for fashion.”

BACK TO CAROL'S....

The next day we went back to Carol's. The workers were off but the street was still mostly closed off. Carol had laid off all her employees so again we were the only ones in the store. She came up and said with a smile, "Did your sister like her new panties?" She looked down and saw that I was wearing the socks.

Aunt Ellie came to my rescue saying, "Yes she did! We are back for more!"

"Well I'm glad. Everything is on sale this Monday!" She winked at me. "Be sure to check out the pajamas. Some will be 80% off."

To our surprise, a woman with a couple small kids walked in. Carol whispered, "A customer! Thank you Gawd! I'll be back." Carol looked at me and added, "You know where the panties are. Buy three today and I'll throw in a fourth pair free."

"I don't need four pairs of underwear."

"I agree," Ellie said when Carol was out of earshot, "but *panties!* I was thinking we buy six and get two free? You should have enough to change twice a day. And, no more *underwear!* Call them by their correct name, *panties.*"

I could feel the soft material and elastic legs of the pair I had on and it made me feel queasy.

Before I could react further, she took my hand and walked me to the lingerie department where she picked a pair of panties from a rack and asked me what I thought. I was naturally flushed and flustered as I noticed that they were the frilliest and silkiest of panties.

Seeing my expression and the way I kept my eyes on the other lady in the store, Ellie whispered, "Calm down,

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precious. If you are going to wear panties, I want them to be fun.” Each pair she chose was a different style but all were in girlish colors and had lace panels and frills. Two were in a flowery print. I started to protest but I saw the lady and her kids walking our way. “Do you like these?” Ellie asked.

“Yes.” My eyes were darting nervously.

She handed me her purse and the panties and said, “Very pretty! Now, go pay Carol for them.”

I nearly ran to Carol at the counter but she was in no hurry. “Good selection,” she said. “I have these and these, and I love them. They are so soft and silky. Be sure to hand-wash them to protect the delicate fabric.”

I opened the purse and dug out enough money. Carol was smiling, and there was just something especially invigorating and liberating about her knowing they were for me. She threw in some perfume samples, saying, “All the young girls love this fragrance. Don’t forget our big sale on Monday!”

Looking at Ellie, I knew this was not the last of my shopping experiences at Carol’s. “We’ll be back Monday. Count on it!” she gushed with a bright smile.

As we left the store, I was the owner of eleven pairs of the prettiest and most feminine panties imaginable. Out on the street, I moaned something like, “She knows. She knows that these panties are for me!”

Ellie told me, “Don’t worry, nobody cares in New York.” We walked the remaining couple of blocks holding hands. I was feeling more comfortable with everything. That night I slept in my new floral print panties and slept quite well too.

The next day being Sunday was a cloudy one and looked like rain. After showering, I put on another of my new panties. My bottom still had a bit of baby fat and they actually fit quite well. They felt so cool – so light – so comfortable. Since it was summer, I opted for shorts, a tee shirt and the tennis shoes with the anklet socks; the ones with the lace trim and tiny flowers. I wore them because I knew I wasn't going out.

When I went into the kitchen, Ellie smiled, "Don't you look pretty?" She also wanted to know what panties I was wearing.

I told her, "The white panties with the lace panel in front."

Her smile grew wider. "I have those too!" she said. "I need to show you how to wash them by hand in luke-warm water. Would you mind washing my lingerie too? That will be a good job for you."

Mother never let me see any of her underthings but now I was suddenly responsible for the household's dainty lingerie ... mine included!

Since it was stormy out, we cleaned up and Ellie gave me my first real manicure. She got a bowl and filled it with warm water to soak my fingernails. She pushed back my cuticles, and then filed my fingernails, rounding the tips to make them appear longer before buffing them so they shined.

"OH!" she said, excitedly. "I almost forgot. I picked up something for your lips. They are beginning to crack and peel and always look dry." She pulled a long skinny tube out of her purse.

"Is that *lipstick*?"

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“It’s a lip moisturizer and conditioner,” she said. The tube wasn’t like any lipstick I’d seen and the side said, “Lip Glaze.” The color was Guava with a light *pink* color.

“I can’t wear pink lipstick!” I groaned.

“Silly. What is the natural color of your lips?”

“Pink,” I answered.

“Pink on Pink is natural. White on pink would look weird, right?”

She took off the top and there was a little brush. “The case, as cute as it is, is a little tricky. You twist the bottom once and then you wait for the lip conditioner to come up thru the brush. If you keep twisting because it seems like nothing is coming out, you will eventually have a big blob on the brush. Do you think you can twist it only once?”

It wasn’t like any Chapstick I’d ever seen. I twisted it once and slowly the brush turned pink. She pulled out her mirror and said, “Apply it using the small brush trying to coat your lips evenly. Pay special attention to staying within the edges of your lips.” It felt nice, not sticky or drying. “You need to use it about three to four times a day. Just put it on every morning and after eating.”

I looked and my lips looked wet and had a nice shine without being sticky. Ellie was right; the color added nothing to the pinkness of my lips as long as I stayed in the lines. For the rest of the day, I was like a lip glaze junkie as I kept going to a mirror and putting on a new coat.

Ellie was pleased that I liked the feeling of my lips. “Keep practicing and you’ll be able to touch it up quickly. Let me know when you need my purse mirror.”

I tried to protest saying people would notice.

“Your lips are more important than what a bunch of strangers think, right?” It was so light and natural, I knew people wouldn’t notice. The smoothness of the glaze and its sweet taste made me feel pampered. Ellie said, “I’m so glad to see you enjoying the finer things in life. You lived in a pretty small town.”

“In my town wearing tennis shoes with pink laces would put me in the hospital.”

“Here you can try things, experiment, explore and find yourself. I hope you aren’t offended, but the softer things in life seem to suit you.” She gave my hands a gentle squeeze and gave me a kiss on my left cheek. This gesture of love made me feel so good all over.

Monday before lunch, we made our way to Carol’s shop. It was really hot and I was wearing jeans, the tennis shoes and coated lips with buffed fingernails.

The construction workers were busy in front of Carol’s store and it was a maze just to get in the door. Once inside, Ellie handed me her purse. The store was empty so I put the strap over my shoulder and remarked how heavy it was.

Carol spotted us and welcomed us with a big smile. “I’m so glad you could make it. Ordinarily we’d be busy during a sale but the sewer in the street is more important, right?”

Carol looked at me and gave me a look over from head to toe. All she said was, “Nightgown, right?”

“Pajamas,” I replied with a blush.

She guided us over to the sleepwear section, and before I knew what was happening, I was about to be the

owner of a pair of white satin pajamas. Then Ellie said, “Oh precious! Look!” She held up a shortie, nylon nightgown with double layers of soft, sheer nylon in white with matching panties. “We couldn’t buy just the panties for this price,” she whispered like the price was wrong. “You have to spend one night in your life in a dreamy nightie. I’m buying it for you. Don’t even think about arguing.”

Carol came over and gushed about how much fun we must be having. She had dropped all pretenses about who the sleepwear was for. She not only understood but she was warmly enthusiastic! “You have to come back and tell me if you liked sleeping in it.” When we went to check out, she went to the sales rack and pulled out a few things and put them in the pink bag. She asked, “Do you have a girl’s name you liked to be called?”

I was flabbergasted! I felt like I was going to burn up and looked at Ellie. She said in a low soft tone, “We are just doing make-believe, but a name might be fun.”

That night at bedtime, I donned the frilly nightgown and slid under the covers. It was everywhere, like wearing a cape to bed...but a very soft, silky cape. I felt so at peace, and in heavenly bliss.

The next morning, Ellie didn’t even ask me about what I slept in. We had breakfast and planned to go to Carol’s again.

Ellie said, “You were so nice to not embarrass her when she asked if you had a girl’s name. It was a reasonable mistake, after all, you are wearing young ladies tennis shoes, flowery socks, buying panties and a nightgown, and you also appear to be wearing lovely pink lip gloss.”

“My goodness, I can see why she thought I was a ...”
I didn’t know or didn’t want to say the word.

“Look, it doesn’t matter what she thinks, you are helping her business and I’m having fun buying you things. Let’s come up with a darling name?”

I didn’t want to make a scene and agreed to help Carol out by shopping some more. Ellie squealed with delight when I said, “The best looking girl in my school is called, “Betty Jane.”

Back in Carol’s empty store, Carol brought out some more sleepwear for us to check out. She then said to me, “I agree with Ellie, you do make a pretty Betty Jane.”

After picking out another nightie and cover-up, we went over to the lingerie section to see what panties were on sale. Carol seemed to pour it on, now sensing a sale. “You’ll love these, my dear Betty Jane.”

Suddenly, she looked at Ellie and said, “You know what would be really cool? You should really get him a bra or two?”

“Really?” Ellie asked. “Interesting.”

“I’ll help you find the right training bra for Betty.” She turned to me, “All boys are very curious about bras? Are you curious?”

I looked at Ellie and just shook my head and mouthed ‘no, please no,’ but to no avail.

“I think we can find just the right starter bra.”

“A training bra may be a good idea,” Ellie stated. “It’s something girls your age have to get used to wearing. How about just one?”

“I don’t need a bra,” I blushed.

“There are many reasons a bra is needed; support, coverage, or in your case, just for fun?”

I groaned. “Fun? They look uncomfortable.”

Carol said, “It’s my job to guide you. I suggest one of our training bras made from the softest nylon, with only lightly lined cups. They are a cozy fit so that you won’t feel awkward or out-of-place wearing one under your everyday tops.”

“I’m not going to wear a bra out!”

“Why not?” Carol asked. “You’re wearing panties, and they are comfortable, right?”

My face turned red.

“We have the most comfortable bras you could ever ask for. They have adjustable straps and three hook eye closures for a smooth, seamless shape. They wouldn’t be noticeable even under your t-shirts.”

“Oh honey,” Ellie said, “Wouldn’t that be fun? You could wear bra and panties just like Carol or me. Please just try one on.”

Carol pulled back her shoulders to show off her substantial curves. “Sweetie, I have just what you need. Something comfortable that won’t show OR a bra with just a hint of *presence*.” Carol turned to Ellie and said, “How fun. He’ll love the feeling and will cherish this experience all his life. Remember your first bra?”

They chatted as Carol put together a small pile of different bras. I moaned. “One,” I stated firmly.

She turned to me, “Honey, please trust me. We understand the significance of trying on your first bra. I want you to know you are wearing one but a close fit and smooth look so others don’t. We’ll let you have a fun little experience.”

“An experience I don’t need,” I muttered.

“Obviously Ellie thinks you do. A bra is more than an article of clothing, more than a necessity; a bra is a symbol and an item of fantasy. Like your panties, I’ll make sure only you, Ellie and I know. I know you have never worn a bra but help me find your correct size, and a style that fits. What about these matching sets of bras and panties?”

“Any style is okay.” I pointed to a white set.

“Don't bother with the plain white. This is special...pick a special color you’ll remember for the rest of your life.”

“You pick,” I stammered.

Carol smiled, “I’m thinking he’s going to need more than one set? The dark pastel colors will show through light colored clothing. I suggest a soft cup bra. They are the most natural-looking bra and will give just a hint of the natural shape of a girl's developing breast.” She turned to me, “It won’t be too much, I promise!”

She turned to Ellie, “I know that he’s going to be very sensitive to wearing bras at first and may need your guidance. I suggest you buy several different bras.”

Carol turned to me, “Once you start wearing them, if your bra still doesn't feel right, the best thing is to try on a different brand. Make sure the bra strap doesn't cut into your shoulders or back. The best rule is, if it just doesn't feel right, come back and we’ll try something different. When you walk out of here today, I want you to be happy and comfortable!”

“I’m not wearing a bra out from here?” I stated.

“Do it only if you are content with the way you look,” Carol comforted.

She led Ellie and me into the dressing room and asked me to remove my tee shirt. “You have nice, slender shoulders,” Carol said as she helped me put one over my arms on and showed me how to hook the back. I had a hard time hooking it properly. Carol laughed, “That will get easier. You can always turn it where the hooks are in front first and then turn it around to put your arms through the straps. That is sort of cheating though. What you should do is practice.” Carol adjusted the straps so the lightly padded cups were in a proper position and asked, “How’s that feel?”

“Weird,” I said looking down at the garment covering my chest.

“Put your shirt back on and, jump around a little to see if the bra moves...then, lean forward to see if the cups stay in the right position. A new bra should fasten at the middle or last hook, because the material will stretch with wear.”

In my t-shirt, you could hardly tell I was wearing a bra. There was only the slightest trace of roundness that looked like baby fat.

“There you go!” Carol announced. “Welcome to the Bra and Panty club! Now, how many sets do you want?”

I turned to Ellie and protested, “This is a waste of money. When would I wear them?”

Carol interrupted, “Whenever you wear panties.”

I looked down. There was hardly any difference. The only difference was the width of the soft cup material and maybe a slightly altered shape but my chest still looked natural. Streamlined with smooth fabric, my wearing of a bra was hardly noticeable under my clothing.

“I guess we should get several sets in different colors?” Ellie said. “He’s been wearing panties full time for a couple of weeks.”

“Wonderful,” Carol announced and began to pick out sets. She turned to me and said, “These are so comfortable. In a couple days, you’ll forget they are even on! I want to see you in about a week.”

“Why?”

“Like anything new, wearing a bra can be tough to adjust to. They can be difficult to fasten and adjust. Once a bra is on, it can bag or gap, ride up, dig in, or pop open. The straps can slide off your shoulders or dig into them. And we don’t want your bra peeking out of your clothes, do we?”

“I guess not,” I shook my head.

So I walked out wearing my new bra and my Aunt was so happy for me...like it was my birthday. I felt like I had to eat a big plate of Brussels sprouts I just didn’t need to eat.

On the way home, we talked about me and about growing up. I told her again that I didn’t need or want to wear a bra.

She said, “Honey, just try wearing one for a couple days. Even girls have mixed feelings and are not quite certain why they have to wear one. You don’t need a bra but, like any boy, I know you are curious about them.”

When we got home, I went to my room and put on my thinnest, cotton T-shirt. Anyone could tell I had a bra on underneath. I ran in to Ellie to show her.

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“Sometimes it’s fun to show your lingerie,” Ellie smiled. “Just layer over that t-shirt. I can tell that the bra fits you just right!”

“I can’t just start wearing bras?”

“Wearing bras and panties can be a very scary thing for a boy like you. Most parents would refuse to buy their son any pretty things; hoping that the issue will just go away. I know you don’t NEED a bra; but I promise you will feel cute, even if no one will see it.”

The first day the novelty of wearing of a bra was all consuming and a bit of a nuisance. I was nervous and kind’a weirded out by the idea too...but excited and nervous at the same time? No one had ever talked to me about panties or bras or periods and pads. I’d heard about girls being visited by Aunt Flo. Then suddenly they were in bras. Under my super baggy sweater, I was now wearing a bra. That was a freaky, awkward experience but one that I lived through.

“One day at a time,” I was told by Ellie. “You will quickly grow accustomed to the feeling of wearing something supportive.”

Maybe it wasn’t so much weird as it was different. Having something fastened around your chest was awkward because I’d never worn anything like that before. It felt restrictive, and even a little scratchy.

Ellie said, “Like anything new, wearing a bra can be tough to adjust to. Once you feel comfortable fastening and adjusting them, the fun begins....”

“Fun?” I asked myself. She seemed to think I’d learn to like the strange feeling of wearing a bra. I guess they are called *training* bras because they really train you to wear a bra.

By the end of the week, wearing a bra everyday became routine. I was easily able to make sure I had on the right color tops so that the training bras didn't show. Ellie showed me how to care for my bras and panties. Everything had to be hand-washed, which was sort of a pain.

After wearing them a few times, I had to soak them for 5-10 minutes and gently scrub the cups with an old pair of panties. Then, I had to rinse the entire bra thoroughly and let most of the water drip off. Ellie warned me not to wring out my bra, because I'd never get the shape back! I would then drape each bra over an old dry one to help reform the cups before letting it dry thoroughly. It was one thing to wear a bra; it was another to take care of them, as they gradually became *my* bras.

At the end of the week, Ellie asked me, "So what do you think of the pretty girlie things we females wear?"

I blushed but admitted, "They are okay. More comfortable than I imagined wearing a tight strap around my chest."

"Are the bra straps hurting your shoulders? You seem to be adjusting them a lot? Carol called today. She wants us to come by tomorrow. There's some kind of a special sale."

"I'll never wear out what I have," I moaned. But by then, wearing a bra was no big deal, so I agreed to go see Carol. Why not, my chest still appeared mostly flat with maybe a little puffiness but the straps didn't show through my T-shirts.

When we walked into Carol's store, she ran up and gave me a hug. Her fingers felt for my bra straps. "Oh honey," she gushed, "Ellie says you are wearing them!"

I blushed and nodded.

"Good. It's been a week and I have something special for you." She pulled out a heart shaped locket and handed it to me. Inside was a picture of Ellie and me that was taken after our last visit. On the back was a date. The date was a week ago. "I give these to girls to remember buying their first bra. I hope it reminds you of your special day?"

She put it around my neck and looked at me, "Are you up for a little adventure? We have a new line in. You should have at least one real grown up bra; one with cups, like Ellie and me."

"Why?"

"If you were a girl, you would look down and see two mounds of flesh. They can be really fun and get a lot of attention."

"People would think I'm a girl?"

"So what?" she said. "I think you are ready to know what it feels like to have breasts."

When I woke up that morning I had no idea what was going to happen. The locket Carol gave me, hung loosely around my neck, with the picture of my first day in a bra.

Carol took Ellie and me into the back room and she told me to remove my top. I began unbuttoning my shirt slowly and Carol watched me patiently. She could see that I was still extremely nervous and embarrassed. I finally handed her my top and she watched as I nimbly unhooked the back of my bra.

“You're beautiful,” Carol whispered as she handed me a new bra.

“I really don't know why I'm doing this,” I said blushing deeply.

“You are having fun,” replied Carol with a giggle. “Your girlfriends are going to appreciate your bra unhooking know-how. But for now...this one is called a Gel Bra. It's a very well constructed bra with specially formulated gel pads permanently sewn into a pocketed cup. The gel pads are thicker on the bottom and thinner on the top, for a perfectly contoured shape. You would have a natural looking fullness and a bit of lift for your own flesh.”

“Wow, so real looking,” Ellie stated.

Carol said, “Just enough to tell the world that the wearer is no longer a little kid but entering a new stage in their life. The gel conforms to your body temperature, so it's not like wearing something cold. It's completely comfortable and moves with your body, unlike the stiffness of traditional foam pads. Try it on!”

In a minute, I was standing there in a real bra. The flat slight puffiness of my other bras had turned into two small, but definite bumps. I looked at Ellie, afraid she would laugh.

“Oh my,” Ellie said to me. “It looks very nice on you.”

“This bra is more than just a pretty look,” Carol added. “Isn't it comfortable?”

“It's OK,” I answered. Actually, it felt kind of strange, but good. I looked in the mirror. My bumps looked much higher and pointy.

Carol reminded Ellie that girls my age have rather pointy breasts for a while before they become rounder and fuller.

They discussed that it was a practical thing to do...people thought I was a girl so why not? I had always had soft features and with lipstick, a surprisingly feminine face with long hair.

Maybe it was my lack of a beard or large eyes and pouty lips that made me look so girlish. Whatever it was, with lipstick and a bra, I looked much more like a girl than a boy.

“Well BETTY?” Ellie asked. “Are you ready to show off a bit?”

My heart was pounding. I knew that how I was dressing was not right...but it was fun. The bra gave me delicious tingles in my stomach. When I looked at myself in the mirror, Ellie saw me shiver. I just kept staring. “You have a very nice, trim figure,” Carol said, trying to break my trance before my eyeballs dried out. “Do you think you can get used to having breasts?”

Believe me, there's a difference between wearing a bra WITH full cups and wearing a training bra. I muttered, “I sort of like it.”

Carol said, “Wonderful. Ah, I think there's a slight problem we need to take care of...”

My mouth fell open when she returned with a wisp of an elastic garment.

“It's a dancer's strap,” Carol said. “It's like a jock strap but will give you a more androgynous appearance.” I grumbled, as I wiggled into the unusual garment then put the now well-fitting panties back on. “Much better,” she announced.

Ellie asked, "Is that okay? Not too uncomfortable?"

I wasn't sure. "It's not too bad."

Carol smiled saying, "That's wonderful. With the smooth front we can set you up with some delightful tight shorts..."

The strap was a little tight on me. And I moved my bottom from side to side to get comfortable. The tightness made me take smaller steps and the constriction made me move cautiously.

Carol said, "It's like the close-fitting bra felt when you first started wearing it. You'll get used to it."

While I was viewing my new figure wearing panties and a bra, I guess I was in awe. My mouth wouldn't close. I told Ellie how foolish I felt.

"You don't look foolish," Ellie said. "If you are going to wear panties and bra, I'm sure you'd be much more comfortable with people thinking you are a girl." My whole body went limp. Both women seemed to assume since I was wearing a bra and panties, I would like people to think I was a girl.

"You are going to love it," Carol said. "As a girl, you get to wear a bra and panties and EVERYONE will know it!"

I felt myself stiffen and I shuddered.

Before I could answer, Ellie was messing with my hair. "Precious, you have wonderful hair! Let me see what I can do with it."

With that she took her brush and parted, combed, fluffed and brushed until I saw a girlish hairdo in the mirror.

“There, that's better,” she said. “Now put on some lipstick and let's see what cute tops and shorts Carol has on sale.”



Ellie said. “If you are going to wear panties and bra, I'm sure you'd be much more comfortable with people thinking you are a girl.”

When we were ready to leave the store, I was wearing the female panties and bra...and much more! I had agreed to try the *boy* shorts but they turned out to be short shorts with hardly any legs. In fact, they were so short, they barely covered my panties. And tight! I had to struggle to get into them, and had a snap and zipper on the side of the shorts. The spandex fabric skimmed over my hips and panties. It was tight like a girdle more than just shorts. They smoothed the fabric at the front tightly between my legs.

“These are too small,” I blushed.

“No,” Carol said, “They look great on you. Look at the back? Not a wrinkle and they give you such a small waist.”

I knew this was wrong, but the shorts felt so good and showed off my bottom’s full shape; the small mound between my legs didn’t show at all.

I slid my fingers down the front of my little boy shorts and didn’t feel much like a boy.

Carol also sold us girl’s tennis shoes with anklet socks, a light blue pullover top and a pile of other things. I was also carrying a new white clutch purse that contained my handkerchief, billfold, lipstick, and key to Ellie’s house.

I expressed my fear of people noticing me and laughing, but Carol shrugged off my concern saying, “In those tight shorts and the strap, people will look...but no one will know you are a boy. Shoulders back and take little short strides like me.”

But I *knew!* Tears were in my eyes and Carol once again assured me no boy showed. She suggested I apply

a fresh coat of creamy lipstick and put the tube back my new purse.

While Ellie was paying, Carol said, “Hoeny, you won’t regret doing this, and you will have such fun! With a bit more makeup, I’d say you could even pass for a college girl!”

I didn’t know what to say to that so I just stood there with a red face. I took one more look at myself in the full-length mirror, turning from one side to the other to see my bottom. The clothes felt nice, even the tight white shorts. Yes they were girl clothes, but with the strap, even they looked good.

My smooth legs shot down from the tight, white shorts. A low-cut, blue blouse advertised my new attractions thinly veiled behind its soft fabric. My hair fell in waves to my shoulders while my pouty pink lips glistened like...well, like a girl. For some reason, I felt the need to protest, to tell them no-no-no, but inside, I was really saying yes-yes-yes!

When we left the boutique, the construction guys in front of Carol’s shop wolf-whistled at me for the first time. I about jumped out of my shorts.

“Easy dear,” Ellie said, “Get used to it precious. It’s something girls have to learn to appreciate.”

“But I’m not a girl,” I said fearfully.

“I know that, and you know that, but **THEY** don’t see that.” I was embarrassed to have men making wolf whistles but was grateful that they assumed I was a girl and not a sissy. I knew men noticed the opposite sex and were captivated by sexual desires. And I *was* wearing things that men *noticed*.

The rest of the walk home was quiet and uneventful. I did feel a few people look at me – but not in a mocking way. The nearer we got to home, the more confident my girlish stride became slowing sometimes into a sultry sway. It should have been so uncomfortable. The constriction troubles enhanced by the legs creeping up my thighs with every step. I so wanted to tug them down but concentrated on getting back to Ellie’s as quickly as possible!

“Just keep walking like me,” I heard Ellie’s encouraging words.

In the apartment, my first words were, “Did I do okay?”

Ellie assured me, “You’re a natural. I’m very as proud of the way you behaved. Put your purse down and store your new clothes away.”

I did as she requested, but I guess I took too long in returning to the living room. She came to my room and saw me admiring myself in the mirror. I heard her say, “You make a lovely girl!”

I guess she sort of scared me for I jumped and blushed.

“Don’t be embarrassed, I wouldn’t have bought you those things if I didn’t think you’d have fun wearing them.”

“They are sort of fun,” I admitted, turning back to the mirror and twisting so I could see my profile.

With a loving smile, Ellie said, “And I was worried you were too much of a boy to wear a bra.... Let me see you in your other tops.”

What could I do? She had seen me enjoying my look. I took off my top and slipped the gauzy peasant blouse over my head. Styled from sheer cotton, it had a delicate, open neckline, and fell into a cascade of gentle gathers over my bra and chest.

Ellie suggested I wear the snazzy gaucho shorts with the top. They had ultra-girly embroidered flowers on the front and zipped up the back. The wide flared legs almost looked like a skirt. “No one would ever know you are a boy!” Ellie gushed. “I can see your bra through the top.

“Should I change bras or this top?”

“Heavens no!” She insisted the impression of a bra was proper for a *Betty*. I happily agreed. I liked it so much, she said, “I want to get you the same blouse in blue. When a girl finds something that flatters her figure, she can’t have too many of them!”

She came over to me, took my hand in hers and had me look in the mirror. With a loving smile, she said, “I am not teasing you precious. With just a little work on your hair and a bit of makeup, you will turn many a young man’s head! Try on that linen top.”

I wanted to stop and defend my masculinity but instead put on the most girlish top we bought. It boasted a banded heart shaped neckline, adjustable lingerie-style straps and was lined to not show a bra. But there were tiny pleats under the bust that created a playful baby doll shape. “I’m not ready to wear this out yet,” I muttered.

“But you will be,” she teased.

The next several days went well and uneventful. I somehow got used to wearing panties, tennis shoes, and

the bra. The constriction around my chest was strange at first, but after a few days I got used to how it felt.

Ellie suggested I put a little of the pink lipstick on each day, but not too much. “We don’t want you looking like a young hussy now do we? We just want to protect your lips. A tiny bit of lipstick makes your full lips even fuller”

“Is that good? I mean having full lips,” I asked.

She looked at me with her gorgeous smile and said, “Oh honey! You have a lot to learn. Having full lips is just one of the main facial features that make a lady go from average to beautiful.”

“But I’m not a lady.”

“Of course you’re not, but since we are playing make-believe....”

So that is what we were doing, *make-believe*? I was *making believe* I was a girl, but the clothes were real! I thought it best to change the subject, as I didn’t want to discuss my sissy ways too much.

I kept the apartment spotless, and Ellie seemed pleased with my efforts. Every night when she came home, she greeted me with a hug. “How’s my girl doing today?”

Everyday I wore the panties as well as the girl shorts and tops. I noticed she always tactfully checked to see if I was wearing the training bra. One day she asked me, “When you take off your bra to bathe, do you feel bare or a sense of relief?”

That question made me feel strange, as I didn’t know if I liked her calling it *my* bra. Yet, for some reason, I admitted, “I guess I’ve gotten used to wearing them. I’d feel funny wearing a pretty top without one.”

“I can remember getting used to wearing my first bras,” she giggled. “It made me feel older and special. I finally had something the boys didn’t have and wanted!”

Early one evening Ellie and I went back to Carol’s Boutique. I must say I felt much more comfortable in the store this time. It was warm so I was able to wear shorts. I told Ellie that I didn’t need anything. But she told me a girl never has enough clothes.

Carol met us near the door. She had the nicest smile on her face.

Ellie had told her it was my birthday and wondered if she had a nice top for me to wear to dinner.

“What a special day!” She turned to me and handed me a large flat box, wrapped in silver paper with a large white ribbon tied around it.

I looked up at Ellie and found her smiling. I’d been set up. “Just try it on,” she giggled.

“Okay,” I murmured hesitantly. “Do you remember my size?”

“Don’t worry,” was Carol’s reply. “I’m good with sizes!”

It was too big for a bra but any present should be met with enthusiastic anticipation. I pulled the ribbon and eased away the silver wrapping, carefully unfolding several layers of tissue paper. I succeeded in finally revealing a pretty dress made of pale pink taffeta with a dark pink satin bow attached at the back.

“It’s a *dress!*” I gasped.

Carol laughed, "It's not something for climbing trees! Ellie and I figured you were ready to celebrate this special birthday with a very special dress...your *first* dress!"

"I was just thinking about a nice top," I said.

"Look at you honey, pretty lipstick and all," she said softly. "No! It's time to get you into a pretty dress. Don't you think it's beautiful?"

"It's okay, I suppose...for a dress."

Ellie giggled, "Just okay? It's gorgeous! Hold it up, so I can see."

I lifted the dress, holding it out away from me as if closer contact might contaminate my questionable masculinity.

"I can't tell if you hold it like that, silly! Hold it up to your chest."

With reluctance I held the dress up against my shoulders letting the dress flow over my little mounds.

"Very pretty!" Ellie said, looking at me, not the dress. "There's only one way to tell for sure! Put it on dear."

In seconds, I was in back with Carol slipping that dress over my head, zipping up the back, adjusting the bodice and tying the bow in back at the waistline. It fit like it had been made for me. The mounds from my padded bra stood out proudly.

"I can't wear a dress," I whined.

"Why?" Ellie asked. "Everyone already sees you as female. It's just like a long, pretty top that you don't wear pants under..."

The taffeta dress tickled my bare shoulders. I wasn't used to lacey materials and the hemline tickled my knees.

"It fits perfectly," Carol announced with an approving smile. "Can I see you walk?"

I obeyed, and walked across the room several times awkwardly since I wasn't used to wearing a very girlish party dress. Ellie said, "You have to thank Carol. That dress is from her."

"Thank you, Carol," I muttered softly. While Ellie and Carol talked about my dress, Carol noticed my increased fidgeting. "Young lady, you need to try to sit still and keep your knees together," she advised quietly. With that, she pulled the fabric off a large table that was covering many more pink and silver wrapped presents.

I suddenly felt acutely embarrassed. "You shouldn't have...I really have enough..."

Carol laughed, "You obviously don't know how it feels to be a girl yet. Now don't be rude, your Aunt spent a lot of money on these things for you."

I opened the first small package that contained flimsy embroidered panties and a padded lace bra. "These feel very soft and pretty..." I said, running my fingers over the lacy front.

"Soft and pretty, just like you," Carol said. "Perfect for a boy like you!"

"These cups are pretty big!" I said, putting my hand over the full cups.

"Ellie and I both think you can handle it," Carol smiled. "You are changing gradually and getting used to a feminine outlook on life. Girls your age are beginning to get used to the equipment for having babies. Having

a bosom can be a nuisance at times but something we think you should experience.” She handed me another box.

Inside was a pair of high heels with three-inch spikes. In the next two boxes were more dresses, simple but girlish *everyday* dresses. I turned to Ellie and asked, “Are you trying to tell me you want me to start wearing dresses around the house?”

Carol interrupted, “Now that you have them, why not wear them? Ellie says you have been wearing your padded bras. They will look really nice under a dress.”

“You haven’t been looking much like a boy,” Ellie defended.

“I *am* a boy!” I bellowed with sudden rage.

“No one is saying you aren’t,” Carol spat. “I just thought we were *all* having fun. You look so nice in your pretty lingerie and doesn’t a dress feel lovely and smooth on your skin?”

I nodded. I suddenly felt all hot and silly for defending my masculinity when I was I was dressed up like a Barbie doll.

Carol went on, Ellie and I wouldn’t be giving you dresses unless we thought you’d like wearing them. They are fun and cooler than jeans. If you wear panties and bras, we just want you to do it properly.”

“Okay,” I moaned, “I’ll try wearing them.”

“Good boy!” Carol said, enthusiastically. “You know, wearing a dress, you should go up a cup size.”

Ellie said, “He’s still not used to people seeing him as a girl.”

“It’s just a case of getting used to it,” Carol said. “A week or two in dresses and he’ll get used to being called Miss.”

“Is this really a good idea?” I asked.

Carol said, “What’s wrong with you having a few months of girlish fun? Let’s open the rest of your presents!”

“All of those are for me?”

“If you are Betty Jane, they are,” Carol smiled.

I just stood there with a red face. The rest of the time at the boutique was more or less a blur. All I know is we left with several skirts and blouses, a white lace garter belt and two pairs of stockings. We also bought two special padded push-up bras! It was really getting to be too too much. But while my outside was saying no-no-no, my insides were saying, ‘*no harm*’.

While I didn’t wear either of the fancy dresses home, they did talk me into wearing a pale blue, striped dress and a new larger bra. With the foam padding I sure looked different and yes, felt different too.

So Carol put my other gifts in a nice bag for me to carry. I saw Ellie pat Carol’s bottom and joke, “Are you wearing one of those padded girdles too?”



I saw Ellie pat Carol's bottom and joke, "Are you wearing one of those padded girdles too?"

Walking out of the store, a customer was coming in and we passed by the construction workers. There was a couple that were staring at me and saying something. I

heard one say something about me being *hot* and whistled.

I felt Ellie squeeze my hand. I felt goose bumps. After walking about a ¼ block, she led me into a shoe store alcove and said with a smile, “See what a dress does for you! Those guys were flirting with you. Did you like that?”

“It’s better than being made fun up and called a sissy.”

“See? That’s why I bought you all these things. If you work at it, we can make you into quite the confident young lady...even around boys.”

Of course I denied wanting anything like that but she wouldn’t buy it, saying, “Just wearing a pretty dress could be called flirting with boys. And I saw you in your new enhanced bra...you had your shoulders back so they could really see them.”

“Oh Aunt Ellie – please stop teasing me,” I replied with a red face. “I don’t know what I’m doing.”

She gave me caring hug and told me that it was okay and showing off a new dress is a natural thing for a girl to do. For the next few minutes or so I couldn’t think of anything else but what she said. I was doing exactly what came natural for a girl.

Was my wearing a dress really flirting? Gee, I was confused. I also wondered why being called “hot” made me feel so nice. While it was a pleasant feeling it also made me feel guilty for deceiving those boys.

That night, we went to my birthday dinner and we talked again. I was wearing one of my new dresses; a rose colored, silk fabric dress with short puffy sleeves.

Ellie asked, "Did you hang up all your pretty things before we left?" I nodded. My bedroom was starting to look like a girl's room with dresses and girlish items.

The waiter took our order and called me "pretty one".

"Aunty?" I asked softly. "Do you think it right for me to deceive everyone?"

She laughed, "You mean boys...the ones that treat you like a girl, right?"

I blushed and nodded. "I feel silly sitting here in a dress and making the boys think I'm a girl."

Ellie teased, "Do boys like to wear bras and dresses? You do. Maybe you aren't as much of a boy as you think? You have a closet full of dresses and a lot of pretty bras and panties to wear!"

"That's not very boy like," I said.

"That's what I'm trying to tell you silly!" Ellie giggled. "You don't have to be like a boy...you can become as girlish as you want."

"What's that mean?"

Ellie giggled, "Means I can buy you sweet little dresses, take you to get your hair done, and teach you all about being a young lady. By the end of the summer, you'll feel more like a girl than boy."

"Are you kidding?"

"No dear," Ellie said.

The next few weeks went well. I was getting used to wearing dresses and being treated as a girl. I wondered why I was feeling this way and not being repulsed. We did go out window-shopping a couple of evenings just to get out of our warm apartment.

One evening, Ellie took me to the playground and we watched some older boys play handball. With the temperatures being so high, they played with their shirts off. There were about 8 handball courts and all were occupied. But the crowds that were watching were mostly hanging around one court. With my hand in hers Ellie led me to it saying “Let’s see what all the excitement is about.”

Well, it was two young men or maybe I should say boys in their late teens. I could see the intensity in their faces and I also noticed their upper bodies glisten with their perspiration. We were fortunate to get a spot next to the fence and next to a small group of older girls. When they looked at us to see who we were a couple just gave us a friendly smile and I smiled back. I was in my blue skirt and white cotton blouse and my B cup cotton bra with the gel padding.

“Who do you like?” Ellie asked.

“The one in blue,” I whispered.

She laughed, “I think you have a lot of competition from the other girls...they like him too.”

She misunderstood me, “I meant to win the handball game...”

“I’m just teasing you,” Ellie said. “But look at those muscles and that tight little bottom...”

There were a lot of “oohs” and “ahs” from the girls, and I got caught up in it too. The boys were really good and knew girls were watching. I heard the girls comment on the physical attributes of the boys. One of the girls looked at me saying, “Doesn’t he make your toes curl?”

All I could do was agree with her. Ellie whispered, "When you get a little more experience honey, you'll know what she meant."

After an amazing return, Ellie nudged me and sighed, "That boy could really make even you feel like a woman!"

With a red face I nodded. Some other things were said but I can't recall what. I do know that I then started to look at the boys a bit differently. I noticed their bodies and how agile they moved and how muscular and confident they were. I also noticed them looking at me occasionally.

We stayed until the games were over. They played the best 3 of 5 and the winner came over to one of the girls next to us and gave her a big sweaty kiss.

As we were about to leave, he said to us, "Thanks for cheering me on! I'm Hank; I play here a couple times a week."

Ellie introduced me as "Betty Jane".

"Nice to meet you. I need all the help I can get." He extended his hand and looked at my chest. I do remember his hands were big and I could see he was real handsome too. He was tall, shirtless and his beefy, tan, lean body was shining with perspiration. He had the most gorgeous smile too. All I could say as he shook my hand was "You are amazing!" (Meaning his play) but that caused Ellie to laugh.

"Thanks!" he said then leaned over and gave me a friendly kiss on my lips. I about fainted. He released me and they left.

I just stood there dumbfounded. I felt conflicted at being viewed as some guy's object and kissed against my will (or at least without asking first). This made *making*

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believe more complicated but after the evening's outing, I grew quite comfortable being seen as a girl.

Ellie teased me on the way home saying, "Oh to be young again! So many boys and so little time! How did you like your first kiss from a boy?"

I looked at her and sort of smiled. "I'm really not sure. I never dreamed my first kiss would be from a boy! It's my last too..."

"I doubt that, precious. Did you know that when he kissed you, you closed your eyes and seemed to go into dreamland? Don't be embarrassed, you responded like a girl should and would."

"Someday I want to have muscles like that!"

With that walk, you can get all the muscles you want!" Ellie teased.

Oh my, I was swishing!

After that, we began to go out nightly; sometimes for a walk or a movie, dinner or to the park. I suddenly really cared about my grooming. How could I not? Ellie was always there to point out a wrinkle in my top or a hair out of place. She made it clear to me that I would be appreciated for my appearance, not my character, muscles, personality or intellect.

"Look," said my loving Aunt pointing at my emerging cheekbones, "You have to watch what you eat. No one likes fat chicks."

I spent hours at my vanity, with its big mirror, playing with makeup. The name *vanity* reflected how I was feeling about myself. Ellie encouraged me...calling *staring in the mirror* a customary ritual of being female.

She bought me teen beauty magazines to read so that I could read about girls who had no desire save that of being desirable and wearing clothes to *die* for. I looked at the girls in the magazines and wondered if I could wear what they were wearing. Was I as cute as or cuter than some?

Ellie said I made a cute girl, and I got stares from cute guys. I grew hungry for the boys' approval (stares) rather than disapproval (being ignored).

Ellie encouraged me to try to comply with the stereotype of feminine beauty. We dieted, purchased beauty products, plucked at everything and worked on our hair. My self-confidence demanded it. I guess I was preoccupied with my looks and clothes. I was obsessed about comparing myself to *other* girls. Just because I was a boy, I didn't want to look substandard. I liked when a pretty, well-groomed girl was staring back at me in the mirror, with a sultry expression on her face, daring me to make her look hotter and more feminine!

Male approval and self-confidence came. With Carol's help, a push up bra took care of the lack of cleavage, cramming all my chest flesh together in a way that satisfied visual demand. My breasts weren't real but neither was I!

I didn't own myself. I was the property of men and male culture and their ability to validate me as a girl. My duty as a girl was to look feminine, dress feminine and act feminine. It was becoming easier every day as my guilt lessened and my self-confidence in being *pretty* increased.

I wasn't wearing any boy clothes and Ellie commented, "Oh precious. Look at you! Not many boys could have come this far."

I had my legs crossed above the knee, dangling the top one. I pulled my shoulders back, enjoying the sight of my gel bosom pushing out against my little knit top. My long, smooth legs went forever up to the hem of my short jean skirt and my high-heeled cork wedgies adored my feet.

Ellie continued, “Your mother would kill me if she saw you now. She was never very open minded.”

“I’m not a little boy anymore,” I teased and fluffed up my hair.

“I agree,” Ellie said. “You know, there are a couple boys at the handball park that have a crush on you.”

“So?” I smiled.

“So I think you could easily get one to ask you out.”

“I don’t like boys like *that!*”

“I know but it could be fun for you to go to a movie and be flattered by a young man. You could hold hands. I think that might be nice for you.”

“I like girls.” I stated.

“I know, but I’ve seen you being pretty flirtatious to get a boy’s attention.”

“It’s just that I like knowing that I look good,” I blushed.

“That’s normal for girls your age and so is interacting socially with boys. I’d hate for this summer to end without you having as many girlish experiences as possible.” She smiled at me naughtily.

I made a big show of pulling my short skirt down as far as I could. “Oh my,” I said softly. “You really think I should?” I was intrigued with the idea.

“With those shapely legs of yours, why not?” Ellie giggled. “Seriously, I’d love to get you all dolled up for a date with a cute boy. A new dress and let’s try doing your hair up in curls? I’ll make you look yummy!”

“I have to get someone to ask me out first,” I said.

“Easy. First, we just use a bit more makeup to make you look older, more sophisticated and maybe a tight sweater. Then, we have a couple options. I could call a friend who has a son in college. Maybe we could double date? Or you and I could get all dolled up and go to the fanciest place in town...”

I squealed in delight, before saying, “I really shouldn’t...”

A few days later, Ellie had set up a “social” outing...

Ellie said, “Getting your own date would have been a lot of fun, but I really shouldn’t let you go out with a strange young boy, without me around. I know just the place for some safe interaction.”

I was so nervous, yet very excited, but it was so scary.

Ellie comforted me, “Just relax and be yourself. You’ve become quite the young *lady* now. Take your bath, and I’ll help you get all prettied up.”

It was such fun getting ready together and it showed. I was fascinated with my image in the mirror. My hair had been done perfectly in an elegant style, a complete mature make up job, sparkling jewelry, and a conservative but sexy full slip that showed off my curves. I looked like I could be in College or even a young working woman. (But nothing like a teenage boy!)

“You’ll remember this night forever,” Ellie said. “The iron is ready for you to press your dress.”

I walked in my slip and high heels to her room where she had my dress ready for me to press. I looked in her full-length mirror and saw my reflection as I started the most girlish of actions...pressing a dress for my first date with a man. I didn’t have much time so I didn’t have to luxury of debating whether this was good for a boy to be doing.

Ellie said my persona was “well-matched” to do *what girls do*. I carefully moved the warm iron over the pretty *after five* dress I would soon be wearing. I looked in the mirror again. The thought of being in this dress around a man gave me goose bumps.

I would be going back home soon. If any of my friends saw me doing this, I’d be hung. I heard Ellie say, “Hurry precious! We want to get a good seat!”

I felt a wave of horror come over me. I spent a lot of time dressing, making up, and putting up my hair so as to look my very best. I gasped aloud, “If a guy likes a girl, does he try to kiss her?”

“Just relax and finish your dress.” I heard Ellie reply.

I shook my head. I had to make sure my male instincts didn’t surface. I ironed the dress until it was perfect.

Aunt Ellie said, “Oh, precious. What a *doll!* I can’t believe you’re that gawky, unkempt boy who my sister dropped off at my door. You have come to flower into such a vivacious young lady.”

I beamed at her praise. “I have you to thank. You make it okay for me to be just as feminine as I can. I would have never known...”

“Here, put on a little of my sexy perfume. Your date will like it.”

Ellie helped me into my dress and zipped it up the back. It was almost too mature for me but elegant and feminine, and it went nicely with my black high-heel pumps, and my new evening bag.

I transferred about half of what I'd been carrying in my day purse. Yes, I now understood my mother and how intimate a woman is with the insides of her bag. I had some freebie makeup samples, a hairbrush, compact, two cream lipsticks, and gloss, change purse and key chain. I also had a jeweled hair clip, mascara and a tampon. (Ellie said that was for flash. I was to make sure anyguy too persistent saw it.)

OUT AND ABOUT....

“When I want company, I come here,” Ellie said as the doorman opened the taxi door.

“Welcome to the Pink Stork Room ladies,” the doorman smiled.

“Classy joint!” I whispered.

“People come here for the big band dancing,” Ellie said. “The men are generally rich and older but are all gentlemen.”

“I really don't know how to dance.”

“Girls your age never know how to dance to this old stuff but the men are strong leaders. Just relax, and they'll lead you into the steps....”

The restaurant was a speakeasy during prohibition and was a very fashionable place. I was in my fancy evening dress and the fellows all wore tuxedos, or dark

business suits. On top of the roof garden in the summer there was the orchestra and they served dinner. The room was already very crowded and seeing all the people made me totter a bit in my high heels.

“Remember missy what we talked about,” Ellie said.

We were there to give me a social experience with men. Dancing and being *chatted up*, was the goal of the evening. I was to accept all first dance offers. I was to ask the man about himself and show interest. I was to relax and let the man lead and show me how to dance. I was to do this even though we had practiced some simple box steps at home.

The men were checking me out and I was suddenly aware of the flimsiness of my dress and the crunch of my toes in my pointy high-heeled velvet pumps. I realized that any man I danced with would feel my brassiere and maybe even my high-waisted, black satin panties.

There was a popular male vocalist appearing as well as the orchestra. We were escorted to a table close to the band. I felt so special. I gently checked my hair; loving the sensation of such a feminine gesture.

Our waiter called us lovely ladies. At a table near ours, there was a group of four young businessmen in suits. They were watching us.

Just before the dinner music ended, Ellie took me into the ladies room and we refreshed our faces and hair. She said, “Are you ready princess?”

The music hardly started when I was asked to dance by an older gentleman who asked, “May I dance with your daughter?”

She smiled, “NO! But you may dance with my niece!”

So we had a marvelous couple of hours of dancing. At first we *played the field* but met a couple of darling men who joined us at our table. They even picked up the check!



I didn't have to be smart or witty, just pretty. I was enjoying the strange tingly feelings I was having being around these men in their dark wool suits.

It was easy surrendering to the advantages of being feminized. I didn't have to be smart or witty, just pretty. I was enjoying the strange tingly feelings I was having being around these men in their dark wool suits. When I fluffed up my fairly long hair to make it look more feminine, or put on a touch of pink lipstick, they would appear in a trance.

When dancing their fingers touched my lacy dress like brail trying to figure out what I was wearing underneath my dress. Inhaling my own lovely perfumed aroma, I caught myself making soft swooning sounds.

SUMMER PASSES...

Over the next weeks, Ellie remained faithful to her pledge of creating a make-believe girl out of me. Twenty-four hours a day, I was to think and behave in a cute and feminine way!

Ellie said, "When your heart and spirit are feminine, usually everything else follows suit." She kept me busy from morning makeup to nightly face cleansing. And I loved every minute of it, even when my feet ached from heels.

Shopping was a major part of nearly every day and my wardrobe grew to include not only dresses and skirts but also bits of jewelry. She even gave me her great Aunt's diamond wedding ring.

I realized that summer would end and I would be going back home and to school in a few weeks. It made me sad.

"It makes me sad too," Ellie said. "I'm going to be lonely."

"I wonder if my boy clothes still fit."



Shopping was a major part of nearly every day and my wardrobe grew to include not only dresses and skirts but also bits of jewelry. She even gave me her great Aunt's diamond wedding ring.

My boy interests had pretty much disappeared. It had been like a fog that descended gently, I barely noticed them leave. My life was about panties, bras, dresses and high heels....that was my new spirit and gender. My sense of reality had nothing in common with boys anymore other than to get their attention.

I tried to imagine being in school as a boy again as I lie in bed, my hair in curlers, my body caressed by my nightgown. I would lie on my back and look down at my gel breasts pressing outward and try to convince myself that they were in fact real. But they were no more real than a clown wearing a prosthetic nose.

What *was* real was my new abilities. I could walk in the highest heels, coordinate an outfit, shave my legs without a nick, draw attention to my eyes with makeup, and get a boy's attention by ignoring him. I could maneuver tweezers like a martial artist to get just the right, high arch on my brows.

All of these things would soon be obsolete. I would be back in school, unable to brag about being the only boy to proudly achieve wearing a full cup bra for the summer. There were girls in my class who hadn't done that!

As my outlook on life changed to resemble a girls', I felt more removed from my male life and experiences. Ellie could see I was getting down and did her best to squeeze in as many girlish experiences as possible.

She dangled a tampon in front of my face, and explained girlhood wasn't always a bed of roses. "Sweet smelling and the pedals soft and silky but there were the pricks." She had me put a couple in my purse along with a little calendar marked with a red "X" for my *time of the month*.

She laughed, "And they are good for politely dissuading a boyfriend that *this isn't a good time*." We had become very close and she would talk enviously about her youth, boys she had dated and much more...in detail. I was embarrassed by her frankness sometimes and she would giggle, "*Girlfriend!* One by one, all girls *give it up*. It's part of femininity."

I liked it when she called me, Girlfriend, but I was more like a daughter. Sometimes we dressed alike to go to lunch and shopping. Checking ourselves in the mirror before we left, I found it hard to believe that I was a boy. Yes, I knew I was a boy but my pierced ears, long styled hair and two well shaped protrusions said, "Treat me like a girl." In our matching attractive sweater and skirt outfits, I felt so close to Ellie. I wanted to grow up and be just like her. She liked it when I said that.

Once when I pointed out a cute boy, Ellie praised me for no longer defending my masculinity. "You could pretty much do anything a girl does," she said, laughing, "except have babies."

"And other things," I added.

"Are you talking about being with boys?" she smiled. "You could do that too."

I got beet red and told her to not be silly.

She took her hand and laid it gently on my cheek; looked me in the eye and said, "Oh precious, you are so innocent. You could easily get a boyfriend, and they are really very easy to please." That comment made me feel good and yet I got a strange feeling...like goose bumps.

Over the next few days, we chatted about the "birds and bees" again. She pointed out the differences in the way boys and girls think.

"Yuck," I said when she talked about some big guy she dated who couldn't get enough of her. "Men just do what comes naturally, and making them happy is nothing to be ashamed of or afraid of."

"I could never..."

"What? Enjoy wearing a bra or showing off in a cute little dress? You don't know what you like until you try

it. Now as far as males are concerned, nothing matches how feminine they can make you feel.”

The summer was rushing by and I only had about two weeks before mom was to pick me up. Ellie was intent on keeping me busy and entertained, so we decided to walk up Fifth Avenue window shopping and talking. For the occasion, I wore a straight white miniskirt and a lavender crop top that bared my navel. Since the day was rather warm, I wore purple four inch pumps with stiletto heels without nylons. My makeup, eyeshadow, lipstick, and nail polish were done in lavender shades to match my ensemble.

On our outing, we spent time at the Guggenheim Museum of Modern Art and had a nice lunch before walking by Central Park South back to Riverside Drive. It was a long walk in high heels but such a beautiful day, but we were enjoying our day together. As we sauntered leisurely back to our home Ellie said, “I guess we should start thinking about getting you some boy clothes for school.” I agreed.

As we turned to go up the steps of her brownstone, I gasped! Terror of terror, there was my mother with her suitcase sitting on Ellie’s steps waiting for us. At first, she smiled at Ellie, then did a double take, shook her head, and gasped, “*What the...!*”

Ellie said rather firmly, “Come in and I’ll explain.”

Mom didn’t take her eyes off me and didn’t stop yelling, “What the hell did you do to my *son*?”

In the house, Aunt Ellie said, “We have been having a little fun, you know, make-believe.”

“Well, how long has this been going on?”

Ellie confessed and told Mom the whole story.

Mother harangued Ellie for permitting and encouraging me. She also said she was really disappointed in me and told me to go change into my own clothes.

“He doesn’t have much. We didn’t expect you for another two weeks,” Ellie said.

“The ship had a broken propulsion pod and the cruise line cancelled the last cruise and put the ship in dry dock. I had planned to surprise you and spend some time with my sister and son, not some...” She stopped.

“Easy dear,” Ellie said. “Everyone around here knows him as a girl and he’s well liked. I’ve grown to really love him.”

“What’s that mean?”

“It means he can’t just change into a boy here without being humiliated and bringing scandal to our family. You should have called.”

I guess my mother was not seeing red anymore...only the pink I was wearing. I was close to tears.

“Okay,” she said. “After months, I just got off a wonderful, relaxing cruise ship, I can handle this, but I shouldn’t have left you with *her!*” She came over and put her arms around me. “I was wrong for leaving you and I’m going to cancel my contract for next summer. Please forgive me.”

“There’s nothing to forgive, Mom. I’ve had the best summer of my life.” I started talking about all the places we visited like the concerts in the park, museums, restaurants, and subways.

“Like this?” she asked. “You went all those places in that dress?”

“I have a lot of dresses,” I said shyly.

Her eyes rolled back. “The ship must have gone down, and I’m in hell!” She couldn't resist making me stand up and turn around. “Gawd, I can’t even remember my son. What are you wearing under that dress?”

“Same as you are wearing under yours, I imagine,” I said timidly. “A bra and panties.”

She began asking questions like, “That purse ... yours?”

I nodded.

Ellie said, “I know you want to run out of here with him but spend the night. We have tickets to a concert at Carnegie Hall for tonight. We can have dinner at an Italian restaurant near there. I hope you decide to stay but if you want to take him home in the morning, I’ll drive you to the train.”

Mom was still confused. What was he planning to wear to the concert, I mean before I showed up?”

Ellie turned to me, “I don’t think he’s decided yet. Maybe his blue evening dress or his sexy little black dress. What do you think, precious.”

Mom moaned and was very tired from the long trip from Vancouver. She agreed we could stay the night and try to regain her wits.

Mom took a nap. I was sure she thought she’d wake up and I’d be her scruffy boy again. While she was sleeping, Ellie told me, “You have done nothing wrong. You just forget she’s your mother and be the delightful young lady I’ve grown to love.”

“Really?” I asked. “She keeps looking at me like I’m a freak!”

“There’s only one way for you to win her over, show her how feminine you have become...”

When mom woke up, it was late and I was ready for dinner and the concert. She just kept glaring at me and I felt so exposed. The full skirt of my conservative, royal blue silk dress stopped four inches above my nylon clad knees. The waistline of the dress was tied in a very girly bow right in the center of my back. It was cool so I wore Ellie’s silk jacket over my shoulders. My face was made up perfectly and I wore my hair loose and full. My nails were painted a bright pink.

Ellie insisted I look as girlish as I could and mom didn’t miss the gel breasts that naturally jiggled every time I moved. We had to run to catch a taxi, make the dinner reservation and the show.

The evening was a delight. Mom seemed to realize I was safe in my outfit and relaxed with the help of some wine. Over dinner, she and Aunt Ellie caught up and relived some of their childhood memories. I reminded myself how nice it was to have family and know Ellie. The concert was delightful.

We had a wonderful and busy night. Mom said to me, “I can’t believe I’m saying this, but I had fun, and the way you look and behave, it’s easy to forget you are my son.”

Early the next morning, mom came into my room to find me sleeping in a white nightgown. She sat on my bed and said, “First time I’ve seen you without makeup. I can almost see my son...”

I was a little embarrassed as she looked over my shoes, dresses and skirts in the closet. She opened a drawer and saw my lingerie, then the accessories, jewelry, and makeup on the vanity. “Do you think any of your boy clothes will still fit?”

I shook my head. “Most have been thrown away.” I had lost a few pounds, and it made me appear slighter.

She looked over my wardrobe, and said, “You have nicer lingerie than me! And if you ever even think about wearing a larger bra...” She smiled softly. “So you really like this girlie stuff?”

I nodded.

“And for heaven's sakes, what are these?” She held up a strappy garment.

“That's my panty gaff. It's sort of like a little girdle I wear under my panties to prevent an obvious bulge. Besides, Carol says it makes my panties and shorts fit better.”

“Oh, honey! boys don't need to look good in *panties*! Are all these yours?”

“Oh *Mom*,” I whimpered, “Since I'm living as a girl, I really should go through what they do.”

“So what are we going to do with them now? Take them home? I have to admit, it was fun having a pretty daughter last night. You really are amazing.” She smiled again.

It was wonderful to see my mother smile. I swished up to her, gave her a big hug and kiss. I walked over to the full-length mirror and struck a modeling pose. I admitted, “This is really fun. How do you like my nightie? It's really comfortable to sleep in.”

“I know all about nightgowns, I’m a woman, remember?” She picked up my tweezers and said, “What do you plan to do about your plucked brows and shaved legs?”

“Ellie said they’d grow in.” My thin, arched brows were less than half their previous thickness.

“Someday,” she muttered. “Why don’t tell me what you like about being a girl.”

“At first I was uncomfortable and self-conscious, but when I started wearing a bra and people started treating me like a girl, I liked it.”

When she left to talk to Ellie, I got dressed. She had reminded me that I was just a boy in girl’s clothes and I hated that feeling. Ellie had made me feel that girl’s clothes look good on me. She made me feel that if I tried hard enough, I could be as girlish as any girl.

I thought about putting on jeans and a t-shirt, but I knew there was only one way to go. I painted my pouty lips with a frosted pink lipstick and pulled my hair away from my face with barrettes. I chose a black lace top and my favorite denim mini-skirt, put on my makeup and simple heels and went to the kitchen.

Mom and Ellie were chatting. Mom looked me over and said, “Is that the way they dress in New York or is my son trying to get laid?”

“That is how girls his age dress,” Ellie stated. “Turn around dear.”

I pirouetted in front of them girlishly and walked over to get my purse before sitting at the kitchen table. I smoothly crossed my legs, pulled out my lip-gloss and that raised mom’s brows. I swiftly and skillfully put on a smooth coat of lipstick gloss.

Mom looked me over with a piercing glance. “Gawd,” she said to Ellie, “You are right. He’s practically a girl now. Okay, so I have a daughter for a few days. But next week before we leave, we get you some boy clothes for school. Okay, Betty Jane?”

I let out a shriek of surprise and delight.

“Oh, that was girlish!” she laughed enthusiastically. “I can call you Betty Jane too?”

“Of course. Just treat him like your daughter now,” Ellie said. “Tell him he’s pretty.”

Mom’s expression changed. “You really are pretty and I declare, you even act like a girl.”

“Oh mom, thank you!” I said. “I want to show you how I can do my hair.” I reached up and piled it up on my head. “Ellie says I look like you when you were my age. Is it true?”

“I guess,” she said in resignation.

Not sensing her mood, I continued to burst onwards girlishly, “Carol says I shouldn’t cut my hair.”

“Is Carol the women who fitted you for a bra?”

I giggled, “Oh Mom, look how real they are!” With that I pulled up my lace top and showed her my black lace bra with the full gel cups. I chattered on, “It’s very comfortable and doesn’t it look wonderful with this top? Carol thinks I could even be a bit bigger, what do you think? Feel it.”

There was silence. Mom looked at me and shook her head. “Yes, that bra looks and feels very real! In that skirt, you have a very attractive figure... definitely like a female. The problem is that only boys are going to appreciate your divine figure. What are you going to do if a boy asks you out?”

There was silence again. My face was red.

“What?” Mom asked. “Have you dated boys?”

Ellie explained everything about our going out to dance. “He was perfectly safe,” she said.

“Moonlight dancing? How romantic.” Mom remarked, “Were the men nice looking?”

I don’t know why but I foolishly answered her. “Oh mom, they were all in suits and they were good leaders. You would have loved Antonio. He was Italian, dark hair and a great smile. He even picked up our check!”

I looked at mother and she was shaking her head. “Did you like dancing with men?”

“I liked getting dressed up all pretty and being appreciated.”

Mom gasped, “You are no longer playing make believe...you have become functionally and socially a girl! The way you walk and even your hand gestures have become that of a female. I don’t think you’ll want a football over a new dress anytime soon.”

“I think I’ll be okay when I get home,” I said, playing nervously with the hem of my skirt.

“Listen to yourself. Even your voice sounds like a girl. Do you want to grow up into a woman?”

“If I could be like Aunt Ellie, I would.”

Ellie winked at me and said to mom, “That is why I’m leaving my estate to your son or daughter or whatever he wants to be in life.”

Mother moaned and said to Ellie, “A fortune or not, I still think you have exceeded the limits of common sense by feminizing my son. You allowing the two of you to be picked up and danced with by men who did not know he

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was a boy.” She turned to me, “And you! If you are going to wear a dress, you have to know where to draw the line.”

“It was just dancing,” Ellie stated. “Totally normal and innocent.”

I was depressed as mom talked about getting me to see a psychiatrist. She added, “I had so hoped that this worked out. I had already signed on to next summer with the cruise line.”

“I’d love to have him,” Ellie said.

For the rest of mom’s time in New York, we were very busy sightseeing. We visited the Universities, museums, walked Central Park, shopped and ate at the finest of NYC restaurants. I mostly wore short skirts, or summer weight dresses since it was warm. Like mom and Ellie, I wore low heels for comfort but high heels for style.

At times, mom made fun of my dress and heels, but Ellie defended me, “He wants to be cute and feminine. This is the big city and people dress up. Really, what activity exists that cannot be done while looking one’s best and being dressed with (at least) feminine touches and behaving as a lady?”

The next day, we went horseback riding in Central Park. I felt looking pretty and feminine in a long riding skirt while mom wore jeans. She laughed, “I feel like Rhett Butler, and my son looks like Scarlett O’Hara.”

As the week went on, mom responded to me more like a girl, but there were still a few digs. Ellie said it was my earnest attempt to respond properly as a girl. I

could see when I caught mother off guard with some natural girlish mannerism such as doing my nails.

One rainy day over breakfast, I was checking my nails, Mom said, "I can't help but notice how lovely your fingernails are. Does Ellie do your nails?"

Before I could reply, Ellie said to me, "Precious, why don't you do your mother's nails?"

Mom looked confused as she looked at me and said, "You know how to do other lady's nails?" Ellie held up her own perfectly manicured talons as proof.

Ellie put the manicure kit and polish on the kitchen table and, ten minutes later, mom's hands and feet were soaking in warm water. I was squatting on a short stool and had to be mindful of my short skirt. As I had learned to do, I sat erect with my knees primly together, wrapped one of her feet in a towel, and took it in my skirted lap. Looking over the polishes arrayed on the table, I began filing and pushing the cuticles and asked, "Any particular color you prefer?"

"Maybe we can match today?" Mom replied with a sly smile. "What color are you wearing?"

With a slight blush, I replied, "Russian Red to match my nail color and lipstick."

"That's a bit bold for someone my age, but what the hell," she chuckled. "Mother and daughter red it is!" I must have spent an hour detailing her nails, and after the clear coats dried, mom was ecstatic and elated at how her toenails looked.

Ellie smiled, "He has a remarkable talent for doing nails."

"Yes," mom said holding her nails up to catch the light. "He seems to be a *natural!*"

LEAVING....

The day before we were to leave, Carol came by to say goodbye and meet my mom. It was a cold and short meeting. Before she left, Carol said to me, “I’m going to miss you. If you come back next summer, the street will be done and I’ll be really busy again. If you want a good paying summer job, I’ll have one for you! Of course, you’ll have to wear dresses and skirts with heels and makeup with a neat feminine hairstyle.”

Mom rolled her eyes but remained polite.

That night, I got out of my girl outfit and into a dressing gown. My bag of new boy clothes was packed and by the door. The boy clothes I was to wear were laid out by it.

In the bathroom, I took a long look and removed all my makeup. I made sure that I got the pink polish off my toes and fingers but they appeared to have just a trace of stain. I held them up and noticed that they were as long as mom’s. Without polish, I still had long girlish nails. Secretly, I hoped mom wouldn’t notice and make me trim them. Over the summer, I had become very attached and comfortable with my longer nails, and I planned to keep them longer even if I would be teased by my friends and schoolmates.

Ellie always had pretty red fingernails and now the smell of nail polish was etched in my mind as a wonderful pleasure. One of the first things she taught me was a girl must always keep her nails polished to keep them strong and looking pretty.

It had been months since we first filed my nails into delightful, girlish ovals and painted them with several coats of pale pink polish. I remembered the initial em-

barrassment that had turned into the thrill of having *girl* hands with *girlish* nails.

I combed out my hair and gave it a good brushing. I took off my dressing gown and reached behind my back, and in a practiced motion from months of experience, I un-did the hooks on my bra. Then leaning slightly forward, I shimmied my shoulders just enough to make the loosened bra drop down my arms and into my hands.

From being pushed up in a bra all summer, my nipples had started to get bigger and darker, and my chest had some puffiness. I was worried that they might show through my shirts, and I was especially worried about Gym class and my shaved legs. Finally, after washing out my lingerie so Ellie didn't have to, I climbed into bed and looked over my girlish shelter for the last time before I drifted off to sleep.

Very early the next morning, we left for the train. The thick cotton shirt, trousers and big flat shoes felt awful after my summer in skirts and light feminine heels and flats.

Ellie dropped us off at Grand Central Station and said to mom, "He's going to be rather confused for a bit. Try keeping him away from girls as long as possible. Spend as much time as you can with him and let him know how much you love him. I certainly do!" Mom cried, and so did I.

On the train, Mom had to remind me several times to avoid using feminine gestures, voice, and language and to sit with my knees apart. I had to laugh and say, "Carol warned that a bra might be uncomfortable, but nothing like a scratchy cotton shirt and wool pants! With no soft silky lining, these clothes are driving me crazy!"

Mom noticed, “You just need time to get used to them again. Very soon, your innate masculinity will take over.”

“I doubt it,” I said. “I feel like a dog that’s been eating steak and suddenly back to kibble.”

Mother moaned, “I’m so torn. I have never seen you happier and that can’t be good, right?” She laughed at her own words. “Look, if you get good grades and try to be a good *boy* this year, maybe I’ll be willing to let you have another fling next summer.

“Really!” I said in a high girlish squeal. I gave her a big hug.

“The fact that I’m thinking this makes me think I need to talk to a shrink,” she smiled. “I dropped you off a boy who never picked up his underwear and pick up a boy that nightly does his hair, with perfect grooming and even does his own laundry. I would have thought one day of shaving your legs would have had you running away. Didn’t you just hate wearing high heels?”

“It was a lot of work,” I said, “but I felt like I was learning something about life and even your existence as my mom and as a woman.”

I saw her melt a bit. “You are such a wonderful son. If I let you go to Ellie’s next summer, I assume I’d be coming back to a daughter again?”

I nodded.

“I’ll talk to Ellie. I’d expect you to behave yourself in an appropriate and ladylike way. Can I trust you to be safe and not take any chances? The big city can be a dangerous place for a young girl.”

“You can trust me,” I said. “I’ll be a really good girl....”

THE END

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