

*More
Feminine Discipline
3 Novelettes
by Bea*



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PREFACE:

Three novelettes describing how some males come to be dominated in different countries. Age doesn't matter. Social mores don't matter. If a male has a 'glimmer' of submission and comes across a female with dominance on her mind? He'd better beware - or may find himself in girly dresses! Doing what is expected of girls!

"**Blitzkreig**" is set in England during the second world war. In it, a young bully finally meets a girl who can bully him back. Teach him how to behave *properly*.

In "**Aunt Emily's Suggestion**" a young American male falls under the influence of an older woman who has always felt that subservience to the 'Head of the House' is paramount.

"**A Little Sissy Shall Lead Them**" takes place in a war-torn European country where women have become disenchanted with male rule - and the consequences to a young man.

BLITZKREIG!

I sat in the air raid shelter, the only male there, surrounded by women and girls. The women ranged in age from thirty to forty I guess and the girls from seven to thirteen. As for myself, I was fifteen. The year was 1943 and the Germans were still bombing us. Not as bad as they had been mind you, but enough to be a sodding pest getting you up out of a nice warm bed and into a bloody cold shelter. There were only six houses on the cul de sac where we lived and all the men who should have been there were off fighting. My own dad was a prisoner of war.

One of the houses had been vacant for a while, but the shelter that night was abuzz with the news that another family were just in the process of moving in. I was in two minds about this. If there was a boy, I might have to take him on in a fight to ensure my position as king of the street, and I wasn't overly keen on that. If it was a girl, it would be just somebody else to boss around. From the tone of the gossip though it seemed that it was a woman and her daughter, so I stopped listening and tried to sleep. But then I heard something that got me awake, though I kept my eyes shut so they wouldn't know I was listening.

"Mrs. Melden? I hate to say this but your boy Billy? He's a mean little bugger! Always bossing my girls about. I don't know what my Harry's gonna do when he gets back and finds out about this – if he ever gets back. He's liable to kick your boy's arse around the cul de sac, that's for certain!"

The threat scared me a little, but I knew it was going to be a long time before her husband Mr. Helf, got back and, if he ever did, he was just going to be too busy to be any threat to me.

My stepmother, Mary, wasn't going to take any nonsense from anyone either. She's pretty tough herself. "You've seen Billy doing anything Mrs. Helf?" she asked in a hard voice.

"Well . . . No. But my girls wouldn't . . ."

"Think Billy would agree with what they say?" Mary interrupted quickly.

Mrs. Helf snorted. "That would be the day, I'd imagine."

"So it's just your girl's word against his?"

"Yes. But! Anyone can see. . ."

"Mrs. Helf. If I ever catch him doing something like that? You won't need your husband to take care of him. I'll do it on my ownsome. But until he's caught? He'll get the benefit of the doubt. From me, anyway."

"Mrs. Melden?" One of the other mothers, a Mrs. Gordon, spoke up quietly. "I've never seen him do anything wrong either. But my little Angela? She's terrified of him! Runs inside the house whenever he appears. I don't know what he's doing, but there's something wrong somewhere."

My stepmother started to answer her, but was cut off by the siren sounding the 'all clear'. Seconds later we were all making a mad dash for the house, me, Mary, and Stephanie my step sister. Just as we got into the house Mary grabbed me by the ear. "Would you cut it *out*! I'm tired of these women grousing at me! I know you're hard on Stephanie and I feel like taking the belt to you – but she's got to learn to take the rough with the smooth, so I don't interfere."

"M'not doing anything!" I yowled, my ear throbbing. "Just these sissy girls whining about nothing!"

"Shite!" she cursed. "Drive me bloody stupid, you will. Get to bed!"

My ear was throbbing, but I grinned to myself as I hurried off to bed. Mary was quick with her hands, but I knew she tried to be more than fair with me. My mother had died when I was young and Mary and my dad had got married just before the war started. He got called up, and here she was with a boy to bring up – along with her own daughter from a previous marriage. Looking back, I still get impressed with her behaviour. She was very tough and hard, but would bend over backward to be fair. Naturally, I took advantage of this every chance I got.

The following day was Sunday. It was raining hard, but I got fed up hanging about the house listening to the radio. They had some nice songs on Family Favorites, but a lot of that old classical junk too. I put my coat and school cap on and went outside. Immediately felt great! There was this new girl coming out of the house across the cul de sac. I deliberately walked towards her. She was heights with me, maybe a little taller and was wearing a yellow raincoat and rain hat. As we got close, she looked directly at me and gave me a nice smile. "Hello." she said. "You live here on the cul de sac?"

"What's it to you?" I said nastily, and bumped into her, hard. Then, remembering the conversation from the previous night "I'm SO sorry miss! I just slipped on the wet pavement." I said, leering at her as she fought to retain her balance. This apology, I felt, would protect me from any charges of bullying if anybody had seen us.

She recovered quickly and, though her face was a little flushed, she scrutinized me with calm grey eyes. "Why did you do that?" she asked. "It was very rude. And all I did was say 'hello' to you. Do you like hitting girls?"

I went closer to her and whispered. "Yes. Matter of fact? I do! Want to make anything out of it?"

"You are very nasty," she said. "Why are you acting this way? I don't want to fight you."

I snorted and waved my hand like a poof in front of her. "Of course, you don't want to fight me! Sissy girls! Always cry and run to their mothers!"

She actually SMILED though her eyes turned a very funny colour. "I've never run to my mum like that in my life. Don't think a bully like you could make me either. Want to fight? " And she stepped towards me and put her fists up!

I felt a tingle of fear. She wasn't scared of me and that was something I could usually rely on. "It's too wet to fight – you'd just get your pansy little yellow coat all muddy when I knock you on your arse." I said disdainfully.

She nodded towards the shelter. "It's dry in there I suppose? And you have lights? Or are you going to be a coward and back out?"

"I'm not scared by the likes of you!" I said, trying to sound mocking, but did hear a little tremble in my voice. She did too. Took another step towards me, keeping her fists up. Grinned. "You're scared of me, aren't you? A boy ? Scared to fight a girl? Just wait until I tell all the other girls here!"

"Alright then!" I blustered, hoping that a show of bravado would make her back off. "Let's go!" and headed for the shelter. I heard her laugh behind me. "I'm going to enjoy this," she said, certainly not appearing to be intimidated by my words or actions.

I was hoping that the shelter would be locked, but there had been a right muck up once when there was an air raid on and we couldn't find the key, so the door was unlocked. Inside, I found the box of matches and lit the lanterns that were kept there all the time. She smiled confidently at me and took her coat and hat off. "Going to take your coat off too? It gets dusty in here I see."

I didn't answer, just threw a punch at her smiling face without warning. To my surprise, it disappeared which confused me for a split second, and

then a crunching punch landed on MY nose! I howled with pain then tried to kick her, blinded by the tears that were spurting from my eyes.

"TUT TUT!" she chided me happily, avoiding the kick. "Not Nice!" and another punch rocked me, landing high on my cheekbone!

Things were not going well. Not going well at all. I knew I wasn't much heavier than her, but figured I'd have a little weight advantage so charged her, then grappled. Her body gave a little, then hardened and I could feel the muscles in her wiry body tense. Then she giggled! "Want to dance? But I wish you'd have waited until I asked you!" With that, she twisted her lithe body some way and I crashed down onto the shelter floor on my back, her on top. In seconds her knees were on my biceps pinning me to the ground and she was smiling down on me as my eyes continued to shed tears. "Grief! You're too easy!" she mocked. "You fight like a girl! What's your name - *sissy*?"

At this deadliest of insults, I tried to throw her off, but couldn't. She twisted my ear painfully. "I asked you for your name, *sissy*! Want to tell me?" Twisting my ear again.

"Billy!" I shouted.

"Billy? That's a nice name! I may let you keep it. I'm Catherine, but my friends call me Cath. Now Billy? Here's what I want you to do. Are you listening?"

I didn't answer, so she twisted my ear again. "Yes!" I sobbed.

"I want you to pull my hair. Pull it as hard as you can! If you squeal like a girl when you do it? I won't hurt you. But if you don't? Why I'll hurt you until you do. Got that?"

"Why?" I asked, then squealed as she twisted my ear again.

"None of your business *sissy* Billy. Just be a good little girl and do as you're told! That squeal was nice and girlish. If you sound like that? I'll be very happy with you. Now? PULL my hair!"

I did as she wanted. Pulled her hair as hard as I could – really yanked it, letting out a squeal of frustration and rage as I did so. Even to me, my squeal was just like that of a girl.

She didn't react, other than to let out a small "oh". Then she smiled down on me. "Okay Billy? Now I can be telling the truth when I tell other girls that you fight just like them – squeal and pull hair and cry. You can't fight like a boy and had a girl beat you – so I wanted to see if you could

fight like a girl. You did quite well fighting that way but you didn't hurt me one bit. Want to fight me any more?"

"No." I admitted tearfully.

"Good. From now on, you'll do as I tell you. You don't do that? I'll fight you again. But next time? I'll do it out where everybody will see what a sissy you are. Understand?"

"Please don't do that." I pleaded, and couldn't help it. Started to cry softly.

"There, there sissy. Everything's all right," she cooed, stroking my hair. "We're going to be SUCH friends. Just wait and see!" Then she leaned over – and KISSED me! "I'm going to have such fun with you!" she giggled softly.

I didn't understand what she was doing once we left the shelter. She made me link my arm in hers. It wasn't until much later that I realized that I had linked to her like a girl does to a boy or a woman does to a man. "Let's go to my house," she said. "You can get cleaned up there. Wash the tear marks from your face and we'll dust off your coat. Your nose is bleeding a little bit. We can fix that too."

I was grateful at the time because it would have been humiliating for me to go back to my own house, my step mom had VERY sharp eyes. On top of that, I knew it would be obvious that I'd been fighting – and had got the worst of it – and that would have led to questions that I didn't want to be answering right then.

The layout of her house was almost identical to ours, and although there were still boxes and trunks lying around, I was surprised at how much furniture had been delivered already. I managed to get into the downstairs bathroom and get cleaned up, while Cath took my coat and brushed it. Her mother came downstairs a few seconds later after I came out of there: a rather small woman who looked a little distracted. She was quite attractive although I couldn't see any resemblance between her and Cath. Had a flowered apron on over a dark dress and a scarf turban over her hair. She didn't seem overly surprised to see me. "Who's this then Cath? Picking up chaps already are we?"

"This is Billy mum. We just met outside. He's very nice." (There was a strange inflection in her voice when she said the word 'very' that I didn't understand, though her mothers eyes opened a trifle).

"Nice to meet you Billy. Just come in to use the loo?" she asked.

I blushed and she laughed. "No need to be embarrassed Billy. We all have to go now and then, don't we?"

Then Cath spoke up. "No mum. He lives in the cul de sac as well. It's just that the rain came on a bit heavier like, and I thought I'd come in and finish unpacking my stuff and tidy my room." A gleam came into her eyes. ". . . and Billy was nice enough to offer to come in and help me."

An expression of amazement appeared on her mother's face as she spoke to her daughter. "You thought you'd come and . . . what?" Then she smiled suddenly. "Oh, I *see*! Got an apron for him?"

Cath shook her head. "No, but you'll have one I bet?"

"Of course I do! Just wait a minute Billy. Take your jacket off. I'll be right back."

A stared at Cath as her mother took off. "What are you talking about? I don't want an apron! Why is your mother acting this way?"

"I think she thinks that you're a poofster," Cath laughed. "Can't think *where* she got that impression."

"I'm not a poof!" I panted. "Not going to wear a bloody apron either!"

"You may not be a poof – but you ARE going to put on an apron. Not only that? You'll thank mum for it. Hear me? Now, get that jacket off!" With that, she started unbuttoning my jacket. I felt as if something was shriveling up inside me.

"Please Cath?" I started.

"Please Cath what?" her mother returned, holding out a frilled apron towards me. "Here Billy. This is a pretty one, isn't it?"

"Please missus? I don't need an apron." I squeaked.

"Don't be silly! Here, let me put it on you," she said, slipping it over my head. Then as she tied me in at the back. "Don't worry Billy. This'll be our little secret!" She patted my bum softly, then moved away.

"Doesn't Cath need an apron as well?" I asked desperately.

She stopped and turned to look at me, her eyes dancing. "*My* Cath wear an apron? Couldn't get that little tomboy to wear anything like that!" she laughed heartily. "The very idea!" Then she walked away, giggling, "That's rich!"

"Almost looks like you're wearing a dress Billy," Cath said in a matter of fact tone, taking my jacket and coat to the hall cupboard and hanging them up inside. "You can get these when you're finished."

She was talking the truth. Like most boys my age in England at that time I wore short pants all of the time – and they were hidden under the frilled skirts of the apron. Cath came and took my hand. "Come ON Billy! Can't be standing around here all day admiring yourself!" and weak and powerless, I was led upstairs to her bedroom. It wasn't badly messed, so I thought that there couldn't be too much to do. She went and planted herself in an easy chair by the window and picked up a magazine, nodded towards an open suitcase. "Hang these clothes up in my wardrobe first, then take the empty suitcase downstairs. While you're down there? Ask my mum for a duster, then you can dust." She paused thoughtfully, then chuckled. "You're very lucky you know. If I'd known I'd be having a little maid all to myself, I'd never have unpacked my undies – wouldn't you have enjoyed putting all my knickers away? All my good stuff? Bet you would've had a wonderful time!"

Flushed and near tears at the humiliation she was piling on me, I took her clothes out of the suitcase and one by one, put them on hangers than put them away. When I finished, I stood there awkwardly. She was somewhat engrossed in her magazine, but whether from the lack of motion or what, looked up and saw me standing there. "Yes? What do you want?" she asked lazily.

I had been trying to pluck up my courage. Knew I had to confront her. "I don't want to do THIS anymore!" I said, but there wasn't much strength in my voice.

She smiled then, as if talking to a three year old "Well, you see Billy. There isn't any *more* of my clothes to hang up, so why don't you go and get the duster from mum like I told you to do. Go on with you now!" And she went back to her reading.

I started to pant and though a lot of it was fear, I managed to speak up. "I'm not going to do this any more!"

She looked back up at me, her mouth theatrically open, then she slowly put her magazine down and stretched up to her feet and yawned. Shook her head. "Silly Billy! Silly silly Billy!" She started walking towards me and her eyes changed again. There was now a confident, predatory, look in them – like an animal closing in on her kill. I stood there actually frozen to the spot, the only movement I could make was to let my lips tremble. Then, she launched herself at me!

Her speed was amazing, but what she did then was even more so. With my limbs like lead, I hadn't even made a move to defend myself and she pulled to a stop somehow, without her momentum carrying her forward into me. How she accomplished this, I have no idea, because at one point in time she was at least six feet away from me and in a split second her face was within six inches of mine, peering curiously into my eyes. "You don't really want to fight me, do you Billy?"

"No." I admitted, softly.

"That's good. You didn't mean what you just said either, did you?"

"No."

"You're glad to be dusting Cath's room for her, huh?"

"Yes."

"Okay. Off you go now!" Again, I got a soft pat on my bum.

I took the empty suitcase downstairs, then searched out her mother.

"Can I have a duster missus?"

"Going to dust Cath's room are we?" she asked.

"Yes, " I answered, blushing.

"Come along and I'll find you one. When did you last wash your hair?" she asked for no reason I could fathom.

I only had to think for a second. "When? Friday night" (We were only allowed one bath a week – and only in five inches of water – even King George bathed like that. And Friday was the traditional night for all that cleanliness).

"Well then, can't be letting you get your hair all dusty, can I" she said.

I stood there helplessly as she tried three different scarves on me "To see which one goes best with your apron" as she explained. But there was a cruel little glint of mockery as she fashioned each turban around my hair, finally settling on a grey green floral combination, tying it around my head, and gently pulling strands of my hair out from underneath it, crooning under her breath as she did so.

"There now! Perfect!" she said, pressing a soft duster into my hands.

"Don't be letting Cath get too bossy! She'll just take advantage of you if you do!"

And in my housewifely uniform of apron and turban, I went back upstairs and meekly did my dusting chore under the gleaming eyes of my fifteen year old conqueror.

When I finished, I was 'allowed' to join her in going downstairs for tea and biscuits with her mother. There, still in my 'uniform' I had to sit and be regaled with stories about Cath from her mum – about all the tomboy things she had done while growing up. I soon learned to say such feminine things as "Fancy that! What a scamp!" and suchlike as us two 'women' sat and discussed the alpha male. Once I got used to it though, I started feeling quite comfortable in the role.

Finally, I was 'allowed' to leave. It was funny. Once I took off my apron and turban, I felt quite chilly and was glad to get back into my jacket and coat. I didn't get away Scot-free altogether though. Cath and her mother walked me to the door. Cath gave me a girl-to-girl kiss. "Thank you Billee (drawing out the pronunciation) That was SO nice of you to do my room! Maybe tomorrow, you could walk me to school? It's my very first day at the Academy. And I'm so *scared*?"

"But The academy starts a quarter of an hour before my school does!" I protested weakly.

"So? That means that you'll get to your own school on time, doesn't it?" she said, her eyes getting icy. "I'll be VERY disappointed if you're not here to escort me, Billy!" Then she whispered in my ear. "Think about it this way? If you pretend that you really, *really*, wanted to walk me to school? It wouldn't look like I was bossing you into it, would it?"

Then her mum gave me a big hug. "It was SO nice having you here Billy. I do hope that you'll be visiting often!" Then she whispered. "And I won't forget our big secret! I've got LOTS of pretty aprons for you to wear!"

I managed to get rid of the blush that this created before I got home, but was still quite red as I opened the door.

"Where you been Billy?" mum asked as I came into the house. "Bloody daft! Outside playing in this kind of weather!" Then she noted how dry I was. "Been playing inside somewhere?" she asked.

"Yes. Met the new girl."

"Oh Jesus Billy! Why don't you leave the girls *alone*! I get enough nonsense from the other mothers and I certainly don't need any more! Would you *behave* for Christ's sake!"

Then it dawned on her what she was saying. She stared at me, surprise written all over her face. "You went into a GIRL'S house? She asked you?"

My tongue felt all thick in my mouth. I blushed. To my amazement, mum smiled happily. "Ooooh! Billy's got himself a girl friend! That what it is? True love is it?"

It came to me! It was the perfect explanation! I didn't need to say a word, just act shy – and the grown ups and everybody else would think that's what it was! Didn't have to tell any lies or nothing!

It was bloody ridiculous, but at the same time it felt quite nice. Mum teased me all night and even Stephanie joined in the fun, but I gave her the eye and she knocked it off. Knew what she was in for if she didn't!

Cath went to the Academy – a private school for girls. I went to the public school just a few hundred yards past it in distance – but a worlds difference in outlook. Girls went to my school too, but the Academy girls were considered snooty and snobbish. We all had to wear school uniforms though. Ours was green and gold. Theirs were dark blue and brown.

I knew better than to be late – Cath had warned me that she'd come and get me if I wasn't outside her front door on time. Mom couldn't understand my hurrying to get ready and out on my way to school – and to make matters worse, the Academy's starting time being fifteen minutes before ours made her all the more curious at my highly unusual behaviour.

Cath was just coming out of her door when I reached the front of her house. She looked different in her uniform. Actually, I thought that she was quite pretty. She smiled at me "Hello Billy! How nice of you to come and walk me to school. Here, take my bag, would you?" She took off her school bag which she wore on her back and handed it to me. "You can give me your satchel." She added.

I shrugged. "Seems daft to me," I answered, passing her my satchel containing my books. She slid her arm through the loop and settled it on her shoulder. "Well? " she asked.

"Well what?" I said.

"Put my bag on your back. Carry it the way it's supposed to be carried!"

"Aw Cath!" I said, realizing now what she was making me do. It didn't save me though. "Now put your bag on your back Billy. Wear it like the girls do at the Academy!"

Like kids everywhere we had our little fads. Academy girls all wore their leather bags on their backs. Boys at my school carried their books in a canvas satchel slung over one shoulder. Girls at my school carried bags like Cath but slung both straps around one arm. She wanted me to walk in

public with a bag on my back – as if I was an Academy girl! Not only that? She was carrying my books as if she was a boy! Red faced, I put my arms through the loops and hoisted the badge of shame onto my back.

"Now Billy! Isn't that better?" she asked, then "Here, put your arm through mine!"

So, arm in arm, I started walking her to school, extremely conscious of the curtains at my house twitching, and imagining my stepmother hooting and laughing at the picture I made. Was very glad to get out of the cul de sac and on the way to school.

Not knowing the area too well, she asked a lot of questions and as we walked along, I got to start liking her. She really was fun and told such a lot of silly jokes that I couldn't help but start laughing. I stopped laughing once we got to the gates of her school though – she made me go inside the school grounds – where there was nothing but girls – LOTS of them – all staring at us – especially me carrying the bag the way I was.. Some of them even recognized me from times when me and my friends had shouted insults at them, so now returned the favour with a great deal of coarse language that I'd never have thought that a well brought up young lady would even KNOW, let alone use!

It was bad enough having to walk her all the way up to the front door but, as I was shrugging my way out of the bag on my back, she leaned forward and kissed me – not as if she was kissing a boy on the lips but as if I was another girl – a sort of cheek to cheek thing. "Thank you for being such a sweetheart sweet Billy!" she said, loud enough for a lot of the girls standing around us to hear, then she exchanged my books for hers and walked into the building, leaving me alone – except for an army of girls.

Then one of them shouted out "Ooooh! Sweet Billy! Isn't he just a DARLING! Such a good kisser! Give us a kiss too, sweet Billy!" Then some of them began singing the old song - "Where have you been all the day Billy boy, Billy boy!" and a group sang the finishing line "He's a young boy and cannot leave his *Mother*!" and running and whooping escorted me down to the school gates. I wanted to run away from them, but knew I'd be forever laughed at if I let a bunch of girls make me run away.

What made things worse was the fact that some boys and girls from my own school were passing on their way their, and I had to join them. They didn't know why I'd been inside the Academy's walls, but had seen my retreat and, naturally, started ragging on me.

Now I should explain that I really wasn't much of a fighter but that morning I was so frustrated with how Cath had tormented and shamed me that I was ready to take on just about anybody. This, though nothing more than a bluff on my part, backed my tormentors away. I didn't get into any fights and, keeping to myself for most of the day, finally started to calm down. Then the bell rang and it was finally time to go home. Along with everybody else I jammed out of the doors and headed for the gate – and there were four Academy girls – one of them Cath standing there – waiting!

"Yoo Hoo Billy!" They all started calling. "Here we are! Here we are!"

Shell shocked I couldn't do anything but walk up to the group. And in front of all the boys in my school, all four of the girls hugged and gave me 'girl' kisses while Cath introduced me to them as her very sweet friend – and them to me as special new friends she'd made that first day. And somehow, I don't know how it happened, I was again wearing Cath's bag on my back while she walked along carrying my satchel – and I was in the middle of a group of girls, all laughing and giggling as we made our way home, me linked to Cath the whole way. We had almost got halfway before some of my classmates got organized and started to razz us – saving some of their choicest comments for me. Cath finally faced them down. "We're going to my house to play. Would you boys like to come and play games with us? You're welcome you know."

The confidence and her demeanor shut them up, though they continued to follow us. I knew they were just waiting to pick on me once I left Cath and knew it was going to be an awful experience going alone across the cul de sac. Then Cath smiled at me. "I think you should come in with us Billy. You can leave after these awful boys go away."

What she said was voiced like a question, but I knew better - and to a chorus of jeers and suggestions to play 'nice' coming from the boys, I went into her house.

Her mother came forward, smiling, to greet us. "Well, who's all this then Cath? HELLO girls! How nice of you to visit." Then she was introduced one by one to the girls. When she got to me, it was as if she'd never met me before for a second, then she beamed. "Why it's Billy!" and again, I was subjected to a cheek to cheek kiss and a warm hug.

We straggled into the Sitting room, which had been tidied up considerably since the day before. "Would any of you young ladies like

some tea and biscuits?" Cath's mother asked archly. Feeling some eyes on me, I wasn't about to respond a question directed to "ladies" – though, like them I was desperate for anything with sugar in it, rationing being in full force then. Then she put her hand to her mouth as if confiding a secret. "It's all right girls, I got them on the black market! There's plenty!" She then smiled at the chorus of enthusiastic "Yes please" that immediately came from the girls. "Cath? You stay and be hostess while I get the stuff ready. Billy? Would you like to come and give me a hand please?" She smiled at the girls. "He's SO helpful about the house. Just yesterday . ."

"YES MISSUS!" I interrupted - in a panic that she would divulge what had happened the previous day.

"Come along then!" she said and sailed out of the room, the girls grinning as I scurried after her.

When I got to the kitchen, she was standing there, an apron in her hands – obviously intended for me. Near tears at the prospect of being humiliated in front of a bunch of girls, I managed to stammer out. "Please missus? Don't make me wear that, please?"

"But it's a very pretty one! I had this remnant that I didn't know what to do with, then I saw how the one you wore yesterday was a little big on you, so I re-sized it and then made this one especially for you."

"But I don't wear aprons!" I said half apologetically.

"Ah! Still shy about wearing pretty clothes! Well I want you to know that it will always be all right for you to wear them in this house! Okay? I know that you'll grow to love them. But, tell you what. After the other girls leave? You can help me tidy up – and wear it then. Okay?"

I could only stare at her, speechless with consternation.

"Good! That's settled," she said. "But now as we're going to be such good friends you and I? I want you to call me Joan when we're by ourselves or with Cath. In front of anybody else, please call me Mrs. Adams." Having said this, she came and gave me a hug. "We'll be SUCH friends you and me. Shan't we!"

She hung "MY" apron up on a hook behind the door, then had me help her set up the trays of biscuits and small sandwiches. Once I saw what she was pulling out to feed five or six girls – I mean five girls and me – I was astonished. Cream cakes, chocolate - CHOCOLATE! – biscuits – little jam tarts. I had vague recollections of seeing things like this when I'd been a

little kid before the war started in 1939, but this was incredibly generous – especially for children that she'd never met until that very day.

She read my expression correctly. "I don't care much for sweets and neither does Cath – though we're both partial to a nice choccy biscuit or a piece of cake. I work as the wardrobe mistress for the Wilson Theatre in the city and all the girls there? They swap their coupons for things I can make for them. She grinned. "Doing what I do? I can get lots of material – so can sometimes run up a little dress or two – on the quiet, if you know what I mean – and that gets me the occasional cake and whatnot." So I keep my sweet ration coupons for things like this," She waved her hand at the tables . . "For days like this - Cath's first day at a new school, when I tell her to bring home any new friends." She handed me a tray. "But that's enough chattering . Billy, take this in first, and? Take it around the girls, let them pick what they want, then put the tray on the table, then come back for more? All right?"

I enjoyed the afternoon tea – there was more there than enough for everyone, though Cath gave me a warning look when I started to overdo it. "You'll be getting fat, Billy! I'll be putting you on a diet if you don't behave!" Everyone around the table – except me – giggled. Somehow, it had become known that I was her boyfriend now – and also accepted universally that I was so entranced by her that I'd do pretty well what she told me. As this was more acceptable than having everyone know that a girl had thrashed me in a fight, I learned to play along.

I paid for the treats later though. Cath watched, amused, as her mother claimed me for her own after the girls had left, a sly smile on her face as she brought *my* apron to me. "Here you are, Billy. Let's see if I did a good job on this, shall we? I really hope that you like it."

"Well? Aren't you going to say thank you to mum?" Cath asked me a few minutes later as I stood there, blushing and almost sick to my stomach. I mean, it may have been an apron, but it was as close a thing to a dress as can possibly be imagined, some kind of silky green fabric – a full skirt and a square cut bodice, large patch pockets on the skirt, and everything trimmed with white frills! She had also done something to the skirt that made it stick out from my waist.

"Oh mum!" Cath gasped. "Isn't his skirt kind of short? I'd bet you could see his knickers if he twirled!"

"I'm not wearing knickers!" I protested.

"She's just teasing you Billy. But do a little pirouette for us, would you? Just to see?" Joan giggled.

And, though they did it gently, they persisted and I was forced to stand there and twirl like a girl in a dress until they were satisfied with my performance.

It didn't take too long to clear up, wash, and put the dishes away, and finally I was allowed to take my apron off and hang it up behind the kitchen door – on 'my very own hook' as Joan described it. Before that, I suffered some additional dishonour. Cath came up to me and hugged me. "Honestly Billy? It's a very pretty apron, and the colour is just right for you. I know you feel shy, but honestly? Mum and I don't think there's anything wrong with a boy wanting to wear pretty clothes."

Joan came over and hugged me as well. "Nothing wrong with that at all Billy! Any time you want to come over here and put your apron on? You're welcome!"

After promising to walk Cath to school the next day, I was finally allowed to leave and go to my own house. "Where have you been, Billy?" mum asked right away. "Derek and Alan were round here looking for you."

"I was over at Cath's house mum." I said.

She looked at me archly. "Oooh! Cath is it now? My My! Got yourself a girlfriend, do you? Hope you wash behind your neck more often now! Girls' like their fellas to be clean you know!"

I honestly felt like crying, there seemed to be no opportunity to escape the constant pounding that my ego was taking from all sides.

But the next few days were relatively calm. Yes, I took a lot of kidding at school from the boys – and even some of the girls for walking Cath to school and then have her – and a few times other girls – waiting for me, when I got out, though I didn't always have to go in her house when we got back to the cul de sac.

Then on the following Friday, Cath wasn't waiting for me at the gate. Naturally, I was relieved, but a little bit worried too and didn't know what to do. Waited for about ten minutes to see if she'd show up. Other than some boys cat calling and jeering at me, nothing happened, so I slowly made my way home – to find Cath sitting with my mother in the kitchen, the pair of them huddled over the table, with half full teacups in front of them!

"Well, well, well!" mum said. "If it isn't his lordship himself! Want to join us ladies in a cup of tea?"

I was bursting with curiosity. What on earth could they possibly be talking about? At the same time, there was no way that I could join them - Mary would have teased me forever about sitting down with the girls to have tea.

"You must be kidding!" I sneered. "I've got better things to do with my time!"

"Like oiling the door hinges? Like puttying up that window? Like fixing the lawn mower?" mum retorted. Then she turned to Cath. "Can't get that boy to do a hand's turn around here! Just *hates* to work!"

"I don't know how to do these things." I grumbled. "Wish you'd quit your nagging."

"That's no way to speak to your mother!" Cath chided me. Then she turned to mum. "If it's anything to you? My mother thinks he's wonderful. She say's he is a *great* help around the house!"

Mary was picking up her cup. Stopped it halfway and stared at Cath, her mouth open. "Huh? *My* Billy? A great help around the house? Now there's something I never thought I'd hear said. He's worthless. Can't fix a thing, Run's away any time any work has to be done in the garden." Then she paused and thought for a few seconds. "But what can your mother possibly have him working at? He's certainly not strong enough to be moving furniture around. Eating the spare food in the larder?" She put her cup down and cackled.

"No Mrs. Melden." Cath said seriously. "Helping with the housework, tidying up. Dusting. That kind of thing." She smiled brightly. "Things she says that *I'M* terrible at!"

Mary got a dazed look on her face. "I'll be damned!" she said quietly. "Now I can see why your mother has made the offer!" she shook her head slowly. "I'll be DAMNED!" she said again. Then she turned to me. "Billy? Sit here at the table with us. I'll pour you a cuppa." There was a sternness in her voice that worried me.

"Aw mum . ." I started.

"Do as you're told!" she growled. "Sit down!"

I stole a glance at Cath. What had her mother offered? She had a small grin on her face and, when she saw me look at her, widened her eyes in an attempt to make herself look innocent. This, of course, only served to make me more worried than I was. Mum put my cup of tea in front of me.

"Consider yourself lucky," she said. "I've put sugar and milk in it for you."

Now answer me some questions Billy m' lad. Is what Cath here is saying true? You been helping Mrs. Adams with her housework?"

"Well, she asked me mum." I said guiltily, because I knew very well what was coming. But all I got back from mum was "And I've *never* asked, I suppose?"

I didn't answer. She'd done a damn sight more than just ask – and a lot more than once or twice too. She took a sip of her tea. "So what did you do? The washing and the ironing?"

I blushed furiously. Housework was bad enough – but anything to do with laundry was considered only girl or woman's work.

"Aw mum! *C'mon!* I never did!" I turned to Cath. "I never did, did I Cath?"

She shrugged. "Can't honestly say. Wasn't watching you all the time."

"Never hung the washing out to dry on the line then?" Mum was saying, a sneer showing in her voice.

"Aw mum I never . . ."

"Well you DID hang out some of the wet dishtowels on the line at the back of the house the other day, didn't you?" Cath reminded me.

I stared at her in horror. I had forgotten! "But . but . .but . . ."

"Billy!" Mum said, aghast. "You hung out washing???" Then she giggled. "I hope you wore a pretty apron," she tittered, obviously teasing.

"Oh no. Not for that!" Cath answered seriously. "Remember Billy, you had already taken your apron off? It was just before you left to come home?"

"*Taken His Apron Off? HIS apron?*" mum said as if strangling.

Again Cath answered as if dead serious. "Oh yes! Mum has made him two now. Just as a reward for being so helpful!"

Mum leaned back in her chair, her eyes openly speculative now. "Let me see now? You're SO good at housework that Mrs. Adams makes you aprons?. That . . ."

"Aw mum. Don't!" I pleaded.

"Hush Billy. I'm talking!" she said, but absentmindedly as if talking to herself. "Yes. Did the dishes? Did the dusting?" She stared at me.

I hung my head. "Yes mum."

"In your pretty aprons, I suppose?"

I just nodded, near tears.

"Mmm. Naturally. What else I wonder, hmm?"

She thought for a second or two more. Then came out of her reverie. Smiled sweetly at me. "Let me explain why Cath is over here visiting Billy. You seemed kinda surprised to find her here when you came in. You see? Mrs. Adams has an idea to help the war effort. Know what it is?"

I shook my head. "Dunno mum. She didn't say anything to me."

"Well, do you remember back when the war started everybody started knitting? Knitting for service men? Scarves, and mittens. Balaclavas and socks? If we couldn't go and fight the Huns or the Italians, we'd help the men who *were* doing it? Did YOU ever do any knitting? I know that lots of little boys did."

"I think so." I said honestly. "But I was so bad that they stopped asking me."

She and Cath both laughed. Then she continued. "Well, according to Mrs. Adams, that program got off to a great start but has died a lot over the years. As she says though, there's still a need – especially for our poor sailors on the North Atlantic." She paused.

"So what's this got to do with me mum?" I asked.

"Mrs. Adams is thinking of starting up a group to start knitting things for the sailors again. She wondered if you might like to join?"

"ME? Oh no mum! KNIT? Oh god mum, NO!" I bleated. And then, I caught Cath's icy glare. Mom couldn't see her – but I could. And she was shaking her head from side to side and holding a finger to her lips – telling me to shut up!

"That's what I thought you'd say," mum said to my relief. "What I said to Cath not an hour ago. But . . .?"

"But *what* mum?"

She looked at me coldly. "With your dad away, we're short of money. I've asked you time and time again to help around the house. If you did? I could get a full time job and maybe pull in a half decent wage – but no! You're a BOY! Above all that stuff!" She turned to Cath. "Sorry to be airing all our dirty laundry dear – but he really has been a royal pain in the arse .." she turned back to me. And now I find that you've been flitting about in '*pretty*' aprons and doing housework for another woman – who you just MET!" She paused and took in a deep breath. "No Billy. Things are going to change around here. You've been King of this cul de sac just a little too long. Starting tomorrow? You'll go over to Mrs. Adams and join her knitting group. And also starting tomorrow? You're going to be doing

the housework around here! As a matter of fact? You'll be doing your own room now!" She turned to Cath. "I've been taken for a mug by a little boy! Have had my own daughter cleaning up after *him*! Oh yes. Things are going to change!"

I started to cry, but it did me no good. "Cath?" My mother said sternly. "Would you take this poor excuse for a boy with you to your house. Give him ONE of the aprons your mother made for him. I'd like him to start wearing proper clothing around here while he's doing his housework! Make SURE it's fine with her first though – okay?"

Cath grinned. "Oh, I'm SURE it will be. Come on Billy!"

"Please mum! Please!" I wailed.

"Honestly Billy!" Mum snapped. "You're turning into a little sissy! Think I'll start calling you Jessie!"

"Jessie?" Cath stopped. "But that's a girl's name." She tittered into her hand. "Isn't it?"

"My mother was Scottish." Mum explained. "Up there, that's what they call little sissy boys." She stared hard at me. "And if you don't stop crying like a girl? By God that's what I'll call you. Now go and get your apron – and get back here right away!"

I managed to stifle my sobs, but weakly allowed Cath to link her arm in mine and lead me out of the house and over to hers.

"Mum?" she yelled as soon as we got in the door. "Billy wants to know if he can take one of his aprons over to his own house. He wants to start doing housework over there for his mother tomorrow!"

I gaped at her and the way she was twisting the facts, but couldn't protest. "And guess what Mrs. Melden is doing now?" Cath continued. "She's calling him Jessie!"

Mrs. Adams emerged from her sewing room. "Jessie? My goodness! I don't think that's right. Not at all! What an awful thing to call you, Billy!" She came over to me and gave me a sympathetic hug. "Of course you can take an apron Billy – you don't mind if I don't call you Jessie?"

"Yes Mrs. Adams. Thank you." I sniffled, shooting a small glance of triumph at Cath – at least *her* mother was on my side!

"Jessie indeed! Terrible name! *Jessica* is a far prettier name, don't you think, Billy?" she was saying now!

Cath grinned at me, malice dancing in her eyes. "Shall I get his apron for him mum? The pretty green one?"

"That'll do fine Cath," Joan said, then came and whispered in my ear "And you can be MY little Jessica while you're here – just between us though, right?"

Horried, I was aware immediately that I did NOT want Cath privy to any part of this conversation Had to speed things up! "You promise Mrs. Adams?" I whispered.

"Of course – Jessica" she whispered back. Then stood up. "What about my knitting group – Je . . Billy?" she said loudly as Cath came back, holding my apron in her hand.

"Mrs. Melden thinks that's a great idea!" Cath enthused.

"Wonderful!" Mrs. Adams clapped her hands. "First thing after school tomorrow! I'll provide the needles. If your mother has wool, bring it. If not, I have plenty. Okay?"

"Okay Mrs. Adams. " I said.

"C'mon Billy. I'll walk you home. Going to put your apron on just now?" Cath said, coming towards me, opening up the apron as she did so.

"Please, no Cath. Please?" I said weakly.

"Aw! I bet your mother will want to see it !" she said.

She was right. Mum did, most certainly, want to see it – and on me – when I got home. Her eyes widened. "My goodness! That IS a pretty dress – I mean apron. But Billy? That's a terrible bow you've tied. Surely you can do better than that!"

To make matters even worse, Stephanie got home from school as I was standing there, making attempts at tying a large puffed bow with my apron ties. Her mouth formed a perfect "O". "Oooh mum! How come Billy's wearing a dress?"

"It's NOT a dress! It's an apron you silly twit!" I shouted.

She shrugged. "Looks like a dress to me. That's all. But? How come you're wearing a girl's apron?"

"It's not a girl's apron, Stephanie," Cath said. "It's his!"

"Yes. He's going to be helping me with the housework from now on – so you don't have to do his room any more." Mom said.

Stephanie brightened immediately. "Super!" Then she thought for a minute. "But do I need to do *mine* now?"

"Damned right!" I said angrily. "Don't think I'm going to do it, do you?"

"Maybe!" she said saucily. "Just wait until I tell my girl friends that my brother wears a dress and does housework." She simpered at me. "Unless

you'd rather do MY room?"

"Oh! You little devil!" Mum laughed. "I think she's blackmailing you Billy!"

I got red in the face and walked towards her. "She's gonna get a punch in the nose in a minute!" I snarled.

"Enough of that kind of talk, Billy! I won't have you threatening her!" mum yelled.

But something had happened to Stephanie. I'd seen this as I approached her. She hadn't been frightened of me at all! Didn't back away one step! It also suddenly dawned on me that my little sister was little in age only. Physically, she was actually a tad bigger than me. She must have read my expression, because suddenly she was coming forward! "It's okay mum. Billy didn't really mean it, did you Billy?" She took the lacy hem on the bib between her fingers. "It's really pretty Billy. Will you loan it to me sometime, maybe?"

"Okay." I mumbled.

"Thank you!" she smiled. "And you won't really mind cleaning out my room from now on?"

"I guess I could." I managed.

"No guesses allowed Billy! You WILL clean and tidy my room from now on, huh?" She spoke in wheedling tones, as if pretending that I had any choice in the matter.

"You never tidied mine! This isn't FAIR! Is it mum?" I yelped.

Mary cocked her head to one side and pondered. "I've been letting you two sort things out by yourself for a long time. Don't see that I should think of changing things now. Do you?"

"But it's not fair mum!" I persisted, nearly weeping now.

She shrugged. "Up to you two."

Stephanie came and put an arm around my shoulder. Fiddled with the frills on my shoulder straps. "C'mon Billy!" she cooed.. "C'mon with me and I'll show you what I want done."

I saw the smiles on Cath and Mary's faces as I was ushered out of the room by my 'little' sister.

She actually kept the room quite tidy – but I soon found out that she'd other things on her mind. Where I'd to hang her dresses, skirts and blouses. Which drawers were for sweaters and which for underclothes. There was no doubt now that, starting the following day, I'd be keeping her room neat

and tidy on an ongoing basis. She finally let go of my shoulder and we returned to my mother and Cath, both still grinning.

"Cath tells me that you're starting your knitting circle tomorrow Billy. Right after school is it?" mum said.

"Mum? I don't WANT to go to any old knitting school!" I wailed. "And I don't want to do housework! All my friends will laugh at me!"

She thought a minute. "You don't need to go to your knitting circle if you don't want to but, by God, you ARE going to do housework and you ARE going to wear your apron while you're doing it. That's definite – and I don't give a shite *what* your friends think!"

Cath spoke up next. "Billy? I think that my mum would be *awfully* disappointed if you didn't come to her circle after you said you would. Might even get really upset with you?"

She was talking about her mother, but the look in her eyes and the inflection in her voice was telling me that it was HER that would be getting upset. I just felt totally intimidated by all that was going on all around me. Knew, for sure, that I'd be in Mrs. Adams knitting circle the following day – unless I was lucky and got run over by a bus!

Mum had some dark Navy Blue wool that she found and I took it over to Cath's house the following morning where I gave it to Joan so that I wouldn't have to carry it around with me all day.. She gave me a hug. "I'm SO glad you changed your mind and decided to join us! Cath told me that you seemed undecided last night – but I just KNEW you wouldn't let your good friend Joan down" Then she leaned forward and whispered. "Right Jessica?"

I nodded glumly.

I walked Cath to her school finding that I was more used to carrying her books on my back and, as she now knew more girls at school, found that I was just one of an increasing number of girls going there. As usual, she made me go all the way with her to the main door. The routine had changed now though as there was a group of the tougher girls surrounded me and linking arms, escorted me back to the gate, singing Billy Boy loudly. On my way back to my own school now, I noticed that I wasn't getting chivvied by the other boys – it was now more as if I had a contagious disease and they didn't want any part of it – so stayed away as much as possible. Even Alan and Derek my two best friends ignored me. They pretended that they didn't see me, but I knew better. I felt so cut off from everything that when

some of the girls talked to me – and they were nice – I answered back, glad of the company. That afternoon, I heard some boy in a crowd shout "Hey Poofter!" and there was a lot of sniggering when I made the mistake of turning in response to it. But no one was there.

As one of Cath's entourage now I was used to her and the girls waiting for me at my school gates. But there was a different twist used for our walk home. "Okay girls!" she said quite plainly. "I want those of you who belong to the of the KCM to link arms and lead the way home! You patriots are doing something for Britain! And I want you to get the recognition you deserve!"

"What's KCM? Kick Cath's Mum?" some boy asked from the sidelines.

"No, you idiot!" she laughed. "KCM stands for Knitting Circle Member!"

My heart sank as three of the other girls linked arms with me and I was forced to look as if I was enjoying myself as we led the way all the way home. Cath's home that is – where, with the three girls and Cath, I was welcomed warmly by Joan and taken into the holy of holies – the sewing room.

"Welcome girls!" Joan started. "I'm so glad . . ."

"Billy's not a girl, surely?" One of my fellow KCM's said.

Joan's smile dimmed a little. "Well? Technically no, he's not a girl. But may I be honest?"

And the four of us nodded like ventriloquist's dummies. I mean. Who would ever want a *dishonest* teacher?

Her smile increased in wattage. "Thank you girls! You see, it's so rare – so VERY rare to have a male – okay Billy is just a boy – but it is VERY rare for a boy to show an interest in such a feminine activity as knitting – and I think he should be applauded!"

"But you called him a girl?" the pest continued.

"I wish you'd just hush!" Joan reprimanded her. "When I call a boy a 'she'? It's a compliment!"

"AAHH!" the girls all said in unison.

And, as Joan took us through the basics of knitting, it became quickly obvious that I was 'the teacher's pet'. How nicely I held my hands – and what pretty hands I had – and everyone had to watch at how I maintained the tension of the wool – and my handling of the needles? My oh MY! I

blushed girlishly, but could not help but inflate with pride as she heaped the compliments on me all through the session.

Finally, the hour was over. She made quite a ceremony of giving us all pretty draw string bags in different floral designs to keep our work in. Some of the girls were quite jealous when they saw mine – a pretty silk bag with a pansy motif. I put my work in it and prepared to go home, but she laid a hand on my arm. "Billy? Think you could stay for a little time? I mean I KNOW your mum has housework for you to do, but I'd really like you to stay?"

I wondered why I was being singled out, but soon discovered why. "Billy?" she said, immediately after the other girls had gone. "I hate to say this. Do NOT want to hurt your feelings, but is it alright if I'm brutally honest?"

"Yes missus." I said, wishing I had the courage to tell her to stuff her comments.

"Come over here and sit here close to the window, the light is much better ."

She put her arm around my shoulder and led me through to a sofa in the sitting room, squeezing me into one end, then took my hand and laid it on her lap.

At this point, I suppose I should admit that I found Mrs. Adams very attractive. She always dressed very nicely, had lovely nails, and kept her hair waved and pretty. She always smelled nice too – a sort of light, flowery, perfume around her all the time. When we were together, especially by ourselves, she always seemed to be touching or hugging me – and I reacted by feeling very weak and helpless – as if she was controlling me in some way. I was starting to have her in my fantasies a lot when I masturbated – a habit that seemed to be increasing.

She was speaking. "Now Billy? You have really lovely hands. Nice and plump and soft, but you're not showing them off to best advantage. Girls the same age as you are already way ahead of you in nail care. Now that you're knitting – and especially once I teach you to sew, you'll be dealing with much nicer and finer fabrics – I mean you wouldn't want to be snagging your nails on your nylons, would you?"

Sewing? Nylons? What was she TALKING about? But I couldn't think. Was completely lost, bedazzled by her proximity, the feel of her dress under my hand, the scent of her - the femininity that was enveloping me.

"Billy? Jessica?" I heard her say, and she was looking into my eyes. She was smiling in a most maternal manner, but she slid her hand around my shoulders, then pulled me into her. Kissed me on the lips! I could feel the waxiness of her lipstick, and taste the sort of perfumy taste that it had – and then the tip of her tongue was sliding gently, but insidiously into my mouth! I did make a half hearted attempt to break away, but she held me tight before removing her lips. Smiled at me. "Jessica? Behave!" And I was back in her embrace again, being kissed even harder!

Then we were apart again. Smiling, she took a fingertip and traced it lightly over my mouth.

"Missus Ad . ." I tried to speak.

"Hush Jessica, just for a minute dear." She said, and continued to do whatever she was doing to my lips.

She HAD to know what she was doing, as I was undulating wildly, but if anything, she just seemed to come closer, engulfing me. I tried to get my hands down to get a hold and stop what was happening, but was too late – was pumping my semen directly into my underpants – knew that I was making a terrible mess but couldn't stop. I could practically feel myself deflate as I sank farther into her arms.

"Oh Jessica! I keep forgetting that you're not a girl! Have you made a mess?"

I just had enough strength to nod.

"Well then, let's get your sticky things off and see what we can do about getting them cleaned off. Start getting undressed. Let me go and get a washcloth."

She came back a few minutes later carrying something floral, which she tossed onto the couch, and a wet washcloth. "Okay Jessica! Take your hands away. You don't have anything I haven't seen before."

I'd taken my pants and underpants off. My pants weren't stained too much, but my undershorts were sodden. "Let's get you washed," she said briskly. "Lie on your back!"

"I can wash myself Joan." I said.

"Just do as you're told! Lie on your back and move your hands out of the way!" As she was saying this she was pushing me backwards and I ended up blushing greatly as she washed my privates with the wet cloth.

"You're kind of small down there Jessica, aren't you? she said, a few moments later drying me with a towel "Now put this housedress on. while I

go and see what I can do with your clothes. What size knickers do you wear?"

"Don't you have any men underpants missus, please?"

"Far too big for you Jessica. But you'll probably find that mine will fit you pretty good."

"I don't want to wear your underwear missus. Please don't make me."

"Just hush, and put this dress on – like I told you. It won't be for long! I can't have you walking around here, practically in the nude! Get a move on!"

The dress that she handed me was some sort of silky material with short sleeves, and it buttoned all the way down the front. Under her commanding eye, I put one arm through a sleeve, then the next, and then I was shrugging my way into it. She picked up my shorts and my pants fastidiously, using only a forefinger and thumb as I was fastening myself into my dress.

I almost fainted when she came back about five minutes later – she had a pair of silk satin bloomers, very pink in color. With white frills around the elastic that went around the legs. I started to cry with embarrassment, but she didn't pay any attention to me, simply kneeling on the ground and opening the bloomers for me to step into. To make things even more horrific the frills on the legs stuck out from below the housedress. I complained about this, but she just made some tutting noises and pulled me over to see my reflection in the mirror.

There, I saw an effeminate looking boy in a floral woman's housedress, with the legs of pink satin knickers with white lace frills easily seeable the hem of his dress. Then I noticed something else – my lips were very red, and it dawned on me what Joan had been doing to my lips earlier on. I looked as if I was wearing lipstick! Hers had come off on me when she kissed me and she had skillfully blended it onto my lips with her fingertip.

She smiled into the mirror. "You'd make a smashing looking girl Jessica! With a little work on the eyes? Wow!"

I wailed! "Oh missus! I'm not a girl! I want to go home!"

"You want to go home? Okay!" she said, sounding frustrated and angry. "Let me see you to the door. . ." and she was pulling me towards the front door!

"Look!" she said "There's some girls playing skip-rope out there Billy. Wonder what they'll say when they see you?" With that, she opened the front door and I found myself on the door step, the door closing behind me.

I knew that it was hidden from the street by bushes, but anyone could be coming to her door at any moment and would see me in the dress – with my knickers showing! "Please Joan" I hissed, panicked. "Please let me in! I'll be good!"

The door closed a fraction more then stopped. "You going to be a good girl, Jessica?"

"Yes!" I moaned, starting to cry.

"SAY it!"

"I'll be a good girl Joan. Honest! Please let me back in." Blubbering now.

She opened the door, then stood in the opening waiting for me to come in. "All right Jessica. You may come in. I'm sorry if I appeared cruel, but it was only for your own good. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes Joan, " I sniffled. "I'm sorry that I annoyed you."

She surprised me, suddenly putting an affectionate arm around my shoulders. "Come on through to the sitting room again Billy. I haven't been nice to you at all – and I'm sorry too. Can we try to be friends?"

I just looked at her, helplessly. She nodded, but understandingly, and led me back into the sitting room. This time though, she sat me at a side table, then sat across from me.. There was a flat black leather case sitting on the table, but she ignored it for a while, obviously thinking of what to say. She finally sighed.

"Billy? Whatever you think of me? I'm not a bad person."

I looked at her blankly. "I don't think you're bad . . . Joan."

She took a deep breath. "What I just did to you – nearly did to you? When I made you mess yourself? I'm really ashamed – but I'm a human being too, you know – and I've always liked taking advantage of little sissies. Can't help it." She grinned at me. "I think it's what they call a 'character flaw'?"

I felt myself get red all over. She leaned forward and put a hand over mine. "Look! I know you're young, but try to understand? I like young effeminate boys. Cath's father was one – but others - like you? They're hard to come by. I haven't had any . . ." she paused, " . . fun in a long time. Especially since the war started. So when Cath brought you to me?" She grimaced. "I was so pleased. I've maybe been rushing things, but I *really* DO want you."

"Joan?"

"Yes sweetie?

"Effeminate? Does that mean . . . like a poofter?

She shrugged. "A bit. Some poofters want men for their boyfriends. Others like women to be the bosses."

I considered this for a minute. "I don't think I'm a poofter." I finally said.

She smiled at me. "Trust me Billy. You are. You like women bossing you about. Think I haven't seen your willie rise when Cath or I boss you around? You are. You just don't know it yet. Now? I want you to learn how to take care of your nails. That's what I was going to talk about . ." she smiled, opening the flat case to show a set of gleaming manicure tools.

"Before you became so *irresistible*! So lets get down to business, shall we?"

She was pleased that I didn't bite my nails and had a natural tendency to keep my hands clean. Showed me how to use the nail file properly and take care of the cuticles. Explained how she wanted the shape of my nails – oval and a little longer than most boys. I was quite taken with all of this, almost to the point of forgetting my fear of Cath walking in and seeing me in a dress and knickers. I did react when Joan started applying varnish to my nails though, by trying to pull my hand away.

"Jessica? Behave! This is just clear polish. You start raising a big fuss? I've got some deep red that I'll use on you. Is that what you want?"

I sensed that, despite her words, that I might have got out of having to wear the polish if I had made a fuss, but knew that speed was of the essence – we had taken long enough that my trousers were probably dried and could be worn without anyone noticing anything. I knew that my underpants would still be wet, but figured that I could carry them home in my pocket, dump them into the dirty wash, and no one would be any the wiser.

Accordingly, I took another step into effeminacy without much thought of the consequences.

Joan laughed at my eagerness to get my own clothes back on again. "You absolutely SURE you don't want the bloomers Jessica? They'd look ever so sweet peeping out from under your trousers! Not only that? I've got other pairs, just like them though in different colours. I was stupid. Bought them for Cath – but she refuses to wear them – too girlish for her I guess!"

Finally, she let me go home. My plan worked. Mum never knew I wasn't wearing underpants, and I got my wet ones into the laundry basket

with no trouble. She was a little mad because I had taken so long at getting home from the knitting circle, but she calmed down a lot once I got into my apron and started my housework.

The next few weeks brought decided changes. At my house, mum got a full time job working in an office and Stephanie was left in charge. It came about this way.

Once mum had realized that I was becoming a very effective housewife, she lost no time in seeking, and getting, a job. She made the announcement one night after dinner as I was doing the washing up. She finished up saying "Billy. You'll be in charge when I'm at work and Stephanie? You're to do as he tells you."

"That's not FAIR mum!" Stephanie squalled.

Mum blinked and actually backed away just a bit. "What do you mean, not *fair*? Billy's older than you. You think YOU should be in charge?"

Stephanie raised her chin belligerently "Yes!"

"What do you think, Billy?" Mum asked after a short pause, grinning now.

"She's just being stupid mum. Don't listen to her." I said this very calmly. Then mum shook my composure. "Let me think about it for a day or so. Okay?"

I was bewildered and insulted. What could there possibly be to think about? But then I figured that mum was just calming Stephanie down – and the ploy seemed to have worked. Stephanie was obviously mollified, to the extent that she shot a triumphant grin at me – stupid girl!

Mum wasn't at work the following day, but she was out doing something or other. I was doing the housework, but had taken the opportunity to leave my apron off. Stephanie came sauntering in. "Mum finds out you're doing your housework without your pretty apron on? You'll get in trouble!" she giggled, then added. "Sissy!"

"You're asking for a good belting!" I responded, puffed up and red faced.

"Who's going to do it?" she sneered. "You? You and what army?"

I stared at her in disbelief. This couldn't be happening! My little sister almost asking for a fight? Not only that, she was walking towards me in a most pugnacious manner! "Go and put your apron on – sissy! Go On!" she said, smoothly and mockingly. "Do as you're told!"

A spasm of fear flashed through my system. I could actually sense the level of her confidence rising – as mine receded. "I suppose I'd better – you rotten tattle tale!" I said, hoping that my words would disguise that I was actually doing what she had told me, taking the apron from behind the kitchen door where it hung, putting it on and tying myself in quickly. Immediately, I knew I'd made a terrible mistake. It was as if when I put an apron on, any strength I had deserted me. In this particular one that was more like a dress than anything else, I was especially vulnerable. I knew she saw the fear in my eyes immediately.

Stephanie smirked at me. "That bow is not very nice. I *know* you can do a better one. Change it! I want to see a nice big, flounced one."

"Aw, come off it Stephanie." I whispered.

"Do it? Please, just for me?" she said soothingly, coming to meet me and taking the frilled bib in both hands gently. "Please?"

"Well, seeing you asked nicely," I tried to inject a little humor to cover my submission, but she didn't react. Just stood waiting, the smile leaving her face as I re-tied the bow into a flounced version.

"Much better! See? I *knew* you could do it!" she cooed. "Now? Pour me a cup of tea, would you? There's a dear!" she said graciously. With that, she sat down at the kitchen table and eyed me mockingly as I hastened to do what she wanted. She gave a soft wolf-whistle "I just love the way your dress, swishes when you walk, Billy. It really suits you."

"It's not a dress Stephanie! It's an apron!" I tried to sound strong, but my voice was weak and trembling.

She shrugged. "Whatever you say, dearie."

I poured her tea and set the cup down in front of her. She smiled up at me. "Thanks. Have you tidied up my room yet?"

I blushed. "Yes."

"What did you do with that blouse I left lying on top of the bed?"

"I thought it was for washing. Put it in amongst the dirty wash. Was that all right?"

"Oh yes Billy, but it's a new blouse. Think you could wash it out by hand for me? I'd really appreciate it. Then? Hang it out to dry? Maybe give it a touch up with an iron later?"

"I'm not your bloody maid Stephanie!" I said hotly.

"Did I say you were? If you were, wouldn't you be curtseying? Like the maids you see in the pictures?" She got up from the table and stared at

me. "Are you going to do as I ask, or are we going to have a fight? I'll promise you this much. If I beat you? I'll put you in one of my dresses – knickers too. What would mum say? Huh? Then I'd take you outside to play with the other girls. Bet Angela Gordon would laugh!"

"I don't fight girls!" I said, but was backing away from her, my hands up as if to protect myself. Then, sheepishly added. "Okay! I'll do your blouse! Just leave me *alone*!" Almost in tears.

She started to sit down again. "Almost forgot. Remember that little chat that you me and mum had last night? About who is second in command here?"

I sighed. "Yes".

"Tonight? When she comes in? It would be nice if you'd tell her you've changed your mind – and think it might be better if she left me in charge."

"But I'm the oldest." I whined.

She lifted her eyes to mine. Gave me a cold, unyielding, stare.

"Will you promise to be nice to me?" I whispered.

Her stare got even colder and her jaw muscles tightened just a fraction.

"Oh! If it means THAT much to you!" I pouted, feeling my apron skirts actually swish as I flounced away in high dudgeon to get her blouse

That night as I was doing the dinner dishes I saw Stephanie give me a wink and a slight nod of her head. Knew what she wanted.

"Mum? I was just thinking. Maybe it might be a good idea to let Stephanie be in charge when you're working?" I managed to say this despite the fact that my mouth was very dry.

Mum leaned back in her chair, her eyes fixed on my face. She didn't act like she was surprised. "Okay. You going to do as Stephanie tells you when I'm not here?"

"Yes mum"

"Promise that you won't make a fuss?"

"He won't." Stephanie said confidently.

"You're very sure of yourself young lady!" mum said lightly.

"Put him over my knees if he does! Give his bum a good warming!" Stephanie said. Then she said to me. "You washed out that blouse of mine?"

I clenched my teeth. "Yes."

"Rinse it out good?"

"Yes."

"Well why don't I see out hanging on the line in the back yard?"

"I was going to do it later." I said.

"Yes Stephanie. Boys don't like to be seen hanging up washing – it's a girl's job." Mum said.

Stephanie snorted. "Billy? Go and hang my blouse up now. NOW! Get a move on! I want you to show mum how you'll do as I tell you when she's not here."

Flushing at being talked to in this manner in front of mum, I reached behind me to untie my apron.

"Just leave that alone! What do you think you're doing!" Stephanie giggled. "Go and do as you're told!"

Near tears, I went and got her blouse and some clothes pegs and went out to the back yard. There were only the two houses at the side of us who had any kind of view into our yard, but I could just imagine what anyone who saw me was saying. Quickly, I pinned the blouse to the lines then, like I'd seen mum do lots of times, used the pole to lift the line higher into the air to catch what wind there was, though there was enough at ground level to blow my apron skirts around.

Mum smiled at me when I got back into the house. "Mrs. Adams taught you to iron yet?"

I looked down at the floor, completely ashamed. "No mum."

"Well? I suggest that you ask her – and soon." She said.

I was now, apart from school classes, spending all of my time with women and or girls. A few boys made nasty remarks at me at playtime and though the girls mocked me a little, they were much nicer to me. Naturally I became more and more embroiled with girl things, so gradually opted for living what was becoming a girl's life. Stephanie had a great deal to do with this.

One afternoon as I was doing some tidying up, someone knocked at our door. I just looked at it, wondering who it could be, but didn't want to answer it, due to the fact that I was, as usual, in one of my feminine aprons. "Well? Stephanie asked. "Aren't you going to get that?"

"Please Steph would you get it. Please?"

"Oh, okay!" she growled and headed for the door. I went and hid in the kitchen, not wanting to be seen. A few seconds later, Stephanie came back in. "Who was it?" I asked.

"Derek and Alan."

"What did they want?"

"Wanted to talk to you. Here." And she stood aside from the door, and let my two friends in!

They looked at me, totally embarrassed at finding me in my prettiest pink apron and matching silk scarf turban.

"Oh. Sorry Billy," Derek said, looking down at his feet. . "We just thought you might want to come round to the park for a game of soccer."

"Sorry boys," Stephanie said quickly. "But when he's finished with his housework? He's coming outside to play skip rope with me and my friends. Isn't that right Billy?"

"Oh – Okay then, " Alan said quickly before I could make any answer. "See you around Billy." And the pair of them practically ran out of the house.

I started to cry with the humiliation, but Stephanie just sneered at me "Me and the Helf twins are going to be outside and need a fourth. Hurry up and get out there." With that, she went out to play. A half hour later, I saw some curtains twitching as I played skip rope with Stephanie and the twins. I wasn't very good, which led to a great deal of hilarity about boys not being able to keep up with girls.

Stephanie was also responsible for the final parting between my male friends and myself. At the daily Knitting Circle I was now a fully fledged member, no longer as embarrassed as I'd been. Joan had made me a smock that I wore now when there. "Like the other girls Billy" she'd said. "Can't have you feeling left out, can we?" It was made of a somewhat silky fabric, had big wide pockets for holding wool and odds and ends, long full sleeves that buttoned with big shiny black buttons at the wrists. It had oversized peter Pan collars and closed quite tightly at the neck.

Sometimes, if we'd to wait for Joan to start us on our assignments, the girls would gang up on me. Joan would give them a row of course, but never seriously. This particular day, they'd created a few spit curls at my brow and used hair pins to hold them in place. Then, of course, a headscarf in turban form to finish the job. It had embarrassed me the first few times they did it, but they'd always let me wash it out before I went home, so it didn't bother me too much.. All three of them had started wearing pretty chiffon scarves under their smock collar, tied with nice bows at the front. Actually? I thought they looked quite pretty, and was in two minds when I

was given a nice yellow one for myself. I protested of course, but got used to it after a few days. Was wearing it that day.

And there I sat, knitting and chatting to my girl friends as we listened to "Mrs. Dale's Diary" on the radio. It was quite silly, really, but I wasn't allowed to listen to "Dick Barton, Special Agent" any more, so had become accustomed to listening to what I was allowed to – though that program was more for grown up ladies than girls. Anyway, we're chattering away – me in my smock and scarf, hair in curls and a turban – and in comes Stephanie – leading Derek and Alan!

Stephanie snickered, taking my appearance in. "I knocked the door real loud – but you lot were making such a racket that you probably didn't hear me. Billy? It's your friends again. Want to talk to you."

The three of us were speechless, me frozen, well aware of the picture I made. Them stunned with embarrassment – whether for me or themselves, I'm not sure. The girls around me were silent, taking in our expressions, then one called Dorothy spoke up. "Want to join our knitting circle boys? We'll make you just as pretty as Billy, honest!" Then the girls burst into raucous laughter as my two friends practically ran out of the room without ever having said a word, fright written all over their faces. That pretty well ended any relationship I had with the two boys.

I haven't been talking about Cath. That does not mean that she wasn't impacting on my life. I still walked her to school each day and she walked me back each afternoon. I soon learned that I was part of her entourage. As she was very popular, I constantly found myself in the company of many different girls. She really wasn't overly masculine in her actions or appearance, but I know that a lot of my new companions had a real crush on her – as I did. She wasn't as cruel to me as she'd been at the beginning, but every so often she'd tease me, having me do something girlish in front of the others, then sort of step back and smile, watching, them take up the chase, so to speak. She particularly seemed to enjoy seeing me in my smock or aprons.

My mum, Mary, had taken to her almost from the beginning, but I was shocked to come home one day after my hour at the knitting circle to find Cath working at fixing the lawn mower – and wearing MY clothes! I didn't protest at the time, but did complain to mum that evening. She looked at me coolly. "She asked if she could. I couldn't see anything against it."

"But they're MY clothes mum!"

"Well? Don't you ever wear *HERS* when you're over there? Stephanie thinks you do."

I stared at her, outraged by this outright slander. "I do no such thing! Stephanie is telling big fibs!"

Mum shrugged. "She says she came into your sewing class a week or so ago and you were wearing some sort of dress. Even had your hair up in curls. You telling me she's lying?"

"It wasn't a dress mum! It's a smock for knitting and sewing in. All the girls wear one!"

She smirked. "*All* the girls? That what you are now, one of the girls?"

I stopped, thoroughly outmanned in that particular topic, not wanting to progress into the fact that my hair had actually been done up in hairpins and curls.

Mum was looking at me – almost as if she was enjoying my embarrassment, but worse was yet to come. She continued. "Seeing as Cath's working over here? I've told Mrs. Adams that she can have you for Saturday afternoons."

"Doing what?" I asked.

"Whatever she wants, I'd say. Don't think it'll be doing anything too *manly*, do you?" She shrugged again. "Probably doing the housework. It seems that she's going to be very busy with her theatrical dressmaking – some big show coming up, and she thinks your *VERY* good about the house. Maybe she'll let you wear some more of Cath's dresses – I mean smocks?"

I could feel the tears forming in my eyes. She snorted impatiently. "Oh, come OFF it! Tell me, when was the last time you played with boys?"

I lied feverishly. "Just about every day! At school!"

"How come then, that Miss Swann your headmistress called me in for a little chat last week? Concerned about you – how none of the boys will have anything to do with you. How the only people you talk with at playtime and lunch are girls? She lying too?"

"No mum." I was staring at the carpet now.

"And you spend at least an hour a day – just knitting? Or are you learning how to sew and embroider and crochet? You're going to make some girl a nice wife, is all I've got to say." She cackled gleefully. "Wasn't that long ago you were the bully of the street. Now all the women here are smiling at me and saying how *NICE* you are! You'll be quitting school

pretty soon. I was thinking that a delivery boy was all you were going to be – but maybe? Maybe you could get a job in a dress shop? As a shopgirl? Pay would be much better!"

I started to cry in earnest then. I think I surprised her, because she did something that totally surprised me in turn. She beckoned to me. "Come over here! Sit beside me on the couch. Time for us to have a talk."

Reading these words, one might think they were peremptory, but this was not the case. She smoothed out the seat beside her and helped me to sit after I'd blindly stumbled over there, and her voice was soft and loving. She put an arm around my shoulders.

"Billy? I don't know what's going on. A few months ago you were a little bugger! I'd say you were a typical boy, but I never really felt that way about you. There was something off a little. Know what I mean? You just had one or two boy friends – and you seemed to hate girls. Now? You're doing girl things, wearing girls clothes, playing with girls – at girl games. Don't play with boys at all now, do you. Now tell the truth!"

"No mum, " I snuffled.

"Wearing nail polish! Filing your nails! You'll be wearing makeup next!"

"No I won't mum." I said, crying harder again.

"We'll see. Now are you going to tell me what's got into you? I mean – doing Stephanie's ironing for her. And did I hear her threaten to spank you the other night?"

"Yes – but she's always doing that," I whispered.

"Has she done it yet?"

"No."

"Think she could?"

"She thinks so!" I said, a little strength coming back into my voice.

Mum paused. "It's not really what SHE thinks, Billy. Do YOU think she could? Come on now – tell me the truth." Again, her voice was soft and confidential. Motherly.

"Maybe." I admitted dolefully.

"That means that she can, Billy. Any time she's of a mind to."

I knew what she meant. Nodded, capitulating.

"Now Billy? Tell me what has been going on. Now! Tell me the truth."

Her voice was still soft and instilled confidence in me. I started blurting out the full story. She sat silent, until I finished by asking "Can you help

me get out of this mum?"

"Eh? Why on earth should I do something like that?"

I gazed at her, shocked. "Because! I'm a boy mum! I don't like what Cath – and her mum – and Stephanie have been making me do!"

"Of course you do – you silly little sissy! Think that you'd let a girl – TWO girls – do these things to you if you didn't want them to do it? Come on!"

Her voice wasn't mocking or contemptuous, just practical. "You've probably been a sissy all along Billy, I just didn't see it – though I think I'll start calling you Jessie from here on in. Much more appropriate," she said, grinning a little, though not unpleasantly

"S'not Jessie! It's Jessica!" I retorted, without thinking.

"Ah! Then Jessica it is!"

"But why won't you help me?" I said, almost crying again.

She shook her head, perplexed at my obstinacy. "It's YOUR bed Jessica. You made it and now? Now you got to lie in it. Simple as that. The only person that can get you out of that bed is *you*. All there is to it."

"But what can I DO?" I asked helplessly.

"You're kidding, surely! *Refuse* to let those girls boss you around. Stop going to Mrs. Adams. Stop playing with girls! Stand up for yourself!"

To myself, I finally admitted the truth of what she was saying. "I don't think I can do these things mum."

She gave me a hug. "Then lass? That's all there is to it, isn't it? Now listen to me. I think I might be onto a promotion at work – but it'll need more of my time. School will be ending in a few weeks. If I knew you were here, looking after the house – and Stephanie, I'd feel a lot better about it."

"Me? Look after the house ALL the time? Mum! And Stephanie wouldn't do as I told her anyway! This isn't fair!"

"It was fair when I let you boss Stephanie about? What's unfair now?" she responded tartly. "I don't give a shite about who's telling who what to do. *She* can be looking after *you* for all I care. We need the money Jessica. Your dad's allotment from the army doesn't stretch very far these days and we need every penny we can get. On top of that . . .?" She stopped, sounding tentative suddenly.

"What?" I asked, suspicious.

"Mrs. Adams – Joan. Was asking what you were going to do when you left school. Are you. . "

"For the summer hols?" I interrupted.

Mary sighed. "Billy? There's not much sense in keeping you on at school. Miss Swann told me the other day that you're barely passing in all of your classes. Don't show any interest in your schoolwork at all. What sense is there in keeping you at school for another three years – when there doesn't seem to be much chance of you going to the Uni? Why not get out now with a Lower Leaving Certificate. Get a job . . "

Inwardly, I was elated. I had never liked school and now, with my exclusion from the boys, and mockery from the girls, I wanted nothing better than to break away from my current problems. But I still had to object. "How can I get a job, and look after the house too?" I interrupted. "And what does Mrs. Adams have to do with it? If I'm going to be cleaning house for her once a week? Isn't that enough?"

Mum grinned. "She's looking for an assistant. Thinks you'd be perfect. It'd only be part time at first – but she'd pay you a quid a week."

"That's almost DOUBLE what a Delivery Boy makes!" I said, astonished. "But assisting her in doing *what*?"

"She's a wardrobe mistress for the theatre. What do you think?"

"Making dresses? Stuff like that?"

"I'd imagine so. Think you'd like it?" She had a sly look in her eyes.

To tell the truth I had no idea of how to answer her question. I'd never thought that mum would let me leave school at fifteen and that fact alone had boggled my mind. On top of that, I was appalled at the very idea of making dresses – yet excited at the thought of the materials I'd be handling – and had NO idea of what to think about having to work so closely with Joan. I got an immediate erection at that thought.

Mum saw my confusion. "Plenty of time Jess. She can maybe try you out when you work on Saturdays – and you can find out more about the job. Now? I want you to really look at this job offer. It's a job for a girl, or a sissy. Once you say you'll take it and people get to know? That'll be it. You'll have a terrible time getting rid of that reputation, let me tell you. Now bugger off and finish your ironing. ITMA's coming on in about five minutes, and I want to listen. That Tommy Handley's a real card. You can listen as well, but I'll expect you to shut up!"

I didn't realize it, but my life was going to change appreciably starting as of that moment. She never called me Billy inside the house again – I was Jess if she was happy with me, Jessica if not.

What I'd never considered was how much her 'hands off' approach had protected me from Stephanie. As long as mum had accorded me a degree of masculinity by calling me by my male name around the house I was all right. Once my new name came into play, however, it was if the walls came tumbling down. My little sister would berate me unmercifully for anything I did wrong in the slightest degree – even started calling me Jessica outside – which didn't go un-noticed either.

Then a disastrous evening. Mum and some of the ladies on the street had gone out to the local for some kind of hen party. Mrs. Helf had asked if her twin daughters could stay at our house, so that they wouldn't be alone. This would be no problem, mum assured her.

It did become a problem though – for me. Five minutes after the adults had left, Stephanie asked if I'd checked the blackout curtains. I hadn't but said I had. In front of Diana and Elsie, the twins, Stephanie took me by the ear. "You damn sissy! Come with me!" And to the delight of the young girls, she led me outside as I yowled and howled, trying to get away from her grip.

"SEE!" Stephanie said grimly, pointing to a sliver of light coming out into the darkening evening. "Lucky for us that I noticed this! The Germans could be bombing us! And it would all be YOUR fault! Come inside! You've been asking for a spanking for a long time!" With this, she turned me back to the house, where the girls stood giggling in the doorway.

"You going to spank Jessica?" Elsie asked.

"I most certainly AM!" Stephanie told her, then added. "Elsie? Go into my mum's room and bring out the hairbrush on the dresser, would you?"

I started to cry. "Aw Stephanie! Don't spank me! Please. Not in front of the twins, huh?"

She stopped just as we got to the door. "I'll think about it – but you'll do as I tell you?"

"Yes Stephanie!"

"Very well. Let's go!" Diana? Want to come with us?" Stephanie said, still holding my ear and leading me into the house.

"All right." Diana said, closing the front door and following us into mum's room.

"You two?" Stephanie said "Stand there in front of the door Don't want our little sissy running away, do we?"

"I thought you were going to spank him?" Elsie said disappointedly, putting the hairbrush back on top of the dresser again.

"Don't know yet, maybe I will," Stephanie muttered, looking through mum's chest of drawers pulling out some silky looking stuff, then heading for the cupboard and picking out a dress "Yes! This'll do just right!" she said, putting everything she'd picked out on top of the bed, then turning to me. "Let's get you dressed up Billy, shall we?"

"NO!" I squealed and started running for the door.

"Grab the sissy, girls!" Stephanie laughed. "Let's get him out of these clothes and into a dress!"

I almost made it out of the room, but Elsie grappled with me just long enough to slow me down. Seconds later, I was being overcome by three giggling girls. It didn't take them long to undress me - and then they put me in mums clothes. A matching set of pink bra, panties and slip, then one of her party dresses, with built in petticoats – after stuffing the bra cups with a few handkerchiefs.

A curious sense of surrender took over me, and I finally lay there, passively looking up at them as they experimented with makeup on my face.. They weren't very accomplished, but they DID try to do as good a job as they could. To tell the truth, I think my behaviour may have embarrassed them a little, because they were in two minds as to whether to put perfume on me, but finally opted just to put a little behind each ear. Stephanie whispered something to Diana and she nodded, then took off. I heard our front door open and figured that she had gone home for something, but my attention was drawn to the fact that the girls had decided to put me into a garter belt so that I could wear a pair of mums silk stockings – NOT nylons, she only had one pair that didn't have ladders in them – and we all knew that the furies of hell would be unleashed on all of us if any damage was done to *them*.

Mums shoes were a little big for me, but I found that I could walk in them reasonably well – much to the girls surprise and, I think, jealousy. But I was still a little wobbly while practicing my walking under Stephanie's supervision, when the door opened and Diana returned, Cath at her back!

Cath just stood there, a big smile on her face – not nasty or mocking, just happy. "Hang on a tick" she said. "I'll be right back" and went back

into the hallway. I didn't hear the front door open and close as I half expected, and stood, puzzled, wondering what she was doing. It didn't take any more than a few minutes until she came back in. This time she looked different – and no wonder. She was wearing my one and only pair of long pants, and a white shirt. She'd wet her hair down and put a straight part in it. She looked like a BOY!.

But looked like a radiant boy. Held her arms out to the side from her shoulders. "How do I look, Jessica?"

I swallowed. "Very . . handsome?"

She beamed with an even greater intensity, dropped her arms and came over to me and inspected me carefully. "And you look very pretty Jessica. And you smell pretty too!" With that, she took me in her arms and kissed me on the lips! It was a long kiss and although I could hear the other girls all giggle, I didn't care. It just felt SO nice. Felt as if I was melting. Finally she broke away from me. "Shut up, you lot." She said to the girls. "C'mon Jessica. Let's you and me sit on the couch."

She smiled as she led me there to sit beside her. "Now lets have you act properly. Cuddle in."

For the next few hours we necked. Like any other boy and girl. She caressed my breasts on the outside of my dress and though it sounds ridiculous, I swear it was if I had real flesh and blood inside the bra, not some cotton handkerchiefs. She slid her hand up under my dress and I knew that she was as thrilled as I was as her fingers felt the tactile sensation of the silk stockings over my smooth thighs. I protested a little when she'd play with the straps of my bra or suspender belt, but what I wanted was for this night never to end.

The girls sat on the floor, ignoring us for the most part, but fell asleep about eleven o'clock – and we weren't about to disturb them. I know we had some whispered conversations between kisses, but I have no idea what they were about, everything was so dreamlike. Finally, about midnight, she said "Well? About time Cinderella changes back into being a boy, and the prince changes back into a girl, so we'd better get a move on."

I sighed, somewhat pleased, but frightened at the same time. "My mum will know I've been wearing her clothes. I don't think I can hide it."

"It'd be stupid to try, I think," she replied. "Wash that makeup off your face first, then hang her dress up. If you've got time before she comes home, wash her undies and stockings by hand – then leave them out for hanging

up in the morning. I think she may figure out what happened, but if she asks any questions, don't lie about it! Got that?"

"Yes Cath." I said gratefully, gladly succumbing to her leadership.

She gave me a soft loving kiss. "I'm off then. TTFN." (For those of you who've forgotten? Ta Ta For Now).

Her suppositions were absolutely correct. Mum had to have seen her underclothes in the basket, and HAD to smell my perfume, but when she came home, I was back in my boys clothes. The three girls were all sleeping on the floor, huddled together under a blanket I'd thrown over them. Stephanie's bedroom was cold, and her bed would never have held three and, seeing no sense in disturbing them, I'd simply opted to make them a little more comfortable instead. Mum and Mrs. Helf agreed. As a matter of fact, they left them there and Mrs. Helf ended up having a drink with mum and staying the night. They were both a little hung over the next morning, but no one made any comment about the pink lingerie fluttering out on the clothes line, where I'd hung it, when they finally got up.

I left school a few weeks later, without causing a ripple. Frankly, I was glad to get out. Us boys then wore our hair long, but mine was getting conspicuous. Mum was quite willing to give me the money to get my hair cut – all I had to do was ask for it, but Stephanie was having none of it – and had made it very clear that if I went around her back, there would be consequences to suffer – and I would be the one to suffer them. So, depending on her whim, I'd sometimes be doing my housework with a pink ribbon tying up my hair. She was nice enough to simply show off her power in our house though. Didn't make me wear it when I was loaned out to Joan.

There, on Saturday afternoons, Joan had not used me strictly for housecleaning, being by nature, a houseproud woman herself. Cath could leave a mess for me to clean up, but Joan would take care of this by herself as often as not. This meant, of course, that I was free to do other things – like take more advanced courses in knitting, cooking, baking, and, particularly sewing – both by hand and machine. And? For some reason known only to herself, she wanted me in high heels when engaged in anything pertaining to sewing. She wouldn't explain – wouldn't listen to my complaints – just made me wear the shoes for sewing of any description – though had absolutely no objection to me taking them off for anything else she had me do.

I should also explain, that it seemed to have been accepted by both her and mum that I would start my new (paid) position, the week following my departure from school. Joan, however, made it abundantly clear that if I didn't fancy it, I could turn it down – no hard feelings – but if I wanted to think about it, one of her demands would be that I wore high heels while doing it – no argument. I don't know where she got the shoes from – maybe her extensive theatrical wardrobe, but she measured my feet one afternoon and two days later I had three pairs of perfectly fitting shoes. They were all about three inch heels and though I was wobbly in them to begin with, even she was surprised at how quickly I became proficient in walking in them.

One rainy Saturday afternoon I was in the sewing room by myself, using the sewing machine to effect repairs to the hem of a dirndl skirt that one of the actresses at the theatre had seemingly been complaining about.. Joan had gone to run an errand downtown, and Cath was at my house doing some painting, with Stephanie giving her a hand. The noise of the machine must have deafened me to some extent because I had to have jumped about six inches into the air when a hand tapped me on the shoulder and a young woman's voice said "Hello? *Hello!* Are you bloody DEAF?"

I turned around, almost transfixed with fright, to find three very pretty girls smiling down at my reaction. "Sorry to frighten you." the blonde who had spoken first asked with a smile. "Where's Joan?"

I swallowed and recovered a little. "She's out on an errand miss. Should be back shortly. Can I be of help?"

The redhead peered at me. "You her daughter, Cath?"

"Flora? Put your bloody glasses on. This is a boy – I think." The other, a brunette, said.

The blonde laughed. "Sorry about that. Flora is such a vain bugger. Blind as a bat but won't wear glasses in public. We were supposed to be here for fittings tomorrow, but something's come up. One of the other girls has a loan of her boyfriend's car for today and was coming past this way, so we thought we'd take a chance and see if Joan wants to do us this afternoon. I'm Diane, the blind-as-a-bat girl is Flora, and this young lady is Peggy." She pointed at the brunette.

We all said our hello's then Diane said "A cup of tea would go down very well just now. What's your name?"

"Billy." I said after a slight pause that drew puzzled looks from the three of them. "Can you hold for a sec please?" I asked, and as they nodded,

finished off the seam I was working on, snipped the thread and put the skirt on the working area of the machine. Then, without thinking, stood up and said. "You want to come with me? I can make a pot.. . .?"

I faltered to a stop, aware of the puzzled looks directed at me, then realized that my high heeled shoes were now highly visible.

"Ah! That explains it!" Peggy said. "I've heard that Joan likes little sissy boys. You hesitated there for a second Billy when you told us your name. You have another one, a sissy name? What does Joan call you? Don't worry, we're well used to sissies. Tell us now." She fired the questions at me so rapidly that I didn't have time to think. Blushed furiously. "Sometimes she calls me Jessica." I admitted.

Diane nodded gravely. "Yes dearie. Now that I see your hair – and your shoes? Much better! Isn't it girls?"

Flora said peevishly. "What you talking about, hair? Looks all right to me!" Then she came right up to me and peered closely at my hair. "Ah!" she said. "I see what you mean Diane. But it needs a lot of work. Billy? Or Jessica? Whatever you call yourself. I'm good with hair. Could fix this up in nothing flat if you wanted me to. Isn't that so girls?"

The other two nodded in agreement.

Peggy changed the subject, looking at me directly. "But what are you doing here? Sewing? What does Joan have a boy sewing for?"

"I might be going to work for her as her assistant" I told her.

"But you're just a schoolboy!" she said.

"Oh shut UP Peggy!" Diane laughed. "You were just a schoolgirl yourself not that long ago."

I looked at the three of them and it struck me. To my inexperienced eye, they had seemed highly exotic, dressed colorfully and wearing a lot of makeup, but it dawned on me that they couldn't be much older than myself. Even girls were conscripted into the services or the Land Army as soon as they turned eighteen, just as able bodied men were. But nonetheless I was intimidated by their seeming sophistication.

"I'll get that tea put on for you if you want," I said.

"Lovely! I can see what Joan sees in you," Diane laughed. "Get on with it then – don't stand there gaping! Lead the way!"

Less than ten minutes later, they were all ensconced in the chairs at the kitchen table, chattering away like magpies and, what was strange, were drawing me into the conversation, just as if I was one of them. I was asked

if I had a boyfriend! What kind of lipstick I preferred – and what I thought of "Evening in Paris" – about the only perfume available at that time.

Stammering and flushed red, I knew that they were mostly teasing me, but just could not seem to break away from them. I was a little scared of what Joan might say if she came in and found me gossiping with work to be done, but the rain had turned into a downpour and I figured that she'd probably stay inside wherever she was until things cleared up. I put some coal on the fire and the girls all laughed and called me "a treasure".

Then Diane must have sensed my need to be doing 'something' if Joan returned. "Here Jessica? Are you any good at sewing?"

"Joan says that I'm learning very quickly. She's starting me on button-holing soon." I replied proudly.

"Nah! I mean sewing by hand. Fixing things," she said.

"I think I'm okay. Why?"

"I got some buttons that are practically falling off my blouse," she said and, to my astonishment, unbuttoned her blouse and took it off! "Be a dear and see what you can do, will you pet?" With that, she handed her blouse out to me – totally unconcerned that she was showing off her rather large breasts, cupped beautifully in a lacy bra!

And Peggy, not to be outdone wanted the zipper at the side of her skirt fixed! And Flora needed a seam on her dress tacked a little so, before I knew what was going on, there I was, sitting busily engaged in making repairs to the clothes of three pretty girls, all sitting chattering about me, in various stages of undress. I was flabbergasted at first, and then the truth hit me. They may not have considered me a woman like themselves, but a little sissy was absolutely NO danger – they thought no more of parading about in front of me than they did of feeling embarrassed at doing it in front of each other.

Naturally, Joan picked that minute to return. She was furious, yet to my surprise her anger was directed towards the girls, not at me. She really yelled at them until even they started getting indignant, and a real cat fight appeared to be imminent. But finally, she calmed down and said she was sorry to the girls. They were obviously glad not to have really upset the wardrobe mistress of the company and accepted her apologies quickly. I went and brewed another pot of tea, glad to see peace taking over.

After a while though, it was obvious that Joan was thinking seriously about something. Finally she spoke to me. "Billy?" (A real surprise – she

hadn't called me by that name in *weeks!*).

"Yes Joan?"

"I'm sorry. I was going to let you have another few weeks. Let you make up your mind without putting any pressure on you – but I'm afraid I can't now. You want to work for me?"

The three girls were looking on curiously, and this embarrassed me. Joan had a serious expression on her face and was obviously not kidding around. I coughed. "Yes Joan. I think I'd like that."

"Okay then, but there's one thing you have to know." She paused.

"Yes?" I asked timidly.

"When you're at the theatre? You'll be in and out of the dressing rooms a lot. The girls wouldn't mind a sissy in there, but the Assistant manager . . . ?"

"Harry! That cranky old bastard!" Diane squalled.

"Yes Diane, him." Joan replied, before turning back to me. "As you can see, he's not at all popular with the girls. Anyway he'd make your life a misery. Find some way to fire you, and we've got a big production coming up soon and I WILL need a hand, so I have to be able to protect you from him."

"I don't understand Joan. What do you want me to do?"

"Dress and act the part of a girl. Think you could do that?"

I sensed, rather than saw, the delighted expressions on the girls around me. "I don't know if I could do that Joan. Do I *have* to?" I said this, stammering a little.

"Of COURSE you could do that!" Diane said excitedly. "Lovely plump bum like you've got? And after we stuff your bra . . ."

"And I could do your hair! You'd be SO pretty!" Flora squealed.

"And I'd help you with your makeup! Easy! A cinch!" Peggy said thoughtfully, but turned to Joan. "But how'd he get changed – and where?"

"Here of course. Where else?" Joan answered, puzzled.

"But wouldn't the neighbours wonder about a boy coming in here – and a girl coming out?"

"Oh THAT!" Joan laughed waving her hand dismissively – "They *know* he's a sissy now – I'd imagine it'd be no great surprise to them." She saw my face crumple at the cruelty of her remark and was instantly contrite.

"Oh dear Jessica! I didn't mean that to sound so awful! I'm sorry dear."

She came over to me and took me into her embrace. "There, there now! Don't cry. Wait until you hear the idea I just got. Okay?"

I sniffled a little and shook my heads. Then keeping a protective arm about my shoulders explained why she'd been in such a bad mood when she'd discovered them in the house when she'd returned.

"You see girls? I wasn't going to tell anybody at the theatre Jessica's little secret . . ." she gave me an extra hard squeeze "until after she'd been introduced to everyone. Now I know that she wouldn't have been able to hide what her real sex is for long. I mean, he'll make a sweet looking little girl, don't you think?"

"Absolutely," Diane said.

"Bloody right!" Peggy agreed.

"But he does need *something* done to that hair of hers!" Flora persisted.

Even I had to join the others in laughing at Flora's persistence in only looking at matters pertaining to hair. Joan started talking again. "So, today? I thought 'Bloody Hell!' These girls know now and I won't be able to keep it a secret from them . . ."

"We won't tell, honest! Will we girls?" Peggy said sincerely. The other two chorused their agreement.

"Of course you won't! Not unless you want your costumes too big, too small – or falling apart on you?" Joan laughed – but the threat though made lightly, was there nonetheless. Diane picked up on it immediately, her face turning red. "Joan? I like you and if you ask me to keep a secret, I will. But don't be going around making threats at me or I'll . . ."

Joan threw her hands up in the air. "I'm sorry! Honest! The minute I heard my own words, I knew they were wrong. What I really want is a favor from you three."

"What?" Diane asked, mollified a little.

"None of you have anything on for the rest of today? Any dates that you must keep?" Joan asked.

The girls looked at each other, shrugged. "Just a little bash at the local. Nancy's boyfriend's home on leave and fancied a few pints. Nothing hard and fast. What do you have in mind?" Diane answered for the three of them.

"I've made clothes for Jessica here to wear, but looking at it now? You could help him look and act more like a girl a lot quicker than me. Feel up

to it? Work on him for the rest of the day, stay the night and spend some time with him tomorrow? "

I looked nervously at Joan, well aware of the grins spreading across the faces of the three girls. "You're just kidding, aren't you missus?"

"Don't think she is." Peggy said, coming and putting an arm around me, while Joan relinquished her hold. "Of course she isn't!" Diane said, coming to the other side of me and sliding an arm around my waist. "Just wait, Jessica, We'll have you lovely in NO time!"

"Great!" Joan enthused. "Let me get you his undies and one of his dresses (One? I wondered). You can start getting him changed, I've got to go outside for a minute."

"Ha Ha!" I laughed, frightened of what was taking place. "Hey stop it ladies!" because they were starting to undress me!

What followed was probably (and hopefully) the most embarrassing episode in my life. The girls cared absolutely *nothing* about my male genitalia – other than commenting to each other how sissies seemed to have smaller pricks than *real* men. "Hadn't noticed, Peggy said pertly. "Don't make a habit of fooling around with sissies in the first place!"

"More than make up with it with the sailors though, huh Peggy?" Dianne giggled.

Joan had brought in some lovely silk, peach colored, lace trimmed undies that she'd made for me. To tell the truth, if I'd have been on my own, I'd have probably drooled – as Flora did, highly indignant that REAL girls couldn't get stuff like this in war time – what had a sissy like me possibly done to deserve them? But the other girls just shushed her and, after I'd been bathed and shaved, dried and powdered, dressed me in them! Then they called Joan back to see me.

I stood there in the flimsy things, shivering, even though it wasn't cold. I had an erection that didn't faze anyone one bit. As a matter of fact, Diane came over to me and flipped her index finger sharply against it. Within a second or two it was as if it had never existed. "Used to do that to my kid brothers," she explained. "Kept them in line, I found."

"Never seen that done before," wondered Peggy. "Bloody handy though. Never know when a girl might need that, huh? Not permanent though, is it?"

"No - thank God!" Diane answered, and they all laughed.

Joan came to me, nodding approvingly as she took me by the shoulder and turned me around. "Needs tits girls!" she said, then brought out two silk scarves from a drawer and carefully packed my bra cups with them. Then she looked in her closet and brought out a flowered silk wrap. "Here Jessica. Get this on. Put your shoes back on, then let Flora get at your hair. Diane? Peggy? You can come and help me make dinner. I got a lovely bit of lamb and some nice bottles of wine I've been saving. We'll have a proper dinner, eh?"

Flora turned out to be really funny. She had a droll sense of humor, and soon she had me giggling along with her as she recounted tales of the village where she'd grown up, and life in the chorus line of her current employment. She used a hot curling iron to shape my hair into curls then used a lot of Kirby grips to pin them in place, then applied curlers across the top of my head to create some bigger waves. "Won't be great, but it'll do tomorrow when we brush it out. Next time? I'll do it down at the theatre where I've got my own stuff. You'll look smashing!"

She was quite pleased with her handiwork. I, on the other hand, had been distracted and hadn't paid too much attention. Stared speechlessly at my reflection in the mirror as she quickly created a turban around my head, using a silk headscarf. Saw the effete being I'd become – especially after she'd plucked some of my eyebrows. Was nothing more than a rather pretty girl by the time Peggy replaced Flora and had finished applying my makeup. "Not too much now Peggy!" Joan had warned. "She's playing a young girl remember – not a tart!"

Peggy was entranced by my nails as she happily applied coats of bright red nail polish. Kept on 'Tut-Tutting' as muttered about what it was to have eyelashes and a complexion like mine 'wasted' on a sissy.

At first I was totally humiliated when I was led back into the dining room where we were to eat. The girls all crowded around me, not at all shy about patting me on the arse, or sliding a caressing palm down my waist. I still hadn't got used to the feel of the clothes – the frisson of the various layers sliding silkily against each other, the small tugs exerted by the fine straps – especially the feel of the suspender straps holding my stockings up and the sensation of them against my thighs. Diane had to work her 'magic' finger against me again, which occasioned no small amount of hilarity.

We all sat down to an informal dinner in the dining room. Joan also produced a bottle of HP sauce from somewhere to enthusiastic cheers from

the girls. Being as it was very scarce, I hadn't tasted it too often, so didn't care too much one way or the other, but the girls all remembered it from before the war and applied it enthusiastically to their meals.

I was more interested in the wine, never being allowed it at home. I still had enough boy left in me I guess to want some and was heartily delighted when Joan poured me more than a half glass. "All YOU get, young lady! And don't DARE tell your mum!"

"She won't smell it on my breath when I go home, Joan?" I asked, suddenly worried.

"Don't bother about that love. You're staying here tonight, and Cath's staying in your bed. I went and made those arrangements when the girls were changing you.". She scratched her chin, then smiled. They're sleeping over as well. You and I have got some work to catch up on tonight dearie."

After dinner, Diane, Peggy, and Flora tidied up and did the dishes, while Joan took me into her bedroom where three dresses were lying on top of the bed – well, two dresses and a skirt coordinated with a woolen twin set – all for me, seemingly. Maybe it was the unaccustomed wine, I don't know, but suddenly I was bursting to try them all on! The first one was a rather plain navy blue, woolen dress with a skirt that came just below my knees. I put it on very carefully over my head, not wanting to smear my makeup. Joan buttoned me in at the back, and suddenly I got the most awful feeling – almost as if I was being imprisoned in women's clothes for the rest of my life – forever. But this was *ridiculous*! And anyway? It felt nice – as if I were coming home? To something?

Joan wasn't showing a great deal of reaction, but I knew she was pleased, which pleased me in turn. After all, she'd been nice to me, wasn't that so?

The second was a floral summer dress that seemed to float onto my body – and kept ON floating! It felt so nice and summery. I couldn't believe it. Was rather disappointed when she told me to try on the skirt and twin set.

There again? How can I describe the sense of warm fulfillment that permeated me once dressed in this most demure outfit of female clothing? It seemed to *hug* its way around me: almost like a cocoon that was there to protect and ready me for the life ahead. I think that Joan appreciated my quiet happiness as, when I hugged myself warmly, she simply nodded, as if some of her suspicions had been confirmed.

When she asked me which outfit I wanted to wear for the night, I opted for the skirt and top combination. She smiled and agreed that it was a nice choice then provided me with a string of pearls and matching clip-on earrings and some gold bangles – pronounced me "quite ladylike" then led me to the sewing room where the girls had already congregated.

To my shock, they were all stripped down to their lingerie, and the first assignment I was given was to check their breast measurements! To a terrible mixed up feeling at their obvious lack of respect for my masculinity – and the pleasure I derived from touching their smooth, sweet smelling, feminine bodies – I proceeded to write the measurements into a notebook that Joan maintained for all of the actors and actresses associated with the theatre group. While I was doing this, she was pulling some material from her storage bins.

I then had to record what the results of what other measurements pertained to the girls as she checked them with a tape measure. Scolded Diane lightly for gaining a few pounds. Then she looked a little abashed. "Why don't you take your skirt and top off too Jessica? I made your dresses and skirt from guesswork. It just struck me as being a good idea to get your sizes recorded while I'm at it. Keep your shoes on though – that'll help me establish the hem lines better."

With Peggy helping me, I undressed carefully, so that I wouldn't smear my makeup – and then, there I was standing in my flimsy undies, right alongside three pretty young women, who were in the same state of undress. None of them seemed to consider this odd, so my blushes faded gradually as Joan took my measurements. Then she excused herself and went to her sewing machine.

We all stood around for a few moments, then Flora suggested that they practiced a new chorus routine they had just been introduced to. The other two agreed and next thing, arms across each others shoulders, the girls were stepping out and high kicking and letting out happy little squeals as they did so. Then, nothing would do, but I join them. Seconds later my arms were linked across to Diane on one side and Flora on the other. Then, I was being taught the steps – nothing too difficult, they explained – but I was now a member of a small chorus line as we worked our way through various steps, kicking prettily out to the sides, then straight out. With my arms in almost full contact with their shoulders, and my hips hard up against theirs, the feel of my lingerie materials rubbing against theirs, I

became almost lost in a sexual haze. Brought down to earth only when Joan appeared in front of us again.

"Very GOOD girls! You all make such a pretty picture! Hold on, while I take some photos!" And she was pointing a CAMERA at us! And nothing would do, but that I join the girls in a series of poses, beloved by chorus girls the world over, with Joan snapping away merrily. "Cath's going to just *love* these!" she cackled at me – "Won't be able to keep her hands of you, I bet!"

I still have a copy of one of them. Four pretty girls standing, arms around each other and pouting coquettishly into the camera, our weight all on our left legs, our right legs crossed over in front of us, bent at the knee. Yes, there is no question, it is a very flattering shot of me, but other than the fact that my hair is tied up in a head scarf, I was no different looking than the other girls.

Then Joan started having the girls individually trying on the skirts and tops she had run up. I thought she was going to use the opportunity to train me further on my seamstress skills, but she had other plans. For the next few hours, I was trained by the girls in learning how to pass as a girl – how to do my makeup, walk, sit, get in and out of a car and, though, in spite of Flora's complaints I wasn't taught anything about hair management – being told that she'd have her chances to work on me in the morning. I was given Cath's room for the night – and found a pretty yellow nightgown laid out for me.

I wanted to masturbate SO bad – but I couldn't – scared shitless about messing up my nightwear and frightened of going to the bathroom and being caught playing with myself. Somehow or other though, I fell asleep fairly quickly, though I know I was very restless during the night.

It may sound ridiculous, but I was shocked in the morning when Flora brushed out my hair. She kept on making excuses – she didn't have her own stuff, and she thought my hair was too dark for the style – and this and that. I didn't look like the same person! I had no memory of my real mother, but had seen photos of her of course – and I looked just like her! But my shock came when I found out that I was expected to put on my undies again – and then the floral dress over them! I was also thrilled to discover that Joan had re-worked my bra to include built in padding – I'd been embarrassed the night before when one of the scarves she had used to fill my bra cups had

worked its way out while we were doing the chorus routine. Now I knew that this wouldn't happen again I felt a lot more secure.

As we had our breakfast, I was becoming increasingly nervous – surely my hairdo was going to be washed out and I'd be allowed to revert to my masculine appearance? Finally, I asked Joan when I was going to have to change. She looked at me, disbelief written all over her. "What are you *TALKING* about, girl? I'm taking you down to the theatre today. There's a full meeting scheduled for this morning, and you may as well meet everybody."

"In a dress?" I spluttered.

"Of course! What do you think a wardrobe girl wears?"

At my horrified stare, she smiled and came over to me. Gave me a hug. "I know it's a bit quick Jessica, but I've really been buggering about, trying to figure out a way to introduce you to the company. These three girls coming yesterday upset me for a while, but now I realize how lucky it was. You look a lot more like a girl now than I'd have been able to manage. On top of that? I've got a better idea of how the other girls in the company will treat you. You won't fool them for long of course – but they'll just take you for a poofter the same way as Diane, Peggy, and Flora have done – and all you have to do is fool Harry . ."

"And he's half blind!" Diane laughed, "So not much of a problem I'd say."

"But I'm NOT a poofter!" I remonstrated indignantly.

The women all smiled indulgently at me, and gave each other sly grins.

"That's all right pet," Joan said soothingly. "Before we know it, you'll just be one of the girls. That not right ladies?"

"He's practically one of us now," Peggy spoke up, smiling. "But our friend will be coming to pick us up pretty soon. Might be a good idea to tidy up the breakfast dishes?"

"Would you girls mind?" Joan asked. "Jessica's mum, asked if she could see him before we left. It'll just take a minute or so. Jessica? I've a coat, gloves, and a handbag laid out for you in the hall. There's a darling little hat for you too. Shall we go pay a quick visit to your house? I know that Cath will want to have a good look at you before we go."

I'll swear that mum didn't recognize me at first – though how I could have expected her to do that is hard to explain. Let's face it, I was simply a girl wearing an open, lightweight raincoat over a floral dress, a dainty

cloche style hat on my head – with a small veil covering the upper part of my face, white high heeled shoes – and a matching handbag of course.

When she answered the door to Joan's knocking, she knew her right away, of course. When she looked at me, she gave me the sort of bland meaningless smile you reserve for people you are meeting for the first time. "Joan! Well don't just stand there, Come in! Come IN! And who's . . .?" Then her eyes really focused on my face and a disbelieving expression fixed itself on hers. She put a hand to her breasts. "My GOD! Billy? That isn't you, is it?"

We didn't stay long. Mum seemed bemused more than anything else. Stephanie started in on me, but I stared her in the eye. "Enough of that." I said sternly. "No more!"

Cath understood perfectly. "Stephanie? I think that Jessica is telling you that she's your big *sister* now. That right Jessica?"

"I don't know, truly" I said. " Haven't thought about it. But I think that my days of being bossed around by a snot nosed kid are just about over." I turned to Stephanie. Felt my confidence emanating from me. "We can be friends or we can be enemies. But from here on in? I'd advise you to treat me with a little respect – and when mum is away? *I'm* going to be in charge. Got it?"

There was no bluster or whining in my voice. Whether or not I was Stephanie's sister or not remained to be seen, but standing there in my wealth of female finery, I knew that I was beginning to feel the real onset of maturity – and the confidence that comes with it. Strangely enough, everyone else seemed to feel it as well. Cath seemed to accept it with a certain amount of amusement – even when I wouldn't let her kiss me. "You'll mess up my makeup – and you've got paint all over you – so clean up my lad! I'll kiss you later – if you behave!"

A few minutes later the car – actually an old van – came by to pick up the three girls. Joan and I now joining them, made it a tight fit but she, being the oldest, got to sit up front with the driver, Dorothy, while I got squeezed into the back with the girls and another called Alice. It was a fun trip and there was an awful lot of chattering and squealing coming out of the back of that van, I'll tell you.

I had built up my confidence in appearing like a girl in public while in the cul de sac and in the van, but once we all got inside the theatre where the meeting was to be held, that confidence took an awful beating almost

immediately. I was dressed just as nicely as most, better than some. Walked in my heels as confidently as any. Hardly spoke a word – but all of the chorus girls 'made' me in minutes.

Not that they treated me badly – if anything it was the opposite. Many of them told me how pretty I was and complimented me on my dress. I also was the recipient of more than one tender caress on my bum from some of the older girls, but there was no question about it, they knew I was a boy.

But in an unspoken alliance, nothing was said of this to any of the few males who were in attendance, all of whom were older – with the young men being in the services, these were all that were available. The girls – and myself – were all very respectful to them, although after I heard Harry nattering away at someone, I could see why nobody didn't like him – a cantankerous old woman one of the girls described him under her breath and I agreed.

But they got us all together up on the stage. I was very pleasantly surprised when one of the men asked me if I was a new chorus girl, but Joan answered for me. "No Gerald, Jessica's my new assistant. I figured it was about time I got one. Getting too old to keep up with all these young things. But she's kinda shy around men – so don't you be bothering her." She said this with a smile.

The man smiled back, but Harry was heard from immediately. "You better be paying her out of your pocket!" he snarled. "Not coming out of my budget, I'll have . . ."

"None of your damn business!" Joan snarled back, and Harry backed off, grumbling to himself while all the girls gave Joan small cheers and smiles of approval..

But the reason for the meeting soon became clear. The girls had all shown some curiosity about the subject and all sorts of guesses had been whispered back and forth but the truth seemed to shock everyone when it came out - except me – and I had no idea of how much it was going to affect MY life.

"You see girls?" the man was saying. "The Ministry of Propaganda and Morale feels that the tide of war is finally turning in our favor, but that the folks at home need a little cheering up for the long struggle ahead. So? " He paused for effect. "This company, amongst a few others, has been selected to do an extensive tour with performances scheduled in Coventry, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. All travel arrangements

have been finalized with the Ministry of Transport. The tour will last approximately five months starting two weeks from today and . . "

At that point a buzz of excitement ran through the girls and all sorts of questions were shouted at him. He smiled and held up his hands. "Ladies? Ladies! Please simmer down! I'll try to answer all of your questions but, we need information from you! We need to find out which of you can participate in the tour and which of you can't. As is obvious we would like you all to join us, but we know that may be asking too much in these times, so we must make arrangements for hiring replacement girls – making sure we have outfits made for them and that they can get sufficient rehearsal time. . . "

Joan held her hand up.

"Yes Mrs. Adams?" the man said.

"How many new numbers will there be – and how many new costumes? What size of chorus line are you thinking of?"

"Does this mean you'll be joining us Mrs. Adams?" Another one of the men spoke up, obviously pleased.

"Don't know. I've got a young daughter at home, but if all I have is two weeks before you're ready to go? I'd better get cracking!" Joan said.

The first man smiled sympathetically. "Yes. You do have quite a task facing you. But here's what we do know just now. We'll be working in a lot of factory canteens – so we'll probably have to go with a line no bigger than eight or ten girls a lot of the time. We'll probably only have time during these lunchtime shows for a few numbers at most, and we thought we could maybe use some of your old wardrobe costumes. Make do and mend where we can?"

At this point, they got into an involved discussion which had no interest for me – I mean, it wasn't as if I were going – and anyway, one of the girls had wondered out loud if they'd appear on Worker's Playtime – a very popular radio show that aired each day from different factories throughout the country at lunchtime. I didn't join in, but the excitement was palpable. Joan had disappeared with the man she'd been talking with, and I found myself with the chorus girls who had stayed on, knowing that they could manage to go on the tour. (It was at this point I discovered that the girls knew I was a boy – because they started whispering how I'd done such a good job of fooling the men. A blonde actually started teasing me saying she would give me away, but Flora quickly pointed out that anyone who did

such a thing would really get Joan mad – and this was NOT what any sensible chorus girl wanted. The blonde backed off very quickly).

Then Joan appeared, looking for me. "C'mon then Jessica. Time you earned your pay!" she said briskly and whisked me off to her store room. She had a hand-written list with her and she started having me help her in pulling certain outfits from the racks and racks of clothes that were there. I was surprised at how cheap they felt. They looked so glamorous, but were rather tacky up close. She checked various tags on the ones I produced, and kept three or four of each type of costume. Then she led me to the dressing room that was used by the chorus girls. To my shock, four of the young girls I'd recently met, were wandering around in their lingerie – obviously waiting for us.

They smiled at me as my face reddened. "Oh! What a nice little sissy! Girls? Look at him blush!"

I hoped that Joan would stop them but she just told me not to be so silly, then had me start taking their measurements, while she looked out some of the costumes for them. It turned out that she had seen that these particular girls had put on some weight and, as they were definitely going on the tour, had thought it might be a good start to have me alter the costumes they were going to be wearing. "It'll be good practice for you Jessica," she said absent-mindedly.

Her mind was, assuredly, working on something. I chattered questions at her a number of times but her answers were so vague that I finally gave up. There was a buzz bomb alert and there was a rush for the public shelter next door. I think a couple of American soldiers who had ducked in there when the sirens went off thought they had died and gone to heaven, when a whole bunch of pretty girls joined them. I don't think they had much luck though, they spoke so funny that the girls had a problem understanding them. – then the all clear came a few minutes later and we all trooped out again.

I'd been given something to think about myself by that interlude though. Funnily, I came to the conclusion that although it had been humiliating to be found out by the girls, it would be a lot worse to be found out by males. I truly didn't have much knowledge of homosexuality in those days, but was almost positive that poofers were attracted to men. Felt happy when I realized that I hadn't been attracted to any of the soldiers

in the slightest, although they had seemed quite nice blokes and even though one had tried to chat me up. Seemed I wasn't a poofster after all!

We took the tube home. It wasn't too busy and with Joan and I both mulling over our internal thoughts, not a great deal was said. She didn't feel like cooking and as it was on the late side, she bought us some fish and chips from the corner shop and we walked home eating them as we went.

I hadn't been too sure of when I was supposed to go back to my own house and even Joan seemed indecisive as we got into the cul de sac. Finally though, she took my arm. "We need to have a little chat Jessica," she said. "Let's make a pot of tea and we'll have a natter. Okay?" With that, she led me into her house.

We sat, teacups in front of us. "First thing Jessica. Did you enjoy what we did today? Enjoy being a girl? Be honest now!"

"I was rather scared a lot of the time," I admitted. "But it was kind of fun."

"You liked being amongst all of the girls? Enjoyed working on their measurements and costumes?"

I nodded, blushing again.

She nodded thoughtfully in return, then thought for a moment. "So? You wouldn't turn down the job of being my assistant?"

I could feel my face getting even redder, but answered honestly. "No. I think I'd like it – but how could I? With this tour coming . . ."

She held up a hand to silence me, then stood up. "About time we spoke to your mum I think. Let's go!"

Stephanie was furious when she got sent to bed, so that us 'adults': Joan, myself, mum and Cath, could talk in peace. I don't know whether it was the additional hours in a dress had given me confidence, or whether the shock of seeing me as a girl had worn off for mum, but whatever had caused it, we all talked quite seriously, the conversation unmarred by any joking or teasing.

Naturally, the subject was the tour that had been offered the Company. I was quite surprised when Joan spoke saying how much she'd miss going on the road. "It's a sign that the war might be just about over," she said. "Maybe I'm wrong, but it strikes me that the government is trying to show that we've got enough going for us that we can afford to allow a bunch of girls to use up space on trains that's been needed for war supplies for years."

"Yes. I suppose it's a good sign, I'd imagine," my mum said. "But you'll never manage to sell your house that quick, surely? And what about Cath. Thinking of taking her with you?"

My heart sank – was Joan seriously thinking of going? Selling the house? What would happen to me and Cath? But her response lifted my spirits again.

"Sell the house? Not on your Nellie! It's too well located for the theatre. I've already had a bunch of the people in the company who know they can't go ask me if I would think of renting. Would probably be a way for me to make a couple of quid – maybe you too Mary."

"Me?" Mum asked.

"Yes. I've thought of asking you to act as my factor – collect the rents, keep an eye on the place. Make sure that there'd be no high jinks going on?"

Mum looked pleased. "Could always use a few bob in the kitty. But what about Cath? Like I asked before. Going to take her with you."

Cath looked dismayed. "Oh mum! It'll run into the start of school. I don't want to be a pain, but isn't there a way I could stay on in the house? Look after the renters for you? I'm just getting settled there. If I miss the start of school, it'll be like starting all over again and there's . . ."

Joan held her hand out fingers up, palm facing away from her. "Don't be getting your knickers in a twist Cath. Hold on a sec!" She turned to mum. "Mary? You and Cath get on well together, right? Think she could stay here?"

Mum thought for a second. "A little tight for room but she could always share a room with Stephanie. But Steph can be a little bugger, and she's . . ."

"I was thinking she could use Jessica's room?" Joan interrupted.

"No. Oh no! I know that Billy's a proper sissy now, but there's no way in hell I'd let the two of them share a room – there'd be all sorts of shenanigans going on. Sorry Joan, I couldn't go along with that."

Joan laughed. "Oh Mary! I'd never suggest that! I was thinking that I could take Jessica *with* me!"

We all stared at her. What on earth was she talking about? She kept on grinning. "What are you lot looking at? Makes sense to me. "Cath gets to stay here and doesn't miss one day of school. Jessica gets to come with me and gets tons of experience she'd never get any other way. Spoke to the company manager today. They really want me to come. I said I would –

but only if they pay for an assistant for me." She turned to me, her eyes twinkling. "How does three quid a week sound?"

"Three pounds a week!" mum gasped. "That's more than a lot of adults make!"

"And? Joan said, her smile widening – it's all found, except for suppers. They pay the rail fare and the digs – which always provide breakfasts, and as we'll be performing in lots of canteens? We'll get our main meals there too. Supper, we'll have to fend for ourselves."

"But he wouldn't be able to change back to being a boy, could he? I mean, how would he do that?" mum asked thoughtfully.

"Why would he want to do something like that? He damn near could have passed as a girl today – without any real training." Joan said confidently. "Give me – and some of the girls two weeks? Even YOU won't recognize him Mary! It'll give me time to run him up a proper wardrobe too!"

"OH YES!" Cath gasped, her eyes alight. "And make sure you give him these awful satin knickers you got for me, okay?"

"You want me to be a girl for the whole time? I don't want to do that!" I said, finally realizing what was going on. An expression of dismay filled Joan's face. "But I thought you'd want . . you seemed so contented today . . I thought . ."

Cath looked serious. "Mum? Mary? Could I talk to Jessica in private for a minute?"

The two adults looked each other. My mum shrugged. "Don't see why not. Hope that Cath can talk some sense into you Jessica. You really aren't a boy any more, so I don't know what you're going on about. You're turning down three quid a *week*?" She shook her head and joined Joan and both of them left the room.

I looked around the room desperately, but knew there was no escape. Cath stayed in her chair, but pushed it back from the table. Beckoned me with her finger. "C'mere Jessica. Come sit on my knee. Need to have a little talk, you and me."

"Oh Cath! Please don't hurt me!" I quavered.

"I'm not going to hurt you – you silly thing! Come over here!"

I got up from my chair and walked over to her, sat on her knee and felt her arm slide around my waist. Then she pulled me back until I was lying

in her arms. That's a really pretty dress Jessica. Did you know that?" she whispered.

"Your mum made it for me." I said, trying to avoid the subject as well as I could.

"And want to know something?" she said softly.

"What?"

"You make a pretty girl. Want to know something else?" But her lips were tenderly kissing me.

"What?" I mumbled as her mouth finally left mine.

She smiled. "When you sat down on my knees just now? You smoothed your dress out – just like a girl would. It looked so natural!"

I couldn't answer this comment, because her lips were kissing mine again, and her hand was sliding up under my dress, up past the stop of my stockings and lightly caressing my panties.

"Oh Cath!" I finally sighed. "Stop it!"

"You my girl?" she whispered, her hand continuing its relentless caressing., her other hand now sliding against my breasts softly.

I settled further back into her arms. "Yes. I guess so." Couldn't help myself. Smiled up at her.

"Then? Go with mum and learn to be a wardrobe mistress. It's a good job, and I know you'll be good at it once you learn the tricks of the trade. I'll be either an architect or an engineer when I leave school and won't make much money for a while – so you're going to have to make enough money to support me at first. So? Enough of this nonsense!"

Neither Joan nor my mum seemed surprised when they returned to find me in total agreement with Joan's idea. I was unwise enough to say with some sincerity that I was still unconvinced that I could pass as a proper girl. I was finally convinced in a most unusual way.

As a gimmick it had been suggested that during our half time shows we would have a marriage ceremony performed between a returning soldier or sailor and his fiancé - showing that life in the British Isles was returning to normal. As a dress rehearsal sort of thing, we scheduled a mock wedding, before we went off on tour, just to see how things would go.

I made a lovely bride in a white gown and veil that Joan ran up for me – with Peggy and Stephanie as bridesmaids – and Cath, in a soldier's uniform – as my husband of course. In my froth of a dress I knew how happy I was, and needed no further convincing. We married four years later and apart

from normal ups and downs are a perfectly happy couple. I don't have any problems performing as Mrs. Adams – and Joan is a marvelous mum in law!

The end

AUNT EMILY'S SUGGESTION

"Christ! Would you look at THAT!!" Jenny said pointing out the window at the beautifully dressed girl who was standing with her mother in their driveway, waving hello to us. The girl was in a long floral summer frock with a broad white lace collar and faux black pearls, pale hose and white sandal shoes with a medium heel. A pretty face set off by shoulder length, wavy, blonde hair. I thought she looked smashing! Okay, she was my cousin – but maybe we could be GOOD friends? Know what I mean? The mother was dressed more elderly, but was also one good looking woman. She looked nice and was waving happily as well.

"Jenny? You little shit? What did I tell you!" Mom said. We were still too far away for her to be seen by the people in the driveway, but she was speaking from a clenched mouth, trying her level best to show a smile "Any crap from you for the next few months and I'll beat the hell out of you!"

"But she's just a girl, maw! Look at that outfit!" Jenny complained.

"That's what girls are supposed to wear dummy! Not jeans and tops all the time! Keep it up and I'll buy YOU some dresses" mom hissed. "That what you want? Now behave!" She then turned her attention to me although she didn't turn her head. "Philip? I find out that Jen's been mean to Gloria? I'll expect you to tell me. Got that?"

"No problem mom," I said heartily.

"Goddam sneak!" Jenny muttered at me.

"WILL YOU WATCH THAT MOUTH?" mom said out loud – but smiling a little genuinely now as we drew up beside her sister Emily and daughter Gloria.

Let's face it. I love my mom, she's nice. But there's no question, Jen is her favorite amongst us two. Naturally, she hides this as well as she can but Mom is a sportswriter for magazines and just starting to get noticed. She's gregarious and outgoing, a lot of fun. Very sports minded and was quite a jock at school. Jenny has all the earmarks of being just like her. Not big but tough minded. They're two of a kind. Very competitive. Me on the other hand? I'm quiet and bookish. Older than Jennie by a short year but in size she's almost caught all the way up to me. Up until recently, I was always the top dog in the home but recently, she's starting to question that. To tell the truth, I'm starting to get a little nervous of this but getting Mom's

permission to keep an eye on Jen's escapades gave me a lot of confidence. Gave me a big stick too. Know what I mean?

Me and Jen were going to spend a few months with aunt Emily and Gloria. Mom had this big chance with a National magazine, but this involved going around with various sports teams for a while. Once she did that, she could settle down pretty near anywhere but for the time being us kids were a problem. Aunt Emily lived out in the boonies and home schooled Gloria. With her being an ex-teacher and having great relationships with mom, she was a perfect choice. I didn't mind because, frankly? I didn't get on too well with the guys at school. Jen on the other hand? She loved mom and could see the need for what had to be done but, at the same time was pissed off because she was right on the point of making Varsity in a number of sports at high school. Was even pressing some of the boy athletes there as well.

But everyone was all smiles as we got out of the car and we went through all the hugging and kissing that's involved when friends get together. We hadn't seen them for a while being at opposite ends of the country. I smelt my aunt Emily and practically inhaled her – she smelled SO wonderful! So soft and feminine. A little taller than me in heels – but lovely! I must admit to being surprised by Gloria. I was kinda shy so hung back Surprisingly though, she just smiled – then hugged me. I was expecting a soft curvaceous body, just like her mother's – but underneath that floral dress was something else entirely different. Sure, she smelled lovely as well – but there was a hardness there. Real strength. I was surprised. Someone that looked that feminine – yet felt so lithe and strong? But I was so taken by the moment that I forgot immediately.

Naturally we stood there for a moment, then went inside. The house wasn't very big, but charmingly feminine I thought. It was SUCH a nice change from mom's "throw it anywhere" routine. Not that I ever complained about mom – but this was just so nice!

We'd had lunch on the way there, so just chatted over soft drinks for a while. Then it was mom's time to go. She apologized sincerely but she had a long way to go to meet up with the team. She handed me her keys and Jen and I went out to get our luggage. Gloria tried to come help us, but her mom said she couldn't – in no uncertain tones and I saw Gloria sulk a little as Jen and I left. Knowing the cases we needed was easy, but I had to admit a trace of uneasiness at how Jen could handle even the heaviest luggage –

while I felt the weight a few times. Finally, we got it into the house as mom was saying her goodbyes.

There were a few tears and well wishes as we said her farewells to her, then we all trooped out to wave her goodbye. She didn't fool around. A few blown kisses and she was off. Emily put her arms around Jen and me and led us into the house. "Okay, all you kids? Let's have a quick talk and get this over with. Okay?"

She was obviously in charge, and nice. We certainly weren't going to argue. Gloria led the way, then Jen and I followed, with Emily bringing up the rear. Back we went to where we'd been before and all settled down. "Now let me talk and you kids can ask questions when I'm finished. Okay?" she said.

We all nodded. I wondered what she had in her mind. She made a point of addressing Jan and me first. "Your mom tells me that you're nice kids, and I believe her. You Jenny are used to being bossed around by a boy – and I'm not saying that you're *mean* Philip, but Gloria isn't used to a male. Not only that, I'm not used to having a guy around. Got it? So I need you to behave!"

Frankly, I was complimented a little. Okay in past times I had been a little bossy with Jan – but that's what older brother's DO, right? At the same time, I didn't want aunt Emily thinking I was worse than I was. "I'm not *that* mean, aunt Emily," I said. "Honest."

She proceeded to shake me. "I really don't *care* Philip. Oh, if you start beating up on the girls, you'll have to answer to me. Otherwise? They're going to have to learn to put up with you. I don't expect to hear ANY bitches from you girls, understand? If he's giving you a problem, I expect you to learn to live with it. Girls have learned to get along with men for centuries. Frankly Gloria? I think that having a man around will do you a lot of good!"

Jan broke in defensively. "Aunt Emily? Philip's really not *that* bad. I don't think you have to worry about him being a bully."

I was very pleased at Jan. Felt nice at being defended. Was quite surprised actually at Jan speaking up for me. But then aunt Emily spoke up again. "That's all very well Jan. I just want to point it out most definitely that I expect us all to get along. I spend a lot of the time here at home working on the computer and taking care of the house." Here she shot a

look at Gloria. "Despite some people's objections, but I still expect peace and a quiet life."

I saw a sort of sulky grin cross over Gloria's face at Emily's comment and wondered, but Emily was talking again. "And to you, Philip, a fair warning. The girls – and me – will maybe have to adjust to you. "But?" here she looked around appraisingly. "This IS a womanish house. I know my sister and love her dearly – but a housekeeper she isn't. On the other hand Philip, *I am* - so you are going to have to adjust as well. Is that fair?"

"Sounds more than fair to me aunt," I smiled.

"Okay then? We're all agreed? No bitching? That fair?"

Us three kids were nodding when the phone rang. "I'll get it" she said. "Gloria? Be a dear and show these two to their sleeping areas.

Gloria nodded and making sure that her mother didn't see her, quickly grabbed up a few suitcases – mine as it turned out, while Jan got hers. I offered to help, but Jan just shook her head at me and picked up her own. I felt kinda stupid, trailing behind Gloria. She stopped on a landing and pointed with her elbow to one door. "You and I are sleeping in there Jan. Whose luggage do I have?"

"His," Jan said. "I'll dump my luggage first."

"Okay. Philip, follow me," Gloria said then led me down to another bedroom further down the hall and kicked the door open. "This is yours," she said, taking my cases in.

"You gotta be kidding!" I said, looking at one of the most perfect examples of a girl's room I ever saw. Soft pastels, mostly in pinks and whites. A single four poster bed with an off white satin cover – to match the bedspread – which had about five strategically placed dolls on it. Soft white antique furniture with deep pink throw shag rugs. Mirrored closet. Posters of girls in various hair styles and makeup on the walls. Absolutely gorgeous!

"I'm *really* sorry!" she said, thumping the cases on to the floor and thank goodness her back was to me or she might have seen the look of surprise on my face. "This is ALL mom's idea. Not mine! She's bound and determined to make a lady out of me. She's firmly convinced that some of this niceness will rub off on me while I sleep or something!"

"Good grief!" Jan said, coming in now, her suitcases left in her room. A sound of distaste in her tone. "Your mom wants you to sleep like THIS?" She sounded as if she were *sorry* for Gloria!

"Yup!" Gloria said sadly, bouncing her ass onto the bed cover. She was still as gorgeous as ever, but different somehow. Almost as if a shell had been removed. "You and I are sharing one bedroom Jan because it's a double bed in there. You Philip are lucky enough to get this! I'm sorry, but this is the only single bed in the house – and it's only a three bedroom. The only other choices were sleeping with me or mom. I'm dreadfully sorry."

"But I feel awful, setting you out of your own place," I said sincerely.

Gloria looked at me suspiciously. "There's no need to be sarcastic," she said grimly.

"Oh, don't mind him!" Jan said. "He's probably sincere. Has some really crazy ideas some time." She laughed a bit. "I saw you in that dress and started wondering what I'd got myself into. God, you look *girlish*!" she said – and she wasn't being complimentary.

Gloria plucked despairingly at her lovely dress. "She makes me wear stuff like this on a regular basis! *Hates* me in pants and a top! I'm really hoping that you guys – especially you Philip – can get her to see reason!"

"Get me to see reason about what – exactly?" Emily said, coming into the room but smiling. "I wanted to apologize Philip," she said. "Was going to mention this downstairs, but got interrupted by that stupid phone." She opened up one side of a closet. "Sorry but we moved a lot of Gloria's stuff to the spare bedroom to make some room for your stuff here." (There was plenty of room for my stuff, but I felt a strange feeling go through me as I saw the beautiful clothes and fabrics which would now be beside mine.). She continued by opening a door I hadn't noticed before. "This dear, is your bathroom. I hate to keep on saying that I'm sorry, but you'll have to share it with me. I had the house built this way when Gloria was little – she was sick a lot and needed attention. This let us have connecting rooms – and a bathroom between two women makes sense."

I shook my head a little. "But Aunt? I can't share a bathroom with you!"

"Of course you can, silly!" she laughed. "We both keep our doors to the bathroom unlocked. When someone goes in, they just lock the other side. When they're finished, they simply unlock it. That's all there is to it. Of course you can expect to be yelled at the first time you forget and lock me out. But you'll soon get used to it." She opened the door and let me see in to a beautiful bathroom. "And that's one thing Philip? I'll admit to being a clean freak when it comes to bathrooms. I hope that you're clean – because I'll really get on your case if you're not!"

"She means it too!" Gloria laughed. "A royal pain in the ass!"

"Gloria! Language!" Emily said, sounding just like mom talking to Jan but shaking her head sadly.

"Can I change now mom?" Gloria added eagerly.

"Of course not!" Emily started, then drew to a stop. "Aw, I guess so. You other kids will need to unpack and I expect will want to see outside before dinner." She paused, then added to Jan and I. "I know I said that I wouldn't listen to anybody whining. But I genuinely want to hope that both of you have a nice stay – and are happy!" With that, she came and hugged us both, then everyone left my room.

Of course I felt silly. From an untidy place to one that gleamed. From an old bedroom with vestiges of old bunk beds when Jan and I had slept in the same room for company – to this? Frankly, I was in awe although very, VERY, glad that I hadn't had a chance to comment to Gloria or Jan how nice I thought the room. Had the strongest feeling that I'd be laughed at immediately I slowly unpacked, feeling all the time that I was in somebody else's room. Felt myself swallow nervously when I saw the limited space I had – although plenty for my requirements, in the chest of drawers – filled as they were with frothy, multi-hued undies. Gulpd appreciably as I couldn't help but touch some of the lovely stuff – frightened silly that Jan or my cousin would come in and catch me.

Over the next few days, we settled in. both Jan and Gloria teased me about putting the dolls on top of the bed after I made it. Yes, I felt silly – but it was nice at the same time. I simply said that I wanted to show aunt Emily that I was doing everything I could to show her that I didn't care about the effeminacy of the room. I also commented that there really wasn't any place to put them properly – which was somewhat true.

With the house being well out in the boonies there weren't that many kids of our age around. Gloria was overjoyed when Emily admitted that she'd talked to our mom and learned the need to keep Jan occupied with sports. They didn't know any girls of that nature – so some boys started coming around as they were asked. It didn't take long for Jan and Gloria to make the boys see that they knew what they were doing. I joined in of course, but it soon became obvious that I wasn't too athletic. It started getting obvious when Gloria and Jan would be picked before me in any team sports. I started looking for excuses to get out of playing – as I was always being picked last.

Emily made no bones about it. Wanted Gloria to have all the feminine attributes while Gloria, though not in Jan's class of jock, fought to get as many male exposures as possible. Emily was strict about home schooling. Made sure that we covered all of the fundamentals, although there was a decidedly feminine slant to many of the things she taught. I'm not sure if she did this intentionally, but often Gloria or Jan would say. "Isn't this housework or makeup?" and sigh dreadfully. Emily would laugh, but that didn't stop her completely though. I just went along. It was so NICE – not competitive the way it was when mom was teaching us. There were less chances for Jan to show me up. If anything, it was me that was the most comfortable.

In doing her home schooling, Emily had built up this little coterie of girls that she thought Gloria should emulate. Just three, Betty, Dorothy and Tiffany. I had to laugh. They were SO feminine – into anything that related to boys, makeup, dressing, housework – that sort of thing. Naturally, I would be around when Emily would conduct her classes and have to laugh to myself at Gloria's face. She was SO bored! Later, I was confounded when neither Gloria nor Jan professed any liking for Betty.

"But what's not to like?" I protested. "Nice dark hair and gray eyes. Well modulated, calm, voice. Very pleasant!"

"Silly!" Jan said. "I try to stay away from that bunch all together. Thank God, aunt Emily leaves me out of that group. I just feel so sorry for Gloria having to do it sometimes."

"Yeah!" Gloria added fervently. "Betty's okay I guess – but she's bossy. Even wants ME to do as she says."

"Bossy? That's silly!" I said. "She's just a nice girl that knows her way around a house is all. She's like your mom Gloria. Kinda houseproud. But bossy? I think you're nuts!"

Gloria looked at Jan and then me. "Haven't you noticed Phil? She wants everybody to do as she says. Not only that? She trains them to do what she wants before she even asks!" She giggled a bit. "I hate to tell you – because you obviously haven't noticed? But Dorothy and Tiffany are HER girls! Make themselves all pretty for her - wear her favorite perfume." She launched her final barb. "They even call themselves Betty's Brides!"

"You're kidding!" Jan laughed. "She a lesbian?"

"Don't think so, though she might be." Gloria said. "She just likes to be boss lady is all!"

Then came a bad day. The girls were in the house with Emily and Jan and I were at loose ends. I really enjoyed being in the house when Emily would be giving them instructions on housekeeping – or economics of running a household – or makeup. It was – well *nice* – you know? So low key and friendly like. But I felt that I was getting some looks – you know? On one side, Betty would always give me a nice welcoming smile. Never said so, of course, but I got the distinct feeling that I'd be made most welcome if I joined her and the girls? This was absurd of course – but it was such a change to feel *wanted* – by anyone. More and more, I was becoming distinctly unpopular amongst the boys. Made to feel sort of unwelcome, if you want to know the truth

But this day it was just Jan and me. I don't even remember what started the argument. One of those stupid things that happen when we were both in a bad mood. I must admit that a large part of what happened was my own fault. "I'm going to tell her!" I finally said haughtily. "Tell mom!"

"About what exactly? Gonna go running to her. Goddamn sneak!" Jan was angry, and her tone made me the same way

"I just tell her what's going ON!" I grumbled. "Just lucky you're a girl! That's why she wants me to tell her when you- - you ; ;" I searched for a word.

"Am a proper little *bastard*? That what you're trying to say in your namby pamby way?"

"That's right! Behaving badly! That's right!" I got out, choking.

"Badly? Am I being NAUGHTY? Oh my goodness! You better run and tell your mummy RIGHT away!" She broke her wrist and waved like a parody of a faggot!

"You're just lucky you're a girl!" I repeated. I should thump you!"

Then the thing happened I'd been dreading for a long, long time. Her face got really red and she paused for just a second – then pushed it right in front of me. "What you gonna DO, *lady* Philip? Punch me? Take your best shot!"

Inwardly, I suddenly realized that I was quailing in fear. But this was my little *sister* for goodness sake! I knew I should back down but felt that I'd never live it down. Tried to placate her instead, but it was too late.

"Knock it off Jan! We don't want aunt Emily to get mad!" I was using a voice of reason now.

She punched me! Punched me on the upper arm! "Gonna run and tell her?" she asked in a little girl taunting voice. "That what you're gonna do – LADY Philippa?"

"Wow!" I said, rubbing my arm. "Hey! Enough of . ." I started - and she punched me again!

"Ooh Ooh Ooh!" I yelped. "My arms!" I was putting them up to protect myself but wasn't making any attempt to hit her. An amazed look crossed her face then she smiled cruelly . "Put your arms DOWN, lady Philippa! Put them down!"

"You're just . . just . . going to punch me again!" I wailed.

She shook her head. Spoke in a phony cultivated tone. "No dahling! Punches are for *boys*! I don't want to hurt you any more – just slap you a little. You know – the way girls do?"

"Don't want to," I found myself wailing more.

She hissed at me. "Gonna punch you – real hard – if you don't hurry!"

I was too slow – and she punched me again. Not as hard as the first two, but contemptuously now. To my awful shame, I started to cry and lowered my arms submissively. "That's Jan's little girl!" she said mockingly and gently patted my tear stained cheeks. "You won't give me any more trouble will you?"

"No Jan," I quavered.

"Be my good *little* girl?"

"Aw Jan. I'm not . ."

"Should I put you over my knees and spank you until you agree to be Jan's little girl?"

"No," I wept.

"So what's your name?"

"Philippa?"

"That's right. And you're *what*?"

I tensed in shame but had to follow through. "Your little girl?"

"Goddamn pansy! Backbone of a *girl*!" she grated and stalked off.

Blinded by tears of humiliation and outrage I blundered about, not watching where I was going. Was finally calming down as I leaned up against a shady tree outside, when all of a sudden, Betty was there. I didn't know what to say, when without any hesitation she was standing beside me,

her arm around my shoulder sympathetically. "I saw everything from inside," she said. "And I know how awful you must feel. Please don't feel bad! I'm sure you didn't fight with your sister because she's a girl – and you're too much of a male to hurt her!"

This wasn't something I'd managed to figure out. Naturally, I knew it was nonsense, but I grabbed at her reasoning like a drowning man and a straw. "Yes! That's it!" I said with a shred of hope. But then I couldn't help it. Started crying again!

"Poor thing!" she said, and I was being cuddled into her breasts. "Cry it all out! You'll feel SO much better! Come ON now!"

And the sympathy and concern in her voice was just too much. On came the tears again, and I just stood there, sobbing for quite a time. Finally, I shuddered to a stop. "You feeling okay now?" she asked softly.

"Yes," I whispered and cuddled my face into her. It felt so nice and comforting.

She tipped my face up and looked at me calmly. "Your eyes are all red. And we can't have *that*, can we?"

I looked up at her helplessly. "Don't know what to do about that Betty," I whispered.

"No problem. We'll go into the house – and I'll have you right as rain before anyone knows."

"But Dorothy and Tiffany will see! And aunt Emily and Gloria!" I started to sob again.

"Hush now!" she said firmly. "Gloria took off the minute we finished – gone to look for Jan. "She sniffed disapprovingly.

"Did she see?" I asked despairingly.

"No, I don't think so. Tiffany and Dorothy saw, but your aunt didn't – and she's gone to the other side of the house. Now if we hurry? Maybe nobody'll see!"

"Have Tiffany and Dorothy gone?" I asked meekly, finding myself heading for the back door, her gently leading me.

She shrugged. "I don't know – but what difference does it make dear?"

"Awful embarrassing?" I managed.

"Silly little goose! They've cried when other girls beat up on them! Why should they laugh at you?"

I knew there was something awry with her logic, but was now being led into the back of the house where, naturally, Tiffany and Dorothy were

waiting for us. And oh, the sympathy and softness of them as they cuddled and consoled me. Said how mean Jan was at taking advantage of me and took me in their arms and made me feel like one of them. Then Betty stepped in. "C'mon girls! We don't have much time! Dorothy? You get a cool cloth. Tiffany? I seem to remember that you had some nice natural – completely natural - eye shadow? Why don't we have a look at that?"

I sat at the kitchen counter where with a great deal of sympathetic cooing and clucking the two girls surrounded me, cooling my eyes. It felt nice to be the center of attraction – a little feminine perhaps – but soft and nice. Gradually my eyes lost some of the redness. "Now dear? Look straight up at me!" Betty commanded, standing in front of me. "And we'll try this!"

"What's that?" I asked nervously, eying the little black plastic box she held.

"It's a little – VERY little cosmetics – will make the redness practically invisible!" she said. Then she half turned to the other girls. "Men! Honestly!" Grinning. Then she turned to me again. "Do what Betty asks you now dear. Come on!"

The two other girls were looking on SO expectantly! It seemed so childish of me to complain, so blushing I turned my face to her. Yes, there may have been a triumphant smile on her face as she slowly and carefully applied makeup to my eyelids but I reasoned that I must be mistaken – she was doing this all for my own good. Nothing else! Yes! It was probably silly of me to object to the teensy weensy amount of mascara she put on my eyelashes later on – but she pointed out how pale and un-natural they looked with the makeup on my eyelids, so it made sense.

A few seconds later, the other girls looked at me in some sort of awe when I turned down the tiny bit of eye liner Betty proposed, but she laughed after a second, and excused me with the one word "Men!" This made me feel SO masculine! Yes, the other girls giggled a little later and kissed and hugged me – but it was more that they were *sympathizing* with me? That I'd soon learn to do exactly as Betty suggested! After all, her word was law, was it not? Sounds silly, but that was the impression I got.

I felt that somehow, without me noticing it, I had been placed on a hierarchal plane when she smiled finally and placed an arm around my shoulder and I found my feet.. "Look girls! Haven't we done a wonderful

job on his eye makeup? Have a close look you two. See if you can see anything wrong!"

Now I probably haven't mentioned how well ALL of these girls were made up. Hair and dress always immaculate, cosmetics applied just so. Very feminine. Must say that I was confused as I stood there in Betty's grasp and had two beautiful girls inspect my makeup. Their faces close to mine as I was examined, and I could smell the lovely perfume they wore. Blushed for some reason when Dorothy said. "Lovely! But Philip? A little touch of eye liner like Betty suggested would work wonders!"

Then Tiffany agreed, but gave me a kiss. "Lovely Philip! Just lovely!"

"Oh. leave the boy alone!" Betty laughed! "Gave me a squeeze. "That's *girl* stuff – and he's not used to it yet!" she said to the girls.

I blushed again at her remarks. Wondered briefly what she meant by the word *Yet* but figured it was just an error in speech.

Suddenly, aunt Emily could be heard coming our way so the little group broke up. Aunt flashed a sort of surprised glance to see me inside the house, but didn't say anything – and said fond farewells to the group again. She did evince some surprise at the fact that they hadn't left yet, but kissed and hugged them all, then watched in a little wonderment as they all bade me farewell in the same way. "I didn't know you were *that* popular with them," she laughed when they were gone. "Wish that Gloria was that popular." For one of the few times I ever saw or heard, she was critical of her daughter. Shook her head resignedly. "I've tried and tried – but Gloria just doesn't seem to want to fit in with these girls – and they're SO lovely! I know that they've tried – seen them – but she's just repulsed them."

She didn't notice my eyes and I don't suppose anybody else did either. I know I should have felt appreciative to Betty – and I was, I guess. But there was an overlay of feeling there. I was grateful yes – but what was I going to do about Jan? Laughed a little ruefully to myself when it crossed my mind. What was Jan going to do with ME?

It didn't take long for me to find out. The following morning, I had tidied up my room before breakfast when a soft knock came to the door. I said "Come in," and when the door opened, found Jan there. "May I talk to you Philip?" she said, smiling.

"Sure. Come in," I managed though for some reason I was nervous.

Slowly she closed the door behind her. Came across the room, still smiling and sat on the cover of the bed. Looked all around her. "This is

SUCH a lovely room Philip, and you keep it *so* nice!"

There was an element of mockery there, but I ignored it. "Don't want aunt Emily to be put out. Keeping this room is just one way of doing it! She'll know that I don't feel bad having to sleep here." Smiled bravely.

She smiled softly at my response and fingered the dolls on the bed.. "Never was into dolls myself. But these are lovely. Do you ever play with them Philip? Dress them in different clothes? Play little games with them?"

I stared at her in horror. "What are you talking about Jan, huh? You know better than that!"

Her mouth dropped open in pretended astonishment. "But I simply thought? I mean to say? Sweetie? I think you're *missing* something. Why don't you come and sit beside Jan over here on the bed. Come on now!"

I looked at the clock. "But it'll soon be breakfast Jan! Can't!"

She picked a doll up. "Well maybe you'd like to carry this in and play with it a little – and we could have this little chat at the breakfast table if you wanted?" She saw my shake of the head, so moved on the cover and patted the area beside her. There was nothing I could do but go over and sit beside her.

She smiled nicely and handed me the doll. "Why don't you cuddle her dear. Hold her nicely. Maybe see what you've been missing?"

She looked at me now as I sat and cuddled the doll. "I was going to say something else Philip, but I just HAVE to say how *nice* you look with that doll. How natural!" She paused.

I looked at her.

"Well aren't you going to thank me. Nicely?" she mocked.

"Thank you Jan," I said softly, red faced with embarrassment.

"Much better! But why don't you tell me about your dolly, huh?"

I sighed. "Blonde curly hair and blue eyes. She's wearing a long green satin dress and white pearl earrings and white shoes. That what you want?"

"Yes. Does she have pretty panties on?"

I wasn't sure so pulled up the dress. She did wear panties. Looked like pink satin and I said so.

Jan laughed. "This is SO much fun – isn't it Philip?" She handed me another doll. "Here dear. Why don't you change panties on these girls, huh?"

"Please don't Jan," I said, finally admitting out loud that I was scared of her now but she was adamant. "Change your dollies undies while I talk dear." Put an arm around my shoulder.

So I sat there on my satin bedspread, my dolls on my lap as I carefully changed their undies.

"This is so much nicer Philip," Jan said softly. "All these years I've been the little sister – and you treated me accordingly. Didn't you?"

"I wasn't that mean to you," I mumbled, my eyes down on the dolls.

She shrugged. "Yeah. Gotta admit that you weren't that bad. But I'm a different person than you – and I have a LOT of things to pay you back for." She pulled me to her and gave me a mocking kiss. "So now you're MY little sister. Isn't that right Philippa?"

"Please don't call me that, Jan," I asked softly.

"Okay! I won't," she said. "Maybe not right now? But I'll expect you to *act* like my little sister!"

"Huh? That's impossible!" I blurted.

"Well I don't expect you in little frilly dresses immediately – but what's to stop you from *offering* to do things for me, huh"

"Such as?" I asked, puzzled.

"Well making my bed for one thing. I really HATE that. Maybe doing the dishes or some laundry now and then."

"I can't do that Jan! Aunt Emily and Gloria would laugh at me."

She nodded judicially. "Possibly. But you could explain it any way you liked. They might take you for some kind of sissy – but that wouldn't last too long once they got used to seeing you, I should think. After seeing you offer to do little girlie things for me? They'd get used to it. And Philippa? I have to ask this – but I'm only going to ask once. If I ask you to do something? You'd better jump to it! Understand?"

It was a peremptory tone in her voice now as she continued. "I'll only ask once. After that?" she left the rest of the threat unsaid. "Now?" she added more kindly. "Is that all right by you dear?"

I nodded submissively.

"*That's* it! Now you seem to have had such a good time playing with your dollies that I think you should go ahead and change outfits on these two before coming to breakfast. Okay?"

"But I'll be late for breakfast!" I exclaimed.

"That's all right dear. I'll tell them you were playing with your dollies if you're late. So I'd hurry! Now come and give Jan a nice sisterly kiss!"

She laughed evilly after I air kissed her cheeks and took off – with me hurriedly picking up the dolls and trying to figure out how to get the tiny dresses off.

I made breakfast – just a little late. We were all just sitting around still a little lazy when Gloria said to Jan. "I don't want to be a nag Jan – but it IS your turn for the beds this week. Don't want mom seeing them and getting on our cases, do we?" And she grinned at Emily.

Jan stretched. "Oh Gloria! I don't suppose I could talk you into doing them for me? I just feel SO lazy!"

Both Gloria and Emily laughed loudly. "You must be kidding Jan!" Gloria snorted and Emily added. "Getting Gloria to do more housework than she *has* to? You're dreaming kiddo!"

Then Jan looked at me from under lowered eyelids. "But I feel SO lazy!"

Her message was coming over loud and clear. My mouth was dry. "Well? I don't have much on today. Maybe I could do them?" I managed.

Jan smiled at me like a cat on cream as Emily and Gloria stared at me. "You're kidding – right?" Emily said, half laughing.

"No he's not!" Jan jumped in. "Back home, he helps out a LOT with the housework. You haven't tried him aunt Emily – but he's a good little cook! Mom uses him often."

Emily stared at me. "But making beds – and cooking? That's for *girls*!" Then she got red faced and coughed. "Well I didn't mean to sound sexist . . ."

"Oh you *didn't* – and Philip doesn't mind at all! – do you dear?" Jan asked innocently.

"But that's not fair Jan! he's got the mowing and weeding to do outside." Emily muttered.

"Oh that?" Jan laughed. "He'd MUCH rather make beds than weed – and I don't mind doing that."

"If that's true?" Gloria said excitedly. "He could take MY turn at making the beds – and I'll do the mowing~"

Aunt Emily held up a hand! "Whoa you two! Philip might have a word to say about all this! You don't really *want* to sit indoors and do housework, do you Philip?"

She couldn't see the look that Jan was sending my way, but I knew it was either time to stand up and be counted – or fold. I folded quickly. "Well I didn't mean my offer to do the beds to be permanent . " then saw Jan's warning scowl . "But it's all right I guess," I added quickly.

"But Philip? It's not just making beds – you'd have to pick up and tidy after those two! Sort out the laundry!" Here she cast an eye on Gloria. "And I don't think you want any man picking up your scanties after you – do you?"

Gloria paused for a second, then smiled. "If he doesn't mind mom? I certainly don't!"

Emily still missed Jan's facial expression but it didn't matter – I was in far too deep now.

"I don't really mind aunt Emily." Then I lied a little bit. "I do it for mom and Jan at home sometimes."

She was astonished. No doubt about it. But she shrugged. "If it's okay by you, I guess! I guess I'm just going to have to get used to a man in the house doing housework!"

With horror, I saw Jan point a finger dramatically at aunt Emily, again without being seen – her meaning was perfectly clear. "Would you like me to do yours too, aunt Emily?" I squawked.

She gawped at me. Literally gawped. "You're *offering* to do the beds and clean up for three women – as well as yourself?"

My face was beet red as I nodded. But I breathed a sigh of relief inside as she started to shake her head negatively. But then she stopped. "Well Philip? If *that's* what you want? Why not!" She sipped her coffee and looked at me a trifle suspiciously. "I can *always* use a hand!" she added

Gloria looked like she could hardly believe her luck – and although I had the feeling she had caught some of the looks between Jan and me – and figured something wasn't quite kosher, she wasn't about to argue with a gift horse and disappeared from the table.

The bedroom owned by the girls was actually fairly neat – aunt Emily wouldn't have it too much the other way – but I felt strange picking up panties and bras –tidying stockings from the bathroom.. Shortly after I'd started though, Jan came in and cast an idle eye around. "I was right!" She announced. "You do a better job than me. Can see that already. I should have thought of this a LONG time ago."

I don't think I can explain the little thrill of pleasure I got from her words, but hid that very well. Still got a shock when she continued. "You look like you're almost done. And aunt Emily is taking her time over her morning coffee."

"So?" I asked, tucking the covers of one bed into place carefully.

"So? You've got time to go and offer to help aunt Emily with the breakfast dishes. I'm sure she'd appreciate it. As a matter of fact *I* almost offered to help her a couple of times – she looked SO busy!"

"Why didn't you?" I managed, sarcastically.

She sniggered a little. "That's a *girl's* job silly – and I just didn't feel right!"

"Look?" I said reasonably. "I know – and you do too, that I'm going to do as you tell me. But can I wait for a while before I offer to do any more about the house?"

She shook her head decisively. "Silly! Aunt is starting to think you're a sissy right now. Why not press the point? I mean Philippa? You're going to be doing it anyway. Aren't you?"

After I tidied up the girl's bedroom and bathroom, I wandered through into the kitchen again. Aunt Emily had just started the clean up. She stopped and stared at me. Not unfriendly, just expectantly. I tried to put a bright face on it. "Well aunt Emily? Looks like I'm done. Like a hand?"

She looked at me seriously. "I'd LOVE a hand Philip. But do you have any idea what you're getting into? The girls will give you a terrible time. You know that, don't you? Make cracks about you being girly –and so on?"

"That's all right – I guess." I mumbled. I knew that she was starting to think of me as some kind of sissy – but what could I do? I honestly figured that Jan was a decent girl at heart. She had put up with a fair amount from me. Was now determined to get her own back. For a while at least, she was going to humiliate me if I didn't do as she told me and frankly? I wasn't that sure that there weren't some sissy genes in my makeup. After all, how many older brothers allow a younger sister to treat them in the way she was treating me. Making me play with *dolls* for goodness sake! I still blushed at the thought of that.

She was stern but fair. "Is this for just today or is it going to be permanent? Not going to have you change your mind every five minutes!"

"P . .P . .Permanent, I guess!" I mumbled.

"Fine then!" she said. "If you're taking over the girl's duties in here, you may as well take over Gloria's aprons. Here, I keep them hung up behind this cupboard door. Now get one on you – and let me see if you can tie it nicely."

As I stood in front of her tying myself into the pretty floral half apron, she nodded approvingly. "Not bad, but experience will teach you. I like a nice bow on an apron." She laughed. "I did try to get Jan into one – but it was such a waste of time. She's SO boyish! But spin a little for me."

I don't think that she was aware of the arrow she was plunging into my heart as I spun for her. There I am in my pretty apron – twirling for her for goodness sake – and she's telling me that my young *sister* is too *boyish* to wear one? I could have melted into the floor. But she got me out of my reverie. "I guess that these are all your aprons now – so I guess you'll have to keep them clean and ironed. Can you do that?"

"I guess so," I said.

She shook her head. "Gloria will be SO delighted. I was always sending her back to do a better job of ironing." She gave me a shrewd look. "But I won't need to send you back, shall I?"

And I knew that she was right. My aprons would always be pristine and nicely ironed. It was just my nature! Another arrow had found its mark. I knew that I was going to be much more attuned to the feminine task of looking after my frilled aprons than my *female* cousin was. "No aunt Emily. You won't," I said.

"Good! Well we can't be gossiping around here all day. Work to do!"

And my career as a helper to a housewife had begun.

Of course I went through the supposedly innocent wide-eyed looks that the girls sent my way – and the sweet comments about how nice my aprons *looked*. Aunt Emily stayed quiet through it all, but then finally admitted that I had an idea of what I'd go through. Had made my bed – had to lie in it sort of thing. But she said that it would pass, and soon it became a common sight to see me, an apron of mine beaming around me nicely as I flitted around doing my housework.

I wasn't thinking about Betty or the other girls seeing me. The times didn't cross that much and, frankly, I'd got so used to the aprons around me that I'd forgotten. Naturally, I saw Gloria's glum face when it would be time for Betty and the other girls to come for a session with Emily, but that was usually a time when Jan would have the boys over and I felt that I had to go

out and join them. Things didn't get any better out there though. Jan was often impatient with my inadequacies and I was often there simply to even the sides up.

As I said, I didn't see much of the girls and, truthfully, a large part of that may have been my feelings towards Betty. For some stupid reason, I always felt that she wanted me to come close to her and I was really afraid. Now the word 'afraid' has certain connotations that probably don't apply. But I'd see her there, all calm and waiting. Just waiting for me to come close. Then she'd *claim* me. Does that sound stupid? She was as nice as ever and I was grateful – well somewhat – for the help she'd given me that day. Dorothy and Tiffany were very friendly towards me at first but gradually got a puzzled air about them as I stayed on the outskirts of their company. Something just told me to stay away.

Then one day, Jan was in a bad temper. We'd played a few competitive games with the guys and it didn't matter whose team I was on, we lost. She yelled at me a few times I guess. Then she decided on a new game and sides were being picked. All of a sudden, there was a pause and eyes were focused behind me. As usual I was last to be picked and was just about there, when I found Betty standing beside me with a strong arm around my shoulder. She spoke to Jan. "I think he's had enough of this. Philip? Come with me!" And suddenly, she was starting to wheel me around towards the house.

"What do you think you're doing Betty? We're picking sides and we NEED him to make things even!" Jan was speaking loudly.

Betty wheeled us around. Me still in her grasp. She spoke gravely and calmly. "I think you've had him long enough Jan. I think he'd be better off with me."

"Who do you think you are?" Jan asked hotly, stepping towards us. "I'm his sister and . . ."

"Then you should be ashamed of yourself! All that yelling and shouting! Bullying poor Philip! Think you couldn't be heard inside the house? Your treatment of him is *terrible*! If you're his relative? It's YOUR job to be looking after him! Not all this pushing and shoving! You're just a *bully*!"

To my astonishment, Jenny was backing down! I could tell! Betty may have been a little taller – about my height as a matter of fact and was indubitably feminine – no match for Jan's strength – but Jan was weakening

in the face of Betty's confidence. Almost like a man in the face of calmly determined female.

"Aw c'mon Betty. I wasn't that bad!" She said weakly.

"You finished?" Betty said, ignoring her comment. "You finished with us?"

"But without him? Sides aren't even!" Jan grumbled.

Betty paused for a second and thought. "Let me see what I can do, Okay?"

Jan nodded, puzzled.

"But just keep in mind Jenny. I don't mind you bossing Philip around a little bit – you're obviously stronger than he is. But no more of this nasty bullying. Got it? You do – and you and me will have a *real* talking. Got that?"

I stood there listening to the two of them argue over me. Felt that I'd been put in a negative position, but couldn't argue with anything that was being said. It felt nice being protected by Betty, but almost as if she was taking me under her wing – the situation that had scared me for so long. Yet, there was something nice about it – and seeing Jan nod in quiet agreement to this new force in my life was very gratifying. Then, silently, Betty wheeled me completely around and we were heading for the house

I felt after a moment that I was being subjugated in front of the boys, so squirmed a little and spoke softly. "Can I be turned loose Betty?"

"No,"

I made an attempt at a laugh. "But Betty . . ."

"Philip? I want you to be quiet for a little while and let me think! Understand?"

"But Betty . . .?"

She stopped and a pair of calm gray eyes were fixed steadily on me. "Now I've asked you nicely – but you keep on interrupting! I don't want to let you go – and I want you to behave and let me do the thinking and talking. Now are you going to be quiet like a little bunny, or am I going to have to get mad at you?"

I actually felt my insides quake! "No Betty. I'm sorry," I said meekly.

"Sure?"

"I'm sure."

"That's good. Now not a word until I let you. Keep that firmly in mind. I'm right on the point of losing my temper with you and trust me, you don't

want me chastising you in front of your aunt. We in agreement? Just nod if you agree!"

I nodded submissively, and was led into the house.

Inside, Emily, Gloria, Tiffany and Dorothy were all waiting for us. They all looked so cute in matching long aprons and had obviously been involved in baking something when Betty had left them. I saw her apron flung over the back of a chair where she'd taken it off before going out front for me. Everyone all looked at us expectantly as Betty cleared her throat. She still kept hold of my shoulders and I felt so puny, just standing there quietly. "I've done a LOT of thinking in the last few minutes Emily, " she said. "You may not like this, but I think it's necessary. Can I go on?"

Aunt Emily nodded her head slowly. Betty continued.

"You've been pressing Gloria to join us girls for a long time now – and she's MISERABLE! But that was between you two and I didn't want to interfere. Then you got your visitors Philip and Jan. Now Jan is okay outside with the boys – but Philip isn't! So now? You have Gloria in here – who doesn't want to be – and sees Jan doing what she wants outside? And Philip out there – who doesn't want to be! I'm thinking you should let them swap places!"

Emily's shoulders slumped a little. She looked at Gloria. "Gloria? I know I've pressed and pressed you to be a good housewife. But is Betty right? Are you really *that* miserable?"

Gloria looked at her for a long second. "Mom? You know I think you're great . . ."

Emily snorted. "Gloria. Truth now. Do you want to keep meeting here with me and the girls?"

Gloria took a deep breath. "No mom. It's awful!

Emily nodded sagely. "Okay dear. Off you go."

Gloria's eyes sparkled. "Now mom?"

Emily half grinned. "No time like the present, I always say."

Gloria let out a small whoop then went and gave Emily a resounding kiss. "See you mom!" and started for the door. Stopped then fingered her apron. "Guess I can get rid of this mom, huh? Where should I put it?"

"Oh, anywhere," Emily answered. Then a thought struck her. She spoke to Betty and the girls. "You guys still want to come here?"

"Oh SURE!" They all chorused.

Emily smiled a little. "Then give it to Philip dear. He may as well join us!"

Everyone stared at her in astonishment. She shrugged. "He's used to aprons now and if I'm going to keep doing this I may as well have ONE member of my family getting advantage of my experience. Right Philip?"

Gloria wasn't about to take any chances with Emily changing her mind. Quickly, she was standing in front of me, the apron now in her hands.

Before I had a chance to say a word, Betty had let go of me and actually pushed me towards Gloria for a little ways. With a look on her face that said "better you than me?" Gloria just draped the collar of the apron around my neck. Gave me a grateful kiss – then pushed me more toward Betty, then fled!

"I . . . I . . . I . . ." was stammering as Betty simply arranged my open neck collar neatly around the apron and started tying me in. "But . . . But . . ." I tried.

"Come on then Philip! We're learning Apple pie!" Emily said.

"Yes Philip!" Tiffany and Dorothy smiled, twining arms around me. "Let's go!"

And aproned prettily, I was now one of the girls – uncontested. As I finally got over to Emily, Betty moved in and put a possessive arm around my waist. "Welcome," she whispered softly, pulling me in to her. Emily smiled. "I'm so glad to see you fitting in so well Philip. Now let's get serious about apple pie, shall we?"

Emily was a great teacher and we all had to do something about making the pie, then we put it in the oven and went to sit down for a break while it got ready. I'd thought that Betty would want me to sit with her, but she sat on an easy chair instead, right beside Emily, but facing us three – Tiffany, me, and Dorothy. My two companions immediately put arms around my neck – in a friendly way of course. Then Betty's mom called about something and Emily and Betty took their leave for a little while.

"This is SO great!" Dorothy said, pulling me in even tighter.

"Yes!" Tiffany said, giving me a kiss! "Gloria was nice – you know? But kinda stand offish. Didn't seem to care for Betty much at all!"

"And you're not that way at all!" Dorothy added. "We can *tell* how much you like Betty! We think she's wonderful – and we're positive that you'll think that way too!"

"You'll probably find her a little bossy at times!" Tiffany said lovingly. "But It's such a pleasure to do what she wants!" She grinned a little salaciously at Dorothy. "And I think she likes him a *LOT*!"

"Oh, she DOES!" Dorothy agreed. Then she spoke to me. "Oh, you'll find her SO delightful! SO strong! You just want to melt, when she puts her arms around you! Just wait and SEE!"

"What's all *this* girls?" Betty suddenly asked, freed from talking to her mom and looking down humorously at us. She came over, smiling, and to my astonishment, kissed me lingeringly, while the girls on either side of me moaned a little jealously I thought. I don't know what did it – but I found my soft arms around her neck and my lips pouting for a kiss.

"See what I mean?" Tiffany laughed when Betty lifted. "He's MUCH friendlier than Gloria!"

I felt so dazed that I had to look at up Betty in a sort of lost way. "What'd she mean?" I managed.

She grinned in a conspiratorial way. Patted me lovingly on the cheek. "Just what she *means* Philip. She wants you to feel welcome! Feel just like her and Dorothy. Wouldn't that be nice? Not all tough and masculine like Gloria! Now? Hush up! Emily's coming back! And – be good!" she laughed

The two girls beside me giggled and held me tight – as if I were in some conspiracy! Almost as if I were one of them! "Oh! It's going to be SUCH fun!" Tiffany whispered. "You, me, and Dorothy! Just wait!"

Emily came back, still evidently with her mind on the call that she'd received. Didn't even notice her use of the wrong gender as she said. "Now girls? Settle down. The pie should be ready in a minute."

I noticed the fact that I'd been lumped in with the girls, but my mind was all mixed up. They were implying that I was one of *them*! Okay, okay. It was supremely obvious that I wasn't a girl – that was obvious. But regardless of what they meant, they felt that I could be one of *them*! It suddenly dawned on me that I had been an outsider for SO long – always on the periphery of things that I'd no idea of how to behave when I was offered a membership in any kind of a group. I felt the soft arms around me and knew that I fitted in with Dorothy and Tiffany in our pretty aprons and in our admiration of Betty. Found myself blushing and tittering at Emily.

I suppose that Emily had her reasons for inviting the boys in to taste our pie when we had finished it, but it was very strange. Here they were, kinda

muddy and tired – Jan and Gloria included - exhausted as well, while Betty, myself, Tiffany and Dorothy moved amongst them, passing out pieces of pie and soft drinks. The feeling that I had separated from them widened when I saw our fresh white aprons versus their grime and knew whose side I was now firmly on. I didn't comment on how Dorothy and Tiffany had made me check out their hairdos - and combed out mine before the boys had come in. They had SO wanted to use one barrette on me – just *one* – but Betty had told them not to.

Finally everyone cleared out leaving just Emily, Gloria Jan and myself. I helped Emily set diner up later on – and even though I felt strange putting on the full apron that she handed me, put it on without a fuss. Mind you, I did get a little mad when Jan persisted in untying my apron bow – but as Jan whispered in my ear – boys had been doing that to girls for hundreds of years – I better get used to it. Later, I did feel sort of funny, swishing about in my apron while Jan and Gloria loafed about, but it wasn't long before I just accepted it – it just felt SO right. Know what I mean?

I was tired that night. I guess all the stress of that day got to me and I wanted to think. Betty kept coming into my mind. I could see that she, Tiffany and Dorothy all had some sort of relationship. Young as I was, I could see that she enjoyed having them do as she said – and that they really enjoyed being told by her what to do. But it was a girl *thing*! And the fact that Tiffany and Dorothy seemed to think that I was one of them? Okay, I wasn't too manly. That was being demonstrated all the time – but surely they didn't see me as one of Betty's Brides – did they? I was a guy for goodness sake. Surely I wasn't supposed to do what SHE said, surely? At the same time though, I remembered her putting that arm around me and leading me into the house. She had called me a little bunny - had even threatened to chastise me! Had that girl actually threatened to *spank* me? Somehow, I'd got that intention – and I hadn't fought on it or even raised any kind of a fuss. As a matter of fact, I now felt quite funny about the whole thing.

Then my ruminations were interrupted. I felt the bed give way beside me – and someone was sitting there! There was enough ambient light there that I recognized aunt Emily. She had obviously come into my bedroom via the bathroom doors and was now sitting there looking down on me.

"Aunt Emily?" I gasped quietly. "Something wrong?"

"Glad you're not sleeping," she said. "I've got something I really must discuss with you."

Her voice was very non-committal and I couldn't figure out what was going. "Did I do something wrong?" I asked softly.

"No. Well? Maybe. I'm not sure. It's about Tiffany and Dorothy." She said slowly.

I found myself blushing. "I've just been thinking about them too aunt. I'm not sure how to treat them."

"Did you know that I overheard them when they wanted to do your hair for the boys coming in for pie?"

"Oh aunt Emily!" I moaned. "I know that it was embarrassing. They treat me almost like a girl at times!"

"That idea of parting your hair a little differently . . ."

"Aunt!" I interrupted.. "I won't let them treat me like that again! I know it was kinda sissyish – but . . ."

"Dear?" She stroked my face softly. "What are you going ON about? They were perfectly correct! Doing your hair that way would be much prettier!"

"Huh?" I asked.

"Yes. Much nicer." She gave me a soft kiss. "D'you know how long I waited for Gloria to let them do HER hair? How much I waited for some of the nice girlish things to happen to her?"

"I'm lost aunt. I don't know what . . ."

"You sleepy right now?" she asked suddenly.

"I was, but don't think I'm that way any more?" I said honestly.

She pulled my bed covers and blankets back. "Good. Get a robe on and come with me for a minute!"

"What for aunt?" I said, getting up and reaching for my old plaid robe.

"Yech!" she laughed. "Not that ugly thing! Your pajamas are green!" She went to the closet and rummaged through it for a second. "Put this on – it's much nicer!"

Even in the semi darkness I could see that it was satin. "But this is Gloria's aunt!"

"Well it was bought for her all right – but she refused to wear it. Now just put your arms – so. That's it Philip, now tie yourself in and follow me."

"What are these tape thingies at the front?" I asked, somewhat puzzled. "And they seem to be on the wrong side."

"To tie you in and make the robe hang properly, just the way it's supposed to – silly. Here, let me!"

I was now standing soft and satiny, docile, for my aunt. Felt tiny again, even though she wasn't that much bigger than me as she tied the laces then my robe ties. "Come along now dear," she said. "Follow me." Meekly, feeling the soft robe touch my legs, I followed her through the bathroom and into her bedroom where she turned on a little light. "Sit over there by the dressing table," she said busily.

"What for, aunt Emily?" I asked fearfully fully conscious now of my soft pink gown with the rounded lapels, but sitting down on the dainty chair.

She didn't answer me. "See that jar on the dresser in front of you with the blue lid? It's got some cream in it. While I'm looking some stuff out, cream your face good."

I took the lid off. "It's awfully scented aunt Emily."

"Yes! Isn't it nice! Now go ahead Philip and do a good job. You have nice skin, but let's start to look after it, shall we? Lots on!"

She stopped what she was doing for a little while and watched me dab my face with cream. "You've no idea of how nice you look – and how nice you make me feel! That bugger Gloria fought me tooth and nail at putting on cream. Said it made her feel like a sissy! Now more on please!"

"Mmm!" she said, standing behind me. "You smell SO nice! Now tip your head this way, just a bit."

"What are you doing auntie?" I asked in a small voice as she combed my hair.

"Why, seeing if Tiffany and Dorothy were right! Putting your hair up a little. Now it's not like a perm or anything." She sprayed my hair a little – again I could smell what she was doing and it wasn't masculine! Then, like magic, she had a roller in my hair!

"But auntie? That's a ROLLER – and it's pink!" I wailed.

"That's right," she said, putting in another. "Lovely match for your robe. Now hold still. I'll just be a minute!"

It wasn't long before my head was full of rollers. "Please aunt? Gloria and Jan will notice!" I said, nearly weeping.

"No they won't" she said. "Well maybe just a *little*. But haven't you noticed? They're just like guys – never notice what a girl does to make herself pretty."

"But I'm not a girl, aunt Emily," I said.

She stopped and thought, but tied my hair up in a matching chiffon scarf. "Maybe not a *proper* girl. Must give you that! But you're much more fun than Gloria.. But lets get you all tucked in for a nice sleep. The rollers might be a pain at first – but you'll get used to them after a while."

In bed she tucked me in then sat beside me for a little while. Took some tissue and wiped my face, then put a few of the dolls beside me. "This has been *such* fun!" she whispered happily. Make sure to knock on my door tomorrow morning and I'll brush your hair out. But can I ask you to do one little thing for me?"

"I guess so," I said warily.

"When you make this bed tomorrow morning? There's sets and sets of satin sheets and pillowcases that Gloria would never use. When I come in tomorrow night I want you in lovely satin. Okay? Just for me?"

"Tomorrow night? What's on then?" I asked weakly.

She leaned forward and gave me a kiss. "Why? I may want to do your hair again – or maybe just have a nice chat with you? I'm starting to really enjoy you!" she said. "Doesn't sound nice or proper – but I'm starting to think you're the daughter Gloria could never be! Goodnight!"

The following morning, I awoke to someone shaking me. "Wake up sleepyhead!"

I opened one sleep filled eye to see my aunt standing at my bedside. "Would you HURRY Up?" she continued "I just couldn't wait!"

I saw the clock. It was early. "Can't wait for what?" I asked groggily.

"Silly little goose!" she giggled.. "There's a shower cap looked out for you in the bathroom. Do what you have to, then put it on and shower.. It's SO lucky you don't shave. I've put out the soap and powder I want you to use from now on. Now get a move on! I want to clean up in here while you shower! Move!"

Yawning mightily I found myself in the bathroom. Did my morning ablutions and brushed my teeth. Studiously avoided looking in the mirror at my rollers or turban, but saw the frilled plastic shower cap. Felt silly putting it on – but finally stepped in and had the shower. It was nice and hot and steamy and I finally woke up. The soap was deliciously scented. Okay it was very feminine, no doubt about it. But it was all there was and I figured that the scent of it wouldn't last too long. The glass was difficult to see through because of the steam but I sensed that aunt Emily was moving

around. Didn't want her to see me nude so cautiously stuck my head out when I was finished to see if she was there. She wasn't – good.

There was a nice big fluffy towel, nice and warm, and I luxuriated in the feel of it. Then I noticed. My pajamas were gone! In their place hanging from a hook was a set of buttercup yellow, satin pajamas with the pink robe I'd worn the night before! To make things worse, there was a pair of fluffy, heeled, yellow slippers placed under them.

I knew it wouldn't work but went to my bedroom door still wrapped in my towel. She had her back to me and was making my bed. All of the cotton sheets were on the floor and I got the glimpse of satin covers on the pillows.

"Aunt Emily?" I asked meekly.

Yes darling?" she said, turning around. "But you're not dressed yet!"

"It's those pajamas. Couldn't I wear . . ."

"I thought that might be a problem!" she interrupted. "Want me to come in and dress you?"

"No ma'am," I said hurriedly.

"Well get a move on!" she said briskly. "Don't forget too use that powder!"

A little while later, perfumed by the powder and cocooned within my satin pajamas I presented myself to her. I'd taken off the shower cap and hung it in the bathroom. Had the feeling I'd be using it a lot more now. She nodded approvingly when she saw me. "Isn't that much better?" she asked. "Though you need to straighten up!"

"I feel funny, aunt Emily," I mumbled.

"That's all right. You just need to get used to your new outfit." Then she paused. "Matter of fact? Why don't you take those sheets and pillowcases down to the utility room for washing. Then come back to me in my room and we'll work on your hair."

My eyes opened in horror. "I know it's early aunt Emily. But Jan or Gloria might be up! Might see me!"

She shrugged. "I really don't care. But after this if you're not more *enthusiastic* about the improvements in your appearance? I may have you test yourself against the other girls – see what they think. And dear? It might help if you looked a lot happier?"

I could walk in the slippers not too badly, but they did cut down the length of my stride. In a hall mirror, I got a glimpse of the soft looking,

androgynous 'thing' I'd become – mincing along with a robe wafting around me. That was another mirror I avoided on my way back to Emily's room. I breathed a sigh of relief – I hadn't met either girl.

How can any male describe sitting in satin pajamas and having an attractive woman standing at his back, take his hair out of rollers then brush and tease it until it meets her satisfaction – chattering cheerfully all the time? Well it may sound odd, but after the initial embarrassment, I found myself lounging back in the chair and feeling more than a little pampered. Taking an interest when she'd try and rearrange a wave or something. It also helped a lot that to my eyes it wasn't *radically* different.

The first thing I noticed was that it was neater. Still nearly shoulder length – and maybe a bit wavier? Didn't seem so dank in some way – swung around my head when I moved? I did have a shock when aunt Emily told me in no uncertain way that my ponytail was gone for a long time. But as I'd often gone without that, it was no big deal. I'll also admit that I almost fainted when aunt Emily produced a little velvet pink bow from somewhere and clipped it on the front of my hair! Pretended to be serious, then chuckled a lot at my expressions. "Wouldn't have gone with your outfit today anyway!" she laughed.

But then she got serious for a moment. "I lived with a man for a long time Philip.. Put up with raised toilet seats. I've put up with it with you – and now it's going to stop. Got that? If I ever see another raised lid, I'll embarrass you – I promise. So from now on? You'll pee properly. You'll sit down. I don't mean any offense Philip but from now on? I want you to pee like a girl. Can I have your word on that?"

What could I say?

I think that Gloria and Jan may have subconsciously noticed a change in me but other than looking slightly puzzled, said nothing. Aunt Emily was also watching them with an eagle eye and was relieved that they didn't tease me. Didn't stop her from commenting after they'd gone outside and she and I were doing the breakfast clean up. "Guys! Don't ever see a thing!" I laughed in relief.

But sometime during that day I noticed something. Without making it obvious – I don't know if she even thought about it – aunt Emily's *expectations* were that Gloria and Jan were the MEN of the house. She was the woman – and I was the girl. And to be quite honest I have the feeling that was when that notion started to permeate the whole house. Men were to

be given a great deal of leeway in tidiness and cleanliness. They could be nagged at of course but if they 'forgot' it was corrected with sighs or rolled eyes. She and I however, were neatness personified. Hair always neat and tidy. Aprons always tied in with pretty bows. Jan and Gloria just *loved* to untie mine – got a big laugh from my red girlish expressions. The laughter when I actually stomped my foot once!

That night was a reprise of the first. In my yellow satin pajamas and pink robe I presented myself to Emily. She had me put in a few rollers myself, showing me how to be very careful of the tension. I think she was a little embarrassed herself when she had me sit still and applied a little – just a little – cologne to me. Later on she tucked me in bed. It was my very first night of wearing satin inside satin sheets. I felt SO weird and sexy. We didn't talk long but it was a girlish chat – she did that intentionally, but it was nice talking about the events of the day and the vagaries and foibles of the two 'guys'.

The following morning I could tell it was still early because it was still dark. Assumed it was Emily that was shaking my shoulder. Then to my horror, I felt Jan's hand on my shoulder. "What's this?" she was saying. "What in hells name are you wearing?" Then my bed light was switched on and me and my sister were staring at each other. She shook her head. "Is that rollers in your hair? Satin pajamas?"

"I can explain Jan. Honest. I want . . ."

"Just stay there a minute sweetie. Don't you dare move!" she said and left the room. Petrified I sat up in bed and pulled my sheets up around me. Stared at the door wondering what she was going to do. The answer wasn't long in forthcoming.

Shortly thereafter she reappeared – but with Gloria in tow. Gloria appeared puzzled seeing me. "Why should I come see?" she asked Jan, once they were both in the room with the door closed behind them.

"Oh? That's right. You can't see properly. Philippa? Put those blankets down. Let Gloria see your nice pajamas! Come ON now!" Jan spoke to me commandingly.

"You called him Philippa!" Gloria started to say, then she gasped. "But he's got rollers in his hair! And isn't that pajamas that mom made for me that I wouldn't wear? Phil, what are you doing all dressed up like a girl, huh?"

As I've said before I'd had hopes that Gloria and I could get together. Okay, we're cousins but that doesn't mean a whole lot when you're young. But first she'd thought me a boy – and liked me for that. Then I'd dropped in her estimation by being worthless at sports – then a crybaby. Now in clothes – with my hair in rollers? At the same time I was mixed up. I still owed aunt Emily some loyalty and wasn't sure if I should disclose her part in this. But before I could answer her, Jan spoke up.

"And just LOOK at this gorgeous pink robe lying over this chair here. All ready for pretty Philippa to put on this morning!"

Any chance I had of swinging the girls around had disappeared now as they giggled and touched the robe. I cursed my laziness in leaving it there – but in all honesty? The girls never came into my room. What was Jan doing there – early – in the first place?" She then almost answered my question.

"Get up pretty brother and put your nice pink robe on. Maybe those *gorgeous* slippers too? Here's your robe sweetie – I need to talk to you. Where do you keep your digital camera by the way?"

"You're NOT going to take my photo – please Jan?" I asked, but taking the robe and getting up – blushing as Gloria let out a good humored wolf whistle at the sight of my satin clad body.

"You know? I came in here this morning early for a few reasons," Jan said as she rummaged for, and found, my camera. "One, I felt kinda bad bullying you the other day. Felt that I was forcing you into girl stuff. " Here she grinned at Gloria. "Can you believe *that*?" Then she continued. "We thought we'd sneak out early – there's a rugby game going and we think they might be a few fellas short.. I thought of asking you for shorts and a shirt for Gloria. A loan sort of thing."

I shrugged, "Okay by me. But I'm pretty low on game shorts and clothes. Didn't bring too many. Please Gloria, you'll take good care of them?"

"Sure. Thanks ." Gloria started, but Jan interrupted. "Philippa? Sit at that dressing table and put a little lipstick on, would you? Smile for the camera? Things have changed. I don't think that your in any position to be making any demands. Now sit down huh?"

"I will NOT!" I said, shocked, but frightened at the same time.

"Of COURSE you will!" Jan laughed. "You're going to smile all nicely for the camera. This way, I can show mom what a naughty girl you are if

you give me a hard time! Want me to put you over my knees? Bet Gloria could take some great pictures then. What do you think? Just a few photos – with your nice lipstick?"

"Please Kan. Don't!" I said, but it was hopeless, especially when I saw Gloria check out some lipsticks and gleefully hand me one.

Jan took almost a dozen of me sitting there, smiling into the mirror and at her as I put on my lipstick. I finally remembered. "What did you mean when you said that things had changed, Jan?"

She shrugged and smiled at me. "Well – it's obvious that a little sissy girl like you doesn't NEED any rough and tumble clothes. Isn't it? There's no reason why Gloria can't take them *all*, is there? After all – there's LOTS of clothes for you here!"

The gist of what she was saying finally got through to Gloria. She looked at me, her eyes positively shining now. Not in the slightest hang-dog about borrowing my things. Her mouth actually opened in pleasure and she slowly came to me. Conscious of my red lips and my girlish clothes I could only look at her helplessly as she put her arm around me. Gently caressed the material of my robe, feeling the satin underneath. "You know Philippa? _ You don't mind if I call you that, do you?"

But she didn't let me answer, just continued. "Jan is just SO right, isn't she? I had to notice how nice and soft you feel – and what IS that perfume you're wearing my dear?" She giggled behind her hand a little before starting again. "But common sense says that all those clothes of yours that I could use are just lying *unused*!" She beamed. "And I could *use* them!"

"But they're not *unused* Gloria!" I protested. "I wear them all the time. Don't have many clothes with me at all as a matter of fact!"

"But didn't you borrow MY pretty robe and jammies – and those fluffy little slippers that look so cute?"

"Yes Gloria but . . ."

"So what's to stop you borrowing all my little pretty shorts and tops too? I never wear them – and I would NEVER stop you! So why don't we just swap?"

"Heh heh Gloria? I can't . . ."

"You better take underpants too Gloria! Socks as well?" Jan said in a business-like tone.

"Male underpants? Oh I *couldn't*!" Gloria gasped, but her eyes lit up. "No way!" But her tone lacked any signs of conviction. She licked her lips.

"Yeah! Just imagine his embarrassment if he was wearing some lovely nice shorts of yours – and those nasty boxer underpants were so long that they showed!" Jan laughed.

Gloria stroked me openly now but spoke over her shoulder. "Why don't you come and help me talk Philippa into it Jan?"

"I *wonder* what Emily will say when he meets her, huh?" Jan said now standing on the other side of me, smiling down on her sissy brother. Stroking my other shoulder.

Gloria thought for a minute. "I don't know if she's aware of Philip using the pretty stuff that she got for me – but I don't see her being mad about it. Not for long anyway."

Jan tittered. "I think you're right – and anyway we'll be leaving soon and gone for a good chunk of the day. We could tell her it's just a joke if she's really mad – give him his clothes back then? If necessary?" She put her face close to mine and Gloria followed.

"Tell us you don't mind Philippa! Come on now – like a good little sissy!" She teased.

And like a submissive little girl, I found myself nodding weakly as they whooped softly around me and Gloria basically cleaned me out of boy clothes.

I was almost in tears watching the girls empty my side of the wardrobe and chest of drawers. I'd hoped they would forget the laundry I'd just done – but they didn't.

Jan looked at me mock-sternly. "Now these clothes will be hung up in Gloria's closet, and we consider them *HERS* – so we'll be *REALLY* mad at you if you go into *HER* closet and wear her things now. Do you hear?" she warned me in a scary voice.

"She means the clothes in *MY* room now!" Gloria laughed. "The stuff in here is *all* yours!" She spoke to Jan, giggling a little. "I think we'd better get our asses out of here before mom wakes up. She might make me swap back – and that would take hours!"

Laughing in agreement they both then came and gave me kisses – soft girlish style kisses, then giggling took off. It wasn't minutes later that I heard Gloria's old car take off. I just sat there, not knowing what to do.

Then Emily came into my room through the door. "Did I just hear voices in here dear? And is that lipstick you have on? How sweet! Let me see it, huh?"

"Oh aunt Emily!" I cried. "They guys took ALL of my clothes – and made me put on this lipstick! Honest. It wasn't MY fault!"

Her eyebrows lifted. "All your clothes? Whatever for?"

"Jan's clothes are kinda masculine. Gloria's aren't. She wanted stuff that was more guy like. Took mine!"

"But what can she possibly expect YOU to wear?" Emily asked innocently.

"Her stuff – in here!" I moaned.

"And what's the lipstick for?"

"Jan said she'd blackmail me later with mom if I complained - with photos she took!"

Emily sighed theatrically but smiled. "Aren't those guys devils?" she asked fondly then left the subject completely as if it were just a minor thing. "Now let's get your hair brushed out – then maybe I can help you pick out an outfit for the day? And that lipstick by the way? It's not bad – but there's LOTS of shades on your dressing table that would suit you better."

I was still at the dressing table and honestly wasn't overly surprised by her actions or words. She took a hold of my shoulder. "There dear, turn around and let's see that hair of yours."

I reached for a tissue to do my lips but she read my intent immediately. Gave my wrist a light slap. "Leave that alone dear. It looks nice on you! Maybe you should get used to it a little? It's just stuff that one has to get used to."

Later, to my absolute horror – and almost tears, I discovered that it was a day for the girls to come. I was in a pair of lime green slacks and a dark green, silk 'T' when they arrived. Aunt Emily *assured* me that my panty line didn't show through my pant material, but I found that hard to believe. I wore flesh colored knee highs under my slacks and bone white sandals with an open toe – and just a tiny heel. She'd brushed out my hair that morning and maybe it was the additional night of rollers – or she'd tightened them a little? But my hair now seemed to fall around my face in a much more feminine way.

"Please aunt Emily?" I uttered, almost weeping. when I saw Betty and the girls drive up. "This is SO embarrassing!"

"Don't know what you're going on about!" she said impatiently. "I let you take off that lipstick, didn't I? You look nice! Almost masculine! The girls won't probably notice! Now go and answer the door and let them in!"

She was of some comfort to me in assuaging my embarrassment – but was talking absolute nonsense! Betty saw the difference right away. Gave me a hello kiss that was just a tad more than one girl would give another. "You been wearing lipstick?" she asked, puzzled. "Don't look like you're wearing any – but you taste almost as nice as you look!"

I blushed like crazy, but denied the lipstick. In the meantime, Tiffany and Dorothy had come up the rear. When they saw me they let out excited squeals.

"You did what we said with the hair! Now don't you look MUCH better? And just look at that outfit! Mmmmm!" And they kissed me enthusiastically.

"Yes. It was a good idea you two!" Aunt Emily said coming up to greet them. "But the FUSS he made about a few rollers? Honestly – men!"

"Aw Emily! He's just making a fuss because that's what he's supposed to do!" Betty came and put her arm around me. "I bet he was just as good as gold!"

I squirmed a little – it was as if I was Betty's little kid for goodness sake. But held there as I was I knew I didn't have the strength to break away and strangely found myself sort of cuddling in to her and accepting her authority. Her hand felt the softness of the silk fondly.

"Well – for a guy, I guess he was okay," Aunt Emily said with a laugh. "But enough of this chatter girls – I want to talk about making beds today – and maybe a few other things."

Minutes later I stood with the chattering girls as we all put our aprons on. I saw us all reflected in a window. It wasn't much to go on but the vague grouping looked like nothing more nor less than a group of women, gossiping together. I kept waiting for someone to remark on my open toed shoes or the nylon fabric, but nobody seemed to care. Emily led us to the girls – sorry guys - room. "This is where Gloria and Jan sleep, she said. "Now you'll notice that Philip has made the bed very well but . . ."

"Philip?" Dorothy asked.

"Oh yes." She answered. "I thought you knew. We figured that Philip was much better off doing the housework in a permanent basis. The other two do all of the outside work now."

"Philip does all of the housework in here? Tidying and dusting? Vacuuming?" Betty asked, then slid an arm around my waist.

Emily looked surprised. "Why Yes. Of course! I thought you knew all of that!"

Betty didn't answer that question, just squeezed me a little and looked around calmly. "He does a very nice job." She said thoughtfully.

"That goes without saying," Emily said, stripping the bed down. "Now he does a good job – but if you look carefully, you can see where some improvement could be made. Here, let me show you." With that, she made the bed, making comments about where time could be saved and how the bed could be made neatly – then how to turn out down for occupancy. She made us all make the bed individually, then commented on our technique, making some suggestions for improvement. Like any young housewife to be, I was enthralled by Emily's comments and did not see what was coming.

"Okay, that's cotton sheets you just saw, but satin ones present an entirely different set of problems. Follow me." Emily said, taking a last look around.

"*You* have satin sheets?" Tiffany giggled. "Oooh La La!"

"Hah! I'm, not that old – if that's what you're getting at!" Emily laughed leading us into my bedroom!

"This is yours?" Dorothy gasped, looking around. "How *lovely*!"

"That's right," Emily said practically. "I built it and set it all up for Gloria . . ."

"Gloria?" Betty gasped in disbelief.

"Yeah!" Emily admitted ruefully. "But this is Philip's room for the time being."

She didn't see the shocked look that passed between the three girls, but my heart sank as they turned grinning faces in my direction while Emily couldn't see.

"You say that Philip makes *all* the beds now?" Tiffany asked, blinking her eyelashes at me.

"Oh yes." Emily said without looking. "Philip? Where do you want to put those dolls?"

"They're absolutely lovely!" Betty exclaimed. "Any girl would be glad to have them on her bed!" She picked a few up and handed them to me with a slight smile breaking her face. "Here you are dear. You probably want to put them somewhere safe!"

Mouth dry I put them on a sideboard and Dorothy brought the rest, cooing at them – and me as she did so. Emily was busy unmaking the beds

and didn't see Betty crook her fingers at me and hold her arm out to the side – although the other girls did. How nicely they smiled at me as I went over and sheepishly fitted myself into Betty's embrace. How I blushed redly when her hand found the back of my apron and rested suggestively on my backside. Almost cried in shame as she used a long fingernail to slowly search out my panty line and suggestively pull at it a little.

The sound my panty elastic made when she snapped it was just audible enough to halt aunt Emily with a puzzled look, but she just shook her head and kept on stripping the bed. Betty squeezed me again. Pulled my panty elastic again then let out an audible sigh of regret when her hand searched my upper back and found no bra line there. But something had entered my mind. Making sure that Emily was busy, I tilted my head adoringly towards Betty and felt her hard lips on mine. Knew full well that she was grinning with satisfaction as her hard, taut body, came up against my soft yielding one. Then she eased back as Emily finished with my bed and started to talk through the routine that should be followed as she turned around.

As the other girls and myself went through our bed making routines, either Tiffany or Dorothy started drawing Emily out about her interior designer skills. Naturally, Emily was human enough to open up about her difficulties with Gloria,

"Time will take care of that Emily!" Tiffany said consolingly. "Gloria's such a pretty girl!"

"Yes!" Dorothy said. "It's probably just your imagination. It really isn't that long ago that she wore the pretty things you bought her. What she's going through is just a phase! Just wait and see, she'll be back in nice clothes quickly."

"I'm not so sure about that!" Emily said ruefully. "She's always had a sort of *boyish* streak in her. Matter of fact – she just borrowed all of Philip's stuff this morning. Now he doesn't have a *thing* to wear!"

"But she can't be wearing all of HIS stuff?" Betty asked smoothly. "Can't it be hanging in her room somewhere? Couldn't you just take it?"

Emily sighed. "Oh - you know Gloria. Probably make a *big* scene. A lot of noise when she got back! I have the feeling that it might be traumatic for us to go against her right now. Philip had been *absolutely* wonderful in not making a big *fuss*!"

"I see? That Gloria's stuff he's wearing?" Dorothy asked. "He looks SO nice. I didn't want to say anything – thought it might be this lovely room

working on him? His hair looking so much nicer – then those pretty clothes and shoes... ."

"He's understandably masculine, I must say," Tiffany lied and interrupted. "But I have to add how cute he looks today. . ."

"But as Dorothy said?" Betty asked. "That outfit he's wearing IS pretty masculine for Gloria – is it not? What will he wear when he has to change?"

Emily sniffed. "Well? Philip IS a boy after all – and I can't blame him if he wants to be sticky about wearing other stuff of hers when she comes back but I don't know WHAT I'll do!"

"But Philip is so nice – so understanding!" Betty said as if she couldn't believe Emily.

"So sweet and cute!" Dorothy said. "I can see where you wouldn't want any trouble between the two of them!"

"I'm sure we could talk some reason into him!" Tiffany said. "He's always listened to Dorothy and me. Perhaps if you and Betty could leave us for just a little while Emily, I think we could point out where it wouldn't be difficult for him at all!"

"You wouldn't mind Philip?" Emily asked me kindly. "It's SO nice of these girls to try and help us!" She was starting to walk out of the room.

"None of them would do anything that would hurt you!" Betty said, giving me a playful – but hard squeeze. Then she joined Emily. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do!" she said archly, then shut the door after her. Left me speechless, staring at the door.

"Why don't you sit on the bed darling?" Dorothy suggested. "Tiffany and I would like to talk to you. I think you're being very naughty. .."

"I think so too!" Tiffany added. "Giving your aunt Emily all that trouble over a few clothes!"

I sat on the bed and they sauntered to me. Then I found their soft feminine arms around me. They weren't strong in the slightest, but neither was I - and I found their femininity overpowering.

"But I'm NOT giving her any trouble!" I wailed a little. "I just don't see why . ."

I was stopped short by Dorothy kissing me right on the lips. Softly and non passionately – almost like one girl kissing another experimentally.

"See? It's NOT your place to see anything!" Tiffany was saying. "You're nice and soft and sweet – and shouldn't be bothering your nice

aunt!" Now it was her turn to kiss me.

"Please?" I tried to say, but was muffled into silence.

I don't know how long I sat there being kissed and cuddled. Then Tiffany said. "It's just been a BIG misunderstanding? Isn't that right?"

I was dazed, but managed. "But I can't wear that stuff? It's so feminine!"

I found myself in Dorothy's arms now as Tiffany went to the closet and opened the door. "Well, he's right – to a certain extent!" she admitted looking at the plethora of lovely colored fabrics. "These are not overly masculine!" She pulled a pale blue chiffon dress and draped it over herself. Walked towards us slowly.

"Now this? Is feminine. Wouldn't you say Dorothy? And you Philip?"

Both Dorothy and I nodded in agreement, "Oh yes! That's lovely and girlish!" Dorothy said.

Tiffany looked at me. "Don't you find this feminine Philip?"

"Yes. Oh yes." I answered.

She held the dress out to me. "You don't seem *too* sure Philip. Now do me a favor, okay? Just hold the dress up against yourself and look in the mirror. Then tell me, okay?"

"I already did!" I said, a trifle sulkily.

She was standing over me now, a confident grin on her face. "Is this too much to ask, Philip? Please?"

Truthfully? I can't say that I felt that any threat was made by either girl – but that doesn't mean that I didn't feel threatened. Pretending a sense of boredom, I sighed and got up. Took the dress in my hands and held it up against myself.

"Now hold it properly Philip!" Dorothy said. "And look in the mirror!" Shame faced I did so.

"Very good! Now turn around to us Philip and tell us!" Tiffany said.

"Tell you what?" I mumbled, but turned around.

"That it's too feminine for you! Or have you changed your mind?" Tiffany added.

"I think it would look *darling* on you!" Dorothy said.

"It would. It would! That color suits him to a 'T'" Tiffany added. "But he's a male – so we can't expect too much out of him at this point."

"So say it Philip! Is that asking too much?"

I paused. She was telling the truth – the color did look good on him, but I knew what I had to say. "It's *too* feminine girls – honest, I don't know what . . ."

"See? That wasn't too hard, was it?" Tiffany said. "Now just hang it back up and bring out that lovely blue one on the left hand side."

"But I . . ."

"Philip? Please do as we ask, would you? Now just hold that blue dress up in the same way then turn to us. Would you?"

I held the pretty blue cocktail dress up against myself and turned to face them.

"Well" They asked.

"It's too feminine as well" I said.

"More feminine than the chiffon?"

"Oh no. I don't *think* so."

"So it's more *masculine* than the chiffon. Right?"

I couldn't disagree. "Oh YES!" I found myself getting confused.

"But you wouldn't want to wear that? Even though it would look great too?"

"Please Tiffany? I don't want it!" My voice was muted now.

"That's all *right* dear!" Dorothy said softly. "We won't have you wear anything you don't *want* to. Now why don't you try that floral sundress over on the left hand side?"

"Yes! This way we narrow things down. Very sensible!" Tiffany added.

I agreed that it was more masculine than either of the other two – then a dirndl skirt and peasant blouse – though more masculine than the dresses was getting more masculine still. I finally, almost in tears, agreed that a soft white silk blouse was masculine – very very, masculine. Not long after that a calf length polka dotted skirt with a wide belt was deemed very masculine too. Well, they were *more* masculine than the other stuff! I found myself sighing softly as I tried the skirt and blouse on. Almost a perfect fit.

When the two girls led me back out, I was wearing the skirt and the blouse. Thoroughly subjugated by this time, I'd agreed that a puffy crinoline wasn't really *that* feminine – nor was the gay scarf pinned around my neck a symbol of femininity. Conscious of the picture I made now, I twirled at Emily's command and blushed most prettily when she thanked me for being such a good sport. I even helped her set up the tea at break time with a new soft half apron on, now very conscious of the way my skirt and

crinoline belled around my legs as I walked. Settled in very demurely to Betty's side as if that was the most natural place for me to be.

I and the other girls hadn't much to do afterwards and neither Emily nor Betty seemed to have the inclination to do anything but watch Tiffany and Dorothy as they gradually took me over. When Gloria and Jan came in later that afternoon, I pleaded with them silently from my chair as the other two girls had just finished making me up. The guys simply could not believe that the pretty young thing in polka dot dress and white blouse - nor in my lightly, but thoroughly made up face - was the young almost- male they'd left just some hours ago.

It was surprisingly quiet when Betty and the other two girls had left. Almost normal as I felt completely stupid - though I had to admit that now things were better defined now. Before, Emily had been a woman all on her own. Gloria and Jan? Guys as like as not. Me? I dressed like a guy but acted like a girl. Now Emily and I were on one side of the gender split – and Gloria and Jan on the other – there wasn't much confusion now.

I think that everyone was kinda embarrassed to tell the truth. Embarrassed maybe the wrong word but it comes closest to describing the mood that Jan and Gloria were in – particularly Gloria. I sensed that she felt that somehow she's pushed me into a feminine role because I didn't have the guts to tell her mother "No". At the same time, she felt that by her arguing with Emily – she might have to fight her mom off again and she didn't want that! For the first time in her life her masculine side was being allowed to come through. She thought it might be only for time – so wanted to make the most of it. As for the rest of us? I don't think that any of us knew what to say.

As a male, can you imagine swirling your skirts and crinolines on front of your *young* sister? On top of that – feeling with a sort of shamed delight that you look *good*? Yet knowing that she thinks you're crazy because she doesn't think that way? I think that we all breathed a sigh of relief when the guys asked if they could take in a movie downtown. Of course, Emily had to make the necessary noises about them coming back on time, etc., etc., etc.,. But we all knew that they were just adult noises. We all needed some time to ourselves, The sighs of relief we made as they headed out the door were palpable! When they took off, Emily simply gazed at me smilingly "About time!" was all she said. "Let's have a soft drink and talk! Okay?"

The cool efficiency she had been showing dropped off her like a cloak. Okay, she had been delighted when Tiffany and Dorothy had first shown me off in my blouse and skirt – but that could have been good manners on her part. After that and until this moment, we'd spent practically no time together. Yes, I was doing what she *said* she wanted me to do – and even that was kind of 'iffy'. What did she really think of a boy in full drag? But I felt a huge surge of relief go through me at her behavior. I had to say. "Am I *okay* aunt Emily? Want me to change or anything?" I asked.

She blinked. "Eh? What are you talking about? I don't mind you changing if you'd like to try on something prettier – but right now I want all the scoop about what happened this afternoon! Did you realize that Betty has this huge crush on you? Do you have a crush on her? And if you do – what are we going to DO about it?" She actually hugged herself in a form of delight, "I think this is about the first time I've had a girlish talk with one of my own kin! And you ask me if I want you to *change*? Don't be silly!" She put a comforting arm around me. "Now tell me about your first time wearing a skirt – and what about that crinoline?" She laughed. "Did you have any problems in the bathroom?" Her flood of words reassured me and arm in arm we made our way to the living room, stopping for cokes along the way.

We settled down and I described how Dorothy and Tiffany had finally manipulated me into a skirt and blouse. "Those scamps!" She laughed. "I kept wondering and wondering about how to get you dressed properly. It was what I wanted but I didn't know how to do it without simply bullying you – and I didn't want to do that! These two figured it out in minutes! But I'm glad they did." She looked happy and patted me. "And afterwards with your makeup? I hope you appreciated their expertise!" For a moment she looked sad. "That's what I always wanted for Gloria! Fat chance now!" Then she brightened. "Have you ANY idea of how nice you look? Just like a young girl should!"

She caught my blushes and got a little put out. "Don't really know what to call you. Philippa sounds kinda weird – but I guess it'll do for now. But Philippa? This embarrassment will have to stop! You're turning into a nice looking girl. I don't really know if it's what you want but, to tell the truth I don't really care. You're not putting up a big fight that a lot of guys would do – so you're finding *something* attractive about being the way you are! Thinking about that. D'you think I didn't see how you'd blush and act all

sweet when Betty put her arms about you?" She laughed. "'It's okay to blush now - girls do that ALL the time if they're talking about boys or other girls they have a crush on!'"

And she badgered me. Kept on about this and that and finally had me admitting (with a LOT of blushes) how I felt about Betty. "Well I guess you got some of the girl in you" she tittered a little when I described my feelings. "All weak and trembling, huh? But one thing that's important? Where did her hand play that time you were standing together – your front or your back?"

I stared at her in consternation and she shook her head. "Philippa? What did you think? Think I didn't see? You must answer this honestly! Did you *like* it?"

Haltingly, searching for words, I tried to explain. "I honestly don't know aunt Emily. It's funny. She looks like a girl and does all sorts of things like a girl – but then she takes me in her arms – and it's like I become the girl!"

Emily took me in her arms and gave me a kiss. "I often wondered about her you know. Both Dorothy and Tiffany fall over her - and I often wondered about that! But what gets me is they say they're not jealous?"

"I think they want me to join them." I admitted slowly. "Want me to be one of Betty's Brides!"

"I'd forgotten they called them that sometimes," Emily laughed. "I don't understand modern kids at all. But is *that* what you want? To be one of her girls?" She wasn't being judgmental or cruel, I knew that.

I hung my head and admitted that I didn't know.

"Well? If that's what you want, you'd better learn to please her. Be soft and girly like the other two – learn how to do makeup and hair care. Kiss up to her. That won't do you any harm – and I'd like to teach you. All I can say is that you better watch yourself young lady. You can't get pregnant – but girls in love can do awfully stupid things and I have the feeling that you might not be any different than other girls!"

"Okay." I mumbled, humiliated beyond belief. "But that's embarrassing aunt Emily!"

She patted me on the thigh softly. "Look dear? I'm not saying that I agree with what Betty may want. Or what YOU may want for that matter. I just have looked forward all my life to having a young girl learn the tricks of the trade from me. You're NOT a girl – although you may be the next best thing so I'll teach you what I can – and teach you how to make yourself

attractive. What you *do* with that stuff is up to you. You might think of it as just me being an old fuddy-duddy and throw the whole lot out – but I think we start tonight – if you've no objection?"

I looked at her and gulped. She just shook her head and laughed. "Come ON then, " she said kindly. "Let's just work on your eyebrows, Okay? A little thing at a time."

"I'm not sure . . ." I started, but she gave me a look.

We really didn't do an awful lot. But when Gloria and Jan got back, they were actually looking at me strangely. They couldn't fathom the *exact* change – and neither Emily nor I were going to tell them – but I was very conscious of my plucked eyebrows - especially the area between the eyebrows themselves – and the nude feeling above my eyelids. Of course that might have been the tiny trace of eye shadow I had on, but the guys didn't notice. On top of that I had a feeling.

Fright? Expectation? I don't know – but I'd been invited to a slumber party by Tiffany and Dorothy! Talk about being scared? Emily had known about it as the girls had left it up to her, but wasn't quite sure until she had come into her own mind. After she told me, I SO wanted to talk to someone other than her – though I had a terrible time even *thinking* of what Jan would say, her brother – being invited to a slumber party – like a *girl*? And what would Gloria think? It was cowardly, I knew, but I decided not to tell them.

Emily had told me, haltingly, while doing my eyebrows. "It'll be good for you Philippa," she said. "I can teach you some ways to appeal to Betty but those two, Dorothy and Tiffany? They'll probably teach you more in a few hours about that, than I can in weeks."

"But I don't know what to DO?" I said, once the shock of what she'd told me had gone away a little.. "After all, I'm a . . ."

If you were going to say 'boy'? " she laughed "-forget it! You're going *properly*. I'll help you!"

So? As I've probably indicated I was in a bit of a dither when the girls – guys- got home. At the same time, I had the feeling that they guessed that 'something' was up. They had to be told all right, but *not right at that moment*, I figured. I felt aunt Emily look at me a few times, but kept a very neutral expression on my face. She wiped it off though when having us all sit down for hot chocolate – which I served by the way - when she

announced simply. "Girls? I guess that's what I call you – but Philip here is coming out and I feel it's best to get it out in the open."

"Coming out – like he's a *girl*?" Jan asked after digesting this for a moment.

"Well – he hasn't been dressing as if he's some kind of circus performer!" Gloria said with some asperity. "Of *course* he's coming out as a girl!"

Emily laughed a little nervously. "I can tell by Philip's face that he wasn't expecting this." She spoke to me directly. "It's quite obvious, really – but the more we pussy foot about this thing, I feel that the more embarrassing it'll be in the long run." She then looked firmly at Jan and Gloria. "And I'm NOT kidding here! I don't want any bullshit from either one of you two – and don't think I won't know if it's going on and . . ."

"Aunty Emily?" Jan interrupted. "I think that Phil's crazy, putting on all that girly stuff. But now that I see him? He seems a lot happier – and frankly? I think he looks pretty good – for a girl that is!"

Gloria had been looking strange up to this point and I was really concerned. Okay, she'd taken away most of my boy clothes for one thing. But how did she feel if I was to start wearing hers – particularly the feminine kind that she was *saying* she didn't want? I had my worries decreased though as she turned on Jan. "I think he looks pretty damn nice! That's what I . . ."

"Gloria!" Aunt Emily burst in. "Language!" Then she softened a little bit. "Okay. That's most of the news. Now Philip's going to a slumber party with Dorothy and Tiffany tomorrow night – and we won't want any wisecracks from you two!"

"He's going to a party with those two – Betty's Bosom's?" Jan said, her mouth agape now. Then a thought struck her. "He going to join *them*? Start following Betty around? Almost like being HER girl?"

"That's crazy!" Gloria exploded, her face turning red. "He's just learning how girl's act from them. Isn't he mom?" She wouldn't look at me.

Emily coughed a little. "Well? There's truth in both of these statements." Then she looked embarrassed. "Philip does think highly of Betty – so that's another area you two should tread very lightly. I don't want his feelings getting hurt – okay?"

I felt myself blush. This was awful! I could see the truth – and the necessity – for what aunt Emily was saying – but sitting there dressed as I was – and admitting to those two that I wanted to be a girl? When I really wasn't that sure myself? Felt that I had to say 'something' at least. Found myself nervously plucking at my skirt and petticoat and looking down at the table. "Honest you two? I feel kinda stupid myself. It's . . ."

I felt my hand being taken. Looked up. To my surprise, it was Gloria! "Take it easy Philip. You'll be okay!" she said comfortingly as Emily butted in at the same time.

"He's just shy! I'll be taking him under my wing for the next few days - that's why I want you two to stay out of the way! If you can't say anything nice – just shut up! Okay? Come along Philip. We'll work on your hair a little bit."

What could I do? I looked up and Gloria was looking at me strangely, Emily was standing up – ready to make me MORE into a girl – while Jan was looking at me, a little dumfounded.

A little while later I sat in front of my mirror. Aunt Emily had shown me the proper way to hang up my skirt and blouse and fold away my petticoat – after ensuring that they would last me at least another wearing. I was wearing a soft yellow, linen nightgown, with white lace trim and a matching robe. My makeup had been removed and my face gleamed with crème. My hair was in larger rollers now and she was tying a soft scarf around them "Come along then," she said. "You're ready for bed."

I stood up. "Come along? Where?"

"Say goodnight to the other two," she said. Then she added kindly. "You have to dear. Come on. I'll tuck you in later."

Naturally, she was being cruel to be kind sort of thing. But I did notice one thing immediately. My slippers were soft and flat which must have done something. But I'll swear that I hadn't got smaller nor shrunk, yet when I finally said goodnight to me sister and Gloria, I felt so soft, weak – and tiny! Even with my hair up in rollers, it didn't seem to add to my height. I anything, I felt smaller. More feminine somehow as I kissed them goodnight. They seemed SO strong!

Even when Aunt Emily helped me out of my robe and into bed, I felt so soft and helpless as she sat on the bed beside me and tucked in the satin sheets. Arranged my dolls on the covers beside me. It was almost as if she read my mind. "I know that you must be feeling a little strange Philip. But

you look SO pretty that I'm sure that you'll gradually feel more and more comfortable as the daughter I've always wanted. Now give mummy a kiss!" She sighed happily as I simply laid there submissively for her kiss, though twined my soft pale arms softly around her neck as she lowered her lips onto mine. "My girl?" she whispered softly, but didn't say anything as I just kissed her instead of replying.

The next day was actually my first day acting properly as being a girl. After I had my hair brushed out I wore a white blouse and a plaid skirt. Under aunt Emily's watchful gaze I was extremely careful how I walked and sat. Not swish, or overly girlish, but sweetly and gently and it wasn't too long before my natural tendencies seemed to take over and I became her young girl. Once or twice, in private, she even fussed with my hair or apron bow – but then kissed me enthusiastically as if she couldn't help herself. Frankly, it was the very first time I'd ever been subjected to such constant and overwhelming approval and I bloomed.

I think that Jan and Gloria were unsure of me but, as the day progressed and I fitted more and more into my character, they accepted me more and more. I still felt glad though when they were off at some silly game or another when Dorothy's mom came and got me. Dorothy was hostess for that night and it saved everyone trips if her mom picked both me and Tiffany up on her way home from some trip or other.

She was a little early and eyed me up speculatively when I answered the door. By that time I had put on a blue dirndl skirt and an embroidered yellow peasant blouse. I wasn't sure what she knew of me as I led her into the living room, then excused myself a little as I had to do a few things in readiness for the trip. Had to leave her with aunt Emily as I went to make final preparations.

"So *that's* Philip?" I heard her say to aunt Emily. "He's very nice for a boy."

"That doesn't give you any problems?" Aunt Emily asked sweetly, but I heard the danger sounds in her voice.

"Most certainly NOT!" was the sincere reply. "I'm divorced and don't think I like men after my experience. When I see Philip? I can see that I may have done much better with a sweet boy like that! From what Dorothy tells me, you're doing a wonderful job!"

I couldn't hear what my aunt said in reply as I was heading for my bedroom for my overnight things, but I'm pretty sure that any doubts she

had were pretty well taken care of by that answer...

I couldn't help but blush at the pink suitcase on the bed. Inside it were a pretty nightdress and negligee. I'd said that I thought they were too formal. She'd come close to agreeing with me but finally said that she felt that as I had a LOT of sleepovers to make up for. On top of that, she added that she had another reason that she didn't want to discuss – so that was that. She added, laughing, that I may as well put on the dog for once. I had to admit that they were a pretty shade of blue.

Then there were my undies for the following day – a perfectly matched set of sea foam lingerie and pale hose. White, strappy, sandals – and a floral dress. The dress was hanging up until the last possible moment to reduce the chance of it creasing. There was also a plastic bag with my rollers – and a curling iron, just in case – and a plastic case with my makeup in it. Toothbrush and comb of course. Fluffy slippers – and I was ready once I put an angora sweater around my neck and did a final check on my makeup. Carefully, I put my dress into the case then clicked it shut. Picked it up and headed for my adventure.

Quickly I said a cheery farewell to aunt Emily – although I think that we both were feeling low at this, our first parting. Found myself being bundled into the car and off we went. Dorothy's mom demanded that I dispense with the formalities and call her Patricia. Had me sit up front with her as we went to pick up Tiffany. On our way, she suddenly slowed down and pulled over to a deserted part of the road. All of a sudden, I was nervous. Licked my lips. "Anything wrong Patricia?" I asked.

"Not really," she smiled and put a warm hand on the outside thigh portion of my skirt. "I just wanted to ask you a few questions. Do you mind?"

I couldn't help squirming under her hand a little, but her eyes were friendly. "I guess so, Patricia. If I CAN answer of course."

"Oh, I'm *sure* you can. You see, I've never met such a sweet boy before. Could never understand why males want to act and dress the way they do. I mean, there you are in a proper skirt and blouse. Hair done nicely and even have some makeup on. I've heard Dorothy and Tiffany RAVE about you and how big a help you are around Emily's house But I hope that you'll forgive me if I ask if you're gay?" Her hand patted my thigh and she added.. "Not that I have any *objection* – but I'd really like to

know? You can tell me. That way. I'll have a better idea of how to treat you when you're with the girls."

I blushed furiously. "Oh, I'm not. Honestly."

Her brow furrowed. "But I don't understand, You mean that underneath?" Her hand stroked my skirt. "You're really a GUY?"

"Yes ma'am. I guess so," I admitted.

"Mmmmm! Does that mean I have to watch you around Dorothy or Tiffany?"

I think my shock was genuine as I answered. "Oh no ma'am! I don't think that they're *interested* in me"

"But are you interested in them? Either one?" she asked suspiciously. Then her expression changed. "You like *Betty*. Is that it?"

My expression must have given me away, because she laughed and the car started pulling away on to the road again. She patted my thigh once again just as we reached the road. "I guess that you must want to be a girl after all – all of you girls seem to have a crush on her. I wonder what she has. Anyway? It's just as well she isn't coming tonight." She laughed some more. "Just you, Tiffany, and a few other girls." Her laughter resounded even more. "Guess I don't have to worry about you making a fool of yourself then. Let's go!"

I hadn't heard anything about any other girls and I'd assumed that Betty would be coming to the slumber party. It was therefore in a mixture of fright at meeting new people and disappointment that I saw Tiffany standing and waiting for us with two strange girls – very alike – standing beside her. They were twins, Evelyn and Esme and, as I had never met them properly, it was suggested that I join them in the back seat with them on the trip to Dorothy's.

It may sound silly, I know, but sitting there in the back seat with an attractive girl on each side of me, Tiffany and Dorothy's mom sitting up front that it dawned on me as to just how much I was now accepting a girl's life. Naturally both twins had been told all about me and they were properly astonished at how nice looking I was – and even I was a little amazed at how easily I slipped into the conversation with the other girls, complimenting each other on our clothes, our hairdos, and our makeup. Sat in the back with the other two girls, our skirts taking up so much of the room and felt myself blush when I could see how natural this was all coming to me.

It turned out that Esme and Evelyn's mother had dropped them off at Tiffany's to make the pick up a lot easier – and that Tiffany's mother had been very busy on the phone when we'd drawn up, so had just urged them out to us. I was feeling a little better at this – one less woman to meet and therefore, less questions about myself.

But I discovered why neither of the twins had ever showed up at aunt Emily's. They were absolutely, boy crazy! Weren't interested in keeping house in any way, shape, or form. It didn't take them long to whisper this in my ear, nor for them to check out that I was really a boy! Under the guise of getting into some girlish secrets, each used an arm around my neck to pull me into a tight little grouping – then used their free hands up under my skirts! As Patricia and Tiffany were having a conversation up front, this action was hidden some. Imprisoned somewhat by their closeness and female strength, I found myself lying there, practically helpless.

"Mmm! I think he's a boy after all!" Whispered Esme, stroking my erection.

"Such a shame!" her sister laughed, her soft hand stroking me as well - and feeling my underwear. "Kinda small – but he might have done if we were desperate!"

"What are you girls going on about back there!" Patricia said loudly, though there was a sound of laughter in her voice that led me to believe that she wasn't completely innocent. With muffled giggles, the twins removed their hands slowly from under my skirts assuring Patricia that it was just some 'girl talk' that had been going on. Glassy eyed I was absolutely pleased. I felt that I'd been right on the point of cumming – and was panicked at the thought of the mess I might make of my skirt. Both twins smiled salaciously at me as they removed their hands.

Finally, with a great deal of happy squealing, we finally arrived, Dorothy greeting us all with kisses as her mom parked the car. Quickly we were led up to Dorothy's bedroom which was large and pretty – with a HUGE bed and two sleeping bags against the wall. Then me and the other girls hung our stuff up and put our lingerie away. My gown and negligee drew a lot of comments, especially from the twins – who had both brought satin pajamas in dark blue and matching robes. But soon we all trooped downstairs to a buffet type dinner that Dorothy had prepared. I think that all of us were to excited to eat much, but then after we finished we cleaned up after ourselves, said 'goodnight' to Patricia, and made our way upstairs.

I was shy about changing and probably took more time than I should have in the bathroom, but there was a surprise waiting for me when I got out. Both Tiffany and Dorothy greeted me in outfits almost identical to mine – the soft blue nightdresses and negligees. They had changed in the bedroom while I used the bathroom. "I don't think there's much sense in thinking he's a boy now!" Esme chuckled. "Fits right in with the other two!"

"What do you mean – BOY?" Tiffany laughed as she and Dorothy closed in around me and laid soft hands on me. "Let's get him properly made up! Then, we'll see who's a BOY!"

They weren't kidding either. By the time they were finished there was absolutely no indications of any boyishness left in me. My hair was curled and I was scented and, as a crowning touch? They'd got a pair of false breasts for me. I hadn't any bra of my own of course, but even though my new orbs were mounted by a form of adhesive, the girls thought I'd look better in what they called a "Sleep-bra" – a very lacy light weight cup for my new breasts. It took a little while for the obvious to dawn on me now.

Dorothy, Tiffany, and myself were now practically identical in our soft blue nightgowns and negligees – almost right down to the slippers. My hair had been curled into a very close approximation of theirs and I even took part in helping all three of us have identical nail polish. There wasn't any kind of hierarchal level established, but there WAS a 'split'. The two twins in their pajamas and robes were decidedly girlish but the other three of us could only be described as ultra-feminine.

I found myself, again, looking around me somewhat desperately. There wasn't anything said now – but there was an air of assumption. I had aligned myself, willingly, with soft girls – that liked other girls – whereas there were two other girls who liked boys. If anything, I was now firmly joined into a group considered even more feminine than the normal girl. I did manage to console myself that it was only us five who saw this, so didn't feel so bad.

After we'd prettied ourselves all up, Dorothy pointed to a large group of hat boxes. Seemingly Patricia had been a dress designer for a stage group at one time and had this whole bunch of hats. The other girls had done this on other occasions so fell on the hats with squeals of joy – and made sure that I joined them. It took me a while, but I gradually started to have fun, trying on the various pieces of millinery and both giving and receiving

compliments when something looked nice on one of the other girls. Finally, we all settled down and picked on hat we particularly liked. I had a nice dark blue straw, cloche type with a veil. Must admit that it made me feel even more sultry and feminine. Kinda mysterious, if you want to know the truth.

Then we all sat around, having a desultory game of Trivial Pursuit, with the others talking about boys (in the case of the twins) or Betty. Naturally, I didn't join in, but both Dorothy and Tiffany kept on teasing me until I blushingly admitted that Betty had kissed me a few times – and then they withdrew from me how I'd felt when she'd been masterful with me. It wasn't long before I was one with the other girls – though I blushed more than they did as various accounts were related.

Patricia interrupted us one time to shout up that drinks of hot chocolate and cookies were available. The other girls were giggling about something, but wouldn't let me in on it – demanding that I go and give Dorothy a hand to bring the stuff up. I felt shy appearing in front of Patricia then, but she met me with raised eyebrows and said how pretty I was – and to make sure I complimented Tiffany on what a great job she and Dorothy had done. She obviously had a difficult time figuring why Dorothy was having a fit of nervous giggles too – but ended up, shooing us off to bed – saying the dirty dishes could wait until the following morning.

When we got back to the bedroom, Evelyn let us into the bedroom with a sly grin, then quietly shut and locked the door behind us. I still had no idea what was going on, although all the girls were giggling now – and then, from behind a curtain, Betty appeared – smiling. And yes, it was Betty although in jeans and sweat shirt, unlike any Betty I'd ever known who'd sneaked in. Dorothy put down her tray and flung herself into Betty's arms. "Thought you'd NEVER get here!" she managed before she was thoroughly kissed.

Then it was my turn. I stood there, frozen, until Betty let Dorothy go. Then she looked at me. "You look very pretty Philippa!" she said with a grin. "Why aren't you coming to give Betty a nice kiss? Don't you like her any more?" She smiled invitingly. "Wouldn't you like to get a taste of what it feels like – to be one of Betty's Brides? Why don't you put that tray down and come and say hello properly?" She held out her arms with a questioning look on her face.

And now someone – I think it was Esme, had taken my tray and the girls were pressing around behind me. Soft and pliant, I drew closer and closer to her. "That's SUCH a pretty hat!" she said comfortingly pulling me into her arms. "Ever been kissed through a veil before?" She let out a light laugh as, speechless, I fitted myself into her arms and felt her lips in mine through the gauze of the veil. "You looks SO pretty with breasts!" she said nicely as she let me ease back breathless. "I think you should wear them like that all the time?" Then she kissed me again as I heard the comforting laughs from around me.

Looking back I think that there may have been a little nervousness on Dorothy and Tiffany's part. Let's face it, I was now dressed as a girl and even acted the part – but would I *act* the part when treated that way by Betty? I think that my behavior answered that question for them and the fact that I sat on her knees and allowed her to feed me the little bites of cookie and sips of chocolate, helped them to believe that I was ready for the next step.

It was SO easy, lying there in her arms feeling all soft and feminine to agree that it was nice to feel her strong arms around me – and that it would indeed be selfish of me to deny that Dorothy, Tiffany, and myself were all sisters under the skin – and that I'd never be jealous of Betty ever spending a little time with the other two – because, let's face it – I WAS a little different. Wasn't that right? There was understanding soft laughter from my companions as her hand rested lightly on my erection through the soft material of the negligee and robe and I nodded obediently through a hypnotized glaze that seemed to cover my eyes.

Then I agreed that the hard something that seemed to work its way into my mouth was pleasant. Kinda tasteless perhaps – but if Betty thought I'd like it, I surely would as she held it in her hand and manipulated it a little! Then for a little while, there was Dorothy with her face very close to mine, fighting in a friendly way to kiss this thing as well, making little humming and sucking noises and encouraging me to do the same. Then she was replaced by Tiffany and she was doing the same thing!

Very gently then, I was lifted so that the thing was out of my mouth and I was kneeling in front of Betty with Dorothy on one side and Tiffany on the other, all of us tight together in our pretty nightwear, a beautiful confection and softness, all giggling and laughing softly as we undid Betty's pants and pulled them down to reveal her smooth and lithe muscularity – all

taking turns at kissing her and telling her how handsome she was. Of course I felt strange, but there was so little I seemed to be capable of arguing with and the insistent arms and actions of my companions seemed to demand my participation in idolizing and worshiping Betty. Then we seemed to have some sort of harness in our hands and with a great deal of light hearted giggling on our part – and some squirming and wiggling on Betty's part, I finally realized that she wore a dildo that emerged from her groin and projected straight – well almost straight – up at us.

The twins kept coming closely into view. They didn't join in as much, but certainly weren't condemning us in any way – just interested in what we were doing – and particularly observant of what I was doing with many pats and whispers of approval for me in the process.. And then Tiffany and myself were lying together on the bed, lightly kissing and cuddling, but with some physical action going on at our back. I wasn't sure, but from the delighted sounds emanating from Dorothy, had the feeling that she was being mounted by Betty. There wasn't anything really sexual going on between me and my partner, but it was very pleasant just being there – and I fell asleep.

Girls are no different than boys in the early morning. Sleep addled and eyes all gummed up they stumble around blindly during the initial process of waking up, and I was no different. I guess that I should have felt out of place more but I was being assimilated into a girl world more and more. Had to go to the bathroom and relieve myself, just as before – although decency required that I make as little noise as possible by sitting down in the bathroom, but other than that I floated around in my nightwear after putting on my negligee and didn't feel out of place at all. As a matter of fact, it took me a fair amount of time to notice that Betty was not there, even though mention was made of this although Dorothy seemed very pleased with herself and sly looks seemed to be passed from Esme and Evelyn on a regular basis.

I was amazed at the way in which the girls all helped each other get ready. It just seemed so *natural* somehow, the way we checked each other out – I got a LOT of compliments about my floral dress and I had to admit that it fitted much better now when the other girls loaned me a proper bra and made me keep my false breasts on – but it wasn't too long before we all trooped down to face Patricia and help set up breakfast. Again, everything was very low key and comfortable – though she did smile pleasantly at me

and commented how nicely my dress fitted me, her eyes upon my new bosom. But once we cleared away, it took us no time at all before we had re-packed and were saying our goodbyes and thanks to Dorothy and bundled into the car – and back home again.

I was shy in presenting myself back home in my new 'configuration' but guessed (rightly) that aunt Emily wouldn't mind. Naturally, I was shy about letting Jan and Gloria see me but even though Jan smiled and shook her head a little, I felt that she really approved. Gloria looked at me with the strangest expression though and I felt all wrong. I'd got it in my mind that she'd never wanted the nice clothes for herself but grudged me wearing them – even though she obviously enjoyed mine – they were hardly off her back, I noticed. A real dog in the manger attitude, I thought.

Later on that day I was doing some minor cleaning in the living room. Aunt Emily was outside and visible, cutting some flowers for display when her cell phone rang. I saw her answer it and, from her pleased expression, knew it was one of her friends. Laughed as she sat down on a bench and started a conversation. Busy with her then, I was totally surprised when I found Gloria standing beside me. Jumped out of my skin practically.

"Philip? We gotta TALK!" she said.

"It's not MY fault!" I said earnestly, my hand to my breast (In true feminine fashion!)

She lost her look of determination. "*What* isn't?" she asked, puzzled now..

"MY fault! You took MINE you know!"

There was a pause while she digested this. "What the hell are you *talking* about?"

"Your mom doesn't like that kind of language Gloria!" I said primly.

She shook her head. "You sound just like my mom! I want to talk about one thing – and you keep on changing the subject on me!" Then she surprised me by taking my hands in mine. "Look, mom's busy and I never get a chance to talk to you – so can we talk?"

"You're not mad at me for wearing your clothes?"

Her astonished look was answer enough. "What gave you that idea?" She asked, then I noticed that she hadn't let go of my hands. Noticed that she had got noticeably red in the face. "What's the matter Gloria?" I asked, all concerned.

"Your hands. They're nice and soft," she mumbled.

"My what – are *what*?" I answered, suddenly noticing that my hands were actually smaller than hers.

"They're pretty – like you!" she said.

And suddenly, I could tell. She liked me! Gloria! Then dumbfounded, I felt her pull me into her arms – and her lips were on mine! I found myself struggle – but knew it was just for show. Then I threw my arms around her neck and kissed her back. "Oh Gloria!" I said. "I thought you hated me!"

"Huh? That's stupid!" she said.

"But we ARE cousins after all!" I muttered shyly. "We shouldn't feel this way."

"I'm not your real cousin – dummy!" she laughed. "Didn't you know I was adopted? But I thought you wanted to be Betty's . ." she paused.

"Girlfriend?"

A jolt of something went through me, at the thought of Betty. I knew that *some* feeling had gone through me the night before – but I also knew that I needed time to think about all that – time to myself. Knew also that Gloria was extremely important to me – and that her news that we weren't cousins after all had really shook me up.

"I like her," I said honestly. "But I like you too."

Her face lighted up but had some suspicion in it. "You didn't have sex with her last night at that stupid slumber party?"

I thought of me and the other two Betty's Brides and what we'd done the night before. Told the *legal* truth – if not the actuality. "Betty wasn't invited to the party by Dorothy's mom! What kind of a girl – boy – do you take me for?" I said this all haughtily.

This had the desired affect because she looked appropriately humble. But just then, I saw that Emily was finishing her call outside. I must admit that I was reluctant myself but knew that breaking off the conversation at that point was about the best thing I could do.

We didn't have a chance to talk all of that day, although I could see the yearning looks she would throw my way. At first I didn't understand her reluctance to talk in front of aunt Emily but then thought (accurately) that after checking out my feelings for her, she wanted to break Emily's mind in gradually to the idea. At the same time, I really DID want time to myself to think things out. I knew that I was very confused.

I spent time readying myself for bed that night. Took a nice long scented bath and took my first attempt at doing my hair. Emily was SO proud when

I presented myself to her. Made some adjustments, but kissed me happily and patted my satin clad backside, saying she'd see me on the morrow. Happily, I closed the inter connecting doors and climbed into bed.

I was determined to think, but I felt so drowsily content thinking about Gloria and Betty that my eyes started to shut. And then something wasn't the same – a hard taut body was slipping into bed beside me.

"Huh? What? " I mumbled, bet then I was in Gloria's arms – and she was in front of – and kissing me! "All I wanted to do was just talk!" she whispered, "But I can't help it! You look SO kissable!"

I may have been sleepy, but I came awake in a hurry. Didn't want to arouse Emily of course but silently took Gloria into my waiting arms. Stroked and kissed her hungrily, while she did the same to me. Quite honestly, it wasn't long before my nightgown was being lifted up my thighs and her lithe body was slowly climbing onto mine. I was surprised, but not altogether that she had a condom for me. We both let out groans of happiness as she fitted it on, then herself around me, then slowly lifted and rose on my erection.

It was SO wonderful but we finally finished. She went silently into the bathroom and got cloths to clean ourselves. "You've made me so happy! Please don't be mad at me?" she pleaded. "Jan was sleeping when I left – and mom might hear, So it's best if I go now? Maybe we can talk tomorrow?"

I nodded, sleepily in full agreement, content. Frankly, I may have been asleep before she was out of the bedroom.

"Hi there – my little girl?" Someone was whispering in my ear. Now turning me around and kissing me firmly – and in the half light I saw Betty!

"What? What are you doing here?" I mumbled sleepily, but found my arms winding around her neck and pulling her down for a kiss.

"Well? I like to sneak into places and been thinking about you. I thought you showed me last night that you wanted to be one of my Brides? You were SO soft and lovely - but I thought you might like some privacy the first time?"

"Mmmm?" I mouthed non-committedly, but found myself out from under the covers now and undulating up against her hand.

"That's my girl! Want to be my little sweet bride? I got a little dildo for you the first time. Wasn't that nice of Betty?"

"But I don't know what to DO?" I mumbled, half heartedly.

"SURE you do! I've got my harness on. But I thought you might want to give him a little kiss before you fit him on properly? C'mon now. Pout for Betty!"

And I found myself pouting as something found it's way into my mouth, and then it just seemed so natural to kiss and suck it – and I could tell that Betty was enjoying the sounds I made. Then she laughed. "I think you're all ready for me dear and we don't have all night. Think I'll turn you over now. Okay?"

The thing was gone from my mouth and Betty was fitting a pillow under my tummy. "I'll take it slow," she said. "But will you do something for me?"

I turned my head and looked at her helplessly.

"Why don't you cuddle and kiss this lovely dolly here?" she said, putting a large satin clad doll into my arms. "It just seems so like YOU!" she laughed as she fitted it into my helpless arms.

And she took me as I lay there cuddling my dolly and feeling the softness in my arms and the hardness in my back passage as she took me and made me her Bride. I actually found myself kissing and talking soft nonsense to the doll as she made me into the next best thing as a woman. I knew I wasn't supposed to like it and had to admit that I mostly didn't? But there was 'something' there.

Aunt Emily looked at me searchingly the next day, seeming to sense something out of kilter but didn't press the issue. I was ashamed but, to tell the truth, had started to wonder what I really *wanted*. Yes, Gloria was my ideal – and yes, there was shame in being a plaything of Betty's but I kept going from one thing to another. Found my knees knocking a little.

Gloria and I had sex a few times more that me and Betty, but I still couldn't make up my mind. And then there came a new development. One day, Emily announced that we'd better tidy up – my mom was coming shortly!

Jan wasn't so bad. Excited of course but okay with it. On the other hand, I was open mouthed. I fingered my shoulder length hair and stared at Emily. Fingered my dress. "She can't see me like *this*!" I said, damn near crying with fright.

"Of course she can't. Go and put that nice floral dress on with the white lace collar. Those strappy white sandals and the faux black pearls. Hurry now!"

I shook my head, but she was adamant. "Now be quiet Gloria!" she said. "I've got something in mind. So you just behave!"

I knew that I resembled Gloria more and more these days – aunt Emily liked the look I figured, and was gradually making me into her ideal – but this was the very first time, she'd ever called me 'Gloria' – but I didn't correct her.

Mom didn't recognize me at first – but after a little while – especially once she saw Gloria and how SHE was dressed, seemed to be a lot more accepting.

Turns out that aunt Emily saw something. Something that changed our lives around. Gloria? She got a different haircut – then took off with mom and Jan for a while. I'm staying here with aunt Emily – though I have Gloria's driver's license and everything. All three – mom, Jan, and Gloria, seem happy and have to do one short swing around the country. After that? They'll be moving into a house not far from here. At that time? We'll make up our minds. Gloria as me? Me as Gloria? We'll see.

Gloria (the real one) is excited but didn't want to leave me. She doesn't know anything about Betty though – and I want it kept that way for a while. Matter of fact? I have set a date with Betty tomorrow night. Wonder what dress I'll wear? Maybe I'll talk it over with aunt Emily. I think she's guessed about Betty now.

The end

AND A LITTLE SISSY SHALL LEAD THEM!

The war was over. By the use of clean bombs hardly any damage had been done. That is, that you don't count the damage to the civilian population of course. Other than a few cripples, men had practically disappeared. Boys were left, and not a great many of them. My mother having had some status in our small town, being married to one of the honchos, had protected me. He had returned from the war to discover that most of the power now lay in the hands of the black marketers – mostly women at that. He was a smart man, but unable to accept that women had a LOT of power now. He had grudgingly accepted them, but not the conquerors. He disappeared about a year before this action. Before the war our women had known their place. Now things were different. I'm not sure he ever accepted that. Went away without a word.

"David?" My mom said. "We have to talk dear."

I love my mom dearly, but she is a bit of a dither – women, you know. "Mom?" I tried to be as nice as I could. "It's just about time for soccer practice."

She sighed. "We need to talk darling. This is serious."

There was something in her face and in her eyes. Truthfully, I think I knew something about what she was going to say – and it terrified me. Okay, I wasn't that old, but was the man in the family. It almost didn't seem fair after all – that so much responsibility should rest on my shoulders. Almost tried to ignore her, but finally knew that it WAS time. I still didn't give in entirely though. "All right mom!" I said in a bored tone, but sat at the kitchen table. She sat across from me and took my hands in hers. Some tears stood in her eyes. "We're almost broke David."

I had to say it. "Well mom? I know that the real estate market sucks since the war is over, but this is still a . . ."

She was shaking her head. "I've borrowed everything I can on this house. There's nothing left – in fact we could get thrown out by the bank any day."

It was my turn to be astonished. "But I'd no idea, mom!"

"You have now. I don't even know if I can keep you playing soccer."

I tried to hide my astonishment but had a hard time. "But it's only a pittance to play mom! And I'm one of the better players!"

She shook her head. "That may be son, but it's a pittance we don't have any more. You may as well face this, if it wasn't for the potatoes we get three times a week? We'd probably starve!"

I looked at her in awe. Starvation was not unknown at that time. I myself knew some kids who had starved almost. The only thing available to them was to sell themselves into slavery. Poor girls – but that was life – and what were girls good for, huh? I had looked down on some of these kids myself – was it possible that the same thing might happen to me? Mom saw my recoil. Shook her head. "Dear? I don't know what the future holds. Mrs. Wilk herself has professed an interest in hiring me . . ."

"But she used to be YOUR maid mom!" I blurted. "Used to do even what I told her. If it wasn't for the black market during the war, she'd still be a servant! And those *rotten* kids of hers!" Then mom quieted down immediately. There were rumors, right or wrong that the Wilks were related in some way to the enemy. No one knew for sure, but why take the chance on disappearing some night?

I had a flush of resentment ride up my neck. Before the war there had been two teams – the boys and the girls. Naturally, the boys looked down on the girls. Nowadays, although soccer was still very popular there really wasn't enough boys – many of the men and boys having been killed. Now we just had two teams with girls predominant in the senior team, although there were no boys in the second, just girls. Greta the eldest Wilk girl now played on the First team beside me. She was a bully who simply held her place because of her mother's power. It was sickening how many people cowered before her. I must admit that I steered clear of her as well. In the old days, with my father being a big noise in the town, I was the recognized leader. Now, it was her that led. I was realist enough to realize that adult position had something to do with this, but it still rankled.

Then her younger sister Frances was nearly as bad although she didn't get in the way quite as much. She basically headed up the cheerleaders – nothing but a group of gossiping girls, but again with the shift, they held a lot of power – and she was the leader of that bunch of gossips. Before the war the boys hadn't paid any attention to the cheerleaders but with so many slots of the football being filled by the girls now, they all sucked up to Frances and her gang, just in case. She wanted to be like her sister but was held in check by her position in the family hierarchy. This bugged her I think – but what are little sisters to do when competing with their big ones?

Their mother was BIG – lets face it. They weren't, but both of them had athletic builds and the family blonde hair and the cold blue eyes, Greta was older than me, so had the right to be bigger. Frances was a little younger, but still had a tendency to be bigger than me. Both of them had that same, unfathomable, stare. Could make one feel VERY uncomfortable.

I brought my mind back to the present, looked at my distraught mom. "I don't know how to help you mom. Is there anything I can do?" Sighed, a little resentfully. Hey! It was her place to look after ME!

She shook her head. "I can't think of anything either." She sighed. "Maybe it's just as well if you DO go to practice. At least one of us can take our minds off of this terrible fix we're in. I may have an appointment with Mrs. Wilks, so if I'm not home, I'll try and leave something for you to eat. God knows what it'll be, but we'll manage I guess." Tears were in her eyes as she spoke but she was the adult I figured. Sure, I had some responsibility, but I couldn't see anything I could do. Plus? I had a soccer practice to go to.

At practice the changing rooms had taken on a new flavor I noticed. A single room didn't provide what was needed now, but we all did in the one. They hadn't changed anything that I could see, but now, with more girls than boys the whole place had a different ambience. I really can't say I'd noticed it before, but the girls seemed to have this kind of swagger to them while the boys seemed shy and diffident – at least I felt that way.

You see, for some reason both Greta and Frances seemed to feel the same. They'd pass smiling, private, glances between each other. Then Greta especially seemed to find some reason to hug me. Nothing much, mind you – but I still felt kinda out of things. I probably would have reacted differently but what mom had said before practice got to me. Found myself suffering their cold embraces quite nicely. Didn't know quite what to say, just stood there as they mockingly put arms around me. I didn't play too well at practice. Must have had something on my mind. Had no real reason to complain as Greta lambasted me in front of everyone. Just stood there and took it. Both sisters gave me hugs later – but there was something condescending about them, if you know what I mean.

When I got home, mom was waiting for me. She had a worried look on her face. "We have plenty of time for Mrs. Wilks, but she wants you to come along as well. Said something about interviewing the *whole* family. I don't know what she meant David. But you don't mind, do you?"

"I guess not mom," I said although I felt nervous for some reason. Naturally, I'd showered but mom wasn't satisfied until I had a fresh pair of shorts (It didn't seem formal enough for long pants) ankle socks and a clean sports shirt.

Again I had this funny prescience when we arrived – almost as if the girls were licking their chops. A rather pretty young maid met us at the door and smiled at us as she led us into the sitting room where the sisters and mother awaited us. I'd met the mother before of course, but she seemed huge sitting there in the couch. Didn't get up to greet us I noticed. Then, with a pleasant enough smile on her face, although I detected signs of a sneer, she had mom stand in front of her to be interviewed, while I was waved negligently to a sofa between the two girls. A feeling of claustrophobia immediately came over me. For some reason the girls seemed to be very close and strangely, I felt lessened by all this. Almost as if I were in their clutches?

I shook this silly feeling off. I was surprised at the presence of us young folks in that room, but hid it. Right away though, it was obvious that Mrs. Wilk was conducting an interview. She was pleasant enough but made a few comments that had mom stand almost at attention with her hands crossed over her lap. With a slight smile the room was reminded that the positions had been reversed some years ago – and how *unfortunate* mom had been to be undergoing this right now – a maid for goodness sake! Nevertheless questions and stuff had to be asked, wasn't that right? Nervously, mom swallowed and nodded frequently – and obsequiously – as Mrs. Wilk continued.

To my surprise she made it clear that she was well informed of our poor circumstances and even added something I hadn't been informed of. Mom and myself were to be evicted any day now. At this point, mom was almost in tears and, to tell the truth, I wasn't very far behind her.

"Very well Monica!" Mrs. Wilk said with some authority to mom. "I can give you a short trial tonight serving dinner. Would that be all right?"

"Oh yes ma'am" my mom said, and I had the morbid pleasure of seeing her curtsy before someone else for the first time. But I was a guy. What did women's shame have to do with me?

Mrs. Wilk nodded regally. "Very good Monica! Off you go with Sally and get dressed for serving us our dinner while I go over a few things with David."

Mom licked her lips. "He really IS a very nice boy ma'am. But a boy nonetheless."

"Very good Monica," Mrs. Wilk said coldly. "When I want your opinion? I'll ask for it! Now off you go! David? Come over here to me, would you?"

My mom reddened but Sally the other maid showed as if from nowhere and my mom curtsied again, and thanked ma'am, as I got up from my sofa.. She left the room, leaving me feel VERY nervous. "Where shall I come ma'am. In front of you?" I asked tremulously.

"NOT at all dear! I want you and me – and my daughters to be the very BEST of friends. Why don't you come sit on my lap, huh?

"Your LAP ma'am?"

She waved me to her with a waggle of her big fingers. "David dear? I remember that you were a little stand offish in the old days. You're not that way any more, are you?"

"No ma'am. I don't *think* I was that way." I heard the cowardice in my voice. This woman was SO big!

"So? You have no objection to being friendly now, do you? Come and sit on Ethel's lap – like a good little boy!"

She took me onto her lap, where I was made to feel immediately tiny. Spoke to the girls. "If you don't stop that sniggering? I'll send you away. Is that what you want?"

"No mama dear!" they said in unison. "Pleeeese let us stay? We want to watch!" There was a gleeful tone to their voices now.

"Only if you behave! You don't mind if they stay – do you David?"

She only had one arm around me, but I was totally powerless. "No ma'am?" I said with a shake in my voice – because her free hand had found it's way onto my penis! She stroked me gently, then *kissed* me!

"Ommhh" I gasped.

Then she lifted her lips. "Oh, I'm SO terrible! I just remembered that as a young male you were insufferable." She stroked me again, while the two brats giggled. "But you're not that way any more. Are you?"

"No," I whispered helplessly. "Please don't"

"Aw! I just wanted to get your reaction," she said. "A brutal, masculine, male living amongst all of us helpless females! Promise you won't take advantage of us?" Her words made sense, but the tone was mocking to say the least!

Her strokes were feather light now and all I could do was look helplessly into her blue eyes as I settled comfortably into her strong arms. Then Greta and Frances were close up, their faces devilish with delight as I succumbed to their mother. They let out delighted oohs and aahs as, whimpering, I came all over my shorts and under shorts, the stain being very evident within moments.

"Oh Yech!" said Ethel. "I thought you'd have more self control than that! And here, your mother will be serving us up dinner in a little while! " She shook her head in an aggravated fashion. "You can't go home and change – it's too far!"

"I've got shorts and under shorts he can use mama," Greta said happily. "Come along with me, David! We'll get you out of those sopping wet things!" She led me away.

I was exhausted, but still managed to complain a little. I was shut up by Greta offering to get Mrs. Wilk back in – if I wanted? Accordingly, I was very embarrassed to appear in front of Ethel in Raspberry pink shorts – with bright yellow lacy bloomers underneath. The unfortunate thing was that the bloomers were just a little long for the shorts, so that the yellow lace edgings showed nicely. Ethel assured me that my outfit was adorable! Had me sit on her lap when my mother – now in a maid's uniform – was paraded in front of us. I saw mom's eyes! She was humiliated, but said nothing.

The meal was strange. There was myself and three girls – women? Sitting at a table – acting almost like four women while my own mother waited on us like a servant. I couldn't meet her eyes though, in truth, I don't think she wanted me too.

Greta used the end of the meal to tell everyone that she felt that the shorts might have a defective zipper (Girls shorts, they zipped up the back and had a little bow at the front. She made me tuck my shirt in) and as I obviously wouldn't want anyone to see my panties? Had sewed me in at the back zipper. My mom would have to help me out of my pretty shorts when we got home.

Mom's expression was wooden as she served us and, for a time, I thought she'd tell everyone where to go, but as I was made to sit on Ethel's lap with my finger in my mouth and let the girls tease me about my clothes, the moment passed. The evening closed with Ethel thanking us both warmly – then sending us home until two days in the future, when we were to take up residence in her house.

"In the name of God!" Mom exploded when we got far enough away. "These are *girls* clothes! What on earth possessed you? Bright yellow panties indeed!" Her shame was evident.

I started to cry. It was almost dark, but I still drew some curious looks from passer byes. With the war and all, a lot of people had to wear strange clothes, but what I had on was still outside the pale. "I waited for YOU to do something!" I wept. "But you didn't!"

"I don't know WHAT to do!" Mom said. "I have the strangest feeling that it's her that's causing us all this misery. But I can't think of what to DO!" And *she* started to cry as well. "What can I do? I'm helpless!" she said as we held each other. Then she said something strange. "You're a MAN – didn't it dawn on you to say *something*? Lacy panties indeed!"

The next day was silliness. Yes I admit it. Like something blind stuck in a trap I felt a need to scurry about. I had no money. Couldn't even hitch a ride as there was very little transportation and truck drivers looked on everyone as either a business or government spy. I went and spoke with my only friend Tommy. I didn't go into details, but said that I was having a LOT of troubles with my mom. His mother was nice – but obviously hoped it was just a short term problem – how was she able to take care of another non-productive mouth, huh? Okay, as a woman she had certain obligations to pay to me, but she was still put out.

That night, mom came around to see me. Wept. Mrs. Wilk would not take her, without me. Said that she didn't like to hire people from broken homes! I looked at mom's tear stained face and gave in. The following day Mrs. Wilk provided us with a cart to move our meager stuff in. The awful shame when Greta, allowing that I was a guest, made me walk hand in hand with her sister Frances as *she* gave a hand to pull the cart was a humiliation, the likes of which I'd never had before. Walking along, almost as if I was a girl – while *women* did physical work?

At the house, further humiliations were to follow. Mom was assigned to a nice enough bedroom. Plain but nice. But she had to share it with Sally. I, on the other hand, was given a lovely room that fitted between Greta and Frances. "It IS a little feminine – all these pinks and mauves," Ethel said airily. "The left over cosmetics that the girls store in here – even those dolls on the satin bed cover? We actually designed the room for girl guests but my two even used a lot of the closet and drawer space for their excess clothes and lingerie. Aren't they AWFUL?" But naturally she expected me

not to disagree, so I didn't – and settled in to what was nothing more nor less than a pretty, feminine, room. She put a large arm around my shoulders. "I want you to feel right at home here. Don't want to be able to tell you and my girls apart! Got that? This is a democracy now! "

I looked into her mocking eyes and nodded. She grinned.

The beginning was rough. Okay, I was treated disdainfully but almost as if I were an honored guest – while my mom was treated just like a maid. She could pass a few words on to me while we were alone, but she'd get strange looks – as I would – if we were caught talking by ourselves. If there was anyone else there, forget it. She was a maid, pure and simple. It took me quite a long time to discover that the girls looked on me as somewhat of a toy. Didn't quite know what to do with me at first, but with their mother's coaching gradually learned.

Of course this seemed just too ridiculous for words and my mental processes followed my own reasoning, naturally. But there WAS something off kilter about a boy having to treat his very own mother as some sort of servant. Whether this was done deliberately to cut me loose from the one anchor I had, I don't know. But *something* went on! At the same time, knowing that my mother's livelihood – and mine – depended on their goodwill, I gradually learned a form of obedience. Gradually their delight at this became more and more noticeable.

Take for instance the time I was made to go and stand in a corner! Yes, like an infant! I can't remember what it was for. I did make an error of sorts – no question about it, but it was minor, believe me. We were all at the dinner table when the subject of my misbehavior came up.

"Oh, he did, did he?" Ethel snorted, staring at me. "Well I won't put up with any kind of misbehavior from you David, so I intend to treat you exactly the same as the girls!"

Now this sounds very good but to my knowledge she had never punished either of her two girls for anything – certainly not that I ever saw. "You sorry?" she grunted at me.

I blinked. She was taking a minor thing to extremes I thought, but my mom was there attending table so what else could I say, except. "Yes Ethel, I'm sorry"

"That's not quite good enough!" she snapped. "You think perhaps that just because we treat you like a guest here, that you can get away with

things that the other girls cannot?" The scorn was dripping from her tongue now. "Stand up, and come over here in front of me!"

Nervously, I left most of my dinner uneaten and went to stand before her. "I really should spank you!" she said. "But I think I will be merciful instead. Does that please your majesty?"

Honest to god, I felt like curtseying – almost did, but it didn't save me.

"I think you're sorry now. Is this true?" she asked silkily.

The fact that what I'd done was SO minor, was now long gone. "Oh yes Ethel!" I murmured, knowing full well that my eyes were frightened.

"Good," she sighed contentedly. "I want you to go and stand over there in that corner until I tell you to come out! Got that?"

"Oh yes Ethel," I said. And, shame on shame, almost bobbed another curtsy! Started to move to the corner. But she stopped me.

"That's not ALL!" she snapped. "If you had an apron or a pinafore, the way that young girls do? I'd have you cross your hands over in front of that. But you don't, have you?"

"No ma'am." I said quietly.

"Monica?" she said to my mom. "You think you can show David how a young maid stands properly in a corner? If so, come here and show him, would you?" She asked this in honeyed sweetness so my mom bobbed a quick curtsy then came over and stood in front of me. Crossed her hands over in front of her lap, then stood almost at attention with her ankles, knees and thighs together. Looked straight ahead.

"Very *good* Monica! Now let's see you, David."

There, in front of my mom, Ethel, and two young ladies, I actually had to mimic my mother. Blushing, I did so. Heard Greta and Frances titter as I did so – with NO argument from Ethel. "Very nice David," she cooed.

"Think you can do that now? If so – go and stand in your corner – until me or Greta or Frances let you out. What do you say?"

"Thank you ma'am." I actually said and went.

The meal now continued as if I wasn't there, with Ethel asking Greta and Frances how their day went and that sort of thing. There was occasionally some discussion about the need for discipline with both young ladies and I felt surreptitious glances being shot at the back of my neck, but I knew better than to answer. To my surprise I heard the meal finally finish, with everyone leaving! Soon, I was standing there by myself, with only the

sounds of a maid cleaning up to keep me company. I wasn't sure if it was Sally but finally took a chance. It was Mom! I sighed in relief.

"What am I supposed to do NOW?" I whispered. Her answer surprised me.

"You're being *punished*. Isn't that what it's about?" She whispered angrily. "You're being punished! What do you expect me to say?"

"But I'm being punished for nothing!" I hissed.

"That's what they *all* say!" she hissed back. "Are you trying to get me in trouble?"

"But mom? " I said, almost crying. "This isn't *fair*!"

"Fair?" She humphed. "*You* get treated like a young lady, while I'm nothing but a servant! I have to do all the work while you go on like a child when you get a little punishment? Straighten up those shoulders. Stop acting like a little baby!"

Just then, Greta came back. Spoke to mom. "You having problems with David, Monica?"

"Oh no ma'am!" My mom replied.

"That's good," Greta said, then to me. "Sorry now, David?"

"Yes!" I grumbled.

"Yes – what?" she asked coolly.

Her attitude gave me umbrage, but I was beginning to know better. "Don't know what you mean" I said to this young girl, though I had a very good idea.

"Not 'Mistress Greta'?"

"No!" I said stubbornly.

She laughed gently and patted my cheek maternally. "Maybe some other time?"

"Never!" I said bravely.

She laughed. "Still, much better!" she laughed. "You can rejoin us now."

"Thanks." I replied, stepping away from the corner.

But she grew serious once more. "If you're naughty again? I'll send you back to a corner. Understand?"

Weakly, I nodded my assent and joined her. Actually saw my mother nod agreement as if I'd been some kind of servant that had undergone necessary training!

Then, of course, there was the 'girls' episode. I actually found a way to get Sally mad at me. She was a pretty little thing. Senior to mom, but mom thought the world of her. Anyway? I noticed that Sally seemed to get in the habit when talking to the girls and myself collectively to refer to us all as 'girls'. As in "C'mon girls, it's suppertime!" Or "Mistress suggests that you girls aren't tidying up after yourselves." Simple things like that. I don't think I paid much attention to it at first, but one day I was in a bad mood I guess. Spoke to her sharply. She apologized and curtsied prettily as she did so. I felt that was the end of the episode. But it wasn't.

The following day Ethel called me to her by having Sally come and get me. Once I saw Ethel, I knew to be very careful. I had learned the bad signs and this looked rather bad, though I had no idea of what was to follow. Did notice Sally close the door behind me but was too concerned with Ethel to say anything.

"David?" Ethel asked silkily as the door closed.

"Yes Ethel?" I asked innocently.

"Sally says that you have some objection to the way she addresses you at times?"

"Huh?" I asked. Turned to Sally with a questioning look.

"Don't you DARE try to browbeat that poor girl! Look at me please, David!"

Astonished, I quickly looked at Ethel. "But . . . But . . ."

Ethel interrupted. "Seems that you spoke to her sharply yesterday? Something about her using the general term 'girls' when she spoke to you, Greta, and Frances all together?"

"Oh, that?" I was stupid enough to exclaim. "She included ME in the term 'girls'. As I am obviously *not* one? I corrected her. That's all."

Ethel's eyebrows went up in theatrical surprise. "The fact that she's addressed all the young people in this house by that term – for YEARS – means nothing?"

"I was . . . was . . . just correcting an error," I said with a gulp.

She paused. "As you, no doubt, corrected the football coach when you first had girls on the team – and he referred to everyone as 'boys'?"

I blinked. "Never thought of it to tell the truth. And the girls didn't seem to mind to tell the truth"

"Probably saw the error for what it was – a simple mistake. Girls, boys – boys, girls, it doesn't really make that much difference when it's a group,

does it?"

"Not really, I guess" I said lamely.

"So that it was more of a master/employee thing then? You simply HAD to show Sally who was boss?"

"It wasn't anything like that!" I floundered.

"Well? We had a democracy on these shores for a long time. Right now, we've been put down – but in THIS house democracy still lives!"

This was utter nonsense. I was only young but knew full well that I was getting lectured on democracy by someone who was paying nothing but lip service to the ideals. Mrs. Wilks had servants – and by god they'd better toe the line. She might pay lip service to the concept of democracy, but it wasn't true to her. She had amassed a fortune through her husband's shady practices. She had no more now in common with a maid than an apple has with an orange. Nevertheless, was I going to bring this to her notice? Don't be crazy. Of course I wasn't!

"I'm sorry Mrs. Wilks. Of course I understand what you're saying," I said in my most conciliatory tone.

She shook her head. "I'm sorry David. But you must – MUST – be taught a lesson. Do you understand this?" She sounded as if she had the weight of the world on her shoulders. Was going to teach me a lesson – but unwillingly. It was for my own good!

Then she added. "Apologize to Sally. Nicely."

I looked at Sally. There was an air of injured innocence there, but some well concealed enjoyment as well. "I'm sorry Sally," I said.

She bobbed a curtsey. "Thank you sir!" she murmured softly.

"Sorry David. That won't do!" Edith bellowed. "You have to make sure that she understands that she may make the occasional mistake and lump you in with the girls – and that IT'S OKAY!"

I swallowed. "I can - understand - that sometimes - you may forget – and lump me in with the girls?"

Sally looked at me slyly. "And that's okay – sir?" There was an emphasis on the 'sir' that I didn't care for, but what could I say?

"Perfectly okay." I forced a smile. "I understand." I looked at Ethel. "Okay?"

I fully expected approval from her But didn't get it. "No!" she said. "I think you should understand democracy in action!"

"I don't understand," I said.

"Simple. Report to Sally at six-thirty in the mornings – when MAIDS start. You'll report to her until noon. You will act as a maidservant under her for that period of time. At that time – if you've behaved satisfactorily? You can resume your normal life style. If you haven't learned how to act like a proper servant? We'll review you again at quitting time." She faced me coldly. "David? You learn how it is to BE a maid and ACT like one! Until you DO? You'll keep *being* one. Do you understand?" She took this moment to flash me a kind smile. "With your IQ dear? A four hour shift should be plenty. Or, would you rather I made it eight hours to start?"

"You have to be KIDDING!" I said, trembling with rage and fear. She seemed to forget that I was a *male*!

"No I don't!" she answered in a very practical, no-nonsense tone. "Report to Sally at six thirty sharp. She'll have an apron and cap for you. At eight, you, she, and Monica will report to me for inspection. That's not the usual date but I'm sure you understand why. Do I make myself clear?"

She didn't wait for an answer, simply swept from the room. I gazed after her, speechless. "See you at six thirty?" Sally said, also leaving me. I couldn't tell for sure, but swore I could see a semblance of a smile as she passed me.

I didn't know what to do, then finally thought of something. Maybe I could get mom to intercede? Maybe come up with some idea to get me out of this mess. I actually thought of running away again, but my previous experience had taught me a lot in that regard, so it wasn't much of a thought. Mom's answer once I found her, should have been what I expected, but it wasn't. Once I got her by herself for a few minutes, she shook her head. "David? I wish you'd just realize how nicely we're being treated here – and behave. Instead you seem to LOOK for ways to anger people."

"But I didn't mom!" I said, nearly crying.

"Sally made it all up?" she asked with interest in her voice.

"Well, no. But she seems to have made a small incident into something big. They want me to wear an apron for goodness sake!"

Mom stared at me - and shrugged. "I wear an apron *every* day!"

"Well mom. C'mon. That's a woman's job to begin with. On top of that it's a maid's apron – and has a little cap to go with it!"

"SO?"

Her non-caring expression angered me. "I've to act like a MAID! If I don't do it properly? They'll make me do it until I learn!"

She shook her head. "They're NOT hitting you or hurting you that I can see. Just making you perform in a way that I do every day. You won't have to do a whole lot. Speak when you're spoken to. Curtsey nicely. Vacuum, make a few beds? Do some brass work? Frankly I don't see much harm in it. After all, you DID talk badly to poor Sally." She shrugged. "Of course, you could always run away? Cost yourself – and me – about the only chance we have for a half way decent life. That what you want to do?" She stared at me.

"No mom."

"Well be there in front of Sally at six thirty sharp. She's talked to me about this and I agree with what's being done. I wouldn't be late if I were you!" With that, she took off leaving me dumbfounded.

Other than diner, which was a rather quiet affair, I stayed away from everyone. Then later a horrible thought struck me. Greta and Frances had two of their friends slated for a visit, the following afternoon! There was NO way I could be found at fault in the morning! I had to be the best maid I could be to get OUT of this jam!

I reported to Sally the following morning bright eyed and scrubbed. Smiled nicely at her. Spoke immediately. "I was very bad, Sally and now I'm sorry. I'll be good this morning. I promise!"

Her mouth opened in a little expression of amazement as she produced a white apron similar to her own. "That's a lovely expression David, and I appreciate your reaction very much. Now let's get this pretty apron on you."

I tried to keep a pleased expression on my face as she enveloped me in the full white garment and guess I was fairly successful as she tied me in. "Mmm!" She said. "Looks lovely! But your hair! I have a few pins here somewhere."

"Hair? Pins?" I said, confused.

"Of course, silly! Ever see a maid with her hair up in a pony tail? But your hair is long enough to work with, I think."

Mom came in a few minutes later as Sally fussed with my hair. Actually poured herself a cup of tea and smiled approvingly as Sally undid my ponytail then combed my hair out into a sort of center part and modified bun. Made sure it stayed in place by use of bobby pins. "There! Isn't that

quite nice?" she said to mom as she made me twirl about to show off her handiwork.

"Ooooh lovely! You have such a way with hair. Don't know how you do it!" Mom said. Then actually moved in with Sally and helped to put my little flounced cap on! Smiled approvingly.

"Now just stay there a moment!" Sally said. "You look kinda pale." And she disappeared.

"What's she *doing*?" I found myself panting at mom.

She shrugged. "Don't really know. But you do actually look quite nice you know!"

I stood there in my long apron and matching maid's cap for a moment before I found out what Sally had in mind. My façade of agreement slipped a little as she applied a little blush, mascara, and lipstick to my face. I almost lost it there and then. "Please Sally?" I said, almost weeping.

"Not enough lipstick?" she asked firmly, opening up the tube again.

"I'm fine! Honest!" I managed.

"Pretty enough?" she asked with a smile at mom. "What do you say?" Then she gently pulled me to a mirror and had me look at my reflection. Actually? I didn't look too bad. Decidedly feminine in my makeup and apron but acceptable. "What do you say?" she repeated.

"Fine. Thank you Sally." I said humbly – and both women smiled at each other.

Sally nodded, pleased. "Very well. Let's cover a few points. You are NOT to speak unless spoken to. When you address me or your mother? I am Miss Sally. Your mother is Miss Monica. The young ones are either ma'am or Mistress Greta or Frances. The mistress is simply 'Mistress'. You will curtsy when spoken to. It's not really proper for you to curtsy your mother and I, but that'll help you to remember. Do you understand?" She stared at me, not unkindly.

"Yes Miss Sally," I said, taking the apron skirts in my hand, swallowing my pride, and curtseying her. My mom's face was a study.

She nodded looking at me. "Needs a little work, but fair. Now you need to be taught to walk, stand, and sit properly." She looked at her watch. "We have a little time before Mistress inspects us. Let's go!"

Naturally I couldn't tell 'why' I was so industrious, but I really did apply myself. Certainly, in the half hour or so before inspection I couldn't learn all there was to being a maid but I came close. Walked and stood in a most

ladylike manner. Actually (And this was very hard) learned to smile at the person who would be giving me orders. I knew that this would grate most awfully when Greta or Frances was doing the ordering about, but I also knew that just about everyone would be looking for faults in the five and a half hours I had been given. Determined to be the nicest possible maid I could be under the circumstances – and nobody likes a grump. By the time that we all had to parade in front of Ethel – I mean the Mistress – I was as pleasant a maid as could be expected.. Found a kind of delight in the pleased looks that were passed between Sammy and mom.

How can I explain the strange mixture of fear and yet excitement as Sally lined the three of us up at Mistresses bedroom door. Yes, I was being interviewed as if I were some kind of female but, at the same time? Both Sally and mom had been pleased with my performance – even Sally dropping hints that I was a 'natural'. Something that brought a pleased flush to mom's cheeks. Sally was kind but peremptory as she lined us up, herself, then mom. Then me. She cast an eye on me before knocking on Mistresses door.

"Come in!" was the imperious tone. Sally then opened the door and the three of us filed in almost militarily. The Mistress was in an oyster satin nightdress and robe, sitting at a dressing table, She swung around as I closed the door and joined the others in standing in front of her. She eyed us up a little amusedly I thought, seeing my feminine bearing. Then she swung around with her robe open and her breasts showing voluptuously. It dawned on me that this display of femininity was too lessen my masculinity. In her eyes, at that moment, I was playing the part of a female – so there was no need for her to act shy or flustered. We were all girls together.

"Turn about - - whatever shall we call you?" she paused. "David's no good. I never heard of a 'maid David'.. Any ideas Sally?"

"Can't say as I have ma'am," Sally admitted. "Never even thought about it, to tell the truth."

"Any ideas, Monica?"

I almost died when I heard mom say. I've always been partial to Estella mistress."

"Estella?" Ethel said. "Nice name, maybe a little formal?" Then she giggled softly. "Though Stella might do just fine. Is that what we should call him – I should say 'her' for the morning Monica?"

My mother actually blushed with pleasure. "Sounds nice to me, ma'am," and curtsied! She was agreeing with our boss that I should be called by a feminine name! Before I could respond, Mistress was talking to me again. "Turn about Stella. Let me see your back."

Flushing, I did so. Heard her say. "Nice bow. Properly attired – and that was a nice curtsy. You can turn back now – Stella." As I did, she asked. "Any comments?"

In her eyes I saw myself. An effete creature bedecked in a full maid's uniform with some cosmetics to make him prettier. My crowning glory the thing that identified me as a maid – a useless piece of frippery with no practical value whatsoever – a flounced cap. There was no sense in fighting it though, so I just blushed, curtsied properly and said. "No. Thank you ma'am."

She smiled sleepily. "Stella? You look nice in your makeup. A deal is a deal. But if you're here in this position tomorrow? I think I'll let Sally spend some more time on your appearance? I'm pretty sure that you could be made even prettier. Do you get my drift?"

I couldn't help the small shudder that ran through me, but curtsied nicely. "I understand ma'am."

She smiled at all of us. "Sally you can keep her employed?"

"Oh yes ma'am"

Very well. Off with you!" And we all curtsied nicely and made our way out.

I could talk about all the degradation and insults that were poured on my head that day but in all honesty? I was treated as a beginning maid should be. Oh yes, there was some grins from Greta and Frances as I hung up their lingerie outside to dry –and brought it in - but let's face it. The hanging up and taking down of clothes outside has always been taken as a particularly feminine chore in this country. I did not have the skills required to iron such things (For which I was well and truly grateful) but I made beds with my mom. Washed and dried dishes, vacuumed a little and did some brass work. Was pleasantly surprised at ten thirty to take a ten minute break with mom and Sally. Found that it was pleasant indeed to be treated like an equal. Even more pleasantly surprised to have the clock chime twelve – at which time, everyone was called into the sitting room.

The ladies: Mistress , Greta and Frances all sat. Us maids stood. "Very well Sally. You were the offended one. Did you have any problems with

Stella?" Mistress asked. My heart was in my mouth as Sally paused.

"To tell the truth ma'am? Stella was an excellent maid. "Took orders cheerfully and never made the slightest fuss. I'd take her on as a junior maid any day."

"Excellent!" Mistress said. "You Monica?"

"A nice maid. Slow on making beds, but willing. I think she'd make an excellent maid." My MOTHER said! Had called me a SHE!

"Good. You girls have any comments?" Mistress asked Frances and Greta next.

My heart was in my mouth. Both of these girls were capable of telling awful lies about me. Mentally, I tried to prepare myself.

"I don't think he liked being called a 'she'" Frances said.

"I didn't see that at all," Greta interjected. "I thought that for a boy, he acted the part of a girl very well. "She smiled. "I also think that Stella would make a nice servant. Thought of sure she'd make a fuss about hanging up my lingerie outside – but she did it – just like any other girl."

Mistress fixed me with her eyes. "Well Stella? It looks like you may have learned that the female sex is not to be trifled with. You even looked nice when you used cosmetics. What shade of lipstick was that? It suited you."

I blushed and curtsied, "Sorry ma'am. Have no idea."

"It was 'Deep Tangerine'" Sally said.

"There you are David," Ethel said, relieving me of my maidenly status. "You can take your apron and cap off – if you want?"

They all laughed as I hurriedly nodded. Then she added. "And don't forget. Later on if you want to wear lipstick? Deep Tangerine suits you very much." They all laughed again as my blush grew even deeper.

I expected that my stint as a maid would make a difference. It did, but in a way that I hadn't thought of. I had never been conscious of having any male *mystique*. Had never thought of having the position as only male in the house. But willy-nilly, by my behavior, I had given those up. Now, they didn't have to worry about a male response from me, something they didn't quite know but was entirely different from anything they understood. Now? I'd been put into a totally female position. Not only had I NOT grumbled and carried on? I'd actually 'smiled' and accepted my position in life – that of a lowly female servant. Now, they could see what I might do –

and it was no different than that of a girl. They really hadn't had much fear of me. Now they had none at all.

The first indication I had was when Melanie and Andrea came to visit that afternoon. Melanie was the elder and a cohort of Greta. She wasn't a soccer player but had had a sort of worship of the male players. It had started to rain pretty hard, so she didn't think much when it was suggested that we play in MY room. To tell the truth, neither did I. But when she and Andrea saw the feminine décor, the satin covers – and the dolls? Eyebrows were raised.

Then when Greta split off a little with Melanie, and it was assumed that I would then join Frances and Andrea – the younger group – little quizzical smiles began to play on our guest's lips – although neither Greta nor Frances gave the impression that anything was wrong. The two elder girls settled down to a game of cards. I blanched when Frances went and got a whole box of Barbie dolls and I discovered that Frances, Andrea, and I were to play 'dress them up'. Not only was I to play? I had to play enthusiastically! Remembering the threats from the Mistress, I couldn't very well complain. It wasn't long before Andrea, Frances, and myself were drawing amused glances from Melanie and Greta as we dressed and undressed our dolls.

I don't know. Was it about then that the girls started exercising their power, or had this been the case all along? Suddenly, Andrea and Frances had got tired of doll games and had joined the elder two in a card game. Now only I was left with the dolls. Naturally, I was about to give them up completely but at Frances's *suggestion* had to change all of their outfits. Just at the mention that Ethel might want to see what I'd done? Left me playing with dolls, their bras and underwear as the four girls watched me with amused looks. And oh, the laughter when Sally came in to see if we needed anything, saw the dolls – and referred to me as Stella! Then the big fuss as she apologized making absolutely SURE that neither of our guests missed her mistake!

They left, now firmly convinced that I was a sissy that liked to do girly things. Wasn't much explanation given, but hadn't I been called Stella at one time? Both girls included me in the kissing farewell thing that women do – and I didn't object. Melanie wasn't a soccer player, but a gossip of the finest water so it wasn't long after that that I was the recipient of many strange looks at the soccer club. The guys actually started to ignore me and

more and more I found that in intra squad games I'd be lumped with the girls. More and more, Greta would settle in with the guys. As I've said, Greta had already become a power on the team. Naturally, I couldn't ask the coach but stood by helplessly as gradually, I seemed to become adopted by the girls with them making a big fuss of me if I made a half decent play and commiserating with me via hugs if the play didn't work out.

I haven't gone into details of the girl's personality here. There was no question that they treated me far better than they had before – but it was as if I was inferior to them in some way now. In rough terms, Frances was the clothes horse I guess and Greta the tomboy. For some reason after that day, I seemed to be lumped with Frances. Okay, Greta was the elder of us all, but not by THAT much. She was a pretty good soccer player – but again? I thought myself superior.

But the cheerleaders, led by Frances, seemed to make a big fuss over me. How can anyone complain about a group of girls making a lot of noise when someone makes a play, huh? Normally and naturally they were pushing for the girls but now it seemed to be me.. This was obvious, the boys had the experience and were the better players, the younger cheerleaders naturally rooted for the female sex, but all of a sudden I seemed to be right up there with the favorite girls - apart from the girls 's team where they rooted for every little thing. But something seemed to be wrong with me.

Soccer has the means for individual brilliance but also needs team performance. Now it seemed that just about every thing I did was wrong. For example, you 'lead' another player with a pass. All of a sudden my passes would fall short – or go long. Passes TO me were the same. Groans started to arise from Frances's cheerleaders when something I'd do would go wrong. Mind you, at half or full time, the girls and Frances's cheerleaders would all crowd around me and bestow hugs and kisses on me. Assure me that things were going to *get* better! Sometimes I'd be the last player off the field – slowed down and surrounded by cheerleaders. I tried assuring the guys that I had nothing to do with this behavior, but sometimes even this was made difficult by the girl players crowding around me and commiserating. Often, I'd be the last guy in the clubhouse. Gradually found myself being one amongst the crowd of girls.

Then the blow. A girl was brought up to be trained as a replacement for ME. She wasn't that good to tell the truth, but when she was playing in

there the team seemed to get better and gel together. More and more, I found myself on the sidelines as she did continue to improve while, when I was in there, the team performance was awful. Finally, a team meeting was held at which Greta informed me – and everybody – that my experience would be greatly appreciated if I could coach the girl team in my position? Just for a short time? Before I got rid of what was bugging me and got back up. And what a contribution I could make? I looked in her amused eyes and knew it, I was being relegated to the girl team and my chances of getting back were limited.

Naturally, I couldn't protest being a team player like I was, but my eyes HAD to widen when I was given a girl's team uniform. Yes, they still used a pair of shorts and a jersey – but the shorts were more of culottes than anything else. Looked like *skirts* a lot of the time! I'm not really that big, so even some of the girls on that team dwarfed me – and with Sally and even my MOM helping to braid my hair before a game or practice? It wasn't long before I fitted right in with the girls. I couldn't say anything at all to the boys and they were shy too, so soon we all passed with them making comments about the good looking girls as if I wasn't there. What was I supposed to do? Make comments back at them? If I tried, the other girls looked at me as if I were a *flirt*!

That was bad enough but having to stand amongst a group of girls – while they discussed boys? And even sometimes have them 'do' my hair before a game if Sally or mom couldn't make it? Helpless and hopeless I slowly sank in a sea of femininity. To make matters worse, Sally and mom were coming to more and more games. Mom seemed to sense my embarrassment, but even she was shut up when my time in the girl's team was shortened. To my horror I found myself sitting along with the cheer leaders as a girl replacement took my place! Frances of course, seeing this, saw no reason on earth why I shouldn't join the girls in their pastime, learning to prance and cheer. I did fight it a little but one day Greta and Frances made quite a production of presenting me with a cheer girl squad outfit in front of Ethel, Sally and mom. A short, gored skirt and a sequined blouse – and a sweater for cold days. Glittering pom-poms, naturally.

From Ethel's facial expression – and everyone else's? I knew that I was supposed to be appreciative. Greta assured me that this was only *temporary*. I was just undergoing a bad spell but, after all, the cheerleading squad was vitally important and she knew that my heart would want to

support the team in any way I knew how. Would I like to try the outfit on just now?

Naturally, the outfit fitted like a glove. It was SO unfortunate that my underpants were just too long. Shame faced I finally stood in front of them all in my sequined top, gored skirt – and panties borrowed from Greta – nice lacy ones, naturally. My shiny pompoms held firmly in my hands. Frances put her arm around my shoulder and congratulated me on my team spirit and everybody clapped. My introduction to the cheering squad was only a matter of time. Their hugs and kisses of welcome were next to unendurable. I even saw some of the guys look our way as I disappeared in a sea of femininity.

There was no doubt in my mind now. Maybe Greta and Frances *weren't* conspiring to get me onto and keep me in the girl teams, but something wasn't right. I still also had one string to my bow though. It DID take me a while but one day – not in my cheer girl outfit of course – I managed to get near to Tommy – my very last and only masculine friend.

"Hi Tommy!" I said, though I found myself shy next to him for some reason.

"Hi David, " he said, though he seemed embarrassed. I hoped it was because he and his mother couldn't help me out when I was in trouble. But then he added with some bitterness. "Kinda hard to talk to you these days – with all those new friends of yours."

With some shock, I realized that he was talking about girls! He thought I was deliberately seeking friends with GIRLS! When nothing could be further from the truth! There and then I wanted to explain the whole situation to him, but knew I didn't have time. "Look!" I said. "I need some soccer practice badly."

"You sure DO," he agreed with a small smile. "I don't know what happened to you. But some practice couldn't hurt."

I felt my teeth grit but didn't comment. "Look Tommy. The Wilk's have this GREAT area that would be really wonderful for practice. Is there a day that you could come out? We could kick a ball around a bit. Maybe I could see if I could find out what's wrong with my game?"

His eyes lit up. Okay, I knew that just about everybody was looking to get in really good with the Wilks, but hoped that he still felt some friendship with me. "Sounds great!" He said. "I think Thursday would be fine. Is that good for you?"

I pretended to think for a minute. "I really can't say off hand. Have to check it with Mistress first." It wasn't until I saw his wide eyes that I realized what I'd said. Blushing, I made some stupid explanation or other, but we finally agreed that I would get back to him. Let's face it. I knew by now that any arrangement I made now had to be strictly allowed by Mistress Ethel – or Sally – or any of the rest. But once I had Mistresses, I should be okay.

Ethel took me on her lap once more. This had become a habit of late. According to her, she missed a male presence – but truthfully? I started to wonder just how much masculinity I was projecting in that house. She didn't masturbate me now – well not *every* time but I had learned that if I wanted something that climbing on to her lap helped a great deal. When she heard my request? She simply boomed out. "Of COURSE my dear – of COURSE! To tell you the truth, I'm starting to worry about your masculinity! I think that you spending time with a young man can only do you GOOD!" As if to emphasize what she said she almost stroked me into ejaculation but I finally escaped without that particular humiliation.

I managed to get word to Tommy. To tell the truth, I was quite excited about this. Vistas started opening up in my head. Mistress had actually said that I should get more male company. Now, I really didn't think that this would go over too well with Greta or Frances – but if I played my cards right? Maybe I could wangle a way to get back in touch with the guys again? Maybe have them over on a regular basis? Very carefully, I started dropping vague hints but I certainly didn't press matters at all. Was VERY careful.

That day dawned bright and clear. This was something that bothered me. If it had rained, would I be expected to invite Tommy back to my bedroom? It was bad enough to begin with but both girls subscribed to various teen magazines – and the glamorous faces and dresses on the covers always seemed to end up in my room. That was ALL I needed. Tommy to see a bunch of girly magazines in my feminine room!

He came to the large house in the early afternoon as we'd arranged. No WAY did I want him to see me being asked to serve lunch as was becoming fairly common – after all, it DID save the maids time and work – and my mom appreciated that. But no, everything was just as it should be. He was in his soccer togs and carried an old soccer ball with him. I was dressed the

same and quickly got him around to where the practice area was and we soon started kicking the ball around.

I was just starting to work up a sweat when Greta appeared. In her soccer practice uniform of course. It made sense – after all, everybody needs practice, right? Anyway, I couldn't refuse. I HAD wanted as much practice as I could get and by letting her play I was cut back, but I couldn't say anything. Plus? Her ball was much better than ours. She was also most complimentary about both Tommy and I and I started feeling quite good. I didn't see Frances appear until she was practically on top of us. Then she shook me. "David? Remember that day you were Stella?" she called out.

What could I say? I mumbled a quiet "Yes" Hoping like hell that Tommy hadn't heard, or figured he'd misconstrued

"Good!" Frances continued. "What was that lipstick that Sally said suited you so much? Tangerine something?"

"I've no idea!" I mumbled. Can't remember!"

"Oh, you're being silly now! C'mon! It was Tangerine something!" She fixed me with a gimlet eye. "I do HAVE a reason for asking dear. Try and remember that lipstick shade. It looked very pretty on you, don't you remember at all?"

Tommy and Greta had stopped playing and seemed to be listening quite intently about MY lipstick. I had to end this conversation – and quickly at that. "I think I remember now!" I said thoughtfully. "Deep Tangerine – I think!"

"That's what I thought!" She said excitedly. "Wait until you see it! Melanie just got the costumes in the mail this morning! Got some of our cheer group together and brought them over – for us to try on!"

I knew I'd better say something! Put some enthusiasm into my voice. "That sounds absolutely *lovely* for you Frances! Maybe I can see them later this afternoon?"

"What's the matter with right now?" she asked. "Most of the girls are here and we can see how we are as a group." Then she added "Just *wait* until you try them on! The bras are grown up and if that lipstick's anything to go by? The color will suit you all the way! C'mon!"

"But I'm practicing soccer with Tommy!" I said.

"Silly boy's game! This is for the cheer group!" she persisted. "And it won't be long. Just some minutes!"

"But Tommy's my guest! I can't be leaving him!" I said desperately.

Greta was beside me, her arm around my shoulders. "I can take care of Tommy. We can practice very well without you." She looked at him. "You don't mind Tommy if he takes a little while to try on his cheer outfit? Frances will be SO excited. This is the first time they've bought an outfit JUST for him. You don't mind if he goes and tries it on do you?"

Tommy looked at my pleading eyes. Ignored them. Shrugged and mumbled. "Okay by me, I guess."

Greta patted me tenderly on the backside. "Don't feel so bad dear. Tommy understands that he and I are first team players and that you're just a reserve in the girl team. The cheer girls need everyone they can get," she gave me a girlish peck on the cheek. "Off you go then dear! Don't keep Frances waiting too long!" And I found Frances leading me off the field by the hand. I gave the two behind me a pleading glance but they were too busy to see me.

Implacable, she led me to the house, chattering aimlessly perhaps but there was no give to her she wanted me there, come hell or high water. I started to have an idea of what was facing me when Alice met us in Frances's bedroom in a state of undress and I could see other girls in MY room in the same state, all giggling and laughing. It was becoming more and more obvious that they didn't consider me as a boy at all now. Okay, I dressed differently a lot of the time – and looked different, but if Frances and Greta considered me a girl – and I didn't seem to make any complaints? Who were they to argue?

"Your mother found out why we were here," Alice said happily to Frances "and heard about our new outfits. Wants us to parade in front of her when we're finished!" As this was almost a command performance now, there was a lot of excited squealing going on. At a few dirty looks from Frances, I deemed it wise to join in. Just before I changed though, Mistress sent word that I was to appear in front of her – *immediately!*

Hoping against hope that she was about to allow me back with Tommy, I went with some alacrity. She was sitting in a sofa. Waved me to her with a smile, so I hoped I wasn't in any trouble. Then she had me sit on her lap and enfolded me.

"Oh Stella!" she addressed me forgetfully. "I've seen your new costumes – and they are lovely!" Her hand found my front and caressed me. "You are going to be SO surprised. You and your little girl friends are going to look

SO grown up – trust me! Pretty bras and skirts to match. Just wait! And the color? It's *you* Stella, trust me – it's *YOU*!"

My lips grew soft as he kissed me. "But you're wondering why I called for you, right?" Weakly I nodded as her hands pulled my pants and underpants down. "I brought this set of panties out, just for you," she continued, a cool feeling emanating through my penis as she wrapped panties around my organ. "You seem to like the feel of them."

I sighed, though still confused, and relaxed back into her arms. She stroked me, very lightly.

"You see darling?" she continued. "Some of your girl friends are quite young. They probably know about such things, but I suppose that they might get a surprise if they see your little thingie sticking out under a skirt, don't you think? I was thinking that maybe I should take it out of play for you, beforehand?"

"I don't know what you mean, Mistress," I whispered as her hand continued.

She smiled and looked at me warningly. "Mmmm? I made a mistake then when I see that you get sexually excited at wearing little girl things?"

"I don't know ma'am," I said miserably, undulating under her hand now.

"Trust me, it's true. Let's see then. Would Stella like to cum for her Mistress – so that she can go and put on her pretty things?" she whispered – though stroked me still, her voice now sounding as if she were talking to a little girl. She kissed me softly again, and I came all over the panties.

The girls did give me some privacy in my bathroom as I had a quick shower when I got back. I had not been allowed to see the full outfit, but it was waiting for me, when I stepped out of the shower. "Please?" I whispered to myself as I saw it, but finally put it on. There was a lot more to it than expected. I was in panty hose of a vague tangerine color, short skirt and bra of sequined material, with rhinestone embroidered hems. A pale tangerine chiffon over blouse. High heeled, white, calf length boots – and elbow length opera gloves. Okay, I'd never admit to it, but apart from the bra needing 'something' and my hair being kinda plain? I actually felt great. Examined myself closely on the mirror. Could that be feminine traits I was starting to see there? Was that a bit of disappointment I felt at NOT looking more like a girl?

Okay, when I stepped back in fearfully amongst the girls? I was expecting a lot of reaction from them. Instead? It was ME that was agog.

There was no doubt that I raised a sort of amused interest, but I found myself looking at a bunch of WOMEN – not girls! Then it dawned on me, they were *all* wearing shoulder length, bibbed, platinum wigs! A woman I didn't recognize came up to me with a similar wig in her hands. "Hi Stella! Time for your wig, I think?" And I recognized Frances as she put it on me!

Then, in my wig, with some makeup on (A LOT of lipstick and eye shadow) and my bra padded, I realized that I was indistinguishable from all of the other girls. With my soft white arms and my curvy backside, the chiffon over blouse? I mixed in very well! I didn't really have time to get my heart in my mouth before my arms were linked and giggling and squealing, we all minced our way to introduce ourselves to Mistress. Frances had even dabbed some perfume on me and, in the midst of what appeared to be feminine pulchritude I smelt the scents and felt the softness around me and became one with my companions!

Yes, I still had the feeling that something was wrong. Felt a need to get back to Tommy, and masculine endeavors but it was as if another part of me kept saying. "Okay. You can be a boy again. But in a minute you can change back to your real clothes – okay? Just hold your horses!" In the meantime, I sashayed and posed around Ethel, just like the other girls. Sure, I could have acted otherwise – but I didn't know how Mistress would react to me acting as if I was masculine, did I? If I acted the part of a girl properly, she wouldn't complain, would she? I even linked arms with Frances and another girl and did a simple dance routine. Smiled even.

Mistress was SO taken with us. Even called mom and Sally up to have a view at our new outfits. Mom was actually surprised at seeing me in my feminine finery. Saw me in my wig and outfit, some makeup. Acting girlish. I truthfully don't know what she expected but by that time I couldn't change back into boyish behavior and, after seeing a 'happy' me? She probably decided that this is what I really *wanted*. I think that from that point on, she felt as if I really wanted to be a girl. Maybe she felt that she had betrayed me or my sex? I don't know. Just, after that, she would be far more liable to criticize me for unladylike behavior than anything. Didn't think of me as boyish – that's for sure!

Finally, I breathed a sigh of relief. We were just on the point of going back and changing. Then Mistress *suggested* that we take some photos. I gritted my teeth at this delay but waited with some patience as a camera was produced. It did take a little longer that I anticipated because it was

demanding that we take some modeling shots – jumping in the air. For fun, they actually took me sitting on Ethel's lap. Prior to that, they caught me getting ready for that one in a couple of poses – studiously inspecting my reflection in a compact mirror as I applied new lipstick and dabbed my nose with powder. I felt SO embarrassed when Frances showed me the developed photos later. Silly, girlish poses – kinda cheesecake if you know what I mean. Bending over with our hands on our asses and looking over our shoulders, smiling and pouting just like models do. A lot of the girls around me had great fun. I found it a little humiliating to tell the truth, but after a little while saw it for the fun that the others did. Blushed so much that even mom teased me. Commented that there was nothing to be ashamed of – I looked *perfectly* natural!

Anyways, we were actually heading back, when Mistress called us back. "You know girls? Just dawned on me. Greta and a boy from the first team are practicing out back?"

Frances faced her, puzzled. "Yes mom?"

"Why don't you let them have a little peek at your new outfits? Having a real boy comment on how you look? I'm sure it means something to you?"

"But isn't David a boy?" Melanie asked.

There was a pause and then the room filled with titters as Frances smiled and came and put an arm around me. "Don't you think that *he's* a little biased girls?" Then they all laughed uproariously as I stood there in my bra and skirts and blushed furiously. Then she added. "I think mom had a great idea. Anybody in a hurry to go home?"

"Could I possibly pass?" I asked helplessly. "I hate leaving Tommy without me."

"You feel that you don't look right?" Frances asked sympathetically. "That's what it is, isn't it?"

Gratefully, but unsure of her, I nodded.

"Silly! You really do look nice. Just a little touch up, right girls?"

"But that's not exactly what . ." I started but got drowned out by the girls who clustered around me, assuring me that a little touch up was all I needed.

It didn't take them long to pluck my eyebrows or find me a pair of clip-on earrings. Did take them a little longer to apply polish to my fingernails then let them dry, but it wasn't too long before they clustered around me and

we all made our way to where Greta and Tommy were still playing. Saucily, my companions walked and Frances nipped my backside until I did the same so that we minced up to the players as a group.

"Don't you all look nice! Don't they Tommy?" Greta spoke up. "David? Where are you dear? Come here and don't be shy!" She might have been pretending that she couldn't tell me from the other girls but I couldn't tell. Smiling, the girls parted and made room for me to advance. "He's VERY shy Greta," Frances said. "We all keep TELLING him how nice he looks!" And with murmurs of assent at my back I slowly walked towards Tommy and Greta.

"I don't see a single thing for you to be shy about! You look VERY nice. Doesn't he. Tommy?" Greta cooed looking closely at me.

Tommy had a trapped look about his face, surrounded by females as he was. And I, in my makeup, bra and skirts advanced slowly and certainly not with any assurance. "Yes," he faltered. "He looks just like- just like- a . . a . ."

"Cheerleader?" Greta suggested, putting an arm around me. It seemed awfully affectionate, but I certainly wasn't going to object. "Yes – *doesn't* he!" she added. I cuddled in, suddenly aware that she was quite athletic and very strong. It WAS embarrassing to be this way in front of another guy – but it WAS nice to feel Greta's protection.

"Okay you guys. Enough of this smooching and hugging!" Frances said to us. "Time for us girls to give Tommy an idea of what we can DO. Let's go, girls!" Then, because I was slow? She said "I said let's GO girls!" Obviously talking to me. With an embarrassed look at Greta and Tommy, I joined the rest of the girls. Realized then, how feminine we all looked as we pranced and strutted and waved our pompoms in the air to do a sort of practice cheer. Frances stopped us one time because another girl and myself weren't smiling enough, so we had to do it again. We all smiled prettily at Greta and Tommy as we finished. I don't think he was going to do anything, but once she clapped, he was bound to follow. Then she advanced my humiliation.

"I don't know how tired you girls are, but Tommy and me seem to have been kicking a ball around for *ages*. Why don't we all just go back to the house and see if Monica or Sally can scrounge us up sandwiches or a cool soda?"

Let's face it. The war wasn't over so long that soda was easily come by. None of our guests gave any indication of turning us down. Again, Greta took me around the waist as we went back. It seemed falsely affectionate, but as it saved me from direct conversation with Tommy, I didn't mind. I may have nuzzled her neck a few times, I just don't remember.

Back at the house, Sally and mom took no time in setting up picnic benches. This time I felt it very noticeable when Greta made me sit beside her – and opposite Tommy. To further enclose me, Frances sat beside Tommy. Then cake and sodas were served up. To my shame, Greta fed me from *her* plate – as if I was a little toy dog or something. I learned to pout after a little while – and she'd kiss me. Gentle and caring of course, but sometimes her hands would find my 'breasts' and stroke them. Tommy was not supposed to see this of course, but I think he found it difficult to tear his eyes away from the effeminate buddy he once had – and see the girl I'd become - as his ex-buddy slowly settled back in Greta's arms, his lips pouted up prettily for her kisses, her eyes sleepy and servile.

Mistress made her appearance before we broke up. Her eyes took in my ostensible position as Greta's girl but she just smiled. "Now all you girls – and Tommy? I hope you all had a nice day."

Everyone but me gave her verbal assurance that it had been wonderful. Her eyes grew a little cold and she directed her next words at me. "I asked if all you *girls* had a nice day?" Then she paused and an apologetic smile crossed her lips. "I'm so sorry David! I see you sometimes – and forget that you are a boy. Did you have nice day too?"

"Oh Yes ma'am!" I said fervently.

She smiled. "That costume fits you nicely? Frances was SO worried!"

I felt my nice red lips tremble. "Lovely fit!" I said quietly.

"Skirt not to tight? Bra fits you properly?"

"Yes ma'am."

"So when she buys you other costumes, that's the right size?"

"Yes ma'am," I said, completely defeated now so that when she said her farewell by saying "Bye Tommy – Bye girls" and waved her fingers, I made sure to wave my fingers at the same time as the girls. She saw this and nodded at me – almost as if she'd taught me a lesson – which now that I think on it? She probably had.

Tommy had to leave shortly after that. There was nothing wrong with Greta kissing him on the cheek in a goodbye gesture – but she demanded

quietly that I do the same? "I know that you're a boy David" she said. "But good manners dictate that you thank him for coming – and let's face it, you're not exactly in the proper shape to shake hands like boys do, are you?" She knew that he was just as embarrassed as I, but it was just another way of her flaunting her power I suppose. Believe me, there was nothing sexual in our short kiss – but I knew that I had lost him as a friend for ever. There was NO way that he was coming back.

She knew this and consoled me by taking me in her arms again later. "You know Stella? I always thought that mom was crazy, liking little sissy boys the way she does. But feeling you so soft and submissive? Wearing nothing but girly things? So weak and obedient?" She wiggled her fingers at me. "Kiss me HERE girl!" And I did so. Softly and prettily. Naturally I objected to her words and her manner. I mean *who* did she think she was? I mean, I may have been dressed like a sissy but inside, I didn't see myself that way.

Over the next few days she got kinda bossy. I felt it was just a phase she was going through so figured it was best that I go along. For some reason, she got the idea in her head that she wanted me, and only me to take care of her room. I mean, Sally and mom knew that it was *their* job to tidy up after her but they just backed off. "It's not that she's *that* demanding!" Mom said. "Just likes *you* to take care of her." She smiled at me softly. "Kinda like a young love!"

I didn't see that myself. I mean, tidying up her room, including her lingerie? Then washing some of her stuff by hand? Hanging it up outside – like I was some kind of servant? Even ironing it? I will admit that she was very effusive in her thanks, kissing and cuddling me in front of everyone – that was kind of nice – but frankly, I preferred the more masculine role of not doing it at all – but beggars can't be choosers I guess. And it really wasn't *that* awful.. There was another bonus that seemed to be taking place. Both mom and Sally were much friendlier – became more like buddies to me.

Then Doris moved to a nearby town and there was a visit planned. The whole place buzzed and even I was called in to help mom and Sally. Naturally Mistress *asked* me if I minded but I assured her that I didn't mind helping out at all. Okay, the fact that I had to wear an apron like mom and Sally didn't please me at all, but at least I didn't have to wear a cap like they did. Again, they seemed friendlier now. I even began to look forward to

our breaks together in the morning and afternoon when we'd sit for coffee or tea together. I was actually quite flattered when mom made the comment that I was really coming along with housework and stuff like that. Neither Frances nor Greta were expected to help though but I really didn't mind. They were the mistresses daughters and were a higher social class than myself after all and probably deserved a little better treatment. Though Frances expecting me to curtsy when I wore an apron was a bit much. I did get used to it after Mistress laughingly pointed out that it wasn't good for the other maids to see someone in an apron *not* curtseying – it really wasn't *that* much trouble and Frances enjoyed it so. She was just a *kid* for goodness sake! On top of that? Sally and mom both seemed to think it more proper.

I heard Sally tell mom that Doris had a relatively high position in newspapers and television – and might be looking at Mistress for a political appointment of sorts, but I didn't pay much attention to that.

Doris arrived on a morning when everything seemed to have been done. She was a dark and romantic seeming woman. Very good looking but rather small, barely bigger than me. Very attractive and won my heart completely although when she met me originally I sensed that she did not like me at all. With some shock I discovered that she actually belonged to a well known enemy family – and powerful - so that Ethel was indeed related to the enemy as originally thought by the townspeople. Not that anyone would dare to complain of course. Sally and mom took her bags to her room and she became immediately closeted with Mistress so that I had very little time alone with her. Nevertheless I was left with a strong impression that she did not like me. Wondered how I could overcome this as I felt a little smitten by her. Kinda hurt as a matter of fact – I hadn't done anything to her.

Frances and I had a game to cheer that afternoon so we changed and then went. I didn't particularly want to go but was getting used to it by now. Our team was playing a local village. The team there were almost primarily girls, but surprisingly good. Our team beat them, but by a much smaller margin than I'd have thought years ago. After the game, our squad spoke for a while then Frances and I headed home each of us commiserating with each other about the unfeeling boys. I mean, do they think or understand the amount of work we put into doing athletic things while keeping ourselves pretty? I did my own makeup and hair now, although I was

getting nervous about my hair. When I wore it 'girl' style it wasn't too bad because there's all sorts of things that one can do with different styling. But it was getting kinda long for a ponytail when I was a boy and I had a sort of strange feeling about asking the Mistress if I could get a haircut.

But arm in arm, we entered the house. Doris was in the hall. She'd changed into a very nice flowery summer dress. She smiled at us. "Hello Frances! Who's your little friend?"

Frances looked puzzled. "But I thought you met David before?" she asked.

"David?" Doris asked, and then she came and peered at me. Her face lightened up incredibly. "*You're* that David? How lovely. Are you dressed like that for a special reason?" She reached out and stroked my blouse gently.

Frances answered after thinking about it for a moment. "He used to be a soccer player for the first team, then he wasn't very good so they moved him as first string on the girl's team. Then he wasn't good enough to play there he sometimes plays as reserve for the girl's team . . ."

"But don't the girl's team play in skirts?" Doris smiled, a little puzzled.

"Oh, culottes just *look* like skirts! And David didn't mind, did you dear?" Frances gave me a little shake.

"Well – not *really*!" I answered. "It's just that . . ."

"Mind you, he did raise a fuss when we discovered that he'd have to wear girl panties as boy boxer shorts are too long!" Frances butted in.

"*Panties*?" Doris cooed. "Nice lacy ones?" She came over and gently lifted my skirts. She seemed much friendlier now. "Like these? And I must say, dear – this is the prettiest color! What is it? Some kind of Tangerine?"

I was SO embarrassed I didn't know what to say.

"Yeah!" Frances replied instead of me. "He found that shade one time when he was acting as our maid and wore it as lipstick. Really suited him! We only got that color by accident when we ordered his uniform – but it does suit him – doesn't it?"

Doris was very friendly now. Patted my backside softly. "Acting as a *maid*? Oh yes! *Very* suitable!" Her smile was lovely as she gracefully and feather-lightly stroked my breasts. "Tell me dear, what do you use to stuff your bra?"

"Tissues," I said helplessly.

A curious look came onto her face. "But you wiggle and flaunt your pompoms? I suppose you waggle your ass in a seductive way, huh?"

I blushed.

"In front of all the *boys*? You *like* that? They ever want to kiss you?"

I stared at her speechlessly, but Frances saved me. "Oh Doris! He's a *boy* himself! May not look much like one, but I'm pretty sure that he likes girls."

"Not a little fairy then?"

"Oh no. Just a nice little boy that does what he's told."

"But back to your false breasts. Don't they get all wet or fall out of your bra when you do your cheers?" Doris asked solicitously.

"Sometimes they can be a problem," I admitted.

She nodded her head. "Maybe I can do something about that. Would you like that?"

"It would depend on Mistress," I said, embarrassed that this lovely lady should see me like this.

"Mistress?" she asked, her eyebrows raising.

"He means mom," Frances said carelessly.

Doris came even closer to me again to where I could smell her perfume. One of her fingers idly toyed with my chiffon over blouse. "You call Ethel Mistress? I wonder, do you curtsy prettily when she speaks to you?" Her voice carried both mockery and curiosity. She smiled in a gentle and lovely – a *caring* way.

"Just sometimes ma'am," I said

She cocked her head to one side. "Just sometimes?" She stood back a little. "Like to curtsy for me just now? I'd *love* to see it!"

"I'm not really dressed . ." I started.

"Curtsey darling!" she said, "Nicely now!" There was a little hardness in her voice now. I capitulated immediately. Didn't want my new goddess to look bad.

Shame faced, I took the sides of my skirt in my hand and positioned my feet correctly. Knew perfectly well how to curtsy nicely. It was difficult keeping my eyes on her confident face but I managed to do this, knowing it was essential. "Like this ma'am?" I asked.

"How lovely! You do that very well!" she said, coming forward and giving me a little kiss. She paused. "I have the glimmering of an idea that

has a lot to do with you. Think you can keep yourself busy out here for a minute or two while I speak to Ethel?"

"If it's okay? I'd like to change into . . ."

She interrupted me. "It's just for a few minutes."

I was stupid enough to add "But . . ."

"Dear? I'm not used to people arguing with me. You have signs of being a little darling, but right now? Go and stand in that corner." She took a gentle hold of my shoulder and half pointed me to a corner. "I'll be back soon and let you out. Okay?"

"I would if I were you," Frances laughed. "And quickly too – Aunt Doris might spank you!"

This of course made no sense and I cursed myself inwardly for possibly angering Doris that sweet lady and I made a quick curtsey and went to my corner.

Frances left after reminding me that Doris was a lot tougher than she looked – a spanking from her might be no fun, but she giggled to take the sting out of the words. I stood in my corner for what seemed a very long time. My legs grew tired and my bra strap seemed to be cutting into my back – Frances had been SO demanding that day and I was sure that my cup size wasn't quite right. Either that or she had me stuff too much stuff in my bra.

Standing in the corner as I was I didn't really know what was going on, so was a mite more surprised by the fact that Greta and Frances came to get me. By this time Frances had showered and changed – which made me feel very grungy – but with the soreness in my calves beginning to develop I was truly pleased when they notified me that I was to join them. Gratefully, I followed them into where Mistress sat with Miss Doris. She smiled at me. "Sorry to keep you waiting darling, but Doris and I had quite a lot to talk about. Just stand there would you?"

As she pointed to the approximate spot in the center of the floor, Greta and Frances took that opportunity to sit on soft chairs around me with sudden interest on their faces. All of a sudden, they knew that 'something' was up. Wanted to hear it.

"Dear?" Mistress started. "It'd absolutely essential that you tell the truth here. You won't be punished, I promise you. But the truth is *essential*. Got that?"

I looked around me nervously. Felt like a minnow in a sea of sharks. Smoothed my skirt down nervously. "Yes ma'am," I said. "I'll try."

She shook her head, but reasonably friendly. "Okay! Would you classify me as soft and feminine?"

"Aaarg – well – I think - "I spluttered.

She laughed. "Honestly now!"

"Well, not really ma'am."

"Dominant more like it?"

"Yes ma'am"

"That's good. As I said, I want honesty here. Now, would you consider Greta and Frances all soft and weak and feminine?"

I swallowed. "Not really ma'am. But . ."

She waved me to silence. "What about Doris? Soft and feminine?"

I didn't need any hogwash here. "Yes ma'am. Very."

She seemed pleased with my answer but there was a hint of malignancy in her eyes which scared me, but what could I say? There just was no comparison between the delectable Doris and her and family. She changed topics. "Would you say that me, Greta and probably Frances are stronger than you?"

I wasn't so sure about Frances but decided that discretion was the better part of valor, "Yes ma'am." I said.

"What about Doris?" She asked.

I looked at the soft woman in the flowered dress all soft and pretty. Shrugged. "Don't know ma'am. Probably."

Mistress and Doris looked at each other. Doris spoke to everyone. "After talking to David – Stella – whatever, I had an idea. I projected it to Ethel and think that we have a very good chance of getting her elected to public office. At the same time? I may have stumbled on something. It may work – but I have to talk to the powers that be, but there must be some complete understanding here between us."

The girls looked at each other, then at Ethel, but she gave nothing away. Doris then said. "Greta? David belongs to you at the moment. True?"

I took umbrage at this but naturally didn't show anything, especially as Greta shot an amused look at her and said "Sure. When I want."

Doris almost laughed. "You too Frances?"

I must admit that I was incensed. Frances? But then I thought on it. Maybe she had some cause for thinking along those lines? But then Ethel

broke into the conversation again. "Most important then David. So you're weaker than me, Greta or Frances. Be honest now."

I nodded. Seemed the best thing to do.

She smiled. "But, what about Doris? Her too?"

I looked at the small, feminine creature. Wasn't sure who was the softer, her or me, but was pretty sure it was her. "Oh, her too," I said, not meaning a word – but smart enough.

She shook her head. "David? I said I wanted the *truth* now! Everything about you shows one thing, but your words say something else."

I sighed and couldn't help smiling. "Sorry Mistress. Have to admit that I'm stronger than Miss Doris." Then I panicked a little as she got up from her chair. "I mean – she doesn't take Karate or self defense – or anything like that?"

Everybody laughed. Mistress said. "No Stella. Us three here? Might be a little masculine. But Doris here? VERY feminine. Is very soft and sweet. Loves men who are MEN. Is pretty sure she wants you to do what she tells you and she wants you to be scared of her."

"That's true Stella," Doris said. "And to get that into your mind? I'm going to put you over my knees and spank you. That's right. A soft feathery thing like me. Gonna treat you as if you're some sort of weak little girl. Sorry, but it's going to hurt. Have to get the right idea in your mind."

"But this isn't FAIR!" I said, backing away a little. "There's FOUR of you. And I didn't say a THING!"

"We're not involved. Strictly between you and Doris to me," Mistress said. "To tell the truth? I'll be VERY surprised if you can hold her off. Matter of fact? If you can spank her I'll give you a reward!"

Doris was on me. Again I could smell her floral perfume. Her soft hands reached for my chiffon over blouse. "C'mon Stella!" she cooed. "Come over Doris's knees. Let her lift your skirts and spank you on your panties. Bet they're pretty – just like all the girls wear! Come to Doris now!"

She had me half way to a chair when I saw the faces of the other three. "No Miss Doris!" I finally said, digging my heels in and stopping our progress.

"*Miss* Doris?" She laughed. "That's what maids call me. You a *maid*, Stella? Come along. Get your punishment like a girl! All soft and whimpering!" And we were almost at the chair!

"Stop it!" I said, giving her a little shove. The others laughed out loud.

She looked amazed for a minute, then closed with me again. "Naughty Stella! Come along now!" She tugged at me again. Pulled me a little closer to her chair.

"Stop this!" I said firmly, emboldened by the fact that nobody else had joined in. Pushed her again.

Next thing, I was enfolded by soft womanhood as she grappled with me, her curves and softness next to me. At that point, I actually felt how soft and smooth I'd become myself. Okay, I'd led the life of a girl for a while – but I wasn't THAT soft! Come on! Took a hold of her!

Then I discovered that she was stronger than I thought. Still soft and sweet and her floral dress felt nice under my hands, but tougher somehow. Acted almost as if she thought herself stronger than me – as if she thought she could beat me physically! And then we were grappling on the floor. Somehow, I couldn't help it – I had a hold of her hair and I found myself squealing. Then I was on top of her, straddling. "Want to give now?" I panted but in my own voice I could hear it – a little triumph, but a trace of defeat too? .

She actually smiled under me and took a deep breath. The audience giggled. Then her hand was in my hair and we were rolling around again, and despite everything, I felt myself surrendering to her womanliness.

"Please Doris?" I said up to her as she straddled me.

"Hi Stella!" she said, catching her breath a little and playing with my bra. "Going to come over my knees now – like a sweet little girl should?"

"This isn't FAIR Miss Doris," I said. I didn't know 'why' but I was now well aware that a woman had beaten me in physical contest and it was the only thing I could think of.

She smiled down on me nicely. "You know? The more I hear you call me 'Miss Doris'? The more I like it. Matter of fact. Once I've finished spanking you? You can get showered and dressed. Only thing? I want you to borrow an outfit from either of the other two maids. I have to go back to the capitol tomorrow and the idea of having a soft little male maid for the rest of the day? Sounds yummy to me. Sound yummy to you?" She pulled hard my ear lobe.

"Your *maid*?" I whispered.

"Yes. Just for me. In a little black dress and white apron. Makeup and hair. VERY attentive to my wants." She pulled my earlobe again. "Think

you can do that?"

I heard the derisive laughter as I agreed that I could, indeed, do that as she gently stroked my hair, with just a trace of what she could do if I rebelled.

"But dear? Time for your spanking. D'you want to come over my knees gracefully and willingly, or should I force you? I'm afraid that it's going to hurt a lot. Sorry dear, but that's a fact."

Again I heard the titters of laughter as I gave in and she gently led me over to where she was to sit. Stood obediently by as she sat down and smoothed her skirt and smiled up at me. "C'mon then – girl!" she said. "I was surprised at Stella," she said to the others as I laid myself over her knees. "Was a lot tougher than I thought. But she knows her place now, does she not?" She whispered as I arranged myself.

I started to cry.

"That's it! Now hold your skirts up, out of the way. Don't want them in the way while mummy spanks you, do we? That's a girl!"

She spanked me. Soundly. I wept and cried, wiggled and squealed over her knees, the only respite being when I'd forget and let go of my skirts, but she'd patiently remind me of what my job was and obediently, I'd take a hold of them again and pull them out of her way. At one time I yelled and kicked just like a woman hoping that it would cause her to relent but if it helped, I didn't notice. Finally, I just lay there, blubbering and crying. Finally she leaned over. "Had enough Stella?"

I couldn't speak. Managed to nod.

"Sorry dear," she said. "But Ethel and I talked earlier on. You'll still do what she or Frances or Greta tell you. But until I tell you different? You WILL do what I tell you – without question. I take full priority. You understand?"

I managed another nod. "Yes Miss," I blubbered.

"Off you go then. Go ask any of the maids for a dress and undies – an apron of course. Then shower and change and report to me. Got that?"

"What you been up to now?" Mom asked when I approached her. "Been naughty to the mistresses?" She was quite stern.

"Aw, c'mon mom!" I pleaded. "It wasn't them – was Miss Doris."

Her head came up and she fixed her eyes intently on mine. "Her? Always thought she was a nice little thing. Honestly, you'll have to stop annoying them David. They've been more than kind here. I've got a great

job and I don't want it put in jeopardy because you can't behave!
Sometimes I feel like spanking you myself!"

I licked my lips. Looked at the woman who'd done everything I said over the years. "Mom? She wants me to shower then look after her today."

"Well? That's strange. She's not the boss here and . . ."

I interrupted her – she was starting to act like the sun rose and set on Ethel and the two girls but I had to set her straight. "Everybody know mom – and it's okay."

She halted. "Well? What are you coming at me for?"

I swallowed – hard. "She wants me to wear . wear .. put on . . . a black dress and white apron."

"She wants *you* to wear that? Like you were a ladies maid?" To my amazement there was a hint of levity in her voice.

"Yes," I said, some courage coming back "And I don't know what there is to be amused about!"

She looked at me strangely. "You stand there in makeup – a skirt and a bra that's padded. Certainly don't look like any *boy* that I've ever seen. For a while you've let everyone here treat you like a girl – but I'm supposed to be surprised when somebody thinks you'd be a good maid? What is it they call you now – Stella?" She laughed. "Let me see now. A black skirt and a white blouse?" She was teasing. "Get Sally to do up your hair. Why don't you go shower and I'll get her." She smiled. "On with you now. We'll have something for you when you've finished your shower." She patted me as if I were a girl – and I'd no answer.

When I was in the actual shower, I caught sight of some indeterminate shapes behind the opaque door and heard some giggling, but nothing was said until mom said aloud as she closed the door. "Now put on all of these clothes Stella then come out into the bedroom where Sally and I will make every attempt to make you as Mistress Doris wishes – and please hurry up!"

Sally and mom were mostly businesslike as they worked on me once I got out but there was the occasional giggle and once I was finished, Sally asked mom. "Betcha you never thought you'd be doing this for your *son*?" She stroked my maidenly blouse with her fingers and smiled at me as she did so.

My mom took a second to reply. "Honestly? No. But when I think of all that bullshit the men used to force us to swallow? How us women weren't good enough for anything? I kinda like him to understand what it

feels like to get all gussied underneath with lingerie and made up because somebody of the opposite sex tells you that you *have* to. Stand up STRAIGHT Stella!" And she lifted my skirts and spanked me with a right hand on my petticoated bottom! They both laughed as I blushed.

I passed Greta and Frances in one of the hallways as I went to Miss Doris. "WOW!" Frances said. "Sally and your mom sure worked on you."

"Wanted to make an impression," Greta said, making a low wolf whistle as she did so and turning me. "Lift your skirts and petticoats Stella. I want to see!"

Blushing, I did as she said giving them a view of my panties, garter belt and stockings that lay underneath my panties. "You know?" Frances said in a sort of wonder. "You make a pretty nice cheer leader. But with a little time and effort? I bet you could be a good looking girl!"

Greta shook her head scornfully at Frances. "You mean you hadn't noticed that – stupid?" Then she spoke to me. "I think you'd better hurry up and report to Miss Doris." She smiled and nodded approvingly as I blushed at the praise, curtsied and thanked her. Patted me approvingly and sent me on my way.

Miss Doris was SO nice, I was totally surprised. Laughed liltily. "Oh, you look SO nice.. Hadn't realized that your mom was also a servant here. Ask her to come see me in my room immediately. Then fill in for her. Okay? I may want you tonight, so make yourself available after dinner."

This lady was so puzzling, but things worked out and for the rest of that day I worked with Sally as my mom disappeared. I didn't have too much to do with Miss Doris other than go and help her change into a pant suit before dinner. Mom actually sat at the table for the meal and I served. It felt so weird! ME serving MOM! Mind you, it may have been the uniform but I was actually feeling more accepted by the whole family and I felt quite natural after a while as I moved around to everyone's bidding.

Then after dinner I was called for to Miss Doris's room. Mom was there - in the same pant suit she'd worn for dinner and, after I poured drinks, I was invited to sit down. It felt strange. There were the two women in the room, serene and confident. Not masculine mind you – but in pants, while I was the only male but made up and in a frilled dress – and acting in a female subservient way!

Finally, I was allowed to sit beside mom. At first she was uncomfortable as Miss Doris made me nestle up against her – like a friendly daughter – but after a while, she didn't seem to care. To my surprise, the subject of the conversation was ME! I was embarrassed, but it was interesting. Mom had photographs and a scrapbook of me as a boy. It was disconcerting to be asked questions about 'how did I feel as a boy' and 'how did you react to this – or that'. I mean, I may have dressed and acted – even looked more and more like a girl – was even being *accepted* as one, but gradually even I accepted my position in things and started laughing as I heard myself sound like a male chauvinist. Frankly, frilled and petticoated the way I was, it wasn't hard to see myself as the others saw me – as the female there. This was patently ridiculous, but the feel of the nylon and lace and pretty things around me made me wonder.

Finally, Doris called me to her. She wasn't huge like Mistress and I felt funny sitting on a small woman's lap but she soon had me listening with some surprise.

"Stella?" she asked sweetly.

"Yes ma'am?" I answered.

"Over the next few days – maybe longer – I'll be around. During that time, I want you to understand that the first thing that you do – is what I tell you. After that? It's what *any* woman or girl tells you. You don't act nicely? Doris will give you another spanking. Got that?"

The look on my mom's face as I cuddled in and agreed said a lot. It was then I suppose that I got my first sign of what was to come, though it seemed so insignificant that I didn't pay any attention. "And Stella?" she continued.

"Yes ma'am?"

"You currently call Monica 'Mom'. That's SO effeminate. I want you to call her properly in a masculine way. Use *Mummy* and always in the sweetest, most loving way. Try it for me."

Frankly, it didn't sound all that masculine to me but I did it. She nodded approvingly. "And from now on? You don't call her properly? She'll spank you immediately. Understand that? And she's under instructions to tell ME as well – and I don't think you'll like that at all."

She was absolutely right on that score. I looked at mom – Mummy – and she had a look to her. A sort of strange look. Almost as if she'd been

seeing something one way for her whole life – and now was seeing something different.

Doris was gone the next day, but something *important* was happening! I was scared at first, but Mummy was turning me *back into a BOY!*

It may sound very simple – but it wasn't. Sally was called in to work on my hair and, okay, it wasn't trimmed or shortened that much but a great deal of the effeminacy was taken out. Then, strange thing, I discovered that one way or the other I had picked up some feminine gestures. Mummy REALLY came down on those! At first I was incensed by this but gradually saw that the way I'd been walking wasn't boyish any more. When I sat down? It was as if I was wearing skirts – and throwing? Don't ask me how aghast I was! I threw like a girl! Gradually, with mummies help I improved.

There was an air of jubilation when Doris returned – with a camerawoman no less. And it turned out that it was ME that was the focus of the camera work. Almost under pain of death I was told to ignore the camera lady, but as she was an invisible type of person, her participation in what I was doing soon became almost indiscernible. I didn't know what was going on, but the day I was presented with a first team uniform? Heaven!

Then? Then I was placed back on the boys team! The boys looked at me kinda strangely, especially Tommy, but they seemed to accept me just as old. I even got to play in a game or so. Must admit that I was rusty. Didn't seem to be passing correctly and couldn't handle what I got. On top of that? Actually found myself doing some things in a girlish fashion.. But all in all, I felt fine. Wanted to get back in with the guys but figured it might take a time.

But somehow or other, there were only five guys on the team now – and a week later it was presented – as a matter of fairness of course - that as the girls now had a majority, the uniform should be changed. One of the guys protested and refused to play, but that left the four of us. The girls teased us at the new uniforms – built in bras on the tops and SKIRTS! The shame faced looks from the guys were hilarious I guess, because the girls openly teased us. And then? Once again, I was delegated to the second team. Their uniforms had also been changed, but it was no big deal for me to be wearing skirts again. To tell the truth, I declined, but it was a half hearted

gesture and Greta made me play a few games before I found myself playing just as poorly and back on the cheer squad – with new uniforms.

Doris and the photographer were back in the house and seemingly for a long time. Then I noticed that I was being feminized again. Thoroughly lost at this apparent change I could only do what I was told but this being the second time it wasn't so bad. As a matter of fact it was easier because it seemed that I had some company. All right, there were only three guys left playing soccer now for the first team – Tommy, Brian, and Alistair but as a cheer leader I saw them regularly and though they didn't seem to have regular girl friends they mostly had a girl draped over them (Usually bigger) after and during the showers. Not only that? I was amazed to discover that the other boys seemed kinda shy. Even blushed a lot when the girls would (sometimes) call them Tami, Breanna, or Alice. Being dressed in a cheerleader uniform again made me a groundbreaker of sorts because one day, blushing like crazy, Breanna asked my advice on some makeup. A day or two later, I could have *sworn* he had lipstick on!

Doris was always around us and it was amazing how much clout she had. She had spanked me of course, but even though I said nothing about that, the other guys obviously respected her a great deal. I would have even said 'scared' of her as they jumped when she asked anything, just like I did. The four of us herded together I found, with Greta on me and big girls on the other three – all of the girls laughing and being exuberant as they'd kiss or fondle us. Doris seemed to love being in the middle of a group of us, watching and smiling as the girls gradually took us under their wing. The hilarity one day when Doris took a whole group of us to the local mall – and the teasing from the girls when all the boys had to get their ears pierced. For some reason, Tommy actually cried but then two girls led him away. When he came back, he had stopped crying, but I could swear that he had a touch of lipstick and eye shadow on as well. Me and the other boys said nothing of course. Frankly? I thought he looked better. After all, isn't it the male thing to look as good as one can?

But *something* was happening. A lot of confusion seemed to exist, especially in the teen years. What had been behavior expected of girls seemed to have become masculine – and vice versa. I mean – in the football games, a really hard tackle would be described by the announcer as being overly feminine. One time a boy actually cried – and it was said to be masculine behavior. Girls were said to be feminine when they'd laugh and

play a little grab ass with us boys – and we were described as masculine when we'd group together defensively from them and titter at their antics, or gossip and go to the bathroom together.

Then came the night of Frances's sleepover. She'd invited the cheerleader squad of course, but I was a little put out because it seemed to be expected that I was going to go as well. I laughingly explained to her that, although it was hard to tell me apart from other young girls by this time – it really was a night for girls to enjoy themselves without boys and I'd just as soon pass.. She accepted this explanation and I thought no more about it.

Her friends all started coming in just after six and, out of uniform, I was surprised to see how young they really were. They were young ladies of course and weren't above coming and giving me kisses – one or two even felt my ass and commented how strange it was to see me out of a skirt. Laughed at my blushes.

I was just settling in to read a book just after eight when one of them appeared. "Stella?" she said. "Frances thinks you should come."

"Come where?" I asked.

She put on a firm tone. "*Stella!* Come with me this instant!"

I felt the flash of the old resentment, but the camera lady was there and rather than raise a fuss, I went gently.

It was as if they were waiting for me. "Hi Stella!" Frances said. "We have a little time to fill. Thought we'd play with you a while. Sit there"

A little while later, I'd joined them completely. A lot of them had crawled all over me, giggling in the most masculine way as they had me change into 'boyish' pink baby dolls with makeup on and lots of rollers in my hair. They all complemented me on the chiffon scarf that was used to tie my rollers in. Maybe it was the solution they'd used on my hair but I was pretty sure that my new hairdo wouldn't wash out in the morning. They all giggled at my perfume and lavishly painted nails. Then, arms around each other's shoulders I had to join them we sat and told ghost stories and ate marshmallows.

Then Frances let out a laugh. "I wonder if Tami, Breanna, and Alice would like to join us?"

One of the girls laughed. "But Frances? They're first team – and anyway? They're boys."

Frances laughed. "But mom's gonna be village head pretty soon. If they know what's good for them? Maybe they'll come over and spend the night too. Stella? Why don't you give them a call."

Why wasn't I surprised when a few of the girls stood around me while I made the call? I wore a sleeping bra inside my baby dolls – to improve my shape, naturally and while I was on the phone, they didn't miss the chance to stroke my bra or frilled panties. I found myself getting all sexy and provocative. Actually kissed some of the girls as they felt me up and I phoned. All of the phone calls were almost identical. The boys all scoffed at my invitation, but then Frances would simply *breathe* into the phone how much she'd *appreciate* them for coming and they'd change their minds!

I could have sworn that the boys would bolt when they saw me and my get up, but with helpless looks on their faces, one by one they arrived and were then drawn into our circle of girls. They tried to protest but it wasn't long before all four of us, painted, perfumed, and dressed prettily sat scared and frightened among the other girls. Then Frances seemed to get bored with us. Thought that Greta might have some friends over – so sent us all over, arm in arm, to see if we'd be any use to them.

Strangely enough? The numbers matched completely and it wasn't long before us four were acting like young boys everywhere, lying there in gorgeous satin and lace lingerie while the girls pawed all over us laughing loudly as we tittered and squealed and tried to get away from them – though we weren't too successful if you know what I mean..

I lost my virginity that night. Felt strange as Greta walked me down the hall to Doris's room with my head shyly on her shoulder and her hand openly on my ass, leaving three frightened boys to their own fate. There, she asked Doris if we could please get a break from the camera lady? Greta had something she wanted to *talk* to me about. Doris smiled and waved us on our way. Greta quietly led me to her bed and told me to get in it. It wasn't long before we were grasping at each other – with her on top of course. I was only too eager when she slowly drew my panties down and mounted me. Slept with her all night too. Only awoke when she wanted another round. I enjoyed that, think she did too.

Frances showed me a bunch of boys clothes the next day. Grinned as she explained that the girls hadn't really been invited all *night* – and neither had the boys – specifically. How the big girls had to get home in a hurry and how they just couldn't *find* the boys clothes that they had come in

originally! The silly fuss the boys had made in being made to go home in their new jimmies and hairdo's. "You'd think they'd find something else to complain about!" Frances grinned. "It was TOO funny!"

That was a watershed. There wasn't much sense in trying to explain that I was a boy as I gradually took on all of the protective colorations of a girl. Went to beauty shops and had my hair and nails done. Learned how to shop in lingerie stores, more and more astonished at the gradual numbers of males I saw in nice hairdos and makeup. Hung out with the other three more and more.

The elections were coming up and our conquerors were trying to explain how much better we'd all be if we simply followed democracy. And then, one night, Doris had us all gather around the Television. "This is a major media event coming up." She said. "Us conquerors we are pulling our troops out and leaving the elections in the citizen's hands!"

We all looked at each other, shock showing on our faces. This was unheard of!

She continued. "This country has the reputation of being a male stronghold – and a chauvinistic one to boot. A LOT of males were killed in the war so that now the preponderance of population are females. The following has been prepared for immediate release – and will be in all movie halls tomorrow. More along the same line will follow – but this is the first, and very important! It's called "A Boy's Life"

I was in a straight skirt and frilled blouse and sitting in Greta's arms on a couch. "Hush now darling!" she said putting an arm around my shoulders and drawing me closer. "Be quiet until I tell you, okay?"

I nodded, putting my head on her shoulder, and the movie began.

There I WAS! Me! Lots of various snapshots showing me growing up from childhood. My attempts at soccer. I felt a flush spreading my neck – surely I wasn't *that* bad? I never seemed to be capable of doing anything right – as a matter of fact, I was just slightly worse than the three male cohorts on the football team. All of us looked SO bad, compared to the girls who chased the ball and dribbled it so expertly – and scored the goals! They headed the ball with a fervor, while our attempts to do the same thing are met with a sort of amused contempt – one time being spent on me trying to fix my long, pretty, masculine hair after an attempt.

Then me at home – now doing all of the household chores, cheerfully. Hanging up, and taking down lingerie – tidying up – washing – ironing. Is

there any household task that I don't like? And interspersed, me fumbling around with a football, like a total beginner. Then an over-voice explaining tactfully that in all fairness to the male side of things that I had been demoted! Shots of Greta showing how assiduously she worked with me – in the true female manner of sportsmanship, while I get worse and worse. Then finally and heart broken, Greta in the manner of true women everywhere demoting me to the second team one level down! A cut off shot of me doing my face up in a compact – as if I didn't CARE!

And here I am in the culottes of the lower team. My hair is now girlish again and occasionally my undies are shown. The voice explains that I was too shy to wear the underwear properly assigned to my team but how reason had prevailed and I'd taken to wearing panties with pride. One day there was a lengthy shot of my lace edged panties. I swore blind to myself that it was not me in those shots because my face is not seen – but I was to complain?

Now there are triumphant shots of the Mistress as she educates everyone by explaining that the male stupidity was what got us into the war originally and a voice over of her even taking me onto her knees and close ups of my face as I gradually succumb to what she's telling me. Her giving me the chaste kiss that a disciple gives a true believer – which I couldn't remember at all. Then my willingness to wear a maids uniform – and appear with my mummy and Sally – with me in the junior position of course. The girl's response to me now doing what I obviously have been born to do! My happiness! "See his joy at doing what comes naturally?" the voice intones as I curtsy to the various ladies. Then "Despite his real nature his attempts to reach the level where the girls play!" Here are more shots of me and Greta practicing. "And finally? Thanks to HER hard work – he makes it!" The other guys are shown, half heartedly welcoming me onto the team again.

But now, it's not just me that's inept. The other boys are looking a little silly and defeatist – but what can you expect from a boy, huh? - while the girls zoom about like tireless athletes – you never, ever, see a boy score a goal! And now here comes the new uniforms and the voice over "Let's face it sports fans! The girls have done their level best to bring the boys up to their level! Now it's time to let them feel what a REAL uniform feels like!" And the boys – me somewhat excluded – are shown to be playing *much* better in their skirts – with their bras nicely padded.

It's now noticeable that their hair is nicer – as is mine as I again make a short stint in the second team – and then "Because he recognizes the need for mental cheering of our girl athletes!" I am shown in my girl cheer leader costume (Cheers from the audience) – lipstick and all. And here I am in girlish glory, waving my pompoms and shaking my backside in true fashion. At this point I blush a fiery red as the audience around me cheer me and my fellow girls on as we pot and shake in adolescent sexuality – girlish of course – though for some reason, it's described as masculine.

And a montage of myself and the other boys engaged in such boyish activities as shopping – and how we all blush at growing up to a new level as we get our earrings on for the first time. There IS a sort of bewildered look to our faces as we make our first trip to a beauty shop and experiment with new styles and nail polish – but this is just part of a boy's life, is it not? The expression on our lipsticked faces as we peer out from under dryers. Our soft, shaded, eyes with the seductive touches. The girls and women around me let out appreciative whistles at this. Shy, I burrow into Greta's side.

Then the warm, romantic background as the night of Frances's sleepover comes. Me first. Gradually accepted by the girls of the cheerleader squad. My shyness at finally being treated like the real boy I've always wanted to be. (The audience oohs and aaahs – and claps at a series of still photos appears that show my gradual transformation into a proper boy. I look SO pretty in my negligee, makeup and rollers, my eyes all soft and seductive.. Then the voice over explains how badly I felt at my 'buddies' not being given the same honor. After some conversation, I'm heard asking them on the phone to come.

The voice over again explains how, shyly and diffidently, they hadn't felt deserving of such honor but how they'd been talked into it. Then they're seen, astonished at the honor being paid to them as gradually they're also converted to boys. Even I was embarrassed when Greta and Frances started making wolf whistles and girlish exclamations as the boys on the screen changed into pretty, masculine things. At first we're shown joining the group but then the voice exclaims laughingly that as girls will be girls – they can't be stopped when they are of a mind – and here our boys are being taken over by the big girls from the first team.. Our happiness as we sink into their arms. Our lips all pouting and inviting! And then we all split up – with me and Greta asking permission to 'talk' from Doris. The closing

shot is of me being led down to MY room – with a short shot through the door of my pretty dolls on my satin cover. Then the door closes as Greta's arm goes around my waist.

I said that was the closing shot. Well it was the last of my personal appearances in this move, but the real closer is Mistress Ethel behind a desk. She looks massive and competent in a nice but plain tailored pant suit..

"Good evening voters! As a citizen of this country I hope you have taken note of what was said in this message. Males are perfectly all right – as long as they know their place! Us females are now in the majority with the male population reduced to mid-teens. And now is the time to send them a message! Enough war! Enough chauvinism! Be what us women want you to be! Now? Get out and vote for common sense! And BOYS? Do as you're told!"

The screen went blank and all of us clapped enthusiastically. "Thank you!" I said nicely to Greta as she kissed and fondled my new silicon inserted breasts, proud of the way they juttet out from under my blouse. "But I have some serving to do." And smoothing my skirt and arranging my blouse, I got up.

EPILOG

The country is now at peace, our elected leaders all, naturally, women. I'm a little famous as my film was a big help in removing a wrong mind set. The conquerors are long gone and, okay, some neighboring countries scoff at our new approach to life but shops abound for men and we're all happy behaving as males should and doing what our feminine partners tell us.

I proudly look at my new white dress. Preen in front of the mirror and daintily, ever so boyishly, stick one of my slippered feet out from under my dress – the pearls on the velvet go ever so nicely! I fluff my hair – just a little – am not sure about the veil – but I can't change it now, can I? Examine my long lace gloves. I pick up my flowers and sigh quietly.

My buddies must have been waiting. The door opens immediately and they all make their entrances – as boyish as you ever saw in their gorgeous blue tulle dresses and large blue ribboned hats. As gentlemen do, they all kiss me softly on the cheek so as not to disturb my makeup – nor wanting to muss their own. They step back to admire me and I just can't resist the masculinity of it all – give a graceful, boyish, twirl!

"You're so handsome!" Tami whispers. "But wouldn't it be a good idea to at least have a look at Greta's present before the ceremony? She might expect it immediately after, and you may not have a lot of time? You know?". He giggled shyly, looking down at the floor.

"Oh, thank you dear Tami!" I said, impulsively giving him a kiss, my voice, like his, softened by my elective minor surgery. "Yes. Let's have a look at it!"

The boys all crowd around me now and it's so nice to feel their manliness as their soft arms touch mine, the feel of the fabrics is wonderful, and their scent fills the air. I open the box and there is silence for a moment as we all look at the shining dildo inside the velvet.

"Oh, you LUCKY thing!" Alice sighs. "May I give it a kiss for good luck?"

"In a minute!" I reply. "Me first!" and I raise the box to my lips. Take the dildo out and wrap my soft masculine lips around the tip. Wonder when Greta will make a man out of me! Wiggle inside my dress, getting a little moist. I hope it will be soon.

The boys all squeal around me.

The end

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