

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MOTHER'S NEW "DAUGHTER"

JESSE'S TRIP TO THE BEAUTY SALON
BLOSSOMS INTO A NEW LIFE!



Volume 56

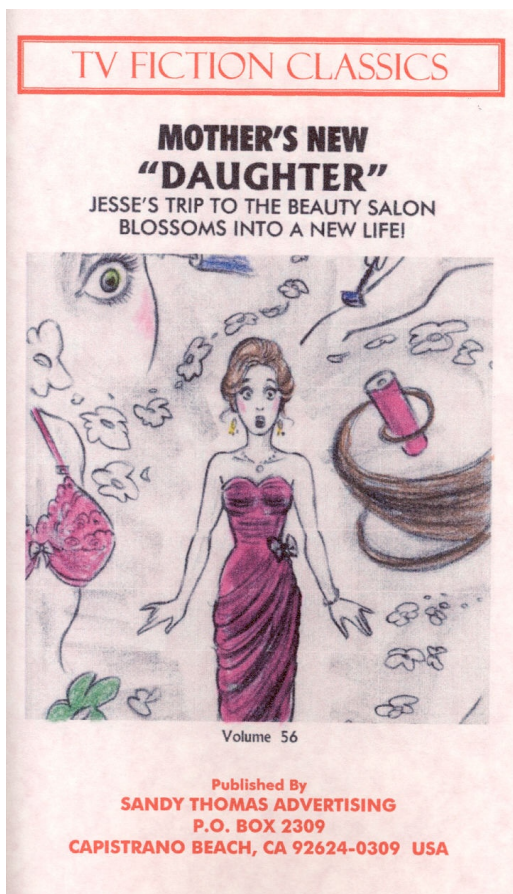
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MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER

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“MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER”

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Worse: “Your husband's wearing your clothes.”

WORST: “Your husband looks prettier than you.”

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER

By SANDY THOMAS

Special thanks to Pamela Marie & Kristy Love

In life, it's hard to figure out what to do. "Do what you do best," one teacher said. Another said, "Hard work and elbow grease makes for a happy life." "Be yourself!" was on the wall of my philosophy classroom.

"Be yourself?" What does that mean. Like, during the first seventeen years of life, my mother became a blonde four times. Is that being yourself? Funny how each time she was a blonde our life changed in a big way. She was blonde when my father died. Blonde again when the mourning was over and again for a couple of months when I started high school....

Mother was very restrictive with me in my teenage years and nagged me about my long hair. My dead father had been a barber and even though he was killed by a pair of shorted out clippers, mother wanted my hair short. I refused to get it cut and she often joked about tying me up and letting her hair stylist crew cut me.

Since her beauty shop was close to school, it was our regular meeting place on Thursday evenings. I sat waiting for her one evening looking over one of the few magazines that a guy would read. I watched the three girls in the shop create various hairstyles, but my mother was in the back of the shop in the owner's booth.

I listened to the women and laughed. It was like the world revolved around their hairstyle and color.

There weren't many young girls in this shop. That was good. I would hate to be seen there.

It was a half an hour later than usual and still no sign of mother. I looked around and admired a gorgeous platinum blonde sitting in the back. Her hair was white, very bouffant and her stylist, Pat, was showing her how to “make it work.”

I sat looking at this gorgeous creature trying to see her face and her age. Suddenly she turned around and waved. . . “It’s me!” she yelled. “It’s me, your mom!” That’s not being yourself, is it?

THE HAIRCUT. . .

“Jesse! Get in the house at once” yelled my mother. I broke off my conversation with my buddy, Randy, and marched to the door. “Don’t have a cow!” I yelled in her face. “Get into your room right now young man!” Mother screamed. She was furious.

I slammed the door behind me as I stomped to my room. “No phone calls young man!” Mother yelled through the door.

I was starting my junior year in high school in September and Mother was fearful for me. I was a late bloomer...way behind of the other guys in bodily development.

What I didn’t have in stature, I made up for in audacious behavior. I was always the one to take a dare and usually the only one caught. The principal called home many times.

My increased interest in girls also scared Mother. I would spend hours in my room on the phone talking to various guys about the chicks. I guess it was the way I talked about them that scared her.

She over heard me saying what I’d like do to this chick or that chick. In public, she saw me gawking at anything in a skirt. She would say, “Jesse, it’s rude to stare at a woman like that!”

“She shouldn’t dress like that! She’s asking for it.”

Mother had a rough time raising me by herself and the road was only getting rougher as I came of age.

As Mother sat on the couch in silence thinking how to resolve her problem she could hear me talking to Randy. He was as girl crazy as I was.

“You're not going to end up as male swine!” Mother said to me more than once. One day she arose from the couch and placed her ear against my door. She could hear me talking on the phone. “. . .I know she wants it!” I said, “Did you see that ass on her!”

“Hang that phone up now young man!” Mother suddenly screamed as she barged into my room. I was startled as she grabbed the phone from my hand and said, “Bye Randy!” She quickly hung up the phone.

“Jesse you are grounded for a week” Mother said. “You have no respect for women!”

“Mom! You can't do that! It's summer!” I cried.

“You're grounded and that's final!” yelled Mother as she walked back into the kitchen. “I don't know you anymore.”

Mother could still hear me yelling about the grounding when the phone rang. “Hello” Mother answered.

“Hi, is Jesse there? This is Randy.”

“Randy, Jesse is grounded for the next week. No phone calls please,” Mother said.

“OK,” said Randy. Mother said good-bye and hung up as I stormed out of my room in a huff.

“Was that Randy?!”

“I told him no phone calls while you are grounded,” Mother replied.

“You're so mean. I hate you!” I yelled. Mother grabbed me and turned me around. I was caught off guard and fell over her lap. “Whack! Whack! Whack!” went her hand across my bottom...HARD!

I began to bawl hard. I broke free and ran to my room.

“Oh my God! How could I have hit him?” Mother thought. “I have not spanked him since he was a toddler.”

Mother's hands shook as she tried to return to cooking dinner. Tears dropped from her eyes as she pondered how she was going to resolve this battle of wills. She happened to look at the pile of junk mail and magazines on the counter. “Cool Summer Do's” read the headline on a Woman Today Magazine sticking out from beneath the pile.

Mother flipped to the first page and she found a feature titled, “Cool Summer Do's”. She began to look at the various hairstyles. As she flipped to the next page, one haircut instantly caught her eye. The model's face was the same shape as mine and her hair color was exactly the same. The style was an ultra long blunt cut. The back and sides were blunt cut at the bottom making it full and move about nicely. Only the bangs were cut to just above the eyebrows. “That is really cute,” Mother thought to herself.

She smiled, knowing that she just might have a solution for the battle of wills between her and me. “This is perfect” she thought as she picked up the phone.

Later, when she walked into my room, she apologized for spanking me, adding, “But you were acting like a baby!”

“So I'm not grounded,” I said hopefully.

“You have a choice. Grounded or a haircut.”

“But I like long hair! All the guys have. . .”

She held her hand up to stop me. “I won't make you cut it short. It just needs trimming. . .no more than an inch or two in back. . .”

Little did I know that she had made an appointment at her salon for me. Mother had been getting her hair cut there forever and knew Pat, the owner, well.

“I need to schedule an appointment,” Mother had said.

“When sweetie?”

“As soon as possible,” Mother replied. “Maybe you should set it up late, after everyone has left.”

“OK, I have you down for 6:30 tomorrow,” said Pat.

“It's not for me Pat, it's for Jesse.”

“Oh?” said Pat.

“Yes,” said Mother as she tore the picture of the model out of the magazine. She talked to Pat for over an hour about our problems and my lack of respect for women. When Mother finally said good-bye and hung up the phone, she breathed a sigh of relief.

The next morning Mother awoke early and got breakfast ready. “Jesse! Breakfast is ready,” Mother called out.

I came from my room a few minutes later. Both of us sat silently and ate our breakfasts. I didn't like the bribery but a little trim was better than a week in the slammer.

I saw her staring at my hair. She mumbled, “Your hair is really very pretty. If you'd only take care of it, I wouldn't complain.”

I had always had shiny and beautiful hair...when it was clean. When I started high school, I let it go and it now fell nearly to my shoulders. At school I wore it pulled back into a ponytail.

Half the time I barely ran a brush through it and although I'd never admit it, she was right. It was ratty.

I watched her staring at me. I now know she was wondering how to get up the nerve to tell me WHERE we were going to have my hair cut. She knew a battle would ensue.

She tested, “So shall we go to `Marine Bob's' for that trim?”

I moaned, “Oh yeah! That's your gimmick. He only does crew cuts!”

Mother smiled, “Well, I could ask Pat to trim it after they close tonight.”

I dropped my head letting my thick mane fall into my face, then quickly threw my head back to pull it into a ponytail. “No way,” I said, “That’s a beauty parlor for pussies!”

SMACK! Mother’s hand delivered a good slap to my face. “If I ever hear that word from your mouth again young man, I will wash you mouth out with soap!” screamed Mother.

“But mom!”

“Look, you agreed. If I were you, I’d go with Pat over Bob. She won’t cut too much off! I guarantee it,” Mother said. Tears rolled from my eyes.

“You meet me at Pat’s at 6:30. No one will be there.

I was now more terrified at the thought of what “Marine Bob” would do to my locks.

“Please, mom!” I begged. “Couldn’t you just trim it?”

“You need some style, not just a trim,” said Mother putting a page of a magazine article in her purse.

Meeting outside the salon, neither of us said a word to one another. Mother opened the shop’s door. “Come on!” she said. “Don’t you give me one ounce of trouble in here Jesse or I’ll spank you right in front of Pat!”

“Oh sure! You are going to put me over your knee and spank me,” I mocked then said nothing more. I just stood with a pouted look on my face.

As we entered the salon the chimes above the door gave a jingle. Pat looked up from the cash register where she was just finishing up with the day’s receipts.

“Hello sweeties. Be with you in a few minutes,” Pat said. We sat down. Mother began to look through a magazine while I just sat in the chair looking at the floor.

A few minutes later Pat finished with the customer and rang her up at the counter. Pat then went to the back with my mother and returned a few moments later.

“Jesse,” Pat said. “Come on back honey.” I reluctantly got up and walked back. Mother followed behind. “Jesse, have a seat there in front of the sink.”

I sat looking around the salon as Pat got a towel. “My what a beautiful head of hair you have. Many a girl would die for what you have,” Pat said as she fingered my hair.

I muttered as I blushed, “Don't cut much off!”

“Cut this hair? Why? It's gorgeous!” she said as she put a pink plastic smock around my neck. “It just needs some style. Do you like Guns and Roses?”

I nodded. I sat stone-faced but relaxed. At least I wasn't getting a crew cut. “Well, lean back and let's get you shampooed and rinsed,” said Pat. After rinsing my hair, she grabbed a towel and wrapped it around my head like a turban, then helped me to sit up.

“OK, right this way, honey” Pat said as she led me to the chair in front of her station.

She removed the towel and patted my hair with it. “Well, let's see,” she said grabbing a brush. She began to brush my hair out making it lay perfectly straight.

“How about just an inch at the sides darling?” Pat asked me. “Then we'll bring the back up to give it movement.”

“Movement?” I questioned as she began.

Mother reached into her purse and brought out the haircut picture. “Jesse, this is how I want Pat to cut it today,” Mother said.

I looked at the picture in amazement. “That's like a girl!”

Pat said, “It won't look that feminine on a boy!”

Mother said, “This haircut has been a long time coming. That is the style I want!”

“Mom, I’ll be good from now on. Really I will!” I pleaded from the chair. “Please don’t cut my hair like that,” I begged.

“Pat, cut it,” Mother said calmly. She watched as Pat combed my hair out again and neatly laid it down my back one more time. Mother gave a slow nod to go ahead. Pat looked uneasy as she reached for her scissors and comb. “Head all the way forward for me now, sweetie,” Pat said softly.

“Mother, may I see the picture again?” I asked. Mother handed it to me. I stared at the girl. She was hot!

“OK,” Pat said in a doubting voice as she combed at my forehead and sectioned out some hair. She combed through it a few times while examining the length. On the final stroke she brought her fingers to shoulder level. The section above her fingers was 12 inches long and hanging over my face. She raised the scissors to the section, cutting about an inch off the back.

I looked down at the girl model in shock. “At least it’s not going to be a crew cut!” said Pat as she slid the scissors into the hair. Snip, snip, and snip! Wet pieces dropped onto my lap.

“It’s going to look so good!” Pat said as she sectioned off more hair. Cutting first one side then the next, more thick fuzzy ends fell onto the cape and onto my lap.

Pat continued sectioning off hair down the center of my head from front to back and blunt cutting it even with my back. With each click of the scissors, I felt the weight of my hair moving from the back forward. A good-sized pile of hair had formed in my lap, but it didn’t look that much shorter on the sides.

Pat gave the chair a pump then combed it all out looking for stragglers.

She took a water bottle and wet it down again, running a comb through it to work in the water as she sectioned off a

long lock at my forehead. To my shock, she took a good chunk of hair and sniped it off sending it to the floor.

“Bangs!” she announced as she proceeded sectioning and sniping. She asked my mother, “Sweep that hair out from under her feet. . .oops, I mean HIS feet. Sorry, I usually work with women.”

Mother grabbed a little broom against the wall and began to sweep the piles of hair away from the base of the chair while Pat kept checking for mavericks.

“Oh my,” Mother said, “It certainly has a style now!”

Pat brushed her hand over the freshly cut hair on top of my head. She went to the station drawer and removed a pair of clippers. Flipping the clippers on, she skillfully removed all signs of sideburns that I had tried so hard to grow. I moaned as tiny tufts of fuzz fell lightly to the floor.

“Trust me,” she said, “They look out of place now. Someday you'll get a beard but until then keep the sideburns off.”

I felt extremely nervous as I sunk into the chair. “Sit up sweetie, while I blow it dry,” Pat ordered. She took a hair dryer and a round vent brush and began to pull and straighten my wet hair until it flowed softly about my face in a long bob. I sat stone-faced in the chair while she finished.

Pat worked some sculpting foam into my hair. She combed my bangs forward covering almost my entire forehead with soft wisps of hair.

“Looks great,” Mother said as Pat wiped off all the little hair on my neck and face with a towel.

Pat took out a mirror to show me the back. “What do you think sweetie?” asked Pat.

I looked into the mirror as she rotated the chair around so I could see the back. I looked like a girl from behind!

I started to complain again.

“Honey. It won't look like this when you pull it back in a ponytail,” Pat assured me. “I bet you'll grow to like it.”

“I like it!” Mother stated. “How often should he come in to keep it shaped?”

“Once a month should keep the bangs out of his eyes.” Pat removed the cape from me as more hair fell to the floor. “I can't go around like this,” I cried as I saw my hair floated about my face girlishly.

“It's only fluffy from the blow drying and styling foam. It won't be that bad,” Pat said as she cleaned up her station.

Mother paid Pat at the counter and we exited the salon. In the car, I continued to moan and stare into the mirror.

When we got home, my buddy Randy was standing at the front door ringing the doorbell. He saw the car and came up to meet us. As he came to my side, he stared in amazement. I opened the door and stepped out. I blushed as he stared. I tried to keep my composure.

“What happened to your hair, Jesse?” Randy asked.

“Got it trimmed,” I moaned.

“Ugly! It looks like a girl's hair cut! You aren't going to wear it like that, are you?” he asked.

“He sure is!” my mother announced. “Now you run home!” Randy walked away.

Mother was relieved it was all over now. She knew my tough friends would dump me and that was comforting to her. -I went into my room determined that the next morning I'd be at “Marine Bob's” for a crew cut. I couldn't live like this.



*In my room, I found the model's picture in my pocket.
She was so cute, I couldn't take my eyes off her.*

In my room, I found the model's picture in my pocket. She was so cute, I couldn't take my eyes off her. Even I could

see that she looked a bit like me. I went over to the mirror and held the picture up to my face. Facially, we could have been twins, but she was wearing a short tight dress, high heels, and standing next to the car of my dreams. . . a new BMW roadster.

A chill came over me when I looked into her eyes. Looking into the mirror, it was like I could see her soul and feel what she was feeling. My fingers went up to my soft silky hair and I knew it was what her hair felt like. I was aroused by the sensation...I had to have more!

I went down and asked mother, “Where is the magazine this picture came out of.

Mother looked at me funny and pointed to it. I quickly grabbed it and with my heart pounding, looked for more of “her”. There were six other pictures of her in the issue. One with her hair pulled back on one side with a barrette. I quickly went to the mirror and pulled back my hair, using a paper clip to hold it back. I nearly swooned when I saw her face nearly looking back from my mirror. In her picture, she had on lipstick and light makeup, but the “twin” impression was unreal. We were nearly the same, but she had on the frilliest, flowered print dress I'd ever seen.

I went out and got every issue of the magazine, then searched every page for my “daydream” girl. Mother came into my room seeing me going through every page. She smiled and said, “So, what's with the new hairdo?”

Stupid me! I left the paper clip in my hair. I was caught. I showed mother the pictures of the girl and the one of her in the print dress. I stammered as I asked, “She really does look like me, doesn't she?”

“Yes, you do look like her with your new hair style,” mother admitted. “What a pretty girl and what a pretty dress! I want one of those. Let me see where they sell them.”

The next morning, I combed my hair into a ponytail and Mother was right, it didn't look that bad or feminine. By later that day, I must have looked at that girl model's picture a hundred times.

When mother came home from work, she was carrying a package. I about died when she pulled out "the dress!" It was the same one the girl in the magazine was wearing.

"They only had one left and it isn't really my size," she muttered. "I hope it isn't too small." It was.

To my surprise, she didn't take the dress back right away. It just hung in the hallway closet. I wanted to ask her about it but I'd never shown any interest in dresses before and wasn't about to start, but I couldn't take my eyes off it. I would look at it, and sometimes feel the soft fabric.

Every time I did, I felt guilty and hated what I was feeling, yet mother never took back the dress. One time I also tried to blow dry my hair the way Pat did, but it didn't look the same. I wanted to see "my girl" again.

At the end of a month, mother suggested I see Pat for a trim. I didn't complain. She made me an appointment for the following Thursday.

On Wednesday, mother's new "Woman's Life" arrived and we almost fought over it. Finally we stood together at the kitchen counter and flipped through it page by page.

That girl was featured again in an article called, "Beauty Wish List." Her hair had grown about the same as mine and it gave me that same thrill to see her. She was in some of the most dazzling outfits.

I saw in the tiny print below one of the pictures, "Photographer...Eric James, Model...Allison Dinn"

"Her name is Allison," I announced.

Mother laughed, "Do I detect a crush?"

I nodded, "She's really pretty. . ."

“And looks like you too!” Mother suggested, “Let's take Allison's picture again to Pat and have her copy her hair style.”

I was embarrassed, but I admitted it might be fun. My heart was racing as I looked into the model's eyes.

To my surprise, my hair didn't need to be cut to look like Allison's. Pat said, “It looks like she's letting it grow. I think it's all done with rollers.”

MORE OF ALLISON. . .

Two months later, the *Woman's Life* magazine had another layout featuring Allison. It was a four-page makeover. On the first page, her hair was long and straight...almost to the middle of her back.

Mother was looking over my shoulder as I commented, “Wow! Her hair really grows fast. It's much longer than mine.”

“I bet yours is almost as long without the natural curl.” She took the back of my hair and pulled it out and down to the middle of my back. “See. You just don't see the back when it's wet or blown out straight.” Her hair was nearly down to the middle of her back, lightly layered and just a bit shorter close to her face.

My spirit faded as I turned the page. Allison suddenly had a long curled hair. “How'd she do that,” I asked mother.

“I don't know,” she said studying the pictures, “but I would guess it's some kind of a curly perm. Your hair is getting too long for a boy. Trying something like this would make it look shorter.”

I finally agreed that my hair was getting too long for me to take care of without looking straggly. Mother made me an appointment.

When we arrived at the salon, Pat was putting another person under a big hooded dryer. Since I always took the last appointment of the day, I was sure there wouldn't be a lot of people there. It was one thing to look "geeky" with a head full of rollers, but it was too much for strangers to see me.

Luckily, they were turned away from me. I could only see the woman's nyloned legs and she could not see me at all. I hoped she'd be under there for a while.

Pat finally came over and said, "OK, let me see that model this month." She looked at the picture and said, "WOW! You want curls like her, right?"

I nodded and blushed.

"Okay!" She sat me down as she went to get supplies while I looked through the "Woman's Day" magazine. As I thumbed through the magazine, I got a little bit anxious when the magazine kept opening up to Allison's curly do!

Pat returned with a wheelie full of stuff. She combed through my hair, kind of primping it a bit and looking at Allison's picture.

"This is a big job," she said to my mother who was looking over her shoulder.

"Will it be hard for him to take care of?"

"Very easy." They discussed it for a while and without asking me, mother gave her approval. This wasn't going to be cheap.

Pat added, "Thank goodness we have another client and I can't leave anyway or I'd ask you to come back during the day."

She outlined what she had to do; "I have to give you a shampoo, some long, light layering to encourage curl, the perm, and then the drying and styling."

She had me change into a salon smock. It was actually more like a hospital gown, but pink. "The perm solution could ruin your shirt."

I could see that the other client was wearing one too, but she was facing the other direction. I was real happy with that.

Pat put a towel around my neck and had me lean back as she pulled all my hair into the bowl. The combination of the warm water was nice. Mother and Pat talked as she worked shampoo into my head.

I couldn't hear all that they were saying because of the water and the little bubbles from the shampoo got into my ears, but I heard Pat say, "Most boys wouldn't be caught dead in here."

When finished, she took me back to her chair, and began to comb out my hair. Wet and heavy it hung down my back. She sectioned it off, clipping it up with butterfly clips into sections.

I looked so silly. I kept looking at the woman under the dryer, hoping that she wouldn't be done before me.

Pat looked at the pictures of Allison carefully and blunt cut the bottom layer to where Allison's was in the "before" picture.

She continued to check the pictures and cut the layers very carefully. She said, "OKAY! We could make you look like the 'before' pictures. Should we stop or go for the curls."

Mother said, "Go for the curls! It'll be easier to take care of and look shorter."

My heart beat wildly. I knew it looked too long. I was going to have to do something. In another year my hair could be to my waist. With a sheepish grin, I nodded an "okay."

With a wide-tooth comb she combed my hair back and straight. "Take a good look," she laughed, "You won't be seeing it like this for a while."

Pat lined up what seemed like hundreds of perm curlers in a large cart. Checking the sectioned hair, she turned me

from the mirror. "I don't want you to chicken out half way," she joked as she sectioned off more hair from the very back of my neck. Combing it through meticulously, she held it straight out, pulling it rather tightly.

Mother handed her an end paper and smiled at me. Pat slid it up to the end of the tendril and took a thin roller and began to wrap the hair slowly...pulling it firmly as she wound the rod all the way to my scalp and up against my head.

"OUCH!" I complained.

"Beauty hurts!" she said as she pulled an elastic band across the rod making sure it was on very snugly. Then she put the cap onto the other side of the rod.

Pointing to Allison's picture in the magazine, mother said, "Your girlfriend in the magazine went through this, so don't be a baby." That shut me up.

Pat continued to do each section...it was going very slowly. I heard a dryer buzzer go off from Pat's other client. It startled me. She ran off and to my relief, the client's hair was not dry. It must be very long.

Pat continued working her way up towards the top of my head. My head was getting heavier and I could feel a pulling sensation from every curler! At times tears came to my eyes. It wasn't really painful...I just wasn't used to people pulling my hair.

She worked her way around my head. I had no idea how many rods were in my head or what I looked like since I was facing away from the mirror.

Mother kept chatting about drivel as Pat worked. Again the other client's buzzer went off and Pat scurried off to check.

"I feel silly," I told my mother. "If that's someone I know from school, I'll die!" Pat reset the timer again and came back.

She wrapped a thick towel around my neck then wiped a thick cream all around my hairline. She pulled out a real long strip of cotton and began tucking the strip up under the curlers around my neck and hairline.

Shaking the contents of several bottles together, the room began to stink. She began soaking each curler with the perm lotion. At first I didn't feel anything, but suddenly a cold sensation reached my scalp.

The smell began to overwhelm me. I wanted to run and get some air! Pat moved quickly as she soaked each rod, making sure each was drenched . . .using several bottles of lotion.

“We're getting there,” she encouraged witnessing the panicked look on my face. She turned on one of the big hairdryers near the shampoo bowls and away from the other client who was certainly cooked well done by now.

Pat pulled out a large plastic bag and placed it carefully over my curlers. “Okay curly,” she cracked, “Follow me.”

She sat me down in the padded dryer chair and adjusted the hood over my head. I was happy my back was to her station chair. I knew the other woman would be there for her style and I didn't want her to see me.

It wasn't fun! The smell of rotten eggs burned my nose and flaming hot air blew all around my face. I tried to stay in the center of the hood, but sometimes my head would touch the blistering hot plastic.

I looked at the timer. Thirty minutes was set. I clenched my teeth...I could handle that.

I thumbed through some old women's magazines; half hoping to see Allison in one.

After 25 minutes, Pat came over and checked on a couple of curler rod. “You need more time,” she said, setting the timer for fifteen more minutes.

Finally after two more checks, Pat announced that there was enough curl. I wanted to run away. I already was making plans for a crew cut.

Carefully, Pat led me over to the shampoo bowl, and began to rinse out the curlers. When I thought I was almost finished, Pat suddenly had 3 more bottles...this time the neutralizer! I began to have serious misgivings. It was one thing for Allison, a famous model, to do this. But ME?

Pat began saturating each rod. The timer was set again and my head sat in the shampoo bowl until the timer went off. I was in no hurry to get up. Over the hair dryer, I could hear my mother talking to someone.

Finally Pat returned and slowly began to unwind the curlers, letting them drop into the sink.

Having the curlers out was a relief. There must have been a zillion of them!

After my rinse, I hoped that the other client was gone before I was led back to Pat's chair. My wet eyes focused on mother and the other lady. I saw the back of her shoulder length, dark brown curls "glistening" as she sat in the chair next to Pat's station talking to my mother.

My heart was pounding when I realized she was going to see me. I looked for a mirror to see how silly I looked. As we approached, mother turned to me and said, "Oh dear! How cute!"

I blushed and took a seat at Pat's station. I didn't want to even look at the woman in the chair...who was probably laughing at me.

As Pat began to arrange my curls, she said, "I want you to meet Sidney."

I turned to nod at her, but suddenly froze. First I noticed that this woman was much younger than I had assumed from her full hairstyle. As I tried to figure out her age, I noticed

that she didn't have much of a bustline; in fact, none at all was noticeable under the salon smock.

Sidney said sweetly, “Your hair is so pretty. It's even longer than mine!”

I closed my eyes as Pat sprayed on a light curl “enhancer” which smelled really perfumy. My face was ruby red by now. I figured that Sidney was about my age.

I peeked at her in the mirror. From the way she held her pink tipped fingernails, I assumed she had just had them done.

Pat moved between us and began to show me how to use a diffuser dryer to get the right look. She gently lifted my hair in the back and applied the diffuser.

I heard Sidney over the dryer, “I wish I could wait to see the outcome, but I have to go. The weekend is evaporating.” I saw her disappear into the changing room.

Pat had me toss my hair back as she continued to do a crunching thing to my hair until it was about dry.

She used some styling gel to lift my hair away and slightly upward from my ears to create a wave above my forehead, just like Allison's.

I was done! I couldn't take my eyes off my hair. I had a full head of long, luscious and curly tresses just like the girl of my dreams. I was in awe! The perm actually lightened my hair a bit or maybe it was the way the light hit the curls.

“Very pretty!” I heard Sidney say behind my back. I turned and blushed. I felt her eyes on me. “Your mother tells me you've never been in a dress.”

My head whipped around and I stared at her. She continued, “It's just that you have such a pretty face. With that perm. . .”

“I'm a boy!” I stammered.

“So am I,” Sidney replied, “and it hasn't stopped me!”

Mother laughed, "See honey. Doesn't he look nice in that skirt and sweater?"

I couldn't say anything, I just stared. He was wearing a black, clingy skirt and a gray, low-cut top and black jacket and black sandals. The youthful short pleated skirt showed a lot of smooth nyloned leg. It was just like the trendy outfit Allison was wearing in the last picture in the magazine! Sidney must have added a padded bra because he now sported a pert but girlish bosom.

"I've got to go, my ride is here," he said, quickly touching up his lipstick in the mirror. "I gave your mom my phone number...call me sometime." With that he ran out the door.

"Sidney's been coming here for years," Pat said, matter-of-factly.

"That's a boy?" I stammered.

"He lives across town and comes here because he won't run into anyone he knows," Pat said putting a final touch of hair spray on my head. "I guess he has two lives going. I don't ask. He pays his bills!" One more spritz and she said, "TA TA! I give you smallville's NEW Allison!" She held the picture up to my face to compare. "She's you and you are her!"

"I'm so proud of you," mother gushed. "I didn't think you had the guts to go through with this."

My mind was racing. I couldn't wait to be alone with Allison. This was the closest I'd ever felt to her.

THE AFTERGLOW. . .

"Boy, that Sidney's a nut!" I said making conversation on the way home.

"I didn't think so," mother said. "I thought he was cute. When did you realize HE was a he?"



*“I’m a boy!” I stammered.
“So am I,” Sidney replied, “and it hasn’t stopped me!”*

“I’m still not sure,” I scowled. “He might be just some stupid girl joking around.”

"I'd don't think so," mother said thoughtfully. "We talked for quite a while. He even showed me a picture of himself at school. He's a regular looking boy!"

I shook my head feeling my long curls brush against my shoulders. I moaned. Sidney made me feel weird. I knew that my new hairstyle wasn't very manly. I looked in the vanity mirror and picked at the curls. "How am I going to make this work for school?"

"I don't know," mother said smiling at me.

At night, I could be alone with the image of Allison in my mirror. Without even asking, mother moved a large, full-length vanity mirror into my room. "So you can see the back of your hair," she said.

MEETING SIDNEY ON HIS GROUND. . .

About a week later, mother got a call. It was Sidney's mother inviting us over for a chat.

I didn't want to go, but mother made me. "It would be rude! Besides, you might learn some things to do with your hair," she said. "Don't worry. His mother said he wouldn't be wearing a dress."

"That's just great!" I whined.

Seeing Sidney in a T-shirt and jeans was shocking. In that sweater and short skirt, he was a "stunner." In drab boy clothes, he was like any of the long-haired guys in school. He was about 5' 7" and very thin, weighing only about 110 pounds.

Nothing would make you think of him as feminine except for his soft complexion, overly "open" big green eyes and long, beautiful, and lustrous brunette hair that was pulled back into a low boyish ponytail. His ponytailed hair uncurled fell to just below his shoulders.

"I look different, don't I?" he announced.

We all sat down and chatted. Their house was very big and in the best part of town. They had MONEY!

Sidney's mother talked to mother about his "little hobby". "I know it's a bit outlandish, but he's such a good boy and it makes him so happy."

Mother and I learned that Sidney wore his hair usually one of four ways: either straight, pulled back into a ponytail for school, in a classic updo, and in a French Twist. Twice a month, he went to Pat and had his hair styled girlishly for the weekend.

"None of his classmates know," his mother said. "He's not interested in a bunch of guys making fun of him. I keep telling him that once they saw him all gussied up, they wouldn't make fun."

Mother asked Sidney, "Where do you go on your weekends?"

"Mostly shopping and stuff," he said with a blush. He knew his mother would tell.

His mother added, "I'm encouraging him to get out more and be social."

"Social? Meeting people in a skirt?" I asked.

"Develop some friends and do what girls do...occasionally Sidney has had some movie and bowling dates. He once even had a guy over here for dinner. He's learning to cook!"

"Nothing came of it!" he defended to me. "I like girls, but mother is right. I'm not likely to find many girls who want a boyfriend with more high heels than they have. When I'm out shopping at the mall, I mostly meet guys."

I could tell how proud Sidney's mother was of her son. "Don't give up hope. Your Princess Charming might be just around the corner!" she said.



To my surprise, Sidney's openness created a chemistry between us. He was very likable. We were joking and comparing notes about having long hair.

I was sure that his “hobby” was not helping get him a girl.

To my surprise, Sidney's openness created a chemistry between us. He was very likable and before the night was up, we were joking and comparing notes about having long hair. He took me to his feminine bedroom. He had two. His mother felt that he should keep the two sides of his life separate. He pulled out his photo scrapbook and showed me pictures of himself. “Mother's been buying me girl things all my life. I didn't know I was a boy until first grade when Mother took me aside and told me that I was a boy.”

Seeing the pictures of Sidney and his mother in matching Easter dresses was interesting. “Every Easter, mother and I would go shopping for matching outfits...from the lingerie out! Everything from the frilly dress to the matching shoes.” He pointed to a picture. “Here's the first year I was wore high heels. I felt so grown up.”

I couldn't stop looking at the albums. There must have been ten of them!

Sidney pointed to a picture, “While some boys were getting their first football, here's me in my first training bra. I was learning to paint my nails while you were painting model cars.”

“You always went to school as a boy, right?”

He nodded. “But mother was teaching me what I needed to know about being a girl. When I got that first bra she made me buy a box of Kotex every month for a while.”

It was so unnecessary! I had never imagined that any boy could grow up wearing dresses and make such a beautiful girl.

Seeing later pictures, I shook my head. “I would never read you as a boy. Heck, I might have even asked you out, but I knew you were the ‘quarterback's girl’ type!”

He smiled, "Well, if you ever need a date to impress your friends. . ."

We began to spend a lot of time together in the coming months. Sidney was always dressed as a boy. One day I called him up to get together over the weekend. He stammered, "It's my weekend OUT."

"OUT? OH! OUT! You're going to Pat's and. . ."

"You could join me. Actually it's lonely shopping alone, but I need to get out. Would you do me the honor of having lunch with me on Saturday at the Westside Mall?"

My heart began to pound and my palms were sweaty. It was one thing to be Sidney's friend, it was another to be seen with a guy in a dress.

"You don't have to," he added.

I whispered the words I knew he was hoping to hear, "I'd love to, thank you."

"Oh, good!" he exclaimed. "I won't embarrass you. I promise. Meet me at noon at the main entrance."

I nervously arrived at exactly noon. I stood there for a couple minutes before seeing Sidney leaving the Ladies room near the entrance. He was still checking his hair with his pink tipped fingers as he ran up to me and girlishly gave me a hug. I almost knocked the purse from his hands as I recoiled.

He was blushing, "Sorry I'm late." I could tell he had just refreshed his lipstick and primped his hair.

Sidney was wearing an eggplant-colored suede mini-skirt, high-heel sandals and a brown striped halter-top...the kind that hangs from the neck. I think girls like to wear them because it makes a small bust appear bigger than other boob-holder tops.

We walked together to a little cafe. I had a hamburger and Sidney had a salad and Jell-O. “I’m watching my figure,” he said shyly.

“A lot of guys are watching it too,” I whispered as a young man checked him out. We knew each other pretty well now so I asked, “Don’t you feel weird in a dress?”

“I’ve worn dresses off and on most of my life,” he joked girlishly. “I guess I’m used to the breeze between the legs.” He changed the subject. “What are you going to do after you graduate?”

“Get a job. I don’t know.”

“You’ll have to cut your hair to get a job.”

I nodded, “So will you.”

“Maybe not,” he smiled. “So,” he continued, “Have you ever shopped with a girl before?”

“I guess so, with my mom?”

“That’s not shopping! Shopping is having a credit card and buying sexy little things that you know you shouldn’t have. I’ll show you.”

I didn’t eat much of my lunch. All this made me very uncomfortable. The way everyone stared at Sidney, I just knew someone would read him. I couldn’t read him, yet I knew his secret. He girlishly gushed about shopping for dresses and even lingerie. He was filled with electricity. “I want to show you why I like this stuff,” he said. Sidney threw back his long silken hair and added, “I want you to pretend like you’re my boyfriend and help me pick out a sexy outfit for a date. Okay?”

As I ate a few bites more, I calmed down and realized that no one was going to read him. I asked, “You’ve met guys who asked you out?”

He blushed, “Mom insists that I act like a girl my age. If a nice guy asks me out, I can go if I want to.”

“You want to?”

"It's not that I like going out with guys but Mother gets a kick out of making me be perfect for them. You know, the right dress, makeup, my hair all done up. The rule is that I can only go out with a guy twice. Mother doesn't want me taking any chances!"

"That's probably a good idea. You really don't have what they want."

"But they usually don't get it on the first couple dates anyway. Besides, it makes me feel feminine. One guy sent me a dozen passion pink roses!"

We chatted and I began to feel at ease. After lunch, Sidney dug into his purse and pulled out a little pink compact and popped out a purple pill from a cardboard casing. "Oh! Last one," he exclaimed, "Remind me to drop by the pharmacy. Mother only wants me to pick them up when I'm wearing a dress."

"What are those for? Are you sick?"

"They're for my hair. About a year ago, my hair wasn't growing very fast, so mother got me these. I don't know why they only give me 28 pills and not a whole months supply."

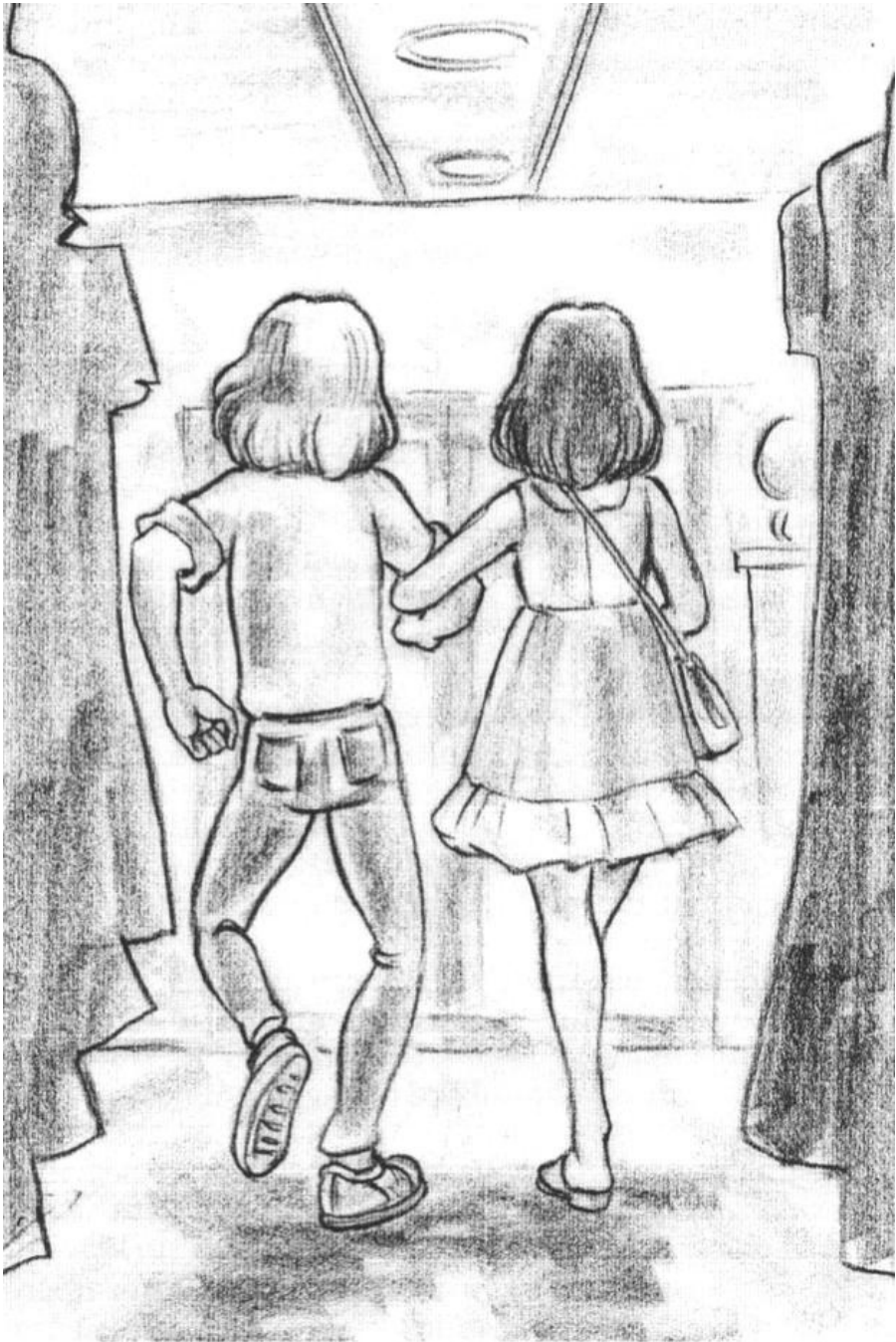
"They make your hair grow faster?" I asked. I could tell from the pictures of Allison, the model in the magazine, that her hair grew much faster than mine.

"Look!" he said flipping out his luscious full locks. "My pimples went away too!"

That made sense. Mother took gelatin for her fingernails. "Maybe I should get some for my hair," I commented.

"They are only by prescription." He then whispered, "I could get an additional refill each month, but I'd have to go to a different pharmacy each month."

"You'd do that for me?" He smiled and nodded.



*We walked around the store and Sidney took my arm, whispering,
“Just relax! No one here knows I’m a boy.”*

After we ate, we went to a large department store. Sidney whispered, "This is what it's about. It's fun to be able to do anything a girl can." He walked up to a perfume counter and sprayed a few of the testers on his wrist. "You can't do this."

I couldn't help notice the freedom he had. A beautiful young salesgirl came over and they chatted about the new season's colors. The girl picked out a lipstick and re-did Sidney's lips a ruby red. I could never do that. But I wasn't sure why it seemed interesting.

We walked around the store and Sidney took my arm, whispering, "Just relax! No one here knows I'm a boy." As we walked into the Juniors section filled with racks of clothes, he whispered, "Look at all these sexy little girl things. The clerks are going to pick out lots of cute dresses to make me more 'attractive'."

Sidney was nearly giddy as he flipped through the racks. As he predicted, a nice saleswoman arrived and began "suggesting" various outfits for him to try on.

"Here's two nice outfits for school," the woman suggested, as she held up a blue low-cut dress and a diaphanous flower print dress.

Sidney egged me on, "What do you think of those dresses for school?"

I almost laughed aloud. "Yes, I think you should wear the low cut one on Monday."

Like a kid in a candy shop, Sidney ran off and tried on dress after dress. I liked the electric blue dress with a denim jacket over it. The clerk even ran over to the shoe department to get matching high-heel denim sandals.

I stared at my feminized buddy in amazement as he modeled each outfit.

In the end, he bought a pretty navy blue suit with a short form fitting skirt. To go with the femininely cut jacket, he bought a white blouse that was so sheer his slip and bra straps showed elegantly through. He also bought navy high heeled pumps that made him appear taller and older.

He looked like one of those sassy executive secretaries that work for the legal firms. I tried to see some boyishness in him...any lingering mannerism that might give a clue as to his real sex. There was none.

Sidney looked totally comfortable trying on dresses that showed off his girlish legs and figure. He blushed when a beautiful young salesgirl raved over his girlish appearance and ran her hand down his dress.

"It's really not so bad being a girl," he whispered. "I get to be around a lot of beautiful girls."

"Yeah, but girls who are helping you get what girl's want! Male attention."

"Being pretty isn't about guys ogling you. It's about being feminine. Com' on, I'll show you. Let's go to the lingerie department.

"I can't go in there!"

"Sure you can...you're with me. I can go anywhere!"

A lot of girls were milling around, I felt like a deviate being in the their underwear department.

"Take a breath," Sidney whispered, "It's okay. I'm just going to get a few things I need and have some fun."

I was standing next to a boy wearing a bra and panties and a slip like all these girls. My face was red as Sidney giggled, and held up a panty/bra set. "Why these are like the ones I'm wearing. I want to see if it comes in cranberry. The soft silky fabric in Sidney's hands scared me. As a boy I wasn't supposed to see, touch or understand these garments, but Sidney proudly snatched up a few bras and a pink shorty negligee. I slumbered behind him as he swished up to the

counter. I was embarrassed as he asked, "Did you get any of these sets in cranberry yet? I have a little flowered sundress that they'd be perfect for."

Without missing a beat, the clerk replied, "I think I have some in back. 34B with padded cups, right?"

In a few minutes she returned with several sets in fruity colors. There were several pink boxes with big white ribbons filled with an array of "dainty" lingerie. On top were several brassieres. Lacy, silky, ruffly, pretty, padded brassieres made just for young girls! Sidney dove into the box and swooned, "These are delectable!"

While the lady ran off for more, I whispered, "I can't believe you actually wear this stuff!"

"I have to wear them if I want to look cute and have a figure like a girl. Feel this!" he held out a lacy brassier. "They are so soft and lusciously naughty to wear. . .once you get one on, you're hooked."

"Not me!"

"I'm going to try this on." Sidney was bright eyed with excitement when he came out. "Perfect!" he whispered. He gushed about how the padded cups fit so perfectly, giving him such nice "finer points." He giggled, "How'd you like to try one on later?"

"Why would I do that?" I blushed.

"Just to see why I like the feeling the silky nylon rubbing across my chest. It's such a naughty sensation to feel bra straps across your shoulders, and see enticing little mounds of femininity pressing outward from your chest. Once in a brassiere, you can't feel like a boy."

I just shook my head. Sidney was even playing stupid games with me like a girl. Like when they "accidentally" spray you with perfume in the school hallway.

He opened his purse for his credit card. It was filled with make-up, and a little bottle of Chanel #5 perfume, sunglasses. I even noticed a paper wrapped tampon.

On the way out of the store, Sidney continued to taunt me. “Look at this! I have this one!” He held up an ultra feminine peignoir set with layers of silky satin and billowy chiffon. “It just isn't fair! Being a big sissy, I can sleep in it, but you are afraid to even touch it.”

“No I'm not!” I defended.

“So touch it.”

My hand went out like it was fiery hot and touched the material with my fingertips. “Nice eh?” he asked. “I love sleeping in these things. It's like sleeping in a cloud.”

Picking up a pink, floaty chiffon babydoll nightie, he smiled, “I have this too. I feel so naughty wearing it!”

We roamed the mall all afternoon, finally stopping to fill his prescription. “I love pharmacies,” he warned. “Com' on in. I'll see about the additional pill pack.” I'd never realized how uncomfortable pharmacies made me feel.

After Sidney ordered his refill, we roamed through the store while we waited. He whispered, “Pharmacies are filled with all the little things that make women's lives comfortable.” He picked out a few special things from the thousands of womanly products. There was hairspray, nail polish & remover, various brushes for long hair, barrettes and hairpins, make-up, pantyhose, Nair, eyelash curlers, female deodorants and douches, maxi-pads, Kotex, Tampax, and hundreds of women's magazines catering to every aspect of a woman's life from the glamorous VOGUE to the domestic WOMAN'S DAY.

Finally the pills were ready and we left. “Here you go,” Sidney said handing me the pill dispenser. “Let's go have a soda and you can take one right now.”

THE FRIENDSHIP BLOSSOMS. . .

Mother and I began to have dinner at Sidney's house about once a week. After one dinner, Sidney's mother remarked, "Jesse, you'll have to look for another friend during Spring Break vacation. We always go to New York before Easter to pick out new Easter dresses."

"Don't worry about me. I've got other friends, but I'll miss Sidney." I was sorry to hear he wouldn't be around. I'd miss our Saturday afternoons at the mall. As weird as it seems, I enjoyed watching Sidney shop.

"Why can't Jesse go along?" Sidney asked. "It will be a wonderful experience for him to see that marvelous city and he's becoming so much fun to shop with."

"He'd have to understand that our purpose is to pick out special Easter dresses," commented his mother. "You don't even take boy things on these trips."

Before I could respond, my mother burst, "What a wonderful idea! How about it, Jesse?"

Before I could reply, my mother jumped in again with, "Hold on a minute! We need to work out the sleeping arrangements. I'm sure you were only going to get one room. Now you'll need another for Jesse. We know they are both boys, but it wouldn't look right for the two to share a room."

Sidney said, "We could say he's my brother and get a suite. Mother and I could take the bedroom and Jesse can sleep in the sitting room?"

"I'll call the hotel tomorrow and see what they have," Sidney's mother suggested then teased, "So, what kind of date do you think Jesse will make for Sidney?"

"At least I'll have an escort," Sidney teased his mother.

"Sidney's right. I want this trip to be fun for Jesse and Sidney. They've been having a ball together on weekends. I

don't see how there would be a problem with Sidney's girlish role, even if we let them room together.”

My mother agreed, “It probably doesn't really matter where the boys sleep. Honey, would it bother you to sleep in the same room with Sidney when he's dressed as a girl?”

“No,” I said, thinking of a fabulous trip to New York, “but you better ask him.”

Sidney reminded me, “It's okay with me, but you have to treat me like a girl. I want you to open my doors and give me first shot at the bathroom.”

“Agreed! But don't you get tired of dressing up after a few days?”

Sidney blushed and admitted, “Not hardly. By the end of a couple days in the big city, I forget I'm a boy!”

“What should I wear?” I asked.

They all agreed that a suit would be good for traveling. “Oh, mother,” Sidney begged, “Can I borrow your fitted blue tweed skirt?”

“I guess,” his mother sighed. “He has so many nice things of his own, but he's always borrowing my things.”

My mother turned to me and joked, “You can borrow anything you want of mine.”

While our mothers continued talking about the trip, Sidney took me to his mother's room to show me her blue tweed skirt. “I love wearing mother's things,” Sidney gushed as he went through her closet looking for more things to “borrow.”

He pulled out a red cardigan and a knee-length gray skirt. “I could wear this during the day, but it isn't very suitable for a girl my age. What do you think?” He held the sweater up to his chest.

“I don't know about those things,” I said shyly, “but I like you in that little dress you bought last week at the mall.”

“OH, you like me in a little dress,” he flirted.

“Oh, stop teasing,” I said playfully. “Okay, I’ll admit it. . .you look sexy in a dress.”

He smiled at me and pulled out a pretty beaded evening bag of his mother’s. “I’m going to need this.” He went to her lingerie drawer and opened it. I felt embarrassed as shuffled through his mother’s unmentionables. He pulled out a lacy tricot slip, a girdle and a baby blue diaphanous nightgown with a matching negligee. He giggled, “I love wearing my mother’s sexy things.”

“You better quit screwing with her things. She’ll get mad.”

“It’s okay. Mother likes the idea of me wearing her things. I think it’s akin to having a daughter.”

He pulled out a pink pair of panties and confided, “I wore these to school last week under my jeans.

As he went about raiding his mother’s lingerie drawer, he talked about the benefits of being the “sissy” son. His eyes lit up as he picked out some very pretty panties and folded them to take them to his room.

He giggled girlishly, “Most boys would hate wearing their mother’s panties, but aren’t they pretty?”

I tried to keep from laughing out loud. Sidney was like a kid in a candy store, picking up one pair of panties, then another. “They are so luscious to wear! Look at the lovely lace on this pair...so cute!”

“My mother would kill me if I messed with her underwear!” I exclaimed.

NEW YORK!!!

When we arrived in New York, Sidney’s mother had an adjoining single while Sidney and I shared a large, twin-bed room.

Sidney immediately changed into a blue polka dot dress for lunch at a little Italian restaurant near the hotel. He wore

low heels like most of the other girls we saw walking on the street.

That afternoon, Sidney seemed so excited about shopping at a little shop near Times Square. “What so special about that shop?” I asked. I found out! I was almost scared when we walked in. The shop was called “Sugar and Spice.” “You are about to be blown away!” Sidney whispered as we walked in.

A beautiful sales clerk greeted us. “Welcome to Sugar and Spice,” she said with a low, sultry voice. I did a double take. She was in her early twenties with long blonde hair and probing blue eyes that checked Sidney and I out. She giggled throatily and asked, “I’m Kim. What can I do for you boys today.”

I was embarrassed for Sidney, but he said, “It’s for me. I want fitted for a ‘trainer’ and I heard you have some new body molders.”

The clerk looked at me and said, “What about you? Are you ready for a trainer too?”

I didn’t know what that was, but I knew I wasn’t ready!

“You would be fun to make-over,” Kim joked.

Sidney giggled and said, “I haven’t been able to get him into a dress. . .YET!”

I was still blushing as we followed this creature in a tight skirt to the back of the store. I whispered, “Is that a girl or a boy?”

“I would say that there’s not much boy left.” I watched the shapely blonde picking out some items for Sidney. Her sexy nylon clad legs perched on four-inch high heels turned me on a little and I could feel my face becoming flushed again.

“A GUY? But that curved figure and those. . .”



I watched the shapely blonde picking out some items for Sidney. Her sexy nylon clad legs perched on four-inch high heels turned me on a little and I could feel my face becoming flushed again.

“Tits?” Sidney giggled. Kim wore a smooth fitting V-neck sweater that showed off a lot of soft girlish cleavage. He wore

a delicate gold chain with a little heart that hung in the valley.

Kim was wearing a tight off-white skirt that showed a lot of smooth leg above the knees. The skirt, with a small walking slit in back, fit snugly over his full hips and bottom. Panty lines showed sensuously as he moved about the shop. I was mesmerized by the concept that a male could make such a tantalizing looking girl.

He subconsciously pulled sexily at the bodice of his sweater, calling attention to his provocative figure. He returned with a full handful of garments. “These should do the trick,” he said with a smile. “These are the latest in figure control. . .do you want to model them for your boyfriend?”

Sidney blushed and laughed a little, “Jesse is just a friend. I'm trying to show him what's fun about all this stuff. He won't even try it.”

“Smart boy,” the clerk said, adjusting his long hair. “Sometimes I wish I'd never put on a dress. . .look at me now. I'm stuck!”

I blurted out, “You hate looking like a girl?”

The blonde Kim looked into a mirror and posed to show off his curvaceous figure. “Sometimes,” he said, combing through the long golden hair cascading about his shoulders. “Look at your friend. Sidney, right? He makes a very cute girl and his face and hair are cosmetically perfect. But there's always something more to do. Little things.” He pulled back his shoulders allowing his breasts to show prominently. “It's little things at first. . .before you know it, you are too feminine to be a boy anymore. You react like a girl and. . .”

I tried not to stare, but it was clear that he was proud of his figure and enjoyed showing it off. “And WHAT?” Sidney asked breathlessly. Neither one of us could take our eyes off Kim's beautiful body.

“You become a girl. I used to have a girlfriend and she loved dressing me up. We'd go out like two girls. It was so much fun, but then I wanted to be a bit more curved,” he sighed.

“Female hormones?” Sidney asked.

“Just to soften my skin,” he confessed, “but once I rounded out a bit, I was hooked. Now look at me. I'm a 'girlfriend' now. Turning to me, Kim said, “You'd make a very pretty girl. With a little work, you could be as pretty as Sidney! I love your hair!”

“Boys just don't become girls,” I stated before I realized whom I was talking to.

“Honey,” Kim smiled and put his hand sexily on his hip. “Obviously some do! Some of the most beautiful girls in this city used to be boys. Some of the richest men in town are married to. . .”

“Boys?”

It was so matter of fact and there was a pride in the way he announced it. He went on, “Now I have this little shop. I love helping mixed up guys develop into a lovely and charming girls. What we lose in masculinity, we more than make up in femininity.”

“It's more fun than you could ever dream,” Sidney said as Kim went about helping him.

It was obvious that Kim knew about clothes, hairstyles, make up, and “what it took” for a boy to look, and more importantly, feel “feminine”.

Kim proudly presented himself as “completely feminine.” I watched his every move and what he delighted in. With an assortment of “control garments” on the counter, Sidney said, “I have one of these.”

“This? My poor, poor boy,” Kim stated, shaking his head. “You haven't lived until you've worn one of my new model gaffs for a month or two.”

“Lived,” I moaned under my breath.

Kim turned away and talked to Sidney. “The idea is for your secret to stay SECRET! These aren't like some girdle that you just wear when you go out. These are a process in which you train your privates to stay hidden away. They're tight, restrictive, and confining, but in a month or two. . .” With that, Kim pulled up his tight skirt and showed Sidney the most delicate pair of panties. “I'm only wearing panties.”

“No!” gasped Sidney.

Kim smiled, holding what looked like a tube of toothpaste, “It's a combination of the garment and a special cream. After two months, you can go a day or two without anything showing. It's like wearing braces and a retainer on your teeth. At first, you have to keep the retainer on, but after a while, the teeth stay where they belong.”

Sidney looked worried. “I want it, but I should talk to my mother. . .”

“You could surprise her,” Kim said, sensing a sale. “I had one boy who bought it and in two months went to his mother and nonchalantly asked if he could borrow some of her panties which now fit him properly!”

“WOW!” Sidney said, still thinking. “Mother knew I was going to buy something for figure control. . .”

Kim rambled on, “I just love wearing panties all the time. Getting trained is one of the things a boy has to contend with if he really wants to feel right in girl's clothes.”

“I don't know. What would mother say?”

Kim lifted his skirt again and ran his hand over his smooth, pantied bottom. “It's up to you, but once you've trained it and are wearing frilly little panties, you'll thank me. It's just part of feeling like a lady.”

Kim picked out one of the particularly restrictive looking garments and a tube of cream.

I cringed as Kim, “Oh, you simply must get one. You make such a cute girl.” Kim handed them to Sidney, “You can't have it just hanging out!”

“You're right,” Sidney said, turning to me. “Can you give us some privacy?”

Sidney was “fitted” in back while I killed time in the main part of the shop. I looked around and felt completely out of place.

I heard some grunts and groans from Sidney in back. In a few minutes, Sidney walked out, his movements most calculated and slow as if something was going to suddenly hurt. His face twisted in delicate, but whimsical expressions as he strolled about the lingerie racks. As he walked, he began to giggle.

“How do you feel?” Kim asked.

“Lovely,” he said brightly. “I was so small anyway.”

“It should stimulate you,” Kim agreed.

Sidney giggled and swayed sexily towards me. His eyes danced brightly with mischief on his face. “Maybe I should flash Jesse.”

“Leave me out of this!” I nearly yelled. Suddenly Sidney flinched and stopped dead in his tracks. He groaned softly, his eyes half-closed.

Kim giggled, seeing Sidney's face, “Tell me it's not more fun being a girl!” Sidney tried on a few more things in the store and we left, his maleness firmly bound up.

Later at our hotel, I ran up to get my coat. When I came back down to the lobby, I saw a handsome young man talking to Sidney. When I came up, Sidney introduced me to this guy as his BROTHER!

“Your first trip to New York?” the boy asked. “I'd love to show you and your brother around town.

I was surprised when Sidney quickly agreed. He had a twinkle in his eye. I think he decided it would be fun to show me how girlish he could be. I had seen him flirt before with boys at the mall.

I knew that Sidney was not attracted to males sexually, but he had enough narcissist inclinations to realize that he was attractive to them. I think it increased his feeling of girlishness.

Sidney and I were chatting later at the hotel. He had his smooth legs crossed, dangling the top one. I shook my head. The sight of my buddy with breasts pushing against his new tight sweater was most disconcerting.

“So what was all that about?”

“You mean the guy?” Sidney teased me, “Are you jealous?”

“He sure liked you,” I remarked.

“You know I don't like boys that way,” he said, “but it's fun to have a guy ooh and awww over you. That's all.”

For the rest of the trip, we had a great time. It was almost like I had a girlfriend because Sidney's interests were strictly feminine. By the end of the week, I was beginning to understand Sidney better and even understood why he liked the freedom of being a girl.

A FAMILY VACATION

When we got back, I raved about the trip so much that Mother promised that she would plan a trip with Sidney's mother. It would be her first vacation since Dad passed away.

I was so happy to see her take some time off from her work. Besides the two mothers were becoming close friends.

“Where can we go?” I asked.

“As far away from here as we can get,” she exclaimed. “Some place hot and exotic!”

“Now you're talking! I hope we can afford to go for a month!”

“I guess we could afford a nice long trip. Sidney's mother mentioned that they were going to Hawaii this summer.”

“Mother! Are you kidding? We could afford to go to Hawaii?” I could imagine what Sidney had planned. I knew he had dreams of running around the beach flirting with all the guys. Of course, he would be wearing the scantiest bikini his mother would allow.

“I'll talk to them about their plans. I'll see if we can get ourselves invited.”

Sidney's mother got a strange look on her face when mother suggested that we might be able to go to Hawaii with them. “I'll get the rates. The resort where we are staying is rather expensive.”

Sidney spoke up, “It's really a great idea. I'm sure we would all have fun. Hope you two don't mind seeing me run around in a bikini.”

“I figured as much,” I laughed.

Sidney and I went to a movie while our mothers worked out the little details.

The next morning, Mother woke me up, “Jesse, would you get up and come into the kitchen? I need to talk to you.”

I slowly climbed out of bed as this was my first day of vacation, I had expected to sleep until noon. “Morning Mom,” I said as I kissed her on the cheek.

“Good morning, Jesse. How was the movie?”

“Oh, pretty good, I guess.”

“Sit down. I have been going over our finances for the trip, and we have a slight problem. Apparently, we are a bit short of funds to go to Hawaii.”

I moaned.

“I know, but we can go someplace else. We both need to get away.

“But mom! Isn't there something we can do? I'll get a job right after we get back.”

“Well,” she hesitated, “There is a way, but I told Sidney's mother that there was no way you'd do it.”

“What?”

“We could make a slight alteration in their pre-arranged plans and get a two room suite.”

“Okay, let's do that.”

She smiled at me, “I don't think you'll want to make the necessary alteration.”

“What kind of alteration?” I asked, realizing that the problem must be serious if she got me up so early on my first day out of school.

“We don't have enough money for separate accommodations for you. You know, your being the only boy and all.”

“I'll sleep on the couch or with Sidney like in New York. Is that what you're saying?”

“Oh no. That won't work at a fancy resort like this one. And it's not right for a boy to share a room with a girl or his mother,” she said calmly while patting my hand.

“Sidney's mother suggested that if you posed as a girl, we can all share the same accommodations and save money.”

My jaw dropped a mile, then I started to laugh. In fact, I laughed until there were tears in my eyes. I looked at Mom, but she wasn't laughing. “Hey! Are you serious?” I asked with sudden foreboding.

Mom frowned, “Yes, Jesse, I'm afraid so. It's a lot less expensive for four women to travel than it is for three women and a boy. I told her that this was too much to ask.”

I looked out the window. It was raining. "I would like to help out Mom, but I can't be like Sidney. With that, I became concerned.

Mother spoke up, "You're not so terribly masculine that you couldn't pass for a girl. As a matter of fact, with a little help from us, you would look very cute."

I noticed an odd twinkle in mother's eyes. I guess that's when it hit me. "Are you serious?" I asked, "Me go to Hawaii as a girl? I would have to wear panties, bras, and dresses like Sidney! I couldn't! All that flimsy, silky stuff!" I felt my cheeks burning.

Mom smiled at my reaction, "Jesse, you could be just as pretty as Sidney. I bet he'd even show you the ropes and help you."

One word came into my mind. NO! There was no way I was passing myself off as a girl.

Mother looked sad. She deserved the vacation. Then I thought of Sidney and my love for the sand, sun, and water.

I looked at Mom, then sighed. With a fearful shudder, I said, "Okay, I'll give it a try. But if Sidney teases and makes fun of me, I'll quit on the spot! Agreed?"

"It's a deal! I know he really wants you to go," Mother said, showing excitement about the trip for the first time. "I'll have a long talk with them and warn Sidney. Once he understands the trip depends on you and your willingness to dress as a girl, I'm sure he will pitch in and help you to feel comfortable."

Mother quickly went to the phone. I heard her working out the details. "What size shoe does Sidney wear? That's almost a perfect fit!"

I gulped and cringed as I pictured myself in a pair of Sidney's flimsy high heels and nylons!

Mother got out a piece of paper and started writing. She turned to me and waved me off. “Don't you worry, you'll be perfect!”

I stared at her meekly and left, asking myself, “Did I really agree to dress up and pass myself off as a girl?”

Mom must have had a very serious talk with Sidney and his mother. Neither said a word nor made a glance or gesture that would give me the slightest chance to back out of my bargain. It was all so matter-of-fact; I was going to suddenly be a girl.

GETTING READY. . .

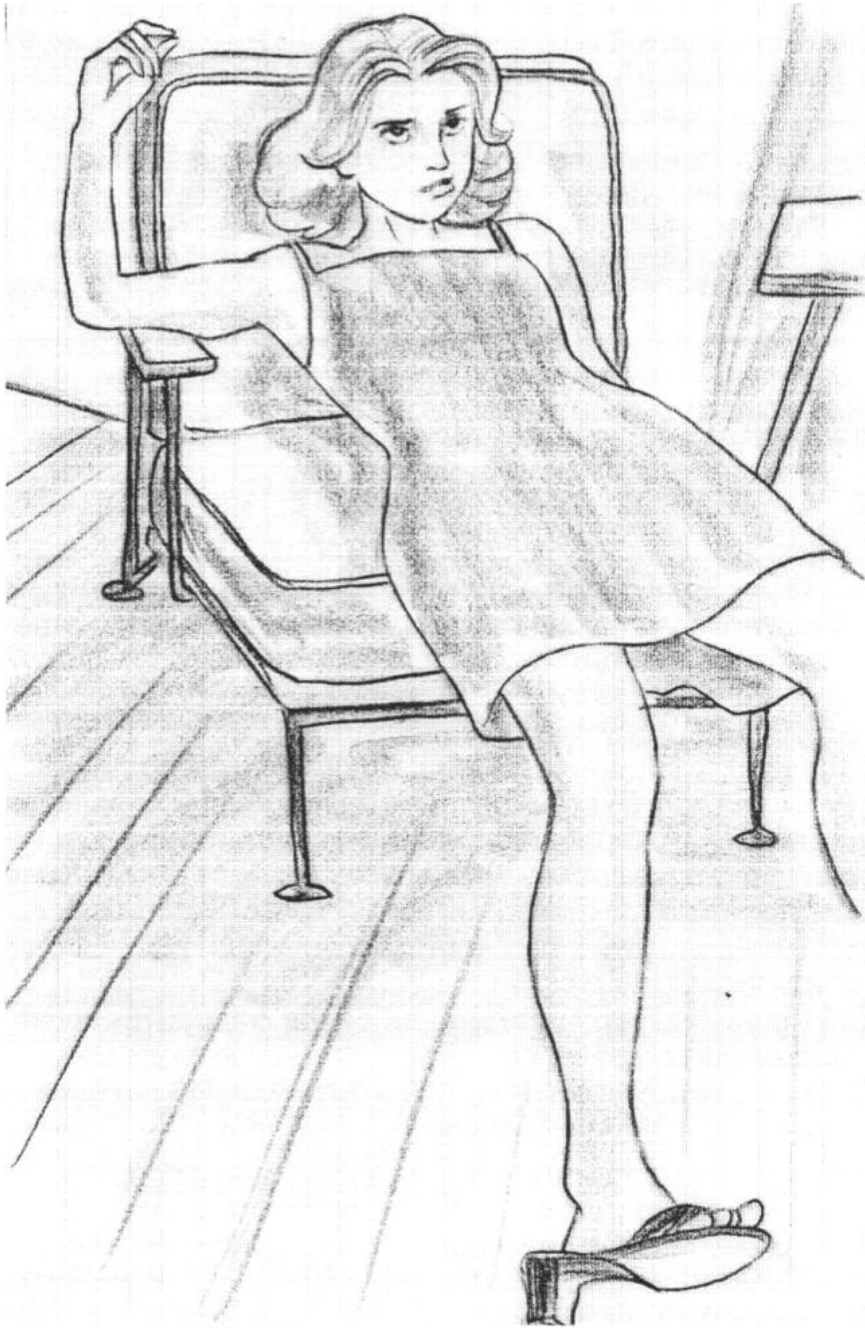
I have plenty to tell about the vacation itself, so I won't waste words on the weeks of my training. By the time the vacation approached, everyone was so excited about my transformation.

There was no backing out now. I have been a joint project of the three. The goal...feminization.

I argued from the start that I didn't need to wear all that frilly stuff that Sidney wore, but my rationale fell on deaf ears. I could pass fairly well for a young coed, but Sidney quickly pointed out that with proper padding and makeup, I could pass for a young woman.

Since I'd been taking the hair growing pills, my whole body was different. Rounder and softer.

I joined into the spirit of the challenge and didn't protest much after that. Everyone was determined that I should be a real lady. As I began to understand what it all meant, I wasn't sure I wanted to back out.



Every night for three weeks, I would get dressed with the help of mother. Even in a tight dress, nylons and high heels, I had a lot to learn!

All the hair was shaved off my legs, chest, and underarms. I even got my hair done. I learned to walk and sit as a girl. Speaking was a bit of a problem. Eventually, I found that a distinctly feminine inflection came to my voice if I talked softly.

Through Sidney's artistry, I was introduced to perfume, face powder, eyeliner, mascara, eyeshadow, false eyelashes, and lipstick. I wore lingerie including, padded bras and girdles, panties, slips, nylons, and slinky nightgowns. I began to know quite well jewelry, nail polish, and every dress, skirt, and blouse Sidney and I owned. I even learned to walk sexily in high heels.

Every night for three weeks, I would get dressed with the help of Sidney and our mothers. One night, I would be wearing a tight skirt, ruffled blouse, and high heels. The next night, it would be an evening gown with long white gloves and dangling silver earrings. Every night, I wore something new and exciting. I dressed completely as a girl and became a girl for a few enjoyable hours. After I was dressed, Mom would have me pose, ask me questions, and discuss problems I might face as a girl.

Gradually, I became fairly natural and could respond as a good-looking girl. I was amazed and quite pleased that I was feminine and pretty. I learned to think like a female as I learned to dress and act as a girl.

Our trip grew near, and everyone was excited.

Sidney couldn't believe his eyes. "Golly!" he said shaking his head. "You're wearing my clothes. I've helped make you into a really sexy girl! You really learned quickly."

"I want to go shopping!" I stated.

Mother laughed, "He's learned too much!"

As we packed, the four-girl scenario really helped. We had one suitcase for lingerie, another for accessories, a trunk for our dresses, right down the line. We could share all our things! I really had to hand it to Mom, my posing as a girl was really very practical.

We became very close during my training. Any embarrassment from seeing one another partially dressed soon disappeared. I would run into mother's room wearing only panties and bra if I needed to borrow something and she had the same freedom.

The day we were scheduled to leave on the noon plane for Hawaii, I had butterflies in my stomach. I also had that feeling of pleasure mixed with anticipation that always comes at the beginning of an adventure.

Mother woke me up at eight o'clock. I was completely refreshed and quickly jumped out of bed. The day of the trip had finally arrived, but the adventure had started weeks earlier.

I pulled a robe over my nightgown and walked to the kitchen. "Hi girls," I said. Sidney and his mother had come over to help me with last minute details and to provide encouragement.

Sidney helped me apply the finishing touches to my makeup, and with some accessories and my clothes.

"I feel like I'm doing something really wrong and naughty," I admitted to him.

"Great feeling, isn't it? You aren't going to back out now, are you? Everything is paid for!"

I couldn't tell him I really liked dressing as a girl. For some reason, this had become very important to me. I tried to sound casual, "Oh don't worry. We've gone to so much trouble, it's too late to back out now. Everything will work out fine, and we'll have a lot of fun. Right Sidney?"

“You bet, Jesse!”

Mother spoke up, “In some places, it's unlawful to dress as a member of the opposite sex. What about Hawaii?”

“That's only if they can tell the difference,” Sidney said coming to my defense. “Jesse's disguise is perfect, and SHE looks so pretty. Don't worry. No one can tell.”

Mother didn't look satisfied, but the subject was closed.

I was angry that my mother had doubts at this late date. After all, this whole masquerade was her idea. Tears almost came to my eyes. I had tried so hard. My entire body was carefully shaved and femininely free of hair. It was too late to be discussing these things.

“I know just what he needs,” Sidney said taking my hand and leading me into my bedroom. “I have a surprise for you,” he said, handing me a small garment that looked like a g-string. I knew what it was for.

“Put it on,” he smiled. “This will make you feel like a girl, even in a bikini.”

I put it on. Despite its discomfort, I put my panties back, feeling much more streamlined. “I'll never get used to this,” I muttered.

“Sure you will. Let's get you ready for your big coming out!”

Sidney made a very pretty girl. He had come to help me dress. He knew all about what to wear to look sexy. I was all ears. I decided to let him guide me. After all, he had worn these clothes for years.

He had me wriggle into a little garment and helped me get it in the “right” position. It was an awfully tight fit, but I finally got it on. When I stopped struggling, I was amazed at what I saw in the mirror.

Sidney filled the cups of my bra with a pair of realistic silicone inserts that gave me breasts that were soft and

bouncy. Even after weeks of getting used to them, I still was shocked by the weight and feeling.

After adjusting the straps, I said, "I'm really stacked! I must be at least 34 inches."

"I would say closer to 36!" he said, surveying me closely. "Over all, you'll be about 36-25-35. Not bad at all for a boy! Pretty shapely."

That made me blush but I didn't have the luxury of backing out now. "I have something special for you to wear," Sidney said, pulling something out of a bag. "These will make you feel sexy."

I sat on my bed to pull on the sheer nylon stockings he gave me. Sidney checked to see that they fit snugly and watched while I fastened them to a lacy garter belt that matched my bra and panties.

Smiling, he handed me a pair of white three-inch pumps with a little bow on the toe. "I wore these on a date last year. They will look great with your dress."

They were a bit higher than I'd practiced with. He steadied me while I put them on and walked around. These nice shoes really set off my nylon clad legs. I really liked the clicking sound they made as I walked.

I heard Sidney laugh, "You don't have to swing your hips that much!"

"Who's trying? This gaff is so tight, and with these shoes, who could walk any other way!"

"That's enough complaining, Jesse! You'll get used to it in no time," Sidney demanded. "Finish dressing like a good girl."

I obediently walked over to him. He was holding up a sheer sleeveless yellow blouse for me. It had pretty ruffles on the collar and down the front. Sidney helped me fasten the buttons down the back, then handed me a white pleated skirt

that ended about two inches above my knees. I had never seen this outfit before.

“I bought it for you to have a new traveling ensemble,” Sidney said. “You need to have a few things of your own.”

Sidney let out a wolf whistle.

“What was that for,” I asked.

He spoke in a deep voice, “Great legs Babe!”

“Maybe I did too good of job!” he said with a smile. “If I catch you stealing my boyfriends. . .!”

I flushed deep red as Sidney got serious again. “All joking aside, I hope you don't mind dressing like this too much,” he stated as he sat down on the bed. “We can have some real fun if you'll relax and let yourself get into girl fun mode.”

“Girl fun mode?” I asked.

“You know, I just love getting my hair done. There's something so relaxing about sitting in the chair and having someone curl, pin, and spray your hair until it's crispy and perfect. We'll be getting our hair done.”

“I'm still learning about hair,” I said. “I'm pretty scared, but I love it when Pat gets it perfect.”

“Hawaii is rainy and humid, but more spray will fix that problem.”

“Most of the girl stuff isn't that bad,” I wasn't about to tell him what I really thought. If I did, he would make fun of me for real. I looked at Sidney who was opening the nail polish, then at myself. We certainly were like girls.

He said opening the polish, “Girl fun is wearing high heels, carrying a pretty purse and even boys looking with appreciative stares.”

“I don't like boys.”

“But boys are the ultimate dress up game. Getting your hair right, a pretty, flirty dress and mirrors. Boys are like mirrors. You swish in the mirrors and we swish in front of the boys. Like every girls fun dream!”

I wasn't concerned with him passing so all I had to do was remind myself to act like a girl. That wasn't too hard with breasts that were soft and bouncy! I was fascinated by the way they stuck out underneath the ruffles of my blouse. From now on, I would feel sorry for flat chested girls. I especially liked the way the outline of my bra showed through the thin material.

"Okay," I admitted, "It's not all bad. I am beginning to understand girls better."

Sidney asked me to sit down so he could paint my fingernails with the pink polish. After he applied two coats of enamel, he proceeded with my makeup.

First came a layer of face powder, followed by blush and pale blue eyeshadow. Next, he lined my eyes, attached my false lashes, brushed on mascara, and penciled in my plucked eyebrows. The final touch was coral pink lipstick that shimmered with lip-gloss.

I looked in the mirror. "WOW!" I gasped. Sidney was a magician. I looked dazzling! I dabbed on perfume, slipped a charm bracelet and a girl's ring onto my right hand. He fastened a locket around my neck and clipped a pair of dangling earrings to my lobes. "You really ought to pierce your ears," Sidney giggled as he fiddled with the large hoops on his ears.

I was ready for the final touch! My hair was quite long and lustrous. Sidney helped me fashion the sides up, tease the top a bit, and brush the back down in stylish waves. He combed out the bangs for just the right effect...one of delicate femininity.

"IMPOSSIBLE!" I said as I looked at myself in the full-length mirror. I saw a beautiful girl any boy would be proud to escort. She was dressed very femininely, and her hair was fashioned very stylishly. Her features appeared dainty, and her makeup was exquisite. She had a beautiful figure, even a

bit “stacked!” She possessed a pair of slim, well-shaped legs. Her long, manicured nails were pink and matched the color of her shimmering lips.

“You did it!” Sidney said softly, “I don't know of any guy who wouldn't take this girl out and fantasize about her for days. You are NOW that girl!”

When we walked into the living room, our mothers gasped. They both complimented me on how pretty I looked. They even said I was the best looking of the four females. I saw a bit of jealousy in Sidney's eyes so I shyly disagreed, but I was very flattered just the same.

I looked out the window just as the taxi pulled up to the curb in front of the house. I gulped. “This is it!” Mother handed me a purse that she'd put together for me and we walked out the door.

I noticed the cab driver looking at us, then Sidney and I, then my legs...a twinkle appeared in his eyes. I wasn't sure what was wrong, but Sidney smiled and nudged me. I thought, “OH! So I've just been checked out!” I laughed to myself. The first man to see me in my disguise was sizing me up. I had obviously passed my first examination!

My heart raced, but nothing out of the ordinary happened and we boarded the plane without incident. Being out in public in a skirt and having everyone think I was a girl was traumatic, but thrilling in a naughty way. I don't think I was ever as scared and thrilled at any other time in my life. I now knew how skydivers must feel as they jumped out of a plane, only I didn't have a parachute, or in my case, any male clothes!

Being dressed as a girl in public was invigorating. I now knew the emotions I'd seen in Sidney's eyes when he was out in public.

Of course, I can't tell you everything that happened on the vacation or this would turn into twenty books. I can assure you, dear reader, that we had a ball and mother got plenty of rest. I will tell you of three incidents.

Our reserved seats were two together on each side of the plane. Naturally I wanted to sit next to Sidney. Everything was wonderful, and I reveled in the fact that I was pulling it off! I could look like a girl.

The trip to Hawaii took 6 hours. Naturally, during that time, I had to go to the bathroom on several occasions. We had just taken off when I did something that could have ended the whole masquerade and probably gotten us all into trouble.

I was waiting for the "Fasten Seat Belts" sign to go off when suddenly I had to go to the bathroom. I sat nervously tapping my fingers on my armchair and talked to Sidney about school. When the plane got to it's cruising altitude and the sign went off, I got up, politely excusing myself, and walked to the bathroom at the far end of the plane. I opened the door and walked in, locking the door behind me.

Just as I pulled up my skirt, pulled down my gaff and panties and was about to sit down, there was a knock at the door. "Could you please hurry. There's some turbulence ahead and you have to take your seat." It was the stewardess. I nervously yelled, "I'll be right out!"

"Okay, sir. Hurry please."

I realized right away that I had sounded like a boy and not the sweet, soft-spoken girl that had entered the bathroom. I gasped, scared that she'd be waiting outside the door.

I waited a minute and reluctantly left the bathroom. Luckily she was beginning the beverage service and wasn't watching who left the bathroom.

When I was half way back to my seat, walking as girlish as I knew how (I didn't want to appear fake at this time) she

looked my way. I gave her my biggest smile and took my seat.

“What a mistake!” I confessed to Sidney, telling him of my lapse in character.

He whispered, “It's good that it happen now. You can't let yourself go for a second. This is serious!”

Suddenly I was really scared. Could I keep up this role for the entire vacation? I didn't know what to do. I let out an uncertain “I know!” I watched the stewardess heading our way.

I smoothed my skirt and straightened my nylons and took out my compact. If I was about to be discovered dressed as a girl, I had better look nice. I powdered my nose, applied another coat of lipstick, and combed a loose strand of my hair. I was ready to meet my fate.

Just as the stewardess came to us, I saw Sidney batting his eyelashes and said, “Can I get a soda for my sister? She has a terrible sore throat.”

“Of course dear,” the stewardess said. I had to admit, Sidney knew all the angles. I really don't think she'd seen me and had just responded to my voice.

I gave Sidney a smile of thanks. He was quite relieved, and we decided not to tell the others, especially my Mother. I looked up the aisle and saw the stewardess staring at me.

I smiled sweetly and redid my lipstick. You can be sure I never made that mistake again! If I had to yell “Fire!”, I'd do it soft and sweetly.

When we got to Hawaii, we climbed aboard a bus for the beach and our hotel. It was so beautiful that a strange calm came over me.

Sidney looked so attractive, intelligent and sweet. He was so vivacious and sensual, yet determined and graceful. Nothing like what I'd though a “sissy” would be like. He'd

been through more than the toughest guy in school and yet was still gracious and kindhearted.

He sat in his little dress, so soft and tailored. A look of excitement in his face, his trim figure slender and elegant. I took inventory of his beauty. Jewelry highlighted his inner beauty. His earrings were partially hidden among soft curls. A pearl necklace accentuates his graceful neck and called attention to his young cleavage.

He wore just enough makeup to create a look of intrigue. His lips were accented pink with a touch of sensuality and his soft wavy hair framed his face with an air of mystery and independence.

I wanted to be like him, to be through what he'd been through. I began to feel what Sidney feels as he went about a girlish existence.

He was able to easily go from a casual cotton T-shirt, form fitting jeans, and tennis shoes to high heeled sandals, a tailored silk top and slender black skirt. He could willingly slip on a fetching cocktail dress with a tiered skirt, v-neck and open back and feel comfortable four-inch heels (for dancing) and unambiguously carry a small silver clutch purse.

Sidney was suddenly my hero. I had so much to learn and experience. Sure, I had learned the little things like wearing a lightly scented "day" foundation to protect my skin and how to highlight my cheekbones. I could do my iridescent eyes and paint my lips with a light touch of color and moistness, but there was more, much more to experience.

Could I ever feel at home with the stirring influence of silky nylons? I so wanted to be like Sidney. He was so at home in his light camisole, his lacy bra lightly lifting and accentuating his girlish bust. He allowed his slip to peek out on occasion when he wanted to be a little flirtatious. Could I ever enjoy the admiring male glances as MY skirt swirled out, revealing MY legs in silky patterned nylons.

I dabbed on a drop or two of perfume and sighed, “So Sidney, did State win the baseball game last night?”

He smiled sweetly and whispered, “In another week, you won't care about such things.”

He may have been right, but it didn't happen easily.

When we were settled in at the resort hotel, I began to realize what I'd gotten myself into. Naturally, any girl my age would be on the beach swimming or getting a tan.

I, however, was too scared to go out in a bikini. Sidney felt otherwise. He couldn't wait to get to the beach.

Adding to my discomfort, Sidney had bought me a new pink polka dot bikini. “Com' on!” he begged, “At least try it on. You know that passing below the waist won't be a problem.” Sidney's fancy little gaff thing took care of that problem all right.

My chest was what worried me! Girl's swimsuits left a bit of their breasts partially exposed at their tops. Without my bra, I was just a flat chested boy.

Sidney kept at me to go out on the beach and into the sun. By the end of the day, I really flew off the handle at him. “We'll look stupid out there!”

Sidney smiled knowingly, “I haven't shown you the secret! Your hips are wide enough to look nice in a bikini. All you need is a little cleavage.”

Then I did something that I would never have done before...I burst into tears! The strain was beginning to tell. Had our mothers not been shopping, my mother would have forced me to end my girlish existence right then and there.

Sidney told me, “Stop your whimpering. . .you're acting like a baby. We are mature young women. I'll show you how it's done!”

He pulled out the gaffs and our bikinis. He told me to take off my clothes, shave off any unsightly body hair, and put on the gaff and bikini bottom.

I followed his instructions. “Now you see it, and then you don't!” he joked. A few minutes later, I was standing in front of him again. By then, Sidney had on his bikini bottoms too and had some adhesive tape and the silicone jelly-like pads I had come to treasure.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

He smiled, “You'll see. Now take the palms of your hands and push your pectoral muscles in and up.”

When I did this, a desirable amount of cleavage suddenly appeared from nowhere. I was surprised, but quickly saddened. “I can't go around with my hands in my bikini top all day!”

Before I realized what was happening, Sidney taped my chest. He told me to let go, and Presto! Do it yourself cleavage! He helped me into my underwire bra top and fastened the strap behind me. He cleverly placed my bust pads in a strategic location to push even more flesh up.

I realized Sidney had done it again! I now had full looking breasts that bounced, jiggled, and were partially exposed to the eyes of the beholder.

Sidney went about the same process and was quickly sporting a mature bosom himself. His chest was much more fleshy than mine, I assumed from the years of wearing a brassiere.

“See how easy!” he said doing a pirouette to show off his girlish figure. “Let's do our hair up and get to the beach before the sun is all gone!”

I was exhilarated and euphoric, but still scared. Sidney couldn't wait to get down to the beach.

“Hold it,” I said as I put my hair up. “Maybe I should wait for mother. . .get her opinion.”

“Ooh. She needs her mommy's permission to leave the house!” he teased. “Com' on! Just freshen your makeup and let's go enjoy the sun and sand.”

“Okay,” I said reluctantly, still studying my figure for any flaw.

Sidney gave me my mother's sunglasses. “The pointed, sparkled edges look real cute with your hair-do. When we get to the beach. . .would you mind re-painting my toenails? You know how it is.”

“Yeah, I know.”

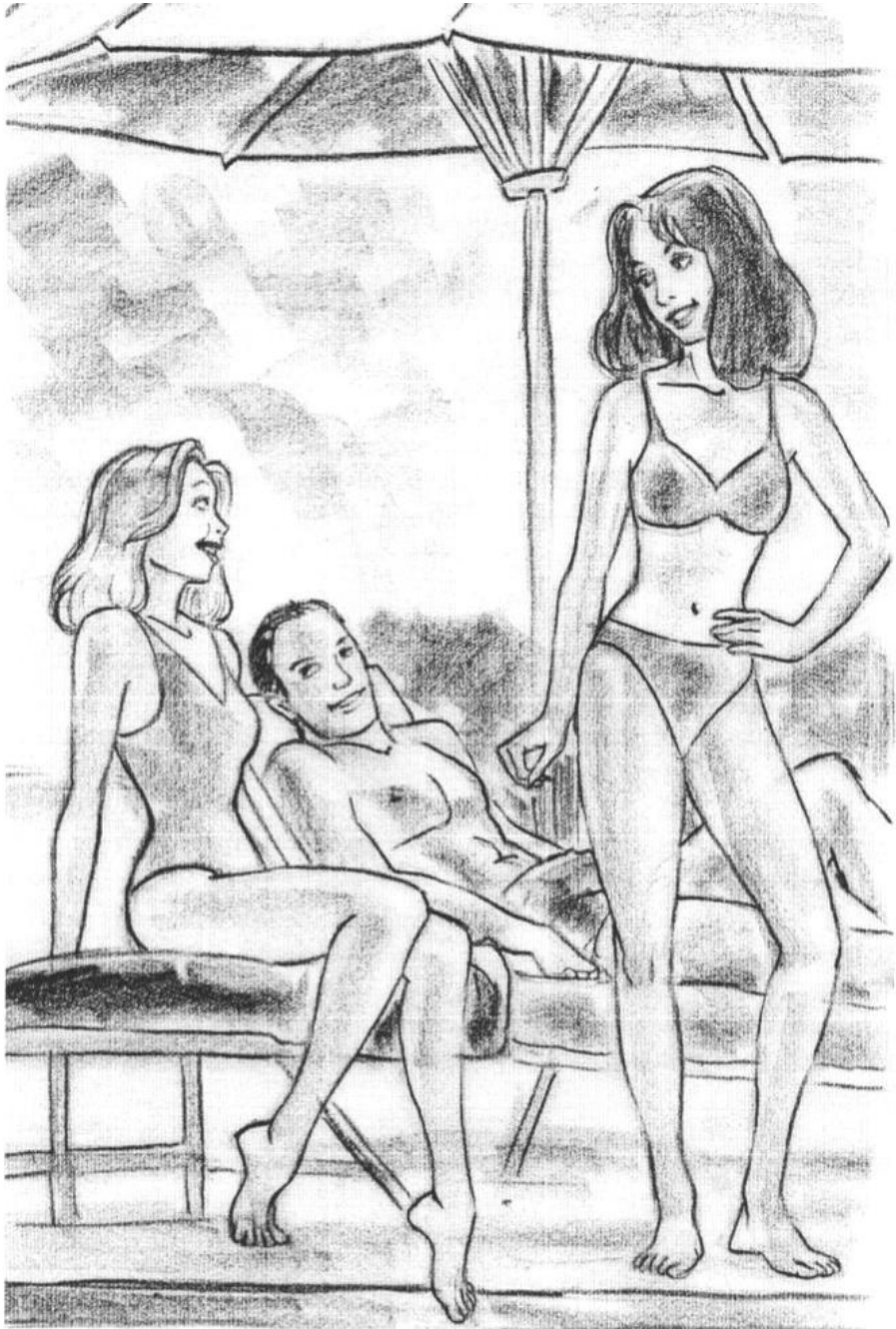
There wasn't much day left by the time we got to the beach. Just enough sunshine to paint our toes and get them wet in the surf.

Later, when I was presented to Mom in my bikini, she was overwhelmed by my new appearance. “Oh my,” she gasped, “I didn't think you'd actually go out like that. That's why I bought you a couple of these.” She opened a bag and pulled out three mother/daughter flowered muumuus...Short Hawaiian dresses that were very sexy and cool to wear. “They're the same,” she added.

“I see that,” I said.

“Sidney's mother got him a couple too,” she said checking out my figure. “I never thought we'd be wearing matching dresses. . .but then again, I never thought you'd look that good in a bikini.”

Sidney was thrilled with the mother/daughter dresses. “They make me feel so close to my mother...like I might grow up to be like her.”



*"We were wondering," Jack asked, "if you girls would like to go to a dance this evening?"
I quickly replied, "Well, I don't know..."*

That gave my mother a worried look. She was suddenly afraid that I might end up like Sidney. For the next couple days, every little thing frazzled her nerves and shortened her patience. “Be careful,” she must have said fifty times a day. “Are you sure you want to go to the beach like that?” she asked.

“It's a swimsuit and that's the beach,” I sarcastically answered.

I disregarded her warnings with a shrug. I was not to be stopped! In just a few days, I had the beginnings of a deep golden tan, but white in those special places. Even without my bikini, I could see the unblemished white impression of my straps.

I should have been worried about the tan marks, but Sidney wasn't so why should I? We had plenty of male admirers on the beach.

Mother asked if Sidney and I wanted to go fishing with them, but we both wanted to hang out at the beach.

She looked at us, and with a doubtful voice, gave us permission. When they had gone, we squeezed into our bikinis and were soon lying on the sand deepening our tans even more.

Sidney was lying on his back with his eyes closed. I was lying on my stomach looking at a shell that was practically the same shade as my nail polish.

For sport, we sized up the guys and girls on the beach. Since our first day out, Sidney and I drew our share of admiration from the males. Anyway, I was still surprised when I looked up and saw two pairs of hairy male legs.

They were both around twenty-two years of age and surfer blonde. I knew any girl would consider them well built and good looking, but I could have cared less. I still liked girls, no matter how good I looked in a bikini.

From the way they looked at us, I could tell the taller one was interested in me, while his friend had eyes for Sidney.

The tall one wasn't exactly looking at my face, if you know what I mean.

I nudged Sidney. "Hey, wake up! We have visitors."

He opened his eyes and looked up. The look on his face gave everything away. He was obviously interested. "Hi there," he said in a high, sexy voice.

"Afternoon Ladies. My friend and I noticed you lying here all alone. We thought you might appreciate a little company."

"You bet!" Sidney said smiling. "My name is Sidney, and this is my friend, Jesse."

"I'm Bill," said the shorter one, "this is Jack. Where are you from?"

Jack said, "We're from California!" and immediately sat next to me.

I knew what he was interested in, but a little conversation couldn't hurt anybody. I said hello quietly and we chatted about stuff for a while.

"We were wondering," Jack asked, "if you girls would like to go to a dance this evening?"

I quickly replied, "Well, I don't know..."

"Oh, please Jesse," Sidney pleaded. "You know my Mother will let us."

"But my mother. . ."

"Let my mother take care of her," he interrupted. I looked at him with all the desperation I could summon up, but it was to no avail. He liked this kind of thing. I was trapped!

We spent the rest of the afternoon playing volleyball and throwing a Frisbee. Believe me, Jack made more passes than a quarterback. His hands were all over me, but to keep Sidney happy, I politely, but persistently warded him off.

When it was sundown, I told Jack that I'd ask my mother and gave him a reassuring smile, but nothing else.

“You want to do what?” Mother railed.

“It's just a dance,” Sidney's mother said coming to the rescue.

They gave us permission to go, although Mother wasn't too happy about the whole idea. She wanted to meet the boys. After she met them she told them not to keep Sidney and me out late.

Sidney and I both dressed very stylishly for the dance. I had on a tight, low cut, pink dress, costume jewelry, and high-heeled pumps. I was really playing Jesse “the girl” tonight! With my new cleavage and deep tan, I had outdone myself. I realized keeping “Jack the Masher” away all evening was going to be quite a chore.

When we arrived at the dance, many of the guys were obviously staring at Sidney and me. I don't know why, but for once, I resented their attention. I acted a bit snobbish at first, but I eventually got to like Jack. He was amusing and clever. While we talked and laughed, Sidney and Bill kept going out for repeated walks. After one of these walks, Sidney grabbed my arm and said, “Let's go powder our noses.” We excused ourselves and retired to the ladies' room.

“Bill wants to go for a drive along the beach,” she said. “There's a full moon. I'm sure we'll enjoy ourselves.”

“Are you kidding?” I demanded. “You, of all people, know what that means! Do you realize what Mom would say if she knew we went and. . .you know. . .with Jack? What am I saying? What would I say? We're boys, and I like girls, not guys!”

Sidney stared at me angrily. “Oh, come off it! You love being a girl. Don't you think for a minute that I don't know

what's been going on in your pretty head. You may not be gay, but you sure are into being treated like a girl!"

"What?"

"You know...A GIRL! A female person who loves to wear little dresses, show off her legs, and are members of the opposite sex FROM men!"

"Hey, I don't know what you're about, but I'm a guy!"

"One very pretty and sweet looking guy who loves showing off his cleavage!"

I blushed. He knew me better than I knew my new self. He went on, "As a girl, you really look great and you know it!" His voice softened. "Please Jesse. I know you're a guy, but couldn't you really be like a girl for a few hours tonight. If you do this, I promise to let you wear my clothes anytime you want when we get home."

"What makes you think I'd want to?"

"You'll want to," he smiled, "and I'll do everything I can to help you look pretty. Please! Do this for me tonight. This is my first chance to really try out my femininity on a guy I like."

What could I say? I had lost the argument. "Okay, but help me with my makeup. I want to put all the right ideas in Jack's head. Don't forget! I'm doing this for you!"

"Sure," he said, then kissed me on the cheek. "This will be so much fun. I want to just forget I was ever a boy for one night. Maybe you could try the same thing?"

"To a point," I giggled. "I suggest you do the same!"

He just smiled at me. "You won't ever be sorry you did this for me. Sidney helped freshen my makeup and sprayed perfume on my neck.

We returned to the table, and the boys got our wraps. As Jack drove along the north beach, he motioned for me to slide over next to him. When I slid across the seat, my skirt rode up; exposing a generous portion of my nylon covered thighs.

I blushed and moved to adjust my skirt, but Jack put out his hand to stop me. “Your legs are too attractive to cover up. Besides, I saw more of them today in your bikini.”

He put his arm around me, and I sighed. Jack thought it was a sigh of affection, but it was one of frustration and resignation. I remembered my promise to Sidney, and I laid my head on Jack's shoulder.

All I had to put up with were a few passionate kisses and a few caresses...which I successfully repelled. I hated the handholding. Inside, I was totally disgusted by my behavior, but I put my heart into my actions. I'm sure Jack was very happy.

At our hotel door, I was so glad to be home that I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him the way Sidney had been responding to his date. This was hardly the kind of behavior for a couple boys who liked girls. For the most part, Jack had been a gentleman, although not too perfect. This was my way of saying thanks.

It was a good thing Mom wasn't up when we came home, or she would noticed some things wrong. For instance, my lipstick was almost all gone, and my skirt was wrinkled. I smelled of men's cologne and I'm sure Jack smelled of my perfume. If mom had seen that last kiss, she'd know I was crazy. I couldn't wait to get into bed and try to forget the kisses.

But after the date, we were both wired like school girls; whispering, giggling and talking about the silly boys. Sidney's mother came in a told us to keep it down, saying, “You two are just like your mother at your age.”

We both decided the next day to wearing bright red lipstick, shorts and halter-tops with high heels.

We both unzipped our dresses and hung them carefully in the closet. The movements were so smooth and gracefully feminine, it was a shock to me.

We were soon both in bra and our very sexy panties, sitting at the dressing table mirror, doing our long hair together at a slow and leisurely pace. Sidney had a most feminine shape with his bra on and just before dressing in his nightgown, his bra fluttered to the floor.

His nearly flat chest had large, protruding nipples like a young girl. He picked up a small tube and began massaging a cream into his breasts.

He pointed, "Want to try some?"

"What's it do?" I asked.

"Mostly make them itch," he laughed.

I WAS CHANGING. . .

I resisted the notion, but being kissed as a girl had changed me. Even Sidney seemed different. As he strapped on his high-heeled sandals, he suggested we go shopping for something "sexy".

We both dressed as before, but more was put into getting the right jewelry, and of course, slipping into those short shorts.

Somehow being 'kissed' by a boy had changed me. Before I took that walk through the mall, I wanted my hair to be exquisite, and my makeup sublime. Sidney talked of a sun dress he'd seen that was "to die for."

I was beginning to understand. Sidney made femininity look effortless. That was his way, but for me it was still decisions, machinations and insecurities.

On the way to the mall, I finally asked Sidney, "Have you kissed a lot of boys?"

He laughed, "Still bothering you, eh? I saw you kissing Jack at the front door. First time is a bit disconcerting."

“When was yours?”

He told me that his mother started taking him to the mall when she first taught him about cosmetics and had his hair styled. “I began to meet a boy at the movies on Saturday afternoon after I had my hair done. He was very nice looking and after one movie he kissed me. I thought that I would have been nauseated but I enjoyed the attention. I told mother and she said it was just important that I think like a girl when out dressed. Girls like to kiss boys....so?”

But I was haunted by being kissed by Jack. I admitted to Sidney that when our lips touched, I didn’t mind and even wanted it to keep going.”

“Did he French kiss you?”

“Gawd no! My teeth and lips were sealed tight.”

Sidney smiled at me. “Sweetie, as the girl, you are suppose to react. The girl in you probably liked him. Loosen your lips next time. A nice French kiss makes me tingly all over.”

“Yuck!” I said but I was enjoying being a girl and even boys looking at us.

Once we were at the mall, a whole unexplored world opened itself to me. There were dresses to be scrutinized for their entrance-making capabilities and feminizing potential plus colors to be compared to our manicures and makeup and hairstyles.

Sidney had taught me about picking out a dress. “If you think you look and feel sexy in a dress, the world will too!”

It was such fun shopping with Sidney. At one of our many breaks he crossed his long legs sexily as we sipped designer coffee. He looked so comfortable in his sheer floral skirt and green lace tank top. He sported light makeup and had pulled tendrils of his curly brown hair back with plastic clips. Even in non-Glam mode, it was impossible to see any

boy on his sweet-as-apple-pie face and figure most girls would kill for.

We talked of dresses. "I can't decide! I wish I could have them ALL!" I admitted.

Sidney laughed and took a sip of coffee. "Choice is what being a girl is all about. You can't wear two dresses at the same time, so you pick the one that makes you feel the most like a young lady."

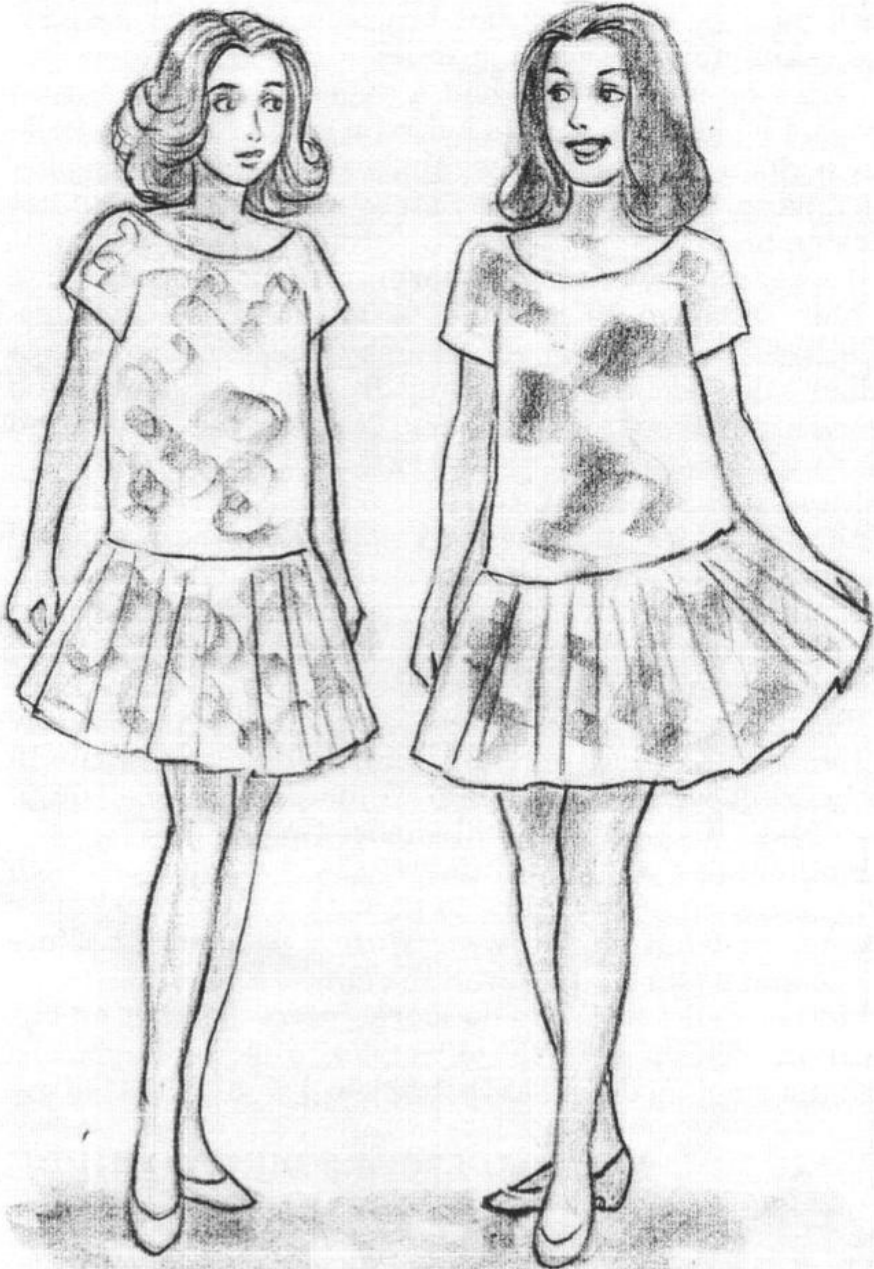
"Ah, therein lies the problem," I said. "How not to tick off my mother while satisfying my new found sensuality?"

"Forget what everyone else thinks. I focus on what I like. I'm a boy who looks nice in these incredible clothes, so I enjoy them without any guilt."

We went to a department store where we tried on several dresses, one of which Sidney HAD to have. It was a sexy, slim evening dress of black lace, slit high on one side in the front. It had a separate beaded jacket worn over the low-cut bodice. Before we left, he had paired it with black panties and a special bra, some serious jewelry, snakeskin pumps, and a big smile.

I tried on a dress that had a huge skirt and beautiful straps. I looked like a cross between a bad Southern belle and a Spanish flamenco wannabe. The dress was phenomenal on the hanger, but Sidney agreed that it did not work on me.

It was funny what I was learning about the other side of life. I began to respond to my feminine feelings. Whether I was slipping on a frumpy housedress or one of Sidney's drop-dead silky evening dresses, I suddenly felt a strong attachment to my mother. Not that she ran around wearing sexy stuff, but she essentially was womanly. . . a quality I had never respected.



There was something else I came to realize. Sidney and I were not like other boys. Most were bigger, stronger, and obviously more athletic.

As women, we all had a good time. Everybody enjoyed each other. We shared the duties of cooking dinner, chatter about clothes, and crying at a sappy movie. I had more respect for my mother and her opinion become more and more important.

When I needed to pick out a dress, it was ultimately mother's choice that won out. Sidney had great taste in clothes, but when mother said, "I just have to see you in this dress. It's you!" I would almost swoon.

Mother knew all the feminine tricks of womanhood such picking the right little bra to go with a fitted cashmere sweater or what slip to wear with a translucent white blouse and a skirt with a walking slit.

Mother and I began to do more things together on our vacation. There were those wonderful ladies luncheons with informal modeling at the tables. I would dress in my most prim and proper "young lady" fashion, sometimes even wearing little white gloves. I caught mother looking at me funny occasionally. I knew she was bewildered at sharing the ladies room with her son! But before long, we were applying our lipstick together at the mirror like all the other mothers and daughters.

I'll never forget when mother asked me for something. "What?" I replied, unable to hear her request over a flushing toilet.

Her face was red as she whispered her request again. My face turned red as I sifted through my pocketbook's make-up, little perfume samples, lacy hankies and sunglasses to find what she wanted. . . a tampon!

"You don't need it, do you?" she joked, regaining her composure.

"No, mother!" I said, fluffing my hair in the mirror, "not this week!" I was getting used to hearing "girl talk" in the

ladies room and I was even beginning to participate. “Do you have a hairpin? I want to get this hair out of my face.”

“No,” she said, “but I do have a black hair ribbon. Let me see what I can do.” She giggled at me, but from that day on, mother talked about “girl things” in front of me as if I had never been a boy. She didn't consider me a girl; it was more like there was nothing to hide from me anymore.

I had my own panties to protect from prying male eyes. It was as if the removal of my male clothes had relieved me of all male voyeurism. If I wanted to gawk at panties, all I had to do was lift my own skirt and stare away!

The exotic and arousing aspect of feminine lingerie became commonplace. It was just my underwear, even, with all the dainty ruffles, pretty ribbons, bows, and lovely lace.

I now had the feminine responsibility of keeping my own pretty unmentionables covered up! Mother shared her pretty lingerie with me and we sometimes dressed alike, a “special experience” that only girls normally get to share with their mothers.

I saw a tingle of excitement in mother's eyes as she watched me studying my feminine reflection in the mirror. She was most interested in watching my reaction as we occasionally walked around wearing just bras and panties.

I learned about the responsibility and burden of having “breasts” and keeping them covered.

Even Sidney's mother would come out of the bathroom in panties and bra without a thought. The first time, she saw the surprise on my face as I quickly looked away.

“Jesse? Is there something wrong dear?” she asked innocently. “If it's seeing me undressed like this, don't feel embarrassed. Mothers don't let their son's see them wearing lingerie, but we don't need to be so modest with you boys now, do we?”

There was something else I came to realize. Sidney and I were not like other boys. Most were bigger, stronger, and obviously more athletic. I hated the way they acted, so boisterous, scruffy, rowdy, and rude. Sidney and I were not like that. Mother said, "You are such a sweetheart now." I had become so mannerly, quiet, soft, and delicate.

Dressing differently from the other boys had accentuated our differences. I had to admit to being a sissy and effeminate. I no longer had a desire to be like the other boys.

"You're such a doll," I'd hear my mother say when she saw me doing my hair while standing in front of my mirror in a pair of nylon panties with ruffles around the legs and my little white satin bra with the bow between the cups.

Boys didn't wear girl's things, but I did. Yes, I'd become a sissy! I wore girl's blouses, girl's camisoles, girl's panties and slips. I could walk in girl's high heels and wore nylons over my shaved legs like a girl.

I highlighted my soft effeminate features and curled my hair like a girl. My face looked washed out without a light touch of eyeshadow, eyeliner, mascara, lipstick, rouge, and blush. I even curled my eyelashes and plucked my eyebrows into expressive high arches like a girl.

To Sidney's mother, I admitted, "I sort of like dressing like this. I'll miss it but I shouldn't do it again."

"You little sweetheart," she responded. "Don't you worry about it. There are different kinds of males. Some are masculine and some boys are. . .well, effeminate, like you and Sidney. Effeminate boys don't have to dress like other boys. You have a fleshy bottom and should wear what suits you; effeminate pretty clothes match your temperament."

"You mean dresses?"

"Well? They certainly look nice on you."

As the vacation ended, Sidney and I became very close, well, like girlfriends. We kissed sometimes but gently like girlfriends and made syrupy feminine compliments about how girlie we'd both become.

Sidney said, "If I marry a man, will you be my bridesmaid?"

"Of course darling," I told him.

We jabbered and told each other girlish secrets before we went to sleep each night. Some were real, some were just plain silly. Like, neither one of us could get pregnant.

We were behaving just like a real girls and it felt wonderful.

Before I knew it, our vacation was over, but it's effect on me wasn't. We caught our plane and 6 hours later, we were home. My adventure as a girl was over.

WRONG!

AT HOME AGAIN. . .

That was years ago. After we returned home, I went up to change. I burst into tears when I saw my drab male clothes waiting.

Mother and I had a long tearful talk. "I was afraid of this," she admitted.

By now most boys would have been running for their pants, but not me. I was so confused!

Mother opened my closet, then opened our suitcase and took out the skirt and blouse she had worn the night before. She held them up to me and said, "I guess you can wear what you have and some of my things until we get you some things of your own. Put these on."

"Girl clothes?" I asked softly. I felt my stomach tighten as I realized that mother was debating in her mind whether it was right that she make me more of a sissy.

My stomach felt queasy as she appeared to be having second thoughts about me dressing like a girl.

Tears came to her eyes and she moaned, "I really don't know what to do. You can't be a girl all the time!"

"I know."

"But I guess it would be okay for you to be like Sidney. He's such a sweet boy."

With that, mother picked out a few of her things along with my Hawaii purchases and helped me make a place for them in my closet and drawers.

Mother said sweetly, "This vacation turned out to be a lot more expensive than I thought. Now I suppose we'll need to get you a whole new wardrobe. You might have to get a job on weekends."

I moaned until she mentioned, "Maybe you could get a salesgirl job at the mall. They usually give a great discount to employees."

I found that idea to be especially thrilling. I felt my heart pounding in my chest as mother divided her wardrobe with me. "Hey," she said smiling at last, "This gives me a reason to get some new clothes too!"

"Oh mother," I sighed. "I'm so sorry to have let you down."

She took me in her arms and held me tightly. "You haven't let me down. I'm worried what all this means. I need to talk to Sidney's mother."

That night in my own environment I felt self-conscious in mother's clothes. Mother could see I was trying to adapt.

The next day mother spent over an hour on the phone. When she was through, I noticed a new attitude. "I talked to Sidney's mother," she said. "We have to work out some things."

“What things?” I asked softly as I smoothed my skirt before sitting, so I wouldn't wrinkle my skirt.

“We think it's time to start teaching you two the “how to's” of being a woman. That's more than just wearing a skirt. We need some rules.”

I sat primly with my smooth legs, knees, and ankles together in a feminine manner.

“First,” she announced, “You have to admit that you can't make it as a man and agree that you will do everything necessary to become as feminine as possible. It won't be all frilly dresses and such. I expect you to learn to cook, keep house, sew some of your own dresses, learn all that sissy stuff that men and boys avoid.”

I nodded.

“I want you to watch the way I move and imitate me and get involved in my interests. If I see any boyish reluctance, you will be reprimanded. I expect you to be dressed each morning properly in panties, brassiere, slip, and a befitting dress. I'm going to treat you like my daughter and help you grow into a proper young woman.”

I was almost in tears again. “Com' on,” mother said. “Let's raid my closet and get you started on a wardrobe of your own.”

Before I knew it, I was in mother's room trying on her things. “Good thing I never throw anything away!” she teased as she held up one of her seventies mini-dresses. “This is back in!”

After a pile of dresses, skirts, blouses and lingerie covered the bed, mother pulled out a large sealed box from way back in the closet. “Oh my,” she said with a tear in her eyes. “I haven't opened this in years.”



I found myself standing in mother's wedding gown, veil, bustier, silk stockings, gloves, satin high heels, garter, and handmade lacy silk panties while holding her satin bag.

The box was discolored and old, so mother handled it carefully. “Want to see?”

She opened the box painstakingly and exposed her entire bridal ensemble. It smelled of perfume.

She carefully laid out the various pieces, then looked at me in my bra and panties. For the next hour, she coerced me into everything. I found myself standing in her gown, veil, bustier, silk stockings, gloves, satin high heels, garter, and handmade lacy silk panties while holding her satin bag. She quickly put my hair up with barrettes of flowers and white bows.

Her tears were flowing as I looked in the three-way mirror. She hooked my grandmother's pearls around my neck and stood back. “Oh my! You look just like I did in my wedding pictures. Look!”

I looked so much like my mother that it was uncanny. I felt like a nubile, precious young bride to be.

As she dabbed her tears, she said, “I don't know where you are going with all this, but this dress is yours if you ever need it.”

I blushed at her implication that I might marry a man. “I can't become a wife,” I stated.

“You might change your mind after a while,” mother said, getting her camera to snap some pictures of me. “Look at you now. You never thought you wanted to be a girl. Maybe you'll find the right man and want to be a wife, mother and homemaker,” she joked. “I can't wait to see you in my maternity clothes and nursing bras!”

Mother led me into the garden and took pictures next to the pink rose bushes...which matched my glistening pink lips.

That night mother insisted I sleep in her bridal negligee “just to get the feel of it.”

By the end of the first week, I was following her instructions to a tee. All mother's little reminders and suggestions on how to behave were paying off.

Under her guidance, my movements, mannerisms, and gestures were increasingly feminine. She made me realize that being a girl was much better than being an effeminate boy. We were both happy to let things run their course.

I was setting the table for dinner one night, wearing a nice flowered print dress and bibbed apron. Mother smiled at me and said, "Okay! I know we are doing the right thing now. Time for some new rules. . ."

"What?" I asked as I made sure the silverware was straight.

"For one...no more hiding. I expect you to answer the door, and run errands. I think you should get a job. . ."

I didn't have long to wait. Before she even finished her sentence, the doorbell rang. I jumped, but mother just pointed to the door and said, "You get it. . .it's probably UPS running late."

I was expecting a few things I ordered from that place in New York, so I swished to the door and opened it. There with eyes as big as silver dollars was my old friend Randy and another guy from the neighborhood.

"I saw the car was back and. . ." Randy stammered like he was at the wrong house. "Is that you Jesse?"

"Invite your friends in," mother said as she came up behind me. She pulled me out of the door and motioned for the two boys to come in. "Get your friends a soda and some of those cookies you baked yesterday."

They couldn't take their eyes off me and my skirted bottom. When I returned, mother was saying, ". . .so that's why Jesse is going to be a girl. We both felt it was better to be a girl than a effeminate boy."

They looked at me when I entered and politely nodded. Randy finally agreed as he bit into one of my cookies, “You always were wimpy. Hey, these are pretty good.”

“You should try his apple pie!” mother beamed. “Jesse's also learned to sew. That's my dress that he altered to fit himself. Stand up and show the boys, dear.”

I glared at mother, but got up and removed my apron. I blushed, but did a slow pirouette. When I got around, both boys were staring at my prominent bosom.

“Eat up boys!” mother announced. “Our dinner is nearly ready. You boys can come back anytime. Maybe you'd like to take Jesse to a movie or something?”

“We've got to go,” Randy announced. I was in tears as they nearly ran out of the house. “They are going to tell everyone!” I cried.

“That will save a lot of time,” she answered calmly. “You have nothing to hide now.”

After that, everyone knew about me, so I was stuck as a girl. I went out often, especially when Sidney was around. Sidney didn't mind being seen with me. Besides my dressing was “special” when Sidney was around to share with.

I think Mother still was deeply unsure and in general disapproved of boys dressing like girls, but she never really objected. After all, this whole thing had been her idea.

One thing for sure, we are closer than ever. If you were a fly on the wall, looking into my beautifully appointed, feminine dressing room, you would see two ladies dressing for the evening. Are they sisters? Girl friends? No one would believe that they are mother and son!

Mother realized that she had let herself go. She lost weight, dressed younger and had a bit of plastic surgery. And decided to go blonde again!

It took months for mother to convince me to go blonde. At first I was rather hesitant, but gradually I began to come around to her way of thinking.

On my birthday, mother surprised me with an appointment at Pat's hair salon to have my hair done blonde.

We both entered the busy mid-day salon together hand in hand. "Oh my," Pat announced, "You have come a long way! You are both down for blanding today. You are going to be absolutely gorgeous!"

We took our seats in our pink salon gowns. Mother took my hand as Pat introduced me to her new assistant, Erica, a tall very shapely blonde with a long bob style. She was wearing a tight, very clingy white mini dress uniform and sheer white pantyhose.

She began fingering my light brown hair, lifting it first this way and that. "How light do you want her?" she asked Pat.

Pat brought out hair color samples and matched them to our coloring. "Here's your choices," she said holding up three hair swatches. Mother whispered naughtily, "I would love to go all the way. As light as possible, but I want to be the same shade as Jesse."

I looked at the color swatch. It said, "California pale blonde." "That's the one for me!" I announced.

While Erica was mixing the bleach, mother and I kept looking at each other.

"Don't worry," mother said, noticing my apprehension, "You are going to look absolutely gorgeous as a blonde!"

The two beauticians began sectioning our hair into quarters and then started applying the bleach to the hair with a small brush, section by section, until the blue colored paste had thickly covered all our hair.

I stared at Erica's blonde hair. It was so shiny and sexy. She looked really provocative with her blonde hair and trim

figure in the tight little white mini-dress! She probably had a lot of boyfriends.

By now both mother and I had a thick coating of bleach. Erica covered our hair with a plastic hood and placed us under dryers to develop.

Through the clear plastic dryer, I could see mother's hair lightening through a number of shades from the brown it was originally, to light brown, then reddish. By the time Erica came over to check, it was orange!

I was horrified, but Erica just smiled and said that was quite normal. She then mixed fresh bleach and once again started applying this to our hair, but this time brushing the bleach down to the roots close to the scalp.

The orange coloring to the hair gradually faded, being replaced by more and more of a blonde color.

Mother and I were led to the washbasins where the bleach was rinsed off.

A California blonde toner was brushed in and left to develop for ten minutes before it was rinsed off and the hair shampooed and conditioned.

As Erica began blow-drying my hair, it took on a dazzlingly bright blonde tone. “No one will miss seeing you now,” Erica announced as she styled and blow-dried my hair.

Mother had her hair cut into a long bob and looked like a movie star.

“Don't you just love it,” she asked.

Pat added, “You both will need your roots done every couple weeks.”

Erica kept smiling at me sweetly. When I paid the bill, I gave Erica a hefty tip and thanked her again for doing such a great job!

After I took off the salon gown, I looked in the mirror and about fainted. I was wearing a crisp white sleeveless back-

buttoning blouse, tight figure-hugging navy blue mini-skirt, textured pantyhose, and navy pumps.

My blonde hair made me look really fabulous! Erica saw me and said, "You look beautiful and very sexy! You make a wonderful looking girl."

I was shocked. "You know?" I whispered.

"Honey," she said flipping her blonde hair back. "This is a beauty shop! Every one knows everything about everybody! I think it's great. . .in fact, maybe we can go out together some time. Pat said you still like girls?"

"Yeah," I said keeping my voice low.

"Well, I think I could go for a boy like you!" she confided. "Can you imagine the guys looks if they found out we were on a date together?"

"Boy, oh boy," I thought to myself. "Blondes certainly do have more fun!"

Before we left the shop, Erica took me to the makeup counter and showed me how to enhance my new sexy image. Darker make-up and vibrant new shades of pink and reds best complimented my blonde hair color.

Being blonde did wonders for mother's self-esteem. Mine too! We knew we looked good...I see the men admiring us on the street with lustful glances.

Mother still looks older, but acts more like my sister than my mother. We spent a lot of time dressing up, the two of us chattering the way girls do about clothes, hair, make-up, jewelry and even MEN! "I'm not dead yet!" she announced after her face-lift.

We go out together, do each other's hair and nails, hook each other's bras and waist cinchers and zip each other's dresses. I have to laugh when we are both in hair rollers and lingerie putting on make-up at the mirror. It's a ludicrous

setting as off we go in our exquisite cocktail dresses, high heels, the perfume in the air around us.

Mother has that breathless look of expectation...hoping that there will be some handsome well-dressed men in the bar at the restaurant. To them, I would be introduced as her “little sister.” I realized that mother was a normal and now a beautiful female who loved the attention of masculine, virile men. I had to accept that mother desired sexual relationships with men.

Mother didn't want to get married again, so she dated casually and even had a few affairs with married men who wouldn't leave their wives. Many times I'd walk into the kitchen wearing my babydoll nightie and find “Uncle Tex” at the breakfast table.

Sidney moved to Chicago and we wrote back and forth for a while, but eventually lost touch. He finished school and got a job at an advertising agency. I attended secretarial school and became a pretty good secretary. We kept in touch for a while, then less so.

Several years later, I walked into a ladies room at the mall. The mall was just opening and in there was a plumpish brunette with a little tilted nose. She was wearing a trim business suit with a very short fitted skirt.

A throaty contralto voice hailed me. I turned and gasped, “Sidney!” We kissed in greeting.

“Darling, I'm back in town to see mother and I have a job interview. I've got so much to tell you! I went all the way! I'm completely a woman!”

My eyes glanced at where his thighs disappeared into his skirt. He picked up his skirt slightly so I could make out a flash of white panties. “You mean?” I asked.

“Yes! I had everything taken off! It feels so wonderful! I'm getting married to a marvelous man next month! You've got to be a bridesmaid! Say you will!”

“Of course, but. . .” I hesitated, “Could you show me?”

He looked around the bathroom and said, “Come with me.” He took my hand and led me to a large handicap stall and we both went in.

Sidney lifted his skirt to disclose he was wearing only a pair of transparent white lace panties underneath. Through the white lace, I could make out the dark triangle of a female pubis between his legs. Nothing else.

“You've got nothing?”

“That's right. No more bothersome hard lumps to deal with. . .except by my boyfriends,” he giggled. “He's there more than I ever was!”

“How does it feel to. . .”

“It feels wonderful! Darling, you've got to have it done! You're so feminine anyway. I'll introduce you to my doctor. He'll fix you up!”

I blushed. As much as I was intrigued by the thought of being “fixed up”, I still had hopes of getting involved with a woman who could like me for what I was. . .a most girlish boy.

Sidney adjusted her little skirt. We picked up our shoulder bags and went out hand in hand, like girlfriends, to do some shopping.

I couldn't help thinking about Sidney's change as I watched her trying on a new brassiere in the women's changing room. She bought some skintight black spandex pants with a zipper in the back that showed off the girlish “V” between her legs. Pants that didn't hide the certainty of his change of sex.

I purchased a short, soft dinner dress with small pink daisies for a date. I didn't go out much...not because I wasn't asked, but I felt like I was leading the guys on. More than

two dates with the same guy and I got afraid that they might find my tiny maleness bulging underneath.

All sorts of wonderful, brawny males were walking around us in the mall. They were checking us out. I finally asked Sidney, “I thought you liked girls?”

While Sidney wiggled her hips for all the males in view, she smiled with confidence. “I guess I’ve BECOME the girl of my dreams instead of meeting her. Sometimes when a man is making love to me, I imagine I’m him. . .making love to a beautiful woman...me! That’s very exciting!”

“Except you end up with the wet spot!” I joked.

“That’s the best part,” Sidney almost squealed. “You feel totally helpless—totally submitting and receptive. Gawd, I’m leaking just thinking of this morning.”

Then Sidney did what any woman would have to do. She opened her purse and pulled out a light days pad and ran into a stall. I could only see the movements through the door crack but Sidney put a sanitary panty liner into her panties and then pulled up her panties again and lowered down and fluffed out her slip and then her dress.

Coming back out to the mirror, Sidney started fixing her makeup and lipstick.

“I don’t think I’d like THAT!” I said.

Sidney laughed, “Ask your mother, it’s not such a bad part of getting laid. A reminder of this morning’s attempt to get me pregnant. I can still feel being flooded with his virile wiggling male seed.”

“You can’t get impregnated?” I said the obvious.

“Yummy though,” Sidney’s eyes swooned and he leaned against the sinks and wiggled his bottom.

“I can still feel the wet and warmth of his male sperm up inside of me. Just the thought of it make me feel so warm and so absolutely feminine like a fully functional female.”

Sidney seemed giddy and swoony and almost half dinky with even a higher pitched feminine voice.

We chatted and went to coffee. He was so feminine but I kept asking myself, "Why would boy want living, squirmy pests living in their body? Like a woman."

Yet there I was, nearly a woman in every way. I wasn't thinking about rearranging my organs but I had done some double dating with Erica. She liked seeing me kissed by boys. Can't say, I like seeing her being kissed but our evenings out are not unpleasant....

So there we sat, two boys, our short skirts crossed and tickling our smooth thighs. Sidney with a total nothingness inside the gusset of her white silken panties. Me with practically nothing in my panties. Whenever I moved I felt the silkiness of my slip as they slid against the smoothness of my panties. They were sensations that no real male would ever experience. And for all intents and purposes Sidney had just become a woman and I would never again return to wearing male clothes.

From that day, we became inseparable. Sidney took the new job in town and returned to live with her mother. We share everything...especially an extensive wardrobe, even though she's now a bit taller. She is engaged to Bill, whom she went out with in Hawaii, so I guess my sacrifice paid off.

What about me? I think I look better than ever, but I have learned not to be conceited about my appearance. To give you an idea of my progress, I do a bit of modeling from time to time. I have become my own version of "Allison."

As for men. The boys at the office joke with me, and I flirt back, but that's as serious as it gets...at the office.

You know about my crush on the model Allison but like a schoolgirl, I have had my fair share of crushes.

When I was living and learning to be a girl, Hairdresser Erica and I began to hang out. Then when she confessed that she "liked" me, I was actually shocked. I was naive, and flattered by her flirting, and attempted to flirt back with her as a boy would.

"I don't like that from you," she stated. "You need to always respond as a girl. You are never boring to talk to because we have so much in common."

I proclaimed my intention to never be like a boy again.

"Good," she said. I like you but girl to girl love."

Now that scared me. I had no idea what that meant but would learn. I was to be her girlfriend; little Miss Perfect. We would do hair together, buy dresses and even get crushes on boys (her).

I suppose it shouldn't have surprised me when Erica asked me out...on a double-date: Me and Erica, and two guys she knew. We got together, dressed up together, pickup by our dates, and it wasn't such a bad experience. My date was a total gentleman.

Before we went out, I confessed to Erica I had been kissed before but never French kissed. Erica was very sympathetic and said she totally understood. So she taught me to accept kissed the way a girl does.

My date made it no secret that he liked me and I flirted with him. Not surprisingly, I got thoroughly kissed that night...before Erica and I were taken home...and spent the night together.

The entire evening's events sent chills down my spine and I felt really light-headed when I thought about it.

Erica wanted me to "have a first boyfriend." So I began dating that guy who quickly proclaimed to have fallen in love with me. I felt bad for him because he was a nice guy, very funny and light-hearted, but I was only going out with him to show Erica how girlish I had become.

It never crossed my mind that I would hurt a boy's feelings when I wouldn't go very far. But I still call him my first boyfriend. It lasted about two weeks.

Erica was happy. I was very comfortable with her now, even telling her all my secret fantasies. And she told me hers. I was a tad insecure but she looked at me like I was the most beautiful and perfect young lady. That made me try harder.

The latest news...Erica, (who loves me for what I am), and I plan to be married. Of course, we don't yet know quite how to do it because I'd feel so out of place in men's clothes.

"It's just for the ceremony," she says. I am perfectly willing to make any sacrifice for her as long as she accepts me. Besides, we wear practically the same size dress and save a ton of money letting men pay for our nights out together!

I have been transformed into a girl. Deep down, I sometimes forget that I'm male. I know I'm not a female, but I am deeply feminine.

Ever since Erica and I began dating, she hasn't been able to keep her hands off me. She admitted, "I became a hairdresser because long hair turns me on!" We love to shampoo each other's hair, then set it on jumbo rollers, put on pretty nighties, and invariably we end up making love together! Erica says I'm more feminine than she is, and she loves that.

I have learned not to be conceited about my appearance, for I know there are many guys who couldn't look nearly as feminine as myself (even if they wanted to.) I try very hard to accept the fact that I am a very lucky person.

I will never be able to thank my mother and Sidney for what they have done for me. Being a girl is what I do best! I work hard at it and I'm being myself! All those slogans at school were right!

My only concern, "WHAT AM I GOING TO DO NOW!"

THE END

If you liked this story, let me know!

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