TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

MANICURED
TO PERFECTION



PART ONE OF THREE

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MANICURED "TO PERFECTION"

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in this book are entirely the products of the
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Renee'

QUOTE BOARD

"I love a beer, a ball game and
eye shadow that doesn't crease!"
Ariana

MANICURED

By: D. Crease



BOOK ONE

Robin Andrew Payton was a graduating high school senior. He had been named for his great grandfather, but he disliked the name "Robin" and preferred to be called just "Rob."

He was average height, standing about five feet, seven inches tall; thinly built and weighing only 130 pounds. Rob's physical features were on the delicate side for a boy. He was thinned boned and had smaller than average sized feet. Rob's face was heart shaped, with fine, almost delicate features such as a small, straight and narrow nose, small, but defined chin, large doe-like eyes, full lips and high cheek bones any woman would envy.

Yet, he was not what one would call "neat." He wore his clothes in a sloppy manner. As a procrastinator, by nature, he had not bothered to get a hair cut in quite a while. As a result, his dirty blond hair had grown out to about shoulder length, which he usually kept unruly and messy.

Rob had been only an average student in high school. He avoided sports and often cut gym class whenever he could get away with it. However, he was not totally without redeeming values. He did have a great and intense interest in art.

To this end, he took as many high school art classes as he could and seemed to excel in them; especially painting. But his paints, brushes, canvases and easel had to remain in school, since he and his mother, Pam Payton, lived in a small two bedroom house in a modest neighborhood. They just didn't have enough room at home.

Rob's mother wanted her son to attend college, any college in fact. She saw education as an avenue for him to better himself and be able to get a good job. However, to her disap-

pointment, Rob was not the studious type and had no interest in higher education.

This character trait was evidenced by his procrastination in enrolling in the local junior college. By the time he got around to submitting his application, it was too late and all the spaces were filled. Pam was very disappointed in her son. His lack of focus and all round laziness prevented him from getting into the J.C.

Rob's mother had been widowed for several years. Her husband, Rob's father, had passed away when their son and only child was 10 years old. She was left to raise her son on her own. With her work and looking after Rob all the time, Pam had no opportunity to date other men. This was indeed a shame.

Pam was quite an attractive woman. She was a bit taller than her son and had a full, curvaceous feminine figure. She wore her shortish hair in an fashionable permanent wave.

The life she had lead was difficult and it showed on her face. Yet, anyone could see that she was still a pretty woman. Besides this, Rob had acquired much of her looks, as opposed to his father's.

Growing up with a single female parent and without a man around the house, left Rob with no male role model during his formative years. Not that his mother raised him to be a sissy, nor did Rob exhibit any overt effeminate qualities. It was just that he never really had the chance to observe and learn how a responsible man ought to act.

As a hard working woman herself, Rob's mother was often upset that her son appeared to have no motivation. Everyday seemed to be the same old thing. When she arrived back at home after work, she found Rob either sitting on the sofa in the den with his eyes glued to the television or holed up in his bedroom with a paper tablet drawing all sorts of pictures.

Pam, as was said, worked very hard to support herself and her child. Six days a week, from ten to six, she toiled at a small ladies clothing boutique in their towns main shopping district. She had been employed there ever since she became a widow and was a long time and loyal employee.

But Rob and his mother didn't always live in this town. Pam's husband, Curtis Payton, had been a career soldier. While he was alive the family travelled from Army base to Army base around the nation and the world.

However, Rob's father wasn't the best soldier. In fact, he was a poor excuse for one. He was constantly getting into trouble with his superiors and this resulted in many transfers

around the country and overseas. And each time he got booted out of one Army base, along with him went his wife and son in tow. This caused great hardship on the family, especially the young Rob.

Curtis Payton's problems were directly related to a terrible drinking problem. He was a died in the wool alcoholic. With every daybreak, he was up and out, performing his duties. But when the work day ended, he could be found at the NCO club or in some local gin mill, drowning his sorrows with cheap booze.

But all this was over ten years ago for mother and son. When her husband died, Pam and Rob left the last small town that Curtis had been stationed in and moved to their present location. There wasn't a military installation for hundreds of miles around. And for Rob's mother, that was just fine by her. She wanted her son to have a new life, a fresh start.

While not being a real good student, Rob did have one major academic accomplishment. He completed high school and was approved for graduation. His mother was so very proud of him and for the occasion purchased him a new suit of clothes to wear with his cap and gown at the commencement ceremony.

On his graduation day, Rob wore a brand new blue suit, with thin white pin stripes, a white on white shirt with a fashionable spread collar and a modern styled flowered print tie. He looked very handsome and dashing to his mother in his new duds. Yet, his neat and fashionable appearance was a bit tarnished with his overly long hair, parted down the middle. It just seemed a bit out of place.

After the commencement ceremony, Rob and his mother went to a restaurant for a nice dinner to celebrate his graduation. She felt much pride as she watched him walk on the stage to receive his diploma from the school principal. However, she was mildly embarrassed when she noticed the unmotivated and stoop shouldered manner with which her son walked.

Nevertheless, he did graduate and it was still a time to congratulate her son on his accomplishment. At dinner, Pam told her son, "Rob, dear, now that you've completed high school, although it was by the skin of your teeth, it is time that you get a job. You're a man now and I can't have you hanging around the house as you have been for the last four years.

"In fact, I'll bet you that if you get a good job with a nice company, not only will you have decent wages, but you'll have

the opportunity to meet new people. You could use a friend or two, dear."

Rob had never had a job before. In fact, he really didn't have any friends to speak of. Spending all his free time at home, he isolated himself from the rest of the world and remained a loner for the entire time he was in high school.

Rob felt he could just hang around the house, watching television and practicing his drawing, which he loved to do. He thought he could buy some time with his mother.

So, with a curled lip, he asked her, "Mom, I don't know about this work thing. You know, if I get a job, maybe I'll have to make some kind of commitment. You know, agree to work for so many years or something like that. If that happens, I could get stuck. I haven't told you before, but I would really like to reapply to the J.C. for next semester. So, if it's okay with you, maybe I'll just hang around the house another six months until I get into junior college?"

"Oh, no you don't, young man," his mother exclaimed. "I'm not going to buy that bunk and let you off the hook. It's high time that you learned responsibility and I'm not going to permit you to lay around for half a year doing nothing at all. No sir. You're going to get a job and that's final!"

Reluctantly, Rob agreed with his mother to go out in search of work. He didn't like the idea, but he found he had no choice. Pam had laid down the law. No job, no room and board. He would find himself out of the house with no place to go.

Rob's Mom gave her son two weeks to find himself a job. If he didn't get one within this period of time, his mother promised that she would get a job for him. And if that was the case, he might not like the situation he would be in.

The next day, Rob started out on his job hunt. His thoughts on the matter were if he was going to work, he at least ought to do it at a place that was fun. After three days of looking, not only did he find the type of job he wanted, but he was hired as well.

And the job he got was at a local video game arcade. It was the same one he frequented on his way home from school. He was hired as an attendant to make change for the young customers the arcade catered to.

However, this situation didn't last long. He was on the job for less than a week when he was summarily fired. The grounds for his dismissal were terribly obvious. Instead of being alert and making change, he spent his entire time on the job playing the video games himself. Although he did not steal

any money, he did spend his paychecks at the arcade. The manager, frustrated at his inattentiveness, gave him his walking papers.

After Rob was fired, Pam was very upset and dismayed. She wanted her son to do well and be successful at something, anything. She was well aware that his interest laid in art. However, her conservative nature made her think that artists were not successful until they were dead. She wanted her son alive and a success in his own lifetime.

Rob was back at home, hanging out again. Pam racked her brain searching for some type of situation that would make her son a responsible, working person.

It was a couple of days after Rob had been fired. His mother was lunching with her good friend, Cindy Evans, the owner of a beauty salon located next door to the boutique where she worked. Over lunch, Pam told Cindy of her son's failures.

"I really don't know what to do anymore, Cindy," Pam sighed. "I'm at my wit's end over Rob and getting him to get and keep a job. You have no idea how utterly frustrating it is to have an 18 year old boy at home, sitting around and doing nothing but watching T.V all day long. I tell you, I've had it up to my neck!"

Cindy felt sorry for her friend. She was well aware of Pam's hard life. Although she was single and had never married, Cindy could appreciate the anxiety that Pam was experiencing.

As they talked about Rob and the grief he had been causing his mother, Cindy got an idea. With a twinkle in her eye, she said, "You know, Pam, the salon has been getting quite busy lately. I'm not too proud to say that business is really booming! Anyway, we could sure use someone to help out the stylists. Nothing too complicated, though. What I propose is that Rob could work in the salon as a stock boy/custodian, something like that. And the beauty of this arrangement is that you could pop in the salon every so often to keep an eye on Rob. Well what do you think. Want to give it a whirl?"

"You know something, Cindy," Pam replied, "I really like your idea. If Rob works for you, you'll be able to tell me everything that's going on and if he ever steps out of line, I'll only be a few steps away to come by and correct him. I'm sure glad we had lunch together today. I can't thank you enough. This just might be the solution I've been looking for. Now my son has a job and you have a new stock boy!"

That evening, Rob's mother told her son of his new job at the salon. Not only was Rob unenthusiastic about the idea of working, but the notion of working in a woman's hair salon was a bit more than Rob could handle.

"Mom!" Rob whined, "I don't want to work in a woman's beauty shop. Look, I'll go out tomorrow and find a job. I've been reading the want ads all day today and I've found a few positions that I think I would like. Please Mom, don't make me work at Cindy's. Everyone will think I'm a sissy or something."

But Pam was adamant. She quickly retorted, "Look here, young man, you've had your chance to find yourself a job. When you did, you got fired. You've been sitting here at home for over three days since then and not once have you answered any of those precious want ads of yours."

She continued, "Besides that, Cindy is a dear friend of mine. She will treat you more than fairly and pay you a decent wage as well. As far as anyone thinking your a sissy, I really don't think that will be much of an issue, Rob. The chance of you seeing anyone you know is slim to none. In four years of high school, you've done an excellent job of avoiding the opportunity to have any friends. And since you don't know anybody, I'm confident that nobody really knows you."

Rob continued to plead with his mother, but she simply said, "Rob, you have absolutely no choice in the matter, now. You're going to take the job and that's that."

But then an idea crept into Pam's mind. She found a way to clinch the deal with her son to work at Cindy's salon. With a bright gleam in her eye, she gave Rob an ultimatum, saying, "And by the way, Rob, if you don't take this job with Cindy or if she has to fire you, then I'm going to see to it that you enlist in the Army. Even if I have to march you down to the recruiter myself, holding a gun to your head, by goodness, you <u>will</u> be in the Army. . .let them make a man of you."

When Rob heard this, feelings of fear riveted his body. Pam knew Rob hated the military as much if not more than she did. Rob's father, Curtis, had been a career soldier. He had become a hard-core alcoholic in the Army. His obsessive drinking caused him to have a terribly premature case of cirrhosis of the liver, of which he died and left the family penniless. The Army meant death and despair to both Pam and especially Rob. With the threat of Army enlistment over his head, Rob reluctantly agreed to take the job at the salon.

After Rob agreed to work at the salon, Pam notified her friend and asked when she wanted her son to start work. Since

it was the end of the week, Cindy told her that first thing Monday morning would be perfect. And so, Rob was about to begin his job at the beauty salon. A job that would irreparably change his entire life.

On the first day of work, Rob met Cindy early in the morning, before the salon was open for business. He knew that she was a friend of his mother's and he had met her before on only a few occasions.

When Rob entered the salon, he found Cindy standing behind the reception desk, reviewing the appointment book. Rob looked at her carefully and saw a fairly good looking woman in her late 30's. Since it had been several years since he had seen her last, he was a bit surprised to see that Cindy had gray hair; because his mother, who was about the same age, had been coloring her hair for years.

Cindy's hair was shoulder length and she wore it brushed straight back, wearing it in a loose bun. She was a little shorter than Rob, standing about five feet, four inches tall and very petite. Cindy dressed very fashionably. In fact, Rob noticed that her clothing looked like the up-to-date styles his mother sold at the boutique, next door.

Cindy gave Rob a happy greeting, welcoming him to the salon. With a cheerful smile, she said, "I hoped you enjoy working here, Rob. The beauty shop business is not as hum drum as you might think it is. In fact, if you play your cards right, you might be able to meet a few of the attractive girls who come here to get their hair done. I have a feeling that you'd really like that!"

Rob, who hadn't the confidence to develop a real interest in women, just shrugged his shoulders at Cindy's last statement and replied, "Well, yeah, I suppose so."

"Come on Rob," Cindy said as she grabbed his hand, "We've got lots to do before we open for business this morning.

Cindy then showed him where the supplies were kept, where the deliveries came in, where the cleaning materials were kept and explained to him what was expected of him in his job as stock boy/custodian. Rob listened to her, but he sort of wished he was home watching reruns of "Gilligan's Island."

Rob found the job to be simple and quite mundane. He was paid minimum wage to sweep the floor of hair and paper; get coffee for the customers and stylists, make sure all the stylists' stations were well stocked with clean brushes, combs and sprays and anything else that Cindy wanted him to do. It was embarrassing for Rob to be ordered around by a woman but he had no choice.

But as Cindy told him, there was an upside to the job. It was fun seeing many different woman who came to the shop to have their hair done. On his first day he saw a such a variety, he often laughed to himself and wondered why some of them even bothered. However, he had yet to learn the true nature of feminine vanity and what it really was all about. As embarrassing as it was for Rob, it was more so for the women to be seen in such "unbeautiful" positions.

Rob worked from 8:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. on his first day. The salon was not too busy, as it was the beginning of the week. Cindy told him that he did a pretty good job that day and was looking forward to working with him for as long as he wanted to stay.

Rob looked up at Cindy after she said this to him. He gave her a half smile and said thanks to her. But in his mind he knew that at least for now, he was working there as long as his mother wanted him to. If he had his choice, he would be back at home with his drawings and television set. Only the terrorizing threat of military service kept him where he was.

The next day, Rob dressed in his old blue jeans, beat up high top sneakers and a green polo shirt. He pushed his hair about, to at least keep it out of his eye. Rob hated to comb it and that was obvious, with all the tangles and split ends that covered the mass of hair on his head.

After breakfast, he and his mother drove together to work. He didn't say much to her. He was still perturbed that she was forcing him to take this job at the salon. Rob didn't expect this day to be any different than the day before. Yet, he had no idea how this day would be remarkably different. He had no idea that he was about to meet Lisa.

Once they arrived in the shopping district, Pam parked the car and walked with Rob to the salon, before she went to her shop. She wanted to make sure that her son went to work and didn't run off to some video arcade or back home to watch television all day long.

At the door to the salon, Pam gave Rob a peck on the cheek and said, "Have a good day at work, dear. I'll stop by later to see how you're doing. Remember, mind Cindy now. She is a good friend and she's quite fond of you as well."

Rob returned his mother's kiss, halfheartedly and then entered the salon. It peeved him to no end that his own mother would taunt him as she did. For as Pam turned away to head to her job at the boutique, she loudly hummed the tune from the song, When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

The second day of work initially seemed like the first. Cindy was at the front reception desk, reviewing the appointment book before she opened the salon for business. She said good morning to Rob, who replied with a grunt. This didn't bother Cindy. She knew that Rob had little choice about working there, but she hoped that he would come around and eventually enjoy his new job.

Rob began his work day checking each stylist station to be sure they had adequate supplies. Seeing that some needed to be replaced, he went to the supply room in the back. When he returned, he met a new face at the salon. Rob had not seen this woman on his first day and was immediately struck by her exquisite beauty and good looks.

She had chestnut brown hair that was precisely styled in a short, but very cute cut. She was fairly tall for a woman standing about five feet, ten inches tall. Yet, she was slender, with what they call a thin, boyish figure. She was also very pretty. She wore very little make up, only a little mascara and lipstick. But with her peaches and cream complexion, didn't need anymore than that.

Yet mostly, Rob was really taken by her magnificent fingernails. Staring at her hands, he saw that each nail measured one inch in length from her fingertip and was polished to perfection.

Rob stopped what he was doing the moment he saw her. So stunning was she, he couldn't keep his eyes off of her and began to stare. Realizing this, the woman looked up at Rob and gave him a bright, friendly smile and said, "Hello," in a low, sultry sounding voice.

Rob was standing at the threshold of the door to the supply room. So awed was he by her presence, he returned her greeting in a small and stuttering voice.

The woman walked several feet over to where Rob stood and extended her beautifully manicured hand to shake his. "My name's Lisa Nesbitt," she gleefully said, "And whom might you be, sweetheart?"

In a halting voice he replied, "I, I, I'm Rob Payton. I'm the new stock boy."

"Welcome to the salon, Rob," she chimed. "I'm the manicurist here. Or rather the nail technician. I think the term manicurist is so dated, don't you?"

Rob, not knowing how to respond, simply shook his head up and down, agreeing with her. Thereafter, he just stood still, gazing at her with wide open eyes and a silly expression on his face.



Lisa was very friendly and took an immediate liking to Rob. One of the first things he noticed about her, after her gorgeous fingernails, was that while the hair stylists all wore high fashion clothes, Lisa wore something in the nature of a uniform. It consisted of white slacks, white turtle neck shirt and a long pink smock with her name embroidered over the left breast pocket. He never dreamed of asking her why she wore this "uniform" but he thought it was very striking on her.

All during work that second day, Rob couldn't take his eyes off Lisa. Every free moment he had, he would steal glances at her while she worked on her customers nails. Lisa sensed his ogling, but said nothing to him about it. Yet, with each look Rob gave her, Lisa would lift up her eyes and smile back at him. When this happened, Rob would turn his head away to try to conceal himself. And every time, Lisa would smile to herself because she thought he was really cute.

This went on all week. Rob just couldn't keep his eyes off Lisa. He thought she was one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen. With Lisa at the salon, Rob was excited and anxious to get to work every morning.

His mother seemed to enjoy this new found enthusiasm in her son. She thought to ask Cindy about it, but then she thought better of it. "Why look a gift horse in the mouth?" Pam would say to herself.

Cindy was also pleased with Rob's diligence at work. The stylist's stations were always well stocked with supplies and the floors were meticulously kept clean and free of hair and dirt.

At the end of the week, Cindy met with Pam for a quick lunch. At the restaurant, Cindy enthusiastically exclaimed, "You know, Pam, that son of yours is doing a simply marvelous job for me. I must admit I had my reservations about his performance. Actually, I thought that he would hide out in the

supply room all day and be nothing but a loaf. However, I'm pleasantly surprised by his conduct."

"Well, I'm certainly thrilled to hear such praise for my boy," Pam replied proudly. "To be quite honest, I harbored the same reservations as you did. But I'm pleased to hear that he is doing that well."

The two ladies lifted their glasses of diet soda to toast to Rob's success and their idea to have him working in the salon. Little did they realize, however, that the sole reason for Rob's stunning job performance was his strong crush on Lisa. He was really sweet on her and kept the floors clean and stations stocked just so he had the opportunity to see and admire her.

At the beginning of second week of work, it was slow again at the salon. However, this time Lisa was in the salon at the start of the week.

At noon time, Lisa approached Rob and asked, "Say, Rob. I'm famished. What's say you and I go out and grab a bite for lunch?"

Rob's heart almost skipped a beat. He was very excited that she would make him this invitation and he enthusiastically accepted.

Lisa and Rob ate at the sandwich shop a block down from the salon. They talked about how Rob got his job, what his interests were, and what he planned to do.

"Gee, Lisa," he said, "I like my job at the salon and all, but this is not really what I want to do. Actually, I really don't know what I want to do in the future. But whatever it is, I hope that it will have something to do with art. I really love painting and drawing. But as Mom always says, no artist made a plug nickel until he was dead and buried."

Rob had a wonderful time lunching with Lisa. Rob was naturally very shy and withdrawn. Yet he found his new manicurist friend was very friendly to him and easy to talk to.

As they ate lunch, Lisa asked, "Rob, show me your hands." As she looked at them, her face turned into a disappointed frown.

"You know something, Rob?" she asked. "I'm quite disappointed in you. You really ought to take better care of your fingernails. In fact, their shape and texture are quite excellent. With a little work, we can have them looking great."

Rob was a bit confused at her comment, but thought nothing of it. He was just thrilled to be lunching with Lisa and still elated that she had taken a genuine interest in him.

As they walked back to the salon after lunch, Lisa said, "Rob, dear, after closing, I want you to wait for me in the salon."

Curious, Rob asked, "What's up, Lisa?"

With a mischievous smile on her pretty lips, she replied, "Let's just say I have a nice surprise for you."

Rob didn't have the faintest notion what that surprise could be. Yet, it really didn't matter what is was or about. The only important thing about it was that it was coming from his new friend, Lisa.

After closing, while Cindy was in the back office doing the daily books, Lisa patiently waited for Rob to finish sweeping up the salon and inventorying the supplies. When he finished, she called him over to her manicurist station and told him to have a seat.

Rob was confused at her request, but politely complied. Lisa then began by having Rob soak his fingers in a warn and soapy solution. Rob joked, "Hey Lisa, is this stuff I'm soaking in dish washing liquid or something?"

Lisa replied with a soft chuckle to his joke and said, "As a matter of fact, cute little wiseguy, it is dish soap."

After his nails soaked, Lisa began cleaning each fingernail. She then pushed back and trimmed his cuticles. Rob asked her what she was doing. Lisa replied, "I'm giving you a much needed manicure, Rob. It is really a shame you haven't taken better care of you fingernails. They really are some of the nicest I've ever seen."

As she worked on his nails she explained her method to Rob, step by step. He listen intently to everything she told him and watched with careful interest what she was doing.

Besides telling Rob what she was doing to his fingernails, Lisa briefly told him all the different types of techniques she used and various styles and shades of color she used on nails. She even went as far to say, "You see, Rob, doing nails is a lot like art. No, that's not completely correct. It <u>is</u> art work. . .living art work. This is especially the case when I create scenes and designs on my customers' nails, using different colored enamels and a variety of decals."

Lisa completed the manicure by giving Rob's nails a coat of nail hardener which was topped off by a coat of clear, shinny enamel polish.

"So, friend, what do you think of your fingernails, now that they're so nicely manicured?" she asked him.

Rob spread his fingers apart and began to stare at his nails. Each one was precisely rounded and shinny. "Gee, Lisa," he

exclaimed, "I have to agree with you. They are one hundred percent better looking."

He promised Lisa that from then on he would take better care of his appearance, especially his hands. Lisa smiled at him and bid him a good evening with a "We'll do it again!" that made his spirits soar. As Rob left the salon, he couldn't stop staring at his freshly manicured fingernails with their bright and shiny glow. With elation, he recalled Lisa's massage of his hands and lower arms.

That night Rob could not stop looking at his hands and the job Lisa did on his nails. After dinner, he stayed in his bedroom and kept moving his hands around watching the light reflect off his shiny manicure. He was entranced with what Lisa had done to his seemingly plain and ordinary hands.

His mother stepped into his room before retiring for the evening to see what he was doing. This had been the first night in as long as she could remember that Rob had not watched television or sat around drawing pictures of jet aircraft and sports cars.

Although she thought it was odd, his Mom kept her thoughts to herself. Her thinking was that maybe this new job was just what Rob needed to make himself a productive person instead of a couch potato. Pam smiled at her son, gave him a kiss and bid him a good night.

From the day of the manicure, Lisa and Rob made it a regular thing to have lunch together. During those times they were together, they discussed many things. Rob had many questions about manicuring. It seemed he wanted to know everything there was to know about the subject. Lisa enjoyed Rob's company and was impressed at his interest in nail technology. She patiently answered all his questions and gave him advise on how to make himself look more presentable.

At home during dinner, Rob would relate to his mother the adventures he had at work during the day. Each story seemed to involve Lisa, one way or another. Pam could sense that her son had a great liking for this woman and admired her very much. Although Rob was only 17 years old and Lisa was in her late twenties, Pam didn't mind the new friendship her son had. Since Rob was an only child, it seemed almost natural that Lisa took the place of the big sister that Rob never had.

Pam would listen to Rob's tales and she encouraged her son to continue his friendship with the manicurist. Pam began to see that Lisa's influence had made a very positive change in

Rob's attitude. She thought that if they stayed friends, then only better things would happen.

The next week at noon time, Lisa and Rob were back at the local sandwich shop. Over lunch, Lisa said, "Rob, dear, I have something very important to tell you."

Rob replied, "What is it, Lisa. I'm all ears!"

"Well, to begin with, over the last couple of weeks I've noticed that you seem to have a great interest in nail technology, Rob," Lisa stated.

Rob agreed with her and said, "That's right. I've asked you so many questions because what you do looks like a lot of fun."

"Manicuring is a lot of fun, Rob," Lisa replied with a sweet smile. Then she took his hands and held them in hers and asked, "And this is what I want to talk to you about, dear. Would you like to learn to be a manicurist and have loads of fun, too?

At first Rob was at a loss for words. He balked at the suggestion and said, "Well, I mean it sure looks like fun, but I don't know. What I mean is, manicuring really isn't something guys do, is it?"

Lisa bit her lip, while trying not to smile too much. She really thought that Rob's waffling was cute in a way. Then she gave his hand a friendly squeeze and replied, "I can assure you, Rob, that I personally know several men who are nail techs. Remember the movie SHAMPOO?"

"I thought that was hairdressing."

Lisa quickly replied, "I think there were nail techs too. Besides, if you really think about it, Rob, isn't manicuring just like both painting and sculpturing. You've watched me work enough to know that! The way I see it, this is a golden opportunity for you to be an artist of sort and make really good money in the process."

After lunch and for the rest of the day, Rob couldn't get Lisa's offer out of his mind. As he was going about his duties at the salon, he glanced over at Lisa's manicurist station at a more frequent rate than he had ever done before. With every look, he would see her preforming her magic to another customer's fingernails; extending short nails with artificial tips or adding brilliant colors to them. He also saw the money and tips. By the end of the work day, he had to admit to himself that she was correct. Nail technology was very much akin to art. Moreover, as far as where he stood, it was the closest he was going to get to doing it.

That evening at dinner, Rob sat at the kitchen table, poking his fork in his plate, but not eating a thing. His mother

sensed that he had something on his mind. However, Pam wasn't going to ask her son what was bothering him. She knew better than to pry into his life.

However, when she saw that he wasn't eating a thing, she couldn't remain silent anymore. She finally broke down and asked her son what was the matter.

Rob look up at his mother. It was apparent that he had a lot on his mind. Then, he told her about Lisa's offer.

At first, she thought the notion was quite odd. But then on second thought, she listened to his explanation and heard the enthusiasm with which he told her about the things Lisa did and how much he would like to do them too. In a way, she was encouraged that Rob seemed to have developed some initiative to do something with his life, even if that something was being a nail technician.

She asked, "Well Rob, I must admit that this is truly out of the ordinary. I've never heard of a young man being a manicurist. But tell me, dear, is this really something that you want to do?"

Rob replied, "Gee Mom, it sure looks like a lot of fun. . .remember the movie SHAMPOO?"

He continued, "I work with Lisa at the salon all the time and I have to agree with her that being a manicurist is a lot like being an artist in many ways. You know how much I love art and all. But since you asked, I'd have to say, yes. Nail technology is something that I would like to learn."

As Rob shared his feelings with his mother, the tension of the moment melted away. As they continued to chat, he kidded his mother, saying, "You know, once I learn to be a manicurist, I could do your nails and save you a lot of money!"

Pam grinned lovingly at her son and replied, "Rob, if this is what you want to do, then I'll support your decision one hundred percent."

The next day Pam stopped by the salon. She wanted to discuss the situation with Cindy and Lisa. As a concerned mother, wanting the best for her child, she needed to know more of what Lisa planned to teach Rob and where such training would lead him.

While Rob was sent out of the salon on an errand, Pam sneaked out of the boutique and over to the salon. The three women met in private in Cindy's office. Once Cindy introduced her good friend to Lisa, they got down to business.

"Well, I for one think it is an excellent idea," Cindy stated adamantly. "The salon was getting a lot more business these days and we could use another manicurist around here."

Lisa was very excited about having a student in Rob and told his mother, "Mrs. Payton, I've known your son now for several weeks and I can say that we are pretty good friends. The way that Rob has talked to me of his love for art and such, I just know he will be a very good nail technician."

Pam was nonetheless concerned for her son and had her own reservations about how a male manicurist would be received. After all, they lived in a small city and people were apt to talk.

The three woman talked over coffee. Once each one of them aired out their respective point of view, it was agreed by all that just maybe they were jumping the gun a little bit. After all, Rob had yet to even begin his manicurist lessons.

In the end, they concurred that if Rob learned the trade well enough, the fact that he was a boy shouldn't be much of a problem. Good manicurist were at a premium and the consensus was that despite his gender, he ought to be able to develop a following of repeat customers. And besides, if a male manicurist would be a potential problem it was something that could be dealt with at a later date.

When Rob arrived back at the salon after completing his rounds, he was met by his mother, Lisa and Cindy. With jovial excitement, he was given the good news. He would begin his training as a manicurist right away.

While he was elated, he was nonetheless a bit uncertain to what he found himself agreeing to do. However, he thought that he would just play things by ear and see if he liked it. If things didn't pan out, he could always chalk it up to experience.

Cindy told Rob that although he would be a nail tech in training she admonished him that she still expected him to continue with his current duties as stock boy and custodian during the day. She explained that he would receive his manicurist instructions from Lisa after business hours. Rob agreed to these terms and all three women gave him a big hug and wished him well.

That workday seemed to drag on forever. On more than one occasion, Lisa would look up at him and smile, saying, "Tonight Rob, we're going to have a lot of fun."

While her comments added to his excitement of his upcoming training, it also added to his anxiety. Despite his willingness to learn the manicuring trade, he had his trepidations. Way in the back of his mind, he was asking himself, "Where would all this lead?"

Finally, the time arrived. The salon was closed for business at 6:00 p.m. and the start of his first lesson was to begin. It was just Rob and Lisa in the salon. Rob shook off what he thought were his irrational concerns and became very enthusiastic and attentive to Lisa's instruction.

After some time spent going over preliminary pointers, Lisa had him first practice on her hands. He followed her instructions to the letter. From the removal of the old polish, to the soaking of the nails, to the trimming and filing and the polishing, Rob's first attempt at a manicure proved to be surprisingly successful.

Lisa, with genuine pleasure, exclaimed, "Rob, I am indeed impressed with your natural skill and ability at nail technology. You really have an aptitude for manicuring, my dear."

With self-conscious pride, Rob replied, "Well, ah, thanks a lot, Lisa. I guess I did do a pretty good job on your nails, didn't I?"

While earlier that day he felt a bit uncertain about learning, Lisa's praise and Rob's stunning achievement eliminated any and all misgivings he had. He decided that he would give 'nail technology' a try.

As the lessons continued, Rob's skill and ability improved remarkably with each ensuing lesson. At the end of the first week's worth of training Lisa was helping her young pupil put away his supplies before going home for the evening.

Then, as he was about to leave the salon, she said, "Oh by the way, Rob I almost forgot to tell you something very important."

Turning back toward her, he stepped back from the door and replied, "What is it, Lisa?"

"Well dear, it's about your training. We've come to the point where it is necessary to expand its scope. To this end, I have to make a special request." The boy looked at the tall, stunning woman wide eyed and ready to please. Then Lisa said, "Rob, you're going to have to allow your own fingernails to grow."

Rob was caught off guard and surprised by this most unusual request. With heightened curiosity, he asked, "Lisa, why is this necessary. Every night, so far, I've done your nails and you like what I do. Besides, I'm a guy and guys don't wear their fingernails long."

With very even temperament, Lisa explained, "This is true, Rob. Guys don't wear their fingernails long. But not every guy is learning to be a manicurist, either. You know, Rob, to be really good you have to practice and practice often. Not just

here at the salon during our training sessions. Having long nails will allow you to use your own hands as models. Since you don't have a model at hand all the time, so to speak, you can use yourself as one."

She also explained, "Soon I'll be instructing you on more complicated techniques, such as painting scenery on fingernails. I can't very well do this well on myself. Therefore, I plan on using your nails as my models."

Her explanations seemed to make perfect sense to him. In just in one week's time, any misgivings he had about learning to be a manicurist had melted away. With every lesson, Rob's determination to see his training through to the end became stronger and stronger. He loved the artistic nature of the craft as well as the time he spent getting to know Lisa better and better.

With this understanding and his renewed motivation, Rob agreed without hesitation to let his own fingernails grow long. Lisa was very happy with his decision. Before he left the salon that evening, she presented him with a set of different colored polishes and a bottle of nail hardener to practice with.

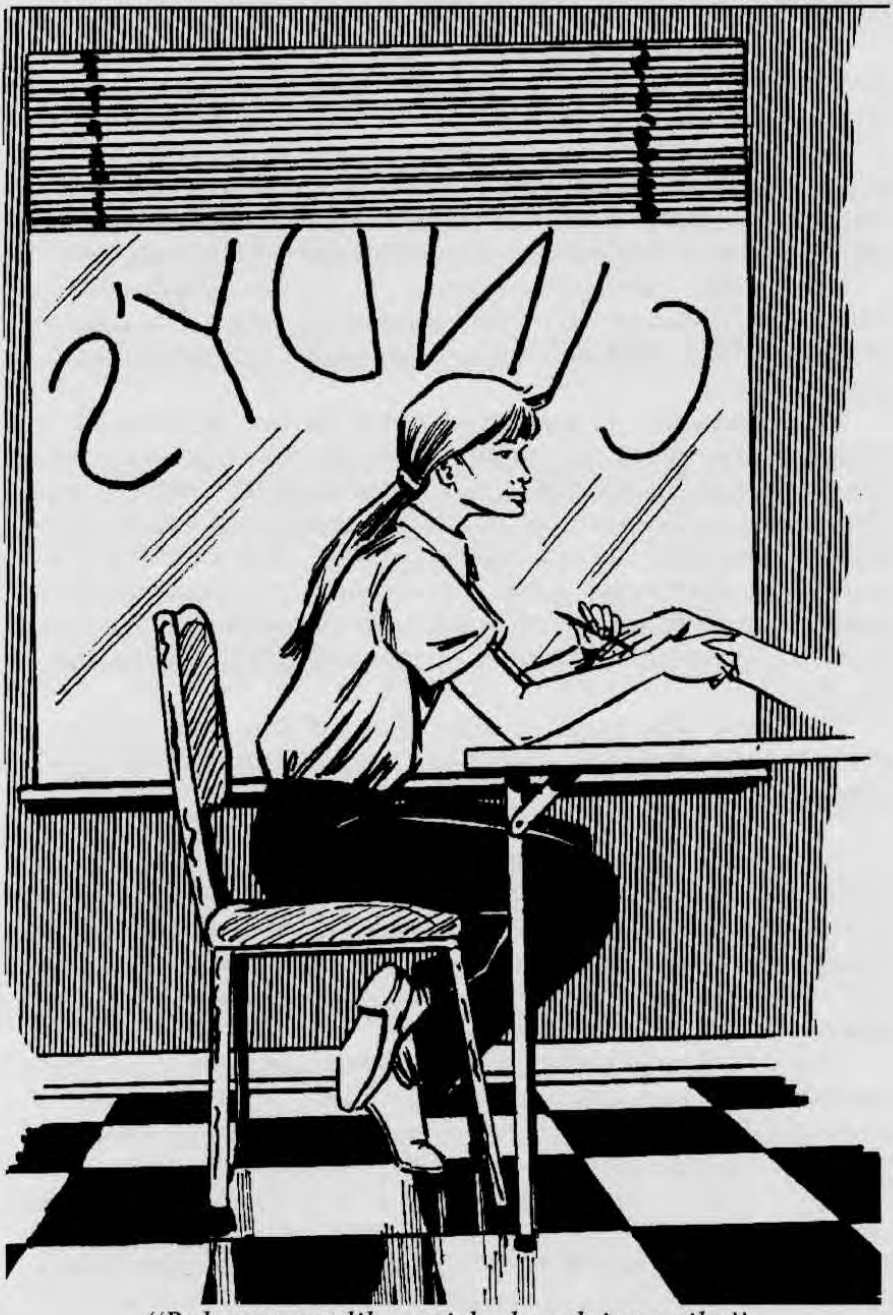
Rob accepted the gift, but asked nervously, "Say Lisa, the shades of polish you gave me are all so bright and pretty. Do you expect me to wear my nails polished during work? I mean, don't you think I'd look kind of funny and all?"

Lisa narrowed her eyes and smiled. She then replied, "Well, I don't think you'd look silly at all, Rob. However, it's not necessary for you to do so. But I insist that you at least keep a coat of hardener on them at all times. This will assure that they grow long and strong."

Rob followed Lisa's advise to the letter. During his free time at home, he practiced manicuring and polishing his own nails. His mother would peek in on him occasionally and see the intense look of concentration on his face as he carefully and skillfully applied colored enamel to his lengthening fingernails. She said nothing to him. However, she rationalized her quandary by saying to herself, "Well, at least he has found some purpose in life."

During the following week of lessons, Lisa explained to Rob that his personal appearance was quite important. She often emphasized, "A nail technician must appear neat and clean at all times. Your future customers expect this of you."

Rob had never really kept himself well. He usually wore tatter clothes and his hair was long and unruly.



"Rob even sat like a girl when doing nails."

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Before the start of one of his lesson sessions, Lisa put Rob in a styling chair. With confused curiosity, he asked, "What are you planning to do, Lisa?"

She replied in a no nonsense tone of voice, "I'm doing something that should have been done quite a while ago. If you plan on continuing in the pursuit you're being trained in, it's high time you learn the do's and don't's of appearances."

Thereafter, she proceeded to wash and comb out his longish, gnarled hair. After her ministrations were completed, she tied off his long locks into a ponytail, securing it with a pink ribbon.

When he saw his reflection in the mirror, Rob was a bit embarrassed about the ribbon. When he expressed these feelings to her, Lisa replied, "I'm sorry about the ribbon, dear. Pink might not be your color, but it was the only thing I could find to keep that hair of yours in place. But this is not the point. You must realize that you are what you wear. So in the future, you should come to work each day with this hair tied back. It doesn't have to be in a ribbon, but it has to be out of the way."

"Besides," she said sweetly, "I think the pink ribbon is really cute on you!" Rob turned a deep shade of red at her last comment.

After three weeks of training and lessons on grooming, Rob was not the same unkept boy who loafed around the house at the start of his job at the salon. His long hair was neatly brushed and tied back in a pony tail which caressed his back, just below his neck. He wore freshly pressed casual shirts and slacks and penny loafers on his feet.

Lisa's instructions on personal grooming did not end with his hair. Rob was taking great care to keep his face and skin clean and fresh. The little facial hair he had, at the corners of his upper lip and at the tip of his chin, were kept neatly shaved.

With Lisa's encouragement and strong persuasion, his diet had also changed. No more greasy any fatty fried foods, like hamburgers and french fries. He now ate lots of fresh fruits and vegetables. His new eating habits caused him to lose a few pounds off his already skinny build. In the process, he dropped from 130 to 115 pounds!

But the most drastic changes were his hands. Since Lisa had him practice his techniques on himself, he followed her directions to the letter. Rob now sported beautifully manicured fingernails; each one exactly one half inch long from the fingertip and elegantly polished with clear enamel.

The change in Rob was gradual. No one at work really noticed at first. It was believed that he was just dressing more neatly and more presentable. Cindy liked the way Rob was conducting himself at the salon. His mother was doing her part to assist Rob as well.

Since he had lost some weight, many of his old clothes didn't fit as well. She started to bring some garments home with her from the boutique, using her discount to purchase them for her son. At first, Rob balked at wearing what he called girl's clothes. But his mother insisted. She explained, "Look dear, they are not necessarily women's clothes. In fact, many of the catalogues refer to them as unisex garments."

As she explained and rationalized the clothing to her son, Pam showed Rob how much similar these pieces were to clothes he already owned. In the end, Rob had to agree that in many ways they were the same. . .like the pants. They were just like boys, right. Two legs.

But when he took the garments and inspected them for himself, he noticed that instead of the size being a men's small, which was what he wore, it was a women's size six. The fabric was thinner and lighter. Rob's eyes widened with dismay over the alien clothing.

However, Pam felt the need to lay down the law. She told her son, "Dear, you have a choice, either you wear the clothes you already own, which are now too large for you, or wear these new ones I bought with my discount, because that is all you can properly fit into now and all I could possibly afford to buy you."

With a bit of reluctance, Rob understood the dilemma he now faced. In the end, he resigned himself to wear the women's sized garments.

When he tried them on for the first time, they felt awkward on him. The first thing he noticed was that the buttons on the blouses his mother bought him seemed to be sewn on the wrong side of the shirt. When Rob told this to his mother, she laughed.

"Oh, my dear," she explained, "Buttons are the only thing that separated most men's shirts from women's blouses. The garment industry does this to keep union worker in business. But I'm quite confident that you'll get used to it in very short order.

But when he tried on the slacks his mother gave him, they posed a different dilemma for Rob. He started to put the pants on backward before his mother corrected him. These new

pants had its zipper in the back, instead of the front. Not only that, they provided no pockets!

Rob had a difficult time getting accustomed to manipulating the zipper from the rear and using the hook in the back, as opposed to a button in the front. However, his mother was quick to assist him and with a reassuring voice told him that as with the blouse, he would soon get used to his new manner of dressing.

However, having no place to put his hands, posed a new and different problem for the boy. The problem was that he had no place to hide his long fingernails from view. When he expressed his frustrations to his mother, she told her son that he would just have to get used to this as well as the other difficulties he had with his new clothing.

But it seemed that one problem just lead to another one for poor Rob. Not having any pants pockets gave him no place to put his house keys, wallet and money. When he whined to his mother about this, she resolved that problem by getting him a hand held pouch. At first he balked at the notion of carrying one of those things.

However, she told her son, "Dear, just look around you and you'll see that many men nowadays carry these pouches. If you think about it, I believe that you'll conclude they're far more convenient and provide a much more practical place to keep your personal belongings." Rob reflected for a moment and bought into his mother's explanation and agreed to use the black leather pouch.

Both Cindy and Lisa quickly noticed that Rob was now wearing casual women's clothes and carried a pouch to work. Yet they didn't say a word to him about it. To them, it seemed to fit his new 'sissy' look; with his thinner and slender build, pony tailed hair and well manicured long fingernails.

Yet, over a period of time, they also began to notice a distinct change in the way Rob carried himself. Lisa was the first to make this observation. She recognized it one day while they ate lunch at the sandwich shop. Rob was relating a story about a television movie he had watched with his mother the evening before. As he spoke, he was very animated and would move his long fingernailed hands in a very expressive manner.

As Lisa continued to watch Rob, she saw that not having the benefit of pants pockets caused him to compensate and find other ways to keep his hands "busy." She saw that he often placed one hand on his hip while he held his other arm up, with his wrist quite limp. Every time Lisa would see him stand

in this manner, she would giggle to herself. She knew that Rob didn't really realize what he was doing, but he was nonetheless striking a very feminine pose.

There was another compensation which Rob had to make, since his donning of these so called unisex clothes. This occurred each and every time "nature called." For as long as he could remember, Rob always stood up when taking care of his business. Now, since the zippers of his slacks were to the rear of the garment, he found that he had to sit, just like a woman did!

Then one day Rob was sitting behind the reception desk, checking over a newly received invoice. Cindy quietly went over to Lisa and pointed out to her the manner in which Rob was seated on the chair. The two women suppressed their giggles as they witnessed their charge keeping his legs crossed at the ankles and his feet placed neatly beneath his seat. But as Cindy headed back to her office, she walked by Rob. When she did, she couldn't help noticing that he was wearing very sheer stretch stockings, instead of socks, with his shoes.

Cindy and Lisa were unaware of it at the time, but Pam had bought a couple of new pairs of penny loafers for her son. They were women's shoes, but as Pam told Rob, no one would know the difference. She insisted that he wear them because his men's shoes appeared too bulky to wear with his new wardrobe. The sheer stretch stockings allowed the shoes to have a better fit than thick and hot men's socks.

As time went on, Pam was thrilled at the changes in her son. Basically, he no longer was a goof off. He helped her with the housework and the bills. He developed an interest in clothes and fashion.

And that was the greatest surprise to Pam. She never asked her son why, but she thought that since he wore the clothes from the boutique, Rob apparently wanted to learn more about them. To assist him, Pam purchased subscriptions to various magazines in Rob's name in the pretense of 'fashion education'. They spent many an evening discussing and commenting on articles and style layouts in "Vogue" and "Elle".

Rob's manicuring lessons continued at a heightened pace. He learned to sculpture nails with acrylics and paint unique designs on them. Since he was more aware of his clothing and in keeping with his new neat and polished look, Rob took to wearing one of Lisa's pink smocks during his evening lessons. At first, what was a 'joke' to keep Rob's hair out of his eyes, Lisa put another pink ribbon in Rob's hair when he first donned the smock. Her star pupil took her little stunt in the

fun and loving manner in which it was meant. However, after several more lessons, it became another part of Rob's training "uniform".

After the others would leave the salon for the evening and only he and Lisa were left, Rob would first put on the smock. As was his ritual, he removed the rubber band holding his pony tail in place and replaced it with a pink ribbon; tying it in a loose bow. With his "unisex" clothing, pink smock and matching ribbon, Rob made a very striking but feminized appearance.

After two months of nightly instruction, Rob learned his lessons extremely well. Lisa couldn't get over what an excellent student he had been and how well he mastered all the techniques she had taught him. For his part, Rob was happiest when he was doing nails, whether he was doing Lisa's at the salon, during his training or his own in the late evenings as his "homework."

The time had arrived for Rob's "final exam" in nail technology. On that evening, he quickly completed all his outstanding chores around the salon. With everything done and in place for the next workday, Rob began to prepare for the evening's grand event.

For the occasion, he wore one of Lisa's freshly pressed pink smocks. With great care, he tied his lengthening hair back in a pony tail, using his "lucky" pink ribbon. Finally, he checked out his reflection in the mirror.

As he held up his polish-free, long fingernailed hands for his personal inspection, not even Rob had realized just how much he had changed in a matter of months. Oh sure, he new he was thinner and weighed less. However, the subtle effects his training and new clothing had on him were completely unrealized. For if he understood what was happening, he would have seen an image of a person who was neither male, nor female emanating from his own reflection in the mirror.

Soon, the time had arrived to test his skill and proficiency as a manicurist. For his exam, he did four sets of fingernails; his mother's, Cindy's, Lisa's and finally his own. On each subject he performed a slightly different technique and used a different shade of nail enamel. At the end, the results were astounding. He had preformed with perfection.

After the test, each woman applauded Rob and gave him a round of congratulatory kisses. He was all aglow. Lisa presented him with a homemade certificate as a "bona fide" nail technician. Cindy was very excited and thrilled with his

aptitude, while his mother was very proud of her son and his outstanding achievement.

They all decided to go out and celebrate Rob's success. Once it was agreed upon where they would all go, Lisa said, "Cindy, you and Mrs. Payton go ahead to the diner. Rob and I will catch up with you in a little bit. We have to replace the polishes and supplies at my work station."

After Pam and Cindy left, Lisa had Rob take a seat at the manicure table with her. With a bright and happy smile, she said, "Rob, I can't begin to tell you how proud I am for you. If you keep on doing the type of work you did here tonight, I can say confidently, you will definitely be a wonderful manicurist."

With the faint reflection of tears in the corner of his eyes, Rob told Lisa, "I can't believe all this has happened to me. For the life of me, I cannot recall when I have ever been happier.

"With my Dad dead of alcoholism and my Mon having to work so hard to support the two of us, life hasn't exactly been a bowl of cherries. But you've certainly changed all that, Lisa. You've given me a great gift. I love doing nails. It's as if I was meant to be a manicurist. Yet, most of all, I love having you as my best friend. You're the best, Lisa!"

Then, as the floodgates gave way, tears began to stream down Rob's angelic face. The two friends moved closer to one another and embraced and hugged lovingly.

At the diner, the four all decided to cheat on their diets and order milk shakes to celebrate Rob's graduation. When the waitress came to take their orders she asked, "Well, what are you four ladies going to have this evening?"

At that point, no one said anything. Pam, Cindy and Lisa placed their order with the waitress and then held their breath to see what Rob was about to do. When it came to Rob's turn, the waitress asked, "What are you going to have, Missy."

Rob was taken aback at first, he lifted his eyes off the menu to correct the waitress that he was no "Missy." But as he did, he caught a glimpse of his hands. His long nails glistened a soft pink in the bright light of the diner. He touched his head in embarrassment and in doing so, realized that in his haste he had not taken his pink ribbon out of his hair before he left the salon.

Quickly, he regained his composure. He decided that he would have to play the part of a girl, or else suffer needless embarrassment. So, in as soft and demure a voice as he could muster, he ordered. "I'll a vanilla ice milk shake. Hold the whipped cream and cherry, please."

After the waitress left the table, the three women gave knowing glances to each other and giggled when the waitress left.

"She thought you were a girl," Lisa taunted.

His mother added, "Doesn't he look sweet. . .I bet he could become a girl if he wanted. Dear, would you like to be a girl?"

"NO!" Rob almost yelled, then shuttered as other patrons at nearby tables looked.

Lisa whispered, "Well, it looks like you are one for the evening." All Rob could do was hide his beet red face behind the large menu.

At the end of that evening filled with celebration and humiliation, Rob and his mother returned home from the diner. Rob went up to his room to prepare for bed. He was in the bathroom wearing his old bath robe while brushing his teeth, when his mother stepped in and asked him to come to her room when he was done.

Curious, Rob finish up and went to his mother's room. His mother was seated at the edge of her bed with a loving smile on her face. As her son entered, he said, "What's up, Mom?"

"We need to talk, darling," she replied softly, yet firmly. "Please take a seat over there, Rob," pointing him toward her vanity chair.

Once he was seated, she said, "I'm very proud of you dear. I just know that you will be very successful in your new profession as a manicurist." Rob smiled broadly and thanked her for all her support and encouragement over the last several weeks.

Pam then stood up from the bed and went to her closet and removed a brightly wrapped box. She walked over to her son and gave it to him, saying, "In this package is a gift. It is something that you sorely need, dear."

Rob took the package and opened it, careful not to bend or brake his lovely set of long, pink fingernails. Inside, he discovered a long, flowing cream colored satin robe, matching satin pajamas and a set of silver handled brushes.

Rob was a bit bewildered and curious about the gift, saying, "Isn't this a girl's robe?"

He was in for a bigger surprise when she asked him, "Please dear, try it on."

The poor boy didn't know what to say or do. Up to this point, he understood the necessity of having long fingernails and wearing so called unisex clothing. But these pajamas and

matching peignoir were the most overtly feminine type of garments he was asked to don, yet.

As he fingered the lacy satin material, he asked him mother, "Mom, is this really necessary. I mean, my old pajamas and robe still have a lot of good wear left in them. Besides, no one except you sees me in my night clothes. Please, Mom, I don't think I want to wear these things."

Pam sort of expected a display of resistance from her son. In her mind, she never expected Rob to become so involved with feminine pursuits, such as manicuring. However, since he had shown so much interest in it, she held her tongue and allowed him to pursue it.

Then, as he became more and more involved, she became utterly delighted with the change of attitude he developed as his lessons with Lisa continued. In fact, she didn't mind at all that he began to wear his fingernails long or that he kept his hair tied in a somewhat girlish pony tail.

She even purchased him an entirely new wardrobe when his weight loss made his old clothes unwearable. She really didn't have to buy him women's fashions. However, she did get them at a discount and the quality of the garments were superb. Yet, she did it because he appeared to be becoming more girlish with every passing day. She felt the style of clothing was simply more appropriate for her son, under the circumstances.

Once he started wearing the new clothes, Cindy and Lisa weren't the only ones to see the dramatic, yet subtle changes in the manner in which Rob carried himself. His mother also realized that her son was adopting a more feminine carriage. And as time wore on, she got to thinking that Rob's apparent feminization may not be all that bad.

After all, he was a good for nothing goof off as a boy. However, his attitude and life style underwent a very positive change, once he met Lisa and began his earnest lessons as a manicurist.

Pam heard her son's protests, but was resolved not to allow him to go back to the way he had been. If it meant his further feminization, then she was preparing herself for that. She would not permit her son to become another Curtis Payton. Procrastination lead to frustration, which lead to drinking, which lead to alcoholism and death for her husband.

So Pam came to the conclusion, "So what if Rob became a bit of a sissy. In the end he would be a more productive human being." And to solidify what he had become and to encourage

him, his mother had purchased a frilly peignoir set for her teenaged son.

"Please Mom, I don't want to wear these things," Rob repeated. However, while his words didn't fall on deaf ears, his mother was not about to back down.

With an endearing smile, she said, "Come on, Rob. Isn't fashion fun. . .the least you can do is try the set on. If you don't like it, we can talk about returning it. But you'll never know until you try. Please do it for me!"

The mild guilt trip worked wonders. Rob took the peignoir set and went to his bedroom. He removed his old robe and pajamas and replaced them with the new ones. Returning to his mother's room, he stood before her full length mirror.

To his utter surprise, he sort of liked what he felt and actually admired the feminizing gift his mother gave him. As he raised his arms, the long mandarin sleeves of the robe moved up his limbs, revealing his long pink fingernails. The complementary contrast of the soft, creamy satin to his lovely painted nails, sent a chilling, but exciting shiver down Rob's spine.

Pam interrupted Rob as he stared into the mirror and asked, "Dear, would you please take your seat again on my vanity chair. There's something else I want to show you."

Rob, completely entranced by the soft, feminine image of his reflection in mirror, did as his mother requested, without incident. Once seated, she removed the pink ribbon which was still in her son's hair. Then with the two new hair brushes, she began to slowly and methodically brush his lengthening dish water blonde hair.

Pam stood over her son in silence and brushed his hair with soft and loving strokes. Rob gazed into the vanity mirror and quietly watched his mother prim him. Rob's hair cascaded over his shoulder as his mother brushed it out. With each stroke, his hair glistened even more.

After two hundred strokes, she stopped. After placing his hair into a tight braid, she said, "Dear, you should do the same each morning and evening, two hundred strokes. You have such pretty hair."

Rob silently shook his head up and down in agreement. Pam walked with her son back to his bedroom, tucked him into bed, kissed him softly on the cheek and said, "Sweet dreams, dear."

That night, Rob could not fall asleep. He would close his eyes, but it seemed futile because they wouldn't stay shut. Thoughts of the evenings events were whirling through his

head as the soft and luxurious satin caressed his skin. When he finally fell asleep he had a most unusual dream.

He dreamed that he was manicuring the nails of a customer. The woman was telling him of her son and how handsome he was. When she told Rob that he was single and a very eligible man, he realized what she meant. . .she was suggesting he date her son. When Rob heard this, he started to explain that he couldn't possibly go out with a man.

Just then Lisa came by and told him that he had a telephone call. As he stood up from his chair, he was shocked that he was wearing white high heel shoes and a white mini skirt. He walked toward the telephone at the front of the salon. Cindy was up front and handed the telephone to him.

He reached for the phone with his right hand, which sported five, one inch long fingernails, each polished a brilliant red. As he put the telephone to his ear, he moved away his long flowing hair. He was about to look into the mirror behind the reception desk to his reflection, but he never did. His alarm clock went off, waking him up.

Propping himself up in bed, Rob felt a pain in his stomach. He jumped out and went to the mirror in the bathroom. To his relief, he saw he was just they way he was before when he retired for the night. His braided dirty blonde hair, his manicured pink nails and his new satin pajamas were all in place. He took a deep breath and said to himself, "Thank goodness it had been all a dream!" But deep down he had an aching belief that it was really something else.

Rob proceeded to brush out his hair, as his mother had instructed him and quickly dressed for work that morning. He wasn't going to begin work as a manicurist right away. The new manicurist station Cindy had ordered had yet to be delivered to the salon.

However, when he left the house, he was still wearing the pink polish from the night before. No one said anything to him, but when Cindy and Lisa saw him with it, they knowingly smiled at each other.

Lisa and Rob grabbed a quick bite of lunch together, as was the norm. On the way back to the salon, Lisa mentioned, "Rob, I'm very impressed by the advances you've made in the way you look, dress and carry yourself. Very MOD! Sometimes it's hard to believe that you used to be a real slob!"

Rob laughed along with his friend and thanked her for her complements. Then in a causal, matter of fact, tone of voice, Lisa asked, "Say Rob, how do you feel about wearing make up?"

"What?!" was Rob's reply, not understanding the question at all. But quickly, Lisa explained herself.

Rob said, "Really Lisa, I had never actually had any thoughts about it. To tell the truth, I think I'd look pretty silly if I did wear makeup."

But Lisa pressed on and said, "I think you ought to at least try it to see what you would look like. You might be pleasantly surprised. All the actors do it and many of the biggest fashion designers."

Rob was hesitant. After the dream he had last night he was concerned where all this would lead him. However, Lisa was quite insistent. Rob didn't respond to her last statement, but a voice from somewhere deep inside him seemed to whisper, "Go for it!" Not another word about makeup was mentioned by either friend on their ride back to the salon.

After work that evening, Rob went home. The suggestion about makeup was still on his mind. After dinner, he talked to his mother and stated, "Mom, can you believe it. . .Lisa asked me if I wanted to wear cosmetics?"

His mother puckered her lips to prevent herself from smiling and replied, "Well Rob, if you look down at your hands you'll see that you're already wearing cosmetics." Rob blushed. He had not really equated nail polish with cosmetics before.

"On the other hand, dear," his mother went on to say, "A little makeup might indeed improve your appearance, after all you wear unisex clothes and long fingernails, now." Rob didn't know how to respond and the subject was dropped for then.

That night, he wore his satin pajamas again as he brushed and braided his hair before Pam's vanity mirror. After he finished he stared at himself and tried to imagine what he would look like with makeup on. All his mother's cosmetics sat before him at the vanity table, yet he was too frightened to even touch a single tube or bottle. It was all just too silly to consider.

The next evening, after the salon closed for the day, Lisa approached Rob. In a sweet voice she asked, "Did you think about what I said to you yesterday? Would you like to see what you would look like with makeup on?"

The manicurist saw her friend shaking nervously as he answered, "I. . .I wouldn't know where to begin. Do you really think it's right? I don't see any other boys wearing make-up."

Lisa smiled lovingly at her protege and said, "I'll be honored to help you, Rob. Don't you worry about other boys. You make fashion not follow it."

She sat him down at a makeup table and began to work on his face. She explained, "You see, Rob, you have a very fair complexion. So what you need is just a little coloring. Remember, your makeup should be soft and not overpowering. It is to complement your looks, not change them."

Lisa worked on Rob's face like a master painter would on a fresh white canvas. When she finished, she handed Rob a mirror. He looked at himself in utter awe.

What he saw in the mirror was beyond his belief. His eyelids were shadowed beautifully with subtle shades of pink. Mascara was added to lengthen his lashes, while not making them too terribly dark. Light, rosy powders softened his face and highlighted his naturally high cheek bones. Finally, a soft pink lipstick accentuated and brightened his full lips.

As he looked at his reflection, the mirror began to shake in his hand. "I look like a girl!" Tears started to well up in the corners of his eyes as Rob began to come apart. He sobbed uncontrollably as he cried out to Lisa, asking, "What's happening to me?"

Lisa took him in her arms, hugged and comforted him. As his sobs diminished she softly said, "Rob, I think that you are becoming a new person. Inside there was a 'beauty' begging to come out. Maybe you should have been a girl like you mother suggested."

Rob was horribly confused. However, Lisa told him to take it a day at a time and as she gently caressed his back, she added, "I'll always be here for you, dear, whatever the outcome."

After Rob regained his composure, he apologized to Lisa for his outburst. In response, Lisa scolded, "Don't you every apologize to me, Rob Payton. We're friends and it just doesn't matter what you do in front of your friends. I think you are sweet."

Rob smiled knowing that he never had a chance with this beautiful young lady. He wished that he could be strong and manly then sweep her off her feet. All that came out of his mouth was, "Thanks, Lisa. I really need your support." He then went to the washroom and cleaned himself up. But before he left, and with Lisa's help, he reapplied his own makeup. She gave him some of the samples from the 'cosmetic bar'.

The next day when Rob came to work, he sported freshly polished pink fingernails and his face was made up with the same cosmetics he and Lisa had used the evening before. As soon as he entered the salon, Cindy saw Rob in his new, feminine appearance. Concerned over the additional changes,

she called him and Lisa to the back office. She also called Pam come over from the boutique to join them.

With all assembled, Cindy complemented Rob on his new 'make over' and congratulated Lisa on her efforts with him. Yet she expressed concern over Rob's new appearance.

As she said to his mother, "Pam, while he certainly is made up to fit in here at the shop, I'm afraid he won't be able to pass as a girl if that's what you are trying to do. You darling son still acts so much like a boy. He should try to be one or the other."

Pam knew where her friend was coming from. In fact, she had prepared herself for an event such as this. Without hesitation or reflection, she said, "I've got an idea, Cindy. If you can spare him, I'd like to know if Rob could have few weeks off from work. I have an idea and if all goes as planned, Rob would return to work in an appropriate manner."

Rob tried to ask a question, but his mother cut him off. Cindy agreed and said, "You're his mother, Pam. If think you can solve this little problem, then more power to you."

Pam smiled at her friend and took her son in tow and left the salon. After stopping briefly at the boutique, they headed for home.

At home Pam and Rob sat at the kitchen table and had a long discussion. Pam told Rob that his new appearance was beautiful, but asked, "Is this something you want to continue to do, dear?"

"Gee Mom," Rob replied, "I really can't tell you the reason for it, but ever since I began to learn how to be a manicurist, I've never been happier. It's like a door opened and a whole new and exciting world has opened up for me. And this includes the way I look now. Mom, I really love my long fingernails and hair. Lisa says my face looks ten times better with makeup on."

Pam smiled lovingly at her son and said, "Ten times more like a girl you mean."

"I don't want to be a girl," Rob interrupted, "Lisa said it was trendy. . .MOD?"

"Maybe too mod for this town," his mother said. "You heard Cindy. Believe it or not, Rob, I'm very pleased with your 'new interests' and I'll support it to the limit. But this choice comes with several new commitments you must agree to make. For starters, I think you must live as a boy or as a girl now, if you insist on appearing as a one."

"Live as one? You mean I'd just start living as a girl?"" Rob swallowed hard then shook his head in bewilderment.

"It would take time and a commitment from you. It won't be easy but wouldn't it be more interesting and less embarrassing than dressing as a boy and doing nails?"

"Gee, I guess?"

Pam then said, "Very well, since the first hurdle is out of the way, next thing we need to do is choose a new girl's name for you."

"A girl's name?"

"Yes, dear," his mother said, "Everything will be feminine."

Mother and son began listing a variety of monikers. Rob was shy at first but then realized that he would be called this name for the near future and he better have some feedback. Roberta, Rachel, Ronda and Renee' were considered, but rejected. Then Pam looked up and smiled at her son. She said, "I know what we will call you dear. In fact, it is absolutely perfect!" After all the knocking around of names from soap operas, romance novels, etc., she decided that she had best pick his new name. . .a mother picking a daughter's name.

Rob wanted his mother to share her decision with him, but she wouldn't tell him. At least not just yet.

Pam then left the room and made a telephone call. She returned and said, "Dear, you will find out your feminine name in a couple of hours. We have an afternoon appointment at Peterson's Jewelers. In the meantime, I want you to get out of those unisex clothes. We might as well get started."

"Mother?" Rob asked, "If I do this. . .how long will I have to be a girl?"

His mother answered truthfully, "Dear, I don't know."

Pam told Rob to go to her room and strip off his work clothes and put on his new satin robe. Rob silently complied. He was nervous, with butterflies churning in his stomach. He was experiencing second thoughts about his decision to live as a girl. It couldn't be that easy. . .just decide to become a girl. That same voice from deep within him was whispering, "Try it for a while; you aren't really much of a man."

Once he was undressed and in the robe, Pam entered the room. She smiled sweetly at Rob and escorted him into her bathroom. She handed him a tube and explained that it contained a depilatory.

Rob looked shocked. He just realized there was more to this than just wearing make-up.

She assisted Rob in applying the creamy white substance in generous quantity over his legs, arms and chest. Rob commented, "Gee, Mom, this stuff feels like it is burning my

skin." Pam smiled and told Rob that it only meant that the depilatory was working.

After several minutes, his mother turned the shower on and had Rob step in. Rob watched in utter amazement as he saw all his body hair being washed away as the warm water of the shower cascaded over his body. He then turned the water off and stepped out of the shower. His mother handed him a towel and showed him how to pat the water off his body, instead of just wiping it off, as he was used to doing. She explained that patting his body would preserve the softness of his skin.

But before Rob could inspect the results of the depilatory, his mother quickly turned the water back on; this time drawing a hot bath for her son. As the water filled the bath tub, she added special oils and salts to it. These ingredients created mounds of soft billowing bubbles.

Once the tub was filled, she said, "Hop in, dear and enjoy yourself." She held Rob's finely manicured hand as he stepped into the tub. As his first foot and then his second dipped gingerly into the piping hot water, she said, "A bubble bath is one of the simple pleasures we women enjoy."

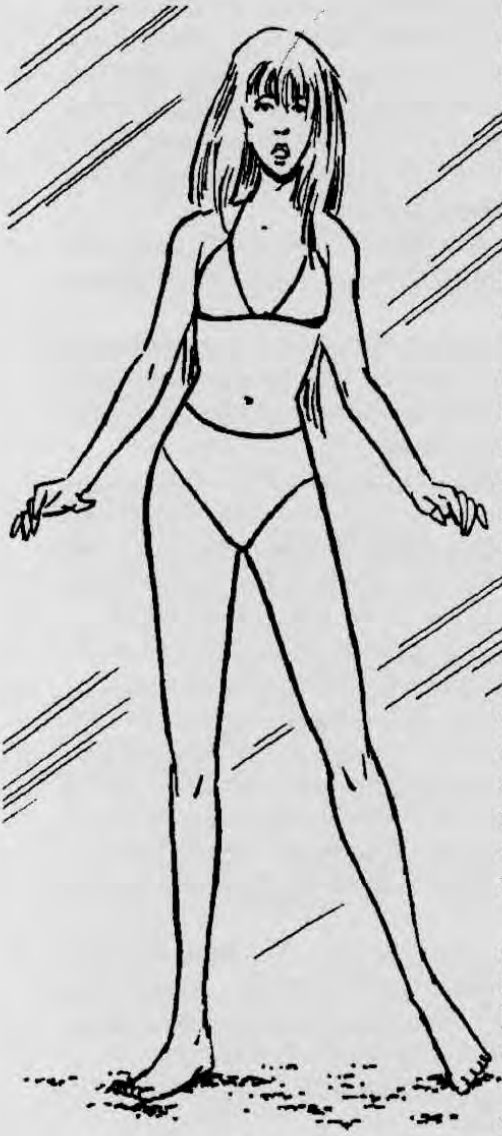
"WE WOMEN." Those words caused Rob's stomach to churn.

As Rob settled into the steamy hot water, he slid down into the tub, encasing his entire body, save his head, in the sweet, aromatic bath. Pam then walked to the door and told Rob to soak there in the tub until she returned in a little while.

As Rob soaked in the bubble bath, he thought of what was in store for him. He had agreed to become a girl, but he really didn't know what he had agreed to. As he was thinking, he lifted one of his legs out of the tub. As he did so, he ran his hands with their long pink finger nails over the smooth hairless leg. Shivers went up and down his spine as he did it. Strange feelings overcame the feminized boy. He didn't realize what they were, but he did feel strong stirrings of excitement. It was like "Rob" the boy was in a bubble bath with a strange, exciting girl's legs.

After about half an hour, Pam returned to the bathroom and held up a big fluffy towel for Rob to step into. As Rob stood up from the bath, his face turned red with embarrassment. Both he and his mother stared at his elated state.

"Have a seat, dear." Pam told her son. "I won't be a minute. That's not very girl like." She returned seconds later with a large pitcher of ice water.



Rob was frightened by the image in the mirror. "I'll never get used to wearing a bra," He cried.

Rob stood up in the tub as his mother poured the pitcher's contents over his maleness. Just as quickly as she poured, Rob's manhood regained its flaccid state. Once the problem was solved for the moment, Pam again held up the towel and Rob stepped into it and began patting himself dry.

Rob was relieved. This was the first time anything like this had ever happened to him since he started working at the salon. He figured that so long as a pitcher of ice water was available, he could cure any recurring problem.

His mother, on the other hand, was far more concerned over this development. However, she didn't let on to Rob. She made a mental note to herself to look into some type of remedy in order to avoid such a wholesome but male occurrence from happening again.

After Rob was dry, Pam instructed him how to wrap the towel around Rob's chest, in a lady-like fashion. "Remember dear," she admonished, "As a woman now, you must be modest."

"Oh," the young boy said pulling the towel up slightly over his flat chest.

Pam took him into her bedroom. She had laid out the new clothes her son would wear. They included a pair of bikini panties, panty hose and a BRA.

"I'm going to be wearing your lingerie too?" Rob asked.

"Dear, it's your lingerie now."

Rob blushed and looked at the undergarments then began to quiver. Pam put her arms around him to comfort him. "Relax dear," she told him, "One step at a time. From here on out this will be what you'll be wearing beneath your new clothing. No more hard scratchy under pants and under shirts for you. In fact, I'm very confident that soon you'll enjoy the shear light and airy feel of these garments."

It was all so unfamiliar and naughty. These were items he was never to even look at before and now he was to wear them. . .all the time.

His mother had Rob sit at the edge of her bed as she helped him put on his new lingerie. She showed Rob how to carefully roll on his panty hose, so not to cause them to run, especially since he wore his fingernails quite long.

When it came to the bra, Rob grimaced. Pam explained that it was a padded training bra. Pam showed the red faced Rob how to put it on and affix the clasp in the back, without any assistance. Rob practiced the maneuver a few times until he had it down. Pam told Rob that the bra was an "AA" cup. Once it was on, Pam took some old nylons out of her dresser drawer and placed them inside the padded cups of the bra.

Rob then walked over to the full length mirror in the bedroom and began to stare at his reflection. He no longer saw a thin boy with long hair and long fingernails. He now saw a tall, slender young woman with a budding figure standing before the mirror. He was utterly entranced by the reflection, only the reflection belonged to him! He tugged gently at the strap of his bra.

"You'll get used to wearing them dear," his mother said then stepped behind her son, breaking his trance. Wrapping her arms around him, she gave him a motherly hug and kiss. Softly whispering into Rob's ear, she said, "I love you very much, dear. I can't wait until you become the confident young woman I know that is within you."

Rob pouted, as tears began to well up in his eyes. In a halting voice, he said, "Mom, I really don't think I can do this. I feel bizarre. I can't wear this stuff all the time. . .the sensation the bra gives me is quite spooky! I'll never get used to it."

"You will dear," his mother comforted. "Most girls start wearing bras at eleven or twelve. . .you are just starting a little late. One step at a time, remember?"

Pam smiled at her son, walking him away from the mirror and sitting him down at her vanity.

Two hours later, Pam and Rob were preparing to leave the house and head over to the jewelers. Rob was all a flutter as he was experiencing newly discovered feelings of femininity.

In part, this was caused by the new outfit he wore for his first outing as a "girl." He wore long white slacks with a matching sailor styled top, all piped in navy blue. On his feet, he wore navy blue espadrilles and very sheer white knee high stockings.

While his mother had Rob at the vanity, she did his hair in a new style. Now he sported a lovely long braid down his back. The braid was held in place by a navy blue and white bow clip.

She also had Rob redo his make up. His eyes and face were freshly done, with his light pink lipstick. He also polished his fingernails in a matching pink shade.

Rob was in a trace. Making the movements but his mind in a whirl.

Before he knew it, they were walking out of the house. His mother handed her son a white hand bag with a long golden shoulder chain. She told Rob he would have to get used to carrying his personal effects in a real purse from now on. This wasn't any problem for Rob, who was used to not having any pockets and carrying a man's pouch with him.

Without pockets, Rob subconsciously carried his hands and arms in an even more feminine, yet natural manner than he had been doing before. He was still unaware that he had been doing this for some time.

During the drive to the jewelry store, Rob's mother said, "Now that you're becoming a girl, there are several things you need to know. Besides keeping yourself modest and made up, which you already know, you'll have to relearn how to walk, talk, eat and carry yourself, dear." Rob listen attentively as his mother explained what was now expected of him.

When they arrived at their destination, Rob began to practice what his mother had instructed. Instead of jumping out of the car, as he usually did, Rob carefully opened the door, swung both his feet out the door and delicately stood up. As he did so, he smoothed out the back of his pants suit before he closed the car door. All this was done under his mother's watchful eye.

"I don't know. . ." Rob moaned. She was so proud of how her son was trying so hard to be a proper young lady.

Once inside the jewelry store, Rob was very nervous. He knew that the moment of truth was upon him. He would soon learn the secret of what his name would be.

His mother was old friends with Jerry Peterson, the jeweler, although it had been many years since the two had seen each other. After both Pam and Rob browsed for a bit, Mr. Peterson came up to them. He and Pam chatted about old times in an effort to become reacquainted. Pam told of her marriage and the death of her husband. She then introduced Rob to him as her daughter. Rob's heart fluttered as the man looked at him. Didn't he know Pam had a son?

Rob futilely tried to stop from blushing, but he could not. This was the first time he had been introduced as his mother's daughter, and not as her son. Mr. Peterson smiled at Rob and said, "Well dear, I must say that you are indeed as lovely and charming as your beautiful mother. Oh, before I forget, your graduation gift is all ready. It's being polished right this very minute. I'll be right back."

Mr. Peterson disappeared into the back room. When he reappeared, he carried with him a small jewelry box. He handed it to Pam. In turn, she opened the box a crack and smiled. She then handed it to Rob and said, "Happy graduation, dear."

Rob held the box in his shaking hands. His stomach churned and he could feel cold sweat forming on his brow. With his delicately manicured hand, he opened the box. Once it was open, he saw the contents and began to cry. Fighting the weeps of happiness, he exclaimed, "Oh Mom, it's so beautiful!"

Rob's mother smiled at him and said, "Please, hand it to me and I'll help you put it on. He did and once it was on, Mr. Peterson gave Rob a mirror.

Rob gazed in the mirror, as he held his "graduation gift" in his finely manicured hand. His mother's gift to him was a beautiful name charm on a fine gold chain. Now he knew what his mother meant when she told him he would learn his new name at the jeweler's. But at that point, it wasn't Robin Andrew Payton who held the mirror, it was now "Robin Ann Payton."

Before leaving the jewelry store, Mr. Peterson asked Rob if he liked his new name charm. Gently wiping the tears from his eyes, Rob, in a soft voice said, "Oh yes. I totally love it. It's the most beautiful present I have ever been given."



His mother agreed that the charm was indeed lovely. Then she told Mr. Peterson that since they were there, it was high time that Robin had 'her' ears pierced.

Rob, now Robin looked up at his mother with frightened surprise. But before he could say a thing, Mr. Peterson took Rob by the hand and sat him at a small table at the back of store.

The look of fear was intensifying as with loving care, Rob's mother selected a pair of earrings for him.

"Oh no, please," Rob whispered softly to his mother.

"As long as you are wearing girl's lingerie and clothes, it seems natural that you should have new earrings too?"

Rob thought he was going to faint. He saw Mr. Peterson preparing something on the counter.

The earrings were chosen and Mr. Peterson did his handiwork. . .Rob was sporting gold studs in her ears. This was the most permanent change that had happened to him yet.

All the emotions he was feelings prevented Rob from saying a word. Before they left the store, Mr. Peterson gave Rob instructions on how to care for his ears over the next few weeks to prevent the new holes from closing up. He also sold Pam a few more pairs of earrings for Rob to wear after the holes were set.

As mother and feminized son left the jewelry store, they walked up the street toward the car. As they walked, they came upon an empty store front with its windows blackened.

The sun caused the blackened windows to act like a full length mirror and Rob caught his new reflection in the windows.

Stopping in his tracks, Rob began to stare at himself. He saw his name charm dangling from his neck. The delicate gold swirled in script with his name, Robin. His long pink tipped fingers went to caress his new gold stud earrings. He then began to gaze downward, seeing his very feminine sailor suit with the small bumps on the chest, created by his new padded bra.

He cut off his gaze and looked squarely at his mother. He cleared his throat and said in a soft, breathy voice, "But mother, I'm a boy!"

"Maybe but becoming less of one? Pam smiled and threw her arms around her feminized son and added, "We are still just beginning. . .just wait." There was something in his mother's look that scared him. With that, mother and her new "daughter" walked arm in arm down the street.

Later in the car, his mother told him that she chose his legal name because it applied to males as well as females. She said, "Should anyone ever question you about your name, you can truthfully state that it is Robin." Rob really didn't hear what his mother was saying. His eyes were glued to the passenger seat vanity mirror, as he gazed with trepidation at his new name charm and earrings. Everything was happening so fast.

From the jewelry shop, they did not go home. Rob and his mother went to the uniform store across town. There, after more 'discussion' they selected the uniforms Rob would need at the salon. Pressed to pick out the feminine uniforms, Rob told his mother that he like the ones very similar to the ones that Lisa wore.

They purchased white slacks, silky, feminine undergarments, white uniform shoes, white turtle necks, both long sleeve and sleeveless and long pink smocks. His mother paid for the clothing and arranged to have it delivered to the house in a few days.

Rob realized then that this wasn't a dream. He was going to work as a girl, in girl's clothes. He let out a big sigh.

Back at home, Pam informed Rob that his feminine training must proceed in earnest. Still in shock, he listened in silence to his mothers training schedule.

The first lessons were in deportment. And so, Rob began to practice walking not as he had done all his life, but as a girl.

His mother had him take small steps. She showed him that if he would slightly overlap her steps, it would cause his bottom to shift back and forth in a feminine and alluring manner.

She also insisted that Rob stand erect at all times, with his shoulders back and his arms away from his side. Rob had to practice walking for hours. With each step he improved. His mother sat on the sofa in the living room and watched him walk.

As he walked by her, Pam dropped a coin on the floor behind her son. She asked, "Robin dear, please pick the coin up off the floor for me."

In an awkward manner, Rob turned on his toes and walked over to the coin. He began to pick in up by bending over at his waist. As he did so, his mother abruptly shouted, "Stop!" She then asked, "Robin are you a male brute or a demure young lady?"

Rob blushed at the question, which was basically rhetorical in nature. His mother then stood up off the sofa and approached her son.



Brushing Rob aside, she showed him the correct way "we ladies" pick up objects off the ground. She approached the coin bent her knees and with her long fingernailed hand, picked the coin up. Rob watched intently and afterwards, he tried to do the same; not with as much skill as his mother, but successfully nonetheless.

From walking lessons, the pair proceeded with talking instructions. Rob tried out a variety of voice levels and tones. After a while, both he and his mother agreed on one that fit the sophisticated and attractive image that he wanted to project.

Once his voice was set, Rob's mother gave him a micro cassette recorder. She

showed him how he should talk into the machine as he practiced in his new soft and airy voice. Rob was left in his bedroom to practice talking.

It was after 10:00 p.m. when Rob's mother went to his room to check on her child. She opened the door and found her "new daughter" curled up, asleep at the foot of his bed. When Pam saw this, she chuckled. She was happy with Rob's progress, so far. But she knew that her feminized son would have a long way to go. A way filled with excitement and happiness, but also with disappointment and challenges.

She woke Rob up and helped him put on one of her night gowns. He was thoroughly exhausted and couldn't even keep his eyes open. His mother careful hung up and put away his new sailor girl outfit, tucked him into bed, kissed her son good night and wished him sweet dreams.

That night, Rob had that frightening dream again. It started as it did before. He was working on a customer's nails and being told about an eligible young man. High heeled and mini skirted, he walked to the telephone. This time, when he looked into the mirror, he didn't wake up. This time, he saw his pink smock with the name "Robin" in white script embroidered over his left pocket. Then, as he put the telephone to his mouth, he heard herself say, "Hello, this is Robin, how may I help you?" in a very soft, girlish and airy voice.

However, once he heard the voice, he woke up. It was his father! Rob felt chilled, although he was perspiring. Yet, as he looked around he discovered it was not morning, but the dead of night.

He got out of bed and went to his mother's bedroom. After waking Pam up, he told her of the dream, the first time and the second time. She listened carefully to her son's tale. As he spoke, Rob sounded very excited and bothered. He told his mother that he believed that this was something much more than just a dream. To Rob's horror, she seemed to agree with him!

Pam reached out and took her feminized son into her arms and hugged him. She comforted him and said, "Robin dear, just let things happen and don't fight what is meant to be." Stroking Rob's hair she then said, "These dreams just may be growing experiences and some may be premonitions of things to come!"

Rob smiled and thanked his mother and went back to bed. However, he still had very unsettling feelings as he walked back to his room. "Premonitions?" he questioned himself.

Everything was happening so fast, it seemed that there was never enough time to think.

On one hand, he enjoyed these new feminine experiences. The clothes, cosmetics, jewelry and being treated as a girl were fun and exciting.

On the other hand, he asked himself, "Was being a girl something he really wanted to do? And for how long? I never really had a full life as a boy and now I'm about to start a new life as a woman." With all these confusing thoughts whirling through his mind, he laid down on his bed and again fell asleep.

The days to come were nothing but hard work for Rob. They were literally blood, sweat and tears. Since he was on sabbatical from work, he remained at home and continued with his lessons.

His mother brought clothing catalogues home from the boutique and instructed him on fashions and styles. She also used her discount to purchase Rob some new clothes. They included an array of dresses, skirts and blouses.

He felt so naked in the dresses and skirts but his mother insisted that girls wore skirts and so would he. He wore women's clothing exclusively now. And her shopping list included undergarments as well.

Each morning, Rob carefully rolled his panty hose over his smooth, hairless legs. He learned to expertly hook up his bra all by himself. He had even gotten used to the restriction of the straps.

After several days of training, Rob received a special package from his mother. When he opened it, Rob discovered it contained a set of falsies.

With loving care, Rob's mother showed her son how to place the silicone filled bags into the cups of the training bra. The small sized prostheses fit within the cups as if they were part of Rob's body.

He couldn't get over the effect they had on his appearance. The silicone gel caused them to jiggle like real breasts as Rob walked. He was unnerved by the feeling.

Rob's mother had purchased several bras in a 32 AA cup. With the falsies in place, Rob had to pinch himself at times to remind himself that his breasts were not real.

As his training continued, his mother showed him how to smooth his skirts out before he sat down. She also reminded him that he must cross his legs at his ankles and keep his knees together to maintain his feminine modesty.

Rob practiced his new feminine demeanor, especially sitting. Seated in front of a full length mirror, Rob could watch himself and correct any mistakes he made following his mother's instructions.

As he watched himself seated and dressed in the utmost of femininity, Rob couldn't help having his sensuality aroused by the alluring young girl in the mirror. When this occurred, he often felt light-headed but titillated.

When his mother wasn't watching, he'd often make the 'girl in the mirror' sit in sexy poses. . .poses he'd never seen a real girl do. You know, panties and thighs showing. This brought on many feelings. . .he knew these were very un-ladylike feelings. Fortunately, after some time, the feelings would pass and he returned to a relaxed state.

During his training, Rob was told to gather up all his old male clothes and put them in a trunk for storage.

He made a verbal protest, "Gee mom, what if I need them next week. I'm still not sure I can do this. Sometimes I feel so odd wearing these clothes and trying to be girlish."

It was nonetheless difficult for him to put away his boy stuff. As he placed each pair of jeans and each tee shirt into the trunk, he said a silent "goodbye" to those things which signified that he was a boy.

"I still can't believe I'm doing this," Rob again said to his mother.

His mother told him that she would keep his old things up in the attic. As she said, "This way dear, if you get bored being a girl and want to go back to being a plain old boy again, you can."

This put his mind at ease. He could go back to being a boy anytime he wanted. Once he finished packing the last article of his old life, his mother took the trunk away.

As was all part of his mother's training plan, Rob continued to practice his makeup techniques and also learned all about feminine hygiene. His mother explained, "A woman must always sit when using the facilities, dear." This wasn't exactly something new for the feminized boy. He had been sitting to do all his business ever since he began to wear slacks with the rear zippers.

Walking and speaking were greatly emphasized and continuously repeated. As with the clothing he had worn to work, of late, none of Rob's dresses and skirts had any pockets.

While this phenomenon eluded him weeks earlier, Rob now began to notice the changes in the way he held his arms.

Following his mother's instructions, he kept his arms away from his sides and walked with his shoulders back and chest out. Rob couldn't believe it but he was actually walking like a woman! His mother commented, "You should be very proud of your accomplishments in such a short period of time."

Rob still wasn't sure all this was something to be 'proud' of. He didn't know even one boy that would be caught dead in girl's clothes.

It had been a while since Rob began his intensive training at home. On one morning in particular, his mother awoke to loud sounds in the kitchen. Getting out of bed, she went to investigate. There, in the kitchen, she saw Rob, wearing one of her housecoats while preparing breakfast.

She said, "Well Robin, I'm certainly glad to see you doing some regular domestic tasks. I guess you're going to try out some of the cooking techniques I've taught you since you've been home from the salon."

Rob turned and gleefully replied, "I hope you like what I'm preparing. Does 'Robin's' Eggs Benedict sound good to you?"

However, it wasn't what he said, but rather how Rob said it which caused his mother to ask, "What did you say, dear?"

Pam was taken aback at what she heard come out of her son's mouth. The sound of those words were astounding to her. Before he could reply, she quickly asked Rob, "Say something again." And when he did, again a naturally sweet, soft and airy sounding voice came out of his mouth.

"Do you realize what's happening, dear?" She exclaimed. "Your voice, it's changed. It has so wonderfully changed!"

Without hesitation, Rob went to his room and returned with his recorder. Then, as if he was a sound engineer, spoke into the small, compact machine, "Testing, one, two, three, four... Hello, my name in Robin Ann Payton, what's your's..."

With a fresh voice recording made, Rob removed the cassette and replaced it with one he had made when he first began his voice training. He then played it back and then compared it to the sound of his voice on this day.

As Rob listened to both, his jaw dropped. "How could this be, Mom?" he painfully asked. "This is the same voice I heard myself speak in in my dream. It's so natural and feminine, it sounds as if I had been born with it. And now it's mine, really mine!"

Pam, now having regained her own composure, smiled at her feminized son and replied, "Yes indeed dear, it does sound very natural. Maybe I was not entirely correct. Maybe your

dream was more that just a premonition. Maybe it was a prediction!"

Rob was in an emotional turmoil. Yes, he did work very hard to make his voice change. Yes, he did love its sweet, soft, airy sound. But what worried him was that when he tried to speak in a lower register, the way he used to talk, he couldn't easily keep the pitch. His new voice had taken over and possessed his vocal cords. "I don't think I could ever go back to the way I was," he silently cried to himself.

It was during his fourth week of training that Rob's mother told him that they were going out for the afternoon and that he should dress appropriately. Rob had not gone out of the house since the trip to the jewelers and he was not real excited about being seen yet. He asked, "What should I wear? Jeans and. . ."

His mother interrupted, "No pants now. . .It's time you got used to being seen in skirts."

With his mother's help, he selected a dark navy blue wool pleated skirt, a crisply starched white cotton blouse with a Peter Pan collar, dark blue nylon panty hose and navy blue skimmers. All this was carefully laid over his new, delicate feminine underwear. With his prostheses filled bra to create the illusion of having a real bosom, Rob looked absolutely smashing.

Rob carried a small, square navy blue purse with a long shoulder strap. His hair was combed out long with a part on the side. Over his blouse, he wore a navy blue wool cardigan sweater, placed fashionably over his shoulders. The obvious bosom under his blouse was eye-catching and caused Rob concern. "Do you think these are too noticable?" he asked his mother while cupping them in his hands."

"I think they are divine and enchanting," his mother said, adding, "Some day you'll wish they were even bigger."

"No way," Rob thought to himself."

His pierced ears had healed well. He was now able to wear other earrings, beside his gold studs. For this outing, Rob wore a pair of oversized thin gold hoop earrings. They looked beautiful on him and made him appear very appealing. Along with a gold brooch on his blouse, he wore his name charm in obvious view. His mother had loaned him a small gold watch that had a delicate little matching band.

Rob still wore his makeup on the light side. His face was done up in shades of pink, as were his fingernails, which continued to lengthen magnificently.

As they left the house, Rob had not been told where he was going. Rob had asked his mother, but she simply replied, "You'll see in good time."

And in good time he found out just where their destination was, as his mother drove into the parking lot of the medical center, adjacent to the community hospital.

While his mother was parking the car, Rob wondered why they had gone to the medical center. He became concerned and thought that maybe his mother was ill.

"What's going on," he asked.

"You'll see."

The two female figures entered the building and went directly to the offices of Dr. Erica Hughes. Once in the office, Rob was told to take a seat in the waiting room, while his mother spoke to the attractive young receptionist, behind a sliding glass window. After a moment, his mother disappeared behind a door and into the doctor's inner office.

While Rob sat in the waiting room, the receptionist stepped out to greet him. She was very pretty, with shoulder length auburn hair and long bangs. Introducing herself to Rob, she smiled and said, "Hi, my names is Glenda. Your mom told me to tell you that she'll be back in just a few moments."

Rob looked up at the girl, but didn't say a word. He looked her over and saw that she was about his height. Glenda had a very womanly figure, with a well developed bosom, very thin waist, well rounded hips and a firm and defined fanny. She wore a plain white nurse's uniform complete with a small white cap. Her green eyes were the center of Rob's attention as he looked at her smiling face, small nose and rounded chin.

As the receptionist offered Rob some magazines, he noticed that she spoke in a soft but raspy voice. Glenda welcomed him to Dr. Hughes' office. Rob nodded his acknowledgement of her greeting and took the magazines from her pretty hands.

As she went back through the door to the inner office, she turned toward Rob and said, "I really think you look cute in that outfit." Rob smiled back at her. But before she disappeared behind the partition, Glenda commented, "You know, it took a while but I really enjoy being a girl. I hope that you will too."

Rob didn't quite understand what the receptionist meant, but didn't dwell on it. He simply shook his head, thinking that Glenda was a little on the strange side. He busied himself by reading one of the fashion magazines she had given him.

In the inner office, Pam was introduced to Dr. Hughes. Rob's mother had done a great deal of research before calling

the doctor to make this appointment. Everyone she spoke to told her the same thing. Erica Hughes was the best.

Dr. Hughes welcomed Pam and offered her a seat in her beautifully appointed office. Before the consultation began, both women secretly watched Rob through a two way mirror as he read the magazine in the waiting area.

They smiled at each other as they observed the feminized boy sitting up in the chair, his back straight, chest out, his knees pressed together and his legs crossed at his ankles. As he flipped through the pages of the fashion magazine, his long pink nails glistened in the bright light of the waiting room.

Pam turned to Dr. Hughes and asked, "So doctor, what do you think of my little 'boy' Rob? Doesn't he make a pretty girl?"

Erica Hughes smiled at the woman and replied, "I can honestly say, I've seen quite a few feminized boys in my career, but it certainly appears that Rob is a natural. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that if I didn't know better, I would swear he was born female."

Pam, bursting with pride said, "We have worked very hard in a very short time. We call him Robin and he's been a terrific pupil."

The consultation continued as Pam gave Dr. Hughes Rob's background and how he arrived at the crossroad where he was now. The doctor took careful notes as she attentively listened to Rob's history. Afterwards, Dr. Hughes said, "Mrs. Payton, I am certain that Robin has great potential. You and your friends at the salon have established a meaningful and solid platform upon which I can build. But before we bring Robin back to the examination room, I want to introduce you to my receptionist, Glenda."

Once the introductions were made, the doctor explained, "Mrs. Payton, I'd like you to know that Glenda, here, is a prime example of my work. See what can be done if you start young?"

Pam couldn't believe her ears. She agreed with the doctor that Glenda was a gorgeous specimen of femininity. Then Dr. Hughes brought her back to the present saying, "Now it is time to see what can be done for your sweet little son."

Dr. Hughes instructed Glenda to bring Rob back to one of the examination rooms in the inner office. As Rob was lead to the room by Glenda, he became anxious and confused. "There is nothing wrong with me," he said to himself. He honestly thought the purpose of the doctor visit was for his mother and even then, he didn't know why.

When Rob was in the examination room, his mother joined him. With deep confusion in his eyes, Rob looked up to his

mother and asked, "What's going on here, Mom. I'm not sick. Why am I in a doctor's office?"

Feeling terrible about deceiving him, Rob's mother knew it was best, at least for now, not to tell him the complete truth about the situation at hand. However, she thought of a half truth that would do the trick for the moment.

Holding her feminized son's hand, she said, "It is your well being that I'm worried about, Robin. Ever since the time in the bath when your maleness had reacted, I've been terribly concerned. Since you're going live as a girl now, it is necessary to stem such occurrences. After all, they could be very embarrassing, indeed. You don't want that happening, do you?"

"No, I guess not," Rob answered, listening carefully to his mother. He understood what she was saying. His rousings were happening with more frequency of late. He knew that they could cause him a great deal of grief if they occurred at an inopportune moment, especially if he was wearing a tight-fitting garment, such as a skirt. After his mother gave him her explanation, Dr. Hughes entered the room.

Rob was scarlet and his heart skipped a beat.

Dr. Hughes was a tall woman with dark skin and long black hair, tied in a bun at her neck. Then she said, "Good morning, Robin. I'm Dr. Erica Hughes. You don't have to be embarrassed around me, I know all about you and all about your girlish activities of late." She congratulated him on his achievements saying, "I can tell you've been busy preparing to be a girl." Rob blushed a deep red. He glanced at his mother, who smiled back at him. The doctor said, "Lets see if we can make you a bit more comfortable."

The doctor instructed Rob to strip naked for the examination. After taking his temperature, blood pressure, body measurements and reflexes, she examined his male organ. She made detailed notes after each test.

The doctor asked a few very personal questions which made Rob turn very red. She turned to Pam and said, "He's at the perfect stage. . .had he know a 'woman', this would have been much more difficult to deal with."

Rob wanted to brag about that "almost" time at the drive-in with Brenda Wilson but was much too uncomfortable to talk about now. . .the way he was dressed.

Once she completed her physical exam, she smiled at Rob and said, "Now then dear, I'm going to give you a shot and prescribe a medication for you to take. If you follow my directions, in a few weeks you won't be experiencing those *little*

unladylike problems your mother told me about. Won't that be wonderful?"

"I guess," Rob muffled out.

Rob's mind was in a whirl. What did this all mean? Those unladylike sensations were nice in a way. Real nice but he couldn't admit it in front of his mother.

With that, she called in Glenda, who brought in a tray with a small bottle and a syringe. As the doctor placed the needle in his arm, Dr. Hughes asked her young patient if the shot hurt.

Rob replied in his soft, airy voice, "It didn't hurt too much, doctor." The doctor smiled at him and remarked that his voice was very pretty and feminine. Rob stared silently as the injection's contents were steeped into his arm.

Before Rob and his mother left the office, Dr. Hughes gave Pam a prescription for filling. She told her to be sure that Rob take his pills twice a day; once before bed and once before breakfast. She also told Rob that he may experience some side effects of the medication and to be prepared to be a bit nauseous over the next couple of days.

Back home, Rob discovered the doctor was true to her words. He did feel sick to his stomach. His mother stayed at Rob's side as much as she could. She brought him fruit juices, so he wouldn't get dehydrated and fashion magazines, so he wouldn't be bored. He spent the next day and a half in his nightgown in bed.

He had hot and cold flashes and his body trembled.

In the evenings, his mother would use the silver brushes to brush out Rob's growing blonde hair. They experimented with various styles. This helped Rob get his mind off his nausea and kept his spirits up. Rob, in his misery would moan, "Oh mother, why do I have to feel this bad?"

"So you will feel better in the future. You'll see," she answered.

During the day, while his mother was at work, Rob continued to be astounded as he spoke in his new voice. To pass the time away, he polished his long nails over and over again, coloring them many different shades. Yet, the only two rooms Rob was in during that time were his bedroom and the bathroom.

When he wasn't practicing the feminine arts, Rob found peace of mind in drawing. While his mother permitted him to do so, she restricted the subject matter of his drawings to what was appropriate for a teenaged girl. With pencil and paper in

hand, Rob drew still life pictures of flowers, trees, horses and butterflies.

However, having long fingernails caused him to change the manner in which he held his writing instruments. This adjustment also brought about a change in the way he wrote his new name. Now, when he wrote "Robin Ann Payton" the signature appeared neat and very much feminine.

Once Rob was feeling better, he was dressed and up and around the house, continuing his lessons. One day, while his mother was at work, a delivery man came to the door. He was a young man who brought several packages to the house. When he rang the door bell, Rob answered it.

Rob wore a long, powder blue knit shirt dress with a matching wide leather waist clinching belt, with a large silver buckle. His nails were polished in a shade of pearlized silver. To match the belt buckle, he wore long dangling silver earrings. On his feet, he wore silver lame sandals, with the same silver polish on his toe nails. His hair was tied back in a long pony tail, held together by a silver barrette.

When Rob answered the door, he asked, "Hi, can I help you?" The handsome young man, in his brown uniform, began fumbling with the packages as he stared at the female figure in powder blue. After all the boxes fell to the ground, he gathered them back up and politely asked Rob to sign the receipt.

Rob took the clip board and pen from the delivery boy. He held the pen between his long manicured fingers and signed his name, "Robin Ann Payton."

He then handed the board back to him. The young man looked at the name on the signature line and said, "Thank you very much, Robin."

Rob smiled teasingly and replied flirtatiously, "Your quite welcome. Please come again."

As the delivery man handed the packages to Rob, he barely was able to keep his eyes off of him. Even as he returned to his truck, he kept turning around to catch glimpses of the person he thought was a beautiful young woman.

For his part, Rob got a big kick out of watching the hapless young man. From the doorway, he watched as the man drove away and waived goodbye to him.

As he closed the door to the house, Rob leaned up against the front door and sighed. Reflecting upon what had just occurred, he marvelled at the way the delivery man went bonkers over him. It was outlandishly exciting. To Rob the fantasy of "Robin" the girl was exciting. From the smooth legs

to his long lady-like nails, it was all an illusion. To find out this "illusion" had effects on other men was fascinating.

He went to the mirror and checked out the "illusion" like the delivery man just did. His hands went to his long hair and fluffed out a curl then smiled. The image was sexy and flirtatious. . .and he wasn't even trying to be provocative. He wished he had been wearing his mother's pink knit dress with the open neckline. He envisioned what it would like to be standing in front of the delivery man in that form fitting dress. The thought was electrifying, filling Rob with feelings of anxiety but much fascination.

Later, when his mother came home from work, Rob told her about that episode. She smiled at Rob but warned, "Please be careful, dear. You must learn how to control the terrific power you have. A beautiful young lady can exert a great deal of control over men." Rob listen to his mother and didn't know how to feel about becoming a 'beautiful young lady' or this new 'control'.

The packages that were delivered were addressed to his mother, so Rob had not opened them. But after dinner that evening, they did. To Rob's sheer delight, he found that inside the boxes were the items they purchased at the uniform store.

As they removed the clothing, Rob took special notice of the pink smocks. Each one had his name, "Robin," embroidered over the left breast pocket, but with a special added touch. Over the "i" in "Robin," instead of a dot, there was a small red valentine heart shape. The feminized boy was thrilled with this added bonus, but all this went to remind him that he'd soon be walking into work as a girl. He looked at the uniforms felt scared. What if they all laughed at him. This little dress up experiment was not like Holloween. . .he wouldn't be taking off his costume the next day. He wondered if he'd ever look as good as Lisa in the uniforms.

That night before he went to bed, he stood before the mirror. His eyesight was still a bit blurry but he looked at the feminine reflection in the mirror. He pulled up the hem of his nightgown showing his smooth legs and posed suggestively. To Rob's surprise, he felt nothing 'stir' like before. He danced around a bit. . .and posed again. Again nothing.

The next morning the telephone rang very early. Rob answered it and heard it was Cindy calling. "Hello, is this the Payton residence?" Cindy asked. Rob acknowledged that it was so, however, he didn't let her know it was he on the line.

"Well, I'm calling to let Rob know that the new manicurist station has been installed at the salon and that he could start work tomorrow," Cindy continued. "Would you please leave him that message?"

Rob replied that he would, said goodbye and hung up the phone. He realized that Cindy had no idea who she was talking to!

Since taking the hiatus, Cindy had had no contact with Pam or her son. As a result, she neither knew of Rob's new name, nor of his changed voice. During the conversation, Rob didn't let on to Cindy of these changes in him. He told her that he would get the message to Rob and that he would be at work the next morning.

At 9:30 a.m., the salon was to open in one half hour. It was then that Rob gingerly walked into the salon. He wore his tight white uniform pants, with a contrasting pink leather belt. His manhood was held out of sight by a special panty Dr. Hughes had given Rob on his second visit for a booster shot. The special panties left his crotch smooth as if nothing was between his legs.



He wore one of the white sleeveless turtle neck shirts and his pink smock. On his feet, he had on low heeled white pumps, which beautifully displayed the cleavage between his toes. He did his hair in a long tight braid and held it in place with a pink bowed barrette.

It had been a sleepless night and Pam had to actually push him out of the house.

Rob's fingernails had continued to grow and were now each a full inch in length. For his first day back at work and his first

day as an official nail technician, he had colored his nails in a bright shade of red. His mother had said, "You are a girl now. . .go for it." His long loop earrings, red lipstick and dark mascaraed eyes completed his magnificently devastating look. However he was scared to death.

As he entered the salon, Cindy was sitting at the reception desk reviewing the day's appointments. When the door closed behind Rob, she looked up from the book. Rob smiled at Cindy and in his new sweet airy voice said, "Good morning, boss."

Cindy nearly fell off her chair as she saw Rob come in. With shock and surprise, she asked, "My gawd, is that really you, Rob?"

"No Cindy, I'm not Rob now. I'm Robin, the new nail tech," he replied with rehearsed confidence, adding, "I'm going to be a girl for a while." Inside his heart was pounding.

"You're going to dress like this every day. . .for how long?" Cindy gasp.

Rob blushed at her reaction. "I guess for a while. . .if it's okay with you."

Just then, Lisa stepped out from the back room. When she made eye contact with Rob, she put her hands over her mouth in amazement. She then exclaimed, "I can't believe it's really you, Rob; oops I mean Robin."

Both women ran up to the feminized boy and hugged him tightly. They showered Rob with questions and complements over his new appearance, demeanor and voice. Rob blushed bright red, but he took it all in.

"We'll just tell everyone that you were always a girl and you used to just dress like a tomboy," Cindy stated, adding, "but you can't be switching back and forth. You're stuck this way for a while."

"I know," Rob said softly.

Once the salon was open for business, Rob found he had several customers that morning. He expertly manicured their fingernails and did a couple of pedicures as well. He didn't speak much, but listened attentively. All the woman customers were with quite impressed with his work and the results of their manicures. They paid their complements to Rob, as well as to Lisa and Cindy for his fine work.

At lunch time, Lisa and Rob picked up where they left off. They kept their steady date and went to the sandwich shop.

Over lunch, Rob told Cindy about his training and all his experiences over the last several weeks. Lisa couldn't get over Rob's very feminine voice and his new figure.

Rob smiled and explained, "My voice came from practice and my body, well, its just a little padding in the right places." The two laughed in girlish giggles at Rob's last comment.

A routine began and summer went into fall and fall went into winter. Rob became a regular and much admired fixture at the salon. By now he had a regular following of customers. He eventually was accepted as just one of the girls at the salon and was treated in kind. Rob had never been happier. He still had apprehensions about this adventure into femininity but was living day to day.

His mother had seen to it that Rob had been religiously taking the medication given to him by Dr. Hughes as well as seeing her for a check up and a booster shot every other week. He was able to arrange appointments with the doctor so as to not conflict with his busy and profitable work schedule.

Toward the end of the year, Rob had stopped wearing the special panty girdle Dr. Hughes had given him. He had not had any male arousal for several months. He missed the feelings but realized that they were out of place in his new role. Not only that, but his manhood begun to shrink and had become quite small.

All of this should have concerned Rob. At first, he really didn't notice the change except that it became easier for him to hide his maleness in his regular panties. He also didn't think of it, but he had not had the necessity to shave his lip for the last couple of months.

Sure he loved his new job as a 'nail tech' at the beauty shop and yes it was easier dressing as a girl.

But there were those changes. At first, he really didn't notice the change except that it became easier for him to hide his maleness in his regular panties. He also didn't think of it, but he had not had the necessity to shave his lip for the last couple of months.

In place of the girdle, the doctor gave him a different, less restrictive garment to wear. She explained that although he did not need the girdle anymore, he did need some protection to avoid embarrassing detection.

At her office, Dr. Hughes handed her young patient a small, thin undergarment. She told him it was called a "gaff." Its purpose was to keep his male organs tucked within a cavity between his legs. As Rob listened, the doctor explained, "Although you no longer need the tight fitting girdle, you still require some 'control' to maintain your 'girlish' look, my dear."

She then instructed Rob on how to wear it. At first, he felt a bit discomfort. But after walking around the doctor's office for awhile, he quickly became accustomed to the new device. Yes, Rob's maleness had lost its 'mind of its own' and was happy to stay firmly hidden away.

There were other changes that were quite apparent to Rob. Weeks earlier, he awoke in the middle of the night with a fluttering twinge in his chest. He looked at himself in the bathroom mirror and saw that the area round his nipples appeared puffy. A touchy, small button like mound was under each nipple.

He woke up his mother and had her look at his chest. As she looked, she placed her fingers on the area where Rob said he felt pain. When his mother touched his nipples, she felt the beginnings of a budding, his nipples sticking out gently. Rob's nipples were darker and soft---jelly-like. She did all she could do to stop herself from smiling. Pam Payton knew very well that this was the start of what would soon become her son's feminine bosom.

"I'm sure it's nothing to worry about," she soothed.

To relieve her son's sensitivity, she rubbed a special cream of olive oil and lanolin on Rob's throbbing chest. She again told him not to worry about it, but to ask Dr. Hughes next time he went for his shot. Rob thanked his mother. The cool lotion seemed to make the hurt go away. Yet he was still very concerned. He had never had such strange and bizarre sensations before.

At his next visit, Dr. Hughes inspected Rob's chest. As she did so, she pinched one of his nipples. The nipple immediately began to grow erect, enlarged and become quite hard and stiff. Rob watched this phenomenon with amazement.

Dr. Hughes made some notes in her record book and told Rob to get dressed. As Rob put his falsies in his bra, the doctor said, "Let's get you started on a new style of bra, dear." She then handed him a new bra, explaining, "This is a bit smaller than the one you've been wearing with the prostheses. In fact it is a padded size 32 AAA cup. But it will fit you much better and you'll find the soft padding remarkably comfortable."

Then Rob placed his arms through the straps and secured the hooks in place. He was surprised to see that the bra fit perfectly and there was only the quilt padding in each cup. But what shocked him was what he saw staring back at him from the mirror in the doctor's office. There, on his chest were two small, but definitely pointed feminine breasts. And what's more, the points actually belonged to him!

Before leaving the office, Dr. Hughes told Rob to continue with his medication and to rub the special cream on his breasts every evening before bed. Rob agreed to do so, but he was very concerned. With trepidation, he asked the doctor, "Why do my breasts appear to be growing?"

Dr. Hughes put down her chart and explained, "Robin, they just don't appear to be growing, dear. They are growing. It's only one of the side effects of your new lifestyle and the treatment. Another side effect could be ugly stretch marks on your chest, around your nipples. Please use the special lotion your mother used on you last week. It is very effective in moisturizing and assuring that your skin maintains its elasticity."

Rob left the doctor's office more confused than when he came. He wanted to ask her so many questions, but he was too afraid of what the answers might be. As he headed for home, he decided to follow the doctor's orders and see what would happen.

Day's came and went. Rob's success at work at the salon increased by leaps and bounds. He had a regular following of customers and was constantly getting more and more referrals.

Also, he and Lisa had become even better friends. Although they usually confided in one another, Rob couldn't bring himself around to tell her about his fears about the physical changes in his body. However, through it all, Rob's body was changing more and more. Before he knew it, Rob no longer was wearing a AAA training bra.

By the time Christmas came around, his training bra fit so snugly, they actually hurt his breasts. When he mentioned it to his mother, she immediately went with him to his room to make her own inspection.

Rob stood bare chested, as his mother cupped her hands around his growing bosom. The touch of her hands brought a cold shiver of excitement through Rob's changing body. Pam commented, "Well it is certainly obvious that your breasts are indeed growing."

This caused confusion in the feminized boy. "Mom, what is going on!" he begged to know. "I've asked both you and Dr. Hughes and neither of you can tell me anything about why I'm growing breasts. Is it because I wear girls clothes all the time or the medicine or what? I'm really frightened, Mom. What do I need breasts for?"

However, his mother didn't provide an answer. She merely replied, "My, your breasts are so beautiful, dear. Isn't is just a wonderful thing?"

Rob didn't really believe it was all that wonderful. The next day, he mother brought a new set of bras home with her from the boutique. Handing him the brightly wrapped packages, she proudly announced, "Robin, you have now graduated to a 32 A cup!"

With a look of torment, Rob put his cone shaped little mounds in the cups of his new bra. He knew this must be from the medicine he was taking but was unsure why it was necessary for him to have breasts. What if he wanted to go back to being a boy now?

Toward the end of December, Rob bosom had developed even more. He was looking at himself in the mirror one day and saw the tops of his breasts pushing up above the cups of his bra. A feeling a terror engulfed him.

Dressing as a girl, walking and talking as girl and even acting like a girl had been fun. He had even reconciled himself to the pursuit of femininity. However, living as a woman was a great deal different than becoming one.

And now he began to realize that he was undergoing inexplicable physically changes. Changes that were turning him into a real girl! Often, he would simply break down and weep for hours over the sheer frustration of it all.

Removing his ill fitting bra, Rob put his hands upon his naked, growing bosom. He felt the jelly-like fleshy breast mounds and his hard, pert nipples. Even his areolas had also enlarged. Having been barely the size of a quarter months ago, they were now the size of silver dollars!

Rob's mother had seen the progression of her son's changes. As Rob explored the contours of his body in transition she had been silently watching him from a short distance. Quietly, she stepped behind him and using a cloth tape, again measured his chest. She took the tape and wrapped it around his chest and across his nipples.

Rob held his breath in anticipation of the results. Then with great enthusiasm and enjoyment, his mother announced, "Robin, you're absolutely stunning. You're going to need to wear a bra with a 34 A cup!"

Yet, it was not only his breasts that were growing. For several weeks he had complained that his pants and skirts felt too tight around his hips and fanny. On one occasion, he accidentally dropped a piece of paper to the floor. By then, it

had become second nature for him to bend his knees and squat down in a lady-like manner in order to pick things up.

As he bent down to retrieve the paper, he heard a tearing sound. When he stood up again, he turned his head and saw that the seam of his tight, narrow skirt had ripped slightly.

On an another occasion, he was putting on a pair of slacks which he had been wearing ever since he started to don girl's clothing. Rob was surprised to see that where once the waist band fit snugly, it now hung quite loosely around his middle.

Rob removed the slacks. With only his panties on, he ran his fingertips around his hips, fanny and then upward, encircling his waist. He realized that his buttocks had become very soft and fleshy, his hips wide and curvy, while his waist had become small and very narrow.

Continuing his explorations, Rob found his tummy to be hard and flat as a board. Yet the most subtle change was with his skin. He had never felt it to be more soft and smooth as it was now. As he made these observations he wondered even more, "What is happening to me?"

All this filled Rob with fear. He was very jumpy and jittery. If someone walked quietly up behind him, he was easily startled and sometimes cringed in fear.

On New Year's day, the salon was closed. Rob and his mother were sorting out clothing at home. She had Rob model some new outfits that were to go on display at the boutique. As he dressed and undressed in these new outfits, Rob noticed how his bottom and hips had seemed to be larger. These new fashions fit him like a glove, but they were designed for full figured women.

Rob voiced his concerns. His mother suggested they take his measurements, again.

As she used the measuring tape, his mother wrote down the figures on a scrap of paper. Rob held his breath in anticipation as his mother placed the measuring tape around various portions of his anatomy. After she finished she announced the results to him.

"Robin, you officially have a figure of 34-26-34. Isn't this marvelous. You're really developing a stunning figure!" she exclaimed.

Rob nearly fainted. He couldn't believe his ears. His mother was quick to steady him as she saw his knees start to buckle. Then he began to cry. Through his sobs, he again asked, "Mom, why is this happening to me? Why is my body changing so?"

Again, all he heard out of his mother's mouth was the same old answer, "Isn't it a wonderful thing?" It provided no consolation for the feminized boy.

But as Rob continued to weep, his mother felt terrible.

She had been keeping the whole truth about his estrogen therapy a secret from him. Yet she marveled at the way it was effecting her pretty boy. Not only had his body taken on very female proportions, but it caused him to change emotionally as well. Rob had always been quite emotional for a male. But since he had been given female hormones in biweekly shots and in daily pills, his emotional state was like a roller coaster. One moment he was flying high, full of girlish giggles and happiness. The next moment, he would be deeply depressed. The slightest upsetting news would cause him to break down and sob uncontrollably.

It was at this time his mother decided to level with Rob. It was high time he knew the real truth about the reason for the drastic physical changes he was experiencing.

Placing her hand gently on his back, she whispered, "Robin sweetheart, your body has been changing ever since your first visit to Dr. Hughes." Startled, he looked up at his mother, with tears streaming down his delicate face, as he heard her say, "Darling, how do you think they were able to keep your little 'problem' down? You've been given regular injections of female hormones and those pills you take twice a day are also the female sex hormone, estrogen. This medication is what's causing you to have a womanly figure."

Rob was despondent as he continued to listen carefully to his mother's confession. "Your figure will continue to change, dear," she stated with loving kindness. "But if you want to go back to the way you were, that is being a plain old boy, you will have to tell me now. According to what Dr. Hughes has told me, you're very close to the point of no return."

Rob thought for a few moments. The things his mother just told him had hit hard. Although he had stopped crying, he was nonetheless upset and concerned. Not only because his mother had deceived him, but also because her deception had caused such drastic alterations to his physical state of being.

There was deafening silence in the room. Rob and his mother sat side by side on the sofa, but not a word passed between them. Rob was in deep contemplation. His agonizing quest for the truth was over. Yet, a decision of great consequence had to be made. A decision which would effect the rest of his life!

END OF BOOK ONE

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PART 43

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