

## Norman Gets Pantied

By Cheryl Lynn

Norman Fleming stood in front of the full length mirror stunned at his reflection. He was used to seeing his five foot four lean frame but what shocked him was his attire. His hair was covered in a pink satin turban. He was wearing a long sleeved pink with a large decal of Hello Kitty imprinted knee length tee shirt. On his feet were a pair of pink fluffy slippers. His face was covered in a white facial mask.

“Mrs. Newman what have you done?” he gasped. “I....I can’t go anywhere looking like this.”

“Of course dear. Once your hair has dried, I’ll brush it out and remove your facial?” Beverly replied. “As far as your clothing, it’s all I have in your size. Would you prefer to wear one of Candice’s fancier dresses? I think that yellow satin party dress would look delightful on you.”

“No...no this is more than enough,” he instantly replied blushing even harder.

“Well then come along to the kitchen. I’ve made us some hot chocolate Norman,” she said smiling broadly. “Your mother will be here soon to pick you up.”

“Oh no, I can’t let her see me like this. You know how she is. Please, Candice must have some pants or at least some shorts I can wear,” he pleaded.

“Yes, I think she has a few pair but they would be too small unless you wore one of her girdles. That’s why I gave you that tee shirt dress,” she replied going to the closet and removing a pair of florescent pink cotton Capri’s and a muted yellow capped sleeved midriff ruffled blouse. There was a large decal of Mini Mouse on the front.

Putting the clothing on the bed she went over to the dresser and removed a white panty girdle and pink silky full cut translucent panties. “You’ll need to wear these if you expect to fit into those pants,” she stated.

Norman paled seeing what she had produced as an alternative to what he had on. “No..... no, I’m okay Mrs. Newman,” he replied.

*“As horrible as it is wearing Candice’s princess panties and this stupid tee there’s no way I’m putting that on,”* he thought. *“If Candice hadn’t pushed me into the lake this never would have happened.”*

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The above event took place when Norman was thirteen and haunted him to this day. His mother, Edna, had always wanted a daughter and made that desire known to all her friends and Norman. Mrs. Beverly Newman was her BFF, neighbor and agreed that Norman’s features and stature were better suited for a girl. When his mother saw him dressed in that feminine tee and his collar length hair shining went all goo-goo eyes. She made him stay dressed that way until he went to bed that night. He also did something he had never done before prior to getting into bed. Norman had to brush his hair one hundred times after applying a green night time facial mask. Mother had insisted.

For the next five years his mother made him dress as her daughter during the weekends. As soon as he got home from school on Friday until Monday morning he was Wendy. He spent every summer as Wendy and most of that time was with Candice and Mrs. Newman. Those dress up sessions were all triggered when she came to pick him up at Mrs. Newman’s. Initially she borrowed clothing from Candice’s castaways

then began buying him his own.

After spending two months being Wendy, he was taken out in public for the first time. He was assured that if he behaved and acted thrilled about shopping no one would know he was a boy. If he did anything other than appearing enthusiastic, they would make sure everyone knew he was a sissy boy. Wearing pink corduroy bibbed shortalls with a white capped sleeved blouse he was taken by his mother, Mrs. Newman and Candice to the mall. It was the worst day of his life as he was paraded around the mall. The first stop was lingerie where he was fitted for his own panties, bras, panty girdles and such. Then to try on dresses, skirts and blouses. Ending the day at several shoe stores to get his own girlish shoes. Norman's nerves were completely frazzled by that excursion but no one questioned his sex. He was happy about that; yet at the same time, his young male ego shriveled at how easily he had passed.

Candice was a girlie-girl at that time and they would spend hours playing together. He spent his afternoons with her and Mrs. Newman until his mother came home from work and most weekends. Any sign of masculinity or his full cooperation was immediately punished by either Mrs. Newman or his mother. Bare bottom spankings in front of Candice were immensely embarrassing. Norman wasn't stupid and quickly learned to participate "happily" with whatever his playmate or the adults wanted. Nothing Candice did could remotely be construed as "boyish." Mrs. Newman made sure he behaved as a good girl should.

Norman loved school. It was his only relief from being Wendy, a role he hated to play. As time went on he lost most of his male friends. They didn't want to be seen with him as he became more and more effeminate. Being ostracized, stuck with the other losers, he retreated into his studies. He did have a couple of girls he could call friends but not in the way he wanted. His once loved summer vacations were now loathed. As soon as his last class let out for the summer until the first class started in the fall, he had to be Wendy full time.

He couldn't wait until school started back up as he could be Norman again at least during the week. Every fall he was surprised at how rough his boy clothing felt and how heavy his shoes were. Still he relished the little time he had as a normal boy. If you can call being swishy, soft spoken, wavy shoulder length shining hair and smelling of strawberries manly. Despite his fellow students thinking he was as gay as they come, he was completely heterosexual.

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Every weekday after school he was at Mrs. Newman's house as Wendy. There he played house, jacks and learned more than he cared about young girls' activities. Candice was younger than Norman but had her mother's stern demeanor. Being younger and female, she delighted in taking advantage of poor Norman. He became her dress up dolly and loved making a boy do whatever she wanted. As they grew older their activities matured. They went from playing dolls to learning all about fashions, cosmetics and hair styling. His biggest mistake and one he would rue was making fun of Candice when she had her first menstrual period. Candice took perverse pleasure teaching Norman all about having a period. Mrs. Newman and his mother thought that was a hoot and insisted he have his "monthlies" when Candice had hers. During his "period" Norman had to wear a thick maxi-pad. He even had to wear a pad in his tidy whites during school. If he had shown any lack of enthusiasm as Wendy or earned punishment, tampons were used after a cleansing douche.

Shortly after Candice turned fourteen began losing interest in playing with "Wendy," preferring her real girlfriends and real boys. Mrs. Newman took over for Candice in

overseeing Norman's continued growth as a feminine girlie-boy when his mother was at work. It was at that time he learned all about keeping house and cooking. Occasionally Candice invited Norman to come over and join in a pajama party with her other girlfriends. It gave her a thrill seeing Norman doing his best pretending to be like the rest of the girls. She never let on that Wendy was really a boy as she enjoyed putting one over on her friends. Plus she had been warned over the years that if she let out Wendy's secret, she would suffer severe punishment.

While it is undeniable that the three women had a profound effect on Norman's development, Candice was influenced almost as much. As she matured, Candice acquired a sexual fetish and dominant personality. Her particular fetish was making her male acquaintances don feminine apparel and serve her every need. Later she became a very prominent dominatrix in the transgender community but that is another story.

Norman at sixteen had developed most of Candice's feminine attributes both physical and worldly. Physically he hadn't grown that much. He was only five foot six with a narrow waist and round ass. His chest was flabby with small boobs. From the neck down he was kept hairless with the exception of a small trimmed landing strip on his pubis. Edna had him exempted from physical education and forbid him doing anything overly strenuous. Other than housework his only exercise came from swimming in the nearby lake. Swimming was a welcome relief from housework but left him with very distinct feminine tan lines. His muscle tone was more feminine than masculine.

His closet held more dresses, skirts and blouses than school uniforms and boy things. His dresser was filled with panties, camisoles, nylons, panty girdles, bras and slippers. Norman hadn't worn male briefs or undershirts since shortly after that horrible day. He had his own lighted vanity with pleated satin skirting and bench seat. His room had floral wallpaper, the shelves filled with stuffed animals, girlish nick-knack's and Candice's old doll house. He naturally sat with his knees pressed together, back straight and hands neatly folded in his lap. His stride was short almost heel and toe with his elbows held closely to his sides wrists slightly limp. His hair was never shorter than shoulder length and brushed every morning and before bed. His complexion and skin were practically flawless from daily beauty treatments.

While Edna didn't require him to become Wendy during the school week, it was very difficult for him to be a boy. It was his responsibility to help with the household chores and meal preparation. That required that he come straight home from school. Additionally, his television viewing was limited to only those shows his mother and his neighbors, the Newman's enjoyed. His recreational reading was restricted to only those magazines and romance novels the women in his life subscribed to. No nightly news, no sports whatsoever and nothing above a "G" rating were allowed.

Shortly after he turned sixteen he asked his mother if he could date. He had met a really cute girl, Samantha, and she seemed to like him. Because of his "Wendy" experience, Norman's school and social life was limited. Most of the guys avoided "The Fairy" and the same could be said for the girls. Samantha, "Four Eyes," was one of the few exceptions. She, like him, was a social outcast. Wearing thick lensed black rimmed glasses and a mouth full of silver metal braces plus being a nerd put her with the loser group. She was about the only friend Norman had and despite his Wendy time was all boy when it came to girls. His hopes of dating were quickly dashed as his mother insisted that he date only on the weekends and in Wendy mode.

"Now Norman you know how much I cherish our Wendy time together. If you want to date, that's okay as long as you do it as Wendy. I can spare you being away from me

for a few hours on the weekend as long as it's as Wendy. I think going out with some nice young man would do you a world of good," she stated.

"Mother! I don't want to date any boys. I want to go out with Samantha. A girl....a real girl," he gasped.

When his mother told Beverly that her precious Wendy wanted to date a girl, Norman's life took a drastic change. "Edna darling we can't have Wendy becoming a lesbian. We can't have her thinking like that especially considering how much time she spends with Candice. You have to break that tendency immediately. We need to make sure she's sexually attracted boys," Beverly stated.

Every weekend from that day forward Norman was required to read and practice all the things a girl does to attract a man. His mother or a much more demanding Beverly would take Wendy out to the malls and other public places. He was used to being Wendy in public but now he had to select young men that were really cute. What was worse was having to explain why the boys were cute and why he wanted to date them. Failing to do so enthusiastically resulted in punishment. Punishments that were both painful and embarrassing. One of the worst (Beverly's idea) would be having to sit in the food court with some boy and actually flirt with him.

Over time that experience became a regular weekend occurrence. Plus Candice was into boys now and constantly talking about them with Wendy. On many occasions it was Candice who grabbed Wendy's hand and pulled him to meet some cute guys. Norman was forced to be on his best girlish behavior while hating every second of it.

On his seventeenth birthday, Candice took him on a double date with a sixteen year old boy. She had told his date that Wendy was fourteen and never been kissed. For the date Norman's hair had been put up in pigtails and a juvenile short pleated tartan skirt and crisp white blouse. The gel padded A-cup powder pink satin uplift bra was the convincing touch. He easily passed as a young girl. The date was a conspiracy between their mothers and Candice was more than happy to oblige. Candice took great delight telling Norman how to keep his cherry. The expression on his face when she told him how to give a blow job was priceless.

Before that first dated ended Wendy had more than one deep tongue twisting kiss, hickies on the neck and pawed breasts. Over the course of that year, Norman had more double dates with different guys and pretty much the same results. Lots of heavy petting, hickies and kisses with the resultant affront to his male ego. An ego that was already very weak. Fortunately those boys were all younger and the worst thing he had to do was a hand job once.

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Today was his eighteenth birthday. He had been looking forward to it for what seemed ages and ages. Two weeks ago he had graduated high school and now he was free to get away from his dominating mother. He had worked very hard to get a full scholarship and admission to their summer program. More importantly it was his opportunity to stop being Wendy.

From the time he was thirteen until today his life had been hell. Going to high school had been the hardest four years of his life. While he had to be Wendy only on the weekends, it had become impossible to hide his feminine mannerisms. The fact that he had nothing in common with other boys his age other than his male appendage didn't help. Even the other male outcasts at school shied away except a few gay boys which he detested. His only friends were a couple of girls including Samantha. Samantha by now had blossomed into one of the prettiest and most sought after girls

in high school. They remained friends but she considered him a “girlfriend” and treated him as such. From Norman’s point of view it was a love-hate relationship. He cherished their friendship but hated that it wasn’t on a normal boy-girl basis.

His mother had argued forcefully that it would be cheaper going to the local community college. He could live at home, she would pay the tuition and wouldn’t have to pay for food, clothing or other expenses. Norman countered that the university would provide room, board and arranged for a part time job.

“Besides, momma, the university will give me a much higher quality education and that, mother, will get me a good job when I graduate. I’ve decided and you can’t keep me from going,” he stated ending the argument. *“And it will get me the hell away from you and Wendy forever,”* he silently added.

It had taken all his courage to stand up to his mother as she still scared him. She was both bigger and stronger plus a very determined woman. Thanks to a strict low protein, high soy diet, at eighteen, he was only five foot seven and weighted one hundred and ten pounds. His hair kept long brushed just below his shoulders and his complexion almost flawless. His body always smelled of a delicate floral scent thanks to a rigidly enforced beauty regimen. His finger nails while short were always buffed and filed into neat ovals. He was looking forward to getting a buzz cut and his nails dirty.

*“I can’t wait to go to a real barber shop and get a buzz cut. It’s the first thing I’m going to do. I’m sick of going to a beauty salon, having highlights put in my hair and perms. I want to get my hands dirty and be a real guy for a change,”* he thought building up his courage.

He watched in growing horror as his mother’s face flushed red and her hands balled into fists. “How dare you!” Edna hissed as her right hand flashed out catching him on his cheek. The hard slap sent him reeling backwards. Her left hand lashed out hitting him on the other cheek.

“You may be eighteen but you’re still my child! You will show me the proper respect!” she screamed, spittle flying from her lips.

Despite being in Wendy mode, wearing black cuffed short shorts, a baby blue midriff blouse and full makeup Norman thought of running. Running anywhere would be better than facing his mother’s wrath. His ears were ringing and tears flooded down his burning cheeks. He had never seen his mother so mad.

“You ARE going to the community college! I have already enrolled you for the fall semester. So you just forget about that university! Now go to your room!” she snarled jabbing her finger into his chest. “Get dressed, Beverly and Candice will be here shortly for your party.”

In his room Norman removed his blouse and reaching behind his back easily unhooked his baby blue A-cup satin bra. Looking into the mirror didn’t really notice the red indentations, he had seen them so often they no longer bothered him. What caught his attention were his man boobs and stubby nipples. Reaching up he cupped them in the palm of his hands. Absently he let his thumbs rub over the stiff brown nipples and shuddered. Quickly he dropped his hands and began removing his shorts. Standing only in his matching baby blue with bright satin diamond paneled girdle walked over to his bureau.

*“I don’t want to stay here but where can I go? Samantha? No, her parents are nice but I couldn’t stay there for more than a couple of days. The summer program doesn’t start until the end of the month. Shit! What am I going to do! Other than my school*

*uniform I don't have any boy's clothing to speak of either. Heck, I don't have any choice but to put on my uniform and sneak out the window,"* he thought pulling out his tan khaki's and white dress shirt. *"I'll go to the school and see if I can move into the dorm early. I just know I can't stay here any longer."*

By habit he almost put the blue bra back on before tossing it back onto the bed. Quickly he buttoned the shirt and was stepping into the trouser leg when his mother entered. Seeing him, she went into a frenzy. Norman had no chance.

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Norman was wearing black satin leggings and a lavender angora cowl necked capped sleeved sweater. His hair was tied up in a high ponytail with a black satin scrunchy. His makeup was subtle appropriate for daytime wear. His lips painted in a frosted pink. Sitting beside him was a gray with pink detailing back pack. On his lap his black leatherette purse containing makeup and other essentials including a tampon and pad. In front of him behind a metal desk was the community college registrar.

"Wendy you're all set and welcome to Wellington. Here's your class schedule, school orientation book and list of social activities. Now you need to go to room 7-A, it's just down the hall on your right, to get your school ID. Any questions? No, then again welcome to Wellington," she said.

It took all of Norman's will power not to let the tears fall as he looked at his class schedule. His mother had registered him for the school's beautician program. If his mother hadn't been sitting next to him in the registrar's office, if he had anything resembling a spine wouldn't be in this fix. When his mother caught him, after she washed out his mouth with soap and spanked him, tossed out his remaining boy clothing. Totally cowed he was further distressed seeing what else his mother had done. He had no idea how she had accomplished it but he had a new birth certificate proclaiming him to be Wendy Anne Fleming, female, age eighteen. Now he had a Wellington Community College ID card further proclaiming him to be Wendy Anne.

"Mother how could you do this to me?" he managed sniffing as they walked back to her car.

"What on earth are you talking about Wendy? Would you have rather I signed you up for their nursing assistant program? Or perhaps their administrative assistant one? I personally think becoming a beautician is the most logical course. Then you can be my and Beverly's stylist. Won't that be just so much fun?" she gushed.

"No, momma, I mean this," he said waving the fake birth certificate. "I'm your son! I've never wanted to be your daughter much less a girl!"

"What I have done is for the best. You have never been much of a boy much less a man. Have you looked into the mirror lately? You can't call what you have between your legs nothing more than a deformity as small as it is. You couldn't grow a beard if your life depended on it. You have nice, if I guess correctly full A-cup breasts, rounded hips and a beautiful delicate face."

"Why you have been buying your own clothing since you turned sixteen. I never once told you what to get have I? No, you were the one insisting on shopping at those exclusive lingerie shops. You were the one who purchased sexy dresses and filmy blouses instead of jeans and slacks. Do I need to bring up how you begged and pleaded for me to let you get your makeup from the Mac counter? I would have been more than satisfied if you dressed like other girls your age and I told you so. I would have been happy if you just wore lip gloss but no, you insisted on wearing all that gunk. You were never meant to be a man. No, you are much better off being my

daughter. It's about time you stopped pretending you don't love being a girly-girl," she stated.

"Bu....but I....I always thought that was what you wanted? Besides Candice made me do that. She was always there when we went shopping. It was her idea that I only use Mac cosmetics and learn how to apply it. If...if I..I didn't do what she demanded....she...she spanked me an....and Candice made me do things," he whispered.

"Ha! You mean to tell me that you couldn't defend yourself from a girly-girl like Candice? Well, that just proves my point that you always should have been a girl. Made you do things? What kind of things?" she responded scornfully as they approached the car.

"Momma, please, I don't want to talk about it," he said sniffing.

"Okay, so I'll just ask Candice," she smirked.

"No, you can't," he gasped.

"Okay, then tell me," she said starting up the car.

"Sh...she mad....made me pla....play with my...my little clitty," he admitted blushing fiercely.

"Now that's a hoot!" she laughed. "Play with your little clitty. You're not even man enough to call it a dick. I bet that was really horrible. Your father use to do that a lot and it didn't seem to me that he thought it was horrible even though I told him so. Tell me exactly what she made you do."

"Momma please," he whimpered.

"Never mind. I'll just ask Candice," she replied.

"Sh....she made me use a pair..pair of her used panties un..until it got hard. The...then she would hit it with a ruler. It was so painful bu...but she would make me do it again and again until I cou....couldn't do it anymore," he finished sobbing loudly.

"Hummm, do you play with your little clitty when you're alone? No? Well I find that hard to believe but I approve. Self-abuse like that cannot be tolerated. If you thought Candice's punishment was harsh don't ever let me catch you doing something like that," she huffed.

No.....no momma," he replied totally humiliated. That exactly wasn't the truth. He did occasionally try to masturbate. After a year of Candice's punishments, every time it got partially hard remembered pain kept it flaccid.

He prayed that she would settle for that. The last thing he ever wanted her to know was what else Candice made him do. He was surprised and shocked when she showed her pink plastic vibrator to him almost a year ago. It was six inches long with a rounded head and battery powered. She got such perverse pleasure in watching him learn how to give it head, she bought him his own. Except his was very different. Candice wasn't old enough but convinced her girlfriend's older sister to get it. Norman's vibrator was pink but made of silicone, eight inches long and thick. What made it mortifying was it resembled a realistic male appendage with a mushroom head. One day when he wasn't showing sufficient enthusiasm in learning oral technique, she grabbed it and shoved it painfully up his ass. From then on whenever she was displeased with him, punished him that way.

It was those painful experiences that had taken Norman's male pride and dashed it to pieces. It was also a defining moment for Candice. The first time she shoved the dildo

up his ass, a sexual charge hit like lightning and gave her first real climax. It wasn't due to what she had done rather the overwhelming sense of power and control. It also showed her that she didn't need to be penetrated to have a mind blowing sexual release.

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Norman was now forced to be Wendy 24/7 with his enrollment at Wellington. He hated going to beauty school especially the required uniform. For classes, he had to wear a semi-sheer white nylon dress with a straight skirt. Just about all his lingerie were in bright colors or patterns which could be distinguished under that uniform. Taking the bus to school and walking down its halls dressed like that was a constant source of embarrassment. The attention it brought from the boys and men, both verbal and physical, were a persistent reminder of his enforced femininity. On many days when he was forced to stand on the crowded bus, he was thankful for his tight girdle. Otherwise his poor rump would be black and blue by the time he got home.

Another reason he hated school was that all his classmates were girls. Being surrounded by girls most his age, forced Norman deeper into his Wendy persona. He wanted to date them not have to talk about the latest fashion and makeup trends. Girls are more observant than boys and Norman had to suppress both mind and body into total Wendy mode. Additionally, his course curriculum required that his personal appearance reflected the highest standards of feminine beauty. His hair and makeup had to be perfect. The casual loose ponytail, minimal makeup style of most of the coeds was not tolerated while attending beauty school. The school had an image to maintain.

Worst of all was the list of school sponsored social events. Events Edna demanded he participate. Fortunately, most of those were "dateless" as he could attend with a few of his girlfriends. Some events required that he have a date and his mother insisted.

"But momma Julie, Eunice and Deborah don't have dates and are going to the dance. Why can't I just go with them?" he asked when the first dance was scheduled.

"What? Those lesbians? There not? Well, I don't care if they are or aren't. No, I won't hear of it. You will get a date and you will go to the dance. Otherwise I'll call Candice and see if she can get you one," she stated.

"No momma, don't call her. She'll fix me up with some pimple faced kid or worse. I'll get my own, please. Just don't call her," he begged.

The last double date he had with Candice, she had fixed him up with a boy two years younger filled with raging hormones. Norman felt fortunate to get away with giving him a hand job. Having to go to the dance with a boy still in high school would be disastrous. It was hard enough to make friends as it was. Dating a sixteen year old would ostracize him from the few he had. Candice would make sure the boy was a "real looser" and tell him Wendy was "easy." He couldn't let that happen.

If he had to date, Norman wanted a "safe" one. He had been on dates before and even flirted with them at the malls and such. However, he had never been asked out before. Everything had been prearranged for him. Plus all his classes were with girls. With no choice, he asked his girlfriends if they knew of anyone. Unfortunately, Julie and Eunice were closeted lesbians and Deborah was a "wall flower." They said they would see what they could come up with but after a week he still had no date. He was getting desperate.

He was saved when Deborah said her older brother agreed to take her to the dance. Her brother, Duncan, was twenty-two and worked for the community theater. The picture she showed him depicted a tall, young man. He had short cropped black hair

and while not handsome, not ugly either. He didn't look all that macho other than the haircut. Sighing, Norman said, "Okay." and wrote down his phone number. "Have him call me to confirm," he added.

"I don't want to go out with any guy but at least it won't be with one of Candice's pimple faced classmates," he thought heading to the bus stop.

"You have a date yet? If not, I'm calling Candice," his mother asked as soon as he walked into the house.

"Yes, momma, I have a date. His name is Duncan. Happy now," he replied. "*That was close,*" he thought in relief.

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The next afternoon when he came home from school Beverly, Candice and Edna were in the kitchen having coffee. Seeing them he let out a soft groan. Nothing good happened to him when those three got together. However, by now there wasn't much more he figured they could do to him. From the looks on Beverly and Candice's faces, he was sure they were going to give him the fifth degree about his upcoming date. Deciding to just get it over with, dropped his back pack, grabbed a cup and joined them at the table.

"Edna tells me you have a date for Saturday's dance. Come on tell us all about him," Beverly demanded.

Saying the women were disappointed was an understatement. Norman hadn't actually met him and only had the picture on his cell to show them. "Yes, we've talked and he's picking me up at seven," he said displaying the picture. "I don't know that much about him but he works as an assistant choreographer at the community theater. He sounds nice but that's about all I know," he told them.

"Since it's going to be a first date for you, you have to go all out to make the right impression," Beverly announced. "Friday we'll all go shopping for that perfect dress you will need."

"Mrs. Newman, I really don't need a new dress. I have plenty to choose from already," he countered. The last thing he needed was another mass shopping trip.

"Yeah Wendy, it's supposed to be formal and you desperately need a frilly, girlie-girl dress for that," Candice popped up.

All Norman could do was roll his eyes. Whether or not he wanted to go shopping, he was going. He just hoped the dress wouldn't be too juvenile or that girlie-girl. He didn't let his hopes get too high.

Friday afternoon they entered the Civic Club's outlet store. It was a second hand shop run by the city's social elite ladies. There Candice found the perfect gown for Norman. It was a pale lavender cap sleeved above the knee Alyce Paris gown with a sweetheart neckline. It featured a lace frilled pleated bodice with beaded illusion neckline and scooped back. The sleeves were decorated in a floral design embedded with crystal beads. The full skirt was a shear ruffled A-line skirt in a glistening tulle. Normally it cost well over \$250 new but here only \$50 as it had been worn. It was perfect for a sweet sixteen party.

Norman neither liked the skin exposing sexy style nor the girlish color. The short ruffled glitter tulle skirt also bothered him. He tried to talk them into letting him get a long gown but his mother thrust the lavender one into his arms.

"Wendy, go try this on and no complaints. I think Candice picked out a lovey gown and

it would be insulting if you didn't at least try it on for fit," his mother scolded.

Unfortunately the fit was almost perfect. A bit tight in the waist and the hem came down only to mid-thigh. The scooped back reached well below the shoulder blades. Way more skin was revealed than fit into Norman's comfort zone. Needless to say, the women loved it.

"Lady's, I think that was shortest time we've ever taken to decide on a dress. Now all we have to do is find the appropriate underpinnings and accessories. That dress was a bit tight, so either a waist chinch or better yet, a high waisted support garter belt. I also think we need to get Wendy some of those mineral oil filled breast pads while we are at it. She can't wear a bra with that and the pads will make the bust look better," Beverly commented when Norman went back to change.

The only other items they purchased at the Civic Club store were a pair of four inch pencil heeled purple satin pumps and a cute pearl beaded clutch purse. From there it was straight to VS to get the high waist elaborately embroidered and bead encrusted garter belt, sheer black hose with lace welts and the breast pads. Norman could only groan as Candice added an ornately embroidered and lace frilled purple thong into the pile.

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Duncan proved to be an interesting date. He was a complete gentleman and considerate. Being an assistant choreographer, he was an excellent dancer and quickly caught on that Norman was having difficulty. As they danced he whispered directions which required him to draw Norman in close to his body. Norman had a difficult time resisting the urge to push him away. Resistance Duncan recognized but kept silent. When the school dance was over and they were back in the car, received the shock of his life.

"Wendy how long have you been pretending to be a woman?" Duncan casually asked reaching for the ignition key.

"Wha....what?" Norman gasped. He hadn't to his knowledge ever been outed.

"Oh don't get me wrong but I know you're really a guy. Little tell tail things like the size of your Adam's apple, your hands, how much you disliked being held close but mostly by the look in your eyes. I saw a lot of fear and trouble in them."

"Plea....please...don't get mad. I....I didn...didn't want th..this. Momma made me... please you....you have to understand," Norman stuttered tears falling down his cheeks.

"It's okay Wendy. I'm not mad at you. Just curious if you didn't want to go on this date, why did you?"

"Momma always wanted a daughter and she made me....made me be a girl. I...I have....haven't been a...a real b...boy since I was thirteen. No one ha...has ever discovered my secret before."

"I'm around a lot of...of boys like you or have been. My first job was working routines for cross dressers at a big club in New York. After a year no matter how good the disguise, I could always pick them out. Believe me you're up there with the very best. I probably never would have guessed tonight except for that look in your eyes. That's what cinched it for me. Look it's late, why don't I take you home? Wendy, I hope you will let me take you out next Saturday. I would really like to get to know you better. Okay?"

**“Yo...you want to se...see me again?” Norman replied shocked.**

**“Of course, you’re a beautiful girl and I would like to know more about you,” was his soft reply.**

**Epilog:**

**Wendy and Duncan became an item as they say over the rest of the year. During that time Norman met with a doctor arranged by Duncan and learned there was no going back to being a man. Female hormones predominated his body chemistry and his testicles had atrophied. Duncan had arranged for him to see a therapist and paid for Norman’s treatments. Upon his graduation and receipt of his barber’s license, he moved in with Duncan. He was free from his dominating mother and her friends. Free yet still in panties. He had a caring and loving partner. Norman had accepted his fate.**

**The End...**