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ONE OF THE GIRLS

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QUOTE BOARD

**Men don't wear tight skirts because
their butts have to breath.**



“ONE OF THE GIRLS”

Concept from the stories:

THE BRIDGE I CROSSED

by Anne Marie

and MY SUMMER IN PETTICOATS

by Ruth

Rewritten by Sandy Thomas

Life is strange. The inner motivations that drive a human being vary from individual to individual.

I'm sure you will find my story to be different than most boys my age. I must go back to my post graduate days from high school to furnish an explanation.

As a high school sophomore I made the All State tennis and swimming teams, and I was offered several scholarships from colleges seeking my athletic services. I loved to spend my time at the beach surfing. I guess you could say I was a “Surfer”.

I had long surfer hair, wore "baggy's" and only talked about the waves and the chicks at the beach. I guess I was happy; but I was unsettled as to what I would do for the rest of my life.

However, my sophomore year also brought a tragic disruption to our home life.

During this time, my father became an avid alcoholic and started mistreating my mother. He struck her several times on numerous occasions. One night, I caught him trying to smother her with a pillow, and only my intervention saved her life. I was forced to beat at my father before he would desist and then he hit me several times. My Mother took refuge in her bedroom, behind locked doors.

That night, I sat and listened as my Father verbally abused me for the first time. The things he said were most shocking and had absolutely no foundation in truth, yet they took their toll. His tongue lashing caught me completely off guard and upset me a great deal.

He said I always sided with my Mother and was her "little sissy son-daughter". He made fun of my long hair, said I appreciated only the feminine side of life, and that I was nothing but a "skirt".

I had never been considered effeminate or thought to have any feminine tastes, as could be attested to by my friends and enemies alike. I was a veteran of both the athletic and the brawling wars.

That night, my Father destroyed my love for him. He made me hate everything he stood for, including his manhood, and in the process, he obliterated the confidence I had in my own.

From that night forward, I was determined to disassociate myself from anything remotely connected with my Father, including my masculinity. (It is noteworthy that after that night, he called me "Skirt".)

In the days that followed, I began to display my new-found feminine tastes to my Mother. First, I told her that I wanted to learn to do everything she did around the house, and she agreed to show me. In a short time, I was washing, cooking, baking, sewing, and knitting, and I could sense that Mother was proud of how proficient I was at these tasks.

I discovered a girl's dress, a slip and panties among some old clothes stuck away in a closet in my home, so I tried them on. I don't need to tell you about the odd feeling I experienced at that time, I'm sure. Further search revealed some lingerie. I also found another slip, and a blue gingham dress, which soon became my favorite. Mother's shoes and stockings completed my outfit. Wearing these clothes made me feel relaxed. It had a calming effect.

I began to dress in my feminine outfits every time Mother left the house for any length of time. Mother always went shopping at least twice a week, and I was of course familiar with her shopping days. I was also familiar with the length of time she was away from the house on these occasions, so that I was always home on her shopping days. As soon as she left the house, I hurriedly dressed in one or the other of the two dresses I had found.

As I have said, one was a blue gingham dress with lace-trimmed puff sleeves, and the other was a white party dress. Both were a little small for me, and, I regretfully realized, neither had been ironed, and both were quite wrinkled as would be expected considering where I had found them. The panties and the slips were both white cotton, with a pretty ruffles at the hem of the slips and at the leg of the panties. I always remained dressed about two hours, allowing plenty of time to change back into my boy's clothes before Mother came home.

By this time, I had resolved to become re-indoctrinated as a girl and to shun my masculine personality. Now that summer was approaching, I could more easily accomplish my goal.

I proceeded slowly and cautiously, as I had no intentions of suddenly shocking my Mother. I wanted to break the news to her slowly, step by step. To start, I wore a pair of panties around the house underneath my trousers.

She discovered this one day when I bent over to pick up something, and my shirt came out of my trousers. "Robert, are you wearing a pair of my panties?" she asked.

"Yes, Mom," I replied as blood rushed to my face. "I'm wearing them because they're more comfortable than my shorts. I hope you don't mind."

"Well, I.I.I guess it's alright," she answered. "Although, it's very unusual."

The next day, I selected one of Mother's dresses, along with a slip and a pair of her low shoes and asked if she would mind if I wore them while doing my household chores. I told her I would be more comfortable.

I noted a bit of anger in her voice when she answered. "I must say, Robert, I'm very puzzled with your girlish choices in clothing." Although she gave me permission to wear her things, I'm sure she was smiling when she

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handed them to me. A moment later, she said pleasantly, "Is there anything else you'd like Roberta?"

My face turned red, and my heart was beating so loudly I was sure she could hear it. I was embarrassed, but I mustered all my courage and managed to blurt out four words, "bra, nylons, and girdle."

As she handed me these items from a drawer, I detected a stern and cold look on her face. She said, "Quite frankly, we must have a talk about this drastic change you are going through. Whatever has happened to you?"

I was too hurt and embarrassed to discuss anything of the sort, and I told her so! Then, I got up my nerve again and asked her why she called me Roberta.

"Since you're now acting more like a girl than a boy, I don't think I have a choice. I won't berate you son, but let's put our cards on the table. Please tell me what's going on," she pleaded.

I shook my head in refusal.

"Well, then, is there anything else you'd like?" she asked with a bit of sarcasm. "Maybe lipstick or perfume?"

I nodded.

My Mother's expression changed to astonishment, and she said, "If you want anything else, you'll have to tell me what in the world you're up to!"

I declined and ran out of the room.

An hour later, I had donned my new treasures and returned to the living room where I sat with my mother and started knitting. To pass time, we occupied ourselves with typically feminine chit chat, and Mother didn't press me further about the revolution that had begun in me. Needless to say, I changed clothes before Father returned from work!

Three days later, everything came to a head when Father caught me wearing panties just after I had taken a bath. He flew into a rage and kicked me around until my mouth was bleeding profusely. Although I was his peer when it came to physical conflict, I made no attempt to defend myself. Finally, he stalked out of the house to go on another binge.

The minute he left, I flew into Mother's arms, sobbing all the while. "Mother, oh Mother," I cried. "I want to be a girl! I hate men and don't ever want to be like Father!"

"I know how you feel, my darling, but you are a boy. You are expected to be like a boy and grow into a man."

"I don't want to grow up into a man. . .why can't I be girlish and grow up into a woman?"

She sat there for a minute and looked me over. I must have appeared deplorable. Her hand went up to the scar on her forehead where Father hit her. "I will help you be as girlish as you want," she said softly.

"But, what about Father?" I asked.

"I'll handle him," she said assuredly. "It's time I asserted myself with him. This time I'll win."

Mother was sick of the abuse Father had been giving us and wasn't going to take it any longer. In hindsight, now, I think she'd decided that the best way to hurt him was to help me become my feminine best.

The next day, while Father was at work, Mother and I went shopping. I would find out that femininity revealed its inner secrets over time but the clothes came very quickly. She bought me a wardrobe that included dresses, skirts, blouses, panties, bras, slips, garter belts, nylons, nightgowns, and shoes, both flats and heels.

It was all so sensuous but devilish. Mother purchasing girlish accoutrements for her SON; me. There was an air of intrigue as she quietly explained each item, sometimes

asking my opinion on color or style. Each purchase was designed to awaken the 'girl' within me.

Starting out as a seed of emotion, I found myself carrying bags filled with a 'booty'. A treasure-trove of items. Their intent: to flatter and pamper an embryonic femininity. Clutched in my hands were sacks of the ruffled 'forbidden' that would unfold my body.

Appealing to my feminine "bud", mother knew just what to buy, whispering, "This bra will become your favorite." or "I think we'll need three or four nightgowns. . .you'll want to sleep in them every night."

Every item was thought out. She bought me a purse like hers with a matching change wallet. Black soft grained leather with a gold chain strap. It had a designer crest logo on the side. I had no idea what it meant but I knew I was 'joining' the 'be a girl' club if I carried it.

Next to the handbag department was shoes. I suddenly realized that this wasn't a self-serve department. We had a young male salesman asking mother questions. . .about her shoe size. I was too embarrassed to stay in the department but mother bought several pairs while I lingered 'outside' the department.

In the car, she made me try on a pair of the shoes. . .a highly feminine dress pump in black. I took off my tennis shoes and socks and right there in the parking lot I slipped them on. They were hard, cold, three inch high heels with a curve that barely covered my compressed toes which were forced into the pointed toe. They were tight, unyielding, and most likely impossible to walk in. . .they were perfect!

I was so happy that I almost burst into tears! Still, I worried about Father's reaction. He was away for a few days but I knew he'd be back.

Mother, however, had a plan. When we returned home, she helped me into some of my new clothes, pinned up my

hair, and applied makeup, blush, mascara, eyeliner, and lipstick conservatively to my face. I was in heaven as she sprayed me with perfume and clipped earrings to my lobes.

In only a few minutes, I was completely dressed in a beautiful blue dress with the collar styled like the collar of a Middy blouse which was so popular with school girls, and a black patent leather belt. With the lovely undies, my new high heeled shoes, and my white stockings, I had never felt so wonderful. Needless to say, I wore it all day, and when bedtime came I was most reluctant to take it off. The next day, I put the same outfit on when I got up, and wore it all day long. Complications began almost immediately, however.

In the afternoon, my aunt, the one who always had sent us the "hand-me-downs" came for a brief visit, and I fled to the privacy of my bedroom. After she had gone, Mother came in search of me.

"Why did you run and hide?" she asked, "If you want to wear girl's clothes you must not be ashamed to be seen in them. Really, I didn't buy them for you to hide in!"

I continued to wear my outfits alternately, at least part of every day as soon as I returned from school, and at all times on weekends. I never went out of the house, and never permitted anyone who came to the house to see me. Several times boys came to the house asking for me, and on each occasion, I retreated to my bedroom until they were gone.

Late one afternoon I was thoroughly enjoying myself until I heard Father's car drive up. My heart jumped, and I asked Mother to help me undress. She shook her head and said she had fixed me up so Father could see me.

I was terrified, and I felt betrayed as she ordered me into my bedroom and told me not to come out until she called for me. I noticed the clicking of my heels as I dashed into my room and bolted the door behind me.

Father and Mother talked quietly for about five minutes until an earthquake of shouts from Father shook the house. He shouted with an intensity he had never before equalled, but Mother stood her ground. After another twenty minutes of very heated debate in which I heard him call me a pantywaist and a sissy all I could hear was a din of mumbling.

When Mother called me, I was so nervous and afraid that my nylon clad legs began to shake, and I couldn't move. Shortly, Mother knocked on my door, and I let her enter. She reassured me and then led me into the living room to confront my Father.

Our eyes met, and I could see the disgust and scorn he held for me. "What are you wearing underneath?" he asked coldly.

"Everything from panties to a slip and a bra," I answered in a quivering voice.

"You're utterly disgusting," he declared.

I noticed that he had a suitcase resting near his feet.

"Marsha, you take this revolting 'it' and make 'it' as much of a woman as you desire. This. . . this is nothing like the son I've always wanted," he yelled and stormed out of the house.

After he left, Mother asked me to make a clear cut decision.

"I don't mind you wearing your pretty girl's clothes," she began, "but I didn't buy them for you to hide in either. I would even buy you some more if you wanted me to, however I see no point in it if you are going to run and hide everytime someone comes to the house. You can't expect to stay in the house all summer, now can you?"

I agreed that I could not do that.

"I'll tell you what I will do," she continued, "you can wear your girl's clothes whenever you want to, and I will

even buy you some more to wear this summer if you want me to, but only if you quit running into your bedroom everytime someone comes. The next time anyone comes, I shall expect you to go to the door and greet them, no matter who it may be. If you choose not to do so, I will assume that you're ready to give up your girl's clothes. Is that clear?" she concluded.

"Yes," I replied, "I understand."

A few days later, while I was dressed in my girl's clothes, as I usually was whenever I could, the front door bell rang. Mother looked at me inquiringly.

"Do I have to go to the door now?" I asked.

"No, not unless you want to," she replied, "but if you do not want to then please change into your boy's clothes."

Without answering I went to my room and changed into my boy's clothes. I simply did not have the nerve to go to the front door in my dresses. Within an hour, however, I changed my mind and regretted not having done so, and I told Mother of my regret.

"I must admit I was surprised when you changed back into your boy's clothes," she said, "you look so nice in your dresses. I thought you were beginning to become accustomed to your pretty new girl's clothes?"

"The next time, I intend to go to the door no matter who is there," I promised, asking, "may I put my dress on again?"

"Of course," she replied, "I simply don't want you to be ashamed of being seen in dresses. If you are going to explore being feminine and wearing dresses, as long as you are modestly dressed there is no reason for you to run and hide."

Joyfully I returned to my feminine clothes, and, inevitably the test came again: the doorbell rang! I had on my white organdy princess-style dress with a pink ribbon sash

tied in a big bow at the back. My mind raced and I was faced with another challenge. With my heart racing, I went to the front door and took a deep breath. Taking the door knob in my sweaty palm, I opened it, and found Mrs. Russell, our neighbor from across the street.

"Hello," she said with a funny look on her face, "is . . . is your mother here?"

"Yes, Mrs. Russell," I replied, "won't you come in, and I will tell her you are here." My face was beet red.

Mother was in the kitchen, and I went and told her that Mrs. Russell was waiting for her in the living room.

"That wasn't so hard, now was it?" Mother asked.

Mother went to the living room to greet Mrs. Russell, instructing me to prepare refreshments consisting of lemonade and cookies, and bring it in and serve it in a few minutes.

It took me about ten minutes to prepare the refreshments, after which I served them on a large tray.

"How nice!" Mrs. Russell exclaimed, "I would love to have you come over to visit with me sometime," she said, smiling at me as I served her.

"I would like to," I replied, "you have such a beautiful home."

"You're more than welcome," she assured me, "and of course, I hope you will wear one of your pretty dresses. You shouldn't be embarrassed. . . there's nothing wrong with dresses. Half the population wears them."

I promised her I would come over once I got used to wearing them. I sat and listened to their womanly conversation. I had never felt so wonderful. I found that I really liked to be seen in my beautiful dresses. Secretly, I decided that I would not hesitate in the future about being seen in dresses.

Olive Jones, a girl about a year older than I lived next door, and we were both accustomed to running in and out of each other's homes at almost all hours of the day. A day or two after Mrs. Russell's visit, Olive rushed in without knocking, as usual, and found me in my blue dress.

"What in the world is going on?" she demanded.

"Don't you like the change?" Mother inquired.

"I love it!" she exclaimed, "but when did he change into dresses?"

"He has been wearing dresses secretly," Mother explained, "so I bought him some, and insisted that if he wanted to wear dresses at all he must do so openly. For the last week or so he has been in dresses more than in boy's clothes. I have been thinking of buying him some more girl's clothes so he can change into girl's clothes entirely as soon as school closes if he would like," Mother concluded.

"He would be like a girl. . . I think that would be wonderful!" Olive exclaimed, "if you do, I will take you to some of the parties we girls's are going to have during the summer," she promised, "you will have a wonderful time."

I was red faced and didn't say much. I wasn't sure if she was kidding or who she would tell.

After she had gone, Mother asked, "Are you sure you want to be a girl this summer? Remember, there will be many things you can't do as a girl that you could do with your friends as a boy."

"Gee, Mother," I replied, "Do you think I should?"

"I don't think you know how much it will change your activities every day," Mother continued, "but if you're prepared for the hardships and hard work, I'm sure by the

end of summer, you will become remarkably feminine. It won't be easy but I will buy you the new clothes and things you will need."

"I'm willing!" I said happily.

The end of school for the summer was only a couple weeks away, and I could hardly wait for the last day to come. Finally it arrived and I was impatiently waiting to change into my new role.

School closed for the summer on a Friday, and I hurried home. When I got home Mother had my new dresses hanging in my closet, and my lingerie in my dresser drawers, and all of my boy's clothes had been removed. Without ceremony, I removed my jeans and shirt then changed into one of my new outfits; a pretty pink dress with lace at the collar and on the cuffs. I went at once to show Mother how pretty it was and how well it fit.

"I have decided to give you a home permanent," Mother announced, "you might as well have the full treatment."

First she trimmed my hair so that it was the same length on both sides. She then gave me a shampoo, leaving my hair light and free from oil. Next, she put my hair up in tight curls all over my head, and for the rest of the afternoon and night I wore curlers and a hair net. The next morning, being Saturday, I woke up at the usual time, and dressed in the same outfit I had worn the previous afternoon. When I was appropriately attired I went to the kitchen for breakfast.

"I will leave you to clear off the breakfast dishes, and to wash the dishes and straighten up the kitchen," Mother announced, "then I want you to make up the beds and straighten up the rest of the house. Then I will take your hair out of the curlers."

I proceeded to get through with my housework as soon as possible, and then went into Mother's room where she removed the curlers and combed out my hair. The trans-

formation was simply amazing! Next she applied lipstick, light makeup, and both of us were really surprised with the results.

"I must admit that you are turning into a much prettier girl than I had expected," she observed, "I hope you enjoy being a girl as much as you think you will."

"Oh, I am sure I will," I replied. I immediately called Olive and asked her to come over, without telling her how I was dressed or that my hair had been fixed.

"I can't come over right now," she replied, "why can't you come over here?"

"I don't know whether I can or not," I replied, "I'll call you back in a few minutes."

I told Mother that Olive had asked me to come over to her house, and Mother replied, "Well, why don't you go?"

"Do you really think I should?" I asked.

"Now, my dear, I thought we had agreed that you couldn't expect to stay in the house all summer, and that you would wear your dresses wherever you went," she protested. "You have on a beautiful dress and your hair looks lovely. It seems to me that if you are going to be a girl this summer, now is the time to begin. I would suggest that you go over to Olive's house."

Without further discussion, I went out the back door and walked across to the back door of Olive's house. Hesitantly I knocked at the door. In a moment Olive came to the door, and it was clear that at first, she did not recognize me. Then, when she did, she opened the door, and exclaimed,

"For goodness sake! I simply did not recognize you! Come in and let Mother see how simply lovely you are! I can't get over how cute a girl you are," she continued. "The hairdo and the makeup have made a wonderful transformation!"

We went into the house and Olive presented me to her Mother. "Mother," she asked, "do you recognize this beautiful little girl?"

"If you had not told me he was going to change into girl's clothes this summer, I never would have recognized him," she replied. "What are you going to call him now? He doesn't look much like his name, Robert, now does he?" she inquired.

"Of course it will have to be changed to 'Roberta,' Olive replied, 'Robert' will never do."

In a few minutes the phone rang, and Mrs. Jones answered it. "We have just decided he must be called 'Roberta' now," she said into the phone, and, turning to me, she said, "Roberta, your mother wants to speak to you."

"Yes, Mother?" I said.

"Harold Jenkins just called," she explained, "and asked if you were going to the movies with him."

"What did you tell him?" I asked.

"I told him you were over at Olive's and that he should either call you there or come over and ask you whether you were going," She replied. "After all, Harold and your other friends will have to learn sooner or later that your name is 'Roberta'," she concluded.

In a few minutes, Harold was at the back door.

"Hey, Robert!" he called, "are you ready to go to the movies?"

Olive went to the back door and brought Harold into the living room where her mother and I were seated. Olive said, "Harold, do you know Roberta?"

Harold hesitated a moment, and then exclaimed, "Holy smoke! Robert, what are you doing in those girl's clothes?"

"Robert is going to wear girl's clothes all summer," Olive explained. "His new name is 'Roberta'."

"Dresses?" Harold asked, "What about baseball? You'll wear pants then, right?"

"He's going to try being a girl this summer, Harold," Olive interrupted, "I don't suppose he will be able to do many of the things you boys do."

I interrupted and said, "But I will be able to go to the movies. I don't believe I should go this afternoon though."

"No, I don't suppose you will be able to do all of the things boys do," Harold agreed. "Is it alright if I tell the other boys about you wearing girl's clothes?"

"I suppose so," I replied. "They will find it out sooner or later."

"OK, I'll see you later---Roberta," he stammered, as he bolted for the back door. I was sure he couldn't wait to tell the gang about me. The minute he left, I wondered if I was making the right decision.

"Well, at least the news is out now," Olive said, "and I'll bet they will all be around to see you."

The next day, Sunday, I put on my prettiest dress. A white organdy with a satin underskirt, with a narrow red velvet ribbon laced around the neckline, and around the cuffs of the long full sleeves, each one tied in a pretty little bow, and white stockings and pumps with two inch heels. A little red velvet ribbon in my hair topped it all off. I felt wonderfully feminine, and with just a little lipstick and makeup, Mother said I made a charming little girl.

About 4:00 o'clock that afternoon, Harold called on the phone and asked if he and some of the fellows could come over.

"What shall I say, Mother?" I implored, holding my hand over the phone.

"Why, invite them, of course!" she replied. "You knew yesterday afternoon that this was likely to happen, so you might as well get it over with now."

"Okay, Harold," I replied over the phone, "come whenever you'd like."

"We'll be right over!" he replied, hanging up the phone.

As soon as I put down the phone Mother looked me over to see if my makeup was alright, and that I otherwise looked my best. Her hasty inspection had hardly been completed when the front doorbell rang.

"Your company has arrived," Mother said. "Go and let them in while I fix some refreshments."

I went to the door and I must confess that my knees were shaking. I was extremely nervous.

"Come in, boys," I invited, trying to sound natural. "I'm glad to see you all," I managed to say as Harold and four other boys with whom I had run around filed in on the porch and took seats.

Their eyes grew big when they saw me. I smoothed my skirts and sat down in a straight chair, keeping both feet flat on the floor with my knees together. Harold and two of the boys sat in the porch swing, and the other two sat in the rocking chairs. For a few minutes nothing was said.

"I told the boys about you being dressed in girl's clothes, and how you looked," Harold explained, "but they wanted to come over and see you too."

"How do you like my dress today?" I asked.

"It's pretty!" they replied in unison but one asked, "Are you really going to wear dresses all summer, and is your name going to be 'Roberta'?"

"Yes," I replied. "Mother bought me lots of new dresses and I'm going to dress and act like a girl all summer. Are any of you interested in seeing my new clothes?"

They all looked at one another and shook their heads.

A little later, Mother came out to the porch, and said, "Boys please excuse Roberta for a moment?"

I went to the kitchen, and returned with a tray of refreshments consisting of soft drinks and cookies, which I took out to the porch and served to the boys. After about an hour, and after all of the boys had assured me that they still like me but I probably wouldn't be playing ball and such with them during the summer.

"Well, Roberta!" Mother said after they were gone, "It looks like you are really going to be a girl this summer, doesn't it? How does it feel being seen in your pretty dresses?"

"I think I like it," I blushed.

• • •

Thus my summer in petticoats began! It was indeed a happy, and a busy summer! Mother insisted that I must learn to cook, keep house, and take care of my clothes. I had a full schedule of activities. I helped Mother with the housework, and she began teaching me to cook and bake. I also learned how to iron my clothes, and to sew when mending was necessary. I must confess that I found sewing difficult. I had been taking piano lessons twice a week, and needless to say, I continued with them. My piano teacher was delighted with my change into girl's clothes.

"My dear," she said, "your progress will be much more rapid, and I am sure music will mean much more to you," she explained. "If all of my boy pupils were put into petticoats they would be much more focused on learning," she concluded.

At least once a week, I went to Olive's house or she came to my house. I was invited to every 'girl-party' they had that summer. On some occasions of course, they invited boys to their parties, and after one of those parties, Mother decided I shouldn't attend parties where there were boys except in our own home. I had several parties at home, and on those occasions I always invited Harold and the other boys I had run around with. I also invited Olive, and later I invited some of my girl cousins.

I also went to the movies at least once a week, usually on Saturday afternoon, and always with a girl companion. Often, Harold accompanied us.

My birthday came on July 31, and of course, Olive gave a birthday party for me. I received some lovely presents consisting of panties, slips, and inexpensive jewelry. Mother gave me three beautiful dresses, one of which was a winter dress. "It would be nice for school-wear," she explained. That was the first indication I had that I would return to school in the Fall in feminine attire. It thrilled me to think of it. Soon it was necessary to think about returning to school where I would be in the Junior Class.

"I do hope you will not change back into boy's clothes when school opens," Olive said one day.

"I think Mother plans on me continuing in dresses," I replied. "She is already getting my school wardrobe ready."

"Oh, I am so glad!" Olive replied. "Everyone has become accustomed to seeing you in dresses, and your hair has grown out so nicely. It would be a shame for you to change back now."

That night, I discussed my school plans with Mother. She made me make the biggest decision I would ever make again in my life; the decision between womanhood and manhood. Nothing in between would do.

I told her that I yearned only to be feminine and cared nothing for the masculine.

With this, she was overjoyed and told me nothing would be overlooked in my training. She vowed to be a strict disciplinarian and work very hard to insure that every boyish mannerism and personality trait was permanently squashed.

"I'll see to it," she announced, "that you grow up into an attractive woman. It won't be easy---you'll have to undergo a lot to be beautiful."

With all pretences of ever being a boy again gone, we planned my training. She told me all about the details of what being a female means. I mean everything.

She continued, "I will expect you to abandon all your old boyish habits. No running...No jumping...No horse play of any kind...Whether you like it or not. . .you will have to behave like a proper young lady."

I listened with my heart pounding. I was facing the possibility of learning to be a proper young lady and growing up into a woman.

"You must learn to sit with your knees pressed together...Like I do," Mother instructed me, gently pushing my knees together. "And when you sit down, you have to straighten your skirt under you. You don't want it wrinkled in back." I knew I still had a lot to learn.

We began right away making subtle changes. She plucked my eyebrows to thin arches, painted my nails and made plans to bleach my hair a pretty blonde. I squirmed nervously during the calculated details of my transformation.

I realized that my mother, like millions of mothers before her was trying her best to instill in me an understanding of what is 'femininity'. For one, life is easier for

a beautiful female. Over the period of my transformation, I would hear this lecture about the constant challenge of beauty.

She lectured, "Imprecisely placed makeup makes a girl look not polished and groomed but half-drunk and unruly. You must practice and make sure that it's perfect." With that she pulled out a jewel like lipstick and mirror and had me attempt to quickly touch up my lips, making the lines flawless. It was hard but I was catching on.

Throwing off all my 'boy' chains, I endeavored to be an expert with each makeup component: concealer, shadow, blusher, gloss, mascara, and powder.

I had not had a haircut all summer, and did not need my wig.

I worked very hard and watched the other girls. I tried to emulate them. Slowly my mannerisms and actions were changing into those of a young, teenaged girl. Mother helped in every way, encouraging even my instincts and interests to become ladylike.

My appearance and taste also drastically changed. As a boy, I presented a picture of latent femininity, but as a girl, I presented a picture of feminine smoothness. As a boy, I had loved athletics, but as I immersed myself in femininity, my interest in them quickly evaporated. I was now interested in clothes, needlework, feminine chit chat, and in my general carriage and appearance.

I developed a intriguing companionship with Olive. We could talk for hours about hair, what we wore to a party, who was dating whom. I loved going to parties. I was bewitched by one photo taken of me serving snacks to Harold and a few boys. Sporting a bouffant hairdo, a frilly party dress and a sly smile, I appeared to be the perfect hostess. They were casting ardent glances at me and one another.

Almost five months had elapsed since my life-changing argument with my Father. Mother said my hair was long enough to curl and a long awaited trip to the beauty parlor was in order.

Before I knew it, I was sitting in a waiting room as Mother gave the beautician instructions about what she wanted done. To my embarrassment, I realized that she had told them about me. The receptionist reassured mother, "Don't worry. We'll make him gorgeous." Mother then left, saying she would pick me up later.

The receptionist escorted me into the salon and seated me in front of a sink where I was given a shampoo and conditioning by the beautician.

"Robert, this is Toni. She is one of the top beauticians with the Regency Hair Salon. She'll be helping you learn all the secrets of feminine grooming. . .things that we girls learn over many years!"

"Pleased to meet you, Toni."

"Well, I'm pleased to meet you. Gee. . .your mother didn't tell me that this would be so easy! I can see why you want to be a girl. You'll be a knockout when I'm finished."

And with no further debate, I was shown to a chair in front of a station where Toni began to comb out my wet locks with a wide toothed comb.

She brought out a color chart and swatches of colored hair. "We need to find a blonde that matches your natural coloring." She held up various shades to my face. I had no idea that there were so many shades of blonde. She picked one called "Flaxen Femme" blonde.

She went into the backroom and mixed the formula. I anxiously waited, wondering if I should be so brazen. Me a blonde?

When Toni returned and saw my uncertainty, she sniggered, "Just relax, dearie. It'll all be over in a minute. I'm sure you'll love being a blonde." She then took the white gooey stuff and put it on my hair. It smelled terrible; something like ammonia.

In minutes, Toni washed off the tainted lotion and I was a blonde. The color was bright and shined like hair I'd seen on actresses. It was a tone I'd never seen on boys, only girls.

"Now, wait until I set it," Toni said. That triggered an alarm inside of me. I knew it wouldn't be long before my blonde hair would be permanently set with curls, and that would really, maybe permanently, make me look like a girl.

Toni's experienced fingers were soon combing setting gel through my hair and methodically setting my hair with large rollers, covering every inch of scalp. As soon as my hair was completely set, a soft hooded hair dryer was placed on my head and switched on. The hood ballooned out as the warm air flowed over the rollers.

Toni tilted my head back as she began to carefully tweeze my eyebrows. I protested, "Hey, what are you doing?"

"Don't worry, I'm just cleaning them up a little. It'll open up your eyes and make you look more alluring," she joked. I was sure that the 'cleaning up' was taking a lot longer than it should but I kept quiet.

Next, Toni began using cosmetics on my face. She complimented me on my non-existent facial hair as she smoothed foundation on my cheeks. Then blush, eyebrow pencil, eye shadow, and mascara were artistically applied. Outlining my lips with a lip brush, Toni completed my 'face' with a dark red lipstick.

"Now, we just have the nails to do and then we'll comb out this beautiful hair", Toni stated as she took my hands

and proceeded to smooth my nails with an emery board and apply nail polish which matched my dusky lipstick. All the while, I was feeling a kind of helpless excitement. Here I was, a boy with my hair in rollers, face made-up with cosmetics, and now a beautician was 'doing my nails'! Why did I feel happy?!?!

Toni had to "check out" the rollers she had put in the front of my hair, tapping them lightly to see if they were all still "tight" and drying. She smiled and said, "You're hair is going to look so delightful in curls, honey. I can hardly wait to see it!"

Before I could contemplate my situation much more, Toni stated that my hair should be dry by now. It had been over 45 minutes since the dryer was put on my head. I watched in fascination as Toni removed the dryer, then began to remove roller after roller from my hair. It fell in tight curls! Now my senses were really spinning. With the makeup, and now the curls, I looked more like an attractive young 'chick' than ever! Wow...I'd ask himself for a date!

With expert manipulation, Toni brushed, combed and arranged my hair into a feminine, curly style. Using a rhinestone encrusted hair comb, she pulled and secured one side back, up over my right ear. This final touch turned me truly into 'Roberta'!

"I can't believe it!" I gasped as I looked in the vanity mirror, "Geez, I do look pretty!"

"Of course," Toni added, "I knew you could look like a beautiful girl but you'll find it's a lot of work to stay pretty."

My head was spinning! I looked at the attractive 'girl' in the mirror. What had started as a fantasy was coming true. I truly pass for a female.

Toni pulled me out of the vanity chair and took me to the little boutique. She began holding dresses and skirts up to my body.

"This peasant skirt looks cute....", Toni exclaimed as she held the wide cotton garment up to my waist.

"No...it's much too plain even for school wear. We need something that stands out." exclaimed the clerk pointing to a provocative leather skirt.

"Let's see...", she said while moving to a full clothes rack which contained a rainbow colored selection of skirts and dresses. "Yes, this will be just right," the clerk exclaimed as she pulled out a floral silk mini-dress.

My eyes were nearly popping out of my head as I surveyed the sexy garment. It had a tight waist and bodice with a yoke collar and short puffy sleeves. The skirt was very full but very short, making it stand out far from the legs. I was helped into the dress, with care taken not to ruffle my coiffure or makeup. I could see my reflection in the mirror as Toni worked on the long row of hooks and eyes up the back of the dress, fastening it snugly around my body.

"Oh, what a doll!" exclaimed the clerk, then she asked, "Do you have a boyfriend?"

I blushed and looked at Toni. "*She* will!" Toni said.

My outfit was completed with a nude pair of pantihose, which had a delicate pattern woven into them. These were carefully pulled up over my panties by Toni.

Sitting down again, the women dug out a pair of 4" high heels. As they were slipped on my feet, and the ankle straps were closed, a thought struck me as I looked at my reflection in the mirror. This was no longer a 'dress-up' game. I was on the verge of becoming a girl.

I emerged from the shop looking and feeling like a beautiful eighteen year old blonde Miss with my soft, long curly mane framing my face.

I started going to an electrologist for the removal of a few whiskers and chest hair which, fortunately, was not that great.

All too soon the first day of school arrived, and it had been decided that I would return to school as 'Roberta'.

"Oh, Mother," I asked, "Do you really think I should go to school in girl's clothing?"

"Certainly, I think you should go and wear your prettiest dress," she replied. "After all, you would look much more out of place in boy's clothes with your new hairdo. Besides, everyone is expecting you to be in girl's clothes. Since you were in dresses all summer you really shouldn't miss this opportunity to get everyone used to your new look."

Later that day I called Harold and told him I was going to go to school in dresses. I also told him I would wear the dress I had worn that afternoon, and that I would like to have him go with me. We always rode our bikes to school together the year before.

I went over to Olive's house later, and told her about my decision. Olive was a year ahead of me in High School. I was just beginning my Junior year, and she was just beginning her Senior year. We decided I should wear my white organdy dress to school for the opening exercises.

"How are you planning on getting to school?" she asked.

"I really hadn't given it much thought," I replied.

"Well, my dear girl, you certainly can't ride that boy's bicycle you rode last year, now can you?" she demanded. "After all, it would not look very nice no matter what dress you wear, and it is most certainly out of the question if you wear your nice pleated skirt, camisole, and a jacket," she concluded.

"What shall I do?" I asked.

"Call Harold and explain to him that you won't be able to ride your bicycle, of course," she directed, "and I will get Mother to let me drive the car so you can go with me. If Harold wants to ride with us, of course he's welcome."

I called Harold and explained that I couldn't ride my bicycle. I told him that I was going with Olive in her mother's car and he was welcome to join us. He agreed to ride with us.

On Monday, I woke up early, washed and set my hair, dressed in matching lace panties and push-up bra. I was never allowed to wear trousers during the summer. I was now used to wearing nylon and lace.

Mother helped me dress in my beautiful but conservative skirt and jacket, and after she had brushed my hair and put on very light makeup, I was all ready to go.

I always dreaded the first day of school and today was no exception. I nervously checked my make-up and dress to make sure they were perfect. I was scared that everyone would laugh at me. I suddenly wanted to stop being a girl and go back as a boy.

Mother then pointed out, "Your hair is curled, your eyebrows are plucked, your legs are shaved and your nails are painted. . .if you went as a boy now you would really look strange."

She went on to say that if I changed back and forth everyday for school, I'd never get over my training and 'grow' into a young lady.

Mother went with me over to Olive's house. To my surprise, Olive was dressed in white organdy. While we talked about clothes, I looked at her body. Under her dress her breasts swelled softly outward and her tanned smooth legs appeared to be soft. I realized that I looked similar.

She playfully took me by the arm, pulling me close and whispered, "You're one of the girls now. Let's drive the boys crazy." Leaning unconsciously against me, her warm breast pressed into my side. I bit my lip to restrain my confusion. I just realized that boys would be looking at me like they did the girls.

As soon as Harold came we got into the car and started to school. I pressed my thighs together like Olive, our short skirts riding high on our upper thighs. Harold was quiet. I could tell he was uncomfortable with me. He asked, "Doesn't it bother you, going around as a girl?"

"He likes being a girl," Olive interrupted. She took my hand in encouragement. My fingernails had grown long and the pink coats of polish matched Olives'.

When we arrived, Olive and I shared the rear-view mirror and fixed our make-up and hair one last time before going in to school. "Here goes," I gasped and swung my legs out of the car. I knew there was no turning back now.

Just as we started toward the school, two boys ran by and gave Olive and I a cat call whistle. My heart sank.

"Ignore them," Olive said, "boys are like that."

I was realizing that I hadn't really thought this thing out. I looked down at myself and my heart sank. I was wearing a short skirt, nylons and high heels to SCHOOL! Suddenly I wanted to cut my hair, and wash the make-up from my face. My heart pounded, I was beginning to expect the worst.

I was carrying a small purse with my makeup and a couple of notebooks just like Olive. I tried to remember mother's words, "If you go back now, you'll never make it." She also said, "You can't expect to change everything overnight. After a while, you'll act more like a girl." She was right. This was training and the only way I could learn to do what girls do.



"When I got out of the car, my knees were shaking. Everyone was going to see me in skirts. Everyone would know that I wanted to be a girl. . . even the boys!"

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,
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When we got to school, Olive left us and went directly to her homeroom, and Harold and I went to our homeroom. I went in and after smoothing out my skirt, took the same seat as last year. My heart reverberated in my chest.

Nothing was said, but I realized that everyone was staring at me. I must admit that I blushed. Miss Anderson, our homeroom teacher came in and took her place at her desk and looked out over the room.

"I see that we have a new girl this morning," she observed. "Please stand up and tell us your name."

I stood up, blushing furiously, but made no reply to her request that I give up my name; I was much too confused to say anything. She was right. . . I was the 'new' girl. Finally, I sat down as everybody started whispering at once. Miss Anderson rapped on her desk, and order was finally restored.

"We will all have an opportunity to get acquainted with our newest student after the exercises are over," Miss Anderson said, "so let us have order!"

She then started giving out the class assignments, and finally, I heard my name: "Robert Mason!" I arose and walked up to the front of the room to Miss Anderson's desk, and like all of the girls, instead of shaking hands I gave a curtsy, and took my assignment, and returned to my seat.

Mother had told me to curtsy instead of shaking hands, and I had watched the other girls, but I must admit I was somewhat surprised that I had remembered it, and had been able to make a curtsy without having had very much practice. After the class assignments had been given out we all formed into a line and marched to our designated place in the school auditorium for orientation. At the suggestion of Miss Anderson, I sat in the section reserved for the girls. I finally got up enough nerve to remove my jacket and expose my lacy camisole top.

Finally, my first day was over and school was formally dismissed. No sooner had I gotten out on the school grounds than I was surrounded by both girls and boys. I remembered little of what was said, and what had happened.

Everyone was so interested in my clothes. My light-weight white camisole was translucent and didn't conceal the straps of my slip and brassiere. The boys were shocked when they learned that the small globes pressing outward from my brassiere were so real looking---with nipples and everything. Quite a number of the girls asked if I would come to parties which they were planning during the school year.

I told them my new name was to be 'Roberta'. I made no attempt to give any explanation for appearing in girl's clothes. Once I got over the humiliation of having everyone see me in my dress and lingerie, I admitted to one group of boys, "The clothes are so soft and nice, I really don't mind wearing them."

I watched Harold and a few boys run off to play football. I blushed a deep red when one yelled back at me, "Come on! We're playing 'skins and shirts' football. You can be on my team!" He quickly removed his shirt.

I shook my head and walked off with Olive, our skirts flaring in the wind. I watched with envy as they played. There were some things I just couldn't do anymore.

I looked towards the gym door, where I saw young men lifting weights. Even at that distance I could see their muscular chest and arms, straining from their effort as they brought the weights up over their heads, again and again.

"Isn't that what they call PUMPING IRON," Olive mused as she saw me gaping. She added, "Some boys 'pump iron' and some boys just 'iron'."

Olive grinned and shot a quick glance back at the gym to see a young "stud" still lifting weights.

"What a chest," Olive blurted out then smiled seeing me look down at my chest---encased in a new brassiere with the "lightly molded, teardrop shaped cups". She giggled, "Someday you're going to have a nice chest too. But you won't have to do all that "hard, sweaty, work, to get it!"

She took my hand girlish style and we walked to the car, our skirts brushing against our nylon clad legs. The wispy sheer delicate fabrics, silky to the touch, caressed my baby smooth legs from my toes to my thighs.

Nylons, were a "woman's only garment", so cool and silky to the touch, I mused as we walked. Putting them on just made me feel "delicate and dainty." Adding a camisole over brassiere with lace, ruffles, and ribbons was icing on the cake. This was part of the joy of being feminine, that's for sure.

"Femininity" was a wonderful feeling, and I was ready to do anything to help myself to feel more "feminine".

At last we were in Olive's car, and safely on our way home. "Roberta, my dear," she said, "you were a sensation!"

"Really, I'm glad it is over," I replied with a tear coming to my eye. "I enjoyed it." Was I becoming emotional like a girl too?

We arrived at Olive's home, and her mother had a lovely snack prepared. To my surprise, two other girls, Elizabeth Price, and Mary Dolan also arrived very soon after we got there.

"Elizabeth and Mary wanted to get better acquainted with you," Olive explained. They were in my class at school and I remembered 'watching' them last year. Both were just about my own age and very pretty. Elizabeth was wearing a print mini-dress with black pump high heels. I

loved watching her walk, she had a way of swinging her hips that made her skirt pendulate around them. I wondered if I could ever learn to walk like that.

We had a perfectly lovely lunch, and I enjoyed the 'girl-talk' thoroughly. We talked of clothes and make-up. Both offered to loan me clothes if I needed them. They invited me to come to their house whenever I could, and promised to invite me to the parties they were planning.

I pictured myself with Elizabeth. Both of us standing there in panties, bra and nylons, trying on her cute little dresses and skirts. Being thought of as a girl certainly has its advantages.

When the second day came, I dressed in one of my prettiest dresses. It was a lovely blue plaid dress with short sleeves, and a very full skirt under which I wore the frilliest panties and petticoats I had ever worn! I felt absolutely wonderful! And girlish!

On the second day, of course, a normal class schedule began. Since I would be meeting all new teachers, Mother decided to go with me in case any questions arose. When I presented my class assignment card, which bore the name 'Robert Mason', Mother made the necessary explanation, and I was duly registered as 'Roberta Mason', and assigned a locker in the girl's locker room.

It seemed that I was fairly well launched into my Junior year in high school as a girl! I was delighted, and thrilled to think of the pleasures in store for me during the coming year, but, alas! It was not to be after all.

At the end of the second week of the term Mother received a letter from the School Board advising that since my name had never been legally changed from Robert to 'Roberta', and since all of my school records were in the name of 'Robert' it would be impossible for me to continue as a girl. They requested that I be re-registered as 'Robert'

instead of 'Roberta, and that I be appropriately attired as Robert. Mother went to see the County Superintendent, but he refused to change his directions.

Faced with being compelled to cease wearing my beautiful clothes to school, and resume my boy's clothing, we moved.



"I love the way the full skirt played around my hips and legs. I almost wished I could show how pretty my frilly panties were.

We found a wonderful house in a nearby city and needless to say, I continued to wear my beautiful dresses at home and to school. No one at school knows I was ever a boy and I prefer it that way.

I still see my old friends. Elizabeth and I have become very close. I'll never forget my first visit to her house. We went upstairs to try on clothes. She picked up a short slip and smoothed it over my body. She adjusted the little satin straps so that they lay flat across my shoulders.

I put on a slinky red knit dress of hers and slipped my stocking feet into a pair of her high-heeled sandals.

"I really dig you," she whispered, "All pantied and primped up like a girl. Nobody would have any idea that you are not a girl especially my parents. Do you think you could spend the night sometime? I could teach you a lot about being a girl."

I looked at Elizabeth as she dressed in her favorite dress. Her long trim legs were perched atop 4" heels with an ankle strap closing. The elegant back-seamed nylons disappeared well above the knee under a tight, black leather mini-skirt. The white silk blouse she wore had a deep, plunging neckline which more than hinted that this was a very attractive and developed girl. Her face was dramatically enhanced with full evening make-up. Her hair was curled and teased into a high, fluffed-out style. Yes, she could teach me anything she wanted.

We see each other often. She loves my effeminate deception and encourages me by pointing out any lingering boyishness. It's heaven to listen to her enumerating on my girlish points; my pretty face, my curvaceous figure, my slim waist, my swaying hips, my shapely legs, and my trim ankles. I flush when Elizabeth adds that I must drive the boys crazy and that anyone would fall heavily for such an alluring piece of femininity, especially as she seems to mean it!

My Father returned the day I had my final electrolysis treatment, but he remained only long enough to gather some of his belongings. He told Mother that he would return only after long contemplation and consideration of my new status.

Now, I was at the threshold of my approach to womanhood, but my transformation was not yet complete. Both Mother and I were completely against a sex change operation. We felt it would be too drastic, and that it was against our moral values. We both agreed, however, that female hormone injections were another thing as they would greatly enhance my feminine image, self esteem, and personality.

After consulting with a few doctors, we finally found one who was an expert in the field of male feminization and who agreed with our wishes.

After a complete examination, I was put on a monthly cycle of female hormones. I received pills and many injections, including some in the localized area of my chest. I had morning nausea for quite a while and many times I wondered if I was committed enough to follow through.

These injections caused many changes in my body. First, my face became softer and smoother, and my muscles slowly melted away. Next, my body hair diminished and finally disappeared. My hip measurement increased several inches, and my waist shrank correspondingly. In fact, my entire body softened and took on rounded contours. Later, my hair became thicker, and my breasts started to bud, then enlarge.

I noticed only a slight swelling in my chest, then, my nipples became very tender and grew much larger. The swelling enlarged until they were distinct, touchy projections.

As I saw my body weaken and muscles fade, I had many concerns as to whether I was doing the right thing. I was more emotional and moody. I had trouble carrying out the

trash. I still felt like a boy in some ways because I still looked at girl's bodies. I looked but the burning flame was out and mostly I just looked at their clothes; wondering what this skirt or that dress would look like on me.

My dresses and lingerie seemed to fit better but I was losing control of what was happening to me. This wasn't just a simple game of dress-up anymore. It wasn't just walking around in a skirt, nylons, panties and a bra. It was the way people treated me and the way men scrutinized my walk.

I wore delicate fabrics which clung to my sensitive skin. I was cool all the time.

I rounded out. My padded bras no longer fit so I threw them away. The swell of my hips and fanny was most noticeable and pleasing. Especially the way they protruded in a tight skirt.

I'll never forget watching the intriguing valley deepen between my bra cups. At night I would cup my bosom in my hands, feeling their changing weight and bulk. My bosom absolutely bulged outward more now that I was "challenging" the cup of my bra with my own flesh. Eventually I was the possessor of two very beautiful breasts.

It took a long time but my ordeal was finally over. My boyish figure blossomed into womanly curves. I was full of bliss.

Father returned home, and both Mother and I noticed that he too, had changed. He had given up drinking, and he made every effort to treat Mother differently. The shock of my reawakening as a woman must have initiated this change.

He was shocked by my sissified and feminized body. I was weak and had soft muscles. Where there should have been a flat chest, there bulged outward my small but obvious swellings which rested comfortably in my lacy bra.

My hips are curved outward in a feminine shape and my maleness undeveloped, dainty, and easily restrained in a feminine appearance by the nylon panties I wear over my ample soft bottom.

I know it was tough for him to adjust to my new status. My father walked a fine line to keep us a family. With a teenage son who has just acquired breasts and "all the rest that goes with it." It was imperative that he learn to give and receive affection in new ways. At first, he withdrew, which gave me the impression of abandonment.

With my father's dilemma, he often comes to all the wrong conclusions. My prom story is a perfect case in point.

It was prom weekend. Like every other girl in high school who had a date for the prom, I spent the entire day getting ready for this blessed event. I worked on my tan. I soaked luxuriously in a tub filled with fragrant body oils. I had my hair done in a chic new style. I manicured my nails and pedicured my toes.

I pressed and repressed my dress. I applied my makeup with the skill of a trained professional, complete with false eyelashes and subtle shades of eyeshadow. I highlighted my cheekbones. In short, I did everything humanly possible to make myself beautiful.

While performing this sacred ritual, I thought the purpose was to impress my date, of course. It wasn't until I made my appearance in full regalia in our living room for my father that I realized that the person I was really getting ready for, the one I really wanted to impress with my breathtaking beauty was my dear ol' dad.

I stepped ceremoniously out of my bedroom. My mother was standing there smiling proudly. She was as expectant as I was to see my father's reaction. He was reading. A few seconds went by.

I stood there patiently. A few more seconds ticked by. Finally, I said, "Well?" He never even looked up from behind his newspaper. I might as well have been standing there in my jeans and a T-shirt. He said nothing. Not one word. I felt humiliated and stupid in my prom dress. I was crushed and broken hearted.

My date arrived. He gave all the right responses. He appropriately oohed and ahhed and acted proud to take me to the dance. My mother tried desperately to compensate for my father's lack of response. She pulled me aside privately to say, "You know how your father is. He thinks you look great, but he's just too embarrassed to say it.

My father's behavior confirmed my deepest teenage fears, that I could not pass my first test of womanly beauty, even after a day's work and preparation! Obviously, my father was too embarrassed to tell me the truth, and because he loved me, to shy to tell his son that he made an attractive girl.

He was embarrassed to respond to me as a woman. Boys don't put on makeup and paint their nails. Big girls do.

Boys don't spend hours cultivating a golden tan in a bikini to be sexually alluring. Big girls do.

I think it was my father's first conscious realization that his son wanted to be sexy and attractive for a 'date'---another male. He disproved and was even embarrassed in a puritanical sort of way and didn't know how to respond.

From my point of view, it was so much more innocent than that. I just wanted him to think I looked pretty. I wanted him to notice that I was growing up and to reassure me that the person I was to become would be attractive and femininely charming to men.

I am embarrassed to admit it, but to this day I have not totally forgiven him for how he treated Mother and I when he drank. It wasn't until I went into psychological therapy did I really began to analyze my relationship with him.

Sometimes, even now when I'm getting ready to go out, I get an empty, scared feeling in the pit of my stomach that won't pass. This story wasn't written to place 'blame' on my father. We are all human, and we all make mistakes. The definitive manual on parenting hasn't been written and I doubt if it ever will.

After all, it's kind of a shock to realize your son wears a bra and even more so that he 'needs' one.

It took years, but odd as it may seem, Father and I are now devoted to each other. Our relationship has never been better. He loves and accepts me as a daughter and never thinks of me as a boy. He has helped me accept my new body and my identity as a girl who is growing into a woman. My father says he is happy that his daughter blossomed into such a pretty, well mannered young lady. He's protective, but I expect that of a father.

We only had one other phase of disharmony---the arrival of boys in my life seriously unsettled father. As my body developed, I found that boys pursued me vigorously. I talked to mother and she advised that social intercourse with males was important to my growing into a healthy woman. I started dating and that brought out Father's authoritarian tendencies.

Father started to want to control me and prevent me from exercising the very independence I needed to find my own identity in life. He started making rules and restrictions that were unreasonable for a girl my age. I realized that he had my best interests at heart but Mother realized what I was feeling. She said, "He's just trying to prevent you from blossoming into a young woman. We both know that it's too late now."

I nodded.

She whispered softly, "You need to show him that it's too late. . .when you get a new dress or shoes, show them to him and ask his opinion. Let him see what the 'new' hormones coursing through your body has activated. He's

just trying to deny any masculine response to your womanly ways."

Mother's mind worked like a computer. Should she force the issue with Father now? Just when the family was coming together? An idea occurred to her. My figure and appearance was so feminine now that I could no longer hide the growing firm breasts and small waist. My face was too softly girlish. Yes, she'd risk it.

"I'll tell you what. Ask Harold if you can try on his men's clothes, you are about the same size." She knew that I had lost so much weight that I would drown in Harold's suit.

Father's face lit up. "Yes, I would love to see Robert in boy's clothes again." He puffed up as he said it. He probably thought that he had a chance of getting his 'son' back.

I giggled at the thought. It came out sounding so terribly feminine, just as though I were a real girl who wanted to dress up as a man for fun.

I could hardly wait to ask Harold. I went over to see Olive and she went with me to Harold's house to ask him.

"Harold, could I ask a favor of you?" I asked. "I'd like to borrow your suit. Would you mind---please?"

Harold turned. "Of course you may - but why the dickens would you WANT to?"

Olive interjected, "Roberta has a silly idea that he wants his father to see him in trousers"

"My mother wants my Father to see me in male clothes," I explained lamely.

"Oh, boy," Harold exclaimed. "He's in for a shock. You couldn't be a man in a million years now. I can't see why you'd want to play man, *dearie* - you just don't have very much of what it takes. . .with your 'udders', you'll look like some kind of pervert."

I blushed at his sharp outburst. Nevertheless, I stood my ground. With my hands on my hips, my shoulders back, my chest out in a challenging manner, I replied, "UDDERS! Well, is that what you think? So what's go great about being a man?"

Harold looked at me in this provocative posture. My short sleeved sweater clinging closely to my soft figure, my skirts flaring smoothly from my hips around my knees, my feet firmly apart - yet so elegant in my high heels. The colorful glow of my long blonde hair seemed to flutter as if sharing in my indignation.

Harold's eyes became soft and he laughed outloud. "Oooo, sorry! I guess it's the wrong time of the month to tease."

I just swallowed an angry retort which should have put him in his place. Deep down I was hurt. "Udders," that was what the guys at school thought I had. Suddenly I felt like a boy again only trapped in a girl's body with UDDERS on my chest.

"All right, dear," he said, in a cool voice. "If it means so much to you, go ahead and try on my suit."

I calmed down immediately, my passive nature regained possession of me as I followed him to his room.

Olive picked out an outfit from Harold's socks, pants, shirt, tie, and jacket, handing them to me. "Here dear; have your fling. Don't let him get to you. All the boys call our breasts names like that. You know, tits, jugs, pointers, nipples."

I took the pile of clothes and left for my own house. Again I wondered if I was doing the right thing. Maybe I should try being a boy again? I was happy I borrowed Harold's suit.

Later that day, I came in from the kitchen, still in my white apron. I had my chores; making my bed, vacuuming the rug, dusting the room. I was not allowed to stop until everything was in apple-pie order.

I saw my father looking critically at my posture. I was sitting on the couch, knees and legs modestly together, trying to master some simple embroidery. Mother smilingly watched Father as he seemed engrossed in my new feminine activity. I was still wearing my fetching white apron and had my hair pulled back into a ponytail.

"Dear," Mother said to me. "Why don't you go try on Harold's suit for your father. I ran up to put it on."

I, alone in my room, rapidly divested myself of my sweater and skirt. Olive had not given me Harold's underwear, so I had to wear my panties. However I DID remove my bra. I first put on the white dress shirt, fumbling with the buttons, which closed the "wrong" way now. It fitted loosely everywhere except across my chest.

As I stood before the mirror I cringed as I saw the two firm prominences, which pushed the shirt out almost three inches. I cupped my breasts with my hands. They felt full and firm.

A burning fear crept up my spine. Maybe Harold was right. Maybe I couldn't ever change back. What had happened to me? I saw the trace of 'Robert' in the mirror. I pinched the flesh to prove to myself that it was really my own. My breasts felt pendulous without the brassiere which had pushed up and held the flesh for many months. Yes, the fleshy deposits had settled permanently there.

I grabbed the pants and quickly pulled them up. Another shock awaited me. They were far too tight in the seat, while the waist was so loose that the belt did not even have enough holes on it to close.

I proceeded with knotting the tie slowly having to remember how to do it. I hoped it would help to hide the

bulges. It did not. To the contrary, it made my breasts more pronounced, as the striped tie faithfully followed my curvacious girlish contours. Next, I put on the jacket. It slapped around my frame, except at the hips, where it suddenly fit tightly.

I put on Harold's shoes, but they were far too large to fit me, so I substituted a pair of my own girlish loafers. I again studied myself in the mirror and shook my head in disbelief. HAD I KILLED ROBERT?

I began to panic! Seeing my ponytail wave prettily with every head movement, I ripped out the ribbon. That made matters worse, as my long blonde curls now framed my face softly and made it look even more feminine. I was no longer doing this for my Father. . . I was doing it to see what I had done to myself!

White with shock, I went to the bathroom and, in desperation, wetted down my locks and combed them back until they lay flat on my skull. I also washed off all my makeup.

All this was to no avail, as it made my soft facial features, long eyelashes and thin eyebrows even more obvious. Tears started running from my eyes as the realization came that I looked precisely like a girl in boy's clothes. I put my face in my hands and started to cry even harder.

I noticed that I had forgotten to take off my pretty charm bracelet. I unlocked it, trying to hold in the tears. In spite of my efforts, they turned to a flood when the thought occurred to me that I even behaved and cried like an unhappy, emotional female would.

I sat down in front of the mirror on a low bench. I was a thoroughly somber and bewildered person. I came to fully realize the truth; it was impossible for me to be male again. I was a girl---like it or not.

Somewhere along my transformation, something happened. I had lost control. There were no more decisions to make. There was no more thought about trying to be a girl or what I need to do as a girl. Femininity had taken over somewhere and destroyed my maleness. I would never be able to hide my well-developed bosom.

I sat there sobbing for a long time, trying to analyze what had happened. I felt so out of control. My figure and face were there to stay. I'd have to be a girl from now on.

Eventually, I stood up and slowly went to the living room where my Father was reading the paper. The trousers felt uncomfortable and itchy. My breasts, freed from the support of my brassiere, bounced and flopped loosely with each step. Becoming conscious of them made the tears come again. I wiped them off with the back of my hand before entering the living room. My parents looked up.

Mother could barely hide her feelings of triumph as she saw the girlish figure looking ridiculous in men's clothing. I could never go in the streets like this.

Father, totally unaware of the depth of my bewilderment, started to laugh.

I started to cry again and rushed upstairs to my room. Mother followed me, finding me on the bed, face down, sobbing my heart out.

"Come on, dear," she said, sitting next to me on the bed and petting my hair. "You got what you wanted. I tried to warn you, but you would not listen to me. Now you've discovered for yourself that you've paid a price for being a girl."

Since that day, I realized that I could never completely be a man again. Because of this I wanted to feminize myself more. I asked my doctor and he increased my female hormone intake. They rounded and softened my body

sufficiently so that my bras no longer fit me. I needed a larger bra and new lingerie. I had a body of graceful, feminine curves. The nipples on my breasts had widened and enlarged atop jellylike mounds of soft sensitive flesh which snugly fit into the cups of my brassiere.

I am constantly aware of my bosom, which shows so prominently now and I love wearing tight sweaters and dresses with halter tops.

As boys showed up, a rift began to develop again. I was discovering what it means to be a woman. Father would see me with my dates and sometimes I knew he saw me hugging, kissing, tickling or horsing around with them.

Finally, mother made him talk it out with me. I think he was relieved when I acknowledged my fears and told him that I had no sexual interest in boys but as a 'female', I must know what they are about. To me, a male suitor was just another accessory to being female---not unlike a new dress or hairdo, just a part of femininity.

I must say that I now feel womanly in every respect. My actions, habits, tastes, and thoughts are those of a woman. I am socially accepted as a young, attractive girl,

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**I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!
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as my secret has been well kept. I guess my only male inclination is that Elizabeth and I have a loving relationship.

We were always close and I must admit I was always 'turned on' by her. On my birthday, I was startled but not totally surprised when she admitted that she 'liked' me. It was always her idea to 'try on clothes' and her hands roamed over my body with complete freedom---all in the justification of fitting clothes.



*"As a boy I never dreamed I'd have a bosom . . .
but I do and I've grown used to the subtle
movements and feelings."*

Elizabeth had me try on my birthday gift; a sexy new brassiere and panty combination. She smiled cheerfully as she guided my arms thru the straps of the pretty brassiere. She turned me around so she could pull the elastic band tight around my chest and hooked the catch so the brassiere was on me securely.

I now faced the mirror where I could see my reflection clearly.

I felt a tingle of excitement as Elizabeth watched my eyes study my feminine reflection, and when my manicured fingers fondled the hem of my new flared panties she couldn't keep quiet any longer. She confessed, "I find you very exciting. We rollick around together like two girls but I know you are a boy."

I was standing there in panties and the new bra and nylons. My hair stood out in soft blonde curls. Her fingers touched my shiny stockinged legs.

She whispered, "I adore your sissy little body and admire your commitment to femininity." Her fingers adjusted for the nth time the satin straps of my bra.

She continued softly, "Obviously, you're not built the same as a "boy". Actually you are built like someone who should be thinking of having babies now that your breast's are developing. Have they become very tender, very delicate?"

I nodded as she played with the strap and said, "It is very uncomfortable and irritating to a girl if her breast's bounce around or rub against her clothes. She needs to protect them, safeguard them so that doesn't happen. That is what a good brassiere is designed for. . ." With those words, she lowered one strap and exposed my breast with it's erect pink nipple. She pushed me down on the bed, her puckered lips gently tasting my nipple. First one then the other. I felt a delicious stirring.

"And I'll show you how to be really sexy. We'll dress you in tantalizing short dresses to show off your legs and all the men will want you. But underneath all your frilly lingerie and femininity---you'll be mine!"

I swooned as her lips kissed and caressed my smooth skin. I gasp, "Yes. . .Yes. . .YES!"

From that day forward, Elizabeth took delight in dressing me in the most revealing, sexy clothes possible. She would buy me gifts of bright panties and a lacy bra, low cut tops and dresses. We would play for hours getting just the right make-up look. And true to her word, the heads turned when I walked by.

She taught me the secret of her sexy little hip swing. She said, "Just walk like you are on the beach and picking up sand in your toes."

I learned that I could let my hips swing from side to side as much as I wanted. In my lowcut sweaters, I loved showing the tops of my fleshy breasts. With each stage in my sissification, Elizabeth was more turned on.

We hope to get an apartment together next year. We spend so much time together anyway. She has turned me into such a 'tease'. One of our favorite pastimes is double dating. She dresses me in the most delicate provocative dresses and sets up dates with young college boys or business men. After the frequently romantic dates, Elizabeth and I go home together. Yes, I do mean together!

It's odd to be involved with someone and see them with another man; sometimes being kissed or petted. I realize that I'm lucky to have Elizabeth so I go along with her wishes.

Since Elizabeth loves me as a woman, we decided that I should beautify myself a bit more. My doctor suggested a few things. I went into the hospital and came out with a tiny, attractive new nose. Elizabeth said I looked much prettier and I had to agree. I liked my little up-tilted nose

so much I went back to the doctor and asked what else he could do.

He smiled asked, "Are you ready for the OPERATION?"

"You mean. . .taking everything. . ." I blushed, and my eyes lowered to where my thighs disappeared under my short skirt.

"Yes," he said, "I think you are ready and I know you'd love not having any protrusion."

I explained about my mothers opinion on sex changes and my relationship with Elizabeth.

"Oh, I understand," the doctor said. "We have more and more patients like you who are demasculinized and feminized but still want to have a relationship with a woman. It's not rare anymore that a wife will want her husband to be sissified and changed into the outward appearance of a female.

"Really?"

"Yes, and like you they want to be as much like a woman as possible but still keep the male function. We have no trouble feminizing with hormones but like you, most patients once they round out and soften sufficiently, aren't happy with the 'lump'. That's why we developed a technique called the 'REFASHION'."

"Refashion?"

"It's the alternative to having a sex change. We simply 'refashion' what's there. We shorten and adjust everything so that it is 'internal' rather than 'external'. Your maleness under the hormones has atrophied and shrunk enough that we can cut and trim here and there and make them unobservable in their normal position."

"I could wear bikini's and everything?"

"Yes, tight jeans, short shorts, and anything. You could even be seen naked or touched there and no one would

know. . . unless you get 'excited'. It's all still there, so you can function as a male if you want. However, functionally you'll be squatting like a female."

The doctor showed me some pictures and it was amazing. He explained that it was like a sex change operation but with my own maleness in the cavity. He added that if later I decided to be 'completely changed' it was basically a simple matter of removing the erectile tissue and re-routing some plumbing.

I took the pictures to Elizabeth and asked her opinion. She said, "Darling, you've got to have it done. I know you'd feel great not having to put up with those things dangling. They're so effeminate and small anyway I can't see how it could matter."

I always had some fear that someone would spot my maleness bulging and keeping it tucked safely away was a chore. I liked the idea and talked to mother about it. She agreed but made me promise not to tell Father until after I was 'refashioned'.

Mother gave me the money for my birthday. She and Elizabeth had a big birthday party for me the night before I was to go to the hospital. Only a few at the party knew what I had planned.

Handing me my gift of the prettiest lace panties, Elizabeth whispered, "After tomorrow, they'll really fit well!"

I was scared when I checked into the hospital. I was also embarrassed when I had to undress and the nurse shaved me. She complimented me, saying, "Just relax, dear. You make a very pretty girl. Before you know it, you'll be squatting like the rest of womanhood."

Another nurse asked me why I would do such a thing. I said, "They just get in the way."

I'd like to describe the operation but I was out. Once the needle hit my vein, I only vaguely remember being on a stretcher.

What did they do? Well, they cut and trimmed here and there making a place for everything to be readjusted so they would sit up inside a new channel. Excess skin was refashioned to look like lips. All I really know is that I woke up with an intense searing pain between my legs. My hand went to the area and I felt no maleness at all.

The pain quickly went away and they removed the bandages but I'll never forget the shock of seeing no appendage hanging between my legs. My belly curved downward between my legs without any obstacles. I had to wear a strap for a couple of weeks to insure that my maleness would adhere to it's new position.

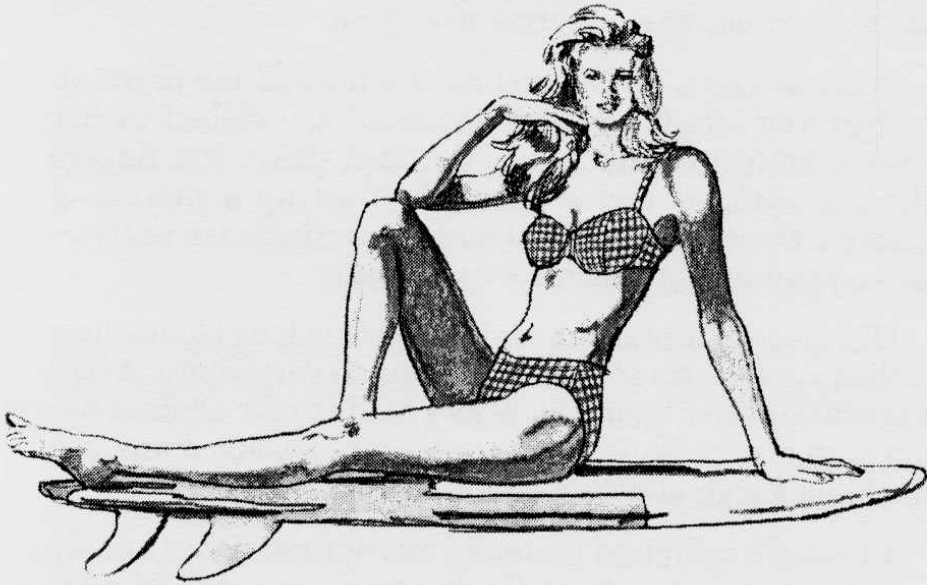
Elizabeth was elated when she came to pick me up at the hospital. I was wearing a pair of tight knit pants and tank top. "Oh my," she said inspecting my figure and the triangle impression of a female genitalia. She breathed deeply and whispered, "I can't wait to see."

I blushed as we walked to her car. I noticed that walking felt different. . .my hips seemed looser and my stride more graceful. I felt streamlined. My body was more supple and fluid.

In the car, I looked at myself in the mirror. There was a noticeable 'softness' in my eyes that I hadn't before noticed.

It took a while to get used to having nothing between my legs. Sometimes even now, my fingers will subconsciously try to find my maleness for a stroke or two but find only the flatness of a female. I no longer have anything to fiddle with down there.

Elizabeth was right---I really fit into panties now. I love the way they conform to my curves. They skim and stretch



"I still surf but I love to lay on the beach with Elizabeth. I love the attention from the men and seeing the 'other' girls in their bikinis."

tautly over my belly and my new "V" the way they were designed.

How do I feel now? It feels wonderful. . .a liberated feeling. I had to get used to sitting down to pee. You should have seen Elizabeth's face when I first showed her the results. Her eyes widened and she gasp, "You've got NOTHING!"

We compared her's to mine. From the outward appearance, we were almost identical. As her fingers probed between the illusory "lips" she acclaimed, "Oh, you've still got one!"

"Yes," I blushed, "I hope it still works like it's suppose to." She took the head of my maleness in her fingers and gently pulled. It slid out about an inch. When she let go, it snapped back to its concealing slot. She touched the area again and saw that a bulge was appearing. She took the

bulge and gently massaged it until it was fully sprouted into a small but obvious erect maleness.

"This is great, she sighed as she pushed me down on the bed and straddled me. "Ooooooh," she sighed as her lowered herself on my dainty but firm stave. Her fingers found my breasts and soon she had set up a rhythm of delicious waves of pleasure. Our breasts jiggled in unity as she stepped up her flurry to 'try me out.'

Our smooth legs shook and I threw my long blonde hair on the pillow as perspiration appeared everywhere. A ball of sensation shot up my body as I held steady against her squirming body. Suddenly my pleasure spasmed and she squealed a sigh of delight.

Elizabeth collapsed on top of me, our passionate damp bodies pressing together. Then came a sudden blissful relaxation. I felt my maleness shrivel and quickly pull back into its sequestered sanctuary.

"Wow, that was quick," she giggled. "It obviously prefers to be a pussy." Her fingers searched the area of disappearance again but "he" refused to come out. "I love it," she said, but asked, "What if you get 'excited' or something at the beach?"

I blushed and told her about the medicine. "I'm to take this pink tablet one hour before any situation that could be 'titillating'. They stop any 'male' reaction for 12 hours." We talked about all the new adventures we could have now.

We were so close. As we pulled up our panties, adjusted our little skirts and hooked each others brassieres, Elizabeth said, "I think you are the perfect man! We share clothes and feminine interests. We can do each others hair, double date and we can make love. What could be better?"

Elizabeth and I have been together for many years now. We lead the active lives of two young girls but underneath we have the relationship of husband and wife. My body has

softened and rounded even more and I have to watch my weight so I don't gain too much at the hips. We love the summers at the beach in our bikinis, horseback riding in tight jeans, and bicycling in our spandex shorts.

On bright sunny days, I jog. I adore the feel of the cool wind and the feel as my feet pound the ground. I have the cutest underwire tank top and white shorts. I revere the way my heart pounds under my breast and the rythum and sway of my body. Harold and I have 'made up' and he jogs with me most of the time. I catch him looking at the bounce of my thighs and smooth bob of my breasts. He no longer calls them "udders". He admits I have nice "tits".

My only recent obstacle was my armed forces draft status. When I was finally called up, one look at my figure was enough. I was very much relieved to be found totally unfit for the service.

Harold asked me one day, "If you were still living as a boy, how would your life be different?"

At first I replied, "I wouldn't have to worry about how I look." Then I giggled, "I could play football without being laughed at. Then I answered seriously, "My father and I would be closer because I'd be the son he always wanted."

I felt sad for a minute then the counterpoint came to mind. I am sexy. I am attractive as a female. Men find me that way and I know I really look nice as a female.

I looked at Harold who looked so sexy all sweaty and with his muscles flexed. My body language must have projected this thought to him. It was a synergistic effect. Harold felt sexy because an attractive 'female' thought he was sexy. He smiled at me with a knowing flicker in his eyes.

Yes, I had developed a classic flirtatious behaviour with men. I have eye contact but I lower my eyes from time to time with a frail submissiveness. I blush at the slightest hint of suggestive behaviour. I've decided that I really like

men. I enjoy being with them, dating them and their protectiveness. There is something about male companionship that I can't get from a woman.

I think it's a feeling of sexual appreciation. Men enjoy being around me as a woman, even if I'm not interested in a relationship with them. Elizabeth has taught me to be receptive to men. She says that female sexual 'availability' is part of the male fantasy and part of being perceived as an attractive female.

I guess I enjoy being enjoyed as a woman.

St. Augustine once wrote, "Seek truth not with your heart alone, for your heart cannot think; and not with your mind alone, for your mind can only find lifeless truths. But, in union of heart and mind, you will find peace of soul."

I have found contentment and peace living as a woman, and I would never agree to return to my former status.

My wonderful summer in petticoats turned into a lifetime. I have never ceased to love the many beautiful dresses, and the other lovely articles of feminine attire to which I became accustomed during that wonderful summer.

Life can be beautiful if you learn to face it and not fight it. Seek the truth within you, and you'll have the key to happiness, regardless of the situation.

The End

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“Vince had really out done himself tonight,” Ron thought. . . but it was only two weeks until his turn. He had to somehow convince Vince that he should remain the ‘out of town coed’ or he was going to find himself in the short skirt and wig.

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