

# PAROCHIAL SCHOOL SCHOLAR

*By Cheryl Lynn*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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## **PAROCHIAL SCHOOL SCHOLAR**

**By Cheryl Lynn**

Pat stood in front of the door frame dripping a pool of water down his legs and onto the cement floor. He slowly raised his fist then lowered it, hesitating for a few moments. A gust of wind blew through the open carport and sent a chill up his spine as thunder rolled overhead. Deciding that it would be much better to be inside than standing out in the open, he gathered his courage and rapped on the door sill.

He quickly knocked several times before stopping to see if anyone was responding. He leaned his head closer toward the door trying to hear if anyone was coming. He could hear Roy Orbison's "*Candy Man*" playing on the radio, but nothing else. His fist raised to knock once again.

He jumped back with a start as the door knob turned and the sound of a latch being opened scared him. Looking into the screen door, he saw a pretty young blonde standing in the doorway. She wore a starched white, short sleeved shirt with a blue silk neckerchief tied into a small bow under the pointed collar. Petticoats flared out her blue full skirt just above the knee. She had a pair of brown and white saddle oxfords on her feet.

"Yes, may I help you?" her sweet but firm voice asked.

"Er, yeah," Pat managed to say. "I...er...I..I'm your new neighbor 'n...er..and...I..er..locked myself out. Wo...would you mind if I stayed here until the st...storm..er..until the rain stops?" Pat was taken aback by the pretty neighbor. Girls scared him and that was doubly true for pretty girls.

"Well, I don't know," he heard her reply. "My Mom's not here and I don't think she would approve of me letting a strange boy come into our home without her being here. Oh!..." She was startled by an exceptionally loud and bright lightening blast.

Pat for his part almost jumped right out of his socks. "Look, I'm already pretty wet. If it's too much trouble, then, would you mind if I just stayed out here on your carport. Just until my Mom gets home that is. I...I"

"Oh! You are soaked aren't you," she said. "What is your name by the way. I'm Sharon....Sharon White," she said as she cracked open the screen door.

"Oh, yeah, I...I'm Pat...Pat Roberts. We just moved in next door. We're from Houston...Houston, Texas."

"Well Pat...Pat Roberts from Houston, Texas! Since we now know each other, I don't suppose my Mom will be too upset with me letting you in out of this storm. Come on in!"

Pat just stood there as the vivacious blond seemed to bounce in front of his eyes. He barely noticed it when she took his hand and began pulling him into the house. He was almost mesmerized by her bouncing ponytail and did his absolute best not to ogle her taut pointed blouse.

The carport door opened into the kitchen. It was like most of the houses in the neighborhood, white linoleum flooring and yellow Formica counter tops with all the built-in appliances in a matching yellow. An informal dining area with a table and four chairs was on his right as they entered the kitchen. "*Will You Love Me Tomorrow*," by The Shirelles was playing loudly on the radio sitting on the counter.

"Want something to drink?" she asked as he entered the house. "I'm fixing some iced tea. It'll be ready in a minute or two."

She went over to the radio and turned it down before checking the pan containing the tea bags that sat on the stove top. Turning back to face him, she looked down at his feet and exclaimed, "Here, how thoughtless of me! Let me get you a towel to dry yourself with."

Pat looked into her pretty face, noticing her full red lips and green eyes. Sharon was a very pretty girl and Pat was dumfounded. Pat felt like a fool just standing there, but there wasn't much else that he could do except gratefully accept the offered towel.

He dried his head, face, arms and legs while standing in the kitchen. Sharon was busy filling two glasses with the tea as he finished toweling off. Fortunately his shorts weren't too wet, but his shirt was soaked pretty much through and through. He removed it at Sharon's request and she put it in the dryer. Wrapping the towel around his shoulders, he sat at the kitchen table.

They sat sipping their iced tea. Pat did his best to act calm and cool, but he knew that he was being a complete dope. With his old gang, he had been animated and competent, but here in a new town, he was very shy and felt clumsy. He had a difficult time and felt self-conscious, but Sharon was doing her best to make him feel comfortable.

Sharon was talking about school and things in general. Pat was surprised to hear that she went to the local parochial school. That was why she was wearing her school uniform when he knocked on her door. She was just trying it on to see how it looked.

It was obvious that she was looking for him to say something for she stopped talking and looked right at him.

Pat managed to get out a, "fine, yeah, you look real..\*cough\*..real pre..er..nice."

Accepting his stumbled compliment, she went on about the differences between going to a church school versus the public system. The Nun's were much sterner in their discipline than the public teachers and she felt that their courses were much harder. That, and the boys were kept in separate classes which was a real bummer according to Sharon. Also, her school started two weeks before the public schools and that was another disappointing difference. She hastened to add that she really enjoyed her school though.

Pat agreed that having to start two weeks before everybody else was a real bummer. He continued talking feeling much more at ease. He told her that he expected to go to the public school as soon as his Mother could get him registered. His Father had recently passed away leaving them with no insurance or much money having drunk and gambled it all away.

Fortunately, his Mom worked for the telephone company in Houston and they were not completely destitute. It wasn't until she was offered a senior operator's position that they could become self sufficient. The only problem with her promotion was that they would have to relocate. Given her choices of staying put among friends and living off of their charity or making it on their own, they moved. It meant that his Mom could support the both of them and maintain an independent lifestyle which she cherished above all else now. She never wanted to be beholding to another man ever again.

When Sharon sympathized, he quickly told her it was of no consequence. There had been no love lost between him and his father and what few friends he had didn't matter. What was important was that his Mother was happy. An embarrassed silence followed for a while, but soon Sharon was talking about her friends.

Her best friend lived right behind Pat she told him. Her name was Belinda and, "she was simply her bestest friend in the whole world." She couldn't wait for them to meet because Sharon knew that they would become real good friends as well. With that, Sharon got up from the couch and went over to the phone. Soon she had Belinda on the line and was telling her to come over.

Like most summer storms this one was short lived and Belinda was soon standing in the kitchen removing her clear plastic rain hood. Belinda was something else. Totally unexpected from the way Sharon had described her. She was tall, a good four inches taller than Pat, with a rich olive complexion, dark black hair cut in a ducktail style, smallish but ample breasts, and legs that reached all the way up to her firm round ass. She was wearing a pair of black pedal pusher stirrup pants, white peasant blouse with ruffled collar and full bulbous sleeves, and had on a pair of black ballet slippers.

Her lips were very full and ripe looking while her nose was a little too large, but cute in its own way. Her oval face was smooth and soft looking, but her large expressive black eyes had a stern commanding glint. She smiled at them, and walked over to Sharon and gave her a girlish peck on the cheek. She slid past Sharon to stand in front of Pat.

"So! Who's the new kid?" she asked in a husky voice looking him right in the eyes.

Pat blushed and averted his eyes unable to maintain eye contact with Belinda. He opened his mouth to introduce himself, but Sharon beat him to it.

"Oh, say hi to your new backyard neighbor, Pat, Pat Roberts," Sharon said. "He and his Mom just moved in. They're from Houston."

Pat blushed brick red as Belinda continued to stare at his naked chest. "I didn't interrupt anything did I?" she asked before turning back to face Sharon.

"What? Oh no, he was all wet," Sharon started before seeing the amusement in Belinda's eyes.

"All wet, huh?" Belinda observed raising her eyebrows. "If he was that wet don't you think that you should have offered him something else to put on. I'm sure he'd appreciate it if you gave him one of your robes. I don't think your mother would approve of a half naked man roaming around in her house."

"Well, I guess I could, but...no..you're right. Here let me go and get him an old robe," Sharon agreed as she left the room.

"Aw, shucks!" Pat protested as Sharon returned carrying a faded blue satin robe over her arm. "I...I can't wear that. It's a girl's robe. Don't you have one of your father's?"

"No, I don't. This is the only old robe lying around the house. I can't give you my Daddy's, its brand new."

"Go ahead and put this one on, it ain't gonna bite." Belinda suggested as she took it from Sharon and placed it over Pat's shoulders.

He reluctantly slid his arms into the sleeves and pulled it closed at the waist. The robe was faded and had of the lace trim was hanging loose from the edges. It covered him down to just above the knees. The lace at his wrists tickled and he almost pulled it off, but Belinda's stern look stopped him.

"Now, if your Mother should come home suddenly, you won't get into trouble Sharon." Belinda said before turning to face Pat once again. "You should have had more consideration for Sharon than to run around half naked. Oh! By the way, I'm Belinda"

Pat smiled weakly in response to the introduction. Belinda was certainly a strong willed woman. She had completely dominated the setting ever since her arrival and Pat didn't quite know what to make of it. Something about her commanded his attention. She was more than pretty enough in her own way, but that wasn't what drew him to her. He just shook his head and pulled the satin robe tighter around his waist.

They resumed their seats and soon Pat was wrapped up in the general banter and chatter. The girls were sensitive enough to keep him involved in the conversation and he did hold his own. That is until they started discussing make up. He tried to pretend that he was interested in their discussion, but he quickly began to let his mind wander.

The sound of far off thunder and the resumption of the pitter—patter of raindrops on the roof were more interesting to him than cosmetics. He absently heard, "Oh, that shade would look lovely on him! Pat, put your hand here for a sec."

Without thinking, he did as he was asked.

For a time he didn't focus his mind on what the girls were doing. Instead, he let the antics of a mocking bird standing on the kitchen window sill occupy him. Looking down after the bird had flown off, he noticed his hand splayed out on the table top, its nails painted a bright red—purple.

Belinda's hand was just moving out of focus off to the side.

"It's called Red Plum," Belinda said.

"Hey! What the heck! Come on, you guys. What do ya think you're doing here!" he spurted out. His lips kept working, but it was obvious that Pat had been taken totally by surprise. Both of the girls were looking at him, broad smiles on their faces.

He certainly had been letting his mind wander if he hadn't noticed what they had been doing. *Just because I did not realize what they were doing is no reason to do that*, he reflected.

"Darn it, now what am I gonna do? Come on, get this stuff off me, please!" he protested aloud.

"Look as long as we have gotten this far, let's just finish up and see what the results will look like," Belinda suggested enthusiastically. "Come on Pat, be a sport. We'll remove all the polish when we have finished, but if you don't let us....then...er...you'll just have to find a way to get it off yourself."

"Hey, that's not fair! Come on, get it off me. Now!"

"Nope! Not unless you let us finish."

"Aw, come on, please? I'm a guy...n guys don't wear this shit."

"Well, if you're going to cuss and be mean, you can just leave now and get it off all by yourself!" Sharon replied to his whining.

"Oh, all right!" he capitulated. "But only if you swear to get it off me as soon as you're done. Promise!"

"Yes, you ninny, we promise," Belinda countered. "Now let me have your other hand."

Soon all his nails were sparkling in their coating of red plum glossy enamel. While he sat motionless, staring at his nails, Belinda stood over him. Before he could do or say anything, she bent down and kissed him full on the lips. Startled he pulled away and sat back in his chair. The strange expression on his face set Sharon and Belinda both to laughing.

"Here, I've smeared my lipstick all over your mouth. Let me fix it? Purse your lips like this," Belinda ordered showing him what she wanted him to do. She moved back over to his side and instead of wiping away the remnants of their kiss, rubbed something over them.

"Hey, hey!" Pat sputtered as Belinda moved back. "Now what are you doing to me? Come on you guys, enough is enough already!"

He started to rub his arm across his mouth, but Belinda stopped him by grabbing his hand and telling him to hold still.

"I just put a little lipstick on you," she said by way of explanation. "It won't kill you! Besides, it matches the polish and we just wanted to see the effect. That's all! Look, if you'll just let us put a little eye shadow on you to see what the total effect will look like, we'll stop pestering you. Promise! Come on, be a good sport. There's no one else here and since you already have the polish on, let us see what you look like."

Pat was upset that they had fooled him like they had, but Belinda's kiss had felt rather nice. *"No, he was being foolish and the kiss hadn't meant anything,"* he thought, *"but they've gone this far."*

Shaking his head, he reluctantly agreed, but only if they would promptly remove any vestige of it just as soon as they finished. Pat sat with his head raised and eyes closed. He did not want to witness his humiliation.

Before she dusted his lids with dark blue eye shadow, Belinda let Sharon apply a coating of mascara to his long lashes.

He tried to stop that, but he was outnumbered. Soon, he was staring into a hand mirror looking at a surprisingly feminine face. The brows, while much too bushy for beauty framed a set of expressive eyes, and the lips looked entirely too inviting for a man.

Pat shakily put the mirror down on the table and squeezed his eyes shut as a flash blinded him. He did not have to see, to know what the girls had just done. Feeling totally helpless, he just sighed and accepted his awful fate.

Opening his eyes, he asked them to please do what they had promised.

"Look, you've had your fun," he managed to say near tears. "So please....get it off me...sniffle You..you didn't need to go and take any pictures!"

"Oh, quit being a little snit," Belinda said coming back over to him and giving him a hug around his neck. "Look, we were just having a little fun cause you were ignoring us earlier. Besides, you look real cute. Like, I mean, those colors look good on you. Why, you're almost as pretty as Sharon and that's a compliment."

Pat did not know what to say to that. He felt upset that they had used him, but Belinda sounded so sorry and was being down right friendly. The touch of her breasts on his ear and cheek as she hugged him certainly went a long way in taking his mind off his anger. Her perfume cloyed with his senses as well.

*"So what if they had put a little make up on me, it's not like it wouldn't come off,"* he rationalized.

"Here, let me take the polish off," he heard Sharon say as he sat with his head up against Belinda. Pat's hand was lifted and the scent of acetone wafted up to his nose. Soon, Pat was sitting finishing off another glass of iced tea, sans fingernail polish. Only a slight staining of one or two cuticles told of his recent experience.

A little while after finishing his tea, Pat asked to use the restroom. While he was away, the girls chatted about just how feminine Pat had looked.

"I just can't believe that a boy could have such a pretty face," Belinda confided to Sharon. "I just bet with a little work, he'd be a natural."

"What do you mean by that," Sharon responded. "Like, he has a very pretty face, but honestly Belinda sometimes you're just plain wacko, you know. Pat's a guy. Besides, he'd never let you find out."

“Oh, I don't know about that,” she retorted. “Did you see just how easy it was to get him to agree to let us put make up on him. Now what kind of man would let any one of us do half of what we did today? Oh, here he comes, we'll finish this later.”

Pat saw the two girls sit back and turn their heads his way. He guessed that they had been talking about him, but at least they weren't laughing at him. He was still upset with himself at letting them get the better of him. Seeing them just sitting there staring made him decide that he had had enough for one day. He smiled a kind of half smile and asked if his shirt was dry as he thought it was about time for him to be getting on home.

Sharon got up and retrieved his shirt for him. It was nice and hot from the dryer and felt good falling over his chest. At least he could get rid of that feminine robe. Standing at the carport door, he thanked Sharon for letting him in out of the storm and said good—bye.

Both girls followed him out and to the edge of the carport eave before waving and turning back to the house. Belinda said it was getting late and she had to be home in time to fix dinner. So with a quick hug, they parted and Sharon went alone back into the house. In the kitchen, she turned up the radio as Elvis' “*Treat Me Nice*” was entering its last refrain.

Pat was thankful that his Mother was home when he got there. Opening the screen door he went into almost the very same house that he had recently left. On his left was the white linoleum floor and built—in appliances, but instead of yellow the formica was blue. His Mom was standing by the sink washing lettuce for the evening meal.

“Oh, hi honey,” she called cheerily as he came in. “Dinner will be ready in a little bit. You weren't caught out in that storm were you?”

“No Mom. I was over visiting with the neighbors,” he said as he walked swiftly down the hallway and into his room. He ignored his Mother's questions as if he didn't hear her and disappeared into his room. Shutting the door, he flung himself onto his bed. He did not get up until much later when his Mother insisted that he come out for dinner.

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Two days later, Pat was walking down the sidewalk heading towards the park at the end of their street. It was a nice place he discovered shortly after moving into the neighborhood. It had four lighted tennis courts, a play area, and lots of trees and picnic nick tables. He would amble around, just looking at the people playing tennis or would sit under one of the mesquite trees enjoying the outdoors.

As he walked by Sharon's driveway, he heard Paul Anka's “*You Are My Destiny*” playing on the radio in the kitchen. Looking up, he couldn't avoid seeing Sharon standing by the window waving out at him. Figuring what the heck, he turned down the drive and walked up to the carport door.

“Hey, where you been hiding,” Sharon asked him when she opened the door. “Come on in, Belinda is on her way over and I'm sure she'll be glad to see you.”

“Er...ah...nowhere's,” he stammered. “I...I've been busy,” He finished lamely.

Sharon had on a simple shift dress with round collar high on her neck. It was so short that it barely covered her pretty round butt. The dress had large blue and gold tulips printed on a white background and long sleeves with tight fitting cuffs fastened with four cloth covered buttons. Her hair was done in a pony tail and she had a pair of open toed strapless sandals with two inch heels on her feet.

As the DJ announced back to back hits and “*Puppy Love*” filled the airwaves, Pat smiled as Sharon moved to the side so he could come in. “*Her breasts tented the shapeless dress quite nicely,*” he thought as he walked walk past her.

“Go ahead and sit on the couch,” she told him. “I'll get us some iced tea and join you in a sec.”

He barely had time to let his butt hit the couch when Belinda waltzed into the house. She walked over to Sharon and gave her a quick peck on the cheek girl style. She took what was to have been his glass of tea and walked over to the recliner opposite the couch.

“What d'ya say there Pat,” she said casually as she took her seat.

Soon, they were chatting away like they had been long time friends. At first, Pat held his own as he enjoyed talking about music and rock 'n roll tunes, but once the conversation turned to clothing he found himself out in left field. As before, he kind of tuned himself out and let his mind drift. Unconsciously, he began tapping his hands and bobbing his head in time to The Ventures playing “*Wipe Out*” on the radio.

A flash of movement caught his eye and he found himself looking at Sharon holding a gray full skirt with a large pink poodle embroidered on it in front of her waist. A white long sleeved cashmere sweater with small pearl buttons was draped over her arm.

Belinda was nodding and saying something, but Pat let his mind go back to listening to the music. “*That radio station knew how to pick them,*” he thought.

Jim Reeves' “*Is It Really Over?*” was playing as Belinda ordered, “Turn that radio down would you Sharon!” She rose from the lounge and walking over to Pat, pulled him up. “Pat if you're going to visit, the least you could do is pay attention to us. Now will you help, or not?”

“Huh? I...er...I was..was..listening, honest. It's just that I like that..er..song, that's all.”

“Yeah, right! Well are you going to help Sharon or not?”

“Yeah, sure I'll help. Er..what do you want me to do?”

“I thought you said that you were listening to us? Well, it doesn't matter. Here take this and go into the bathroom and put it on. Come on! We don't have all day or would you rather wait until her Mom get's home?”

Pat was confused as Belinda shoved the gray skirt and sweater into his hands.

“What's this? You...You want me to put this on?”

“Of course! Weren't you listening when we explained that Sharon needs to hem her skirt? We have to have someone to put it on so she can get it just right. I am entirely too tall and besides it wouldn't fit me, but you are about her same size. So, are you going to just stand there like an idiot or what?”

Pat did not know what to do. He just stood there fiddling with the clothing bundled in his hands. He found it hard to believe that he had just agreed to put on Sharon's dress and stuff. “*Man, how do I let myself get into these situations?*” he asked himself.

Belinda walked over and started shoving him toward the hallway and bathroom. She wouldn't let him give her back the clothing.

“Come on you promised!” she urged. “Go on, no one will see you but us girls. If you hurry it won't be so bad, but if you fiddle around...well...no telling who might stop by. Now ! Go on, get a move on!”

Reluctantly, Pat let himself be pushed into the bathroom and shut the door. Feeling like an idiot, he removed his trousers and shirt. He stood holding the white sweater up before his eyes, before sighing and pulling it around his chest. It was soft and luxurious feeling, but the small pearl buttons were almost impossible for his fingers to push through the holes. It was very tight across his stomach and across the upper arms, but was loose in the chest. The sleeves were a bit tight but not overly so.

Next, he stepped into the gray wool skirt and pulled it up to his waist. It fit very tightly and he barely got the button fastened and the zipper pulled up at the side. To get it on he had to suck in his stomach and hold it in, but the skirt was on. It wasn't until he walked out of the bathroom that Belinda noticed that he had put it on wrong. The poodle was in the back.

“Oh, dear!” she exclaimed upon seeing him. “Wait a sec, you've got it on wrong and it's entirely too tight. You are going to stretch it all out of shape.”

She walked down the hall and turned into a room off to the right. She re—emerged carrying a pale yellow piece of cloth in her hand. “Here! Go and put this on first and make sure that you have the poodle facing the front when you come out. Now scoot!”

Back in the bathroom, Pat removed the skirt and placed it on the yellow ceramic tile counter top. Picking up the yellow panties, he sucked in his breath. It was entirely too small looking and it was definitely a very feminine bit of clothing.

“Hey! I can't wear this!” he shouted through the door.

“Oh, yes you will, or else!” he heard Belinda shout right back at him. “Don't be such a fuddy duddy! It'll hold your stomach in and make the skirt fit better. Now hurry up! Sharon's waiting and her Mom will be home soon. You want me to come in there and help you?”

“No! No, just stay where you are. I'll be right out,” Pat responded resignedly. Without much choice, he stepped into the elastic garment. He tugged and squirmed until it snapped securely around his upper waist. The crotch flattened his scrotum against his pelvic bones causing a feeling of nausea, but it soon passed. It was very tight and held his stomach in very nicely.

A bright bit of yellow satin bow with a little pink rose bud fastened to it centered the garment's waist band well above his navel. It had a diamond pattern stitched into the front panel and pulled up noticeably at his posterior.

Looking into the mirror fastened to the door, Pat could see that the garment had pulled his fanny up and out. It gave him a definite shape and contour that he found somewhat disturbing to say the least. He quickly pulled the skirt back on, making sure that the poodle was on the front side and stepped out the door.

As soon as he walked back into the den, a bright flash popped blinding him. While he rubbed his eyes, he could hear both Sharon and Belinda talking about him. At least they were not laughing at him, but he still felt very embarrassed. The flash popped two more times.

"Come on! No pictures! If you take any more, I'm leaving and...and I want every one of those you've taken. If anyone sees me like this...well I want those pictures, you hear!"

"Oh stop your complaining!" Belinda teased. "You don't have to worry, only we'll see them anyway. Now, get over here so we can pin the hem."

Pat stood on the chair while Belinda and Sharon pinned the hem. Sharon had a bunch of straight pins sticking out of her mouth and concentrated on getting the hem just right. Belinda mostly stood off to one side or the other looking at them.

Saying, "Oh this is just too cute," she took another picture. This one would show Sharon lifting up the skirt and apparently looking up under it at Pat's unmentionables.

"One more picture and I'm history," Pat almost screamed. "Belinda if you don't stop that I'm....I'm..."

"You're going to do what?" Belinda coolly responded to his threat. "What are you going to do? Beat me up! Ha ha ha. Look if you don't behave, I just might start passing these around. Don't you think the kids will get a kick out of these, Sharon? Especially, the ones we took the other day with him all prettified and wearing our make up?"

"Oh come on....pleeeeeeassssee..." Pat begged. The simple fact that he was completely powerless to carry forward any kind of threat to either of the girls made him resort to begging. At the moment standing on the chair with Sharon holding pins next to his skin, he couldn't very well do much of anything.

As he pleaded, both girls began to laugh at his discomfort. In this day and age, it wasn't often that the female of the species got a man under their power. While Sharon vaguely realized her position of authority, she really did not have the disposition to take undo advantage of the situation. Besides, she was like the vast majority of women, only wanting to get married and have children of her own.

Belinda on the other hand, was not your typical modern day woman. She was independent, strong willed, and most of all liberated. As far as she knew, she was the only one reading and heeding the radical feminists literature that was just now beginning to come out. If she didn't need the support, she would have burned her bra months ago.

At least that is what she told herself, but actually her Mother would have hit the ceiling if she had. Her Mother, while more than tolerant of her daughter's strange ways, drew the line at some things. Her Mother almost went into orbit when she had cut her long hair off and styled it into the ducktail, but she had gotten over it. Burning a bra was one of those cases where she would not have gotten over it. Oh, she had no problem with her daughter's desire to lord over the males, she did herself, but society did demand certain rules be followed.

So it was as she observed Pat standing on the chair docile and tamed, that she began to have ideas. Ideas of how to exploit her advantage and have a lot of fun in the process. For some strange reasons, she felt herself being physically drawn to this feminized male. He was a nerdish snob, but that would all work in her favor. Besides, he did look cute in Sharon's outfit, if only his hair were longer. A picture began to develop in her mind as she watched, causing a broad smile to spread it's way across her face.

Pat was greatly relieved when he finally stepped down from the chair. The skirt hemmed, he made a beeline to the bath to get out of the sweater and skirt. He still did not know why he had allowed himself to be talked into doing this, but he vowed never to do it again. No matter how much they begged or pleaded. He had his fill of appeasing them and from now on he would be the master of his own fate.

Carefully undoing the buttons on the sweater, he pulled it off and wondered why he had had to wear it in the first place. Sharon did not have to hem it or anything like that, but Belinda had insisted. Some nonsense about the dress hanging just right. Sounded more like she just wanted to humiliate him all the more.

Mumbling to himself, he quickly pulled on his jeans, pullover shirt, socks and tennis shoes. Carelessly, he tossed the yellow pantygirdle over on top of the commode lid along with the skirt and sweater. Opening the door, he walked back into the den where the others were waiting. He placed the pile of clothing in Sharon's outstretched hands.

"Oh, what's this. My new pantygirdle! You wore it?" Sharon asked. "Why, you don't expect me to take it back now, do you? Why this is just too personal. No, I can't wear it now!"

"Yeah, you keep it Pat!" Belinda chimed in. "I'm sorry Sharon, but I told him to wear it. He was too fat otherwise for the skirt to fit right. Look, I'll buy you a new one, and...and well, Pat here will be more than happy to wear it. Won't you Pat? Pat?"

"Ha! You've got to be kidding! Ain't no way I'm gonna be wearing that ever again," Pat curtly replied. What did they think he was anyway. The very idea! "I don't care what you do with it, but I don't want it."

"Oh, really!" Belinda came back at him. "What makes you think that you can just throw away a perfectly good piece of clothing like that? As a matter of fact, I think that you should go and put it back on! Or...or maybe you'd like us to put these up on the bulletin board when school starts."

Belinda tossed several three by five glossy photos his way. Pat bent to pick them up and froze as he saw what they were. The pictures they had taken of him when he had

on all that gunky make up. There was no doubting who the pictures were taken of and if they circulated, he would be done for.

“Hey, come on! I didn't do nuthin' to you. I...I..er..I

Hell! I've gone out of my way to help you guys! Damn it! You can't do this to me. I want all those pictures you've taken of me including today and I want them all NOW!" Pat was livid and it showed, but while Sharon backed away Belinda stood her ground.

“Maybe we...er...we..should give him back the pictures, Belinda,” Sharon started. “He has been kinda nice about it an... 'n all.”

“No way, Jose!” Belinda announced firmly. “Look you, you don't scare me and while I was just teasing awhile ago, I'm not now!”

Pat felt threatened like never before and instinctively made a fist and raised his hand. He was both scared and angry, mostly just angry that they would take advantage of his good nature like they had. As he started forward with mayhem on his mind, Belinda did not back off. Sharon had a surprised expression on her face and did step back behind Belinda.

Not only was his male pride on the line here, but his self—confidence and standing in the community. If he let Belinda get the better of him, he would be forever at her mercy. Those photos were too incriminating for him to trust her with their safe keeping. At the moment, Pat could think of no worse disaster for a new kid than to have those photos circulate in public.

Before he could do anything, a car noisily pulled up into the carport. He heard the honk of the horn and turned to face the door. Both girls rushed past him before he could do anything to stop them. Belinda shoved something at him in passing which he automatically grabbed. It was the pantygirdle. Standing stupidly looking down at the offending garment, he shook his head, opened his hand and let it fall to the floor.

The girls ran laughing to the back door and opening it, greeted Sharon's Mother. The rustle of bags being taken from the car and general chatter told him it was time to leave.

He paused briefly to say hello to Sharon's Mom, whispered angrily to Belinda that he wanted those pictures and stomped off. The yellow pantygirdle was left lying on the floor where it had fallen.

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Several days later, Pat was sitting in his favorite bean bag chair with his nose almost pressed to the television screen. A bowl of popcorn and a coke sat beside him on the floor. As, “Here he comes to save the day,” blared over the speaker, the doorbell rang. Getting up, he went to the front door and opened it. There on the porch sat a box wrapped in white shiny paper with a pretty bright yellow ribbon tied around it.

A small card was stuck under the floppy bow.

He picked it up, looked around, but did not see anyone. After checking to see if anyone was in the carport, he backed into the house. Closing the door, he pulled out

the card, seeing that it had his name written on it. Sitting on the sofa, he held the box up to his ear and shook it, then, turned it over examining it from all sides.

Deciding that there was nothing he could discover from this examination he went ahead and opened it. Pat like all boys quickly tore it open. Pulling the lid off, separating the white tissue paper, he found the yellow pantygirdle nestled within.

"Damn!" He swore. "What are those no good girls up to now? Why can't they just leave me alone! Why did we ever move here in the first place?"

Disgusted, he threw the box with its contents across the room where it bounced off the opposite wall. Where the pantygirdle, as well as other items, began floating down to the floor. Pat went over and saw that the box had contained copies of all the pictures that had been taken as well as a note.

He picked up the note and read.

"Pat Darling: I hope you like our present. It was very mean of you to threaten us like you did the other day. We believe that if Sharon's Mom hadn't come home when she did, there's no telling what harm you might have done to us little girls. We were going to give you all the photos and negatives after we had a little fun with you, but now, we think you need to learn a lesson. So, unless you want copies of these pictures appearing all over town, be at my house Saturday morning no later than 8:00 a.m.!!!!!"

It was signed with just a big "B" and followed by a P.S. that read,

"Be sure that you are wearing our little gift when you come over or else!!! P.P.S. Don't tell anyone where you are going and plan to be away all day!!!"

Pat's hands were shaking by the time he had finished reading the note. Muttering all the obscenities that came to mind, he bent over and picked up the hated garment. He turned it over in his hands, wadded it up and started to toss it in the trash with the remains of the package, but stopped. Twisting it in frustration, he finally just stuffed it in his pocket. He fully realized just how helpless he was at that moment.

He had absolutely no choice, but to do as he was told.

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Saturday morning came and Pat went into the bathroom after his Mother left for work. Pulling off his pajamas, he pulled the yellow pantygirdle up his legs. It fit tighter than he had remembered and he had to push his penis around several times before he found a comfortable position for it. He had to swallow quickly to keep the bile down as he felt his balls retract up into his body. All his organs were now squashed flat against his pelvis.

He walked out the back door and across the alley into Belinda's back yard. Walking up to her back door, he started to knock, when it was flung open.

"Well, you're almost late, but that's okay. You're here and I hope you remembered to wear your little present. Come on in! We have lots to do today and I want to get started. Come on, follow me!"

"Ah, where's Sharon? I thought she'd be here too," Pat asked in surprise as he followed Belinda out of the kitchen and into the hallway leading to the back of the house. Pat heard Paul Anka singing "*You Are My Destiny*" coming from a back bedroom.

"*Destiny, yeah, right!*" Pat thought as he followed Belinda. "*Why do I have this sneaking feeling that my life is just about to change and for the worse!*"

"She couldn't make it, but that's all right. I don't need the help anyway, but I do need the assistance of a girl friend today. You do want to help me out, don't you Pat?"

Pat wasn't sure he wanted to play any more of her games, but decided that he had better play along if he ever wanted to get those pictures back.

"Er...yeah...su..sure," he managed to say. As they entered the bedroom, Buddy Holly's "*Well...All Right*" greeted him.

The room was feminine, but not overly so. The furniture was French Provincial and the twin bed was just that. Nothing fancy, but it did have a red satin comforter on it with matching pillow shams and a large stuffed Saint Bernard sitting between the pillows. The only window had white lace curtains and the floor was covered in a red shag carpet. The most feminine thing about it was the pervasive smell of cosmetics and perfume.

On the bed was a blue skirt, bobby socks, frilly blue nylon panties, several white net petticoats, a white bra, and starched white cotton, short sleeved blouse with rounded collar and small pearl buttons. A short blue silk scarf, black patent leather belt, and black purse were lying on the side table. On the floor were a pair of black and white saddle oxfords.

His proximity to such personal and intimate apparel caused a slight flush to brighten his cheeks. Nervously, clasp and unclasp his hands and shuffle his feet, Pat stood beside the bed.

"Er....ah.." he tried to ask why she had brought him here, but nothing coherent would come out.

Belinda smiling like the cat who had just cornered the canary, circled around him. "You remembered to wear your pantygirdle like I told you?"

Seeing him nod his head, she then demanded that he take his clothing off. Pat was totally taken aback by her demand and just stood there doing absolutely nothing. His lips moved, but he couldn't say anything. He was in a state of total confusion. Girls did not ask guys to strip in their presence. Not nice girls at any rate. None of this was making any sense to him whatsoever.

"I said, take off all your clothing, or would you rather start running around town trying to pick up all those pictures? Where do you think Sharon is right this minute?" Belinda's smile became a sneer. "*Sharon was still at home, but what he didn't know,*" she said to herself.

Seeing his eyes open wide in sudden comprehension, she drove home the stake.

"Ah, I see you're not as dense as you appear to be. Of course! She's out right this second with fistfuls of your pictures. Now, unless I call her by the appointed time, she

will start distributing them all over the shopping center and then who knows where else. So, are you going to start undressing or what?"

"But...but wh...why? Come on, what's going on? Pl...please I really don't want to do this Belinda. Look I...I..er..I was just trying to be...be helpful that..that's all. Why are you doing this to me. What did I ever do to you?"

"Oh for heaven's sake, quit your belly aching and strip! Because you little man, I want to do this. Now, if you do like I say today and behave yourself maybe, well maybe, I'll have my fun and then let you alone. Okay? You do everything I tell you for today and I'll leave you alone. Deal?"

"But what about those pictures and what are you going to want me to do? I..I'm not going to do something illegal, no way!"

"Don't be ridiculous! I'm going to be with you and you can't imagine that I'm going to want to go to jail do you? No, all I want you to do is let me dress you up. Not like the other day and before, no this time, I you to dress you up all the way!"

"Dress me up? What are you talking about? I...oh...no... you can't...mean what I think you mean, can you? Oh! Come on Belinda! You can't be serious."

"Oh, but I am, Pat darling. I want to see you all dolled up and everything. We're even going to go out and meet up with Sharon. You do want to get those pictures back, now don't you? So, the sooner you start stripping and getting into those clothes that I have out for you, the sooner you will be finished for the day."

Pat tried one more time to get her to change her mind, but it was no use. Defeated, he began pulling his shirt up over his head. Soon, he was standing in front of her dressed only in the yellow pantygirdle. Goose bumps ran freely up and down his arms and spine.

Hanging his head down to his chest in submission, he followed her out and into the hall bathroom. He didn't even raise a ruckus when she began rubbing shaving cream on his exposed legs. She was going to shave his legs and the only thing he could do was stand there. What choice did he have. Perhaps once this was over, Belinda would let him be.

Almost in tears, Pat followed Belinda out of the bathroom. She had shaved his legs, chest, and underarms. What protests he was able to voice were lost on her. She only said that if he were to pass in public he'd have to at least try to look like a normal teenager and, "young girls simply did not run around without shaving their bodies! Besides, just remember to wear long pants and a shirt and no one will be the wiser. Your ugly old hairs will grow back soon enough."

Back in her bedroom, she handed him the blue frilly panties to put on.

Taking them in his hands, like they were something alive, he held it between thumb and forefingers scared by even that minimal contact.

"Oh stop it!" Belinda almost shouted at him. "They won't bite! Just pull them up your legs. We don't have all day!"

She had to help him put on the bra. It's pointed cups, created by circular stitching of over lapping layers, were designed to tent out his blouses and dresses. Slipping it

over his arms, she walked around behind him and fastened the three hook closure in the back. The bra, once stuffed with two little rubber bust pads so popular with teen-aged girls, stood out proudly on his chest.

"Ahh...er..is..isn't this thing inside out?" Pat questioned as he pointed to the bra. "See the rough stuff is on the outside?" He finished as he lightly brushed his finger tips across the layered material of the bra cup.

"What? Oh, no. It's on correctly. That is the way it is made can't you see? Use your head, what do you think that rough stitching on the cup would do to your tender breasts if it were placed against it all day? Honestly!"

It was the latest fad among the girls and just seemed to go with the poodle skirts. It felt very constricting on his chest and was particularly bothersome when his upper arms brushed against them.

"Do...do I have to really wear...were this thing?" He asked.

"Of course, unless you want to become a little Miss. You know, I think that I have some of my old clothing from when I was twelve or so laying around here that you could get into. You want me to find it? Twelve year olds don't need bras."

It did not take him long to shake his head no. He did not even want to think of what he'd look like dressed as a twelve year old. No, being dressed as a girl was bad enough, but at least he would be dressed his age. In the back of his mind, he realized that he actually looked like a girl although he would never consciously say it.

Next, he pulled on the white socks and folded the tops down as instructed, then, he stepped into the saddle oxfords. Tying the laces after inserting a pair of bells into them, he stood. Now with every step he would jingle and tinkle much to the amusement of his tormentor.

Belinda handed him one of the white stiff netted petticoats to pull up over his hips. The nylon yoke had an elastic band to hold it around his waist. The stiff net ruffles flared off the yoke in four satin trimmed layers. This was followed by the other four petticoats such that his lower body was surrounded in a sea of foamy crinoline white netting.

Blushing beet red by now, Pat could only stand there as she fluffed up the layers of crinoline petticoats. Satisfied, she looked him in the eyes, and told him to go over and sit at her vanity. It was time to fix his face. With downcast eyes, he slowly followed her over to the vanity bench. Pat brushed his petticoats back under his seat before settling on the padded bench as she instructed.

She had him tilt his head up while she, making judicial use of a pair of tweezers, plucked out a number of stray hairs from his brows. Tears watered his eyes by the time she had finished. Stepping back, Belinda licked her forefinger, then, smoothed it over each of his brows.

A satisfied smile crinkled her face.

Next, she began massaging a neutral base into his face following it was a liquid foundation. Carefully dotting his flesh with the foundation, she then blended it into his skin making sure to fill all the lines and creases. This was followed with a light

dusting of powder. She was particularly attentive to the area around his nose wiping the pad lightly over the nose and across the cheek bones.

Belinda then turned her attention back to Pat's eyes. Taking an eyelash curler, she then pulled it through his lashes until they curled just right. Using a black mascara, she brushed the lashes until she was satisfied with their fullness and thickness. A black eyebrow pencil was used to line both his eye lids and brows.

Pat was beginning to fidget as Belinda continued to work on him. He was placed so he couldn't see what she was doing and it was much worse on his nerves that way. It would have been better to be able to see what she was doing to him. This unknowing, yet being able to feel all the different things she was doing, scared him almost witless.

"Look! If you don't hold still," Belinda finally said losing patience with him, "I'm going to poke you in the eye. This won't take much longer if you'll just hold still!"

She stood back once again inspecting her work on his eyes. The blue eye shadow with just a hint of white overtones blending into the corners of his eyes made them much more expressive. The brows came out nicely arched even if she hadn't thinned them as much as she had wanted. Satisfied, she brushed a faint coating of brick colored rouge on his cheeks to give them more prominence.

Taking the tube of bright red lipstick she began pressing it onto his lips. Having him blot away the excess, she re—applied it telling him not to lick it or smudge it.

Pat found that last order difficult to follow as his tongue constantly wanted to brush at the petroleum tasting frosting covering his lips. He couldn't stop staring down at the tissue he held in his hands that contained the bright red feminine lip prints. He just couldn't bring himself to acknowledge the fact that those were his lip prints.

As a final treat, she daubed Tabu cologne on his neck, behind his ears, on his wrists, behind his knees and reaching under his petticoats, on his crotch making him jump with a yelp.

"Don't be such a ninny," she teased. "Come on, now that you're up, let's finish getting you dressed. Don't forget to be careful putting on your blouse. I don't want to see you getting lipstick on it. It's almost impossible to get out and that is a new blouse."

Pat was careful and the blouse was soon buttoned and the skirt pulled into place over his head. It fastened with a large blue button on the left side and closed with a zipper. The skirt flared out nicely revealing shapely legs to just above the knee. The patent belt was pulled through the four string loops and the twin tines of the buckle pushed through the eyes fastening it tightly around his waist.

The hems of the white petticoats could be seen with practically every move Pat made. As the petticoats brushed his legs, tiny electric shocks pricked his skin. Pat was very aware of all the clothing that he now wore. He couldn't ever remember his male clothing feeling like this.

Belinda gave him a small gold ring to put on his little finger and a gold toned lady's watch for his wrist. Two royal blue plastic disks with a white diagonal line running through them were screwed tightly to each of his ear lobes. If it weren't for his short

burr hair cut, no one would have thought that Pat was anything but a very pretty young lady.

Having him sit once again on the vanity, Belinda left the room. Unconsciously, Pat reached down and scratched at the irritation caused by the touch of his petticoats at the back of his knee. While she was gone, Pat looked with utter amazement into the mirror.

He could not believe what he was seeing reflected back at him. He knew his mouth was hanging open because he could see it in the mirror, but it had rich inviting full red lips attached to it. Slowly, his hand sneaked up to touch lightly on his cheek. It was his face all right, even if he couldn't feel it through all that gunk she had covered it in.

"Like what you see don't cha!" he heard as Belinda returned. His mouth snapped shut with an audible click as he turned to face her. "I thought you might be able to pass, but boy was I ever wrong! You should have been a girl!"

"Like Hell!" Pat managed with surprising force. "Once this is over that's all there is to it, understand!"

"My, my such language coming out of such a feminine face. You ought to be ashamed of yourself dear. You know what I think? I think that you really enjoy it. You should have been born a girl with that face you know. Are you sure your Mamma ain't raised you wrong?"

"That's not funny Belinda! Now, since you've had your fun, what's say you get me outta this stuff, huh?" Pat wasn't a fifty pound weakling, but he did take his slow growth and lack of macho muscles to heart. Seeing himself so girlish, just did not set too well with him. His male ego was feeling a touch of nausea as he caught glimpses of himself in the mirror. "*If it weren't for the hair cut,*" he started to think, but cut the idea off before it could fully germinate. "So you've had your little fun at my expense Belinda. Now! How about it? Huh?"

"Oh, we haven't even begun to play and have fun yet, Patty dearest," Belinda said with an ear to ear smile crossing her face. "No, sweetheart. The fun hasn't even started. Like I told you earlier, I need a girl friend's help today and since Sharon isn't around....well...you'll just have to do! So just hold still while I adjust this."

Belinda pulled a shoulder length brunette wig out from behind her back. It was close in color to Pat's own hair, but was definitely a woman's wig. The hair piece, once on, just touched his shoulders and had a little flip upwards and out along the back and a cute fringe of bangs in front. A real Donna Reed copy and it was pinned securely to his head.

"Now! If that just don't put the finishing touch on you. Why Patty, if I didn't know any better I would swear that you were a natural born girl. Come on, we're late and we just have lots to do today. Here take this purse, I already put everything a girl could want in there. You just make sure that you do not lose it."

"Where....where are we...we..going? Please Belinda, I can't appear out in public dressed like this. What'll happen if anyone discovers my secret? If I don't wind up in

jail I'll wind up being ridiculed or worse....beaten half to death more likely. Come on, please don't do this to me, please?"

"Look, if you will just follow along and do exactly and I mean exactly like I do and tell you to do, no one will be the wiser. Here, stop a sec and look in this mirror and tell me what you see reflected there, come on, what do you see?"

Pat stood transfixed in front of a full length mirror hanging on the open bathroom door. There could be no denying the fact that a pretty young girl stood there dressed in a blue skirt and white blouse with a small blue silk tie at the collar. Standing just behind her was another teenager dressed the same. The other girl stepped back and brought something up in her hands. Pat turned and was blinded by the flash.

Click whirl, the camera took one and then several more pictures before Pat could even think to bring his hands up to cover his face. All he needed was more photographs of him dressed and made up to look like a girl.

As he tried to get his balance, Belinda tucked the Kodak Instamatic back into her purse. It was one of the latest models with built in flash and instead of having to wind the film on to spools, all you had to do was drop in a cartridge.

*"Easy as pie to operate, even an idiot could take good pictures with it. Even Belinda!"* Pat thought. *"Not a chance those stupid things won't come out. I can't keep letting her do this to me!"*

"Give me that camera!" Pat demanded as he reached for her purse.

"Oh, no you don't Patty! You just remember that if I don't call Sharon all those others will be plastered all over the shopping center. Don't worry your pretty little head over it in any case. I'll give them all back to you. I promise. Now, let's go find Sharon."

Belinda gave him some quick pointers about how to behave while in dresses. Things like how to sit, walk while holding the arms close to his sides with elbows locked swinging them back and forth, and talking in a softer voice.



She told him enough to make him really self—conscious, but he did his best to copy those actions. It was with some trepidation that he walked out to Belinda's car and under the open sky.

Belinda had a two door Nash Rambler that her father had given to her for her sixteenth birthday. It had high mileage and, seen better days, but it was a sound safe car for his precious daughter.

Pat smirked as he carefully sat in the front seat trying to hold down his flaring petticoats, thinking that all Belinda had to do now was wind the rubber band.

As she turned on the ignition, the car radio began playing "*Leader of the Pack*" by the Shangri Las.

Pat began thinking about the car he was going to get. It wouldn't be much longer and he would have saved enough from his odd jobs to buy a used fifty seven Chevy. Certainly not new, but a fantastic pick—up machine and dragster to boot.

The one he had looked at recently was always on his mind these days. Only Belinda's little escapade had occupied his mind more. A three fifty seven engine, a Carter four barrel carb, Hurst four on the floor, rolled and pleated leather seats, and most importantly, cherry red and white two toned paint job. Everything a young man could ever want in a car. It certainly wouldn't be one of these pussy mobiles!

The car coming to a stop brought Pat out of his reverie. Looking out the window he stared at the gymnasium of the local Catholic High School, Our Lady Of Perpetual Sorrows. There seemed to be a million kids walking about and carrying on in their own little groups. With his mouth hanging open in surprise, he turned to face Belinda.

"This wasn't the shopping center," formed on his lips.

She looked over at him as she opened her door. "Well you wanted to find Sharon, now didn't you? You can come or wait for me here in the car. It's up to you."

Hesitating he realized that by sitting alone in the car he was just as much in public as he would be with her, only alone. Then gathering his courage, Pat got out on his side and followed after the quickly retreating Belinda. She would have just left him sitting there, if he hadn't jumped out and followed. He did not want to stay by himself dressed as he was. What if someone actually came over to talk to him. Oh no, he couldn't stand that, so she left him with little choice.

As he hurried to her side, she glanced at him and said, "Unless you want everyone to know your secret, you had better slow down and swing both your hips and arms, Patty! Just like I showed you."

Pat immediately tried to do as she instructed. Watching his feet move heel to toe while consciously forcing his clinched fists forcefully straight out and back, he almost walked into her when she stopped at the gym doors. His purse knocked against his hip as he came to a halt, distracting him. "*His purse*," flashed across his mind.

"Watch it!" She hissed. "Now, do exactly like I tell you and nobody will be the wiser. It would be best if you just go along with what ever happens in there, you understand me! Otherwise..." She left that unsaid. Pulling open the double doors, a total mass of confusion and riot teemed within the gym. With a last look at him she finished, "Just

try going along as best you can and we'll be out of here before you know it. Now stay close!"

As they walked into the crowded room, Pat had to pay attention or they would be separated. Belinda didn't seem to care if he kept up or not. He was so caught up in just keeping up, that he did not pay too much attention to his surroundings. His ears rang with all the noise filling the gym. Scraping chairs, yells and cat calls coming from across the room, and general conversational chatter made hearing difficult.

Soon they came to a stop before a long table and Belinda picked up a manila envelope and moved down the line. As Pat came up, he too was given a packet of materials. Advancing sideways down the length of the table, he watched Belinda bend over and sign a five by seven card while the man sitting in front of her read over a listing of some sort. Pat was next, and automatically picked up a card and signed it.

"You're new here aren't you honey?" the man behind the desk asked him.

Suddenly coming to his senses, Pat looked first at what he was signing and then in the direction of the voice.

"Er....aah... Wha...at?" was the best that he could do in the way of response. He also noted that he held an enrollment card in his hands.

"Oh, Mr. Wilson, this is Patty! Er..yes...she's new. Just moved here from....er...from Houston...Houston, Texas. Yeah, she lives behind my house 'n we've become the best of friends already," Belinda chimed in trying to distract Mr. Wilson from looking too closely at Pat. "Yeah, we do everything together now don't we Patty?"

"That's great," Mr. Wilson replied not waiting for Pat's confirmation. "Well, I guess you'll be wanting to take the same electives as Belinda then. Did you bring your transcript from your old school. No? Well, I guess we can wait until it's shipped here. You'll need to inform registration about that. You'll see to it Belinda? Good!"

"Here, I'll just give you the same schedule as Belinda assuming that your records will verify this curriculum, Belinda you still in Voice? Okay, then I'll schedule you for that one too."

Finished writing down the courses on the registration card, Mr. Wilson put his pen down and looked up smiling, "Here you go Patty. I hope you really enjoy it here. I would tell you that your Drama Class choice is the best, but I teach that one. I'll be looking forward to seeing both you girls first thing Monday. You'll show Patty where she has to go to pay her fees and finish registering Belinda? Fine, bye now."

As they stepped away from the registration desk, Pat tried to grab Belinda's arm, but she was too fast for him. As he caught up with her, they were surrounded by four boys.

"Hey, what'cha say there Belinda?" one of the boys greeted. "Where you been hidin' yourself all summah long?"

"Yeah, and who's the cute chick with ya, Belinda?" another one added.

"We're here to register what does it look like, Floyd. As if you don't have eyes. Geez! Now why don't you guys make like bees and buzz off. Go on, leave us alone. We've got to finish registering."

"Hey, don't need to make a federal case out of it sweetie," Floyd came back at her. "Come on, ain't you going to introduce us to your new friend. By the way, where is Sharon? I haven't seen her since early this morning. She was leaving when we came in. What gives? Ya'll on the outs or sumptin'?"

"No, we just had different things to do today 'n...and I promised Patty here that I would show her the ropes. Patty this is the guys. Guys this is Patty. She's new in town so let her get used to this place before you put any moves on her, okay?"

"Well hello there Patty. I'm Henry. Nice to meet you. You doin' anything later? What's say I take you over to the Drive Inn for a coke or sumptin'?" a burly kid with bright copper colored hair asked.

"Move over carrot top, I'm taking her!" a tall skinny kid announced moving to Pat's left side.

"No! None of you dopes is taking her anywheres!" Belinda almost had to scream to be heard over the general noise. "Come on you guys! Move back and give the poor girl some breathing room! Floyd, I like you, but if you don't get these idiot friends of yours out of our faces..."

Finally with a, "See ya later alligators," the boys left them alone once again in the crowded gym.

A shaken and scared Pat stuck close to Belinda as she moved off once again.

"Belinda, I....er...I gotta...gotta go," Pat whispered in her ear as they paused on the gym floor.

"Huh? Oh, okay. I might as well go too. Come on! It's this way," Belinda replied taking his hand in hers. Without pausing she pulled him into the opening that said "Ladies" in big, bold, black lettering.

"Hey! I can't go in here!" Pat protested as he placed his heels down firmly on the wooden floor.

"You'll go here or you won't go anywhere but in you panties! Now, just remember to sit! Then it will be all right. When you're finished make sure you go over to the sinks and wash your hands, then, pat your hair, and don't forget this now! Fix your lipstick. You heard me? Okay, now let's get this over with."

It was a flustered and queasy feeling that Pat emerged from the Ladies Room. He had managed to get his business done without exposing himself to public ridicule and possible arrest, but it had been a most harrowing experience. Especially, having to stand before the mirror beside other girls and touch up his make up. It was a positive miracle that he managed to keep his lipstick within the margin of his lips and not run it across his face. He even remembered to use a tissue from his purse to blot afterwards.

With his legs shaking, he left the Ladies Room and met Belinda who was standing just outside. "Why didn't you wait for me!" he whined. "What if someone noticed?"

"Oh stop your bellyaching, Patty. No one discovered your secret! Like I told you, you should have been a girl. Follow me, I have to pay my tuition now. Try not to get into

any trouble and this time stand behind me! I don't need you picking up stuff like you just did. That is unless you really want to enroll with me."

Pat did as he was told and followed Belinda closely. He wasn't about to take any more chances. Feeling as though every eye in the place was on only him, Pat sweated it out. He could feel a trickle of moisture running down the backside of his right ear and he felt like his guts were going to tighten themselves into knots.

Belinda strode over to another long table, "Hello Sister Mary Margaret," she said. "I've come to pay my tuition. How much is it this year?"

"Why hello dear," the Sister replied. "Taking a full course again this year? Well, it's \$30 per semester hour so that will be \$180 plus fees makes it \$210 exactly. How was your summer dearest? I do hope that you had an enjoyable one?"

"Oh, it was just great Sister, but too short as usual. Here's Mom's check. I made it out for the full amount."

"Thank you dear! Now who's next? Yes, you there!" she said looking directly at Pat and stretching out her hand. "Give me your card. Let's see what you owe. Ah, yes, \$180 plus fees makes it \$210. Oh, do I know you, dearest? You're new here aren't you? I'm Sister Mary Margaret and you are?"

"Er...yes Ma'am I...I'm new. Er...aah...I...I'm Pat, Patty," he answered.

"Oh, very good Miss Patty. It is nice to meet you. Have I met your parents? Do you attend this parish?"

"Er..Sister," Belinda interjected talking rapidly in her nervousness, "Patty...er..she's my new neighbor 'n she and her mother live alone. They just moved in behind my house and we're the best of friends. She...er..she's just thinking about enrolling here at Our Perpetual Sorrows."

As Sister Mary Margaret turned her attention towards her, Belinda rushed on in her explanation. "Er...I don't think her mother expected to have her enroll so soon. Er..I mean..aah...I don't think that they can afford it at any rate. Her Dad died recently, you know. No, Patty was just along for the ride. She didn't even bring her transcript or nothing."

"Just along for the ride? Then why does our little Patty have an enrollment card signed by Mr. Wilson? Besides, I'm sure we can send for a copy of her permanent record in any case."

"Huh? Oh, yes, Mr. Wilson did fill out an enrollment card," Belinda answered nervously. Her hands were fluttering by her sides as she hurriedly made up more of her explanation. "Er.. She's scheduled to attend the same classes that I'm in. Yes, that's it! You...you see Sister, Patty was just hoping, you know, and just filled in the course card, you know, just in case."

"Now, now children," Sister Mary Margaret soothed. She looked each of them in the eye and noted Pat's blushing face. Mistaking the cause of his embarrassment, she continued, "Let's not embarrass our precious Miss Patty out here in front of everyone. The school and arch—diocese, you know, sponsor some under—privileged children annu-

ally.” Sister Mary Margaret stopped talking to shuffle through some papers stacked to the side of the table.

“Here dear,” she said pulling a stack of forms from the pile she had been shuffling through. “Take these forms home for your Mother to complete and return them in two weeks. That will get your financial assistance started and authorize transfer of you old school records. But, we can't let a little thing like paperwork interfere in your studies, now can we! Can we?”

Seeing the need to reply, Pat stuttered out, “Y..ye..yes..er I mean no Ma'am.”

“It's Sister, not Ma'am, dear,” she reminded him gently. Sitting back in her chair she finished, “So, pending that, we'll let you attend our regular classes. I know just how tough it is on new students. I'll do my best to help you get adjusted without having you wait until the paper work is completed. Changing schools is bad enough without the stress of not knowing whether or not you will be allowed to attend classes on time. I want to avoid that distraction, although, I dare say, the boys will cause you enough distraction as it is.”

“But...but Sister,” Pat started to respond, but was cut off by her.

“No buts, dearest!” the Sister continued. “Should your Mother not be able to come up with the necessary funds, I'll personally guarantee your acceptance. You see, I come from a broken home myself and I know just how hard life can be for a single mother. So not another word, here give me your enrollment card and I will sign off on it.”

Taking the card from his shaking hand, she examined it. “Why dear, you haven't completed all of it. Oh well, here, let me fill it in for you. Let's see name, Patty..no Pat they just call you Patty, okay, middle name, none, last, Roberts, street address okay..phone number..”

Pat stood there answering questions until the Sister finished completing the enrollment card. Looking up at him, she smiled and dismissed them with, “You just make sure that your Mother contacts me within the next two weeks, all right? See you bright and early Monday morning. I'll be your homeroom teacher this year.”

“Yes, Sister,” they both responded.

It was a very sullen Pat that followed Belinda out of the building. It was obvious from looking at him that he was pretty upset about something. Fortunately, no one came over to intercept them as they made their way back to the car.

Once settled inside, Pat turned to Belinda and almost screamed, “Look what you've done! Tha..that nun thinks I'm a girl! 'N...'n she...she thinks that I am going to attend your stupid school. She's even going to get me a scholarship, of all the cock—a—mainy idiotic...”

“Now you just hold on there one minute Patty!” Belinda barked back at him. “I told you to hang back and not do anything stupid, didn't I? But what did you do? You picked up an enrollment card and even gave it to Mr. Wilson, but that wasn't a total loss cause we could have just dropped it there.”

Belinda paused to get control of herself before continuing. Her heart was beating a mile a minute, but it wasn't because she was mad. Oh no, to the contrary, she was elated. Things had worked out so much better than if she had planned them that way. She wanted to find a way to keep her control over Pat and this would certainly do the trick.

Keeping a serious expression on her face she continued her chastisement of Pat, "But what do you do? You give the darn thing to Sister Mary Margaret, the Dean of Students no less! How could you be so stupid! You did not have to give her that card and what were you still doing with it in any case? Oh, why didn't you just dump it in the trash? You blooming idiot!!!!"

"I...I..er..that is I...," Pat started to reply only to be cut off by Belinda.

"Yeah! Right! Don't go giving me any static! It wasn't my fault! So now we've got to figure something out. Boy! You sure made a scrambled mess out of this didn't you?"

"Well...well WE," Pat said emphasizing the "WE", "don't have to do anything. I'm the one in deep doodoo! Just take me home and get me out of these horrible clothes 'n.. 'n we'll just forget that this ever happened. I think you've had more than your share of fun at my expense for one life time."

Belinda smirked at him then with a short nervous laugh, finished him off.

"You're forgetting one little thing. You gave Sister Mary Margaret your real name, address, and phone number. What do you think is going to happen when you don't show up for classes Monday or the day after; especially after she's gone to all the fuss and bother to get you a scholarship? Answer me that! And you call me an idiot!"

The realization that he was in deep trouble, made his eyes start to water. He didn't cry, but came as close to it as a boy could. Sniffing back his tears before they formed, he tried to salvage something of his dignity.

"Well, if you hadn't....hadn't forced me into wearing these stupid clothes, this...this never would have happened. Yeah! It's all your lousy fault! You can't blame me for it! Oh, what am I going to do! You're just going to have to help me find a way out of this mess you got me into! You just have too!"

"Oh no you don't!" Belinda retorted with a hint of anger in her voice. "You're not going to pull that 'Here's another fine mess you've gotten me into Ollie' routine on me! This problem, you got yourself into!"

They rode in silence for awhile, both looking straight ahead. They both had serious expressions on their faces, much too serious for a pair of pretty young girls when they should be out enjoying the day.

They pulled up into the local teen hang out, the Drive Inn. Belinda eased the Nash into an open spot at the very end of one arm of the service island. Rolling down the window, she ordered into the microphone, "Give me a DPCVCC 'n order of fries."

Pausing to look at a sullen Pat, he acknowledged her look and told her he wanted a cola, burger, and onion rings. Turning back to the microphone, she finished. "Make that two fries and a cola."

The machine told her it would be \$1.09 and her order would be right out. Little Anthony and The Imperials singing "*Tears on My Pillow*" came on over the PA system.

Pat felt like crying himself, but it wasn't cool for a man to do that sort of thing.

"What's that?" he asked as she passed out the order nodding his head in the direction of the drink she put on her dashboard.

"Huh? This? It's a Dr. Pepper, Cherry Vanilla, Coffee Cream! My DPCVCC. Want some? It's real cool. Nuthin' else like it around. Only the Drive Inn has it. Nick invented it. He's the son of the owners and the star quarterback don't ya know."

"I didn't know ya'll had a football team."

"We do, silly, but that doesn't stop us from going to the public school games also. We do a lot of things together. We even have students enrolled in their band. I could have joined, but I'm going to be an actress. A Thespian! I want to perform on Broadway some day."

"Yeah! Right!" Pat replied. "Well you're off to a great start cause you really had me fooled. I thought that you were my friend!"

"Now hold on there Pat! I am your friend and so is Sharon. She didn't even know I was doing this today. Yeah, so I tricked you, but...but I was just having some fun with you. I didn't think that it would go this far, honest! 'n besides, I...I like..er..I like you like this..er..I mean..well I don't know exactly what I mean but never mind! You should have been a girl, that's all!"

"Yeah! Well I'm not!" he retorted feeling his anger rising. What did she think she was doing to him anyway. It was bad enough knowing that he would never be a John Wayne or Bart Starr, but this was just too much. "I'm not going to dress up like some fruit cake sissy and all that. You've got to help me get out of this mess. You got me into it, now help me get out of it!"

"Oh, hold your horses Patty," she responded not feeling too unkindly toward him. Yes, it was her fault and she did feel obligated to find a remedy for it, but he had to bear some of the blame. It wasn't her fault that he gave Sister Mary Margaret all that information. At least, she would have lied to her about it so she couldn't be discovered.

"Let me think about it a bit," she finished. "*Pretty Little Angel Eyes*" by Curtis Lee echoed off the sheet metal roof of the drive—in as they turned their attention to their fries.

Not for the first time did Pat choose to ignore the "Patty" name she called him.

"Look," she said after they had finished their meal and the waitress had removed the metal tray from the car's window. "I only see one possible way out of this mess, but..... but, you won't like it."

They pulled out of the Drive Inn and headed up the street before Pat could bring himself to ask, "What is it?"

She quickly glanced at him, then turning her attention back to her driving simply said, "Well, you just go to classes with me. It's just that simple."

"The hell you say! That's no answer! Come on, we've got to figure a way out of this without having Sister contact my Mother. I can't face that...an..and what...what if it gets out. Oh, no! What if Sister Mary Margaret tells anyone about me tricking her like that? Oh, shit!"

"That's why I said that you will have to go to classes with me," Belinda calmly responded. "Don't you see, it's the only way!"

"No, there has to be another answer. There just has to be."

"Look! Patty," Belinda began until she saw the look he shot her out of the corner of her eye, "er...I mean Pat. I've given this some thought and we have no choice. Here, let me explain. Don't say anything until I finish then see what you think of my idea."

Hearing no response from him, she glanced back to where he sat. He was slumped down into his seat, his petticoats and skirt hiked up past his knees in a swath of white and blue. His hands clutched into fists buried in his skirts, a look of total dismay on his face.

"Okay, here goes, then," she began. "Public school doesn't start until two weeks after ours. So, if you show up to classes and I'll help you by letting you come over to my house to change 'n all that, Sister won't become suspicious."

Seeing him sit up and turn in her direction with his mouth open, Belinda pre—empted any reply, "No, don't say anything, let me finish!"

Seeing him sit back, she continued, "You can come over to my house after my folks leave for work. They have to open the print shop by six thirty. I'll help you dress and get ready for classes. Since we have the same ones, I'll be there with you the whole time. Sharon will be there too and will help. Between the three of us, we should be able to keep your secret and all that."

She paused to lick her lips and check to see that he was still listening. "Now, once school gets started, Sister will be too busy to pay you any special mind. So after a week or two, you just drop out to go to public school. We can figure out some good excuse. Maybe I can get into a big fight with you or something like that, okay so far?"

"Yeah, what if your folks catch me or something like that happens? I'll be laughed out of town at best or worse yet... ARRESTED!"

"No way! My folks, like I said, have to leave early in the morning and you can come over with plenty of time for me to help you get ready. I have lots of extra school uniforms and such so there won't be any problem there either. If you listen to me and pay attention, you can pass easily as one of my girl friends. Trust me! I know what I'm talking about. After all, I am studying drama and you're a natural, I can tell."

"Er..I still don't know? Maybe it would be best for me if...er..if we just fessed up right now. My Mom always says it's best to admit it when you've done wrong than to try to hide it. The punishments always easier to bear sooner than later. I don't know."

"Oh, don't be silly," Belinda almost shouted in alarm.

Just the very thought of having to go before Sister Mary Margaret and admit that they had taken her for a fool would be impossible to face. The good Sister's temper was well know amongst the girls at Catholic school. Besides that she had other motiva-

tions. "No, Pat, we can do this trust me! If Sister finds out that we tricked her like this no telling what she'll do!"

"She wouldn't have me arrested, would she?" Pat blurted.

"Er...ah..yeah, she sure could!" Belinda replied. Seeing his face sag in resignation, she pressed her advantage. "Probably would too! She can be awful mean when she wants to. Look Pat, or should I say Patty, it won't be all that bad. Besides, it will be a lark and you'd only have to do it for two weeks, max! Just think of all the fun we'll have!"

As Jan and Dean's "*Poor Little Puppet*" came on the radio, Pat sunk even further into his seat. Belinda's comments about going to jail pretty much ended any thoughts of going to the Sister and confessing he wasn't who she thought he was. Drawing in a deep breath to steady his nerves, he looked at the now smiling Belinda and told her okay.

Not that he had any real choice in the matter. His only hope rested in her plan. The only answer he had come up with was turning himself in, and that was not good enough. At least not when the word "Jail" entered into the conversation. With his Mother and her parents leaving for work in the mornings, he'd have time to do what she suggested. It all sounded stupid, but it was just about the only choice he felt that he had left. Who knew, but it might even work? If he were careful, a couple of weeks in dresses wouldn't kill him.

"You sure that there isn't another way to handle this Belinda? I could turn myself in and not implicate you, you know?" Pat asked after thinking everything over.

"No! You can't tell without bringing me into it too," Belinda asserted. "You're just going to have to do what I said. Otherwise..." she left the rest unsaid.

"Oh, all right! I don't seem to have any other alternative. Just promise me that you won't tease me or reveal my secret to anyone, EVER!"

"Of course I promise!" she replied with entirely too much glee in her voice. "We're going to have so much fun!"

"*Yeah! Right!*" he thought gloomily as they turned into the driveway. Rick Nelson's "*Poor Little Fool*" was just finishing its last refrain as Belinda put the Nash in park and cut off the engine.

Pat was sitting at the kitchen table when his Mother came home from work. They exchanged pleasantries, but as she hugged her son around his neck and kissed him on the cheek, she said, "Pat are you dating some young lady already?"

"Er....w...why do you ask, Mom?"

"Well dear, I smelled a very nice floral fragrance on you when I kissed your cheek just now. You know dear how I feel about you going out with young ladies that I haven't met? Especially, when I can't be around like I would wish. You do remember our little talk don't you? Do we have to have another?"

Flustered and blushing Pat remembered her lecture. It just wasn't about the kinds of girls he should go out with, but a very embarrassing discussion on the birds and bees. His Mother could be very descriptive when she wanted. She had ended that con-

versation with a warning that he shouldn't become involved in anything serious at his age. Oh, yes, he remembered his Mother's lecture very well.

If it were up to her he would never date, let alone do any petting. His Mother was very adamant about any kind of hanky—panky outside of marriage. Like, she expected him to just hold hands and that kind of thing and positively no kissing, not even a peck on the cheek, until the third date. Nice girls just did not do those kinds of things and nice boys shouldn't force them to.

Now, she had him scared with her comments. He thought that the shower he had taken after getting home had rid him of any left over feminizing traces. He was becoming anxious now as to whether or not he left any other tell tale signs.

“Oh Mom,” he replied as he rose from the table. “No! I haven't forgotten. I...er..I jus...just took a shower and it must be that new soap you smell on me. I...I've been home all day, honest!”

She walked back to her bedroom with a look on her face that reflected disbelief, but acceptance of his story.

Pat watched her retreating back until she shut her door. Letting out a soft sigh, he quickly walked into the hall bathroom, his bathroom, and peered into the mirror. There around the eyes, in the creases at the corners was that some more of that pesky shadow gunk? Turning on the tap, he scrubbed his face once again. This time, he had to be sure that all traces of his mornings escapades were erased.

Sunday, Pat spent the day cutting the grass and doing the lawn work. It felt good to be outside, soaking up the sun and sweating like a man. His excursion into femininity on Saturday and the promise of having to do it for another two weeks, made him want to do manly things to make up for it. So today, he mowed, trimmed, edged, swept, bagged, and generally exhausted himself with masculine chores.

His only regret was that he couldn't do his yard work bare chested or in his shorts. He almost made an enormous mistake of pulling off his tee shirt, but realized as he grabbed the hem to pull it over his head, that his arm pits were clean shaven as well as his chest. Anyone would notice because where he had shaved, it was much whiter than other areas. His under arms and legs would stand out like a neon sign saying, “Look He Shaved His Body!”

In any case, Pat spent much of Sunday working outside. That evening he watched television with his Mother on their black and white thirteen inch set. She did not have to tell him twice to get ready for bed at nine p.m. Soon, she was kissing his forehead and tucking him into his bed just like she had ever since he was little. His “Aw Mom!” was ignored as customary.

Pat's Mother no sooner left the driveway than his phone began ringing. Answering it, Belinda told him to hurry up over to her house as they had lots to do before he could be ready for his first day of school.

Hanging up, he had second thoughts about not going, but was scared of what might then happen. That Sister Mary Margaret was certainly not the type to take kindly to a practical joke being played on her; especially the one they pulled on her. Belinda playing on the Sister's sympathies by describing his deceased abusive father

and their monetary problems certainly did not help. That Nun would probably be very persistent in chasing him down too.

“Oh well, nothing for it, but to just go ahead and do it I guess,” he thought.

Timidly, Pat followed Belinda into the school's main hallway. He was wearing the same basic uniform as all the other girls, blue full skirt, starched white blouse, blue scarf neckerchief, several layers of net petticoats, white bobby socks, and saddle oxfords. He tried to ignore the tented fabric poking sharply out from his chest.

They walked into their first class of the day, homeroom, taught by Sister Mary Margaret. As they entered the class, the Sister nodded a greeting and with a sweep of her arm indicated two desks right in front of hers.

Pat remembered just in time to sweep his hands back under his skirts, smoothing them, before sitting sideways, then, with knees tightly pressed together, sliding them forward to face the front. Nervously, he placed his hands flat on the desk top and waited for everyone else to get settled. No one spoke or made unnecessary noise while in Sister Mary Margaret's class.

He sat trying with a great effort to be still and calm while his insides were racing like he was in a marathon. He just knew that any second Sister would jump up from her desk and denounce him for the impostor that he was. The lessons Belinda had given him Saturday afternoon and Monday morning as she helped dress him were only the bare basics, but they would have to be enough to get him through the day. She promised him that she would give him instructions every chance she had to keep him from being discovered.

As he sat at his desk looking everywhere but directly at the Sister, he was very conscious of the pull of his new clothing. The tingling itch of the petticoat hems as they brushed his bare flesh. The tightness around his chest and across his shoulders of the bra straps, and the constant brush of the wig against his cheeks and neck. He could even feel the weight of the gunk she had plastered on his face.

Oh, she said that it was only a very light coat as the school frowned on young ladies wearing make up to classes, but fortunately for them Our Lady Of Perpetual Sorrows was more progressive than some other church schools she knew of. They wouldn't let the girls wear any kind of make up period.

“How horrid!” Belinda had exclaimed, while Pat found himself wishing that this school was a lot less progressive.

His thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of the bell. As the tardy bell finished, Pat followed all the other girls in his class by standing and saying, “Good morning Sister Mary Margaret!”

This was followed immediately with a short bobbing curtsy which Pat just barely managed to copy. Sister then called on the girl sitting in the front row far left side of the room to lead the class in the Pledge of Allegiance. This was followed by the class reciting the Lord's Prayer.

“Class,” Sister said once they took their seats. “Each morning, as you older students remember, class will begin just like today. Tomorrow Lucinda will lead the

pledge and prayer,” she continued indicating the girl behind the one she had already called upon.

“And we will continue until each of you has had the chance to lead the class in it's recitation. Now, ladies, I want you to each stand, state your name and tell us a little about yourself since I see many new faces. After the introductions, I will distribute your individual class assignments and give you your advisor's name, room number, and telephone number as well. Now let's begin.”

Pat stood nervously and with a cracking voice managed to give out his name and that he was new to town coming from Houston. He spoke briefly about what it was like living in the big city. By the time he was told to resume his seat, his hands were shaking visibly. He had to clasp one hand over the other in his lap to hold them still. The glint of pale pink nail polish reflected back into his glistening eyes. He had been so scared that he was almost in tears.

He couldn't help noticing Sister looking closely at him as he sat struggling to control his nervousness. He wanted to squirm under that inspection, but just managed to hold still enough for her to bring her gaze back to the girl standing behind him. “*Oh, this ain't gonna work,*” his mind whispered to him.

Pat received his class assignments and looked at them closely. Right after his homeroom period, he had English Lit, Business Math, History, Lunch, Homemaking/Business Typing, Voice, Drama, and Health/Physical Education. His Homemaking class would be on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. For his personal advisor he saw that he would have Sister Mary Margaret.

Just as the class was being dismissed, Sister Mary Margaret called Pat over to her desk. “Patty, I want you to stay for just a moment, then you can catch up with Belinda. I couldn't help noticing just how nervous you were this morning, is there anything wrong? You know that confession is good for the soul and as I am your advisor, you may feel free to tell me anything without fear of reprisal. Just like when you attend confession, dear. What you tell me is strictly confidential, although, I may have to give you penance.”

Pat stood with his hands clasped behind his back so that Sister wouldn't see him wringing them so fretfully. He kept looking down at where he would normally see his feet, except now all he saw was his white blouse sticking out in front of him and his blue skirt. That only made him all the more nervous and he couldn't bring any words out of his suddenly very dry mouth to answer the Sister's questions.

“Ahhemmm..er...\*cough\*..aaaah...ahhemmm,” he began only to glance up through his long lashes to see Sister Mary Margaret slapping a wooden ruler in her palm absently. That was another new experience for him, looking through thickened elongated lashes. That and seeing a Nun slapping a ruler into her open palm.

“Patty, I see that I must encourage you to speak up. Hold out your hand, palm up with fingers spread.” Sister ordered losing patience at his failure to respond.

Not knowing what to expect, Pat did as he was told. Initially feeling a little relief at having something to do and delaying having to answer. His eyes opened wide in shock and surprise when the ruler came smashing down into his open palm. It stung like the

dickens. He instinctively said, "Shit!" as he pulled his hand out of harms way. Fanning his stinging hand, he did not see Sister stand and move over toward him.

"That will be enough of that, my dear! I can see now that you are not all the sugar and spice that you appear to be. Come along! Follow me!" Sister Mary Margaret ordered grabbing his still stinging hand. He was pulled along out the door and across the hall to the ladies room.

Pat was aware of all the girls standing around in the bathroom and how they all scattered like a covey of quail when they entered the room. In the now almost deserted room, Sister pulled him to a sink, reached out and grabbed a bar of slippery soap. Facing him, she shoved the wet bar up against his lips.

Pat was so surprised by being brought into the ladies room and then by the Sister's actions, he actually opened his mouth for a second. That was all that Sister needed and soon Pat's mouth was foaming. He broke free of the Sister's grip and tried to wash out the foul and nauseous bubbles.

It seemed like an eternity as he hunched over the porcelain spitting and rinsing out his mouth. He felt his stomach cramp and almost tossed his cookies, but managed to swallow it back down. With a last burp and taste of soap still twisting his mouth, Pat moved to the towel dispenser and wiped his face.

"Now! Let that be a lesson to you!" Sister announced as he brought the paper towel away from his face. "If I hear such foul and indecent language come from your mouth again Patty, you will eat that entire bar of soap. That I can promise you!"

She was interrupted by the ringing of the tardy bell. Looking like she wanted to say much more, she shrugged her shoulders, and added, "I'm not finished with you, but you need to get to your next class. We can wait until this afternoon. Oh, fix your face before you go. It is a mess! Meet me across the hall as soon as you do. I'll give you a pass."

Sister Mary Margaret left him standing beside the sink.

His hand was clutching at it's rim in a death grip, the knuckles white with tension. Burping again, he tasted the awful soap still on his breath. "Ugh!" he grunted as he turned to face the besmeared and sad looking face in the mirror. He pulled the strap of his purse which had somehow managed to stay with him throughout his ordeal, off his shoulder.

Slowly opening it, he pulled out a golden tube, compact, bottle of liquid base, green plastic tube with chromed top, red pencil, and a wad of tissue. Placing these items on the shelf over the sink, he finished wiping away the black and blue mascara and shadow smears with a tissue.

Taking the liquid make up, he dotted his face like Belinda had shown him and smeared it into his skin. Taking the green container, he removed the top and pulled out the brush attachment. With a very shaking hand, he managed to run it through his lashes several times. Using the eyebrow pencil he lined his eyes and touched up his brows.

Opening the compact, he removed the applicator and reapplied the blue shadow to his lids. Finally, he pressed the bright red lipstick to his quivering lips. Looking in the mirror, he was surprised at just how good a job he had done. A little heavy and splotchy in spots, but acceptable. Those hours of practice Belinda made him do would help keep his secret for now.

He was still shaken as he took the seat next to a strange girl in his Business Math class. It was the only one left and of course it had to be right up front. Sitting down, he carefully arranged his full skirts noticing, as he did so, that the teacher's eyes were focused on him.

Mr. Dodd was smiling down at him with what could only be described as a leer.

By the end of morning classes, everyone in the entire school had heard about the new girl and Sister Mary Margaret. Pat thought he would die of embarrassment and became even more introverted and uncommunicative. He felt like every eye was upon him and cringed throughout the rest of his morning classes. His situation did not improve until lunch.

It was while they were eating at a table with mostly girls from his morning classes, that their sympathies and stories of similar circumstances began to ease his mind.

Sharon had joined them and almost as soon as she had placed her tray on the table came over and hugged Pat tightly around the neck. She told him how sorry she was to hear about what the "Step Sister" had done to her.

The "Step Sister" was what all the girls called Sister Mary Margaret after the mean sisters in Cinderella. Sister Mary Margaret was a stern disciplinarian and because of her unbending, uncompromising position was both respected and feared by the students.

"Woe be unto anyone who gets her for a counselor," the girls who were sitting at the table said almost as one.

At which point, Pat just about croaked.

Sharon had to pat him on the back to help him swallow the milk he had been drinking. Once again, all the girls sympathized with him on his misfortune.

"Well, how are you enjoying your first day of Catholic School?" Sharon asked already guessing the answer. She had to giggle when she saw the expression on his face.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be mean," she continued with a smile on her face that she just couldn't erase. "It's...well forget it. You know, when Belinda told me about what you two did Saturday, I could have died! You're soooo convincing! I bet no one will ever guess your secret unless you tell them that is. Boy! I bet Step Sister would just mess in her panties if she found out that you really weren't a girl. Can't you just imagine her expression if she found out! I bet.."

"Hey! Hey! Sharon...", Pat rushed to shut Sharon up before the entire world discovered him. "Sharon keep it down, will ya! Why don't you just broadcast it over the PA system for God's sake! Look! Things are bad enough just as they are and I don't need you doing me any favors! Not like this anyway!"

"What! I wouldn't tell anyone, honest! Just me and Belinda know about you Pat. Heck, it would be just as bad for us if anyone found out about you. After all, it's our clothes you're wearing including our undies! What do you think would happen to our reputation should any of this get out? Huh? Not one bit of good, I'll tell you that!"

"Yeah!" Belinda butted in. "Look Pat, it's just as important that you get this over and done with as soon as possible to us. Maybe more so. We'll have to live with the Step Sister until we graduate while you can just pack up and go to public school. Believe me, I do not relish spending a full year with her royally pissed off at me!"

"Belinda!" Sharon squeaked out, "Watch you language! What if someone hears and tells?" Seeing Pat's questioning look, Sharon explained. "Pat, if any of the girls gets caught using profanity or indecent language she gets to spend time with the Step Sister just like you did. Only, except for those of us who have been here awhile, it's much worse than what you had to do. In some respects, this is a very progressive school, but in others, well it is still in the dark ages."

They finished their meal put their meal trays on the conveyor. Belinda walked in front with Pat in the middle and Sharon on the other side. They headed straight to the ladies room where Belinda pulled out a pack of cigarettes and lighting one, passed it to Sharon.

They stood chatting and smoking in a close huddle in the back of the room. Pat refused at first to participate, until Belinda kidded him about being a fraidy cat. He choked out a puff or two, but did not really inhale. It was foul tasting and he knew that if they got caught, they would be punished. With punishment came an increased chance of discovery and he did not want that.

While they stood smoking in the girl's bathroom, both Belinda and Sharon kept giving Pat instructions on how to act. They even gave him instructions on how to hold his cigarette more like a girl would with pinky sticking out to the side.

Belinda gave him a critique on his behavior so far which was fairly complimentary, but wanted him to practice checking and applying his make up. According to her, he just wasn't doing it often enough and he was still licking his lips entirely too much. All the guys, when they saw him licking his lips like that would think he was the biggest tease in the school.

Both girls got a kick out of that as they watched him blush beet red. Tossing the butt into the toilet bowl, they went over to the sinks and rinsed out their mouths with water and freshened their make up.

"Patty, darling," Belinda crooned, "You simply must keep up. All us girls stay closely together. We move and hang out in groups, haven't you noticed? Now stay close to Sharon and me. This afternoon, the rest of our friends will be joining us. So try to fit in."

It seemed that Belinda had been put in slightly different classes because she did not want to go to college. Instead, she professed an interest in becoming an actress, and her courses reflected that desire. Since Pat had expressed the desire to attend the same classes she did, they had all their classes together.

Sharon and their other girl friends, however, had decided to attend college and therefore, they had a different schedule. Our Lady of Perpetual Sorrows was progressive in that they wanted all their students, including the girls, to attend college. The school did recognize that some students were just not cut out for it and designed alternatives just for them. Drama, dance, and voice being some of the more popular electives.

They walked through a knot of girls standing closer to the entrance of the bathroom on their way out.

As Pat passed, one of them whispered, "You really know how to pick your friends, don't you?" He wasn't sure that it was directed at him, but shook his head and followed behind Sharon. It wasn't until much later that he discovered Belinda had a certain reputation.



Home Ec started his afternoon session. As a beginning project, the teacher assigned them the task of creating an apron for their partner. Needless to say, Belinda was Pat's partner and she decided that he would particularly enjoy wearing an old fashioned pinafore style. Selecting a pretty bright yellow nylon material with great big daisies printed on it, she began cutting.

Pat was horrified, but couldn't do anything to sway Belinda from changing the style to something more to his liking. Something like the butcher style he was cutting from heavy white cotton for her. Deciding that he would get her to switch aprons after they were finished, he concentrated to running the hem of his design through the sewing machine without stitching his fingers together.

This project was not as simple as it had at first seemed. First, he had to know which fabric would be best suited for an apron, then, he had to select a pattern and pin it to the material. Once he pinned the pattern, he had to figure out exactly where to cut it for the appropriate size. Finished cutting, he then had to learn how to operate the sewing machine. All this was not done in a single day or even two. The project would take them most of the week to complete.

Voice was next. He waited along with several other girls as the teacher listened to their voices one by one to assess their quality and range. Pat was nervous as this was going to be another near thing. A professional voice instructor just might be able to detect that his wasn't exactly what you would call a very feminine voice.

When it was his turn to sing the scale, he tried to raise it into a higher pitch. The teacher looked at him critically and nodding his head, while scribbling in a spiral notebook, finally said, "I believe that your voice is trying to find itself."

Seeing Pat's reaction and mistaking the fear he saw in his eyes for something else, he continued, "Changing as you mature that is. It is nothing to worry about. If I didn't know better I would say it is trying to deepen, become more bass. No matter, I have some exercises you can practice that will help guide your vocal cords in their development. Now, go stand over there. I'll be with you in a minute."

The teacher did not see Pat wipe his brow in a very masculine move as he walked over to the indicated spot. Glancing over in Belinda's direction, he saw a frown of disapproval flash across her face. Pat spent the rest of the period running through a series of vocal lessons with two other girls with developmental voice problems while the rest of the class practiced harmonizing. The teacher supervised and corrected each of the girls in Pat's group as a senior student led the others. Pat's throat was sore by the time they were finished for the day, but it was softer and higher pitched.

Mr. Wilson warmly greeted each of the girls as they entered his class. It was the first time Pat noticed that there would be boys attending classes with them. Up until now, all his classes had been segregated by sex. The only time he was aware that other boys were attending school was in the halls or sitting on the opposite side of the cafeteria. It also felt funny to be singled out for a hug by another man while the boys just walked by without more than a simple, "Hello Mr. Wilson."

All the girls seemed to like the attention and oohed and ahed whenever he showed them the least bit of it. He was tall, dark, and handsome in a rugged sort of way and had deep intense blue eyes. "That were to die for," according to Belinda, but Pat did not see anything so special about him.

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Over the next week, the other girls informed him in every single nauseating detail of just how charming and good looking their teacher was.

Pat was positively shocked at some of the things the girls said they would like to do with Mr. Wilson, given the chance. He had to admit that Mr. Wilson certainly knew how to charm the panties right off the girls though. Secretly, Pat wished that he could have just half of Mr. Wilson's talents in that respect.

Mr. Wilson auditioned each of them in turn. He focused on each person's manner, posture, voice, walk, and demeanor. Writing furiously in a tablet his assessment for each child, he would then smile pleasantly and summon the next one onto the stage.

Pat was nervous to the point where his knees shook and his voice broke and cracked as he stood before the microphone.

Mr. Wilson did his best to ease his fears, but at last the torture ceased and Pat walked off with the others.

Since Mr. Wilson did not denounce him, he figured that he had passed this test as well. If the day did not hurry and end, Pat felt like he would shatter just like fine crystal dropped onto the hard kitchen floor.

Only one more class for the day and it would be over.

As Pat walked beside Belinda talking about how the stress was making him a total wreck, she took his hand and told him that he was doing just fine. Her confidence helped him a lot, until he noticed where they were going — The Gym!

“Oh, No! I can't possibly go in there,” he protested looking with horror filled eyes upon the doorway. Over the double door were big bold black letters that read, “Girl's Gym”.

“Don't be silly! You've made it this far and Sharon will be here to help us. You just keep your cool and nothing bad will happen. Just make sure that you follow along and do exactly what I tell you. This is our last class of the day and it will be a lot easier to skip taking our showers. So just don't do something stupid. Understand!”

“Showers?” Pat said in total disbelief. “Ain't no way! Belinda that's it. I can't go on with this any longer. They'll skin me alive and bury me under the jail if this ever gets out! No, I...I can't do it!”

“What! Get a hold of yourself. You can't possibly think about quitting now! Not after you've made fools of every single solitary teacher in this school today. Why, you even had Mr. Wilson hugging and calling you sugar today. What do you think they are going to do to you if you back out of this now! Well!”

Pat was at a total loss. His entire body was shaking and sweat beaded his forehead. “Er....aaah....I...I do..n't..Bel..Belinda, you...you can't be serious about letting me go..go in there and dress 'n...'n shower with the girls! Can you?”

“Don't be silly! Of course you can't take a shower with the other girls. Heck! If they did find out they'd kill me just as quick as they would you. No! Not by a long shot! But you will have to change in there and I can't think of any way out of that. We'll just pick a spot in the back corner of the locker room. Between me and Sharon we'll be able to cover for you while you change.”

She paused while she thought some more, then, smiling, finished, “Since this is last period. We can skip the showers. I just hope that Miss Evans isn't our instructor. She's a bitch about us taking our showers. None of the others seem to care as much though and I think she has second period. So come on, there's Sharon.”

She grabbed his hand and pulled him into the gym.

Taking a fatalistic approach Pat just swallowed loudly and followed along. It was like she had said, “It was too late to back out now.”

Sharon smiled in greeting and after Belinda told her of what they needed to do, quickly agreed. So with Pat sandwiched between them, he followed them into the inner sanctum of the girl's gym, the locker room.

They found a space down the first row of lockers at the very end. Pat was told to take the end locker and Sharon the one beside it. Belinda being taller and bigger than either of the others, would make a good blocker preventing the other girls from seeing too clearly past her. For that matter, Pat wouldn't be able to see much past her either.

Settled on their plan of action, Belinda dropped a tote on the top of the bench that ran the length of the aisle. "Go ahead and open it Pat. It should fit."

Pat pulled the zipper back and revealed a dark blue romper styled gym suit, white starched short sleeved cotton blouse with an embroidered school crest on the single left hand pocket, a pair of peds with little blue pompom balls on the heels, a sports bra, and white low cut tennis shoes.

"Go ahead and put it on while we watch," Belinda added as he pulled the clothing out of the bag.

As he removed it, he noticed that there was another complete outfit in the bag. Making sure that he had the correct set, he held the romper up and examined it. The outfit had a bib styled front, the waist trimmed in neatly, and the flair legged bottoms had an elasticized inner leg sewn into the pant.

Looking over at the two girls, he quickly unbuttoned his own blouse, belt, skirt and shimmied out of his clothing. Replacing the bra and the breast pad stuffing was cumbersome and awkward, but he managed with little grunts and groans. Soon, he was completely dressed in the regulation gym outfit. As he sat to put on his tennis shoes, the two other girls began changing after telling him to be sure that he kept his eyes on his shoes where they belonged.

Pat couldn't help himself as he stole quick glances out the corner of his eye. Neither Sharon nor Belinda needed any padding. Their lithe bodies moving just out of focus combined with the aromas of their various perfumes made his penis twitch in the confines of its elastic prison.

Using his upraised foot on the bench to cover his movements, Pat pushed at his confined penis to put it into a more comfortable position. Luckily when he glanced down, there was no tell—tale bulge.

When he thought that he couldn't bear sitting there in the corner another minute more, Belinda told him to come on. Getting up, he followed behind his two mentors. Watching their nice rounded rumps molded into the tight fitting rompers swish and sway sexily in front of him did not help his disposition.

He was careful not to stare at the few girls still finishing up as they made their way out into the gym. The very idea of being in the girl's locker room, inundated by their scents, voices, and bodies made him squirm most uncomfortably. Unconsciously, he reached down to adjust his misbehaving organ.

Fortunately, no one except Belinda caught him and she elbowed him roughly in the side.

"If you gotta fool around with yourself," she hissed. "Make sure that you do it like a girl, stupid! Move your fingers to adjust the hem of your panties. Let your fingers slide under the elastic! Whatever you do, don't shove at your groin like that. You understand?"

Blushing, he apologized and did like she instructed. With a glow still on his cheeks, he followed them out onto the wooden floor. Taking his place beside them in line, he waited for the teacher to appear and take roll. They talked amongst themselves at first with both girls whispering additional instructions to him.

"Stand with your hip cocked and your knee slightly bent. Like this," Sharon instructed. "You're standing way too stiff, like a boy. Loosen up and let your arms hang, fingers slightly spread not curled in that threatening manner, and pull your elbows in. There that's much better."

Pat felt like one great big sissy standing there like he was. He watched the other girls, doing as Belinda had told him, and tried to mimic their much more fluid movements and gestures. He was having a particularly hard time with his hands. He kept making fists, or he constantly kept trying to put them in pockets he no longer had.

"Instead of trying to put them in pockets," Belinda told him. "Use your fingers to tug at the hem of your shorts, skirts or whatever you happen to be wearing. No one pays any attention to a young woman tugging at her clothing as it is perfectly natural."

Soon other girls joined them and the conversation became more widespread and general.

Mostly, they asked Pat about where he was from, why had he moved to this town, and similar questions. It wasn't until some of them asked him about old boy friends and other intimate questions like had he ever French kissed a boy, that he began to become evasive and noncommunicative. Luckily, they were prevented from continuing that line of questioning as their instructor walked in.

To Pat's surprise, it was the Step Sister.

"All right, listen up ladies," she yelled out. "When I call your name answer up." Sister Mary Margaret was an impressive sight dressed in Bermuda shorts and abundantly filled out polo shirt. She was solid, solid as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Her legs like twin columns of granite flowed without measurable thinning into a thick waist. Her shoulders were more like a linebackers than anything else and her neck was thick. Pat was surprised how much the nun's habit had covered up. Looking at this woman, Pat knew he did not want to get on her bad side. It looked like she could beat up a professional prize fighter.

The roll finished, she told them that since it was the first day of classes there would be no organized exercises, but she did have a film for them to see. She told them to be prepared to do calisthenics every day beginning tomorrow and that they would be expected to furnish their own sanitary pads.

"Therefore," she had ordered, "Each of you will bring a fresh box with you Monday and give it to Miss Adams the PE director to keep for you."

With that, they moved into one of the classrooms set up outside the gym in temporary shelters. You know the kind that are little more than glorified trailers, but equipped with desks and an open floor plan. They also tended to become permanent fixtures.

Taking her place at the front of the class, Sister called for their attention.

"All right, settle down girls. We're going to start this first six weeks off with health and hygiene. Now, let me see a show of hands from anyone of you who has not started her monthly period. Come now, no need to feel embarrassed. Anyone?"

Pat did not know what to do, so he just looked around the room at his fellow classmates. Seeing no one raise their hand, he wisely kept his tightly grasped in his lap. As he turned his head back around to face the front, he noticed that Sister was looking right at him. He blushed under her scrutiny.

"Well, seeing that all of you are now experienced women, we'll get into today's film. It is entitled, *'Feminine Hygiene and Your Body'*. Pay close attention Ladies! You will be tested on it tomorrow afternoon. Understood? Dawn, would you please get the lights."

As the flickering black and white instructional film played across the screen, Pat thought he was going to throw up. It was disgusting and dealt with a topic no self respecting boy would ever sit through. The discussion on recognizing the symptoms of a yeast infection and how to prevent it made him turn green around the gills. He was fortunate could that the lights were off and no one see his change in coloration. He was unfortunate, in that Sister Mary Margaret stood right beside him.

Near the end of the movie, Pat felt a hand firmly plant itself on his left shoulder. Turning and looking up, he was surprised to see Sister still standing beside him.

"Once the movie is over and I dismiss the class to go back and change, I want to speak to you. So stay in your chair after I dismiss everyone."

Pat started shaking and could feel a trickle of sweat run down behind his ear. Could Sister Mary Margaret have discovered his secret while he had sat there. A million questions ran through his mind as the film ended, the lights came back on, and the class was dismissed.

Belinda and Sharon said that they would wait for him outside before joining the rest of the class heading out the door.

"Well, Miss Pat Roberts, please get up and move into the chair here by my desk dear. I don't think it is necessary for us to yell back and forth, do you?"

Pat did as instructed and slowly made his way up to the front and sat in the indicated chair. He made sure that his knees were pressed together even though he wasn't wearing a skirt. *"No sense taking chances by revealing something best left hidden,"* he thought.

"Well, how are you enjoying your first day at Our Lady of Perpetual Sorrows? Good! Now dear, I couldn't help but notice that you are very nervous around your peers and especially when I just asked about your menstrual cycle. We can perhaps justify much to being new, but tell me dear, have you begun your period? You can be frank with me. I can understand your concerns about your level of physical maturity."

Pat was beet red by the time Sister had finished interrogating him. He knew it would be useless to deny that he hadn't experienced his menses. If he tried, Sister just might jump to other conclusions which he could ill afford. It was much better to acknowledge his physical lack of maturity than to provide her with any more ammunition that may reveal his true identity.

She seem suspicious, in any event, and quizzed him for what seemed like hours. She probed into his past, into his likes and dislikes, his relationships with boys and other girls. She seemed particularly interested in his depictions of his many boy friends that he had left behind in Houston.

"Doesn't it seem strange," she had asked at one point, "that you have mentioned numerous boy friends, but very few girl friends?"

Pat almost choked on that comment, but swallowing managed to explain that he had misunderstood the Sister's question. He had thought she wanted to know only about his boy friends, and of course, he had lots and lots of girl friends. He stumbled over naming his best girl friend though, when asked, but managed to say Alice after a lengthy pause.

He felt like he had been pulled through a clothes wringer when she finally dismissed him. His knees were very wobbly by the time he reached his two friends waiting for him outside.

Belinda and Sharon had to put their arms around him to help him back into the gym and locker. They made him close his eyes once again while they changed first, then they moved to block anyone from seeing him as he changed.

The girls had wanted to know every detail of his meeting with the Step Sister. They especially wanted to know if she had discovered his secret and whether or not he had told on their participation.

He thought he heard a collective sigh of relief when he told them he thought his secret was safe. He didn't want to talk about it and he was still emotionally distraught over the encounter.

Back in Belinda's car, Pat slid down into his seat sending petticoats flying as he broke out in frustrated tears. He couldn't believe that he was actually crying, but it had been one terrifying day for him.

Now that he found himself in the relative safety of the car, his emotions got the better of him. Through his sobs, he begged Belinda not to make him do this ever again not even tomorrow. James Brown and the Famous Flames were singing "*Please, Please, Please*" on the car radio.

By the time they got back to Belinda's, Pat had better control of his emotions. He still wasn't fully his old self, even after removing all his make up and back in his normal clothes. Standing in the back doorway, his books in hand, he looked sad eyed at Belinda silently asking one more time to be released. Her stare spoke volumes and he turned and walked back over to his house.

Once home, he grabbed some paper bags and with scissors and tape began putting covers on his school books. He did as good a job as he could by himself, but some of

them looked like they were going to fall off all by themselves. He had never done this before. His Mother did it for him. Even as he examined his work he knew that he was going to get a lot of kidding from his classmates.

"Another eight days of this sh....stuff," he said, catching his lapse to a forbidden word automatically. "Darn that Belinda! I don't know if I can keep this up. Not if the Step Sister keeps pounding on me."

Taking the books back into his room, he stretched out on his bed and began doing homework. It felt great not to have to worry about keeping his knees together or whether or not his skirts were exposing too much flesh.

He didn't miss the itch of lace frills or cutting pull of bra straps in the least. Nothing beat a pair of pants and tee shirt for comfort. Man, did he miss wearing his grungy jeans. Smiling for the first time that day in real pleasure, Pat opened his spiral binder.

He just finished his last assignment, when he heard his Mom's car in the drive. Closing the books and shoving them under his bed, he got up and went to greet her as she walked in. He stopped in the hall to check his face one last time. No accidental smears or traces of make up around the eyes to rouse her suspicions today.

After she hugged him, she stood back and gave him a look, but did not say anything. Her nose wrinkled, and Pat heard her sniff the air, but she just smiled weakly and left him to change.

Pat knew that she was suspicious, but felt sure that she couldn't even begin to guess what her only son had been up to. With a sigh, he walked over to the refrigerator and began removing that night's dinner.

He avoided all her questions about his day and why did he look so tired and care worn. Claiming that he might be coming down with something, he begged off any further discussion and went to his room. Shutting the door, he stripped and pulled on his pajamas. One thing that he said was all too true, he was bone weary and more than ready for bed.

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Tuesday morning was a repeat of the previous day. Just as soon as Belinda called him telling him that it was all right for him to come over, he grabbed his books and met her at her back door. Dressing was getting much easier for him and while he still had trouble with eye liner, much of his make up application went smoothly.

As they got into the car, Belinda told him he was going to have to recover his books. "Sister won't like what you did one bit," she informed him with her first look.

Pat looked put out by her comment, but knew she was right. She promised to help as soon as they got the chance.

Elvis' "*Teddy Bear*" was coming over the car radio followed by an advertisement for the his movie, Loving You which was playing at the Rialto that Friday.

Belinda said that she really wanted to see it, but thanks to Pat's using all her make up and stuff, she couldn't afford it.

“Honestly Pat!” she protested somewhat frustrated with him, “You really don't have to use half a jar of my expensive cold cream to remove your make up. All you need is just a daub on your finger tip.”

“You don't know how snoopmy my Mom can be either!” he stated defensively. “I think she may be suspicious as it is and I cannot afford for her to see any trace of that gunk on me.”

They sat in silence the rest of the way to school.

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When they got into their seats in Home Room, all the girls were talking about the latest Elvis movie. Amid all the girlish gibberish surrounding Elvis and rock and roll, Sister Mary Margaret entered the room.

Hearing the ruminants of their conversation, she frowned and said aloud, “Girls! You know that the Church frowns upon that kind of display. I hope that you are not really thinking about going to see that trash. It certainly is the devil's own, I say.”

After the prayer, the Step Sister, (Pat had to giggle to himself as he mentally thought of the girl's name for Sister,) gave out the day's announcements and schedule changes for a few of the students. With that accomplished, she let them break out their texts and study. Looking down at Pat's sloppy attempt at covering his book, she frowned and mentioned that it should be redone before tomorrow's classes.

While she normally did not assign homework in her class, she made sure that her student's were not going to be found wanting by the other teachers. Sister then examined everyone's homework and those that did not do or finish their assigned tasks were given stern warnings and extra assignments to complete.

Pat passed her once over, but failed penmanship. Sister demanded that he practice his writing for the rest of her period and continued to inspect his written assignments from then on. If his penmanship did not look appropriately neat and feminine, he had to do it all over again.

By the end of Home Room, his fingers were usually cramped and numb, but his lettering was much improved. His writing became much more flowing and cursive. The only thing keeping it from becoming very girlish was his failure to put little hearts in place of the dots over his “i's” which Sharon had suggested.

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Pat's morning went much smoother than the day before and he wasn't feeling half the stress. As a result, he found himself joining in more frequently with the activities of his classmates. To his surprise, they had a lot in common. Although, he still found it difficult to talk about many of the themes that girls brought up.

Very little or no sports talk, but a lot of talk about favorite stars and singers, especially, Elvis.

He could hold his own on topics like the top forty and latest movies, but let them ramble about this star's hair style or that star's "to die for eyes" and he faded into the background.

He was particularly embarrassed when they discussed physical and anatomical likes and dislikes concerning both males and females.

His continuing feminine health class was very disturbing and resulted in an almost continuous blush; especially, as they began in depth discussions on feminine hygiene.

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The next three days went by without incident and only occasional embarrassment.

The embarrassment came in Drama Class where, for class assignment, he had to play a "femme fatale" role to Henry's dashing hero. He actually had to let Henry kiss him on the lips, of all things!

He had kept his lips tightly sealed when Henry did it, but it was still a horrible embarrassment to him. Most of the class had gotten a big laugh at his bright red glowing cheeks as Henry stepped away from their embrace. At least, that particular scene was finished and they moved on to other plays.

Both Belinda and Sharon spent a lot of their free time coaching Pat. They showed him what to do with his hands, how to react to some of the more common situations young girls and boys find themselves in, and more importantly how not to act. Like spreading his legs when catching a ball instead of closing them like a boy would.

He was given some of the latest magazines to read and study like Seventeen so he would feel more comfortable discussing fashion or make up secrets.

The girls laughed when Sharon also mentioned that a particular magazine she liked had an article in it on how a woman could best keep her man. It contained some sexual game descriptions in addition to describing some skimpy undies.

The days began to pass with greater frequency than they seemed to have done before. They weren't nearly so hectic either and Pat found that he wasn't absolutely exhausted by the time he got home either. Oh, he was still uptight and care worn, but not nearly as bad as he had been at the first of the week.

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Each morning had now become a regular routine.

Freshly showered, he would rush right over to Belinda's once their parents had left for work. There he would grab the clothing laid out for him and go into the bathroom.

There he would work the bra across his chest, pull on the four net petticoats, slip into the blouse, skirt, and bobby socks and shoes. From there he would hurry over to the vanity. Under Belinda's supervision, he would apply his make up and finally pin the wig securely onto his head.

By Friday morning, he had gotten quite good at doing most of this all by himself. He could even paint his nails in a soft pale pink enamel while riding in the car on the way to school.

Friday morning started off easily enough. Sister saw improvement in his handwriting and did not require him to re—do his homework assignments. The serious studies were quickly over and at lunch they had hamburgers, fries, and apple pie for dessert. Belinda was still in a somewhat sour mood because all their friends could talk about was the new Elvis flick.

It wasn't until Drama Class that Belinda's mood showed a marked improvement. Pulling Pat off to the side while the others were discussing the merits of doing The Taming of the Shrew as a class project, she informed him that they were going on a double date tonight to see Loving You.

"You have got to be totally out of your cotton pickin' mind!" Pat almost shouted. Seeing the heads of his classmates and Mr. Wilson turn his way, Pat fought down a combination of anger and embarrassment. "Aaah, er....aaah," he stammered.

"We...we were just...Pat's just upset because I suggested that she would be perfect for the role of Stella in On the Waterfront Belinda managed as Pat sought for words to explain his loud outburst. "and Patty, well, she...she didn't think that she was capable of pulling off such a demanding role. That's all, she didn't like my idea, too much and well that's er...."

"On the Waterfront?" Mr. Wilson exclaimed. "Yes, that is an excellent idea Belinda, but I...I would have to agree with Patty. It is a very demanding play and not just for whoever lands the Stella role either. No...I think we had better set our goals for our first play on something a little easier."

The pause was just long enough for Pat to recoup some of his composure. Watching as the class turned it's attention back to discussing various Shakespearean plays that they might want to put on, Pat looked Belinda in the eye. If looks could kill, then Pat's would have planted Belinda six feet under. He was still upset with her even suggesting that he consider going out as a girl, much less with a boy on a date.

*"How could she even think such a horrible thought?"* Pat had to ask himself.

Belinda reached over and grabbing his arm in a tight grip digging her fingernails into his flesh, she pulled him closer to her.

"Look you great big ninny!" she hissed. "Get hold of yourself or do you want the entire class to know you aren't what you're supposed to be."

"Look, Belinda, I can't go out tonight. Just how am I going to get dressed for one thing. For another, your parents will be home and so will my Mom! There ain't nuthin' you can do to get by that 'n I ain't gonna put on no dress where my Mom can find out!"

"Don't worry about that! I'll figure out a way....heck! Look! You just tell your Mom that you are going out to see a movie with a friend which won't be a lie and will be home by curfew. I'll pick you up on the corner and you can change in the back seat. Simple!"

“Change in the back seat! You're really reachin' Belinda. No way I can get dressed convincing enough in the back seat of your car! What if somebody sees me? Besides, if you use your car then you don't need me in any case. Yeah! Just use your car and pick up Floyd that way you don't need Henry and I don't have to go.”

“Oh no, you're not getting out that easily. Besides how would it look if Floyd's date picked him UP! Like, he's really going to go out with me then. No, you do as I said! Once you've put on a dress and your wig, we'll come back to my house to finish up. We'll tell my Mom...I'll figure out something to explain it all later, but you just plan on meeting me at six—thirty on the corner.”

“Belinda! Come on. I can't do this! I really can't.”

“Now let's go over this one more time. I want to see Loving You and thanks to you, I can't afford to go on my own. Floyd wants to take me tonight, but he can't unless I get Henry a date with you cause Henry has the car. We can't use mine cause everyone will see me picking him up and how would that look.”

Pat tried to object and tell her no way, but she just dug her nails in deeper. Seeing him grimace, she eased her grip only slightly before continuing, “It's not like you have a whole lot of choice here, Patty dearest! Henry has the hots for you. Sooooo....unless you have another suggestion, you're going to the movies. Got it? Or, do I have to all of a sudden discover your heinous secret right now in the middle of class? Well?”

*“Oh boy! What choice do I have,” Pat thought. “Damned if I do and damned if I don't.”*

Aloud, he argued what he thought to be his best recourse, “Okay! All right already! Let go my arm. Your nails are hurting me. Okay, I'll do it, but...but this is the last time, all right! You have got to promise to give me all those pictures and find a way for me to drop out of school. Promise me and...and I'll do it this once only. Okay?”

“Oh, lighten up silly,” Belinda smiled at hearing him acquiesce to her demands. With his agreement, she released his arm and sat back.

“Yeah, sure!” she said watching him rub at his arm noticing the nail imprints. “I'll give you back all those photos and we'll get you out of classes. You're going to have to promise me though, that you will pretend to be my girl friend and do nothing; and, I mean nothing to threaten exposure tonight. Cause if you do, we'll both go down in flames. Do you understand? You promise me and I'll promise you. Okay, it's a deal!”

Pat had to settle for whatever he could get now and this sounded like a way for him to at least get out of continuing this masquerade. Still frowning, he nodded his head in agreement.

Pat trudged through the rest of what was becoming a miserable day. Even the chance to glance out of the corners of his eyes at the other girls as they dressed for Health and Physical Education did not bring him any comfort. Wearing his blue jumper and performing calisthenics in a middle row surrounded by girls had made his life bearable while in his disguise. Now, there was little joy in the prospect of standing behind Mary Beth as she bent over to touch her toes and expose her gorgeous round firm butt to his unobstructed view.

His mind still mulled his coming date with Henry as the class settled into their desks for the health lecture for the day. To make matters worse, Sister had decided to run a film entitled, "Petting and Its Consequences" for class discussion.

After watching the movie, which was surprisingly graphic, the class had a real life discussion of dating, petting, and its unwanted consequences. One of the things discussed by the class was how a woman could avoid the worst situations. A number of suggestions to stop men from taking physical advantage of women were offered.

The suggestions, some of which received applause like a stiff knee to the groin, or providing manual stimulation were discussed. They all had to agree, however, that wearing a sanitary napkin stopped men cold in their tracks. Men were so up tight when it came to a woman's time of the month, that the merest suggestion of it sent them running. Most of the girls joined Pat in blushing over one girl's solution, oral sex, as a means to avoid actual violation and penetration.

Sister and the rest of the class came to the conclusion that it was best to stop any unwanted actions before they became a problem. Although Sister told them that oral sex was not condoned by the Church, even for married couples, and should be avoided by all means available. But even she had to admit that it was better than the alternative.

The group reached a consensus that wearing a sanitary pad would be an effective and easy safety precaution.

Pat thought to himself that sure was true, just seeing those hygiene films sickened him enough to almost gag. He certainly didn't want to do anything while a woman was doing that! The very thought gave him shivers.

By the end of the day's classes, Pat was exhausted. He sat hunched down in his seat as they drank DPCVCCs at the Drive—Inn. The hem of his full blue skirt flared out around his knees exposing much of his petticoats even though his knees were pressed tightly together.

He had learned that lesson well when on one of his first days in class, Sister Barbara, his English Lit instructor, walking past his desk swatted his calf with a wooden pointer. It stung like the dickens and even left a red mark on his calf where it had landed. He was told that if he did not learn to keep his legs together like a proper young lady, he would receive much worse in the future.

Bringing his thoughts back to the present, he sipped at his drink. It was surprisingly good and had become a standard order the few times that they had stopped there. *"Belinda was surprisingly generous with her money considering that she didn't have any,"* he thought miserably as he sipped on the drink.

They cost 35 cents a piece and weren't all that large, but Belinda paid for them and three orders of fries as well. Paul Anka's *"Cinderella"* was playing over the PA system which seemed to fit so well under the present situation.

Sharon sat in the back seat chatting away at machine gun speed about her pending date with David Delaney the captain of the football team. Her order of fries and coke sitting untasted on her lap. At the moment, she was describing what she intended to wear and was asking for their thoughts.

Pat tried his best to stay out of the conversation as he still blamed her for his present circumstances, but was made to participate by direct questions from both girls. He couldn't avoid answering without seeming to be really spiteful and mean which Belinda would make him pay for later.

“What did he think of Sharon wearing her charcoal poodle skirt with pink angora sweater. Or would it be more enticing, but not overly presumptions, if she wore her new jumper with low cut poly blouse with it's full sleeves and lace,” Pat was asked.

They did not accept the single “yes” or “no” answers that he mumbled out. He was made to provide complete reasons one way or the other, much to his chagrin.

He blushed beet red when Sharon asked him if he was going to play it safe on his coming date with Henry and wear a sanitary napkin. Both girls had a good laugh at his expense while he scrunched down even further in the car seat folding his arms across his chest making his breasts more prominent.

They couldn't help but kid him some more when he did that by telling him just how cute he looked sitting there with his crinolines sticking up in the air. Their comments about his femininity only embarrassed him even more.

As their giggles died away, they tried to make amends by telling him that he looked really really nice and was a terrific sport. Besides they liked him this way and that he was so much easier to get along with than other boys they knew.

“Why, we could never be friends with a boy like we are with you Patty,” Sharon said reaching over to pat him on the arm.

Pat did his best to ignore them. He was still mad at both of them and kept his eyes straight ahead although he had pulled his arms out from under his breasts. The material of his blouse sticking out like a tent was more than enough without any further assistance on his part. Gloomily, he sat sipping his drink wishing that they were gone already from this local hang out.

There were entirely too many people, mostly kids his age, but every now and then an adult would cruise by. He was deathly afraid that one of these days his Mother would accidentally run across them while he was dressed as Patty.

Fortunately, he did not know any of the adult friends his Mother hung out with or knew. But, he realized that it was only a matter of time before his luck caught up with him. He did not like pushing his luck this much. Exposure would be the end of him. He flinched as a car passed by honking it's horn while the driver waved frantically at them.

The girls pretended that they did not see anything, but looked anyway.

To Pat's relief they did not stay long at the Drive—Inn. Pulling out, they circled the hang out one time, just to see who was there, and headed home.

Stripped of his feminine things and double checking for any hint of make up, Pat breathed a sigh of relief. “*Another day down,*” he whispered to himself as he turned away from the mirror.

“Okay, you remember to be out on the corner by six—thirty tonight. I'll pick you up and drive over to the park where you can dash into the ladies bathroom and change

into your dress and wig. That ought to make it easier than changing in the back seat and I'll keep a look out. Once you change, I'll bring you back to my house where we'll finish getting you ready. You don't want me coming to your house to pick you up! So be there!" Belinda said as he walked out the back door.

"Yeah! You just remember to keep your part of the bargain, okay!" Pat answered as he turned away and sticking his hands in his pockets, walked home.

It felt so good to just stick his hands some place besides into a purse. It was going to be nice to get back into jeans permanently. This dressing up was getting to him and the mental strain was horrendous. Even his features were beginning to show it as his eyes were baggy and his skin seemed to sag on his face despite all the pancake Belinda applied.

Absently, he rubbed the reddish ridges circling his chest where his bra has so recently been. Hiding his books, he went into the kitchen to set the table for his Mother when she got home. She drove up just as he finished putting the final plate on the place mat.

She wanted to know who he was going to the movies with and all kinds of details that he was somewhat reluctant to give. He couldn't look her in the eye as she questioned him, but was able to tell her that he was going with a new friend Henry that he had met at the park playing ball. He was supposed to meet him on the corner at six—thirty and they would be going to see the Elvis movie playing at the Rialto and would be home before midnight.

He breathed a soft sigh of relief when she agreed to let him go, but she wanted a full report in the morning. With that, he helped his Mom with the dirty dishes and then went to his room to get ready. A shower, shave that included his legs and under-arms, clean jeans and tee shirt, white socks and sneakers and he was heading out the door.

He did not see his Mother follow him out, upset that he had not kissed her good night. She tailed him half way to the corner where she saw her only son get into a car with a young woman at the wheel instead of this Henry person he had talked about.

Ducking back behind a nearby bush as they drove past, she had a mad expression on her face and Pat wasn't going to like it when he got home. He was going to have a lot of explaining to do, that was for sure.

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"Good! You're right on time," Belinda said as Pat hopped into the car. "I hope you like what I picked out for you to wear tonight. It's special and brand new. I haven't even had a chance to wear it myself yet so you had better appreciate it! Here we are at the park. Let me check out the restroom, then you can come in. Just bring the suitcase, it has everything you're going to need for now."

Stopping in the gravel lot, Belinda put the car in park, jumped out, and rushed into the ladies room which occupied one side of a cinder block building. Sticking her head back out, she waved him in. Pat pulled the suitcase from behind the seat and followed her into the hot smelly building.

Going to a stall, he placed the suitcase on the commode, opened it and pulled out the skirt which he hung on the hook attached to the door. Next, he removed a candle glow colored, semi-transparent poly blouse with fluffy lace tiered jabot, full billowing sleeves, and rounded collar. It fastened with small pearl buttons down the front.

A white bra like he had been wearing all week which gave him pointed cone shaped breasts, camisole top with floral lace insert to emphasize the breasts with a frill of lace on the hem and wide shoulder straps with matching half slip were removed and hung over the skirt.

At that point, Belinda stuck her head in and told him to hurry up and undress and hand her his clothing so she could put it up before someone came in. Nodding his understanding, he reached out and shut the stall door even as he began to undo his jeans. He was soon stripped naked, all his clothing passed over the top to Belinda. Telling him to hurry, he heard her walking out of the restroom.

Turning back to the suitcase, he began removing the remaining clothing. A yellow garter belt was something new to him as was the white elastic belt that had two hook like metal fasteners hanging down from the lace edged wide waist band.

Without giving it much thought, he put it aside as he pulled out a pair of yellow nylon panties with lace frills about the leg openings and across the front panel finished off with a cute little yellow satin bow and rosette sewn into the waist band. There was no sign of a pantygirdle, but there was a pair of hose, black high heeled pumps, and a sanitary napkin left in the suitcase.

"Belinda!" He yelled out in frustration and anger.

"Hold it down! You want a bunch of people coming over her to see what's going on?" he heard her say from just on the other side of the door.

"What the hell is the meaning of this!" Pat managed to say not quite yelling. He did not realize it, but his voice was still surprisingly soft and high pitched. "I ain't gonna wear this shit. Now where's my pantygirdle?"

He couldn't believe himself there for a moment as he realized what he had demanded, but it was better than the alternative left for him.

"I can't wear these panties and.....and this other st...stuff!"

"Stop being silly! Of course you can wear that stuff as you call it. Haven't we been studying it for the past week in health class! Besides! Dating is different than going to class. You have to dress up for it an all...Look if you don't do this, it won't look right and it might start tongues wagging 'n all that! There isn't a girl that I know of that would be caught dead not wearing nylons and heels on a date! Haven't you learned that much this week? Now stop your bellyaching and get dressed. I still have to dress myself and get your make up on. Shake a leg will ya!"

Mollified, but still angry at having to take on even more womanish ways and attire, Pat reached down and picked up the strange contraption with the hooks dangling from it. "Hey, what's this thing here," he said holding it up over the top of the door.

"Huh! Stupid, what did we study Tuesday in Health? It's a sanitary belt and you hook your pad to it and pull it up your legs. See, it adjusts on the side with those pull

tabs and you can fit it to your waist nice and snug. That way if Henry tries anything funny, when his hand touches it he'll think its molten fire and jerk his hand away fast."

She had to stop while she laughed at the thought of Henry with his hand down Pat's panties. Getting hold of herself, she continued, "Go ahead and put it on; then, pull those panties up your legs. 'N be careful! I got those for my birthday and haven't even worn them yet. I was saving them for a special occasion. Oh yeah, by the way, put the garter belt on next and thread the tabs through your panties. It's a lot easier for when you gotta go, you know."

Reluctantly, Pat did as he was instructed. With the sanitary pad in place, it felt like he wore a pillow between his legs and was not at all comfortable. The garter belt constricted his waist some more and the garters tickled his thighs as they flapped against his skin. Next, he pulled on the panties, their silky coolness felt much better than the other very intimate apparel.

Removing the suitcase from the commode, he then pulled on his stockings for the very first time. They felt very sensual going up his calves, and he felt a tingling running up his spine as he clasped the tops to the garters. The taupe colored hose hugged his flesh like nothing he had ever felt before and in a way intrigued him.

Sliding his feet into the black pumps, he slowly stood and wobbled a bit before getting his balance. Standing in heels was vastly different than anything else he had done so far. He felt his toes being pushed deep into the points of the shoes while his calves and legs felt stretched out. He did not have any other way to describe the feelings, but he knew from the pressure on his toes, arch, and calves, that in short order his feet would be in pain.

Being careful not to over balance, Pat stepped into his half slip; then, put on his bra with soft rubber breast pads, camisole, blouse and skirt. Buckling on a patient leather belt with gold toned buckle, he was dressed.

Closing the lid on the suitcase, he carefully picked up his wig in his left hand and the suitcase in the other. Standing by the sinks still somewhat shaky on his feet, he waited as Belinda tightly pinned his wig securely to his head.

Back at Belinda's, Patty was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Connors and after a brief exchange followed Belinda into her room. Other than school, this was the first time Patty had been introduced to any adults and it made him a little queasy.

In Belinda's room, he was amazed when she did not have him turn away or at least shut his eyes while she stripped then dressed for her date. He was sitting behind her on her bed, hands at his sides, knees slightly apart. She acted just like he was another girl. She even pulled off her bra revealing nice plump virginal breasts. Pat turned his head aside, but couldn't help himself as he looked out of the corner of his eyes. The round dark brown skin of her areolas and nipples riveted his gaze.

Without stopping her dressing, Belinda said very casually, "Like what you see Patty? You act like you're jealous or something. I bet yours aren't as big and firm as mine, are they? You know, I hear that they have drugs...things called...called hor-

monies or something like that now that can fix you right up. Want me to have my Mom call your Mom so you can have nice round titties like me?"

Pat blushed beet red and turned his head away.

*"When would his misery ever end,"* he moaned silently as he fiddled with the satin comforter on her bed. Staring down at his feet, Pat quickly pulled his knees together, feeling the resistance of the sanitary pad as he did so.

The pull of bra strap and camisole as well as the warmth of the hose encasing his legs were all tugging on his conscious thoughts. They distracted him and caused him to be very aware of his situation. Belinda's strip tease did not help him either as he felt his penis twitch in its tight confines.

It was while he was sitting on the vanity stool getting the final touches of blue eye shadow that Mrs. Connors came into the room after first knocking gently on the door frame.

"Hi girls, don't mind me, but I wanted to see if you would like a soda or something to nibble on before your dates get here."

She walked over beside her daughter and stroking her luxuriant thick hair softly said, "My, my Belinda you look simply divine. I wish that I had your hair, you can do so much with body like that. That's a nice shade of lipstick on you Patty. I just bet you're going to have your hands full with your boy friend wanting to kiss that right off. Well, its almost eight and your young gentlemen will be here momentarily, so hurry. I'll call you when they get here.

Belinda gave Pat a black leather handbag to use for the night and handed him the tube of "Luscious African Violet" lipstick, compact, eye shadow, and eye brow pencil from the vanity.

"You should have some tissues, extra pad, and perfume already in there. I left your wallet in my car and we can get it on the way out if you want, but you probably won't be needing it. The guys will be paying for everything. Oh, here, let me get something to help fill you out."

He was puzzled until she walked back over to him and began inserting rolled up stockings into his bra cups. His protests were completely ignored and he had to stand there while she squeezed and arranged his bosom into a satisfactory shape and fullness. Normally, he had put the pads in his cups to give them the necessary firmness, but never so much as Belinda plumped them up to. Looking down towards his feet, they looked humongous.

He started to reach up and remove the extra padding, but Mrs. Connors came in and informed them that their men were waiting. Instead, Pat could only stand there and button his blouse back up. There was no way he was going to pull hose out of his bra with Mrs. Connors watching.

Mistaking Patty's blush, she tried to ease his fears by telling him not to worry that she was just too precious for words and her beau would be more than happy.

"Oh, dear me, I'm afraid that you are going to have your hands full tonight Patty. If I had your young looks and skin, well. Let me just say that if you play your cards

right, you'll have that young man eating right out of your hand. Trust me! Now, you all come along. You've kept them waiting long enough."

Pat almost lost his footing as he stepped out of the bedroom, but Belinda reached out a helping hand to steady him.

As they followed her Mother out and down the hall, Belinda whispered in Pat's ear, "Just keep your cool and nothing bad will happen. You remember that and remember, you're a girl! So act like one! Smile!"

Floyd and Henry were waiting in the den with Mr. Connors and talking football as they walked in. Mr. Connors rose from his lounge chair and kissed his daughter on the cheek.

"My but you sure are pretty tonight darling. I don't know if I ought to let you go out looking that good, but I'm sure" he paused and looked in the direction of the two boys standing nervously off to the side, "sure that these gentlemen will respect your wishes. You go and have a good time and be home by midnight. Understood?"

That was said more for the benefit of the boys than either Belinda or Pat.

Mr. and Mrs. Connors watched them as they were escorted out to the car and one by one seated in it by the boys. Henry opened Pat's door and waited until Pat had swept his skirt into the car before shutting it and going to the other side he slid behind the wheel. It was dark by the time they rolled into the Rialto and found a parking spot in the back of the lot.

Much to Pat's surprise it was a drive—in theater and he hadn't prepared himself for that. Being dressed up like a girl in a movie house was one thing, but stuck inside a car in the back row of the drive—in was another matter altogether. He knew only too well what happened in the back of the drive—in parking lot.

The speaker attached to the lowered window was blaring out Frank Wilson's "*Last Kiss*" and the theater lights were still up as Henry lowered his arm around Pat's shoulders.

Pat was sitting as far over by his window as possible, but that hadn't prevented Henry from sliding over until their hips just touched.

Belinda and Floyd had slid over to the other side and she was sitting almost in his lap. Floyd's arm was slung over Belinda's shoulders and his hand was precariously close to touching the top of her breast. He seemed to be nibbling on her ear lobe.

Belinda glared at Pat until he turned his attention around to the blank screen. Feeling Henry's hand begin its slow quest down to his breast, Pat had to do something so he asked for some popcorn and a soda while telling Belinda that he had to go to the lady's room.

The idea of popcorn and sodas before the movie started was happily accepted and Belinda agreed to accompany Patty to the potty.

So far, so good as far as Pat was concerned. Grabbing his purse, he didn't wait for the others to get out of the car.

In the ladies room, Pat decided that he really did have to go and even though there were a number of other young girls in there, managed to keep his cool. A week of attending Catholic school as a girl and going into the girl's restroom no longer held the threat of discovery or punishment that it once did. Just as long as he did not stare or forget to sit, he managed to go unnoticed.

Finished, he stood at the sink reapplying his African violet colored lipstick which was a rich creamy looking reddish purple. Blotting on a tissue then pushing it back into his purse, he patted his hair and walked out the door. Belinda was still in the stall and Pat wanted some fresh air to calm his nerves.

Leaning up against the pea green painted cinder block wall of the restrooms with his booted foot planted flat against it was a tall greasy haired ruffian. He was the type better known as a "hood" to his contemporaries. More the James Dean counter—cultural rebel than the gangster type, but he was someone to steer clear of.

This one was wearing tight fitting faded blue jeans, white tee shirt with a pack of Marlboroughs rolled up in the left sleeve. A cigarette was hanging out of his mouth and his hair was combed in a duck tail. A black leather jacket with zippers on the sleeves and pockets, and chrome—plated stars attached to the epaulets on the shoulders was draped casually over his other shoulder.

As Pat started past him, the hood reached out and grabbed his left arm. Pulling Pat right into his masculine chest with a strong arm, "Hey baby, looking good, real cool. You here all alone or what? What da ya say we blow this joint 'n go cruising? No! Well, then how's 'bout a little friendly kiss then. You do want to be friends now don't ya? Come on babe, how's about a little kiss?"

Pat was frozen in a panic that would not let him do anything for several moments after the hood had pulled him into his chest. Pat could feel the firmness of the guy's muscles and the solid grip on his arm. He knew that he could not break that grip nor could he run very far if he did considering the heels he was wearing. It wasn't until the hood leaned forward with his lips puckered for a kiss Pat regained partial control and



pushed at the hood's firm chest with both hands. It was more like a slap than a shove and lacked any real strength.

The hood leaned back regarding his captive between partially lidded eyes. Smiling disdainfully, he grabbed Pat by his other arm and held him securely facing his front. Their faces not more than a foot apart. "Now babe, let's stay cool! All I want is a friendly little kiss. That's all, come on."

As the hood started to pucker up once again, Pat without thought brought his knee up hard and fast. It should have done the trick, but unlike in Health class, his opponent twisted quickly to the side deflecting the blow off his thigh.

Surprisingly, the hood did not lose his temper or even seem to notice that Pat had just tried to kick him in his family jewels. Instead, he pulled Pat in closer to his body and pressed a knee between Pat's own. Effectively putting a stop to any further action on Pat's part.

Smiling from ear to ear, the hood looked Pat in the eyes and hissed, "Now! Let me hear you tell me that you want me to kiss you like you've never been kissed before. Come on, real nice and sweet like and I won't have to do anything that we'll both regret. So let's have it babe. Come on! Ask me nice and sweet like or...."

Pat felt the hood's grip tighten painfully on his upper arms and could tell by the look in his eye that he meant business.

*"Why he might actually hurt me!"* Pat's mind roared. *"Then what? What if he hurt me enough to send me to the hospital? Shit! I can't even think about that!"* Near tears as the pain in his arms increased, Pat mumbled out the requested words.

"Oh, babe, you're going to have to do much better than that! I can't hear you and I know that all my friends here can't hear you either. So speak up and tell me that you want me to kiss you. Let me hear you ask me to give you lots of tongue!"

Pat didn't see a whole lot of people standing around and the few that were did not look like that they were willing to step in and help. He gulped down his fear and looked nervously around one last time seeking with his eyes any chance of rescue. He saw absolutely none.

Just as Belinda walked out of the ladies room, Pat asked the hood to kiss him like no one had ever kissed him before. Then, with a little bit of prodding, finished by begging for some tongue. Pat was totally humiliated, but he couldn't afford to see a doctor, or cause a big scene.

With tears streaming down Pat's face, the hood pulled him in close. Sliding an arm around Pat's waist and twisting slightly to the side, he pulled Pat's hips forward planting Pat's crotch firmly against his thigh. Bending him slightly back while forcing his crotch to rub against his thigh, the hood then pressed his lips to Pat's.

Pat felt himself being taken completely under the control of the hood as first his body was crushed snugly into the other, his ersatz breasts pressed firmly into his, then the contact of flesh on flesh.

The bristly upper lip of the hood rubbed harshly over his own paint smeared lips, parting them, and with a powerful thrust, planted his tongue deeply into Pat's mouth.

At the very same time Pat was scared silly that the hood would realize what his thigh was actually pressing against. Pat had never in his whole life experienced so many strong physical and mental sensations all at the same time.

With the taste of the smoke—tainted breath of the hood filling his lungs and mouth, Pat squirmed and wiggled in a vain attempt to break the lip lock that held him prisoner. He could feel the stubble of the hood's whiskers rubbing across his own chin, irritating it as he continued to grind his lips across Pat's.

The invading tongue probed deeper into Pat's mouth, flickering in and out like a snake's, demanding more and more with each passing second. At last when Pat thought he could stand it no longer, the contact was broken and Pat was left breathless and standing teetering on his feet. His last remembrance of the incident would be forever imprinted on his mind. That of the hood's face smiling in smug satisfaction with a smear of reddish purple across his lips.

"See ya later alligator," he said and slowly disappeared into the night. The flash of a lighter outlining the silhouette of his head was the last Pat ever saw of him.

"Oh my God! What on earth has come over you?" Belinda said as she walked up to Pat. "If I didn't hear it with my own ears. No, but I must be wrong!...But I could have sworn that you actually asked...no...him to kiss you! Wow! I never thought that I would see the day...ha ha ha...but he was some kinda hot don't cha know! I almost envy you."

"Yo..yo..you can't possibly think that...that..," Pat sputtered. "You can't possibly think that I would ever...ever in a thousand million zillion years ever ask that creep to ki...kis...kiss me, do you?"

"Well, now that you mention it Patty darling, I'm not so sure. From the way you're reacting, I would guess that his kiss kinda curled your toes. You know, you looked just like a guppy in a fish bowl there when he let you go. I mean your lips were a puckering for all they were worth girl! ...Oh oh.."

Belinda stopped giggling as both Floyd and Henry walked up to them.

"Hey, who was that guy I saw you lipped locked with Patty? Some old boy friend or what?"

Momentarily shocked to discover that someone else saw what he had just done, Pat could only stare open mouthed for a few seconds. Recouping what little he could of the situation, he tersely replied, "That's none of you business Henry! Now, if you'll give me my soda and popcorn we can go back and watch the movie."

On the way back to the car, Belinda tried to make excuses for Pat's behavior, by telling them it was an old flame of Pat's that had just driven in from her old home town. Pat still cared for the big lug, but he was a hood and her Mother had forbidden Patty to ever see him again.

"It's hard for a girl to get over her first true love," she said with finality as if that answered everything.

By the time they had gotten back to the car, the lights dimmed and the previews had started. As Henry was about to open the front door for Pat, Belinda jumped for-

ward saying she just had to be in front so she could see Elvis all the better. So without much argument, Henry obliged.

Pat was still too caught up in his recent experience to pay much attention, but followed along by sliding into the back seat. He was not even aware of exposing his stocking tops as he slid across the seat.

Pictures and eerie sensations of everything that had happened in those brief minutes filled his mind. He had to reach down and brush the front of his skirt to make sure the thigh wasn't still pressed against it. The tingle of whiskers brushing across his lips and chin were still sharp and fresh. The squeeze on his arm, everything appeared in sharp imagery in his mind as it played and replayed the incident.

*"Maybe there was something I could have done to stop it,"* his mind kept saying to him as justification to replay the unwanted images.

His throat dry as bone, Pat took the offered soda from Henry only remembering to say thank you at the last minute. He gulped down the drink in short order and taking some ice cubes into his mouth let the wet coolness bring him back to the present. He was barely aware of Henry's arm lying across his shoulders and of their hips rubbing together. The main feature was playing and Elvis was well into the title song, *"Loving You"*.

Pat broke out of his memories as he realized that the main feature had started and he hadn't noticed a solitary thing up until that very moment. He jerked his head upright from its leaning position on Henry's forearm.

"Oh! Dear," he said drawing everyone's attention. Seeing Belinda frown at him from her position in the front seat sitting as close as she could without actually sitting in Floyd's lap. That look spoke volumes and Pat was able to smile weakly in way of apology for disturbing them. Pulling his skirt back down to cover his exposed knees, Pat tried to get more comfortable without seeming overly insensitive to Henry.

About halfway into the movie, they were all relaxed. Floyd had made several coke runs and Pat was getting rather mellow considering the trauma he had gone through. Each time Floyd had come back from a coke run, the drinks tasted better. Flatter tasting and not so sweet, but they warmed his empty stomach.

He did not mind so much now when Henry put his arm around his shoulders and leaned his head against his own. In a way, it was comforting and helped make him forget the earlier incident. Pat found himself letting his right hand rest on Henry's thigh as he leaned into him for support and comfort. For the second time that night, Pat found himself giving way to a man.

Pat was enjoying the movie which surprised him as he did not particularly care for Elvis the Pelvis. Oh, he could sing and all that, but he wasn't a Carl Perkins. Elvis had to steal Carl's *"Blue Suede Shoes"* to get his first big hit and Jerry Lee Lewis was a much better showman to Pat's way of thinking. Sipping on his fifth coke, Pat didn't mind it when Henry nuzzled at his neck. It made him giggle and it tickled.

Henry for his part, taking Pat's lack of resistance and what he had witnessed earlier that evening as a measure of just how far he could go began to get more familiar. Slowly, he began kissing and nibbling on Pat's neck, then he blew in her ear while nip-

ping at her lobe. Pat squirmed and twisted in reaction to his efforts, but still did not actively try to stop him. Taking Pat's movements as just girlish game playing, Henry began to get a little more aggressive.

While Pat was finishing off his fifth coke, Belinda and Floyd were in a tight tongue twisting lip lock that was beginning to steam up the windows. Their soft conversation and make—out noises seemed to fill the air. Pat noticed that Belinda's dress had been loosened somewhat and her bodice was hanging loosely. It was then that he saw Floyd's arm moving around under the material in a most ungentlemanly manner. As Belinda let out a soft but audible moan, Pat hiccuped loudly causing him to break out with a case of the giggles.

Henry patted Pat on the back trying to help him get rid of the embarrassing giggles. As he did that, Pat found himself twisted around and engulfed in Henry's arms, their chests meshed tightly together. In the next moment, their lips were pressed tightly together as well. Henry's tongue dug it's way relentlessly into Pat's resisting mouth. Pat wanted to stop the invasion, but for some reason did not have any coordination. At last, he managed to push Henry away and gulped a big lung full of air.

Before he could do much more than that, Henry had him in another tight embrace. The relentless pressure on Pat's lips felt as though seemed like Henry was trying to dig the Panama Canal with his tongue, and he managed to bruise Pat's lips.

As Pat found himself fighting to put some distance between himself and Henry, all he could do was sink further down into the back seat. With Henry virtually on top of him, Pat was helpless. Henry seemed to be all hands and fingers. They were everywhere at the same time. On Pat's breast, knees, thighs, waist, neck, breast, back to his thighs and back probing at his breasts.

Pat protectively had tried to pull his knees up to protect his bottom and chest from further abuse. The scrunched up position only put pressure on his diaphragm and made him woozy. The next thing he knew, Henry had grabbed his right hand. Taking the hand by the wrist, Henry shoved it



up against his crotch. Pat could feel the large bulge in the center of Henry's pants as it pressed against his fingers. Pat was being forced to rub his hand against it. When Pat tried to protest, Henry put another lip lock on him effectively silencing him.

Pat did not know how long he fought off the unrestrained energies of Henry, but a sudden glaring brilliance of light filling the car made them all stop what they were doing. As Henry pulled away, Pat looking down, discovered that his blouse was opened all the way to his waist and his skirt was draped across his hips exposing his panties. You could even see the bulky pad poking out the flimsy thin material of his panties. He felt his cheeks go crimson and a hot flush went from his neck all the way to the top of his head.

Pulling himself together while half blinded by the glare, Pat sat back up on the seat. Belinda was busily shoving her breasts back into her bra cups and pulling her dress back over her shoulders. Her face was flushed, her make up smeared, and her eyes wide in fright.

There came a tapping, rapping sound as something hard was brought against both the passenger and driver side windows. Pat quickly pulled his skirt down to cover his exposed panties and sat up. He fumbled several times with the awkward buttoning pearl buttons before he managed to button the blouse correctly.

Flipping the jabot with his fingers, he tried to straighten it back out, but a tear prevented him from doing so. It hung sloppily to the left side and some of the lace frill was torn loose as well. Pat was a mess and he was for some strange reason embarrassed and shamed by it. Instead of grinning from ear to ear like a cat caught in the act, he was blushing beet red.

As Floyd rolled down the driver's window, letting in both the cool night breeze and the beam of a flashlight, Pat knew real fear. Fighting off Henry had scared him, but he knew subconsciously that he could have stopped Henry. This new threat, however, was something totally outside his control. The calm but commanding voice from outside filled the interior of the car.

"All right kids, the party's over! I want all of you to step out of the car now! Come on! Move it!"

They scrambled out of the car, Belinda and Floyd out the driver's side and Pat and Henry got out on the other. As Pat stepped out of the car, he came face to face with a very stern looking police officer. The policeman caught his elbow and guided him around to face the car. Henry was already pressed up against it and Pat could see tears coming out of his eyes.

Pat stood there afraid to move a muscle until the policeman had finished frisking Henry. With that done, the officer asked Pat for his purse and quickly examined its contents. Handing the purse back, they were told to walk towards the concession stand. As they passed behind the car, the other officer was standing there with the others holding an almost empty fifth of vodka by it's bottle neck.

Inside the office behind the concession stand, the two couples stood separated. Boys with boys and girls with girls at opposite ends of the small room. The bottle of booze was sitting on the desk, the officer that had pulled Floyd out of the car sitting

behind it. The other officer was standing beside the only door preventing any possibility of escape.

Pat felt ill and Belinda did not look much better.

If nothing else, Pat did find out why he had been so unable to control the situation back in the car. Apparently, the two boys and spiked their drinks with the vodka and admitted so under the policeman's questioning. No wonder Pat felt his head swimming and his stomach crawling around inside him. Those two shit heads had given both him and Belinda almost a fifth of vodka! Floyd admitted to only spiking the guy's drinks once.

After the officer had gotten all the information from the kid's drivers licenses and their home phone numbers which Pat reluctantly had given over, the two girls were allowed to go to the bathroom to freshen up. The other officer followed them out and stood guard at the entrance.

"Oh what are we gonna do now!" Pat demanded as they stood beside the sinks splashing water on their faces. "Darn it! Belinda see what you got us into. What are we gonna do?"

Pat stopped to splash some more water on his face. He had managed to throw up most of the contents of his stomach and his mouth tasted like doo doo. Spitting out the water he had swished around in his mouth, Pat looked up at the sad face reflected in the mirror.

"Why did you drag me here in the first place and why on earth did you make me come?" he began once again. "Huh? Tell me that? Lord! That Henry is a really big shit! And what makes it even worse, you knew it! Why did ya make me go with that creep?"

"Pipe down! Or they'll hear you," Belinda hissed. "You know perfectly well why I brought you. We've already had this discussion. But I didn't know about the booze. Promise! I never would have let that happen if I had known before hand. Right now all I care about is getting the heck out of here without any more fuss or bother. Now, you go along with whatever I say and keep your mouth shut. The less they hear from you the better! I don't want them thinking that we weren't cooperating with the guys understand?"

"The hell you say!" Pat couldn't restrain himself any longer. "What can you be thinking of, cooperating with those thugs! Bull!"

"Hold it down! Oh, you want them to think the guys were violating us without our consent, right! WRONG! Just what do you think is going to happen if those cops get even a vague hint that the guys were trying to rape us! Huh! You can't be thinking very straight. So I'll tell you! They're gonna throw them in jail, call our parents, and then we'll all probably have to appear in court to testify, under oath I might add; and then what, Miss Smarty Pants? Do you seriously think that you really want to do anything like that? Well! Tell me what you think of that?"

"Belinda! You can't be serious can you?" Pat shuddered. "Nooo, we...I...can't do anything like that. You don't think that they are just trying to scare us do you? They wouldn't send us to jail and all that will they?"

“What do you meant *trying*?” Belinda responded while applying her lipstick. “I don't know about you, but I am scared shitless. That is why you are going to have to follow along. If you don't help by telling them that you went along with all this; then, you're gonna be on your own. I won't be able to get you out of this mess or the bigger one later when this gets out.”

Pat reluctantly agreed that Belinda's plan offered the most likely way for them to get out of this mess with the least trouble. He fixed his make up which had run and smeared just as much if not more than Belinda's had.

Belinda found a safety pin in her purse and fastened Pat's jabot back on straight. They checked each other out for other rents in their clothing and with a final look into the mirrors walked out.

The officer was leaning up against the wall just like the hood had earlier.

“That's much better,” was all he said as he straightened up and led them back around the corner and into the office.

The two boys were standing in the far corner, obviously greatly distressed and red eyed. Floyd looked like he had actually cried.

Pat had been greatly embarrassed answering the officer's questions.

“Yes,” he had said, “My name is Pat...er..Patty..Patty Roberts.” He verified the information on the drivers license and continued answering that, “Yes, I knowingly drank the booze. Yes, Henry was his boy friend and they attended school together. Yes, Officer, I let him kiss me. Yes, we were just fooling around and petting, nothing more.”

He blushed deep brick red when the officer asked him if he thought that taking off his blouse and letting his boy friend play with his breasts was just merely fooling around? Pat could only nod his head as no words would come out.

Pat had to follow along with what Belinda had said moments before even if it made him look like a willing partner to not only underage drinking but as a participant in some very serious boy—girl activities as well.

They were allowed to stew in their own misery and shame for a while before the officer finished typing up their statements. As they each came over to the desk to sign their individual statements, the policeman picked up the phone and dialed. Pat was the first one to sign a statement.

Pat stood by silently as the rotary dial spun, ticking off the numbers to his own home. He was too shocked to either say or do anything. A picture in his mind held all his attention and it had him petrified. His hand was half raised towards the phone as he could clearly hear it ringing.

“Oh, pleeeaaaasssssseee,” he heard himself pray, “don't let there be anybody home!”

“Click! Hello!” Pat heard his Mother's voice clearly coming out of the receiver.

“Mrs. Edith Roberts?” The officer spoke.

“Er...yes...who is this?”

"Yes Ma'am, don't be alarmed, but this is Officer Andy Griffeth. I run security here at the Rialto drive—in theater."

Pat felt his world coming to an abrupt and complete end.

"No Ma'am! Nothing is wrong. No one is hurt or anything like that!" The officer hastened to reassure Pat's Mother. "No Ma'am, your daughter is just fine."

Pat paled as he clearly heard his Mother say, "daughter?" As the color left his face, he had to grab hold of the edge of the desk to support himself. The officer seeing his discomfort, motioned for the other policeman to help Pat to a chair.

"Er...yes.." he continued without missing a beat as Pat was seated off to the side. "I said your daughter...Pat...Patty was okay. We discovered them in a car drinking illegally and we need you to come down here to the theater to pick her up."

Pat could not hear what was said on the other end of the line sitting where he was, but he tensed believing the worse was about to happen.

Instead he only heard the officer say, "We don't want them driving off and getting into a wreck or worse, if you know what I mean. Er...yes, Mrs. Roberts Patty is fine, she's not sick or hurt or anything. Can you come and pick her up now? Fine, we'll be expecting you in fifteen minutes or so. Just tell the ticket taker who you are, she'll be expecting you. Huh, yes, Patty will be here in the office behind the concession. Bye."

Almost fifteen minutes to the second, Pat's mother walked into the office. She paused a moment to look around and stare each of the children in the face. She paused for some time, eyes wide in disbelief looking her only son. Turning to face the police officer at sitting behind the desk, she identified herself and listened attentively to everything he had to say.

Pat had to give the officer some credit as he did not mention a solitary thing about the condition of his clothing when they had been discovered or the compromising position he had been found in. He stood as his Mother signed a release form freeing the theater from any liability.

His hands clutched tightly at his purse turning his knuckles white in the process. The other kids just sat quietly in their chairs with heads bowed in shame.

Belinda squirmed and bent her head toward the floor, unable to look either Pat or his Mother in the eye.

Edith stared long and hard at both her son and Belinda. She did not understand what had happened to turn her son into a daughter, but she was sure that the young dark haired girl had something to do with it.

Pat's Mother did not say a single word to her son as they got into the car and drove off. The street lights rushed past and the only sounds beside those of the car and traffic were coming over the radio. Don and Juan's "*What's Your Name?*" was playing and Pat couldn't help thinking, "*What's my name? Is it Pat or Patty or Sue...*" mentally he slapped himself for even thinking such idiotic thoughts. He was in enough hot water to last him a life time and he had better begin thinking of a way out. He glanced over at his Mother and could tell she was really mad.

"Mom I can explain," he began, but was cut off before he could go any further.

“That's quite enough! You will get your chance to explain fully once we're home. Until then, kindly keep quiet!” his Mother stated enunciating each word slowly and carefully. When she did that, speaking slowly and deliberately, Pat knew his Mom was really, really mad. The softer her voice, the more distinct her words, the madder she was. Pat had never seen his mother this careful and deliberate before.

Once home, his Mother directed him to have a seat at the kitchen table. As he walked past her, she reached out and stopped him. She turned him to face her, tilting his head back and to the side with her hand, she let her gaze shift over him.

With a look of disgust on her face, she pulled her hand away and walked over to a cabinet, got a glass and filled it with water. As she moved off, she indicated with her hand that he should go and sit. Pat did as instructed and took a seat at the kitchen table. Absently, he brushed his finger tips across his neck where he felt a slight irritation.

His throat was dry and he tried to clear it several times. His Mother hearing him, brought over a glass of water. He drank thirstily and greedily, yet was reluctant to put the glass down when he had finished. He still had not thought of a reasonable explanation for his condition. Watching his Mother sitting across from him, looking into his eyes, Pat decided to just tell the truth.

“Hell! I'm dead anyway. What more can happen?” He thought.

Slowly the story of how he got caught in the rain, and of Sharon's little trick, and Belinda's blackmail came out. It took a couple of hours and he still left out plenty of details. It was difficult for him as every revelation and his Mother's continued silence did not help matters one little bit. He could almost feel the spike being driven deeper and deeper into his heart.

He was both embarrassed and humiliated to the core of his being. Pat had never expected to feel this bad about what had happened. Facing his peers would have been much easier on his mental well being than having to tell his Mother about his experiences in dresses. It was so bad that he did his best to only gloss over the events of the past week.

Finished, he sat there absently toying with his lace jabot while watching his Mother's face for some kind of reaction. Up until now, he only knew that she was mad as a wet hen and only because of the way she spoke to him in crisp distinct words. Her face revealed no hint of what she might be actually thinking or feeling. It disturbed him more than if she had begun screaming at him or even spanking him. This quite unemotional reaction was most disturbing, most disturbing indeed.

Mrs. Edith Roberts looked her son in the eye and slowly told him to go to his room and get ready for bed. “She would be in momentarily to tuck him in,” she had said as she arose and left him sitting there. Pat soon followed after turning out the lights and checking the lock on the door as was his custom.

Pat was standing beside his bed about to remove his bra when his Mother came in without knocking. In the past, she always respected his privacy and knocked on the door before entering, but not this time. She walked over toward where he was standing noticing the pile of feminine clothing lying at the foot of his bed. As she raised her

glance to her son, she exclaimed, "My goodness! What...?" She said pointing down at his crotch. "Is that what I think it is?"

Pat was left with his mouth hanging open. He was too surprised to do anything at first. He was paralyzed by the sudden realization that his mother had seen him wearing a sanitary napkin. Blushing brilliant red, his mouth opened and closed without uttering a single sound. At her insistent stare, he slowly and hesitantly explained why he was wearing it and how he knew so much about that sort of thing.

When he had finished his explanation, his Mother turned on her heels and with a caution to stay where he was and do nothing, left the room. She returned in a few minutes. Draped over her arm was a pale peach colored pile of nylon. She carried a pair of peach colored slippers in her hand. Her face provided no hint or clue of how she was feeling. Pat was so focused on her face that he did not see what was draped over her arm until she walked up to him and let it drop to the bedspread.

"Er....ahhh..Mom?" Pat said looking questionably at the frothy pile of peach material.

No!...Say..nothing! Just finish dressing..leave the bra and undies! Just put this nightie on and go and wash up. You'll find a jar of cold cream by the sink. Your face is a mess! By the way, I put a fresh pad on the counter for you."

Seeing his look of total dismay, she grinned sadly and finished, "You should know that a woman's period lasts five days and you haven't even completed your first day yet! Didn't you tell me you learned all about a menstrual cycle in **your** health and hygiene class? We'll discuss this further in the morning! Now, Good night!"

Standing in his bathroom, Pat looked into the mirror. No trace of make up remained, just the soft wet glow of freshly moisturized skin. He continued to stare in frustrated horror at his reflection. What caught his attention were the ring of darkening reddish—brown discolorations on his neck.

"Hickeys!" He swore under his breath as his fingers traced the outline of each one. In a panic, he pulled the liquid make up base out of his purse and began trying to cover up the bruised flesh. Not completely satisfied, he used some of the pressed powder from his compact to pat over the base, but still dark shadows hinted at his humiliation.

Frustrated tears began rolling down his cheek once again as he realized that his Mother had to have seen them. If not, then surely, she would because the make up did not conceal the hickeys. No wonder his Mother had been so determined when she walked out of his room moments before.

She had had a hissey fit when he told her he had kissed a girl on his first date. What she must be thinking upon seeing his bruised neck! Lord! He didn't really want to know.

Henry had left his marks quite clearly on Pat's tender flesh. No wonder his Mother was so upset with him. It had been bad enough that the officer had given her a copy of his report, but this would only act as additional proof of his culpability.

As further embarrassment, a fresh pad was inserted into the sanitary belt making his thighs feel like a new pillow had been placed between them. His eyes were red from all the tears and his nose still ran. Looking back from the mirror was the saddest face in the whole US of A.

Grabbing a tissue, he blew his nose one more time. Turning, he opened the door and headed back to his room. The soft fluttering touch of peach colored nylon from the waltz length nightie rubbed across his calves. He reached up to scratch at the slight irritation caused by the lace edging on the gown. It had a scoop neck and puffed short sleeves all trimmed in white floral lace. It was a simple full skirted classic cut design and made of soft antron nylon.

Back in his room, he pulled off the wig and tossed it onto his dresser without another thought. He kicked at the pile of clothing laying on the floor in mute frustration. He plopped into bed without even bothering to pull down the covers and flung an arm over his eyes. The tears ran quietly down his cheeks as he eventually cried himself to sleep.

In the morning, Pat woke to his Mother's call for him to come to breakfast. He opened his eyes which were sticky with dried tears and rubbed at them feeling the soft clinging pull of his nightie and bra straps as he did so. He was wide awake in an instant with the realization of his predicament.

As he slid his legs off the bedspread and to the floor, he saw a bright yellow satin quilted robe at the foot of his bed. Moaning from the sudden pounding headache and the full force of what was perhaps in store for him, Pat pulled the robe on over his nightie. It was soft and comforting, yet alien to him at the same time. Slipping his feet into the slippers, he reluctantly went to join his Mother in the kitchen.

"Good morning, dearest!" his Mother greeted in all too good spirits for his taste. She brought him a plate of toast and marmalade, a glass of orange juice, and in place of his regular cup of coffee another glass of milk.

"Er...what's this," he began only to be told that it was all **she** was going to get as a young lady had to watch **her** weight. Also, he was told that **she** would have to be careful of **her** caffeine intake as well. So, no more coffee for **her**; especially, during **her** monthly cycle. It only added to **her** irritability and bloating if **she** had bothered to study **her** health book.

His Mother's plan was obvious from the way she stressed the feminine pronouns when she talked to him. Hanging his head in shame, he did not contradict her. Instead, Pat quickly drank his juice and asked to be excused.

"Darling," his Mother continued as he arose, "I've run you a nice hot bubble bath. Go ahead and enjoy it, then get dressed. I'll have something for you to wear on your bed when you are done. We have a lot of shopping to do today and I want you ready within the next hour. Okay?"

Pat was already too tired to quarrel with her decision. His punishment had already been determined by her and all the yelling and screaming in the world would do him no good now. Once his Mother decided on a course of action, there was no changing it. He had learned that at an early age. So, he resigned himself to at least one more day of

pretending to be a girl. Maybe his Mother would get tired of it if he just pretended to go along for now.

*"Yeah! When pigs fly!"* his mind barked back at him.

Once out of the surprisingly relaxing bubble bath that had left a sweet cloying floral smell on his body, Pat quickly brushed his teeth and finished up. Looking into the mirror, the hickeys on his neck stood out even darker than the night before. Opening his purse, which was still laying on the counter where he had left it, he removed the liquid base and compact. He was not satisfied with the way it covered up his bruises, but it would have to do for now. Leaving the bathroom wearing only the yellow robe, Pat walked back to his room.

On his bed, were fresh undies including the bra he had worn the night before, sanitary pad and his old pantygirdle. How his Mother had found where he had hidden it was beyond him, but there it was laying on the bed. The hose he had worn from the night before were there as well. A blue pair of flare legged shorts, starched white blouse, and white woman's sneakers were also placed on the bedspread.

"Those are an extra set of mine," she informed him from where she stood at the doorway. "I see that we wear basically the same sizes now, but we'll have to get you your own things. Hurry up, Patty, I don't want to spend all day shopping. So get dressed and meet me in the kitchen when you're finished."

By the time he had turned to face her, she had gone. So with a sigh, he picked up the pantygirdle. Quickly, he fastened the pad to the hooks and pulled it up his legs. Reaching a hand into the elastic material, he forced his testicles flat against his groin and pulled his penis between his legs. Squirming, he settled the girdle and pad as comfortably as he could, then pulled on the bra. His Mother had replaced the little rubber foam breast forms with jell filled plastic sacs that filled out the cups more naturally, and to his added dismay seemed to have a life of their own as the jiggled with every motion like real breasts!

He hooked the bra closed in front and pulled it around like Belinda had shown him way back when he first began dressing. It was certainly easier than trying to hook it in back. The nylons hooked easily to the tabs hanging from the inside of the girdle. He was puzzled by the hose. He would have thought that socks would have been more appropriate with sneakers. Oh, well, didn't matter as his Mother did not leave him any choice.

Next, he put on the short sleeved white blouse and then stepped into the shorts. The flair legs made it look more like a short skirt. He had to take it off and put it back on once he realized that it buttoned and zippered up the back and not in front as he had first thought. The white tennis shoes fit very snugly on his feet, pinching his toes, but were wearable nonetheless.

Finished dressing, he walked into the kitchen where his Mother sat sipping a cup of coffee. She looked up at his approach, and laughing sadly, instructed him to go and look at himself in the mirror.

"Oh, be sure to put on a touch of make up before you come back," she said to his retreating back.

Looking into the mirror, Pat quickly understood the reason for his Mother's mirth. His short hair cut looked completely out of place on the feminine figure standing before the full length mirror.

Back in his room, he picked up his wig and returned to the bathroom. Pulling it firmly in place, he carefully pinned it tight against his head. Picking up his purse, he removed the tube of lipstick. He gave his lips a light touch and decided he had better put on some of the blue eye shadow as well. His Mother would only send him back if he didn't.

Standing with his eyes glistening near tears in front of his Mother, Pat asked her to please forgive him and just forget this had ever happened. He would do whatever she asked from now on and would never ever dress like this again.

"If only she would let him get back into his boy's clothing," he had pleaded.

Unable to hold back the tears, he fell to his knees and wrapped his arms around his Mother's legs. He then began begging her to let him off the hook. With tears running down his cheeks, he sobbed out his heartfelt pleas for forgiveness, all to no avail.

His Mother was adamant in her decision to have him not only dress like a girl but to become a proper young lady from now on. As she made her pronouncement, the typed papers of the officer's report fell off the counter and scattered about the floor beside him. They were like a thousand knives sticking into his tender flesh as he remembered what they contained.

His Mother's final words struck him like a blow.

"Patty, you have presented yourself as a young woman to an entire school and attended not only classes dressed like that, but you actually went into their locker room. To make matters even worse, you admitted to a police officer that you voluntarily participated in a drinking and make out session in the back seat of a car with another boy!"

Her exasperation and anger were evident in her soft distinct pronunciation.

"Do you have the faintest idea of what the revelation of your true sex will do to not only your reputation but mine as well! Why, I'd be destroyed! My professional career over, no job, no future, no nothing if this ever gets out!"

A fresh wail of misery and tears filled his eyes as the realization of his future hit him full force. He gripped her legs tighter as he buried his face in her skirts.

"Oh get up from there and stop your crying!" she ordered helping him to his feet.

She paused for a moment to hand him a tissue before continuing, "Did you ever give a single solitary thought to what might happen if anyone discovered your little masquerade or to how I would support us without my job? Did you? Well! Its entirely too late for that now! You are just going to have to learn to live with your little indiscretion!"

She stopped talking and gently took her son by the elbow and began guiding him toward the bathroom.

“I am truly sorry darling, but you have left me with no other choices. You are going to have to continue this little charade of yours until either you graduate or I get a transfer. Now, why don't you go into the bathroom and freshen up again. I'm sure that you will feel much better for it.”

While she stood leaning against the door frame as Pat placed a dampened towel to his face, she finished her little speech, “Your little girl friends will cooperate under threat of exposure, so they will continue to help you in your disguise. I am sure that they can be discreet. Now come on, we have a lot of shopping to do.

“Then, we have to stop and pay a little visit to this Sister Mary Margaret. There is that matter of your scholarship to attend to, now isn't there?”

**The End**