

“GOING ABROAD”- Passport to Femininity 2

(Swimsuit Issue) By Sandy Thomas

AI art by RedRyder

I hadn't seen my son for over seven years. My ex- wife had disappeared with him after our divorce.

Naturally I was surprised when she called out-of- the-blue like that. I could hear that she was in tears. She said, “It's Shelley.”

My heart started to pound. Was he hurt? DEAD?

She cried, “Something's wrong. I know it. He's been gone for over three years. He gets married and goes to Europe and doesn't come home. NOT even a picture.”

“Are you getting letters or cards?”

“Yea, but there's no return address, no talk of coming home, nothing. Something's wrong, I know it.”

“So?”

“You have to go see him,” she begged. I hated it when women begged and cried. “I know where he'll be next month. He said something about the California Terrace pool in Monte Carlo. You have to go and find him.”

She gave me the details and I agreed to go on this wild goose chase. I'd never been to Europe and I had some time off at the shop.

When I hung up, it dawned on me that Shelley must be in his twenties. I knew he had gotten married but I didn't go. I missed seeing him but I knew his mother had told him how bad a husband I was. You know, drinking, playing around with the chicks. I guess I was embarrassed to show it. I think I sent them a toaster.

I got my passport and made reservations to be in Monte Carlo on the date mentioned in his last letter to his mother. It said he was at a local resort hotel where he said he was staying for a convention. The only contact was mention that he loved the CALIFORNIA TERRACE, a huge

salt-water pool and spa, high on the cliff above the boat harbor. I was going to surprise him at the pool. I hoped I could remember what he looked like. I was sure he'd changed a lot.

The flight was long but uneventful.

The CALIFORNIA TERRACE Hotel is a fancy resort/spa with a spectacular pool right in the heart of the casino area. I wondered how he could afford such luxury.

When I got there early, it was about ten. I searched the pool area for my son. I realized that he must have changed a lot over the last seven years. I tried to imagine what he would look like as a young man. There were lots of people, mostly women lying in their bikinis by the pool. I had a seat near the poolside bar and waited.

My mind went back to the years before my divorce. I hadn't been much of a husband and father. I guess my only excuse was that my hot hormones were flowing and YES, I chased the women. Oh, I still did but not like then. Shelley's mother had every right to leave me, to hate me.

The sun was hot and I was a little early. I moved under an umbrella near the side of the pool. There were two young girls lying in their bikinis. One was wearing a tangerine bikini with a bandeau top and high cut bikini bottoms. The other a hot pink bikini with spaghetti straps. Their skin had that young feminine glow and a softness that always made me crazy. One girl had long honey blonde hair while the other was a lighter blonde. Their smooth long legs shined with the moisture of sun tan oil. I wondered if my son's wife looked as good. Not like these girls most likely. These girls were, or could be models.

I tried to think about my son and all the years we missed. Those father-son things: Throwing the ball, baseball games, learning to drive and fixing cars. I wondered who taught him those things.

My attention was distracted by another girl joining the two near me. She was tall, 5' 8", with a curved figure that filled out a sexy, two-tone halter suit. She strutted up with her hips swinging with each sauntered stride. The provocative, shirred halter-top around her neck was cut open all the way to the waist. What a tan line she would have.

Between the cut, the half globe cleavage of her breasts showed letting all be aware how feminine she was. She took a barrette out of her bag and pulled her strawberry waist long hair up into a roll. With her hands held high, her proud bust stood out boldly, her nipples showing beneath the spandex material. She prepared her towel and lay down next to the other girls.



I heard one of the girls giving her a “hard time” about her date the night before. I couldn't hear much but they were giggling and laughing about some guys they met the night before. Obviously the tall “hot” one got the “horny stud” and was telling the other girls how “Brian” couldn't seem to “get enough”.

I daydreamed. If it was me, I couldn't get enough of her either. As she laid there, the sun baking her smooth skin, I tried to imagine her face if I made love to her. Her big blue eyes bulged as she felt the pressure as I centered myself ready to penetrate her. I would surprise her. Gentle at first, then slam, I'd drive into her with full force taking her breath away. She'd moan, part pleasure, part pain. By instinct, she'd try to get away, but she was speared, nailed and pinned on her back, her long legs flinching with every thrust.

Yes, if she'd been with me, she would be walking a little bow-legged.

“Where's my son,” I thought to myself. What if he doesn't show? At least the view was good.

I searched the pool area, maybe I was on the wrong side of the pool. A waitress came up and I ordered a beer. I asked her if this was the only pool.

“Yes' sir,” she said with a French accent.

Well at least the view was nice! The girls, on clue, all turned like on a rotisserie. Each girl unhook the back of their bikini tops to avoid tan lines, while the “hot” one pulled the straps off her shoulders.

I looked around the pool again and there were several groups of beautiful girls lying in the sun. Each was beautiful in their own way. There must be a convention of models at the hotel.

My son was still nowhere to be seen. I thought of going to the front desk and having him paged. I couldn't wait to see him. I couldn't wait to hear what he was now into: sports, cars, college and, no doubt--girls. I knew he was married, but he wasn't dead.

Speaking of which, another was about to join the three sunning. Her white halter-top sundress swished around her smooth legs as she walked. She wore big sunglasses, and already had a bronzed skin tan, her hair sun bleached with pale blonde streaks.



A warm breeze lifted her hair showing large hoop earrings. Her lips were painted a frosted pink, matching the shade in her fuchsia sundress. She joined the other girls making a place on a lounge chair

I sipped at my beer while she undressed, slipping the sundress over her head. Underneath was a fuchsia tank one piece with high cut legs and a plunging neckline with a bow below the substantial cleavage. She was very thin, a narrow waist flaring into full hips.

She looked around the pool area. Our eyes met, and she smiled at me. Her dark heavy lashes looked down in shyness. It was like she liked me. I smiled back.

My mind raced, I pictured those long legs and the full mounds of her breasts beneath me as I “made her scream.”

She stood up and sauntered over towards me, her full hips swaying with each step. She smiled, her gleaming white teeth sparkling, she sighed with a deep sexy tone, some apprehension in her voice, “DAD??”

“SHELLEY???”



Part two

WHEN I came to, all the girls including the one who called me “dad” were standing over me.

I got to tell you, wakening to four shapely young girls leaning over you is shock enough. To have four sets, count them, eight boobs in skimpy bikinis leaning over you is discerning. As I got my wits about me, the blonde was again saying, “Dad, are you okay?”

I thought to myself, “That’s it. Shelley’s married! That’s his wife. That’s why she called me “dad’.”

The sun was behind them so it was hard to see. I focused on her. Long smooth legs, curving thighs that ended in a flat smooth “V”, hips that flared fully (the kind that made childbirth easy) and taut peaks with sensitive nipples showing beneath the spandex top.

“Wew. Guess that sun’s hotter than I thought. I asked, as I got to my feet, “Are you Shelley’s wife?” I wondered how she knew who I was? Pictures?

It was silent for a few moments. The other girls were looking at what this girl was going to say. She finally opened her ruby lips and whispered, “Dad, it’s me ...Shelley.”

This had to be a joke. “Ha Ha, very funny,” I said. “Where’s my son?”

“I’m Shelley,” the blonde said."

The girls helped me to a shady spot while I was staring at this girl. Could this be my son?

There was nothing boyish about this person. The face did look familiar, almost like my ex-wife's. Big blue eyes (Shelley had blue eyes), full lips (Shelley had full lips).

What could I find to be sure? His vaccination scar. It had scared into a heart shape. I scrutinized her left arm. A sinking feeling in my stomach, I felt nauseated.

It was there. This could be . . .I looked again, this time for the small “X” scar on his knee from falling off his bike. It too was there. Shelley had always had a fat rump . . . But?

There was no question, this was my son.

“Oh my Gawd,” escaped my mouth. This was not at all how I planned my reunion. I was going to hug Shelley.

I opened my arms and Shelley came toward me and gave me a big hug. I felt his pointed, sensitive nipples press against my chest. My hands became tangled in his long curly hair, as he wriggled closer, snuggling into the crook of my arm. I moved them down and was surprised by the softness of his skin.



I eased my arm from around Shelley but he remained tight against my chest. I looked at him, black tears running down his face from the mascara. I tightened my grip again.

My son needed me. What had my ex-wife done to my son? I hope it was nothing I could unravel.

After the tears, (I must admit, I shed a few too) we sat down to talk.

Shelley took his bag and began to repair his make- up. As he carefully applied a new coat of ruby lip gloss, I asked, "What going on?"

He continued to repair his face in a small table mirror. He looked up at me and wet his lips. "I'm a model now," he said almost proudly. "I'm here doing the annual swimsuit issue for Sandy Thomas Publications. It's their best seller, you know."

I'd seen lots of magazines with annual swimsuit issues but never heard of the one she mentioned. I asked softly, "Does the magazine know you are a boy?"

"Ohhh, of course, silly," he whispered, motioning to the pool area. "We all are! Nobody else does though. They just think we're girls doing a fashion spread."

I felt queasy again and turned white. Shelley saw it and said, "Let's go to my room and talk. You look terrible."

Shelley had slipped his sundress on and yelled to his friends, "Bye guys, see you later." Then he whispered, "The strawberry blonde you were staring at is my best friend, Tommy."

"TOMMY?" I said, but what I meant was, "That's a 'HE?'"

"Yeap."

He took my arm. I wasn't sure if this was because of my wobbly legs or because it was the "girlish" thing to do. Either way, I was in a state of shock. I could feel Shelley's breast pressed against my arm and his soft hip sometimes swayed into mine.

I was going to kill my ex-wife. Not a court in the world would convict me.

As we walked through the lobby, I saw a couple young men looking at Shelley. Shelley seemed unconcerned, utterly feminine in his manner and comportment. His bare muscle less, delicate arm tenderly held mine. His hands were dainty, each thin finger with a perfectly manicured polished long nail. On one finger he wore an elegant gold band with tiny diamonds.

He stopped at the hotel desk and picked up his messages. There were nine. I looked over his shoulder to see who had called. They all had men's names. I wanted to ask questions, but had to wait until the right time.

On the way to Shelley's room we passed those young men again. Shelley shyly smiled back at them. It may have been my imagination, but as we walked by, he added a little more swing to his hips.

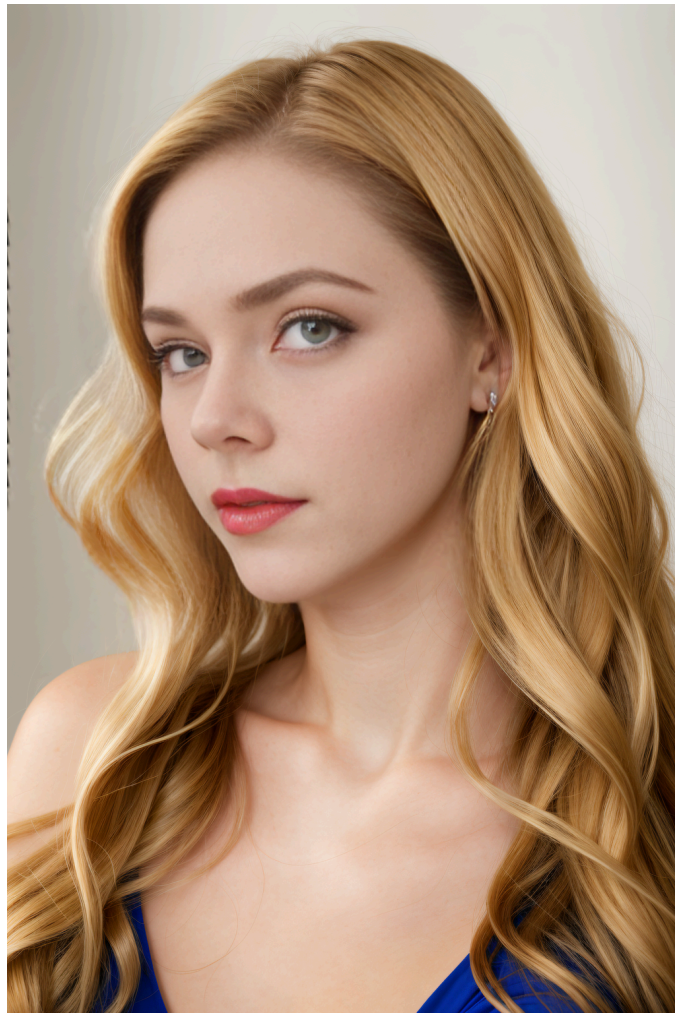
Shelley pulled his hotel key out of his bag and we went into his room. The room was a mess. Lingerie, makeup and other girlish items everywhere. Shelley said shyly, "I never did learn to clean my room."

I started to make a fatherly comment about cleaning his room up but put myself in check. I had much more important things to straighten out. On the desk, next to the TV was Shelley modeling profile. On the cover was a black and white picture of Shelley in a string bikini, and a box that said,

"ALL ABOUT SHELLEY"

Birthplace: Los Angeles, CA Favorite Actor: Tom Cruise Age: 23 Height": 5'8" Favorite Actress: Daryl Hannah Hair: Blonde Favorite Food: Chicken and Seafood

Proportions: 35B-23-35 Hobbies: Dancing, Dating



Shelley cleared a place for me to sit by moving several dresses that were thrown on the bed. I sat and looked at Shelley. "Do you dress like this ALL THE TIME?" I asked. I was still hoping that this was all some kind of act, like a play or something.

Shelley blushed and said, "I guess you want to know what happened to me?"

I closed my eyes for a second, trying to block out the disturbing vision of what I was about to hear.

Shelley tells his story. (See Part 1 for pics)

It all started at my wedding to Diane.

Remember my mother's brother, Uncle Johnny. He approached Diane and me with an envelope in hand. He was appalled when he discovered we had no honeymoon planned because of our financial condition. Neither of us minded too much. We knew that one day we would be able to afford the trip of our dreams, and we would postpone our honeymoon until then.

He insisted that we open the envelope right there. I nearly fell over when I saw its contents! Two round trip vouchers for air fare to London, Eurail vouchers, and \$3,000 for hotels and food. All we had to do was make the reservations and go! We were both overjoyed and couldn't believe it!

Diane's passport was current but I wasn't sure. I looked for it but unfortunately, we couldn't find my passport. We looked everywhere. I ordered a replacement passport to be Express Mailed to Uncle Johnny's next door neighbor's brother-in-law, who was a travel agent, handling all the arrangements. What could go wrong. In fewer than seven days we had everything arranged and all the necessary papers were at the travel agents.

They Expressed mailed everything back to us the day we were leaving. The timing was too close for comfort.

We were en route to Spain when we realized why several people had looked at me funny when I handed them my airline ticket.

I yelled out loud, "My plane ticket says Miss Shelley Evans. They think I'm a girl." I was embarrassed but this had happened before because of my unisex name. Diane dug into her bag and found our passports, Eurail pass and other tickets. Diane handed me my passport.

My passport said, "Female." The U. S. government had made the mistake. The travel agency just followed the passport. My picture was unisex enough to look like a girl. "I should have gotten a haircut," I said.

It was late when we checked into our hotel in Majorca. That reservation was made in the name of Miss Diane Evans and Miss Shelley Evans. Everywhere in Europe when you check into a hotel they take your passports. All our travel and reservations were prepaid.

We continued on our travels but everywhere we went, I had problems. Some with the language, but mostly people thought I was a girl. I called the U.S. Embassy but they said not much could be done.

Later after many hassles about de-train in Cereber, France, a conductor announced that we had our passports.

Diane and I looked at each other in a panic! "Here we go again," I said. "This is getting ridiculous. How can we explain to border guards about my passport mix- up when we can barely buy aspirin in a pharmacy?" I just wasn't in the mood for another hassle having picked up a "travelers bug."

"There's only one solution", Diane said, grabbing her bag. "Come with me."

I knew what she had in mind, but was too weak to protest. Her grab bag was going to save us explaining my passport to the border guards.

Diane put her padded bra under her fuzzy knit sweater to go with my jeans. The sweater fit like it was made for me and the way my bosom pushed forward embarrassed me. Most men wouldn't have done this but I was desperate and feverish.

She said, "It's going to be better to be a boyish girl than a girlish boy."

To my surprise and relief, the conductor looked at my passport and then me and smiled, "Bon Jour, Madam's."

I felt humiliated. I sat there with my appearance feminized in front of my wife. I was losing my confidence and self-esteem.

Diane said, "See!" She seemed to love the whole idea saying, "We'll fix you up so your mother won't know you." In Monte Carlo, I slept off my flu. Diane was out shopping. "You needed a few things," she said, opening the bags of lingerie in pinks and pastels, whites and blacks.

I tried on the bras and matching panties. Diane looked me over carefully then educated me all about female lingerie: high waisted silk panties, French cut lace panties, low cut bras, push-up bras, frilly lace-covered slips, half slips, full slips. Everything I now needed to know There were even some inflexible looking foundation garments.

I don't know why I went along. It was like I was dreaming.

1 sighed, "I guess as long as I have to dress like a girl, I might as well be an attractive one." Diane had me shave my legs. She showed me everything about female hygiene and daily routines: creams, cleansers, lotions, conditioners, polish, perfumes. She gently corrected me if I did something wrong.

Diane took great pains to see that everything was flawless, my cheeks, mascara, and hair. When I looked in the mirror, I saw a girl. It was almost frightening. I knew I was a man, but I looked like a young woman, it made me blush a deep red.

"You're beautiful," Diane laughed. "I think after a week or two of this, you might not want to be a boy again. Since you have the appearance of a young lady, you will be expected to act, dress and "be" a girl."

That night I wore my first dress. It was a blue silk wrap around with a wide black leather belt. I felt naked as the wind on the street blew its full skirt around my nyloned legs. I felt vulnerable, defenseless and unprotected. I felt nice.

We traveled according to our itinerary and I was surprised at how easily I got used to being "female" . I looked so feminine that I began to wonder if I could masquerade as a man in Rome where we hoped to take care of my passport problem. With my thin eyebrows and curly blond hair, I didn't look like much of a man.

In Zurich, we met this female impersonator named Fifi. He helped me with my appearance. He's the one who first sent me to a doctor for hormones. I didn't know it at the time but he shot me up with female hormones.

The next morning I was slightly queasy. Diane jokes, saying something about maybe I was pregnant. I sensed something new in my face, a glow. It showed in my eyes, in my posture, even in my movements. I felt intensely different

Later, I noticed it. My nipples were no longer flat, they seemed erect and swollen. Small knots had developed under my nipples. My weight seemed to have changed also.

I complained to Diane that my chest felt strange and was tender. She told me it was a natural effect of wearing bras.

My relationship was changing with Diane. I was no longer jealous or possessive of her; I no longer had to be protective of her. We both appeared to be vulnerable young girls.

In Rome my doubts became reality when I had trouble buttoning the man's shirt I was going to wear to the U.S. Embassy--it seemed to button the wrong way. My figure had changed so much from the hormones that I still looked like a girl,

The suit pants only made my appearance more bizarre. My waist was too narrow. My bottom and bosom had so altered shape that I looked like a girl in men's clothes. Especially with my long blonde hair, lipstick and long red polished nails.

1. I studied myself in the mirror. My eyes fluttered in a totally feminine manner. I paled and tears came to my eyes, "I still look like a girl."

Diane said with resolve, "Forget it! You are going to be a girl until we get home."

I never wanted to be feminine but it happened so gradually that I hardly saw what was happening. In my mind I still considered myself a man, yet I did what girls did. My man's mind had to look at my girl's face in the mirror.

The girl in the mirror became good at doing girl's things. Diane even taught me about being a girl with men. We both found it exciting to be around men who thought I was a female, an attractive female. I worked hard at being attractively feminine and Diane helped me. The twinge of excitement never failed to appear when a man complimented me on my attractiveness. I didn't like men as such, but I like them to like me. Having them hold me while dancing or passionately kiss me goodnight always scares me, causing me to blush at their believing me to be a woman.

We decided to stay in Europe and work for a couple men we met. That's when I started modeling. I couldn't believe what they would pay for just looking pretty. We both had work permits.

It was after a particularly pleasant double date that Diane brought up the suggestion, "Your visa is up for renewal. I think you should become a woman legally? I met a lawyer who could prepare the papers."

"Don't know. It sound so irrevocable."

"Ah, come on', you're spending most of your hours as a girl anyway."

"OK. »

Diane drove me down to the courthouse. I sat quietly suddenly becoming aware that in an hour or two I would legally become a female. I looked at Diane who was driving. She was smartly dressed in a berry colored suit with a straight skirt and an ivory silk blouse. Her hair was in a bun so she looked very business-like. I was dressed much more feminine with a pastel patterned dress with a wide black belt that made my waist look tiny. My hair was curled and hung around my shoulders in a ultra-feminine way.

As we walked through the halls our heels clicked on the marble floors. My dress had a tight straight skirt with a little slit in the back that came two inches below my knee. With each ladylike

step, I was coming closer to becoming a woman. I wanted to turn back. I knew that anyone looking at us would assume we were two women.

The hearing was set for 10 o'clock. It was nine now. In one hour, I'd be labeled a woman: female, girl, daughter, young lady, miss.

My wife and I sat in the cafeteria having a cup of coffee. I was shaking. I asked, "Are you sure I should do this? What if I don't like it, will I be able to change back?"

She smiled, "Ask the lawyer. It's the right thing, you'll see."

We met the lawyer outside the courtroom. He was rushed and had to run to another court right after our hearing. He talked fast and handed me a pen telling me to sign here and there. He flashed through the papers so fast I couldn't even read them. The attorney's only comment to Diane was, "I can't believe this person was your husband."

Diane hadn't shown me the papers and the court was being called. I started to ask a few questions but we were quickly ushered in and quieted as the judge was called.

I was in a haze. I looked down at my skirt and my nyloned legs. In minutes these would be my legal clothes.

Our attorney had checked with the court clerk and had our case pushed up due to his time conflict. I was going to be embarrassed by the announcement of the purpose of this hearing.

The clerk called, Evans VS Evans. Our attorney stood and announced the purpose of our case. He began, "Your honor, my client, the wife of "Evans VS Evans' is divorcing her husband so that he can legally become the woman that he obviously was meant to be. All the signed paperwork is in front of you and there is no opposition by either party."

My mind raced. Diane was divorcing me. How stupid of me!!! A woman can't be married to another woman. By becoming a woman legally I had to give up all that was male...my wife was one. I almost fainted.

"Furthermore," he continued, "We ask the court to change all records pertaining to Shelley Evans to read female. There are name change forms there also."

The judge sat for a moment and quickly and unceremoniously stamped several papers and handed them to the clerk who stamped copies and handed them to our attorney. I whispered to him, "What's it mean?"

He looked at his watch and said matter-of-factly, "It means, you are no longer legally a man." He hurried off without another word.

Outside I was in shock. Diane was all smiles, she said, "Welcome to womanhood!" She kissed me on the cheek like one woman to another.

I asked, "Did you know we'd have to divorce?"

"Of course, I'm a female. I can't be married to a woman. And neither can you now."

I was in shock. Legally I could only marry a man now. I could only legally enter ladies restrooms. The new restrictions on my life scared me more than anything about being "female". I wore and needed a bra like every woman. I wore skirts and dated men but this new "legal" status scared me. I had lost my wife legally.

It was strange...society now legally considered me a woman. My car insurance went down, my life insurance went up.

I didn't talk much on the way home. To my surprise, Diane had moved me out of "our" room to the extra bedroom. She announced to me, "We are legally just women living together now. We should have our own rooms. I've also removed all your male clothes...you legally shouldn't wear them again."

I was depressed. One week later all my Visa showed up with females marked as sex.

Diane couldn't wait to date now that we were single "UNMARRIED women" We continued to double date several times a week. She would tease me, "You know, you could legally marry a man now. You could be his wife and even adopt children. I bet you never thought you could do that?"

What I couldn't do was also unusual. I couldn't marry a female. I couldn't walk around without a shirt at the beach. I couldn't kiss a female in public, but I could a man. I was expected to wear makeup everyday.

Several months went by and I became comfortable with being a full time woman. Each day, Diane treated me more and more as a girlfriend than as a husband.

Diane loved double dating with me but she started dating a few guys alone. I complained at first but she ignored me.

I started going out alone with men. I found it greatly different from double dating with Diane. When out with Diane, I always knew that she knew I wasn't "real". Being out alone with a man was a distinctively different experience. The men treated me and I acted like what I appeared to be; a young unmarried woman. I used to hate being kissed goodnight in front of Diane; it made me feel so guilty, so unmanly. I had given all that up. I now could be kissed knowing that the man was not kissing me "a boy", but was kissing the image of a girl; the lipstick, perfumed hair, dress and a soft passive personality. I was no longer ashamed of my female role, I took pride in my ability to sensuously "be" a woman.

It was on one of these dates as I sat next to this young man in a restaurant that it hit home. I had been transformed into a female and I might not ever be able to return to maleness. I couldn't understand how all this happened.

I could feel my lingerie, my dress, my nylons and high heels. My breasts had continued to fill out and almost had a pendulous softness. Having breasts alone was enough to make one feel different. I mean you simply have to carry yourself in a more womanly way like the way you carry your arms.

I knew this young man liked me. He would sneak a touch whenever it was appropriate. I fantasized about being his wife; being Mrs. So and So., He would make love to me and soon I would get pregnant. My breasts would swell and would fill with milk after birth. I would become a human food machine. I liked the thought of being "mommy". I knew that wasn't possible but there were some elements of femininity I could explore more.

I guess that having been legally declared a woman gave me new confidence and security. I boldly walked into the "ladies" room now without a thought. Since I was legally a woman, I could be as womanly as I pleased. I awoke each morning wearing a woman's nightgown, put on make-up, wore lingerie and dresses, dated men, had a curved figure, in all, I lived and was accepted as a woman. As each day passed I became more comfortable being one.

That's when I started getting great modeling jobs. I made the cover of Vogue' Magazine and became a celebrity.

I guess Diane and I just grew apart. I was busy, she was busy.

Then it happened, one night after a date, my wife didn't come home from the date. I stayed up all night worried but I didn't even know where to call.

About ten the next morning, she pulled up with her date in his car. After a big juicy kiss she came into the house.

I exploded, "How could you! You slept with him, didn't you?"

"There you go," she said calmly, "It must be those hormones that are causing this. Just relax. I fell asleep on his couch, I guess I had too much to drink. I'm sorry I didn't call."

I looked at her. What could I do...Call her a liar? I looked at her dress, hardly a wrinkle. Her hair was back in a ponytail...she'd 'showered' at his house. I looked into her eyes, she had a glow about her, a radiance yet she looked tired like she hadn't gotten much sleep. Did my wife get "laid" by her manly date? Penetrated maybe more than once during the night?

She announced, "I know what you are thinking. We are just going to have to talk about this later. I'm too tired now."

Later she told me that while she still loved me, things were different. That night we decided that we would live together and love each other but as far as she was concerned, I was a woman.

CHAPTER THREE

“Oh Shelley,” I said after I heard the story. “I’ve really let you down. I promise that I’ll spend any amount necessary to get you back into shape.”

“Dad,” he said with a sincere expression, “I like everything the way it is.” He seemed to almost arch his back causing his prominent bust to perk.

“But you don’t look like a boy anymore, are you?” I questioned.

“I’m a boy...or at least I guess I still am?”

He saw me looking at his crotch area.

He anticipated my question. “Oh, I’m still male. I’ve been wearing a special g-string that looks like what girls wear when it’s their ‘time of month’.”

I nodded knowingly. Many times I’d run across “one of those.” I asked, “Isn’t that uncomfortable?”

“Not any more,” Shelley smiled. “At first, I thought I’d die. I dreaded putting it on in the mornings. One of the boys’ told me the secret. Never take it off. By the end of a couple months, I was used to not having any projection between my thighs.” Then he added, “With it on, even in the nude, no one can tell.”

“Are you still taking those female hormones?”

He nodded.

“...and lingerie everyday?”

“Yes.” His blonde hair bobbed on his delicate shoulders as he shook his head. Shelley was pretty. Too pretty. Wherever he went, I was sure he disturbed the spigots of red blooded men. I wanted to grab him and shake all this “girl” stuff out of him. After not seeing him for so long, I was barely in the position to even offer advice. I’d have to be gentle.

I said, “Let’s go to lunch or something.”

He walked over to the makeup area with his hips rolling smoothly like a well oiled machine. “I’ll change,” he said.

It was almost like he was flirting with me. He picked a white pair of bikini panties and bra out of his suitcase and went into the bathroom. Shelley had chosen a lacy little pair of panties, which he’d drawn up covering some kind of silk cache sex!

A minute later, he appeared wearing only the panties and bra. I'm sure I blushed because he said, "I wear less in my bikinis."

Seeing my son in white, lacy, nylon panties stretched over his 35" bottom tormented me, I had to ask, "Doesn't it hurt?"

"Oh dad," he said with one of those "kid thinks you're stupid" tones. "I've been wearing a POWERNET--for a long time. I'm naturally flat now and I love it."

Shelley tightened the shoulder straps of his bra until the cups filled even more, and his shoulders were pulled down and rounded. Shelley grinned at me almost unrelenting, as he checked at his reflection in the full- length mirror.



"I couldn't believe my son was actually going to wear that dress."

Shelley found some long nylon stockings and watched my expression with amusement as he smoothly put them on.

Shelley straightened his stockings then slipped on a garter belt and attached the dainty little suspenders to the stocking tops. He smiled at me and said, "I'm a little old fashioned."

I stared at the small shoes with high heels, which Shelley had picked out. He slipped them on.

Trying to keep my composure together, I was humiliated beyond endurance at the sight of my son's effeminized appearance. Yet I said nothing.

His waist was naturally narrow, flaring into full hips like the stem on a wine glass. Shelley selected a bright print summer dress with frills at the collar and the short sleeves. I watched with extreme disgust as he gathered the dress up then put his arms up and let the flimsy material slither down over him.

He gave his hair a reckless toss. We left for the hotel restaurant. His golden blonde hair fell in sparkling curls around his shoulders. Wearing the low cut top, his eye-catching breasts jounced ahead of him with each of his mincing steps. He took short mincing steps in his tight dress and four inch high heels.



At the restaurant, a handsome young man came over to talk to Shelley. He said, "Hi doll! Hope you'll be at the disco again tonight."

Shelley introduced me to Carl as his father.

"Pleased to meet you, sir," he said then added, "You sure have a pretty daughter." I smiled at him.

When he left I asked, "What's with the guy? Does he know too?"

"Oh my NO! Heavens no."

"But what if he makes a pass at you or one of your friends," I asked?

Shelley blushed. Then he whispered, "I can't help it. Men like me. Some are really nice."

I was starting to get angry. I couldn't help picturing some stud seducing my Shelley then before Shelley could resist, the stud would be firmly planted, taking advantage of my child.

What was I thinking? I shook my head. This was my son, not a daughter that needed fatherly protecting. My son had a problem, I just had to keep my wits and bring him to his senses. I thought back to my childhood

and my motivations. Girls and money . . . MONEY, that was it.

"Shelley," I said quietly. I know my lack of child support might have brought all this on. I've got a few thousand saved. What say, you and I go shopping. New clothes, a car." Yea, I thought, a car. I added, "We could get you a really cool car."

"Oh dad," Shelley said. Thanks, but I already have a car. I make a lot of money modeling."

"A lot?"

"Several thousand a day, sometimes five. I have a cute new Mercedes, a red convertible."

I'm sure my mouth fell open. "How often do you work?" I said ready to mentally multiply the figures. The best I'd done in my life was thirty-eight, five.

"Oh, my agent keeps me really busy. I don't like to work more than 80 or 90 days a year."

"WOW," I said to myself but what escaped my lips was, "Oh?"

Shelley continued, "Money's not the problem, I've been saving a lot. My only worry is my figure and the competition from the younger boys. It's not always easy." Shelley had only ordered a seafood salad.

"Like this week," Shelley pouted. "Did you see those other boys at the pool? It's not fair, some of them have been girls all their lives. Some have facial surgery and implants. I'm all-natural. Do you think I need implants?"

"Oh no," I gasp. "They are large enough." Then thinking, I added, "You might sag!"

"Yeah," he said thoughtfully.

Shelley seemed to know everyone in the restaurant. His friend Tommy joined us for a few minutes. He was so feminine, wearing a red spandex sheath dress which embraced his body without a wrinkle like a second skin. His piercing blue eyes were accented by large lashes and a dark eyeshadow. I could tell immediately that Shelley and Tommy had a special kind of relationship. In some ways they were catty with one another, almost a petty jealousy but more like a competitiveness. Like when Shelley said to Tommy, "You look tired, dear." Tommy sparked back, "Yea, but I'm now one up on After Tommy left I asked what that meant. Shelley looked nervous, then said, "Oh, it's just some bet that we have. Tommy and I try to help each other stay in character."

The rest of lunch was spent reminiscing about the good times we had when he was young. There were more than I remembered, regardless of the final outcome of our family.

Later in his room, we talked some more and I saw him get ready for dinner. Without hesitation, he unzipped his tight dress and corkscrewed his wide hips out of the skirt, letting it drop around his high heels. Even with the scantiest panties, there was no question. . . there weren't many male there. From the pert rounded mounds of his derriere, to the succulent feminine roundness of his belly, Shelley created the simulation of a tantalizing precocious female.

Shelley suggested that since he was on call for swimsuit modeling, I should get a room there at his hotel. I was staying across town at a flea-bag bed and breakfast. Tommy said he'd pay for it. After all this time without seeing my son, I couldn't leave him now. I had to do something. I'd told all my friends that I was going to see my son. What could I tell them?

The hotel was full, but Shelley called the manager and was able to get me a room. A room right across the hall from him. That was easy.

That night, we went to dinner at the casino showroom. Tommy joined us and quickly several men moved in including Carl. We were in a big red leather covered booth, me on the inside, then "the girls" and then Carl and some guy on the outside. After the show, the stage became a dance floor and I sat watching Tommy and Shelley dancing, their short skirts skimming their smooth thighs. The men obviously had no idea that they were dancing with boys, not that anyone could tell.

I again saw that curious alliance between Tommy and Shelley. Tommy was more flirtatious and in turn egged Shelley on. It was like they were playing, "My turn, your turn." Tommy would let his skirt ride up a little and snuggle next to his date, then smile at Tommy. A cunning, arrogant smile that seemed to say to Shelley, "I'm more of a girl than you."

Shelley too was flirting with Carl but every time he'd make a move, Shelley would properly remove his hand. I hoped it wasn't just because of me watching.

As the evening ended, I realized that Shelley had firm control of his date. I hoped that after several hours of exciting Carl, Shelley could maintain control. Watching them dance close was only overwhelmed by my fear of Shelley being found out. I was tired and I motioned for Shelley to come too.

He smiled and said in an uncompromising tone, "I'll be up after another dance."

I said, "Goodnight" and went to my room. "Whew," escaped my lips realizing that I'd survived the evening without slugging someone. About a half an hour later, I heard Carl and Shelley coming down the hall. YES, I was purposely listening. I was worried.

I walked over to the "peep hole" in the door. Shelley looked sweaty, his dress and nylons almost looked damp, from perspiration.



I saw Carl giving Shelley a “goodnight” hug. As he held Shelley, I saw Carl's hand wander down on the lush swell of my son's breasts, feeling the softness with his desperate and pressing fingers. Shelley appeared to moan and lifted his head offering his full red lips.

Carl's lips quickly pressed forward, his tongue sprung deep into Shelley's mouth and slowly returned only to plunge deeper. My son's eyes bulged, surprised by the sudden depth of penetration. Carl's formidable tongue plunged again and again, each time deeper, making Shelley gurgle ecstatically as he trembled accepting this man's passions.

I felt sick to my stomach but I was dazed, unable to remove my eye from the door.

Carl slipped his hand down and caressed Shelley's soft trembling thigh then to his full buttock. It seemed like forever that they stood kissing, seemingly locked together at mouth and thigh. Carl's hands roughly roamed around Shelley's curves, his tongue deeply probed as Shelley writhed against his aggressions.

I wanted to open the door and scream at them...at my son...at what he was doing. My heart was pounding like it was coming through my chest. My hand went to my chest in reaction. I took my eye away from the peep hole to get my breath. I must have been hyperventilating because I felt faint, my skin tingle, and my vision blurred. I tried to move but my body stiffened. Suddenly my whole body burned, feeling every stitch of my clothing.

A blush of embarrassment surged up inside of me as I realized how feminine my son had become. I went back to the peephole. Shelley's slender, supple body seemed to be yielding to all of Carl's attention. Carl slid his hands down along the silken delicate fabric of Shelley's skirt that clung to his hips and thighs. I wanted to die. Watching Carl's hands on my son made my entire life worthless. I had failed. Failed as a father and a man. I wanted to hide from the anguishing responsibility I felt for what was happening to Shelley, but I couldn't. As my son blissfully squirmed in the arms of Carl, I felt tiny electrical shocks exploding, helpless to do anything.

I pushed away from the door only to return, my eye fixed on the two figures unaware of me watching. Shelley, his back subdued against the wall, twisted and arched against Carl's blizzard of intimacy. Carl's hands appeared to be everywhere: holding, pressing, probing, possessing.

Suddenly Carl pulled away from his lips and began kissing down Shelley's neck. I took a deep breath, hoping that Shelley would go in. No, Carl began kissing down his neck and gently took the silken bodice covering Shelley's breasts and rolled it down exposing his dark swollen nipples. With his fingers, Carl gently, then with a roughness, pinched and squeezed Shelley's tender tips making him wince. His whole body stiffened and tensed when Carl took one nipple in his mouth then teasingly kissed and nibbled at it. Then moving to the other, he playfully nipped at it with sharp teeth causing Shelley to squeal and try to pull away.

I was surprised to see Shelley's developed breasts. Firm, full boobs with a smoothness of his skin that could best be described as luscious.

Carl had him firmly pinned against the wall, and simply pushed forward, sucking much of his soft flesh in his mouth. As his soft flesh surged inward, Shelley arched his back thrusting the breast even deeper. "Oh Please," I could hear through the door, but Carl refused to let him go, only relenting enough to switch from one nipple to the other.

I had never seen the expression on Shelley's face before. Hotly flushed, his mouth open as one then the other of his growing nipples disappeared into Carl's mouth. As Carl devoured Shelley's ladylike mounds, his hands slowly pulled his tight skirt up around his hips, showing naked thigh to the bottoms of his lace panties.

I had to do something. WHAT??? I couldn't interfere vocally at this stage.

Then it came to me. I ran over to the phone and dialed room service, "Bring some ice to room 234 right away! There's a twenty dollar tip in it if you get it here in three minutes." I ran back to the door.

Shelley looked to be feebly trying to resist. I whispered to myself, "Hurry...Hurry." Carl's hands were beginning to fondle Shelley's buttocks. Shelley looked a little unsteady on his high heels but that didn't matter; Carl had him pinned firmly against the wall.

BONG! I heard the elevator bell.

You should have seen them both jump. Shelley, in a swift move pulled up his top with one hand and his skirt down with the other. Both had innocent looks on their faces as the bellhop hurried down the hall to room 234.

I heard Shelley say, "I've got to go in." He gave him a peck on the cheek and walked toward the door. I jumped back away from the door. I didn't know what to do and couldn't let him know I was meddling in his life. I heard his key enter the door. I looked out and the hall was quiet. I opened the door and looked down the hall. The bellhop was heading down the hall with an aggravated look on his face.

"Shhh," I whispered. "Sorry, I gave you the wrong room number. Thanks! Here's the twenty, plus another ten."

He handed me the ice and smiled. We were both happy. I closed the door and took an ice cube and massaged it against my forehead. This was the worst day of my life. I laid down on the bed, my mind was racing. Then it dawned on me. I didn't hear the elevator bell ring. I didn't see Carl waiting for the elevator. [I jumped up and went over to the peephole. Nothing. IT opened and tip-toed across the hall. I put my ear to the door. I could hear the radio, but no voices. My heart began racing as I speculated as to what happened.

I walked back to my room and called Shelley's room. No answer. I slept on the floor next to my door. I was awakened many times that night by people walking by, then fell fast asleep, awakened by a call from Shelley. He sounded "chipper", saying, "Hey wake up sleepy head. It's nine o'clock. I'm downstairs, let's have breakfast.

At breakfast, Shelley looked flush but femininely radiant. Wearing a white cotton sheath dress, with a heart shaped opening at the bosom that gave all a glimpse of cleavage. He wore sheer smoky nylons and white high heeled pumps. Just what every father wanted for their son. Whatever had transpired to Shelley last night, he was euphoric.

I guess my worry was all unfounded. Any father would be worried that a man like Carl, might find out that the "girl" he was kissing was his son. What was I saying???? I was all confused.

I had to reason this out. If a man found out, what kind of explosive discharge would he unleash? Perhaps beat Shelley up.

That night at dinner, again Carl came over and was all over Shelley with compliments and they danced. I excused myself saying [I was tired.

Earlier Shelley had given me his hotel key to run up and pick up a makeup bag. I thought there might be something in Shelley's room that might give me a clue. Something?

I went to Shelley's room and let myself in. I looked around the room. It was eerie. Panties, bras and dresses everywhere. I picked up a bra, a lacy black one. I had trouble believing that it was my son and that he could fill its lacy cups with his own responsive flesh.

I picked up a pair of Shelley's panties. Silk panties! They were plain white, but quite obviously girl's panties. They had elastic at the waist and around the leg openings. There weren't any "boy clothes" in the room.

I searched through Shelley's room looking for his mother's address or some clue.

Suddenly, I heard Shelley fumbling with his key at the door. I ran to the closet and shut it behind me. There were clothes at one end so I moved to the other. The closet door was the slatted kind so I could see everything that was going on.

It was Carl and Shelley. Shelley went into the bathroom. When he returned, they sat on the bed and kissed. That was all Carl needed. He pulled Shelley down on his back and they necked for a while. I had to look away several times because my heart was pounding so hard that I actually thought they might hear it. I wished I had a phone to call for ice again. Carl took off his shirt. Shelley refused to disrobe in spite of Carl's urging but allow access to his large swollen nipples. Shelley turned and rolled over to get up and was tackled by Carl.

"Oh my," Shelley gasped and reached around in surprise feeling the consequences of actions. I don't think he had expected Carl to be so sizable.

His eyes bulged and he tried to pull away, squealing, "Really, I mean it. It's a bad time for me and I don't think this will work."

Carl wasn't about to be put off. "Sure it will," he said as he put his strong hand in the middle of Shelly's back and pushed him face down into a pillow, Shelley's prominent hips still high.

Shelley reached around and tried to hold him away as he felt the weight of Carl begin a suggestive motion. Shelley pleaded, "Oh please, no, you are too much. I can't take. . . AHHH! Carl had lifted the skirt of Shelley's dress and gave his bottom a firm whack.

"OWWWWWW!" Shelley was trying to get up.

I wanted to leap out of the closet and beat Carl to death, but why. He was just doing what I had done to young girls many times. Maybe this 'close call' would scare Shelley. He'd realize the consequences of dressing like a female.

Carl loosened his pants and was volleying trying to get a good angle, and Shelley was beginning to feel the pressure and began to tremble girlishly. Every time Shelley would push himself up to get away, Carl would gently but firmly push him back down.

I was trying to think of a good reason why I was in the closet. I had no right to interfere yet I wasn't about to watch my son get hurt. From my angle, I couldn't tell what panties Shelley was wearing. Obviously, with Shelley's modesty device, Carl was going to be disappointed. Shelley was trying to crawl away but Carl would strongly reposition Shelley's hips with a robust pull at the hips.

Carl was enjoying it and seemed to be tinkering with Shelley. The struggle of Shelley's wiggling fanny was like foreplay. Carl played with Shelley's soft hips and garter belt while his steel blue eyes were intent on making sure his "prey" didn't get away.

Just as Shelley pleaded, "Please, no," Carl made a quick yank on the tops of Shelley's panties and Carl began to lean forward, moving his hips in a suggestive motion, Shelley really began to plead, "Please, your toooooo . . .Ooooooooooch. Ahhhhhh. A frightened look on Shelley's face told me something serious was happening and that he knew it was too late to get away. His eyes rolled back as Carl began to snake into him.

Shelley made one more attempt to get away. Carl had had enough of this. He simply allowed his body weight to collapse on Shelley and with a decisive hip movement, buried Shelley's face in the pillow.

Shelley cried out with a muffled "Awwwww" that was gasping into the pillow.

Carl laid there motionless and whispered, "Ooooooh, you're one heck of a chick." With that he began to move his hips slightly. Carl's behind began to rise and fall picking up speed.

All Shelley could do was lay there and accept Carl's considerable esteem. A look of anguish appeared on Shelley's face with each upheaval.

Then it dawned on me what was going to happen. Carl would be occupying my son with his essence. I wanted to break out of the closet and kill Carl. I didn't. I continued to watch. I had missed my moment to act.

Carl was picking up the pace and a strange thing happened. Shelley grabbed a pillow and forced it under his hips. His knees were spread so this raised his hips allowing Carl to grab Shelley's hips and get a better attack. Shelley had made himself "comfortable."

I felt humiliation as Shelley began wiggling his hips to Carl's deep commitments. I realized that Shelley was patiently waiting for Carl to gorge him with male essence. Shelley's eyes were shut in a daydream.



Carl's ravishment was beginning to boil. After several long vigorous greetings, Carl buried his ordnance and cried out, "Awwwwwwww."

Shelley's eyes bulged open then rolled. Shelley started to scream but bit the pillow as Carl's gusher of insemination hit Shelley's most profound tissues and nerves. His lower belly was a boiling cauldron, spilling over. He was paying his tax for living as a girl.

Carl stuck in the saddle making a few more efforts but eventually collapsed next to Shelley.

Shelley rolled over, checking first that his modesty device was still firmly constraining any boyishness. He crossed his slim, gorgeous bare legs, proudly revealing smooth thighs. The strap of his dress fell off his shoulder displaying a breast, its puffy nipple a dark, pink distended and fully erect. He modestly pulled his panties and dress back into place.

I was sick. I had done nothing . . .but watch. What kind of father would stand by while this happened. I trembled as I stood in the dark closet, gutless. I looked through the slats in the door.

Shelley was making Carl leave, saying, "Sorry, honey. I've got to get up early. Got to get my beauty sleep." Before he knew it he was out the door, coat in hand.

Shelley closed the door, and latched it with the chain. He stood for a moment, his back against the door. His hands went to his belly, and covered it almost like he had a stomach ache.

He walked into the bathroom. I heard the shower running. I snuck out like spineless scum. The next morning I awakened early. I laid in bed wondering what to do. Should I try to change Shelley? Commit him?

The obvious answer took hours. I'd talk to him.

Shelley called me for lunch out by the pool. He only had an hour before the afternoon photo shoot. Several more of the "models" joined us for lunch. Shelley introduced me to the boys I'd seen at the pool that first day and a several couple more.

They wore swimsuits or bikinis, and I must say, I couldn't believe anyone was a boy. This wasn't the time to talk to Shelley. I listened to different conversations, trying to get a "line" on what they felt. Maybe I could figure all this out. It wasn't like Shelley was the only one in the world.

Tommy joined us and said to Shelley, "You're glowing today."

Shelley smiled and quipped, "And we're now even too!" I wondered what that meant. I'd have to ask later.

I listened to their high giggling conversations. Oh, there were the conversations about modeling but what interested me the most was the intensity that these boys thought like girls. One of the

younger boys, Leigh, was new to modeling. He looked eighteen and was chosen because of his ALL AMERICAN GIRL look. Brown curly hair, a naturally clear complexion and a pencil thin teen figure. He confided to Tommy and me, "I feel so drab compared to Shelley and the other boys. It's not easy, you know."



Tommy asked him, "What is Dr. Blake giving you for your figure?"

Leigh said, "Pills and a shot a month." They apparently went to the same doctor.

"Oh," said Tommy, "that's not enough. I'll call him and ask if I can give you a booster."

Shelley had to model, so Tommy invited me to his room with Leigh and also Tina who was introduced as his girlfriend. While Tommy called their doctor, I asked, "How'd you get into this? I asked.

"My sister and I used to play dress up when we were kids. Mom gave us all her old clothes to play with. My sister liked to try make-up tricks on me and frankly I liked it. Both mom and sis told me I was pretty."



I nodded. He was very pretty.

He continued, "Then I met Tina and we started dating. One day I came home and my sister was showing her pictures of me dressed as a girl. Tina begged to see me in a dress. They dressed me up, like I was their living doll or something. It was only a couple weeks later when Tina had me dress up again. She pushed me out the door and down to the local malt shop. Can you imagine my surprise when I found out that she had arranged "dates" for us."

"You must have been surprised," I asked?

"It's been a couple years now," Tina said. "I'm sort of his girlfriend, lover and manager all in one."

Tommy hung up the phone and said, "Doc said it's okay." He turned to me and said, "I work as a vocational nurse for the doctor sometimes."

Leigh was concerned, saying, "Gee, after only one shot a month, nothing seems to work for a week."

Tina said, "Yea, he's mushy for over a week."

"Well, it's up to you," Tommy said, putting his hands on his hips. "You can't have everything."

Tina said, "Can I see what the two did for you?"

Tommy without hesitation took off his silk blouse and bra. He brought his hands under them, lifting them then dropping them. Not huge but unmistakably feminine.

Leigh looked at Tina and then me. I made no comment.

Tina just smiled and said, "YES."

I can't tell you how I felt watching Leigh get an injection that would feminize him and wondered why his girlfriend would encourage him. There seemed to be no end to the questions and I was finding no answers.

What kind of boy would allow this, knowing that their maleness would be diminished. Why would these boys want to 'trade down' to having soft un-muscl'd bodies like women?"

I had to get away. I looked in the local English tourist newspaper and found a hot "pick up" joint. Inside the Harry's Bar and Grill, I hoped to find a few minutes away from the problems with my son. I immediately saw several girls I'd love to talk to and within minutes had one "cornered" and chatting about "life". She and I hit it off immediately and had more drinks than I could count. She was about 30 and breathtaking. Of course after several drinks, I really wasn't concerned.

It was about ten when we stumbled out of the bar and taxied back to her hotel. In her room we kissed for a while and then the thought struck me. . . what if she was one of, you know, "THE GIRLS."

It was about then that she told me about her "time of the month." I don't know what came over me. I started accusing her of being a boy. I know, I know. It doesn't make any sense, but I'd been drinking and confused. She must have thought I was nuts, and asked me to leave. I did.

I sobered up enough on the way home to realize how stupid my actions were. Not every good-looking girl was a boy. Maybe I'd never see another one . . .or maybe I'd already dated some and never knew. I was babbling and irrational. This whole thing had me punchy.

The next morning Shelley knocked on my door. He was wearing a blue polka-dotted blouse that was peeking from beneath his eggshell white business suit with off white nylons and matching pumps. Physically, Shelley filled out his tight skirt perfectly. His body was padded and distributed differently than any man's. His weak muscular structure and adipose fatty tissue gave Shelley a delicate soft look. Ideal for a woman but things would be tough for a man with his shape. Perhaps if I had been around to help him develop as a young boy. Sports, weight lifting, football; maybe he would be different now.



Imagine Shelly playing football now!

I tried to imagine him in a football jersey the way he was now, he would look ridiculous, but also damn hot!

"Com'on," he said. I followed him downstairs to a breakfast meeting. His hips swayed with each step. He was so comfortable with the female function. Perhaps it was the smallness of his maleness that made the female role so comfortable. I tried to remember. I don't remember anything wrong with Shelley before. Maybe he had bad experiences with females?

I watched Shelley flirt with a couple men in the lobby. Not in any overt way, Shelley flirted in a classic passive female fashion. In a helpless way, he submissively appeared receptive to their interest. Even with me, this attitude was mainly passive and hospitable.

That afternoon, I went to see a psychiatrist. I told him what had happened to Shelley.

"My, my," he said as he puffed on a smelly pipe. I think that Shelley must have had an 'Oedipal unraveling'."

"What?"

"Oh," he said. That's when the Oedipus complex stage starts and generally a normal aggression will be turned against his father. You weren't around. Perhaps there were no men around, which could cause your son to identify with his mother in an atmosphere free from the Oedipus rivalry. He mentally surrendered his phallic role and in its place took on a narcissistic passiveness. Most boys have their fathers to help them get through this stage. Shelley never saw the feminine role as 'humiliating' like most boys. Who knows, the world might be a better place if more men grew up this way."

"What can we do?" I was desperate.

"Now?" he asked, then answered, "Once a boy has a primary passive phallus identification, there isn't much. One researcher called this the 'hollow phallic' complex.

A sort of 'convex' sexual identification. The way I see it . . . Shelley has made the best of a bad situation. He's sociable and survives well in a 'not so perfect' world. The worst thing you could do is come in and 'reap havoc' in his ordered and 'functioning' life."

My mind was a whirl. I asked, "Do you really think that is it?"

He was in deep thought for a moment, then said, "Either that OR maybe he just likes the way women's clothes feel. They are more satiny and comfortable, you know."

I left several hundred dollars poorer and despondent. It appeared that there was little I could do.

I needed help. Then it dawned on me. Lana! I'd call Lana and send her a ticket to come visit. Let me tell you about Lana. Perhaps the most beautiful girl I'd ever met. We dated for a while, but I

got possessive and she dumped me. We did remain friends and she's one smart cookie. She's brains and beauty combined. A Phd in psychology and the body of Miss World.

I called her and begged her to come. At first she didn't want to come. I'm sure she thought this was just some trick of mine to get into her pants again. I told her about Shelley. She said she'd come. I wired her a ticket.

The next evening she arrived, tired from the long trip but anxious to meet Shelley. She told me, this is the stuff that great "case studies" are made from.

To my surprise, Shelley and Lana hit it off immediately. They sat out at the pool in their bikinis talking about fashion, clothes and hair.

They decided to take a day trip to Capri on a day Shelley didn't have to model. I wasn't invited.

The evening of the trip, I got a call from Lana. "Hi, we missed the boat. We're going to spend the weekend here. Tell Shelley's coordinator. We'll see you on Monday.

I was pleased that Lana was getting close to Shelley. Perhaps she'd have a plan.

On Monday, they came back and while Shelley modeled, I talked to Lana. I could tell from her smiling face she had solved my problem.

Lana tells me of their weekend.

"At first I was a little uncomfortable. It was Shelley's idea to share a room. We found a little hotel,

I kept looking at Shelley.

"Shelley's long, stockinged legs were exposed by his leather miniskirt. Being perched on the 4" high-heeled sandals made his behind move in an ever-so-boyish manner! And his see-through, dark blouse clearly showed a black, very lacy brassiere that was molding and uplifting a very realistic pair of breasts! To top it all off, Shelley was wearing full makeup including very long false eyelashes, deep red lipstick and matching nail polish on his toe and fingernails. The latter must have been 3/4" past the ends of each finger. I stopped for a minute, then started to undress. I was intimately sharing a bathroom and bed with another man but I could only see him as another woman.



Shelley and I undressed at the same pace. I thought he was watching me to see if I was uncomfortable. I would treat him just like another woman. I stripped down to my panties and went into the bathroom.

When I returned Shelley was laying on the bed in a sheer nightgown and matching panties. He tossed his head in a rather girlish but flirtatious way and said, "This bed is damp from the humidity. I think we might freeze tonight."

I couldn't get over how matter of fact he was about spending the night in the same bed as me. "My turn," he said and walked into the bathroom with a most un-boyish wiggle to his pantied bottom.

I awoke in the middle of the night freezing. It was like they had turned the heat off at midnight. The dampness and cold were almost unbearable. I whispered, "I think I'm going to die."

Shelley said, "Me too."

"Want to snuggle?"

"Yea!"

I moved over and pressed my body against his. I was shocked by the softness but pleased by the warmth. His arms went around me and mine around him. I felt his feminized body pressing forward. There was a lushness about him. His hands passively rubbed my back trying to create some warmth. I slid my hands up and down his back in a similar motion. I could smell his perfumed hair. His skin was smooth and rosy, that of a woman.

I could feel his creamy globes of flesh pressing against mine. They were round and fuller than I had expected. I felt him get goose bumps as he shivered and I felt his ruby nipples stiffen into hard points.

I snuggled closer, wondering if I would feel any "male" response. I felt none, only the soft smooth womanly thighs. He squirmed a little and I took my icy feet and put them against his legs. "Eeeeh!" he squealed, then pulled them on my legs. Slowly we warmed our toes.

It was strange, I knew this was a boy yet he was like a girl to me. I felt his breasts swell. I had to touch them. I moved my hand up his silky nightie and in a bold move cupped a warm breast in my hand. Shelley's body jerked spasmodically and he moaned but I still felt nothing. I whispered, "They're as big as mine."

Even in the twilight, I could see him blush. I whispered, "Someday those will make a baby very happy." I pulled my hand away and we went to sleep. It

It was strangely exciting to be sleeping with a male whose appearance and behavior was so thoroughly girlish.

The next morning, we got dressed. Panties, hose, heels, a short walking skirt for Shelley. We made up together just as if we were two girls. His every move was totally girly from the fluff of his curly hair to his brazen feminine wiggle.

That night we went to dinner. To make a long story short, I got a little tipsy. We met a couple men and they bought us more drinks. Your son drives the boys wild. I don't know if it's his teasing smile, that wiggle of his fleshy hips or maybe it's just his flirtatious ladylike way."

She continued, "By the time our dates kissed you goodnight, Shelley and I both had flushed cheeks. That night in bed we snuggled close to get warm. His soft rounded body was pressed warmly against mine. [I moved one of my hands casually from his waist to caress his fleshy bottom. 'Why Lana,' he said teasingly, then responded by wriggling his rounded tummy closer to mine. I said, 'You are so soft and warm.' Our twin lipsticked mouths met and I kissed him in a way that I'd never experienced. A caring but sex-less soft kiss that was unlike anything I'd ever experienced. Shelley pressed himself against me with a sudden passion. I moved my fingers up to his soft prominences and said "I dig your boobs; just like a girl." He make a high squeal and said, "Mmmmm." All I can say is that he made me feel wonderful that night. It was unlike any intimacy I've ever had."



Lana had not solved my problem.

It was like she thought it was not unusual for a boy to have a feminine identity. "What can I do?" I asked in desperation.

"Well," Lana said, "I wouldn't go buying any male clothes for him. Shelley thinks like a girl and enjoys his life. That's a tough thing to change. He seems to be divinely enticed by any activity that is feminine and adores the sensation of being a girl. He knows all the feminine tricks of getting what he wants. His sex- posture is that of a woman."

I gasp, "But he can't go around for the rest of his life as a girl!"

"Why not?" Lana said with a look of disapproval. "Half the population does. Do you think women are worthless?"

I realized that I was "putting down" the woman role. "No, no. I just want my son back." Tears were beginning to form in my eyes.

She came up and put her arms around me. "Life doesn't always give us what we want," she said. "I suggest you spend your time getting to know your son and not trying to change him. He's a very strong person in his own way. I think I'm falling in love with him."

What else could happen?

It was Carl on the phone. He asked, "Can I see you? I need to talk to you."

We met at the bar. He began immediately, "Sir, I need your help. I've fallen in love with your daughter and she doesn't seem to want to give me the time of day now. I'm a good man and my intentions are good. I'd marry her tomorrow if she'd have me. Please put a good word in for me?"

What else could go wrong????

That afternoon I watched Shelley modeling several bikinis out by the pool. There was a small crowd around, unaware that this was a boy doing the posing. Even the scanty bikinis gave no clue. His rounded hips bugged out from a tiny waist and the flat triangle between his legs told all that there was no question, Shelley was a girl. He had on pale pink bikini bottoms made of a shiny material that tied at the sides and a matching top that his boobs were firmly settled into. The top didn't prevent his boobs from jiggling as he strutted around the pool to disco music. A photographer's aid rubbed oil all over Shelley's body and tied a silk ribbon in his mass of curly hair. A makeup artist added mascara, blush and lipstick.

I watched for a while, then went over to the pool bar and had a beer. The bartender, not knowing that Shelley was my son, made several raunchy remarks about what he'd "like to do to" the girl in the pink bikini. I was a beaten man. I sat quietly looking at the bottom of my beer mug in search of an answer.

Shelley bounced up during a break. He had changed and was wearing a short, white, full-skirted cover-up. The bartender turned green when Shelley's large red lips moved to say, "I'll have what my dad's having."

The big mug of beer looked out of place in Shelley's delicate hand with their long pink polished nails. I guess what agitated me was that Shelley was so brazen. He sat, his long smoothly shaven legs positioned gracefully so several men could see the bottoms of his bikini. The top of his dress was molded around the contour of his breasts. I could see the dark pink circles of his large distended nipples pointing at me, like fingers.



Shelley chattered on for a few minutes, crossing and uncrossing his legs causing every man in the bar to stare. Then he declared, "Got to go, I'm up!" He trotted around the pool on his high heels, his bottom swinging and bouncing behind him. A breeze played with his long hair and the hem of his skirt causing a sporadic glimpse of his bikini panties.

I looked at the bartender. He said, "Sorry if I said anything offensive about your daughter, sir. You know...guy stuff."

I just shook my head.

That afternoon, the pool area was cleared for a private party. Only those who "knew" were allowed in the pool area. Shelley arranged for me to attend their annual swimsuit fashion show. This show was arranged for those boys who would like to be models to audition by being in a fashion show. Apparently there was a lot of competition because Shelley told me that there would be hundreds around the pool. Later, a small group of the current models would get together to decide which boys would be in next year's swimsuit issue.

I was shocked at the turn out. The large pool area had been converted into a dining area with large round tables with white table clothes. There were hundreds of people milling around the area with drinks in their hands. The women were beautiful. I turned to Shelley and asked, "They aren't all. . .?"

He smiled and giggled, "Some ARE, and some AREN'T!"

I even saw a few famous actresses there. I looked at Shelley. He put his finger to his lips and whispered, "They used to model too. Don't you ever tell!"

Shelley ran off to say hello to some friends while I went to get us some drinks. There was a distinguished gray haired gentleman in a white suit at the bar. We smiled at one another and I said to him, "Amazing eh?"

About that time a buxom blonde came up and gave him a peck on the cheek and said, "Wish me luck?" then ran away.

He smiled proudly. "That's Larry. . .Laura, my son. Gorgeous, eh?"

Larry had been stopped by a couple tall handsome Italian men. Larry stood close to them with a rebellious but sassy stance, his windblown hair flung around his shoulders. His carriage showed that he loved playing center stage--a position he earned by dedication to his feminine role.

I turned to his father and said, "Very natural. . ."

"Oh, it's been tough," he said. "I had hoped for a baseball player or maybe a football quarterback."

Now this was my kind of guy, I thought. Maybe he had an idea for me. "Me too," I said.

"You too," He asked?

"Yea," I said pointing to Shelley.

"WOW, Shelley's Larry's idol. You must be very proud."

I was confused. What did he want his son to be??? I asked point blank, "Thought you wanted a football player?"

He looked in meditation for a moment then said, "Well, as you know, I guess we are all disappointed at first. Like any man I wanted a child to grow up and be like me. Be better than me maybe. . .take over the construction business."

I nodded; maybe I could get a few fathers together and have a mutiny. I asked, "Guess you lost him, eh?"

He looked over at his son and said, "It was tough at first. It was like my wife was trying to steal my son, you know buying him dresses and teaching him girl stuff. Larry wanted it and my wife told me it wasn't fair to force him into a male role just because I wanted a clone of myself. Larry wanted to be like my wife, her clone. We fought a lot and almost broke up."

"What happened to make it okay?"

"I came home from a business trip a day early and to my surprise there was a young man in the living room. He stood up politely and said, "You must be Laura's father? I was shocked and found out later that Larry, with his mother's help, had been dating boys for about a year. That night, from an upstairs window, I watched Larry say 'goodnight' to his date and realized that it was too late. I had lost a son and gained a daughter."

"You sound disappointed?" I asked, still hoping to get him motivated to act.

"Oh, not any longer," he said proudly. "I lost one son but there are always guys hanging around. It's like I have many sons. Larry has even dated some professional baseball players and those two Italians are world famous soccer players."

The two men were drooling over the feminized youth. Each seemed to be competing for Larry's attention.

I watched his father as he continued, "No, I'll do anything for Larry now. Things couldn't have turned out better."

I forced a smile and hobbled discouraged back to our VIP table. Was there anyone who was sane here????

Shelley came back and joined me at the head table. He was wearing a white spandex mini-skirt dress and had his hair held up with a sparkling diamond barrette like he was a princess or something.

Shelley grabbed my hand and said, 'cmon' on the back stage. I want you to meet the "up and comers". There was a conference room next to the pool that had been converted into a make-shift dressing room for the show. There was a guard outside that stepped aside when he saw Shelley approaching. Inside there were about fifteen 'models' in various stages of undress. I whispered to Shelley, "Maybe I should come back later?"

"Naw," he said, "They have to get used to not being modest. There's always lots of people in the dressing rooms. No place for modesty."

Several boys, wearing only panties and bras, were busy leaning over their make-up tables putting on mascara and lipstick. Shelley announced loudly, "GIRLS, this is my father." All turned and waved hello and went back to getting ready. Show time was approaching and all were busy making last minute adjustments. Shelley whispered to me, "I already know who will probably win."

Looking around, there was considerable difference in each of the boys. Some were totally feminized, others on their way. One boy, Gusta, a Swede, was the most boyish. Tall, thin with short hair to which he was adding a hair-piece. He was wearing only a girdle and was self-composed in spite of not wearing a top. His almost boyish chest was in contrast to his long legs tapering up to rounded soft buttocks covered with the white girdle. He saw me staring at his chest and glared at me with his dark smoky eyes then slipped gold loops through his pierced ears. I couldn't help staring. Large puffy nipples on small but fatty pointed mounds. Somewhat boyish but more girlish, with the promise of future growth. Shelley told me later that Gusta was married to a girl and they have three children. I wondered how the wife could put up with it. Shelley told me that he was famous in Sweden and made 'big bucks. That I could understand but wondered what his wife must feel like as she watched her husband develop obvious signs of being a "big girl".



No one there showed any signs of self-consciousness, just like it was commonplace for a bunch of boys to grow tits and wear bikinis.

The swimsuit fashion show began with Roxanne doing the announcing. I was beginning to see my son in a different way. He was quite powerful in an oddball way. He had lots of friends, a great, well-paying job, a purpose in life. . . a strong IDENTITY. He seemed to be afraid of nothing, let alone the typical macho fears that most men defended to the end. He wasn't like me, trying to prove my maleness at every opportunity. He wasn't coasting through life, stuck in a dead-end job like I'd been. He was truly free.

I watched as Roxanne announced each boy and described their swimsuits. . .

"...and Milton's wearing a white one-piece tank suit with a square low cut neckline, deeply dipped in the back. This suit by THOMASCO was designed for the boy who would like to show off a little more hip. The high cut bottoms are perfect for. . ."

I watched Milton, a big smile on his face as he strutted around the pool, his boobs jiggled with each graceful step. I tried to picture Milton as a boy. I couldn't. Where there should have been a flat chest, now bulged outward in rounded creamy breasts. His ample soft bottom curved out gently to feminine roundness and shapely legs. I looked deep into his eyes. He was glowing with happiness.

Roxanne announced the next model. . .

".. and Larry is wearing the most flattering snakeskin print bikini. Showing a lot of skin this suit will really make the boys go to pieces. Popular with the young girls, this suit will be slithering around many curves this summer. The bandeau top hooks at the back, and has a light boning at the center and sides for lift. The straps can be tied or tucked in . . ."

I watched as Larry un-tie the straps and tucked them in the bikini top for a strapless look. I looked over at Larry's father who was standing with the two Italians. He was clapping. He was proud of his girlish son. Larry's snakeskin high-rise bikini bottoms fit snugly about his high waist and stretched tightly over his broad bottom. I tried to see any maleness; there was none. Larry had been feminized, sissified and demasculinized to the point where being a boy was out of the question.

Roxanne announces Gusta. . .

". . . Gusta will be turning heads this summer wearing a one-piece latex mono-kini. Bare-backed, bare-waisted with high cut legs and a built in stretch bra to flatter even the sleekest figure

I was in shock. With his hairpiece, makeup and everything, there was no boyishness showing. The built in bra gave the impression of amply-filled cups with cleavage showing at the "V" of his top. The impression of a softly upholstered woman was perfect. His large hoop earrings dangled against the side of his face as he pranced around the pool. I had to wonder again what Gusta and even Shelley must feel when they realize that they have developed the breasts and hips of a female.



All the boys seemed to cherish the ability to be de- masculinized to the degree that they could no longer be boys.

The show lasted about an hour and then there was dinner. I spent a lot of time talking to Roxanne. She was a very bright and beautiful woman. We even made a date for the following day.

Later, Shelley and I sat alone in my room. I had to ask, "Shelley. Don't you ever want to be a boy again?"

He smiled, running his fingers through his long hair. "Dad, I've never been happier. On the exterior, my body is shapely and unimpeachably female. Inside, I'm still a boy. Don't worry dad. You'll get to become a grandfather. Lana's pregnant."

"But it's against the laws of nature."

"No dad," he said firmly, "It's against the laws of fashion. God made us with NO CLOTHES, NO HAIRCUTS."

"But. . .," I responded quickly, pointing to his chest, "God didn't make you with those!"

"Dad," Shelley said, "If I'd been born with a deformed arm, would I have had to live with it . . .even if I could change it??? We each choose our own gods; the one I selected wants me to be happy. I AM!"

He had a point.

EPILOGUE

Roxanne and I got along fine. It was a year to the day that we were married. Shelley and Tommy were the maids of honor.



I had changed a lot in a year: found my son, found love, adjusted my opinions. It was like I was on drugs or something. It was the haze of happiness.

I leaned over after the ceremony to kiss my new wife. I looked over at Shelley and Tommy, both giggling girlishly in their lacy dresses. That's when it dawned on me. . .I now had TWO SONS IN DRESSES!

THE END