

**SHE MADE ME A WOMANLESS
BEAUTY PAGEANT WINNER**



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GEMINI**

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SHE MADE ME A WOMANLESS BEAUTY PAGEANT WINNER

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Introduction:

I guess I was fated to be a sissy and there wasn't much of a chance of avoiding it. First of all I was given the name Karol when I was a guy, having been named Karol after a relative from the old country where the name was a regular for guys. Then I spent

my formative years growing up with my neighbor and best friend as girl. So from the get go things did not look good for me to become much of a guy.

And then this neighbor, my so-called girlfriend, put me in situations where I had to play a lot of girl games. And with that I got to like certain girl things... if you get my drift. I mean like I had developed some fetishes. It wasn't good. When she moved away I thought things would get better for me, but that did not happen. Things sort of stayed the same for a while even without her there. And then things did change a bit, they got worse for me as I got older.

So as a young adult the words, "Now you would make a convincing girl, and even pretty looking girl with the right foundation and makeup" thought a turn on for me when I first heard them came back to haunt me. Gosh, if I knew what was going to happen to me I would have run away. I should have just run away and avoided all that I was forced to go through. But it is too late now, especially after spending all that time preparing for the pageant entry in that Womanless Beauty Pageant and preparing for it for real and to win and preparing for it as if I were really a girl and then winning the pageant; and then afterwards sort of being forced to live as a girl, while everyone knows that I am a guy. If it hadn't become such a turn on for me I don't know what I would do!

I suppose for the average guy, being told that he would make a convincing girl isn't what any guy would want to hear; nor hearing those words should those words be a turn on for a guy. But at the time I was told that I might just make a pretty girl those words were a turn on for me. And so I was offered a

spot as a contestant in that Womanless Beauty Pageant. And as it turned out I did and I do make a fairly nice appearing girl, and in general make a nicer person as a girl than I did a boy. That is for a boy I make a fairly well behaved and nice looking girl. And having had a lingerie fetish almost on the verge of being a cross dresser, it was such a turn on at the time hearing that I would make a lovely girl. At least it was a pleasant turn on at the time I was told that I would make a nice looking girl. At least it was a pleasant thought at first. That really changed. And now I just don't know what I can do about it. I am just so much of a girl. It is embarrassing.

And my current situation having to be a girl 24/7 is not welcome even though I do make a pretty girl at that. Now at the time I was told I could probably pass as a girl I couldn't admit to it; admit to my own thoughts at that time that I might make a pretty girl. And I certainly could not admit that I just might really like to have a try at passing as a girl. Nor could I admit that the thought of entering that sort of pageant and so being allowed, without outing my secret, to wear all the female attire and makeup needed for such a contest might just be wonderful and a dream come true. But the thought of having to publicly appear as a girl was not so wonderful to me. Gosh, I just thought it could be a dream come true if I just could avoid public exposure. But I wasn't able to avoid going out dressed and acting like a girl. And gosh was I wrong about the whole thing!

And when I was finally forced, thought secretly willingly, to give it a try, it was just too extreme. I can't describe the changes forced on me from my very first outing as a girl. I admit despite all of that in the back of my mind I thought at first it was just

wonderful...for a single outing, despite the public exposure and despite the lengths my mentor went in having me pass as a girl.

Then once I did get used to it all, it was just wonderful getting to wear all those nice girly things and learning to use makeup properly and learning to move and talk and act like a female, so I could perform on stage in the pageant. It was just such a turn on beyond my control. And it was wonderful doing so with the help of females and not in secret; and just having the girls, my girlfriend's mom and my girlfriend, with my mom's blessing and help, turn me into a viable contestant in a Womanless Beauty Pageant. But going out in public as a boy dressed and acting like a girl is just still awful. And that is despite how accepting all the woman are with it and how they all just love to help me be all the girl I can become.

Little did I realize my girlfriend's true intent when she dragged me into participating as a contesting in such a pageant was to make me as feminine and girly as possible and then to keep me that way as long as she could. And little did I realize that would also come to be my mother's intent. And little did I realize how serious these women would be about my preparation for the pageant. Little did I realize what I would have to do and how much of it I would have to do in order to keep those ladies happy with me and convinced that I was doing my best to win that pageant. And little did I realize they would then expect me to stay in character as a girl so to then to win other such pageants that followed.

And little did I realize just how much time I would have to spend living as a female in order to learn my best to pass as a female, so that I was and

am now actually living pretty much as if I were a female, with the excuse my mother gives that it is to keep me prepared for the so called next Womanless Beauty Pageant in which I will compete.

And I am really living much as if I were a girl. I am a member of the Ladies Auxiliary. I attend meetings with those ladies and I do charity work with those ladies. And those ladies treat me just as if I were a real girl. And the ladies have taught me everything I need to keep my mother's house as if I were a real daughter. So now I can cook, and clean, and sew, and just tend to my mom's house and wellbeing. And my mother loves it. And thought she says she may allow me to live as a boy again if I am good and well behaved as a girl and seem to learn my lesson; I am pretty sure she is never going to allow me back to being a boy. She just enjoys having me as her daughter too much.

And I attend school as a girl, and take courses that only a girl would take; while everyone knows that I am a boy and that I won the Womanless Beauty Pageant. And everyone accepts my situation as living as a girl in practice to defend my title at the next Womanless Beauty Pageant.

And I have several part time jobs as a girl, where most of the customers know that I am really a guy dressed and acting as a girl, though most treat me as a girl anyway. Again, it is just accepted that I am practicing to defend my title and the honor of our town in that Womanless Beauty Pageant.

Now even though by my late twenties I had become hopelessly addicted to wearing satiny lingerie which had just become such a turn on for me, that was not the same as having to wear girl's clothing 24/7. And now having to always act as a girl all the

time I find is a bit much. I mean I had loved getting off with woman's stuff and playing at being a girl, but to have to do it seriously and correctly and all the time and in public just took so much of the sensual enjoyment and the fun away; though to be honest...not all of it. And at times it is very relaxing and somewhat fun for me getting lost in being a girl.

And even more embarrassing for me was that the whole town knows what I was doing and undergoing when I was preparing for the first pageant and knows what I am now doing or undergoing as I supposedly keep in practice for the next pageant. The pageant was pretty popular with everyone, surprisingly enough. It was popular with the girls, and lots of them just loved to get their boyfriends and husbands involved and pretty much forced a lot of guys into dressing up for it. It was a thing of the typical local bets. You were a guy and you lost a bet with your wife or girlfriend and you would wind up competing in the pageant. And every fraternity and men's club would have initiates competing. Though I am sure even some of those guys got a kick out of parading around as girls and were happier with the arrangement then they would let on. But that aside, the fact was that just about everyone I knew in town knew that I participating for real and that I was out and about as a girl as part of my sponsors training of me to pass for as much of a girl as a boy possibly could.

And my girlfriend and even my mother had done her best to make my situation known. I mean I really felt so embarrassed to have everyone see me dressed and acting like a girl in public and then just being treated like a girl by everyone while everyone knew and now knows that I was, I mean that I am, a

guy. It was humiliating...though I have to admit at times a bit of a turn on, a bit titillating shall we say. And so many of the woman and girls just seemed to have such a great time treating me as a girl and joking about me really being a boy that I just didn't know what to do about it.

And then after I had paraded about on stage in front of everyone as if I was a female contestant in a real beauty contest and had won the pageant, everyone, that is all the ladies and girls, were so convinced that I made such a lovely girl that the general consensus was that it would be a shame if I went right back to being a guy and that it would be okay if I should stay a girl for a while and get ready for another pageant, that was to defend my title at the next pageant. So my mom and girlfriend's mom along with the sponsor were able to arrange that the only way I could collect most of my prize was to continue to pass as a female and to live as if I were some sort of female for the year in which I reigned as the Pageant Queen. And since everyone in town was pretty much familiar with the pageant, just about everyone knew that I was stuck living as a female for the year I was the Queen.

And so the announcement was made that in defense of my title and as the most convincing and prettiest contestant in the pageant to date that I would remain in dresses and start to actually live as a girl in order to make even a better and more convincing presentation defending my crown at the next Womanless Beauty Pageant. And so I was stuck presenting myself as a girl and living as a girl 24/7 for at least another year. And there was no way out of it for me.

And after a while people just accepted me as a girl, and so life became easier for me as a girl, and it was just easier to stay a girl. And that had been the plan of my girlfriend and then my mother all along, to turn her difficult son into a sweet obedient daughter. And it worked as I am now sweet and obedient and oh so girlish. I had just become so much of a girl there was really no quick going back to living as a guy.

And in general the woman folk just told me I make a sweet and lovely girl and it serves me right for having been such a troublemaker. The feeling was and is that petty coat punishment still worked, in whatever form it took.

I guess with a first name like Karol I should have been prepared for some sort of gender problems.

Chapter 1: My Current Condition

I was a closet cross dresser living at my parent's home, that is my mom's home, with really no place to go; and wearing my lady's stuff, my lingerie and whatever other articles of lady's clothes that I had collected, whenever I could. That is whenever privacy allowed. And I was totally embarrassed about it, or rather felt guilty about it; but just could not help myself. I so loved my lingerie and wearing it was such a joy. I just felt so nice when I wore it, and it felt so nice on me. And of course I often finished off with a bang. And so I was in the typical enjoy and purge cycles, and could not help myself. And I was too embarrassed to ask for help or talk about it. And so I had become somewhat a bit bitter with my condition.

And in my late twenties I was still stuck living at home. I was only part time employed, a college drop-out, and living at home and sponging off my mother. And I was not really much help around the house, which wasn't making my mother happy. I guess I was angry.

When I was younger I used to help her out a lot more and she really appreciated it. I would help out with all the feminine chores and at that time I would feel good about it. It was fun and enjoyable for me. I would always be wearing some article or articles of female clothing, at least panties and typically a girdle. And when courageous and privacy allowed I would even be wearing more. I would have on nylons and a bra and even a camisole and a pant slip; while I did those female chores. And it would be a real turn on. So I really enjoyed helping out like that.

And even when I did my male type chores I sometimes wore panties and hose, but I didn't get the same kick out of it. So I liked doing the housework for my mom. So wearing my feminine stuff under my outer male clothes I would cook and clean; do the wash, including her things, and even press the clothes, both mine and hers. Mom used to tell me I was better than a daughter which would always get me a bit excited.

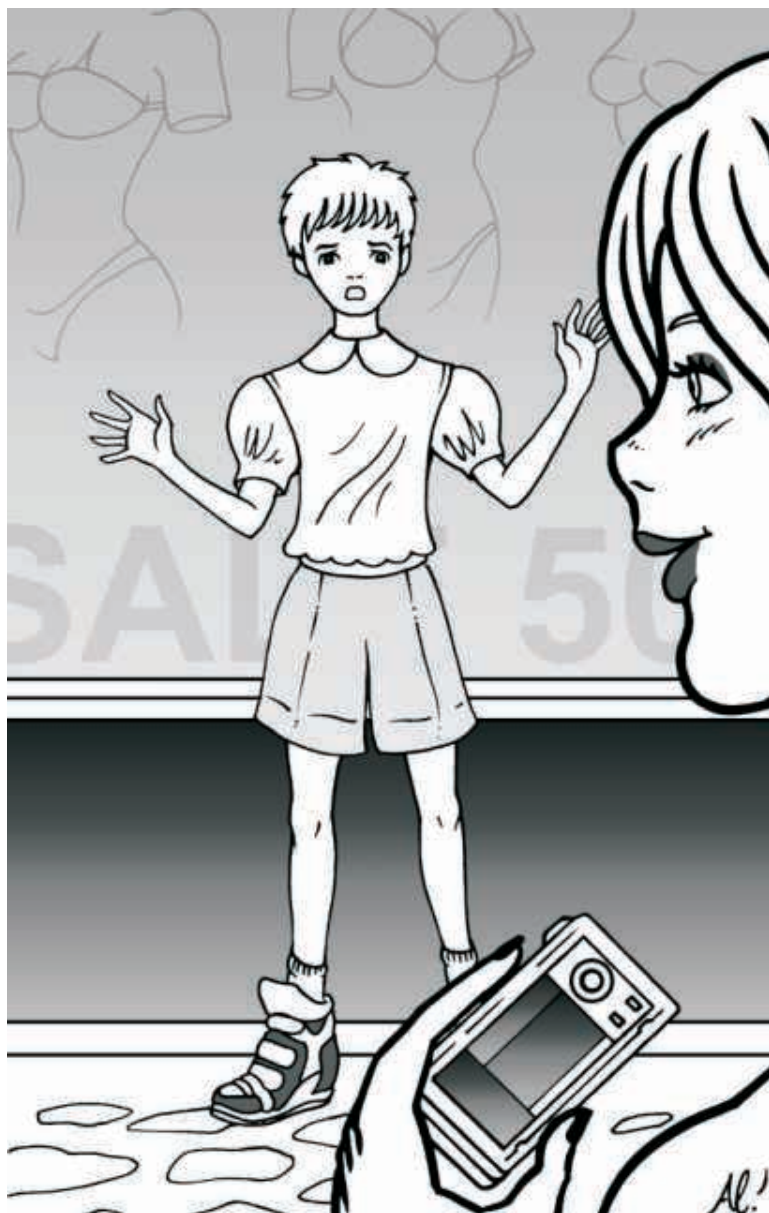
But as I struggled with my cross dressing and part time problems with depression over the situation I sort of rebelled from doing anything associated with "woman's work". And after a while my mom was getting a bit tired of my change in character, my not helping around the house and my moodiness. Mom was getting a bit fed up with me and did not know what to do about it.

My attraction to girl's lingerie, panties and slips, had been as a result of games I had played, as a teenager entering puberty, with my former best friend, a girl Robin. She was gone as she had long since moved away, but the attractions for feminine lingerie that she had fostered in me remained. And I hadn't heard from her though her family still owned the house next to us. Our families had been close and we had done a lot together. In fact for a while in her tom boy stage she had been my best buddy, and then when she realized that she was a girl and wanted to do some girl things I sort of become her girlfriend. She had force me into that relationship and my attraction to lingerie dates from that experience and those days.

Once on a picnic after I had fallen in the lake she had leant me some of her clothes; which my parents made me wear to teach me a lesson for having fallen in the lake. Being a girl she had brought a change of clothes, which strangely enough fit me well enough. And as I would think back upon it I couldn't help but think she had some involvement in my soaking, having convinced me to walk along a rotting log on the lake side. Any way it was either wear her clothes or the blanket. And I really didn't want to spend the rest of the day in a blanket with nothing else to wear and nothing else to do. So I spent a good part of the day in her spare shorts and her spare blouse underneath which I was wearing a pair of her cotton underwear, her cotton socks and a pair of her tennis shoes. All of it girl's clothing, but not very girly; but girly enough to be blackmailed about.

Somehow she got a photograph of me in her outfit, dressed from head to toe in girl's clothing, and a few weeks after the incident she showed it to me. In

those days it took a while to get photographs developed. Well she told me it could be our little secret, but only if I sort of spent more time with her wearing that outfit and sort of became her girl-friend.



She thought that I looked wonderful in her clothes and wanted me to spend more time with her wearing that outfit and with us doing more girl things together. Otherwise she would out me. Well in those days being the smaller fellow that I was, and already known as having a best friend who was a girl and one who was tougher than most of the guys, I would not have survived the after school beatings or for that matter the in school embarrassment of it all.

And like most people under black-mail I just got into the situation deeper and deeper and there was no getting out.

Robin was a tom-boy and most of the girls in the neighborhood sort of ignored her, and so she was pretty much stuck hanging out with the guys, but with the less athletic ones like me, and was sort of stuck with me, a guy, for a best friend. We lived next store to each other, our parents were close, and on Sundays after Church we often did something together as families. I really liked her so it wasn't that bad for me. But I did have other friends, guy friends, with who I spent most of my time and when I was with Robin, at least in the beginning we typically did a lot of boy things.

Well Robin was also entering puberty and although a tom boy and rather tough, wanted to do some girl things; and as she had ruined her chances to get in with the girls she figured that she could try to do the girl things with her best friend, under the circumstances a boy, which was me. So in exchange for her silence Robin just wanted me to spend more time with her, and doing things that a girl would like to do. And that picture was her ticket for that.

So on Sundays when our parents were out and about I would have to come over to her house and change into that outfit, her clothing that I had worn at the picnic, and we would do girl things together. And that was that, and it was, and that was exactly what I did. And the longer I did it the deeper I got into it and the deeper she got into the game and the more girlish I had to be to play the game. And then as the game progressed she decided at times that one of us needed to be the man of the house and for starters she would give it a try. And she liked it. And so after a while in our games I got to play the lady of the house. Where the sense of that was, as her original premise in getting me into all of it was she wanted to do girl things together.

So in stages she introduced me to more and more feminine female clothing until she had me in nylon panties and camisole, pantyhose, and a blouse and girl's loose shorts which looked and felt pretty much like a dress; and of course an apron. And we played house together. And after a while it went from two girls to a girl and her bow, only I was the girl and Robin was my boyfriend or my husband, depending on the game we played.

Now during the rest of the week I did my guy things, except after a while she wanted to make sure I didn't forget I was still her "girlfriend" and so she had me wearing her panties and camisole instead of my briefs and a tee shirt just to keep me honest. Well things being what they are after a while the nylon felt pretty nice and then when I started getting those teenage stiffness and wet dreams the nylon and satin sort of made it nicer and before I knew it I enjoyed wearing her nylon panties and nylon cami-

sole. And then after a while of that I really got hooked on female lingerie.

Then one day her family moved away, her dad got transferred; but they kept the house and relatives used it. I was sort of happy not to be under the beck and call of Robin, but missed her and our escapades. For all she had put me through I had really liked her and enjoyed my time with her. But unfortunately for me the pleasure of her panties and lingerie remained with me and caused me problems.

Chapter 2: My Bossy Girl Friend Returns

But one day my girlfriend and her mom moved back next door and everything began to change for me, back to the way it was when Robin was my boss and I was her girlfriend. I=day when I came home early my mom had a surprise for me and it was Robin and her mom sitting in our living room having drinks. They had returned to stay for a while and get Robin back on track while her dad was doing foreign travel for business for what promised to be quite a while.

I found Robin was still attractive to me and still attractive, though in a butch sort of way; though I did not want to admit that to her not wanting to return to my former submissive relationship with her and hoping she had forgotten all about that and about me. As we had not kept in touch, despite our relationship I was sure that she had forgotten me, and figured that was for the best. But seeing her, even butch, I was getting ideas.

Robin had not lived up to her academic promises, having gotten into some sort of trouble at college and had returned home, what was her parents

new home that is, to have become a beautician and had worked that job a number of years. Then apparently having sown her wild oats or having come to deal with her demons she was wanting to get back on track and pursue her academic interests and she was returning to college. Apparently despite her age her parents still had some control over her, a court ordered as it turned out as a result of the trouble she had gotten into. And so her mom wanting to keep an eye on her due to the last fiasco at college and as there wasn't any "safe" colleges around their new home and with the dad out of the country her mom decided on what she thought to be a safe alternative. She had returned to this quite area. So mom had enrolled her in our local bucolic college where she thought there was little real trouble for anyone to get into and they were moving back into their old home, next door to us.

Mom had me take Robin around to re-familiarize her with the area and the town while she and Laura got reacquainted, Though unlike Robin and me they had kept in contact, which is why I imagine Laura had stopped in the way she had and gotten so a warm welcome. My mom must have known the family was returning, at least Robin and Laura were returning, and at least for a while, so I guess she had just wanted to surprise me.

Any way I did as I was told and in the car, my mom's car, I drove Robin around and showed her around reacquainting her with her home town. We exchanged pleasantries and she updated me on her life and I did the same for her on my life. Well neither of us had done particularly well, but she seemed to have gotten her act together and was giving it another try, while I was stuck in neutral.

Then invariably she asked me the big question that I was dreading. She asked me if I was still wearing her panties. I denied it all, explaining as soon as she had left I had stopped. She told me that she had felt guilty about the whole thing and that is why she hadn't kept in touch. But seeing me again she found that she had that old desire to put me into panties and whatever and just be "girl-friends" again, and would I like to give it a try. She told me that seeing me again she found that she had really missed me and the games we had played.

Well I denied everything and probably denied more than I should have denied, things she would not even have suspected if I had not denied I was doing such things. And I told her sorry but no, though I thought it would be nice to have someone with whom to share my fetish.

But she wasn't giving up and told me, "Playing hard to get? You know I sort of like that in my sassies."

So that was the scenario, she was insisting and I was denying and at some point she had gotten me so distracted that I had to stop the car. At that point Robin sort of, for lack of a better phrase, forced herself on me and throwing her arm around me, brought me over to her and started kissing me.

Well I wasn't too sure which way to go with it. I mean I was the guy; she shouldn't be forcing herself on me. I struggled with it at first, but as unbelievable as it was for me she was stronger than I and I really couldn't easily put her off. And then gosh with that first kiss it was just wonderful kissing her I didn't want to stop. I guess I had always had a thing for her, despite the games we had played and the role I had been forced to play.

And so I relaxed and let her kiss me. I guess I just in her presence once again and out of habit adapted back to my feminine and passive role wither. It was almost by reflex. And then she got really aggressive. Her hand went to my crotch, and then to my fly and I just couldn't stop her as she unzipped me and pulled me out. Well she mentioned something about me not wearing my panties and that I was a bad boy, and then the next thing I felt was her rubbing a pair of nylon panties on my shaft. Again I struggled a bit for proprieties sake, but it did little good, and after a while it really was feeling so good that I stopped struggling and just went with it. And of course she kept at it, literally whispering sweet nothings in my ear, telling me how she remembered how cute I looked in her panties and how I had finally really enjoyed wearing them until I released. And gosh did I release. I have to admit that it was just wonderful.

I mean it was nothing that I hadn't done with myself since she had gotten me hooked on panties, but it was so nice to do it with a girl, that is to have it done to me with a girl. I mean it was almost like legitimate sex.

Robin made me a present of the soiled panties. As it turned out those were her actually panties. She told me I needed to wash them and then start wearing them...or else. She told me she still liked her sissies in panties. I didn't get into an argument about it in the car. But as much as I was attracted to her that is still attracted to her, I did not want to get back into that girlfriend relationship with her, I feared where she would take it at this stage of the game, and how upset it might make my mother. But as it appeared that Robin was still stronger than I

was I did not want to get into an argument with her in the car

We got back home and Robin told my mother what a nice time I had shown. Robin asked, almost if I were the girl, if she could come by to get reacquainted. Well my mom was happy with the idea of me actually dating even if the girl seemed to be pursuing it rather than her son doing the pursuing. I mean my life in my mom's eyes was pretty much at a standstill at that time.

Well Robin would show up on occasion and we would spend some time together. She would always try to check if I was wearing the panties for her, and even when had been wearing them I would change out of her panties as soon as I realized she was in the house. And I always denied that I was or had been wearing her panties. She would ask why I hadn't returned them and I would tell her I had thrown them out and she would bring over other pairs. But I was just too afraid to admit to my attraction for her panties. And I had worn them frequently as the feeling of those panties was a delight. But I did not want her to know.

After a couple of tries she got upset. She told me, "Carole I am pretty sure you still like me, and I am pretty sure you still like my panties. And I am pretty sure you've been wearing my panties and just won't let on. I just can't figure out why you are being so difficult about this. But even if you haven't gotten back into my panties, you will...and you will be my sissy girlfriend...or else. If you think that you won't like it, rest assured that you will love wearing my panties and being my sissy boyfriend. I can tell that you will." And she let that sink in.

Then she continued with, “Now we can do this the easier way and start you off back on panties and spend more time together and find out if the magic is still there, give it a try and if it doesn’t work out then we can end it...or we can do this the hard way. You should remember I am really devious, and will do just about anything to get my way. Even push a guy into the lake and then have a change into girl’s clothes ready for him, and also a camera.”

And with that admission she was really scaring me.

She told me, “So hear is the deal, voluntarily wear the panties and be sweet with me and the perhaps wear some more of my lingerie as you get used to it or be prepared for worse than panties. You are really in a funk here and going nowhere. You need a strong willed girl friend to straighten you out and get you back on track. And that girl friend is me. And you will be my sissy boyfriend again. I won’t feel guilty about it this time. Now if panties and perhaps some assorted girl’s lingerie wearing on occasion to keep me happy doesn’t work for you than I tell you that you will wind up my real full time girlfriend and I will have you dressed as a girl totally from the skin out and on display dressed and acting as a girl, with everyone knowing it.”

Well as much as a turn on the wearing of Robin’s panties etc. would have been for me, I just could not admit to it and I could not just let it happen that easy. I figured let her woo me a bit more, like a guy would have to woo a girl, if she was so insistent that I was a sissy and should be wearing her panties.

So I told her, “As much as I do like you Robin, I just can’t go back to wearing your lingerie and being your girlfriend. I am a guy, and an adult guy. I just

can't do it. You wouldn't respect me. My mother wouldn't allow it or it would break her heart."

Well Robin told me, "I am happy that you do like me. But regardless of how you think you feel about wearing my panties I know you need to be in lingerie and that you belong in lingerie. So have no doubt about it, you will be wearing lingerie. But since you are being so difficult about it I will just have to teach you a real lesson and really put you in your place. So I will just have to be a little harder on you to teach you a lesson so you will learn to do as I tell you without questioning. So prepare yourself. You think you aren't comfortable in panties....you'll be begging to wear just panties without having to wear and do everything else a girl wears and does. I am going to have you dressed from the skin out and from head to toe in just female clothing and dressed that way for a while and in front of your mother. If you don't put these panties on right now I will have you spending so much time dressed and acting like a girl you will be begging to get back into just panties and lingerie. And then if you have learned your lesson, I may let you back into pants again....maybe.

Well I did not put on those panties and as it turned out I should have. It would have been a lot easier on me.

Chapter 3: The Plan to Feminize Karol to Caroline Gets Started.

Robin had tried things with other boys and it just hadn't worked out for her. She had been affected as much by our earlier relationship as I had been affected, but didn't want to go there. And with her at-

tempts with others and other games she had just made herself miserable and gotten herself into trouble. Her winding up a beautician instead of a college graduate in psychology was proof of that.

So now she wanted to give me a retry and find out if a sissy is what she had really wanted all along and if I was or could be that sissy. So she wanted to rekindle the relationship we had as kids, but only on an adult level. However she thought she just had to convince me of that and that wasn't working, or so it appeared. I was already stuck on female lingerie, though I would not admit that to her and actually I was really turned on by the idea, but I was just too afraid to give into it; and too afraid of how my mother might take it, to even give it a try.

Mom hadn't liked it when Robin and her mom thought I was so cute that they wanted to dress me up as princes for Halloween, and I hadn't seen my mom change in her attitude about that sort of stuff. I was stuck living at home and did not want to put myself in a position in which my mom would have me leave. I had no money and no place to go. It was sort of sad. But I was stuck. And my mom was apparently already pretty miffed with me, though I couldn't figure out why.

So Robin having been unable to convince me to start wearing her panties and stuff and playing girlfriends with her like the old days did have a fall back plan to force me back into panties and games. She hadn't realized that I had never really gotten over wearing her lingerie nor gotten out of her panties; and if she had just pushed a bit harder in that direction she would have had me in her panties again without having to do all that she wound up doing to me.

So Robin's fall back plan was to convince my mother that the feminization of her son, me, was the best thing for my mom and then have her support my feminization. Robin had a plan to change my mother's mind about having a feminized son and thereby have my own mother help to force me into becoming a sissy, my mom's sissy and Robin's sissy. And then even worse if the plan worked my mom would support and have me acting as a sissy in public and even worse, acting as a girl and dressing as a girl in public. And then even worse it would be for a long time.

And while she was convincing my mom that turning me into a sissy would be better for my mom, Robin was also going to convince her mom to help with that transformation and really turn me into a girlish boy even more than a sissy. She planned to convince her mom to help out with my sissy girl training just for the fun of it by convincing her mom that it would help to pass the time now that she was stuck back here. She was going to bring her mother into the situation and get her mom's help, the old beauty pageant queen maker, to completely feminize me so that I couldn't even act masculine if I wanted to and so that being Robin's sissy would actually be a step up in masculine living as compared to being her mom's cross dressed and feminized pageant contestant.

So Robin developed a plan to convince my mother that she indeed would be better off with me as a more feminine and thus a less rebellious son and with that done and my mom so convinced then to lock me into such a position so there was no backing down from it. The idea was to convince my mom she needed me to be feminine and so

feminized I would return to being the sweet obedient son that I once had been and would once again be helpful around the house the way I used to be. And then she would convince my mom that it would be best to keep me feminine in order to be able to teach me obedience. And she would convince my mother the best way to do that was to make me enter the local Womanless Beauty Pageant. And then under the guise of having me practice for that pageant in drag under Robins mom's tutoring they would just bombard me with girlishness until I was just automatically acting like a sweet and helpful girl or sissy; whichever it worked out to be.

And so Robin set out to convince my mom that feminizing me would help to straighten me out and turn me back into the nice boy I used to be, the helpful guy who wasn't too macho to help around the house, to cook dinner and help clean up and even do an occasional wash. And once convinced Robin figured that my mom would help get her mom, who used to run Robin in the kiddy beauty pageants, to help with my feminization. And that it would be fun for Robin's mom regardless of my gender to train me for a pageant. And that for her mom it would be just be like the old beauty pageant days to turn Karol into a girlish boy and beauty pageant contender. And of course if things did get out of hand the plug could always be pulled.

Any way I don't know exactly how she did it, what she said to my mother, but she convinced my mom, against her better judgment but in the desperate state my mom was in regarding my behavior, to give the feminization thing a try. Robin convinced my mother she really had little to lose and much to gain by just giving the plan a try.

Robin explained they would have to calm me down first and the only way to do that would be with some medications, much like female vitamins, which Robin could supply. And so my mom started spiking my vitamins with the new ones, which were actually a male hormone blocker and the other one contained along with the vitamins for a female, female hormones. The dosages were low and I didn't have any bad reactions but after a while they did take a toll on my masculinity, both physically and mentally. And that was the start. That was the plan.

The first thing was the meds calmed me down. Without the androgens pumping me up and fueling my sexual drive I was a lot calmer, a lot less on edge, and a lot less angry. And then with the estrogens coursing through me I just got to feel a lot warmer inside, more relaxed and more thoughtful about my mother. So one day when the subject of the dishes came up, instead of getting huffy, I just offered to help like in the old days. My mom couldn't believe it and was really surprised. She was half way to being a believer in the feminization plan.

Then as my estrogen levels were building I was finding my lingerie, my panties, camisole and my stockings were feeling a lot nicer and I was feeling more feminine in them, more relaxed, and less anxious to climax and get out of my lingerie. I was just feeling ever so much more comfortable in the woman's lingerie I was wearing, the panties, the stockings and the camisole and feeling ever so much more girlie while wearing the lingerie. So I was able to wear my girl's underwear for a lot longer without exploding, which really just relaxed me so and just made me really start to feel even more feminine and stay with that feeling for a while longer each day.

And under the influence of the chemical feminization I found I sort of liked to wear the lingerie longer and was taking more chances wearing them around the house and around my mother. And as I wore my lingerie longer and more often around the house I found that I liked the feel of the lingerie on me as I moved around.



And the female hormones and lack of male hormones were changing me emotionally. I was really become more feminine and caring emotionally and much less macho. So one day when my mom was trying to clean up and was just exhausted I don't know what came over me, I just felt that I had to help her and I just took the vacuum from her and had her sit down and relax and finished with the vacuuming. And it felt nice moving around wearing my lingerie and vacuuming. And for my mother it was like the old days, with me helping out. At the time I didn't really know what came over me, but I had just become a lot less protective and worried about my masculinity and more worried about my mom's wellbeing. The female hormones were indeed driving my nurturing caring side.

Well that really did it. Mom told Robin that it seemed that Robin was totally right and almost agreed with the program to feminize her son whatever it took, until she found out what medications Robin had actually put me on and that those medications would not only feminize her son emotionally but could actually physically feminize her son. I could start to look a bit like a girl as I acted more and more feminine. So my mom didn't think it was okay to do that to her son and stopped giving me the pills that Robin had supplied for me. And so my mom got me on the male to female back to male roller coast and stopped the medications and shortly afterwards my androgens and my anger kicked in, and things were such that I was worse than before. And I was getting off with my lingerie and getting even angrier about that problem until I felt like wearing the lingerie again. But I was kind of worse than before, sort of hyper reacting to the flow of my male hormones. And so my mom not being able to

deal with the old me and actually worse than the old me, put me back on those “vitamins” and the whole process reversed.

Well by then my mom was convinced that the feminization was the way to go. By that time she wasn't expecting me ever to leave or get married and have kids anyway. So by then she no longer cared how feminine the drugs might physically make me, she just wanted her sweet child back.

Mom told Robin, “I've accepted that feminizing the boy is the only way to go here. I want him sweet and helpful. Short of neutering the boy, I've accepted that he has to be kept on those medications. So as he has brought this on himself, let's just let him get as emotionally feminine as we can get away with and probably more feminine than he is now, regardless of the effects on his body. I think when he really gets to be helpful enough and takes over the household chores full time then we can level off on the treatment. But until then I don't care if he grows breasts. I have had it with the boy and his male tantrums. As far as I am concerned he has brought this all on himself and he will have no one to blame for this other than himself.”

“And I will just have to let him get as girly as it takes him to get to be nice again and helpful around the house again. I mean not just girly like he is now with him helping a bit around the house. He needs to be girly enough so he takes over with all the housekeeping and the cooking... without a fight about it. I would like him to be as sweet and accommodating as he used to be. Even if that means he has to be made over as....well as a sissy. I just don't want these changes to embarrass the family. How could we work that out?” And with that my fate as a

sissy boy-girl was sealed! And actually my fate as a girl was sealed!

Now that was exactly what Robin had hoped would happen. And Robin told my mom; “absolutely” it can be done. Once we get enough of those female hormones into him we can have him acting just like a sweet young girl. However to do so, she told my mom that they would have to really up my dose of the hormones. She used the excuse that as they had tapered me on and tapered me off so my body most likely had built up some resistance to the anti-androgens and the female hormones. It was typical in many of these cases and the reason Robin had not wanted to stop my hormone treatment. So in order to overcome that now built in resistance of my male body to the female hormones the new doses of the female hormones that I would have to take would need to be high doses and much higher than I had been taking. Unfortunately the effects of those female hormones on my male body would be more dramatic than when I had been tricked into taking the lower dosages. And it was a shame that my mother had not just left me on those lower dosages. But in any case, Robin would supply the higher dose “vitamins” and with that I would really calm down and become quite easy to manipulate as the estrogens feminized my mind and also my body.

Robin then told my mom that the next step would be to get me into girl’s clothing. My mom sort of objected, but Robin told her not to make the same sort of mistake she had made by taking me off the hormones earlier. Robin explained to my mom that psychologically a feminized boy still needed to wear girl’s clothing for a while to psychologically convince him that it was okay to be effeminate and help

around the house and take orders from a woman. Without that aspect everything could then reverse.

Mom didn't look happy and so Robin backed it down a bit and told her that the dressing up as a girl was not a long term thing. Once the boy, me, had psychologically accepted that it was okay to do girlish stuff, clean and cook and what not the clothing aspect could become intermittent or whatever. It would be my mother's decision. But in the beginning in order to lock everything in the boy had to be dressed as a girl and had to accept dressing as a girl or things would just unravel and reverse. And as such it could really drive me to act crazy. And Robin warned my mom she had made that mistake earlier and shouldn't make it again. A second reversal could be very dangerous as with a second reversal it would even get that much harder to get me back into a feminine obedient mode and once again to be nice and helpful around the house.

Well Robin convinced my mother, who then let herself go along with this idea of putting her son in a dress, as it was only going to be temporarily, but then once excepting the idea of dressing her son in girl's clothing she was able to start thinking about her son in a dress a bit differently and then mom thought out loud, "Well he might look cute actually dressed as a girl. He sort of looks a lot like me, and even more so since he has been on the female hormones." And she said out loud, "You know if I just go with the flow on this and stop being so old fashioned about gender roles this might be a bit of fun. I mean I do want him to take over the woman's role in this house, so perhaps he should dress as a girl....at least for a while any way. Why it might do him some good to see what we woman go through in our

dressess, high heels and having to worry about our figures and how we look in makeup. Why he might just make a sweet looking girl. I guess there wouldn't be much harm in finding out."

And so with that acceptance on the part of my mother that she would have to put me into dresses to make the whole thing work my fate was really sealed. Robin told her that they were in luck as there was a popular local Womanless Beauty Pageant which could serve as the vehicle to get me completely into woman's clothes and even into wearing makeup, and that would be the lock-in to turn my personality and emotions to the feminine.

The trick would be to trick me and then coerce me, once so emotionally changed by the female hormone treatment, to enter that Womanless Beauty Pageant, and then under the guise of an entrant in that pageant I would just have to wear dresses and just about everything and anything a female would wear or use and then they could force feminize me to the hilt. But more important was that the wearing of dresses in preparation for the pageant would just lock me into my feminized personality. It was a tried and true method of taking males from the concept of being a privileged male to the knowledge of being a sissy and often an obedient sissy.

Robin told my mom, that in fact if my mom stayed tough with me about wearing a dress and if my mom could convince Robin's mom to help, Robin was sure that with her mom's help that they could get me so feminized and feeling so natural in my pageant role as a female that I would just naturally become obedient and so feminized that they would have me acting totally like a daughter for my mother and around the house, helping out with everything a

good girl would help her mother. I just wouldn't feel like a guy any longer and would just naturally fall into a role as a daughter.

And family embarrassment about it could be avoided by just explaining to everyone that my mother thought that her son needed to win the contest to get back into college and that she was forcing me to enter the womanless beauty pageant contest to teach me a lesson and get me back into college. And that she expected me to do my best to win, and take the contest seriously, and that was what all the feminization and acting like and dressing like a girl was about...that contest. And so the changes shouldn't become an embarrassment to explain. And it would be my mother's insistence that her son try to win that contest that would explain why her son needed to act totally like a girl and dress totally like a girl, both around the house and if my mother thought appropriate and not too embarrassing for the family...also in public.

Well my mom didn't think that could actually be done, but agreed to go the limit with it, reserving the right to back out if things really got out of hand. However, otherwise she agreed to go along with the plan to the limit and agreed to likewise convince Laura to be my Pageant Advisor and my drill sergeant into the world of femininity. And so the trap was set. A satin lined trap, but a trap none the less. And once the trap was sprung I would never be the same.

Chapter 4: The Make-Over

So I had been on the female hormones for a while with increasing doses and had changed and was

continuing to change. The female hormones had affected my emotions and my thought processes so things were not bothering me and I just felt very comfortable and I felt happy in my lingerie without doing anything but wearing my panties and such without feeling the need for any sort of release. And my lingerie was fitting me much better. I had lost muscle weight, and put on fat and in the areas a woman deposits her fat. So my body had softened, and my face had rounded out a bit, as had my hips and my butt. And my chest area had really softened and with my nipples having gotten really sensitive the nylon of my camisole just felt wonderful.

So the nylon and satin woman's underwear, my panties, and camisole and nylon stockings were just feeling so nice and fitting so well and I was not having any desire to take them off and had absolutely no desire to get back into my male underwear; which just felt scratchy and no longer fit me well.

At first it was nothing dramatic, the changes were occurring slowly and so I hadn't really noticed and hadn't been worried about it until after a while even with the slow changing time had taken its toll and I was really looking different and despite my change in attitude about it I realized that my body had really softened and I was looking really much younger than my age sort of at best like a pre-pubescent boy and worse even girlish.

My mom had said nothing about the changes, which should have made me suspect, but as I said I wasn't feeling really bad about them and I was feeling really nice and comfortable in my lingerie, and admiring myself in the mirror with my new look and how all my lingerie was feeling on me and how it

was really fitting me so nicely. My attraction to the lingerie was just a distraction from the changes.

However, eventually I had to mention the situation to my mom. She told me that without any medical insurance I would have to go to an emergency room or use her doctor if I was having problems. I explained my problem and that this was the second time I seemed to be undergoing it and it was worse than the first time, and just too embarrassing to go to an emergency room with, and so it was my mom's physician. The doctor took all sorts of samples, including ejaculate, and got back to me with the results. It was a hormone imbalance and without medical insurance the only thing was to just let it run its course for a little while longer, as things should start to reverse. Things might get a little worse for me before they got better, but there was typically a reversal. The way she explained it I realized that I had already been through such changes at least once before and they had reversed. After sharing that information with the doctor she advised that I could just wait it out and check back with her in a month or so, which I figured all things considered was the way to go.

Though after a while I wasn't going out and about the way I looked and the way my clothes were fitting. But emotionally I none the less just felt very relaxed and calm and not really worried about what was happening to me; though I thought somewhere in the back of my mind that I should be more worried. But once again I was really enjoying the feel of my lingerie, and the fact that all of my woman's underwear that I was wearing more and more of the time and enjoying the feel of more and more was fitting me a little better, and felt nicer on my softer

skin. In fact I found myself at times just staring at myself in the mirror and admiring how nice my panties and camisole were fitting. It was crazy. And as I wasn't exactly getting off in my panties, I stayed in my lingerie much much longer, which was nice. No explosions followed by anger, and tossing off and out of my lingerie; just a bit of oozing and a nice feeling wearing my lingerie, and wearing it around the house, even when my mother was around. I had just lost any fear of being caught by her wearing the girl's lingerie under my male clothing.

And I had just become a more caring person again and found myself worrying more and more about my overworked mother. And so of course I had also started helping around the house again, doing the dishes and the vacuuming, and just interacting nicely with my mother. My mother was really pleased with my change in attitude and with all the help that she was getting. And so with the second time around despite my obvious physical changes mom had no intention of taking me off the estrogens, no matter where the experiment led.

So I had reached the stage where Robin figured I was ready to be exposed and trapped in lingerie. The trap was ready to be set one evening when we had Robin and Laura over for dinner. The subject of the local Womanless Beauty Pageant, sponsored by the local woman's equality group was somehow brought up. Laura mentioned it and my mom feigned ignorance and questioned why guys would go and parade around in such a beauty pageant. Robin explained that the reason why the guys would do it, aside from the guys who just thought it as fun or were forced into the pageant as frat initiations, was that there were some nice prizes. There was a cash

prize included and some free courses at the nearby community college, out of which the woman's equality group worked. And often there was some part time publicity type work for the winner with the group which paid a stipend when the guy showed dressed as the Pageant Queen.

My mom mentioned something to the affect that the cash prize would be nice as would the college courses, if she could ever get me to study, and that the job might even work out. Then Robin chimed in with the fact that she was going to attend the school in the fall and wouldn't it be nice if Karol could attend with her, and that scholarship would work.

Now I was getting a bit excited thinking of entering such a contest and getting to wear even more woman's things, but of course could not get myself to make such a suggestion. But I did not have to make the suggestion for Robin volunteered. She told my mother, "You know you should enter Karol in that contest. He could win." And the way she suggested it, the entry was left up to my mother and not to me. And Robin volunteered to help. She told my mother, "I would love to do his makeup and I am sure with the right makeup he would look just like a girl. And I could even teach him how to apply makeup. We have plenty of time before the pageant. And my mom has done so many beauty contests for girls I am sure she could help Karol transform himself into a credible contestant. He has definite possibilities as a credible contestant. In fact I think we could even dress him up enough to actually pass as a girl and win.

Well I sort of wanted to do it, the thought of wearing a pageant gown, and hopefully a stretch satin one with a slip was turning me on. I could

hardly believe it, but I had found that I was getting more and more into wearing of woman's clothing as I had been softening up. In the beginning lingerie had always been enough to satisfy my fetish. But under the influence of the female hormones, which unknown to me I was being fed, I found that I wanted to dress up more and more of the time and wear more and more of woman's clothing.

However, the thought of doing it in public still turned me off. But in any case I could not admit to the turn on that it did represent. And so I let the woman know not that I would not do it; and that besides I couldn't do it as I did not think I would make a credible candidate to pass as a girl and so there would be all that public embarrassment for me without any chance of a pay day.

And so the argument ensued amongst the two women and Robin and myself as to whether or not I would make a suitable entry for that womanless beauty pageant with a chance of winning, They talked about my feminine qualities and how it now seemed to them that I could make a passable girl and a pretty one at that. Again I was getting turned on with that, but wasn't volunteering to be turned into a girl for this public beauty contest. And their talking about how feminine I really could be and to a certain extent how girly I already seemed thought somewhat of a turn on was still quite embarrassing for me to hear.

Laura pointed out, "You know Karol, whatever diet your mother has had you on, it has certainly changed your appearance. I don't know if you realize it or not and probably not...but you are definitely a softer looking boy than you were when I first saw you again when we first move in. For some reason

your face has really rounded out and lost that male angulation and it is a lot softer looking. And your hair really thickened and just begs for some unisex cut. And in general your body just isn't as masculine as it was. You are a lot softer. I mean I haven't wanted to say anything about it, but for some reason you seemed to have gotten younger and a lot less masculine than when we first got here. I think I could make you into a convincing looking girl, with the right support garments, padding and makeup. If you like I would just love to give it a try. Come on...it should be fun for all of us. You'd probably make a pretty girl!

I had been looking at myself and knew she was right, and my mom's doctor had explained the reason; but I wasn't telling that to anyone. And fortunately my mom wasn't giving the real explanation either. I would have died if Robin and Laura were told I was really being feminized due to a hormone imbalance and that I had all these female hormones in my system which was slowing turning me into a girl...until the imbalance reversed.

And though I knew I looked feminine I could not admit to it. Mixed in with my extended enjoyment of my lingerie associated with my new vitamins, was my enjoyment of my softer body. At that point, before I could think of a good answer my mother helped me out or seemed to help me out with an explanation. Mom interjected that it was probably the weight program she had put me on which was really meant for woman and had included lots of tofu, which she had been feeding me. She told them that she too had noticed some changes, but was so happy with the way I had lost weight along with the fact that along with the weight loss I had become a

lot or mellow that she hadn't brought it up the obvious changes in my appearance as an issue. And then Laura feigned understanding and told us about the estrogenic properties of the tofu and that took us off in a tangent.

Anyway they reached a point where Robin told them, "Why talk about it. I tell you, I also think Karol has, for whatever reason all the features a guy needs to pass as a girl. He is a sweet looking boy...a pretty boy. He doesn't believe it, so let me show him what a convincing girl he would make, at least from the neck up. I will do his make-up and give him a make-over from the neck up after dinner, and that way we can tell what sort of girl he would make. I have everything I need to change him over at the house. He'll look a little silly with the face of a girl and looking like a boy from the shoulders down, but I think he can survive that. And that would end this debate and answer the question as to what sort of girl our Karol would make.

I of course played reticent not wanting to upset my mom knowing how she typically felt about guys in dresses and the like and in any cases did not want to give my secret away. But my mother surprising to me at the time was sort of insistent that I did give the make over a try. She told us, "Oh Karol, let's not be a stick in the mud about this. Let Robin have some fun with this. And you are looking a bit feminine these days. It might just be fun for use all to see how you would look made up. Yes, I think you should do it."

And since I really wanted to give it a try to see how I would look in full cosmetics I agreed but was adamant that I could not be made to look like a girl. Well Robin was adamant that I could be made to

look just like a girl and that she could do it. And with that the killer bet ensued. I don't know exactly how she got me to agree to the bet but in any case I didn't realize till much later after I had been trapped that I had been set up.

The bet was she would do the make-over next week and my mother would be the judge. If my mother agreed that I did look like a girl then I would have to also let Robin dress me entirely like a girl, from the skin out, for a night. And then if my mom thought I looked passable enough dressed as a girl I would have to join the woman for dinner at the diner dressed as a girl. And if my mom felt that I passed well enough on the outside then I would have to enter the pageant and then do whatever Laura told me I had to do in order to prepare myself as a contestant in terms of trying to actually win at the pageant.

To save face, I agreed, expecting that my mother would never agree that her son looked like a girl, or let her son be dressed like a girl, especially in public. She had never let me dress as a girl for Halloween and so I thought I had a pretty safe bet with my mother as the judge. Little did I know how much by my difficult behavior that I had changed things? And was I wrong about my mother's opinion on the matter of me cross dressing and acting like a girl. It had changed and changed dramatically.

Chapter 5: Into Full Makeup and Looking Like a Girl.

So a week later, despite my trying to back out of the bet, my mother had me over at Robin's for my makeover. My mother's insistence under the cir-

cumstances on me making good on my bet really surprised me. In the past she would have realized a bet like that was silly and would not have let me go through with it. But that was because I wasn't picking up on my mom's change in attitude about her son.

I was just thinking it was just about the bet.

And thinking about the bet I had become a bit worried. Because if so made-up I was passable as a girl, and Robin promised I would be, then it was right into girl's clothing, totally, and a night out on the town in a dress and whatever else Robin had for me to wear. So if in makeup I was passable as a girl, my only chance to avoid having to dress completely as a girl was my mother, and I was counting on her, but I was beginning to worry a bit. And that was without knowing that my mom was in on the deal to have me dress completely as a girl and then keep me dressed and acting like a girl, at least for a while. And worse than that, depending on how she was able to deal with her son traipsing around as a girl she was fairly set to go along the whole thing, my complete feminization and transition to life as a girl.

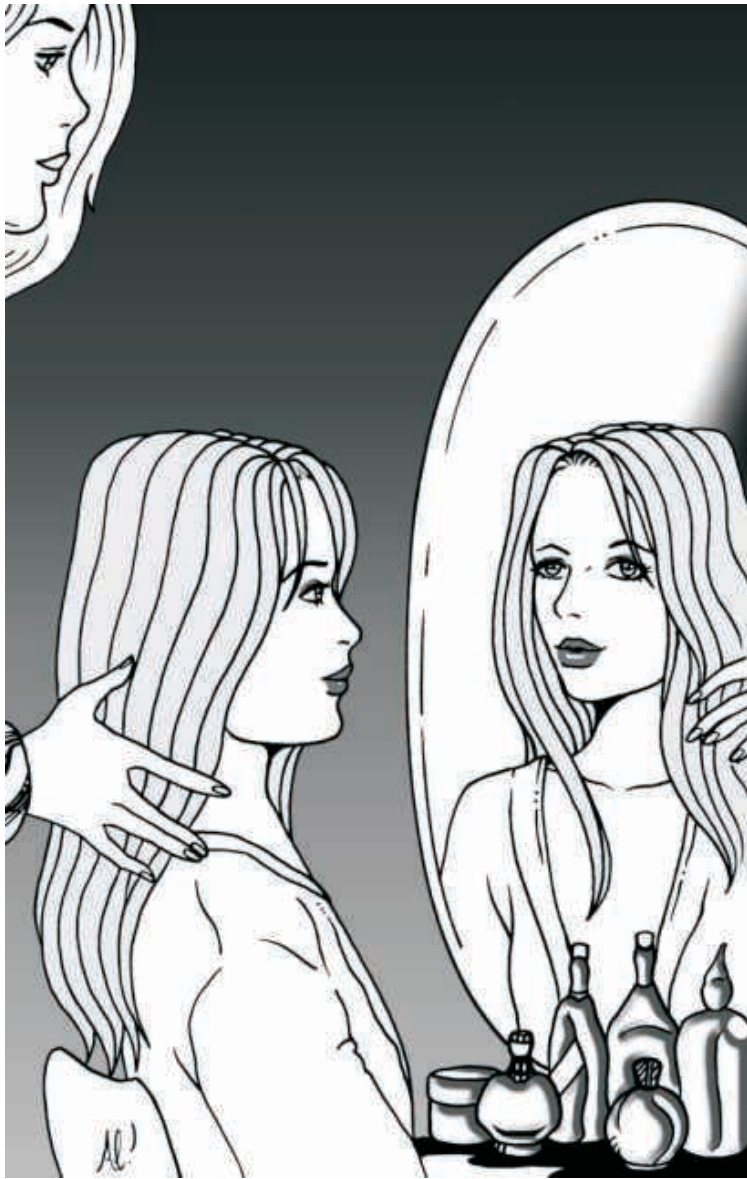
But little did I know at the time that me having to dress completely as a girl and even worse learn to pass as a girl was just about a done deal, at least until my mother thought it was enough. And as it had already turned out, she found that she was beginning to accept the whole transformation thing and having a daughter, me, instead of a son, me; and as she said when she agreed to the deal, she wasn't putting a stop to anything short of neutering.

Mom was finding that as far as she was concerned that on the hormones I was a much nicer

person and that I was beginning to already have the makings of a lovely girl and a wonderful daughter. And she found that I was much more helpful as a feminized boy on hormones and slightly feminized than I had been as her unruly son. So she was really beginning to wonder how much more helpful and nice it would be to have me as a daughter rather than as a son. She found that much to her own amazement that she was really beginning to accept the entire idea of my transformation, and really wanted to see how I would look in full makeup and even in dresses. So my own mother was beginning to think that she might just be happier with me to have me as her daughter and living my life as if I was a girl.

So I really had a problem there and I was really in trouble, for as much as I enjoy wearing the girl's underwear, life as a girl was not for me; at least not at the time. Things would change.

I was pretty sure Robin was going to have me all made up and looking like a girl in my makeup and whatever else she was going to do with my face, but I was also pretty sure, though mistakenly, that my mother would never ever admit to the fact that her son could ever be made up to pass as a girl, and so Robin would never get me past the makeup stage. And to tell the truth I was pretty curious how I would look made up in makeup to look like a female. Those thoughts were getting to be almost as much of a turn on as wearing the lingerie, the panties and camisole. However, though I did want a look see at myself in makeup, I had no desire to be forced to wear full makeup all the time and especially no desire to learn how to put on my own makeup like a girl.



So during that intervening week when Robin made some initial overtures to me to cut my losses, to accept her dominance and lingerie and avoid the chance of the beauty pageant I turned the offer down, figuring on my mom's expectant reactions

and not wanting to have Robin realize my attraction to lingerie. She told me I would be sorry, but I wasn't that sure. And I actually did want to try the makeup and see how much like a girl I could be made to look without having to admit to Robin that was what I wanted. So I pretended I would have none of it, no lingerie and no being her sissy, and that I would take my chances with the makeover.

But the truth be told I really wanted to try the makeup and the makeover and just figured it would be fun and a turn on for me, but still only a onetime thing as my mom was never going to go for this deal, as her son was her son and would not be allowed to parade around in lady's stuff; not when he was a kid and not now as an adult. And was I wrong. I should have cut my losses and knuckled under to Robin. I was a sissy and I did like wearing Robin's lingerie and playing her games. But I just could not admit to it. But by the time I figured that one out it was just too late.

The giveaway of my mom's change in attitude should have been that my mom was making sure I shaved really close for the week before the makeover day, and had given me some cream to use, provided by Robin to prepare my skin, and my mother was making sure I did use the cream. My skin really absorbed that cream and it slowed down my facial hair regrowth and it softened and plumped my face even further. So by the time makeover makeup day arrived my face was nice and soft and there wasn't any facial hairs showing. I was able to provide a nice feminine base for the makeup.

And by the time my mother forced me over there and Robin got started on me, Robin was no longer offering me any deals out of the situation. But in

any case, my Mom had told Robin that I was not to welsh on my bet and if I was any trouble that Robin should just give her a call, the meaning of that being clear. And then she had reminded me, that a bet was a bet and not to welsh, and stayed a while to let Robin get started and once I was apparently behaving myself and doing as Robin was telling me, mom snuck out and left me to my fate.

As I said, Robin was no longer interested in letting me out of the bet. In fact she told me after my mother had left, “You know Karol, or should I start calling you Carol,” she said pronouncing my name with a “C” instead of a “K” and thus addressing me with the feminine version of my name, and continued with, “or perhaps even Caroline, as you are really looking quite feminine already. Your face has really softened and rounded out quite girlish like in the last month or so, and even softened up more in the last week with that cream you have been using. I can’t get over it. It is almost like your body is saying and telling me, ‘Robin please make me a girl’. It must be psychological. I think you really do still want to be my sissy and wear my panties. And maybe you even want to be my pretend girlfriend again. But this time it will be for real. Any way I don’t think you will need much makeup to make you look like a girl. You really look like a girl already. Just a couple of male aspects to your face to cover up to finish off that feminine look you will need for the competition. “

However, regardless of that Robin still intended to give me the works. She continued with, “But I am still going to go with the full makeup application. I just was to see how much like a girl I can really make you look. And I am taking no chances with

your mother on this as she really does get the last word on how far I am going to be allowed to go with you...my little sissy. So when she sees you I want her to see a girl without a bit of your old and passé boy self-showing. Yes dear sissy Carol, I am really going to make up you over to look just like a beautiful girl so that no one will be able to tell that you are or were ever a boy. And when I am done even you will think that you might just really be a girl."

Now surprisingly enough I was finding that all that talk was a bit of a turn on. I was getting wet. But in any case, my Mom had told Robin that I was not to welsh on my bet and so I was stuck there to let Robin do her worst or her best to me, depending on how I was going to feel about my transformation. I had no real income, and nowhere to go, and I figured how bad all this could really get, so I had just better not welsh and take my medicine and just get it over. I was still pretty sure my mom was not going to let her son traipse around looking like a girl and especially participating in some cross dressing beauty pageant, no matter how good the cause or the prizes.

So Robin got started on me, explaining everything to me, but not letting me see the results of the work. She told me that if things worked out the way it was planned I would shortly be applying my own makeup every day, and so I should pay attention as I would need to learn all about makeup. Foolishly I thought to myself...nonsense.

She started me off with a facial cleanser and then with a light exfoliation treatment, and to my surprise my face was feeling nice. Then she applied some sort of base, the scent of which I found rather pleasant, if not somewhat intoxicating and addic-

tive. My I thought, this makeup thing wasn't half bad. But then things got bad...and painful!

While that was drying she got started on my eyebrows. She started plucking away and made that as painful as possible so I would complain, which I did. So then she put some pain relief cream on so I wouldn't feel the plucking. And somehow she got some of that cream on each ear and especially around each earlobe. But she made some sort of comment and I did not think anything of it at the time. Just after a while I wasn't feeling anything on my eyebrows or anything on my earlobes, but in short order I wasn't thinking about either.

While we were waiting for the pain relief cream to take affect Robin provided me with a drink to calm my nerves. I was a jerk to have taken it. But I was a sucker for sweet alcoholic drinks and my mom did have put them off limits for a while. So I drank it and it certainly calmed me right down. There was something in the drink she had given me to calm me down besides the alcohol that was really doing just that and spacing me out a bit. I guess so I would not be any trouble to her and not realize everything that she was doing.

Robin had spent a long time on my eyebrows during which she did some eyebrow threading, and with me holding down my skin I hardly noticed it when there was a pinch on my desensitized ear lobe. It happens after Robin had hit the ear lobe with the string a couple of times and finally nicked the earlobe and had apologized for the nicks, explaining she was relatively new at threading. And it happened to each ear as she worked on each eye. I didn't think much about it at the time. Robin sprayed some disinfectant on each lobe and the lobes felt a

bit different, but she told me they were a bit swollen. And the fact that she seemed a bit annoyed with herself, telling me the swollen earlobes were going to detract from my new look settled any suspicions that I might have had.

And then I did have other worries. By the time she was done with my eyebrows I could not imagine there could be much of an eyebrow left or how I would later be able to go out in public and “look like” a guy. But somehow with the effect of the drink on me I was not that bothered about it, and as it turned out not looking like a guy was not going to be a problem for me for a long time. For me the opposite was going to be a problem. After the women had set me up I would not need to or want to look like a guy for a long time.

In any case I was not getting a look at my eyebrows as she worked on my face. And once she had finished “cleaning up” my eye brows, as she call it she really went to work, on my face. There were all the typical cosmetics.

She started off with a layer of foundation and then went to work on my eyes, and must have spent a half hour on them. She applied a base and then the eye shadow, several different colors in different layers, then eye liner and eyebrow pencil, and finally she finished the eyes off with a thick layer of mascara to my eye lashes. She told me, “You really have such long and lovely eyelashes any girl would be jealous. You don’t even need false ones to give you that look of long flirty eyelashes. The mascara is just enough and is actually just perfect on you.”

Then she applied more foundation and then several different types of face powder and finally a blush. Now I hadn’t been crazy with the feeling of all

the gonk she had applied around my eyes but the foundation and powders did feel nice on my skin. I was sort of surprise. And again, the scent of each I found very pleasant and calming.

Finally she finished off with my lips, applying a lip foundation and sealer, and working on the area around my lips with some other types of powders, and then finishing them off by painting on the lipstick, a nice strong red, and covering my red lips with a nice shiny gloss. The lip foundation burned a little and I commented on it, but Robin just told me, "Shush sweetie, we girls sometimes have to suffer a bit to look beautiful. The tingling will only last a short time." And that was it. And again I found the feel of the lipstick and the scent of the lipstick to have been quite pleasant, and I had no real desire to remove it from my lips. And when she had applied it, I found that I was once again a bit turned on.

Then once done with my lips she told me, "Why Carol sweetheart," she said again pronouncing my name with the soft "C" in the girlish version that was turning me on, "you just have the most kissable lips....! I don't know how you will keep the boys away; when they think you are a girl! In fact if I wasn't afraid of smudging your lips and ruining your look I would be kissing you myself right now. You are absolutely looking lovely. And we're not even finished with your new look! I am just so proud of you."

Now the whole makeup thing had been very demeaning, but I had found much of it a bit of a turn on, being ordered around once again by Robin. And I was surprisingly finding the feel and scent of the make up a turn on and very nice. Thought I couldn't admit to any of that. I was wondering how I was

looking, and afraid to find out. But she wasn't showing me anyway.

But in any case I was totally embarrassed by her comments but just kept my thoughts to myself. I was getting afraid that I was deeper into the situation than I had planned to have gotten when I was thinking about the turn on I might get from it. After all, despite my attraction to the girly stuff and all the time I was spending in my lingerie I could not admit to myself that I did really want to spend all my time in panties, nor did I think that even worse that I would want to spend my time as a boy learning to be a girl and having to do everything as a girl. This was getting out of hand. I just could not imagine being forced to participate in a guy to girl beauty pageant, and hoped my mom felt the same about it. But I was too out of it, from the effects of the drink, to get up and make a run for it.

Then she went to work on my hair. She combed my own, by then, longish hair forward to hide my male brow and used a load of hairspray. Then she attached a hair piece, a moderately long old fashioned fall, to my head and I felt the long hair on my neck. And again it was sort of pleasant. And so I thought that together it just had to look like a woman's hair style. But again she wasn't letting me take a look at myself.

Finally she finished up with a manicure and pedicure, painting my nails red; which I did get to see. I objected as it was only my face to which I had agreed to let her apply cosmetics. But she just ignored me and when I tried to get up she just painfully bent one of my fingers telling me not to push my luck with her and with that I settled down and let her do with my nails whatever she wished. Again,

I was hoping the entire ordeal, as pleasant as parts of it had been would shortly be over, and Robin would be out of my life, unless I wanted her. And while I was rationalizing my shame she had attached nail extensions so I could see that my nails at least looked like a woman's, regardless of the face, and definitely not like a man's nails. And with my nails done my hands which under the effect of the female hormones had already appeared somewhat girlish, just really looked like they were female."

Now she wouldn't let me see myself, and there wasn't any mirror in the room or it was covered. Robin just took me by the hand and told me, "Come along sweet heart. Let's show your mother. She is really going to be amazed at how much like a girl you look. Why you are absolutely adorable. I don't think she will have any problem with us going to the next step and getting you all dressed- up like a girl. And you absolutely won't believe what I have to help you fit the clothes I have for you. I've spared no expense. I have a bit more money than when we were kids and I had to put you in my hand me downs. This will be the best dress up party we've ever had. Why when I am done with you... not even your own mother won't believe you are not a girl. And by the time I am done with you...even you will forget you were a boy! You just won't feel like a boy any longer."

I wanted to tell her, "Fat chance...", but I was afraid. I couldn't see how I looked and anyway I was already in deep enough. Again I was just counting on my mom to get me out of this no matter how I looked and didn't want to push my luck with Robin.

But walking down those steps I was terrified that my mom might just slip with the shock of her first sight of me. I was really hoping that Robin had not done as good a job as she threatened she had done. And I was really ticked with myself for having thought that seeing me in makeup might just be a kick. I was realizing how dangerous that kick was for me.

Chapter 6: Into Girl's Clothing & I look more like a girl

Any way Robin had really done a great job with my transformation look and Robin really had me looking like a girl from the neck up, with my long polished finger nails completing the look and adding to my aura of being a girl. And there was something else she had done which I didn't even realize and really went a bit to convince my mother that the whole thing was okay with me. And so any reservation mom may have had about her deal with Robin was over when she saw what I had let Robin do to me; and what I had allowed to be done.

And so the moment my mother saw me she just couldn't control herself, or so I thought and she later explained, and so she just blurted out, "Why Karol, you do look just like a girl. Robin was right. Why with the makeup and that wig and our family resemblance you could pass as my daughter...if I had a daughter. Yes, Karol, you could just as well be my daughter looking like that." I was dumbstruck. I couldn't believe my mom had given me up like that. And then she continued to tell me or describe all Robin had done to me. And it was scary!

Mom continued to tell me what Robin had done to me in agonizing detail. She continued with, "And those earrings and those nails are to die for... on a boy. And those eyebrows and eyelashes are all girl. Gosh your eyebrows look thoroughly plucked and threaded. You look like a girl. Why you couldn't even go out with eyebrows like that. Your eyebrows just scream girl... or even worse for you...sissy!"

And she continued, "Pierced ears and nail extensions I just can't believe it... Why you must really be getting into this masquerade to have your ears pierced and nails polished so, just for this little cameo. And even you lips look really girlish. And not just from the makeup. Your lips just look so soft and plump and...and...well kissable. Robin must have used one of those new lip plumping bases on them. Why I can't believe the effect and how girlish your lips are."

"I mean between your new lips, and eyebrows and pierced ears no one would ever think you are a guy. You just look so much like a girl. It is just a bit incredible. I would have never thought it possible. Well now I just have to see you dressed. It would be ashamed not to, after all the work Robin has done for you, and with you even getting your ears pierced and nails polished... and those eyebrows are just to die for on a boy!"

Pierced ears!!! I couldn't believe what I heard. My hands jumped up to my ears and I could have died. Yes, I was wearing earrings, and for pierced ears! Robin had somehow pieced my ears and inserted small but prominent loop earrings without me realizing it. The distractions and anesthetic and the drink was all I could think of. I was devastated as I felt each of my ears with my fingers with my long

nails and found the earrings there and then felt my long nails against my sensitive ears. And I knew the job Robin had done on my eyebrows but I couldn't believe my bushy or formerly bushy eyebrows could ever have been made look as much like a woman's as my mom was telling me. I really had to get a look at myself.

I knew it was already too late to get out of having to wear some of Robin's clothes as my mother had given me away by saying that I was looking just like a girl. But I still could not believe it. I figured it really just had to be some sort of joke that the girls were playing on me and that I could not look as girlish as my mother claimed. And so I sort of denied the whole thing and told them to all to stop the joke, it wasn't funny and I could not look that much like a girl; though I was afraid that I had been made to look just like a girl.

My mother looked a bit incredulous to my comment and then realized that I had not yet seen myself and she asked Robin, "Why I can't believe Karol doesn't see that from the neck up he looks just like a girl. I mean his face and hair doesn't look like a male at all. He must see himself as a girl... It can only be that he hasn't yet seen himself!?"

Robin explained that she had wanted me to hear my mother's reaction to my new look, before I actually had gotten to see myself. She felt that that my mother should be the first to show me what I looked like as a girl. And so with that my mother gently walked me over to the mirror so I could look at myself.

I actually screamed when I saw my reflection. And the ladies just laughed. I couldn't believe it. I just looked like a girl. There was nothing masculine

about my face. It was not my own face that I thought I was looking at, it was the face of a sister I didn't have. And so it had to be me and it was frightening. And my ears were pierced. I couldn't believe it, even though I had felt them, there was a pair of loop earrings hanging from my ears. And those lips weren't my lips. They were full and feminine in shape. They belonged to a girl, and not to a guy. Those sensual lips could not have been mine....but they had to be mine.

Seeing myself in full makeup I suddenly realized that my face below my forehead and the brow ridge had really feminized over the time Robin had returned. Looking at myself in the mirror on a daily basis I must have been focusing on those remaining masculine aspects to not realize how much my face had plumped out and rounded out and lost the sharp masculine angles to it, to have become girly in appearance. So that for much of my face the makeup wasn't even needed to feminize it. Most of my face must have already looked pretty girly. It was a shock.

And there were my eyebrows girlishly thinned and girlishly arched. I couldn't believe the arches. It was all girl. And my eyebrows were all girl. And as fate would have it I had actually had such a hair pattern that with plucking and threading there was a nice full feminine arch of eyebrow remaining.

And my ears were really pierced. And from each one hung a nice substantial loop earring. Each was definitely an earring that only a woman would wear. I just couldn't believe it. And when by reflex I brought my hands up to cover my eyes in disbelief, and there were my long polished nails. And even

that was more of a feminine action than a manly one. Gosh what had happened to me?

So with my own longish hair covering my far head, and my eyebrows sweetly thinned and arched, and the makeup shadowing out my brow ridge, and the mascara thickening my eyelashes, and the rest of my face's feminine look highlighted by the makeup, and my lips plumped and done to perfection, there was not a doubt that I looked like a girl. There wasn't anything masculine about my face...that could be seen. So with the fall, the long hair which had been added to my own, I really just looked like a girl.

I had lost the bet. I knew it and my mother had already admitted to it. And so I was stuck. I would be wearing whatever girl clothing Robin had picked out for me to wear. And if my mother thought I looked passable then I would be wearing it out to at least the local dinner. I was devastated. I was still a bit turned on by the thought of the girl's lingerie I knew that Robin would have for me...but the thought of having to fully dress in woman's clothing and to be wearing it outside of Robin's room was not a comforting thought for me. The fear of public exposure was overriding the potential enjoyment of it all.

So having lost the first part of the bet, since my mother had not helped me out, my next step was to have to change into some of Robin's clothing and go out to dinner with Robin's mom, my nemesis Robin and my mother; and try my best to pass as a girl as not to embarrass myself to death.

I was just hoping I would at least enjoy it, my first time out in drag, while being so bad at it that Robin's mom would give up on the idea of her enter-

ing me in the Womanless Beauty Pageant. The problem was I couldn't be too bad at it or everyone would know that I was a guy, and I didn't think at the time that once the news of my outing in drag had gotten around the town that I could live that down or ever find some real employment.

So after letting that all sink in my mother told me, "Now you already look so much like a girl, so much like a daughter...my daughter, I can only wonder how you would look appropriately dressed like a daughter in a dress. Well if Robin and Mrs. Smith are as taken with your feminine looks as I am, I imagine that I will get to see you in a dress. Why we'll be having dinner out together as mother and daughter with Laura and Robin. You know I've always had my reservations about boys dressing up as girls but after seeing you in makeup and what a lovely looking girl you might make I am beginning to think that having you completely made up as a girl just might be fun. But let's hear what Laura and Robin have to say. Maybe I am wrong, and you don't pass as a girl."

Well I knew where Robin's vote was...so I was staring down Laura hoping she might have some pity on me. After all, perhaps Robin was wrong and her mom wasn't that interested in training some guy to participate in that crazy beauty pageant for cross-dressing guys. But that wasn't to be the case.

Robin of course told her mom, "Well I think Carol looks just wonderful. And I think you should agree that he really makes a pretty girl and would be perfect for you to enter in the Womanless Beauty Pageant. And I can't wait to get him into some of my clothing and all dressed up as a girl. He'll look lovely. And I think it really will be fun taking him

out and about with him having to pretend to be a girl.

Laura kept me on edge. She just sort of stared at me apparently trying to take in my new look. Then she smiled and looked really a happy and told us, "You know I hate to say it, but Karol you have grown up to make a pretty girl. Yes, I vote that with makeup and the wig, and those lovely earrings, you do pretty much pass as a girl..."

Knowing what that meant, a night out in woman's clothing, from the skin out, I interrupted and told her, "But you can't really mean that..."

But she told me that she did and that she expected me to meet the terms of the agreement and put on whatever woman's clothing Robin supplied me with and join her and Robin and my mother out for dinner. Laura told me, "You know all of a sudden I am just dying to see you all dressed up as a girl. I didn't think that would be possible. If Robin does as good a job dressing you as a female as she did with your makeup you should look just cute as can be as a girl. I think this is just going to be so much fun taking you, out, a real boy dressed totally as a girl.

I appealed to my mother, but it was the same. She told me that I had just better keep my agreement as she was currently disappointed enough in me and would not allow me to welsh on a bet, and if I did so, I was out of the house, just as I was, with full makeup and no money in my wallet. Mom told me, "Why I wouldn't have thought it possible, but you already look so cute as a girl I just have to see how you will look all dressed up as a girl."

Well things started to crash in on me. Sure I liked wearing some lingerie once in a while...well

most of the time; but this was all too much. I begged my mom, "Please don't make me do this. It is just too humiliating. I'll be a laughing stock!" And I was really emotional. I couldn't explain it at the time. But once I had learned that I had been on the female hormones I realized that I had just gotten femininely emotional.

My mom had no pity on me. And in fact she actually told me, "Why Carol, " picking up on Robins softening of my name and also addressing me with a girl version of my name and then asking me, "or did I get it wrong and you are not already responding to the girl version of your name?" And then not waiting for an answer she continued with, "I can't believe you are getting so emotional about this. Why you are really acting more like a girl than a boy. Why I think this will be a good lesson for you. You are acting just like a girl so I think you really do need to dress like a girl and spend a night out with the girls just like a girl. Maybe that will straighten you out."

"But if you continue to act like a girl and then I think I just might keep you dresses as a girl until you learn your lesson regardless of what happens with the pageant. In any case, for tonight there is no getting out of this. All of us think you now look like a girl and as agreed you now need to comply with your part of this bet and you need to complete your outfit so we can see if you make a passable girl. So you had better change into Robin's clothes, or whatever female clothing that Robin has for you and just do as Robin instructs or I'll know why not! "

Well I had no choice, and thus being forced to wear a complete outfit of girl's clothing, something I wasn't completely against under my circumstances, I did not want to test my mother's will on this point

and gave in and agreed to change into girl's clothing to find out if Robin could have me looking just like a real girl, and if so then I was in for a night out with the ladies as a test of my possibilities as an entrant in the nearby womanless beauty pageant.

I was hoping that dressed in woman's clothing Robin could not have me looking like a girl, but if so I could only hope that the dress up would just be for the night and after my mom had her fun it would be over. I still couldn't believe my mother had any interest in entering me in the beauty pageant, or that she had any interest in having me really parade around on stage and in public dressed and acting like a girl, while everyone knew that I was a boy, and her son at that. However, and regardless, she was adamant about me keeping to my bet and I did not have much of a choice in that, and as she proceeded with me I would have even less of a choice or ability to back out.

Chapter 7: My Mom and Robin Get Me Ready for Really Dressing up as a Girl

My mother immediately made me take off my sneakers and step out of my pants to prevent me changing my mind and walking out, which I did and it did, knowing the long tails of my shirt would hide any embarrassment, which it did. And then without pants and in full makeup the chances of me making a getaway were minute. I reflexly obeyed, what with the feminizing hormones affecting me so I was pretty good at taking my mom's orders and not arguing; which is what she liked about the situation.

Once my pants were off I realized that under my shirt tails I was wearing Robin's panties and not my

own briefs. I went to pull up my pants, but it was too late, and my mom forcefully just helped me the rest of the way, so there was no backing out without a fight and I wasn't up for fighting. I was afraid it would expose the panties. So I was really stuck. I wasn't going anywhere with all that makeup, the wig, the long nails, the earrings and panties...and a camisole. I was pretty sure running around in shirt tails and the rest would get me picked up by the police and I knew what happened to guys like me, or like what I had become, in jail; and so jail was a definite no.

Mom then told me to go with Robin to Robin's room, where my change of clothing awaited, and to do as I was told. She explained that once there I would hand out the rest of my clothing to my mother, so that Robin should not have any problems with me, and wearing a towel I could then slip on a pair of shorts, obvious pink lady's shorts, to cover myself while Robin got me dressed as a girl for dinner with the girls, as a girl.

Now I had been wearing Robin's panties and camisole that Robin had been made to wear, regardless of the fact that I was enjoying wearing that lingerie; but in any case not knowing what to do as I did not have male underwear to hand out to my mother. And so once in Robin's room I was stalling not happy with revealing my situation to my mother, that her son already wore girl's panties and a girl's camisole instead of male briefs and a t-shirt. So I was stuck in the embarrassing situation of not having a pair of men's briefs to hand out to my mom when she told me to put on a towel and hand out the rest of my clothing.

I asked about my briefs and she told me, "The agreement was that you would dress as a female from the skin out dear. So you won't need your briefs, your t-shirt or you socks. It's all ladies' underwear for you. You lost the bet. And not another question or stall about this or you can leave dressed as you are. Our house is locked and I already have your keys and your pants. And believe me I will call the police if I have to. With you having been so difficult the last couple of years this is really the first fun I had in a long time. And I think for all the problems you have been giving me with your machismo attitude the last year or so this is just well deserved. I know you've been nice and helpful the last few weeks or so, but I still think you need to be knocked down a peg or two to stay nice. So hopefully this experience will knock you down enough to bring back your old sweet self."

She let that sink in sort of rationalizing the situation and then she continued, "But regardless I will have my fun with this to night. And you are dressing up as a girl from the skin out or I will know the reason why not! And if Robin has you looking passable as a female you will be coming out with us dressed as a girl and from the skin out... everything. I do want you in panties. Nothing counters macho bull in a guy like having to wear panties and a bra and all the girls knowing the guy is wearing panties and a bra. So it is panties and a bra for you. You need to keep your word. And as much as I was against all of this, I am now finding your predicament quite entertaining and very enjoyable, and really just a lot of fun. And I am actually hoping you do look girly enough for me to take you out all dressed up as a girl, and in panties..."

Fortunately Robin got there to the rescue. With the clothes that she had for me was a pair of men's briefs and a guy's athletic shirt. She looked at me holding my male underwear and asked in a whisper, "Now are you going to be a good little sissy and do as you are told or do we need to let your mother know what your favorite underwear already is?"

Of course I had to agree. Robin handed out my male decoy underwear to my mother and I was so grateful to Robin for not exposing me that we both knew that I would keep my promise and do as I was told. And so Robin handed out the rest of my clothes and I was left standing there without the towel and wearing her panties and her camisole and nothing else and embarrassedly so exposed.

Robin gave me a wink and told my mother, "Just give us a while; I think our Carol is going to be cooperative with his transformation from here out, and so I think I will really be able to get it right. It should be more fun for us all this way. I think I can really have Carol looking just like a girl. But it might just take a while longer now that I think he will work with me so I can get him just right. So as it is several hours before dinner time and I think I really want to do this right, I may just want to spend all that time with the transformation. So it may just take a bit longer than I originally told you. So perhaps we'll just get to dinner a bit later. That is unless you want me to hurry as originally planned... or have some objections to shaved legs and padding on your son?"

My mother didn't have any objections and told Robin with a laugh, "You know I always wanted a daughter. Now I wouldn't want Karol, I mean Carol really changed, but you do whatever you think

works to make him my pretend daughter for the night. It should be fun. I really think I am going to enjoy having a Carol walking around in a skirt and high heels. Yes, and make him shave those legs...and his underarms. That should really teach him a lesson...thinking a woman has it so easy! It will be tough for him to be so macho even if there isn't any pageant for him, when we all know his legs are underarms are shaved and he has worn panties and a bra out. ”

So I didn't see any way out of the now to be extreme make over having only with Robin's help avoided the embarrassment of having to tell my mother I was already wearing Robin's panties, even though Robin had put me in the panties. And so I was ready to cooperate with Robin, and go all the way with dressing as a girl. But of course I had not realized that I had been set up, first by Robin, and then by my mother and that Laura was also in on the deal, and even she was really anxious to see how far she could go in turning me into a girl. Which she thought would just be so much fun and really help to pass the time for her.

So as much as my resistance to my make over as a girl was beginning to break down and wearing just her panties and her camisole I was finding that I really did want to once again get into some more of Robin's clothing, I still didn't want to wear it all or do it so publicly or for that matter in front of my mother. But it was looking more and more that I would have to do all of that. It looked like Robin had been given a free hand in dressing me up as a girl and in changing my appearance. And I was stuck with it.

Permission for Robin to do her worst to me and my mother gone, Robin then turned her attention to her victim...me. And there I was standing there in her bedroom practically naked and all made up and looking like a girl from the neck up, and wearing nothing but her panties and her camisole. And worst of all for me was that I was none the less getting excited, since my mom had left, and I was alone with Robin, and I was wearing Robin's nice nylon panties and a nice nylon camisole; and so I was showing a bit. Robin looked at me and appeared happy and even happier as she saw me, beyond my control, rising to the occasion and tenting her panties and wetting them a bit.

She told me, "Now Carol control yourself. I know that all this must be exciting you so. But you must learn how to control yourself. After all you will now get to wear panties most of the time; and no more having to sneak around about it. You must be delighted. I am sure you must be anxious to get on with this and to see what sort of girl you will make. But you do need to control yourself. We will get started with the continuation of your transformation and with getting you all dolled up in a moment, so you will be looking lovely and looking just like a girl."

Trying to save whatever dignity and masculinity I had left, which wasn't much, I told her not to confuse my fetish for her underwear with any desire to be a female or even dress completely as a female, and blamed her and our teenage liaisons and not myself for having developed that fetish.

Robin just smiled and told me, "Yes it is my fault dear that you so enjoy my lingerie and I am very happy about that! And I intend to keep you in my

lingerie and girl's lingerie and worse! But don't you fool yourself into just thinking it is just the lingerie. I've trained you better than that. I can tell that you don't want to admit the thought to going back to being my girlfriend turns you on. And I can tell you just cannot admit to yourself that the thought of getting to dress as a girl and play as a girl once again turns you on."

"But I know that once I get you all dressed up as a girl, it will be like old times. I am sure you will just fall right back into your role as a girl and as my best girlfriend and things will be almost exactly like they were when we were kids. But this time around you will love being a girl. And this time we don't have to hide it from the mothers. They will know you are really just a sissy who needs to become a girl to be happy. And this time your mom will let me dress you up for Halloween. Why all year long will be a Halloween dress up for us. We all know you are better off as a girl. You just have to realize that you do want to be a girl...or at least wear pretty girl things and act like a girl. I am pretty sure this whole thing will turn you on, and once you give into it you will be happy and will make a wonderful girl!"

I didn't know what to say. There was an awful lot of truth in her chastisement. But I couldn't admit to that. Gosh, I mean I knew that I liked, I mean really liked certain girly stuff, but I was sure that I didn't want to be a girl, did I? Robin surety was brain washing me. I wasn't sure anymore. Gosh I did so love wearing her lingerie and the release it offered me. And I had even thought of how nice a slip might feel over my maleness and rubbing against my panties. And off course lycra cheerleader's pantyhose had also been a turn on and a desire for me. But me

wanting to act like a girl and to dress full time...all the time in girl's lingerie...to be a full time girl...no, that couldn't be possible. I couldn't even think that I wanted to dress full time as a girl or have to act like a girl either part time or full time. I could admit to myself that I had a fetish, but that was it. So I told Robin it wasn't true.

Robin struck back at my mind with, "But you do want to be a girl. You have a Girl's name and have never changed it. You wear a girl's panties and cam-iso-les and get turned on by wearing girl's lingerie. I am sure the thought of wearing even more girl's clothes turns you on at least a bit. Come on, you can admit it. I know that it is my fault, but the desire to wear panties is still there and you can't stop it. The best thing for a sissy like you is just to give into his feminine side and be all the girl he can be. And you have the makings for a sweet and l girl. Your mother is just going to adore her new daughter."

Robin was killing my will to fight back, and I mumbled something in mitigation but she continued and told me, "And look at yourself. If not in your conscience then in your subconscious you desire to be more girlish, if not a girl. Your body has been changing since I've been back and put you in panties. Your own body has been softening and feminizing. Look at yourself. Forget the makeup. Your muscle is gone; your male shape has softened. You even have a nice butt and slight hips and a soft chest. And your hair is just so thick and girlish. I mean what is with all of that? And I didn't do that with makeup. You did that to yourself. It is all psychologically forced on your body because you want it. You want to be a girl...face it."

Gosh she was destroying me and so I told her about the doctor and my hormone imbalance. But she countered with by telling me that was nonsense and continued with, "Why you can't blame a little hormone imbalance for being so feminine. And besides looking more and more like a girl every day, you act more like a girl every day. It is just like when I made you play house and so you've been helping out your mom with her choirs. This isn't just about a fetish. This is about you developing into the effeminate thing you want to be, that you need to be, if not developing into a full girl you should be. And I am back to help you become that girl or sissy boy. And you need to stop fighting it. You are not going to win this one. I am going to do right by you and at least give you the introduction to what it would be like for you to live as the girl you yourself need to be and that I so want you to be; and that I think your mother will want you to stay once she sees what a sweet girl you make."

I told her no, that it could not be true and I didn't believe it. She told me it was true and my denials did not change a thing and I was only making it harder on myself. She continued with, "So you need to cooperate to make this easier on yourself...at least for tonight. And at least for tonight you will meet your mom dressed from the skin out and from head to toe as a girl and looking to be a girl. If you cooperate I may be open to some leeway later. But continue to give me a hard time and you will just make it all that much harder on yourself. "

She had silence me and so she continued with, "You will be a girl for tonight. But how convincing as a girl I can make you is partially up to you. And know this...the less convincing you appear as a girl,

the more embarrassing this is going to be for you. And the less cooperative you are playing the role of a girl the longer I think your mom is going to keep you a girl. So make up your mind now. Cooperate with me, and do everything I tell you to do, and be that girl, and all this may end so much the sooner and with the least amount of public humiliation.”

She waited for my answer and there was only one that I could give. The truth of the matter was I did want to see what type of girl I might make, at least for one night. That is I was turned on by the thought of wearing a complete set of lingerie out and about and in public, but I didn't really want everything else that was going to come with it. But I knew I really had little choice in the matter and so I was forced to agree and I did agree to go along with a transformation and as complete a one as Robin could do to me, and I agreed to do everything Robin told me to do....everything. And I was really scared.

Chapter 8: Really Dressing Up as a Girl

Totally browbeaten I was ready for Robin to do her magic and finish making me over into a girl. Robin then told me she needed to test me. She took me into the bathroom and had me stand in the tub. Before I knew it she had her hand around my manhood, which was already wet...surprise...surprise, and started to rub and pump me. It felt nice, but I resisted a bit. She then squeezed me hard and it hurt and she told me, “Be a nice sissy Carol, and I will be nice to you and we can get this over and you will be a lot more comfortable and accepting of your situation. We are going to have to bend your male thingie back. You must know the drill. And if you are hard it will break. So we need you to finish and

get nice and soft and small. You'll be a lot more comfortable."

Well I didn't know the drill or what she was talking about, but I let her have her way. And so I stopped resisting. I did have an idea of what she was talking about and intended to do with me. She played with me softly as if she did not want me to release, and in fact she didn't want that right away. And when she had me good and wet and ready she wrapped a pair of her panties around my shaft and used those. It felt wonderful. And she would drop off the rhythm every time I was about to let go of it. Finally she really had me where she wanted me, and with me not able to think about anything but coming was totally in her control. And so she told me, "Now Carol dear, if you want to come, you need to tell me how much you want to be a girl for only a girl is allowed to play with herself with her panties like this. Understand?" And so she had me to the point I was saying, "Yes I do want to be a girl. Please let me become a girl...."

Then at that juncture I no longer had any control over what I was saying and Robin knew it. I really felt that I would hurt if I couldn't release. She put my hands around the panties around my shaft and had me playing with myself and with her questioning me, with questions like, "Don't you want to be a girl and to be allowed to come?", and she had me telling her, "Oh yes please make me a girl...I want to be a girl....I want to be a girl so badly..."

And she asked me these awful questions around me becoming a girl and had me giving answers like, "Yes I will do anything to be a girl...I just have to dress up as a girl...I love my panties....I love my makeup....I love my pierced ears....I need my

dress...Oh please keep me a girl..." And it just felt so nice playing with myself that way that very subliminally I was convincing myself that I did want to be a girl and have Robin do all those things to me. It was crazy. The more I said it, or admitted to it, under Robin's questioning, and the nicer I felt as I played with myself the more I was beginning to feel that maybe that was what I really wanted to do and to be and that really I did want to become some sort of girl and just wear those wonderful panties that felt so nice. It was real brain washing. And there was a subliminal part to it that came back later in my training to just haunt me!

And Robin had the whole admission on tape to play back to my mother later, so that she eventually had my mother convinced that her son really did want to become a girl, and that it was okay for my mother to keep me as her daughter.

Then I finally exploded. It wasn't pretty, but it was a wonderful release. I almost collapsed with weakness. And Robin told me to keep pumping and to pump myself dry, and off course I did. It felt pretty wonderful, except having Robin watch me all the time. But then of course my male rutting desires satisfied I had lost my infatuation with girl's lingerie and was pretty sure I did NOT want to be a girl, let alone dress like one in public that night.

So there I was spurted out and feeling like a guy again, but still in panties, a camisole, all made up, with long polished nails, and pierced ears, but without much interest in playing the role of a female that night, and wanting to get rid of all the girlie stuff. Robin sort of expected that to happen and she hit some play back switch and there was a projection of me on the wall of me and what I had been

doing a few minutes a go and with sound. I could have died. I realized that entire embarrassing episode had all been filmed and taped. And Robin told me, "Any problems with you from here on out and that goes on the internet. And not to worry, it has already been sent to a friend who will only open it if something happens to me; and so not a word of objection from you and you will do exactly as I tell you to do. And if you understand that, I need a curtsy from you and a yes I do want to be your girlfriend forever; and in your sweetest most feminine voice."

And so what was I to do. Turning beat red I curtsied and told Robin in the best girly voice I could muster at the time, "Yes I do want to be your girlfriend forever." And Robin smiled and told me, "Now that wasn't too hard to admit dear. And I think you will feel better now that you have admitted that to yourself. Anyway, let's get you cleaned up, and prepared and dressed for you big coming out."

"You will make such a nice girlfriend! We can now take up right where we left off when we were teenagers. And I think you will make your mom a nice daughter...at least for a while. Though I guess that will be up to your mom. Anyway I know my mother is going to have a hoot with you, teaching you to be a girl, and making you into a beauty pageant Queen, both literally and figuratively. Thought it will take time and lots of hard work on your part, learning to be a girl. But I am sure once you give into it you will learn to enjoy. Anyway Rome wasn't built in a day, and so let's get started turning this sissy into a lovely girl. I am just so happy the way this is all turning out."

After that Robin gave the orders and I just obeyed, regardless of the humiliation of it all. She

covered me with depilatory, and removed all my hair from the neck down, showering it all off and leaving me looking like a prepubescent boy. Then my female hormone shrunk staff and orbs shrunk from release really looked small and silly. Robin told me, "Why Carol, what happened? It looks like you never went through puberty. No wonder you are looking so much like a girl. Why relaxed you are no bigger than when we were kids. It seems like you are already half way to being a girl. Why any smaller and it wouldn't be there, you'd be perfectly flat like a girl. This is going to be easier than I thought. Gosh I will have you flat and looking just like a girl without much of an effort. And I don't even think calling t you Carol is appropriate the way you look. No even Carol is too much like your old boy name. Yes, I think Caroline would suit you much better the way you look and it will remind you that you aren't really a boy despite silly little thingie stuck between your legs. Let's just think of it as a long clit from now on. So you don't mistakenly think that you are really a male. So I think you had better get used to being Caroline." And listening to Robin was just awful. She almost had me in tears. And it was convincing, at least after a while. Robin just kept working on destroying any male confidence that I had or had left.

And she continued with, "I mean it is a good thing no one else has seen you like this. No wonder you look so weak and girlie. You probably can't even join a gym. I mean you can't have appeared in a men's locker room. They would just think you were a masculinized girl with a long clit and probably butt raped you. I mean it is just so small and cute it does look a bit like a long clitoris. Yes it will be a lot safer for you to appear to be a boy intentionally

masquerading as a girl, otherwise real guys would just realize you are a sissy boy and feel the need to and probably make you their street wife and have you do it for them with your mouth. “



“Yes the safest thing for you is to have everyone think you look like such a sissy because you are preparing for the pageant, and your mother is sort of forcing you to do it. This way you will be protected. Yes, with the way you now look if you do go around dressed as a guy and you pretend to be a real man I don’t think it would be safe for you. You would just become the play thing of every tough guy around. Gosh you’d always have some guy’s co....well you know what in your mouth. Yes you will be much safer dressed as a girl with everyone knowing you are preparing for the pageant and under the protection of your mother and me.”

Gosh she was putting a fear into me, which is what she was intending to do. I knew I had lost some muscle and looked a bit feminine but all of those consequences of being effeminate had not really crossed my mind. Robin really had gotten me worried. I knew how tough things could get on the streets.

Then giving me all that to think about and drive me crazy she finished by drying me off, patting me dry and bringing me over to her bedroom. Then she told me she really needed to test me for my own good... so she could estimate how safe it was for me as a guy being so feminine. And having me there totally nude and hairless and really embarrassed she had me sort of wrestle her trying to push her down and I couldn’t do it. Then before I could prevent it she caught me off guard she had pushed me down onto her bed and was lying on top of me and had me pinned down. Now I had done some wrestling so I knew that I was in trouble, even though she had got me off guard. I was humiliated. I don’t think it was all about strength, it was a lot psychological, with

me not have a stitch on and hairless, and with the wig and the makeup and the earrings, and my long nails, I just didn't feel strong. But I didn't think of that at the time. I had lost muscle, but not that much. It was mostly that layer of fat I had put on that had made me look so soft and feminine. But Robin just had me so psyched out I was having a difficult time of it.

But Robin pressed my fears and told me, "Carol, I mean Caroline, you not only look like a sissy...why you are as weak as a sissy or even a girl. You aren't safe out there in the blue color world you have defaulted into. If you have to look for a job now you are in trouble. And even worse for you if you would have to move out of your home here in this nice part of town and move to some seedy part of town. It would be just as bad for you as if you were in prison; which by the way can also be arranged if you give your mom a hard time. So you are so lucky you have your mom and my mom and me to guide you and to protect you in your current condition; that is as long as you do as you are told and let us girls have some fun with you since you are losing this bet and spend your time with us as a girl. Let me advise you that it won't be a good idea to upset your mom after this. It will be a lot safer doing what she asks and just let her have some fun with you. That is going to be far better than letting the men and even some of the boys have their fun with you."

Any way Robin wasn't asking, she was telling and she left it at that and let that sink in. And it worked and I found that I was a bit scared of what could happen to me with what I had become, being the weak feminine sissy that Robin had somehow turned me into. So for the time being I realized that

she was going to do with me whatever she wished. And that was to turn me into, for all appearances, a girl, at least for the night! Or at least do her best to make me appear as a girl. We'd still have to see how that would turn out. But she did have a good start on it. And then it was up to my mother if she wanted her son back as her son or as some sort of daughter. I would have to wait to find out. But for the time being I was going to be turned into some sort of girl. It was still, as scared as I had become, a little bit of a turn on, thinking about getting to wear the lingerie, but all in all I wasn't happy about being dressed totally as a girl, and then if I looked enough like a girl to have to go out and about dressed and acting like a girl...at least for the night.

Robin had me crazy thinking about all she was telling me. At the rational level I sort of realized most of it wasn't true. But none the less it was working on my mind and the thought of what could happen in my current condition was scary. And then I thought, in any case, Robin had that video of me that would destroy me as a guy. And so what was the point of playing tough about this. I was under her control. She had already pretty much somehow turned me into a sissy. At least I looked like a sissy and was pretty much feeling like a sissy. And so I was pretty much with letting her go the rest of the way and get me looking like a girl, and even perhaps acting like a girl. Hopefully it would only be for a night. I figured I might as well just try to enjoy my fetish along the way, even thought this was all a bit too much for me, even with my love for lingerie, because I wasn't getting out of it. And I just had to hope that my mother would not be so intent on having her son as an entrant in the so called no female beauty pageant. So I was reconciled to being turned

into, for all appearance, a girl, at least for that night. And that was how I got through that horrible transformation. I just kept telling myself, worse comes to worse it is just for tonight. And was I wrong about that.

Robin had me turn over on my front and she applied some sort of goo to my butt cheeks and to my flanks over my hips. Then I felt her pressing some silicon rubbery thing to the areas she had gooeys. She told me not to move and after a while she had me flip over onto my butt. Only I wasn't directly on my butt, I was on some sort of silicon rubber pad. I knew better than to ask. Next she continued with the gooeing and then pressed some more rubber to me and we let that dry. Then she let me get up and take a look. I couldn't believe it. She had glued directly to my body some sort of silicon rubber padding, flesh colored, that took the place of a woman's layer of fat around the hips and butt and thighs, and I now in those areas I had the shape of a woman.

I started to say something, and Robin told me, "Not word until I am done or I will have the police collect you right now. Just be a good sissy boy girl and do exactly as you are told." And I did just that. With the mention of the police I was then terrified. The threat was real and the way I looked I would be better off dead than in jail or for that matter better off passing as a girl! And I guess that was Robin's idea, to have me realize I would be better off just looking like a girl and acting like a girl, and being her girlfriend rather than winding up as some tuffs prison sweetheart or some street guy's sweetheart.

Next she got me into a flesh colored satin with steel waist cinching corset that Robin cinched me

into until she had gotten a good four inches off my waist. The support actually felt good. And I did like the feel of the real satin on my body. So I was actually feeling good and was beginning to get turned on again. But of course I felt obligated to complain. When I complained Robin just told me that she was actually going easy on me and that the corset could be tightened more and to shrink me down by another two inches for a total of six inches down and would be if I continued to complain; and so I also stopped that.

Next she hid, as she referred to them, my orbs and twig and flattened out my front making me look and feel like a female. That was the final straw that really crushed me psychologically when my male parts were tucked away and hidden and then unusable. Then I was really feeling like she had turned me into a female.

She just pushed my shrunken orbs into me and they were gone and somehow glued my scrotum to keep them up and hid. Then she slipped my last remaining male part into some sort of silicon rubber sheath lined in satin that was nice and tight and felt rather nice and sensual. The top of it got attached to the front of the corset and the back part of it got pulled back and between my legs and tied to the back of the corset. And it was attached in such a way as not to interfere with my ability to relieve myself. That also got glued down and I was stuck in it. It did not come off. Once the tie downs did come off and I really just looked like a real girl down there.

And the sheath was so designed to allow me to urinate sitting down. In fact I had to sit down to urinate. And the only way to clean myself off in there

and to keep that area from smelling bad was to douche just like a lady would douche herself. It was just all humiliating. And having sex I don't even want to talk about now. And Robin had a way of making me hot and horny and begging for sex. But that is just total humiliation and I can't describe it now.

Finally in terms of my body modifications she glued on a lovely pair of size C breast prosthesis, just as natural looking as could be, and just as permanent as everything else. And they hung and were weighted naturally and so I really felt the pull on my musculature and really felt the need for a bra then and at all times. That was all part of the plan and had been planned as just another humiliation for me to convince me that I had been turned into a girl.

And when that was all done, Robin had me look at myself in a full length mirror, and stark naked I looked as if I were a real girl. I mean the prosthetics, the silicon rubber was obvious, but the shape said all girl. And I knew that once clothed in female clothes, whatever those clothes were to be, and with my wig and makeup there would be no doubt in anyone's mind looking at me that I was a girl. I was devastated. And my new flatness was the worst because it even looked like a you know what. I can't say it. Robin told me to take a good look at myself which I had done and couldn't bear to continue and then had to do so again when she told me I had to look at myself again.

Then Robin continued with her psychological attack on whatever was left of my male ego. Robin then asked, "Caroline tell me what you see." And I knew the answer she was looking for and had to tell

her. I couldn't play games. I was just too afraid. And I was beaten. I told her, "I see a girl."

And Robin told me, "Caroline, now for all practical purposes, nothing here is permanent, but for all practical purposes nothing comes off until I decide to take it off and I actually take it off. The glue is semi-permanent and can only release with a solvent. If you pull at it your skin will come off. And if you try to cut it, an acid is released which will painfully dissolve your male parts. So you aren't getting any of it off without dissolving what little of your old male self is left. So you are going to look just like a girl until I tell you otherwise. And you are going to function just like a girl until I decide otherwise. Your male part is not coming out again unless your mother decides this game is not for her and that she wants you back dressed as a boy. Isn't that right Caroline?" And what could I say but, "Yes Ms. Robin." And I don't know where the Ms. came from, but I guess it was just a sign of submission and Robin liked that.

And so there I am looking at myself in the mirror totally nude and totally looking like a girl and Robin just wouldn't let up and continued to question me while I was forced to look at the feminized me. And Robin continued, "And so if, or should I say when, your mother thinks it is a good idea for you to stay a girl for a while what are you going to do Caroline?" And I knew what the answer had to be and I told her, "Of course I will stay a girl for as long as my mother needs or wants me to be a girl." That was my answer, and what was killing me was that it appeared that would pretty much be true. I couldn't figure a way out. I just hoped one night would be enough for my mother.

And then Robin continued, "And Caroline, will you be an obedient daughter, and a good daughter and do as you are told and help around the house and learn all the feminine skills you will need to make your mother's life easier?" And I had to answer, "Yes Ms. Robin, I will be an obedient daughter and a help around the house. I will be just so good." And I felt humiliated, but I did not dare contradict Ms. Robin. I did not want to anger Robin, she could leave me looking like a girl forever, or so it seemed to me.

And Robin told me, "Now that is all wonderful my dear sweet Caroline. I am sure with an attitude like that you will make your mother a wonderful daughter, and by doing so just be a wonderful girlfriend for me. Now that is if that is what your mother wants of you. She just might not want that and then we would just have to turn you back into a boy; but of course my sissy boy girlfriend. That is if you could handle being a boy again. I am not sure that you could. But we could give it a try. And then perhaps you could just be my sissy and my part time girlfriend like I had originally asked?"

Oh I could not believe what I was hearing. Oh..I was hoping that this was all just an object lesson to me. I was not going to be forced to be a full time girl. Gosh I just hoped this would all seem like a bad dream in the morning. And I promised Robin that if she would only turn me back to a boy in appearance that I would be her sissy girlfriend for life. Any way she told me to calm down and explained I had gotten myself into this bind and my gender for the time being would now be up to my mother. But I could only hope. And I was sure my mother did not want

her only son to be playing the role of her daughter while dressing the part. I could only hope.

Then Robin continued, “Now Caroline, but if your mother does want you as her daughter for a while, or would want you to enter the womanless beauty pageant, you will cooperate, now won’t you?” And I had to reply with what I was sure Ms. Robin wanted to hear. And I told her, “Yes Ms. Robin, of course I would enter the pageant and to my very best to win by becoming as girly as I possibly could for the pageant.”

And Robin continued, “Very nice Caroline. That is exactly what I need to hear. And if my mother, under those circumstances, thinks it would be nice to enter you as a contestant and train you for the contest then would you cooperate with your training to pass as a girl for the beauty pageant, or would you be giving my mother a difficult time about you learning to pass as a girl?”

Now Robin’s voice showed a bit of anger when she talked about the possibility of me giving her mom a difficult time about training me to literally pass as a woman for the pageant. And I responded with an, “Oh no Ms. Robin, I would behave myself and do whatever your mother would have me do to learn my role for the pageant, and wear whatever your mother would have me wear to prepare for the pageant, and do my best to win it. I promise I would!” And what else could I have said. I was just terrified of her throwing me out the way I looked.

And Robin continued, “Now sissy that is an easy promise for a sissy to make but it might be a hard one to keep. You understand my mother could be very serious about having you, her entrant, win the contest. She only likes to train winners. And she

can get very depressed when her trainee is not cooperating with the training. And that makes my life miserable and I don't need that to happen. She might decide that you would have to stay a girl until the pageant and do everything like a girl would do things in order to prepare for the pageant, in addition to taking all the type of pageant training that any female beauty contest entrant would do. My mother doesn't like to lose, and she has always gone to the extreme to win! You understand that and the obligation?

I saw where the questioning was going, and hoping my mother would not want her son to go through all of that and would not have Laura enter me in that pageant, and that this nightmare would be shortly over. And so I promised, "I will do my best to do whatever your mom thinks I need to do to win that pageant, even if it means staying like this and remaining a girl for the pageant. If that is what my mother wants.

And with that Robin gave me a hug and a kiss on my cheek. We were breast to breast and it felt a bit funny. And I was really feeling like a girl. Then she told me, "I would just love to see you on stage in the gown competition! I think you would just look lovely and would be the hands down winner. I really hope that your mom does want you to give the pageant a try. But I promise that it will be your mom's decision."

"But for now let's get this cutie dressed. You are going to just love the outfit I've put together for you. You are just going to look lovely, and just like a girl. I am so happy for you." But I wasn't happy for me. This was really all too much. Sure I like panties, and had some fantasies about going further with linge-

rie, but this was all too much, and too much work. And I just wanted to get the night over, to do whatever I was told to do, and get back to my panty fetish and out from under all this real girl stuff and out from under the threat of having to sort of become or having to be a girl.

So it was time to get dressed for my coming out dinner. Robin handed me a pair of panties to put on. And I took them and stepped into them. What else could I do? Robin told me to look at myself in the mirror as I was dressing and of course I did. And not surprising it was a turn on for me, watching myself as I slipped the panties on my body. I felt myself stiffening, but the way I was bound down there that didn't last. However I still felt turned on and nice as my encased attribute rubbed against the soft satin confines. And with that I began to feel very mellow and relaxed.

Robin told me, "Stop day dreaming. I know you must love your new panties, but we do have to get you dressed! You can play with your new lingerie another time. And I did like those panties. The new lingerie was the nicest female undies I had ever gotten my hands on. The panties were stretch satin and pink and even in my state at the time just looked lovely to me and felt just wonderful to the touch.

And as I said, I felt my maleness stiffening in its catch and that also felt nice as it brushed against its satin enclosure. And despite all I had been through the panties just made me feel wonderful putting them on and sort of relaxed me. Once on I couldn't help but run my hands over them.

Robin picked up on that and told me, "You see Caroline; I do know what you like. You are a sissy.

And you do so love the feminine things in life. I know you will just love everything I've gotten for you to wear tonight and won't ever want to take off any of your new lovelies. You'll see!" And I thought that might be sort of true. I might like the panties and whatever....I would find out....but this whole thing was really just too much to the extreme. I felt I could wear the panties forever that Robin had given me, but under a pair of male pants...not under a dress!

Next Robin handed me a bra, again of stretch satin and in pink. I was again turned on by it. It felt wonderful as she handed it to me. And Robin again reminded me to look at myself in the mirror as I put on my first bra. And of course I did as I was told and watched myself slip the bra on and fasten it. It was nice but sort of humiliating. But once on the uncomfortable pull on my chest was relieved.

It was a long line bra all of stretch satin and with full satin cups and hooked in the front. I figured how it would be put on and slipped my arms through the straps and started to hook the front closed. It wouldn't do me any good at that stage to play stupid or stall. Again the stretch satin just felt wonderful on what exposed real skin I had left.

Robin smiled and pulled out a camera and taking my picture and told me, "Your first bra. This is just wonderful. It is a moment in a girl's life, and in the life of any real sissy. And based on your expression and the way you just naturally put it on it just reassures me that I have not misjudged that you really are still just a sissy...if not worse. I really want this on film. I'm going to have it framed for you, so you will always remember. It will be just like you are looking in the mirror again at yourself as you are

forced to put on your first bra and feel the relief a girl gets from the proper support of a girl's assets. Yes I think you should always remember this and this day."

Well Robin never stopped with her psychology or with having her fun with me. I just would have to live with it I figured. I was really in her power. And I was finding that as I did fasten the bra and it pressed my flesh the soft silky satinyness of it did feel wonderful against my torso. I wasn't surprised but I was surprise. And I thought, gosh another piece of female lingerie to be addicted to and a bra yet. What was I going to do? This was an awful delight! I guessed when this was all over, and I was hoping it would be all over, I would be fondling satin bras as well as satin panties and satin camisoles. I was hoping it would go no further. But it would and it did.

Next came a garter belt, again of stretch satin and pink. It was the old fashioned type that is part girdle and had substance to it, not the newer one inch wide type. Robin watched as I figured out how to get that one on. I positioned it around my waist that is my new woman's waist, over the figure changing corset. Then I hooked it in front and turned it around as from the design it was apparent that the hooks went in the back, and straightened it out and finished positioning it. All the time I was watching myself in the mirror and staying excited about my new clothes. Robin took another photograph. No comments from her, just a smile. She told me to run the straps through my panties which I did. Then after that she presented me with a pair of beige lycra stockings to put on. The stockings also felt nice.

Robin gave me the instructions on how to put my stocking on and I sat on the edge of the bed and put the stockings on as Robin took some more photographs. As instructed in turn I gathered each one and then pointing my toe, slipped the stocking on and then un-gathered it up and along each respective leg and smoothed it down and upwards with my hands. The smoothing of the stocking also felt rather nice. I wasn't sure that I wanted to stop. And again I was intermittently watching myself in the mirror. More future problems for myself, I thought.

Robin picked up on my instant fascination with my lady's stocking and told me, "Caroline, we don't have the time for you to go all dreamy on me with your new lingerie. Not to worry....all this is yours. And even if you are back to trousers shortly, you can have all this new lingerie to play with. After all regardless of how tonight ends, you are still going to be my sissy. And if you like lingerie I will make sure you can have all the lingerie you like and you will be wearing it! Now won't you?"

Again I wasn't in a position to respond to Robin's psyching games and I just looked up and trying to be as sincere as I could, just told her, "Thank you Ms. Robin, I will try not to dawdle." Which seemed to please her and we moved on.

Robin explained how to fasten my stocking tops to the garters and I did so. The garter belt was apparently well made and expensive and there wasn't any problem getting the stocking tops fastened. And of course she had me move directly in front of the mirror to get the best possible look at myself fastening my stockings to my garters. It was unnerving, as I could only see a shaved soft feminine leg covered by a lycra nylon stocking to which I was fastening to

a garter belt and which did not look like my leg. Even though I knew it had to be my leg. In the mirror looking at myself, in my lingerie and my new feminine shape it was just like looking at a girl. It wasn't me I was looking at. It could not really be me I was sort of hoping. But I knew it was me.

Robin continued with the photo taking. She told me, "Now if that is not an indication of your girlishness I don't know what is. Why you are a natural. I know woman who have problems with garters, while you just took right to it. I am just so happy for you. You know I am sure all this is going to work out for the best. And you will just be so happy. "And again there wasn't really much I could say.

Then next I was handed a sort of light boy legged satin panty girdle of pink stretch satin. I knew what I had to do and I just took it and stepped into it and pulled it into place. It felt wonderful to the touch, and the look and feel of the satin was a turn on...and the feel of the compression was a turn on. That was a new sensation. I hadn't worn any sort of support garments in my fascination with lingerie, and the girdle really just felt wonderful. And again I found that I just could not help running my hands along the material while fearing the consequences of this new addition to my fetish collection.

Robin had reminded me, "Now watch yourself in the mirror has you put this lovely girdle on. I want you to see how it fits. I am sure you will love it. And I did look at myself as I pulled the satin girdle on. And it just felt wonderful to the touch. And it looked enticing all satiny and shiny. I was mesmerized and stared at it and at me in the mirror. I found myself wondering at my entire look and who was I actually looking at in the mirror. And as I looked at myself I

just couldn't help but continue to run my hands along the garment, along my thighs and my butt. It felt wonderful.

Again Robin discerningly picked up on it all. She told me, "Lovely isn't it? I thought you might like it." And she wasn't waiting for an answer, and I wasn't going to give one. I was just too disappointed in myself for the impulses that Robin was bringing out of me.

And looking at me she continued, "Sissies seem to like satin girdles. So even though you really don't need one as you do have a delightful figure both naturally and with all the enhancers we've used on you, there is no getting away from the pleasure sissies get from wearing a nice lady' girdle. And as I am always thinking of you and thought that you would like it, if not just for now but also for later. It is the feeling of that compression all over on top of all the stretch satin that is already there. It just adds to the pleasure for the right type of guys, or so I've been told. And I understand that the real- real sissies just have to have that feeling on their groin area. It makes them feel as if their male things are female when they get all scrunched up and pushed inside and held inside by a proper girdle. For a real sissy it is just like there isn't anything unwanted down there. And this girdle will hold everything in. I'm told it is just a lovely feeling. And it helps sissies walk like there isn't anything down there which allows them to walk just so much more lady like than would be natural for a boy. I am so happy that you like it so!"

She let that sink in and she took a breath and continued; "Now I know that is not a problem for you, your male things getting in the way, as we've

fixed all of that without the use of a holding girdle. However, I thought you would really like the feel of this girdle and we'll just have to see where we are going with it."

And looking at me, she told and asked me, "Why it is nice, isn't it? And I couldn't lie and told her, "Yes it is very nice. Thank you." And that was about all I could do. And actually I was feeling pretty nice in all the stretch satin I had on. I could hardly believe it. I mean I dreaded going out the way I was dressed and the way I looked. But the truth be told, for bedroom wear I was happy in my new lingerie, and with the expansion of the lingerie I was wearing. It was fun. When and if the tortuous part of this was all over, I was thinking that I did want to keep all of this stuff. Well perhaps not the corset. However, the new stretch satin lingerie, the panties, bra, stockings, girdle, were all a yes. I was disappointed in myself, but it was a yes to all that new lingerie. And Robin was smiling as she saw me deep in thought and she smiled and we continued to get me dressed for my big night out.

Robin handed me a full pink satin slip with a double skirt and I just put it on like I would put on a pull over shirt and pulled it down and then straightened it out. Robin told me how to pull down the back of the slip and straighten it over my butt and I did as I was told. The sensation on my hands as I brushed the slip was once again just delightful and the tickle of the slip against the back of my stocking covered legs was strange but very sensual. And I found I just liked the overall feel of wearing a satin slip. And so there was another item I would have to worry about. Gosh with all the lingerie I had found that I was attracted to I would just about be

wearing all woman's underwear on my own just for the pleasure of the feel of it even if I ever got out of the forced cross dressing situation in which I had currently found myself. Then still looking at myself in the mirror I was turned on and still saw someone in the mirror, a girl, who was not me, but I knew was me, and that was just terrifying, though still a bit sensual.

Next to last were my shoes, pink satin pumps with two inch heels. I just slipped them on. The first one was not a problem, but once I had the first one on I was off balance and Robin gave me a shoulder to lean on to help me maintain my balance as I slipped the second shiny pink pump onto my foot. With my feet covered in shiny slipper lycra the shoes just slid right on. They felt strange, being a bit tighter than the typical shoes I wore and of course much lighter. And then my butt was now a couple of inches elevated and my leg tendons were compressed a bit. But all in all it wasn't horrible. The shoes were really comfortable enough. Robin hadn't played any games by providing shoes that would be too tight and painful or with heels too high for a novice in which to walk. She did want my first time dressed totally as a woman, and out and about, to be as pleasant for me as she could make it; while making me as much of a woman as she could. The alternative of being her sissy would then be just so much more palatable for me.

Robin then held on to me and had me walk around a bit. Telling me to walk heel toe, despite the high heels, with one foot in front of the other, and with a sway of my hips to help maintain balance, all of which I did. Well in a short time I got it and like when learning to ice skate, she finally let me go, and

I was walking along on my own, and after a while walking in the pumps was not a problem, as long as I walked with the sway of my hips and the runway look of placing one foot in front of the other; all of which made me feel all the more feminine and made me appear all the more feminine in my demeanor.

Finally I got my dress, a lovely floral pink satin number, with puffed sleeves, and sweetheart neckline, cut tight around the bodice and waist, and loose from the waist down. It was the typical sweet looking dress for a young girl. Robin had unzipped it and held it up for me to step into and I did. That was unnerving. Facing me toward the mirror she pulled it into place and zippered it up and on to me and the material felt just delightful and then as she closed the zipper the dress closed around my body and felt even nicer as it hugged my torso as it was designed to do, just showing off my feminized figure, my breasts and my slimmed figure. And looking at myself in the mirror I found that once again I just wanted to run my hands along my satin covered figure.

The closing of the zipper gave finality to it all while she stood behind me so I got an unobstructed look at myself in the mirror. In that dress with my hairdo and my makeup and no body hair and my padded out shape and all the lingerie I was wearing and all in pink I looked like a girl. And as Robin told me, I just looked 'darling'. And with the makeup and long hair and loss of muscle and softened body and appearing to be a female years were taken off my appearance. Why I looked like I was the age of a typical college co-ed, a girl somewhere between age 19 and 23, and I certainly did not look like a guy in his late 20's or early 30's. Why I looked like my younger

sister would look if I would have had a younger sister.

Robin looked at me and smiled. She told me, “Why you do look just lovely dear. You could be my younger sister. You just look so young and innocent in that dress and makeup and hairdo. We really do have to take you out and show you off. It would be a shame to keep you to ourselves with the way you look. I really can’t believe it. You actually came out much better as a girl than I imaged you would. I really hoped your mom agrees and let’s you come out with us tonight. And I certainly hope you mom ides to enter you in the pageant. I would love to keep you like this for a while, teaching you how to be a girl. You would make me the perfect girlfriend. But I would settle just to have you as my sissy friend.”

Then she continued, “Just to make sure you understand, you need to hold up the front of your dress and slip for a moment, so do that.” And I did. And I just looked at myself, my pink shiny girdle with the pink garters coming out from underneath, holding up my stockings.

And Robin asked me, “Now Caroline, do you see a girl or a boy?” I told her that I was a guy and she told me that was not what she asked and she asked again if I saw a girl or a boy and I told her, “I see a girl.” And she told me, “That’s right Carol..ine. You see a girl. And remember that. That is what everyone else is going to see. So if you act like a girl and think like a girl, and remember that YOU are a girl, then everything will be fine for you. And then all use girls, your mom and me and my mom will have a nice time tonight.”

“But if you don’t behave, and keep your word about this, or act nasty or unpleasant about your

situation then you are not going to have such a pleasant night. And so you need to just keep remembering that this is just a bet and you need to relax and just be as much of a girl as you can and everyone will understand if you make some mistakes. Just keep telling yourself that you are a girl and act as girlish as you can, and I think you will naturally just be fine and everyone will be happy with you and will think you are a girl.”

After that sunk in she told me, “But for now let’s just work on your voice for a little bit with the time we have left and then go show you off to your mother. I am sure she will be pleased with your look and her “new” daughter. So Robin got me talking with the projection of my voice coming from around my ears rather than my chest and it really lightened the sound of my voice and made me sound close to a female. It took a while but I did get it down and my voice up. Now I did sound a bit throaty, but I was sounding more female than male.

And so with the time we had left, while Robin got ready, she had me practicing my girlish walk while practicing my girlish talk. And I was walking the girlish walk and talking the girlish talk. And I looked like a girl. I was crushed. And the soft skirts of my dress over the soft skirts of my slip just swayed so, that it indicated the wearer could only be a girl and a feminine girl. And I knew that I was not going to give her any trouble or pull any stunts that would tick her or my mother off. I wanted to spend the night after dinner at home and not on the run, not the way I was dressed and not the way I looked. I was just hoping my mom would nix the dinner as I had complied with the bet and looking at her son looking so much like a girl would put an end to it

all. After all what small town mom wants a son who could pass as her daughter. It just isn't right.

Robin was ready and gave me a clutch bag to hold. She told me it was the most feminine way to go. She had me open it and inside was my pink lipstick and a compact and some other assorted lady's stuff including a tampon I wanted to die and I turned red. Robin told me not to worry about the tampon that it was just for show. Then she told me I would be expected to use the makeup at dinner in front of my mother. Robin explained if anyone told me my nose was a bit shiny then I was to take out the compact and powder my nose, and she showed me how to do that and had me do it once for practice. Then she told me that after dinner I was expected like any lady to refresh my lipstick. If I forgot she would remind me, but it would be better for me if I just did it on my own. And with that we went downstairs.

Chapter 9: My Mom Finally Has Her Daughter and It is Me Her Son

I walked downstairs all dressed and made up as a girl, with Robin behind me, so there was no doubt as to who the person in the dress was. So I got to the bottom of the steps and my mother was just staring at me in apparent disbelief or shock to see her son totally dressed up as a girl and looking like a girl. I figured that was it, my mom isn't going to let this go on, having her son really looking like a girl. So then my mother comes over and takes a good close look at me and shortly after getting a good look at me just starts crying. Well then I really figured that was it, my mom was in shock and the whole thing was over. I went over to my mom and tried to

comfort her. I just automatically starting speaking in my girl voice and told her that it was alright, and that I could change out of these clothes as soon as possible and she shouldn't feel embarrassed and that would be the end of this whole thing.

Well was I wrong. My mom stopped the crying and gave me a long hug and then a motherly kiss on the cheek and not like she would to a son, but like she would to a daughter and told me, "Carol" using that feminine version of my name, "you look absolutely...." and I was mouthing horrible, but out of her mouth came, "wonderful...." I could not believe what I had heard. And as she continued it got worse.

She told me, "You do look just like a girl. Robin was right. You do look like a girl, and a pretty enough girl at that. But not only that, you look like I did when I was in college, a little on the tomboyish side, but never the less you look like a sweet young girl who looks like me. And all dressed in pink the way you are...why it's just perfect. You look so innocent and sweet, that I really just cannot believe that under all that is a boy. Why I don't want to believe that you are a boy. Why looking at you now, you could be my daughter. Anyone seeing you like this would think that you were my daughter. This is just so exciting. I can't believe it. I really do want to keep you like this for tonight and show you off. And I just can't wait to take you out to the dinner and show you off. You look lovely. Yes, that was the agreement, if Robin could really make you look like a girl we would all go out to dinner together, and then decide if you were pageant material. Well you look absolutely lovely and so much like a girl that we really

all do have to go out to dinner together. It will be so much fun taking my daughter out.”

Then seeming to think about that a smile seemed to come over my mother’s face and she asked, “Carol, what sort of underwear do you have on?” Well the question didn’t make much sense as my mother had taken my male underwear and the deal had been from the ‘skin out’ that I would be wearing only girl’s stuff. I told her that I was wearing girl’s underwear like she knew I was wearing. My mom laughed and told me, “Yes dear, I know that you must be wearing girl’s lingerie, but exactly what type of lingerie are you wearing. I want to know exactly what type of girl’s underwear you are wearing. Kindly describe your lingerie to me and to Laura. And when I say describe I mean I want to hear what color and what fabric and about the fit, and every little detail. It will help me get a better understanding of all of this. ” All I could say was, “Oh mom....” But mom was adamant and thought I was resistant I was in a situation where I had to do as my mother told me to do.

So obviously red faced I described my lingerie to her. I told her, “I am wearing pink satin panties, a full cut, a boys leg cut I believe...and oh yes pink satin and a stretch satin.”

And my mother seemed pleased with my answer and then she asked, “And are your pink satin panties comfortable? I mean do they feel nice on you? I mean nicer than your sad old male cotton briefs?”

Well I wanted to lie, but with Robin giving me the look I was forced to tell my mother, “The panties are nice mom. They are comfortable and nice to the touch. But it is embarrassing to wear them. I don’t feel right in all this female clothing!”

My mother told me, "Well the fact that you find your panties comfortable is telling. So I do think you are probably comfortable enough in the rest of your female clothing. So I do think we will take you out like this and see if you will become more comfortable dressed as a girl if we find that people accept you as a girl. I mean you do really pass as a girl. I am a bit amazed.

I started to hyperventilate in an attempt to get out of having to go out dressed like as a girl. I just could not believe my mother's reaction and that she was going to allow me out of the house looking like I looked and dressed completely as a female. Then Robin just stepped in and whispered to me it was the hospital the way I was dressed or dinner the way I was dressed and I calmed down and agreed to dinner with the girls as one of the girls. I was outfoxed and I was trapped.

And so Robin ushered me out of the house and into the backseat of her mother's car, and I was outside with no turning back. And as horrible as it was the cool breeze around my nylon covered legs felt nice to me. I was horrified.

Robin held the door for me and explained to me how a girl gets into a car and sits in the back seat of a car and watched to make sure I did everything properly and girlishly. My mother thought it was just wonderful the way Robin had taken me under her wing like she was my older sister and told us so. Then mom sat with me in the back seat and actually held my hands.

Once we got going and I was trapped mom continued with her talk almost apologetically about dragging me out of the house the way I was dressed. But she told me that I didn't have to be embar-

rassed at as I made such a surprisingly convincing and sweet looking girl, to which Robin and her mom agreed. Mom apologetically told me that she never thought that she would have allowed me out of the house dressed and looking like a girl and had just wanted me to learn a lesson about making frivolous and dangerous bets, but that I just looked so much like a girl that she surprisingly found that she was totally accepting of me playing that role for the evening.

She told me I looked so girly and sweet all in pink that she just felt some need to take me out the way I was dressed and she felt the need to spend some time with me as sort of her daughter, as crazy as that might seem to anyone. She told me that the fact that I looked and even acted so much like a girl could be the only explanation of why she suddenly found herself so totally of her son totally dressed as a girl and playing the role of a girl. She told me that it had to be that I just looked so much like she imagined a daughter would have looked that she just had to spend some more time with me as a girl, sort of as her daughter. She herself was finding it difficult to believe that I was really a boy.

Then Laura told my mother, "Well he does look sort of pretty and innocent as a girl and so cute all dressed in pink that we should keep him dressed and behaving as a girl at least for an evening. It would be a shame to waste all over Robin's hard work on him. She did an amazing job turning him into a pretty young girl; though the underlying character and looks had to be there as well as some feminine predilections on Carol's part. He really does just look and acts too much like a girl for him to have been all boy."

And Laura changed tracks and continued, “But in any case....I certainly would like to work with him, if you decide to enter Carol in that womanless beauty pageant. I think he has real potential to pass a female. In fact I could actually imagine Carol earning a living as a female impersonator in some big city if all else fails for him. So the training certainly would not be wasted. But if he did win the pageant, he would be able to take some college courses on scholarship and with Robin also attending they could take the same courses and perhaps she could help him make it through this time around. In fact seeing the way Carol now looks I have an idea that we can talk about later which I am sure would be just the incentive he needs to study and complete college this time around. But in any case I would just love to work with him and teach him everything he needs to know about being a girl to win one of these pageants or work as a feminine impersonator.

My mom laughed and said, “Well Laura, you are moving a bit fast for me. It was hard enough to accept my son as a girl, so to speak, and take him out to dinner with us dressed and having to behave as my daughter. I am not so sure I could accept him as an entrant in a beauty pageant and as I would imagine having to practice being a girl until the pageant, which is a while away. But let’s just have a nice dinner together as girls, all of us as girls, and I will think about it. I mean, based upon the bet it is up to me. So I will think about it. Perhaps it would teach Carol a lesson. And the way I am thinking now it might even be fun. But let’s see how tonight goes.”

And then looking at me my mother told me, “And Carol...or let’s just say Caroline, I do expect you

keep to your part of this bet and to be the perfect daughter tonight, or I will call in this bet and give you over to Laura for the beauty pageant to make you over as all the girl she can...understand?

Of course I told her anything she asked, which pleased her to no ends and she just seemed very happy with me. Then mom made small talk asking Laura about the pageant and what it entails of a guy and as Laura described all the work involved to win, not to enter as a gag, but to actually win, I was getting frightened. The guys literally had to learn how to pass as girls and spend hours practicing and in some cases living as girls.

Then my mom asked if helping around the house would be appropriate practice and Laura told her, "Oh yes...but only if the boy is dressed completely as a girl, is doing chores meant for a girl, and is acting, moving and speaking and just entirely behaving as a girl. And that type of training even works better if and when the boy starts to think of himself as a girl while dressed and behaving as a girl and doing the household chores. And it can be a lot of fun for everyone. The boys often just forget they are boys and just get so into wearing lingerie and dresses and just being girls we sometimes have to remind them that they are still boys, or sort of still boys, depending on the cases. But those boys that really take to the tasks just get so lost in their adopted roles as girls that they can often make wonderful housekeepers. Some mothers find they really just want to keep their sons so dressed and helping out around the house. And often enough the boys get so use to thinking themselves as girls and learn the joys of living as a girl that they agree to stay that way for their mothers."

My mother then once again seemed lost in thought and we had by then arrived at the restaurant. I wanted to say something, but I had been warned by Robin not to interject into the woman's conversations and like a polite young girl to only speak when spoken to, and so I forced myself to keep my horrible thoughts to myself.

At the diner we were immediately seated. Horror of horrors I knew the waitress. She was an old friend of my mothers. Mom and the waitress greeted one another and had a brief conversation, and somehow to my luck my name was not brought up. The waitress probably remembered me from my pranking lazy days and didn't want to get into that conversation about me. We ordered and already having been told by Robin to order light, as I was then watching my figure in case I was entered in the pageant, I ordered a salad with a diet soda. And as it turned out I felt full on the salad much more than I thought I would have, and didn't really feel that I could have eaten that much more than I had. I later learned it was the effect of the corset. It was like having a belly-band. The corset compressed not only my waist but my stomach and so it could not comfortably hold as much and I would feel full with much less food. And as it turned out as my training for the Pageant would progress the girls kept me corseted 24/7 as to help with my figure training both to reshape me by the constant corseting and by a significant loss of weight. I mean after a while I was eating like a girl and was unable to support my remaining male muscle and lost it. And then for a while they were feeding me so much fat that it was just depositing where it would on a female that I now without the padding I do look as if I were a girl. But that was all later.

During the course of the dinner the subject of the pageant of course came up and I was sure the waitress overheard and I was turning red figuring she would have to realize that I was my mom's son all dressed up as a girl. On top of that Robin of course gave me the signal and I was forced to powder my nose and apply my lipstick after eating. My mom just stared as I applied those cosmetics in a manner suitable to any girl and without any apparent direction from anyone.

Mom took notice as I powdered my nose and just stared with a tremendous smile on her face as I applied my lipstick, checked it in the mirror and then blotted my lips on a paper napkin, all as Robin had instructed.

Mom looking at me smiled and told me, "Caroline, if I didn't know any better I would think you were a girl. I mean you powder your nose and apply your lipstick after eating just like any young girl into makeup would do. I can't believe it. Gosh, it is like all this girlish stuff is just second nature to you. I am not so sure I shouldn't keep you this way for a while just to see how girlish you really are and where all this leads and what you may be hiding from me about yourself. I will really have to think about it."

Well I tried to blame Robin, but she denied without really denying, which left my mother thinking I had pretty much just reapplied my makeup in public as a more or less natural action.

That aside, the conversation during the meal had touched on my entry into the womanless beauty pageant, and the waitress had picked up on it. So for whatever reason when she was serving deserts, which I had passed on, she made a comment to

Robin as if Robin was the one considering entering that contest. Robin had dressed on the masculine side, and sitting down and wearing a loose man's type shirt-blouse she had not revealed much of her figure. Any way Robin immediately gave me up. She laughed and told the waitress that she was the real girl and I was the boy practicing for the contest. The waitress wouldn't believe it...that I was a guy; not dressed the way I was and wearing all the makeup that I Robin had put on me. Now the waitress knew my mother and me and much to my embarrassment my mother gave me away, supporting Robin's story.

Mom told the waitress that I was her son, Karol, a girl for the night and now called Caroline; and that short on money for college we had debated the possibility of the womanless beauty pageant, and that Robin, a beautician friend, had made me up for this evening a trial run at passing as a girl. Then since all the woman thought I looked so good as a female they had insisted on taking me out dressed and made up for my audition for the pageant...despite my protests. The waitress still wouldn't believe that I was Karol, that delinquent son of my mother and laughed it off as a joke.

Well mom made me speak in my male voice and that almost convinced the waitress. However, she asked me to stand up which my mother made me do it, and then twirl around once and walk around a bit, all of which my mother made me do.

The waitress then took a good look at my face and was just beside herself, as the expression goes. She told me, "Why Karol....I guess I mean Caroline... you are absolutely precious as a girl. I wouldn't have believed it. You are just so convincing. You really must enter the pageant. I would just love to see you

on stage and in a gown. Now that would be something. A bad boy like you, now all dressed up as a girl. What a reversal. All I can say is that you certainly deserve this. Why in my day we called it petticoat punishment. And under the circumstances it is certainly fitting. But in any case, you are quite convincing as a girl. I just have to show the boss. She loves this sort of stuff. Why she might even sponsor you as an entry, if you would work here for a while.”

Well I was thinking a busboy job would work out just fine and would get me out of all the female stuff I was stuck wearing, and so I agreed and then with my mother’s approval the waitress did call over her boss, and I planned to be on my best behavior to snag that job as a busboy.

The waitress gave her boss the story on the way over and as before with the waitress the boss at first wouldn’t believe that the pretty looking girl all dressed in pink and made up so nicely was a boy. But the boss knew my mom and she knew me, as a boy, and so taking a good hard look at me and hearing me talk in my male voice she realized that it was me, Karol, a boy.

With that realization she gave out a laugh and told me, “Well the Bad Boy certainly makes a convincing girl. You really are pretty and have a nice figure and a nice face and certainly make a convincing girl and would be a credible entrant in the Pageant. And it is really nice to see a...let’s say mischievous lad like you put into a dress, and I gather worse. You are sporting a nice figure; to girlish for a boy without some nice support garments and padding. And with your first bra I would think. I really love it. Oh yes I would love to see you in the pageant doing your best to be as girlish as possible,

and wearing all that feminine finery. It would be nice if they dress you up from the skin out. That is typically the best way to go with these things. Makes the boy feel and act more like a girl he is supposed to be; or in some cases wants to be. But I won't ask you in front of your mother."

The boss, Harriet, then let me sit down and sat down next to me and across from my mother and explained how she through the restaurant had supported serious male entrants, voluntary or involuntary, in the Pageant and would be happy to support my entry. And Harriet was very familiar with the pageant and gave us information on it that we did not know. Apparently there was a serious aspect to it as well as the frivolous and there were serious entrants as well as the frat boy types, thought the latter far outnumbered the former. But it was always and would always be a serious entrant that won. And for that I needed some female type skills and experiences and also had to use those female type skills for some type of charity work. I would need that sort of stuff to talk about to actually win. So actually working at a waitress would help with part of that requirement. But more was needed.

That was where the local Rotary came in. If the Rotary supported me as an entrant, and it did support entrants to the Pageant, I could enter their novice homemakers program for girls caught as homemakers without the experience. So there were classes at the auxiliary in cooking and sewing and the like, and Harriet was pretty sure that as a long time family members that if the ladies liked me they would take me under their wing and teach me enough homemaking skills and involve me in some charity events sufficient for a solid entry at the Pag-

cant. And looking at me told me, "So that all your parading around dressed and acting like a girl won't be for naught. At least you'll have some prize money and some scholarship courses and the college for your trouble."

Harriet continued that my mother and her could present me to the ladies dressed as I was today, or similarly dressed, perhaps not all in pink, and if I acted girlish enough with the ladies they would get a kick out of the whole thing, they had done so in the past, and just vote me in as a pupil, forgetting that I was a male. But the warning was that I too had just better forget that I was a male, or I would blow the deal. As long as I was in those Rotary classes I would be a girl. I would have to dress as a girl, and I would have to act as a girl. And if I did anything un-girlish some lady would definitely correct me, and I had better be corrected. And that would be the deal.

My mom didn't raise any objections to that and I already knew better than to voice an opinion and so Harriet continued. Harriet told my mom that once she had me passable that she could give me a job at the restaurant to get me some exposure in public while passing or trying to pass as a woman, which would help me appear more relaxed on stage, especially for the bathing suit competition. She was destroying me. The thought of me on stage in a woman's bathing suite just terrified me. Gosh I would die of embarrassment I thought.

Then to change the subject I said something about a busboy position and Harriet laughed and told me, "No dear, not a busboy. You would be working here as a waitress, and dressed in a waitress uniform, a uniform dress just like all the other

girls and hopefully passing as a waitress. So once you are committed to this, and have a month or so of acting and then passing as a woman with the ladies at the Auxiliary then you would come work here as a waitress...definitely not a bus boy. I want to see more of you as a girl. I am really tired of your shenanigans as a boy. And if your mom has you as convincing as a girl as your potential here indicates, why you can have that waitress job regardless of her intentions entering you in the pageant. But that job depends on you becoming sort of a girl dear, a pretty and obedient girl. Yes I would just love to have bad boy Karol working here in dresses as a waitress. There would be justice in that."

I told her I would think about it, but that was not her intent. She told me, "I am not making you the offer Caroline", and she put the emphasis on the name Caroline. This is between your mother and me. I would think that by the way you are dressed that from here on out you aren't getting much say in what you will be doing." I gave her a look and then my bad boy started to come out, but a look from my mother along with my mom telling me, "Now Caroline, let's not turn down any offers of employment as this time." Put me right in my place. Especially when mom continued with, "I think even in a dress a job is a job." And looking at a smug Harriet, I knew I had been put in my place. And mom told her thanks and that she would consider the kind offer and not that we would consider the offer, but that she would consider the offer. And that scared me!

Then mom and Laura left to have a private talk with Harriet, who ordered me an ice-cream on the house, with my mother's permission, and they walked away talking. Well it was a while, but I was

still working on my ice-cream when Laura returned without my mother. Wearing the tightly laced corset had really affected my appetite, but something about the ice-cream was none-the-less enjoyable. Laura told me to take my time, and that we would meet my mother at home. That did not bode well, but after my skimpy dinner I was enjoying my ice-cream too much to wonder. Harriet came by just in time to watch me, at Robin's direction, refresh my lipstick, and seemed pleased to watch that. That did not bode well. But things were fast getting out of my control.

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