

CONTEMPORARY  
TV FICTION



**GILLIE JUST DOESN'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO DO MEN'S  
WORK. BUT DOES HE HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A  
STEWARDESS?**

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“SISSY TO STEWARDESS”

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QUOTE BOARD

Small people talk about getting drunk, normal people talk about politics, and great people talk about fashion!

# SISSY TO STEWARDESS

## (The ORCHARD QUEEN)

“Please put your tray table up, fasten your seat belt, and return your seat back to its full, upright position.”

You're about to go on trip that will possibly disturb you.

### “Full and upright position”

My name is Carol Browning. I am your typical American woman in my mid-thirties. Not bad looking as people have told me and definitely all woman. I work for Orchard Airlines as a trainer of new stewardesses. It's a fun job and I meet lots of new people, mostly young, future stewardesses.

I first met Gillie in May, right after the orchard crop was harvested. We were preparing for the annual recruitment and training of incoming stewardesses. It seems weird, I know, for girls from all over the country to come to an orchard, but they were really coming to attend Orchard Airline's Flight Attendant training school.

Orchard Airlines' training hangar and classrooms were based in our little town because the Airline's founder, Charles L. Lawrence was born on the ground's working Orchard Farm and had gotten into planes for crop dusting when he was young.

One crop duster turned into a few fruit carriers to get fresh fruit to market first, then into being a fleet of modern jets flying to all points of the country. The airline was named ORCHARD AIRLINES.

It first grew because it was run the old-fashioned way. It serviced its passengers with fresh fruit as *part* of delicious airline food and they flew where other airlines wouldn't.

The founder's sister, Catherine Lawrence, ran the farm and the flight attendants' training. Local town girls always had first chance at open positions. Before the prettiest girls in town even graduated high school, many knew they had a good job with Orchard Air. The girls were trained at the Orchard and flew away. Most of the girls never came back. Most of the boys left the tiny town shortly after that.

I was one of those local girls...a stewardess. As I flew about the world, I went to college at night and graduated with an education degree. My plan was that when my figure went (which still hasn't happened after *three* kids), I could fall back on teaching high school English.

The high school English teaching dream evaporated when Catherine offered me the stewardess-training job during the summers. Small wonder, since I was one of their most highly rated flight attendants. I had "class" and was to teach the girls "class." My classroom training and in-flight experience made me love showing the local girls that there was life outside "Hooterville."

The Lawrence Training facility was really isolated, there was nothing else but working orchards and farms for miles. But two different kinds of futures were being forged here. While the girls were learning to work the plane aisles for a fruit farm worker, the area could be the end of the road. An oven with no escape. I'm not kidding about the oven either. The heat during the summer months could be unbearable.

This story was about a recent high school graduate, Gilbert or as he was known locally: Gillie.

Gillie's father had been a lady's man in town. He did most all the local girls and then took off when Gillie was born. His mother worked in a laundry to support him through high school. It was rough and there was little for a boy to do but hang out with bored friends, cut school, and basically do nothing positive but get into trouble. Gillie was fortunately *not* of this variety but he was quiet and ordinary.

When Gillie's mother died suddenly shortly after high school ended, no one was surprised when Gillie moved into Orchard's picker's bunkhouse to work the orchard farm. A lot of boys worked there. It was an easy job to get...only a heartbeat was required.

Besides, training airline personnel, Catherine Lawrence managed a half section of prime orchard and cattle land. The Lawrence family had for generations grown and harvested some of the world's finest quality Bing cherries and Red and Yellow Delicious apples. Some of the trees came from rootstock that was a hundred years old with ancestry in old Germany.

During the summers, the Lawrence Farm was a busy place. There were hundreds of employees, picking and preparing the cherries for shipping and then preparing the apple orchards.

Catherine Lawrence, while being a stylish and world-wise commanding businesswoman, was also no-nonsense and old-fashioned. She ran the orchard farm hands with an iron fist, but also was a great contributor to community youth programs and the schools. Her love was the summer flight attendant training school and helping local girls; girls that normally would end up barefoot and pregnant. She gave them a chance to see the world first.

Young Gillie didn't have much of a future as he walked out onto that farm his first sunrise. Gillie was a frail kid,

somewhat thin and of seemingly delicate bone and muscle structure. In school, he had never participated in sports or any extracurricular activities. He was what I would call diminutive (I was trained to be an English teacher after all). He was one who sat on the sidelines while others got the most out of life.

But now, on this farm, Gillie was faced with his first real full day of hard work. It was late May and it was going to be hot. The cherry crop was almost ready to be picked and packed and now it was also time to work on the next apple crop: water, brace, fertilize and occasionally spray the trees for insects, trees that were just starting to burden with a bumper crop of swelling, still green apples. There was a new fence to be put in, post holes to be dug and wire to be strung. It was hard physical work that would callous hands and cook the hide of any worker out in that hot dry sun. But that was the work for the males.

Let me at this point tell you about the men in our part of America. They are tough; tough work made tough men and there was a macho 'no complain' culture. They played rough sports like football and hard work was their future. My husband was one of these types of men. He was no longer a farm hand, but had done his hard time and had graduated to transportation management.

Sadly for Gillie, not being that kind of man meant that he simply wouldn't fit in with them. The town girls also would probably not look at him twice either. They loved the tough, aggressive types who could do MAN work...just like I did.

So Gillie was handed a pick and hand-operated posthole digger, given a measuring string and directed to an orange colored string line that lay across the barren grass of a field. The foreman said, "Just dig a two foot deep post hole every twenty feet along this string line.



**Hard work was for real tough men. Gillie lasted a few minutes**

“That will keep you busy till hell freezes or it’s time to pick fruit.”

It didn’t take Gillie but a few hits into the ground to figure out that he wasn’t cut out to spend the summer or his life digging postholes in the hardpan and rocky soil of the farm. After just one posthole, which was barely deep enough, Gillie simply lay down his pick and walked back to the bunkhouse to quit and get his things.

Catherine saw him and stopped him. “Hey Gillie, what’s up?”

“I can’t do that kind of work. It’s too hard. It hurts my hands. It’s too hot and dirty. I’m just going to get cleaned up—then hitch a ride back into town. I don’t know what then....”

Catherine Lawrence shook her head. “It hurts your hands? What are you, a *girl*? This is man’s work, Gillie, and if you can’t handle it, maybe you’re not actually a man. I knew your father, you know. He was one worthless piece of....” She stopped and stared at the dishwater blonde boy in front of her. Another local boy down the drain....

“Wait,” she said. She called the orchard foreman who said, “NO more little, frail guys. That boy ain’t compatible with man’s work. Basically a good kid, but let him go.”

She turned to Gillie and said, “You can’t do that kind of work OR you can’t do ANY work.”

“I want to work,” he said sadly. “I know nothing in life is for free. But the sun and my light skin don’t get along.”

“Your *light skin* can’t take it? Are you afraid that you’ll get wrinkles if you’re a little tanned?” Catherine’s remark stung Gillie with shame. She suddenly felt sorry for him. He was a frail boy and not very masculine. Catherine

thought aloud, "The inside jobs are for women on this farm. You willing to do women's work?"

"Inside? Sure," Gillie said. "I helped mother with her laundry work."

"Hmmm?" she thought. The next wave of stewardess trainees were about to arrive and maybe he could clean and work in the kitchen. "I could use more household help around here, especially when those girls come for flight training. It's hard work getting and keeping the place clean, but it *is* inside. Last chance, either do the work, earn your keep, or hit the road."

"When do I start?"

"NOW!" she stated. "Do you have a problem helping with the domestic work, the cleaning, cooking, washing, ironing, dish washing, and things, the women's' work?"

"Anything if it's not in the sun!" he smiled.

"No, but the stares you get will be worse than the sun. You will have to learn from us women and you will have to learn to think "clean" like us women. If you think the men can be tough on you, just wait till you try on us women for size."

"Oh I'll be okay, Ms Lawrence," Gillie said. "I used to help my mom at home. I can cook, clean, and even wash and iron clothes."

"Yes dear, I can see what kind of *boy* you are now." Catherine smiled with mischief. "You'll fit in with the women better than you think."

Catherine, being in charge of basically a women only space, knew of certain types of males who fit right in with the women. This was the type of males who sometimes at first didn't know their true selves, but don't worry, the women would help them along.

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About twenty-five young girls would attend the flight training under the guidance of several of us women instructors. They would be prepared for the responsibilities of their new job, STEWARDESS.

Contrary to what people might think, becoming a stewardess was not for airheads. Many girls left when they realized that there was more to the job than simply looking pretty. It was hard, serious work. Lives were at stake. There was a lot to learn from the Stewardess Manual. Stuff like: Administrative Procedures, Basic Procedures, Restrictions and Irregularities, Safety Procedures, and each airplane model's layout and equipment. Along with all this, there were a zillion safety forms and reports.

All this training was carried at the Lawrence Farm that was also a small regional Airport besides the training facility. It was an ideal setting: an orchard farm of several thousand acres, a landing strip, airplane maintenance facility and the necessary buildings to accommodate the flight attendant training school.

During the summer, following the cherry harvest, the girls arrived. Usually half were local and half from Orchard Airline hub cities. The girls would occupy the dorm style bunkhouse and spend nearly every waking hour in a classroom or one of the several mock planes.

After eight weeks of training, they are flown to the Seattle office for more training and some on the job flight experience. Graduation came after months of training and in-plane apprenticeship experience. Only then were the girls placed in a hub city for full time flying.

It was not unheard of for girls to have secret liaisons with farm hands. These were pretty, red-blooded girls after all and with all the dude sweat and testosterone coming from

the big, muscular farm hands, one can hardly be surprised.

### **“In case of an Emergency”**

Catherine had great faith that it would work out. She had never had a *real* man who was able to do WOMEN’S work to her standards, but of course, the *special* kind of male was quite something else. They sometimes were even *more* suitable for women’s work than some women. She told Gillie, “I highly suggest that you just keep clear of the men and that foreman who fired you. They tend to look down on *your* kind of male, dear”

“I’ll hide in the kitchen.”

So it was that Gillie had to make a choice: either work with the men out in the fields and get calluses and sunburn and sore muscles *or* work with the women in the house doing the women’s work and be scorned by the men and probably labeled a sissy *or* hit the road with only the clothes on his back.

“Maybe I can start with doing some sweeping up? It’s dusty everywhere.” Gillie may be frail, but he had a ‘can do’ attitude.

“Start in the Flight Center. Get one of the white flight jumpsuits out of the utility room. First step is to keep yourself and those hands clean. Take a shower and wash that long hair! The girls coming to stewardess training won’t want some scruffy looking urchin punk serving their meals.”

By the end of the day, Catherine was impressed. Gillie never stopped. “Look,” she said, “You did okay. Tomorrow, same thing. You can move into the little room at the end of the stewardesses dorm area.”

By the end of the week, Catherine was very impressed. Gillie was the best worker she'd ever had in the flight attendants' training section.

That's why I was a little surprised when Catherine said to me, "I'm letting Gillie go. I wish I could keep him, but it would threaten the women." Maybe she was testing me, I don't know. Maybe she was trying to gauge my feelings about the issue.

I laughed, "Catherine (I was allowed to call her Catherine, but not many of us were, mind you), you gotta be kidding me. That boy is no threat to any girl here. He's like the girls' little sister. But maybe to be sure, you could put him into a uniform; maybe a simple blouse and skirt. That'll show the girls he's not a proper man."

"I'll ask him," she laughed. "He may even like it. You know these domestic male types," she winked.

"Domestic males? Oh you mean *sissies!*" We both tittered at that last remark of mine.

So the next day she told him he couldn't work for Orchard anymore, but added, "Unless you are willing to put on a dress uniform like the trainees."

"D...dress uniform?" Gillie stammered. "Are you serious? I can't be wearing a skirt. I'd look ridiculous and horrible... and I'd feel horrible. Everyone would laugh at me and call me names."

"I don't think so, honey. I think the girls will think it's very appropriate for a male like you. Look, I love the way you have worked so far, but this is the girl's area. Men are not allowed in this area once the girls arrive." Catherine smiled at him. "If you won't work out in the fields with the men, then you will have to leave the farm and go live under a bridge with your scruffy friends."

“What kind of uniform though? Like the jump suits I’ve been wearing?”

“Sorry honey. The idea is that we have to make you not a threat to the girls. Like male hairdressers or dress designers. Girls don’t mind them moving in and out of their spaces because they’re like girls themselves and unlike men.”

“If I wear a stupid skirt, aren’t those girls ‘gonna see me and laugh at me?”

“Probably,” answered Catherine with somewhat of a stern face. “But you will have to learn to deal with it or leave. If nothing else, you will surely develop a deep value and respect for women. Something your father could have never taught you. And besides, wearing a skirt isn’t so bad. We expect all the girls to wear skirts every day. You might even learn to like wearing skirts. You could take some of the classes with the trainees.”

Gillie sighed, “I really don’t want to leave.”

“There are lots of males that are weak and really unsuited for the traditional male role in life. They are soft and frail just like you are and much more suited to the role of women in society.”

“Do you expect me to become a girl?” he asked with disbelief.

“It’s really quite common in the big cities nowadays. Some men become secretaries, maids, waitresses, store clerks, florists, interior decorators, beauticians, real estate agents, health care workers, nurses and even doctors, and a lot of them even run their own businesses or are corporate managers. Some men even become housewives.”

Calling Catherine’s bluff, Gillie smiled. “How about becoming a Stewardess with Orchard Air?”

“I don’t think *that* would work. There is nothing wrong with being feminine, honey, but Orchard has strict standards. Even most born females can’t cut our program.” She stopped and realized what she had said. “You want to try? Sure. It will take total commitment on your part. We will help you become feminine and support you.”

“Seriously?”

“After you do all the cleaning if you want to become a stewardess, I’ll help you. Just stay away from the trainees for a while until they get used to you. You’ll be cleaning most of the time anyhow, and the girls won’t see much of you until you are comfortable in a uniform...actually a dress.”

“They will just think I’m a sissy and won’t want anything to do with me.”

“Honey, I must be frank, but don’t feel bad, okay? You lasted like an hour or less in a job meant for a man. You’re a hard worker, but you’re frail. You don’t fit in with the rough and tough ways of the men. I think if you were put in a men’s prison, you’d be someone’s *bitch* within an hour or two. So *of course* the girls might see you as a sissy. You *are* a sissy. If you look like a girl, they will treat you like a girl and we’ll teach you to be a lady.”

“This is embarrassing,” Gillie sighed as tears filled his eyes at the truth of his ‘manhood’ exposed bare by a woman like that, “but I have nothing else going.”

“This is about as close to a gold engraved invitation to a new life as anyone has ever received.”

“Okay, I’ll try wearing a skirt.”

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**Gillie was preparing for a lifestyle of jetsetting the world. If only he knew he'd have to be one of the girls and deal with rich men!**

I saw Gillie the next day cleaning the kitchen in one of the white cafeteria uniforms. I knew it was their airline, but that doesn't give them the right to humiliate a poor boy. "You don't have to do this," I stated.

"They just want me to wear what the others in my position wear."

“And are you serious about Stewardess School? It’s a boot camp with rigidly maintained schedule replete with indoctrination in what it means to be a lady. I don’t think a boy could survive the glamour treatments and constant stress to be the perfect young woman.”

“I have no place to go.”

Despite a rigorous selection process, there were still some girls that dropped out in every class. It was a glamorous job with a rather good salary and sure beat the heck out of nearly anything in the little old hometown, but even so, the high pressure was enough to make more than a few of them quit.

I said to Gillie, “Do you have any idea what Orchard expected of its ‘flying ladies’?”

“I’m learning,” he grimaced and tugged at his skirt.

My mouth dropped. “Are you are wearing a girdle?” Not that difficult to spot, I was suddenly aware of his proper underpinnings.

His choice had been simple: be adequately attired or sent packing. I noticed there was a flight attendant manual on a table. It was open to the chapter on dressing and uniform requirements.

I hadn’t minded the girdle requirement when I was flying. Girdles did provide some degree of protection from male passenger pinches and they were not unreasonable garments to wear when wearing a straight uniform skirt and knowing everyone on the plane was observing you walk from behind. But I’d never known a boy to wear a girdle. Not a *real* boy anyway.

Gillie asked, “Do you think Catherine will do a girdle check?”

“Why look? It’s very easy to tell by one’s walk.”

He moaned. "I'm so embarrassed."

"Honey listen, you're doing what suits you best. Catherine told me that you couldn't last in the men's section. They're rough and tough and you're simply not like that. No offense O.K., don't be hurt, but I think you need to be made into a girl. Face it, you're physically unfit for men's work. Psychologically as well, I think. Look at how there's just absolutely no fight in you. You think any of the farm boys would submit to *this*? They wouldn't. Of course, there's bound to be some giggling and gossiping when we first make you into a girl. But when the girls learn that you are no threat to them, they will just forget about what you may or may not have in your GIRDLE."

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I didn't see Gillie for a few days until he happened to be out on Catherine Lawrence's patio. A few of us women trainers were there several weeks prior to summer flight training opening. I suddenly noticed what first appeared to be a young girl serving the girls lemonade. I didn't recognize her at first, but then it hit me when I realized *she* was actually a *he*.

It was Gillie. He was dressed in kind of a navy, flaring, skirt outfit with a pink pullover, short sleeved top and was wearing cotton lace trimmed anklets with pink canvas tennis shoes. I could see right away that this *girl* was not what he was trying to appear to be, but the women never said anything until Catherine mentioned, "Oh, this is Gillie. He helps me with a lot of personal housework and is spending this summer learning to be a girl. If he does well, he may be taking flight training. Anyone have a problem with Gillie being a male?"

Of course, no one said a word, but there were some open mouths and giggles. "Can't be much of a he if *he's* in a skirt and blouse!" one loud whisper was heard to say.

Catherine asked him, "Are you doing O.K. so far?"

"Yes," Gillie seemed to squeak back in blushing humiliation at being exposed in broad daylight to the women by Catherine.

"Gillie is working on his feminine voice and it's just starting to find a pretty range," remarked Catherine with a smile. Gillie saw the immediate amusement in the women's eyes. "I want you to help him if he falls back into any boyish manners."

"Boyish manners? I don't think there's much chance of that," someone yelled from the back.

"Is Gillie short for *Gillian*?" another set of giggles greeted that last remark.

"Well, he's sweet," said one of the flight-training counselors. "And it's always nice to have the extra domestic help."

Later on, after the other women had left, I had opportunity to talk privately with Gillie on the patio. I commented, "I thought you were a girl at first glance."

"Thanks," he replied with a little sadness. "I didn't realize it was so easy to become a girl!"

"Well, of course it is," I had to respond candidly. "It normally isn't for a man to take a woman's role. My husband, for example, would look totally ridiculous in female clothes and makeup. But then he's a *real* man. You just need to come to terms with your true sissy nature."

"I'm not a sissy and I don't have a sissy nature!" Gillie responded a little vehemently.

"Don't get your panties in a wad. I'm just saying that most men would never even consider doing what you do. Maybe you should just lighten up and go with the flow."

The girls have no problem with you and for now you can keep your job.”

Gillie told me a little about doing the women’s work while dressed as a woman. “Well, who knows,” I added lightly. “You might learn to like being a lady. I always have....”

“I don’t want to be labeled a sissy,” he sighed.

“Of course not,” I answered. “But look at yourself. Do you ever wear pants?”

“No. They’re not allowed,” Gillie answered somewhat tartly and with greater embarrassment.

“Oh, I see...” I responded. “That wouldn’t be very girlish, would it?”

Catherine Lawrence was in the house, but had overheard a lot of our conversation and came out to add, “Gillie has to learn to be totally comfortable in dresses and skirts. That’s the rule. No pants allowed. Isn’t that true, Sweetie?”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said softly.

“Isn’t he sweet? I imagine that with a few more weeks in skirts, we will have Gillie help out with the girls’ flight training chores, too. It’ll be good for him to be around those girls and learn from them.”

I, of course, agreed. I had traveled the world with Orchard and even if I didn’t work for the company, I planned on traveling during every break I had. By training the girls during the summer, I kept full flight privileges...basically free travel.

So I’d heard it all. In New York, there were career women who have househusbands. Many assumed the wifely duties around the house. Some claim to retain their manhood but others are affected by their new role and

become very feminine and their career wives end up divorcing them so they can marry real men. There is something that fundamentally changes them when they become 'domestic engineers'. Maybe that passivity evolves into a feminine need for masculinity. I also saw some lady boys as hairdressers, even secretaries. But this was a small town boy. We don't see much of that here.

"Well, we hope it works out for Gillie," said Catherine. "When he came here, he was unruly, unkempt and totally worthless for anything, but look at him now. Pretty much sequestered from the men, Gillie is a hard worker. The key, I think," Catherine added, "is if he learns to be ladylike in appearance and mannerisms, then he could do anything. You are going to think me crazy, but I'd like to give him a chance as a stewardess."

I gasped. "Are you serious?"

"Come on, Carol, look at him. He's as feminine as any of the girls here. There's not much man in him at all. He's so suited to become female. Passengers will definitely see him as pretty female. That's what we want and what I'd like to strive for...."

Catherine saw him as a challenge. It was a challenge for her to make him into a girl, but he had great potential. I was beginning to see it myself. As more helpers and some of the girls arrived for the summer training, at first there was the predicted amusement and novelty and questioning from the girls and the other trainers, but quickly the novelty wore off. Gillie simply went about his job and became more and more adapted to his new role. He became more relaxed and was simply accepted as just another woman.

But that wasn't to say it all went smoothly for Gillie because Catherine was intent on breaking him of his inborn masculine traits and mannerisms. Restricted

entirely to wearing skirts and dresses, his emasculation accelerated and we saw our *man* assume girlish mannerisms. Whenever someone told him something shocking or even mildly surprising, his voice went up an octave as he touched his chest with the tips of his fingers, a most feminine gesture. How did he pick this up?

Training began, and a few weeks later, Gillie walked into one of my classes. "Catherine wants me to sit-in on the class," he said.

My class was on the company-approved uniforms! Orchard did supply the uniform that changed with the season and special events. None of the girls had been fitted yet. Yes, they had to pay for the first uniforms from their trainee pay. In general, most were broke after the uniform deductions, and there were the regulation undergarments that were fitted shortly before uniforms.

Gillie took a place on the side of the classroom wearing a blue and white checked gingham, full-skirted shirtwaist dress and navy blue mid-heel pumps with stockings. When he sat, I caught a quick glimpse of the white nylon floral lace of his slip. I also knew from the way he walked, that besides the feminine appearing outerwear, he was wearing a tight girdle. Probably the girdle also helped to keep him tucked and female appearing in front. He was gelded, and I doubted whether he was any good to a woman before.

After class, Gillie served the other girls from a tray of tea and some snacks. Many snickered and we all could see how he blushed at being before our scrutinizing womanly eyes like that.

Catherine commented to me later, "He's still a bit shy at being seen in his dresses, but I want to keep him out in the open. Did you like his dress?"

“Yes, it’s very pretty,” I remarked watching Gillie across the room sitting down a tray of snacks. “And so appropriate for serving. So homey and I love the little white bib apron. So functional and practical, yet so pretty and perfect for working around food and drinks.”

“See what he’s learning? I insist that Gillie wear some sort of apron while doing his chores. They help not only to keep his dress clean, but to remind him of his proper mannerisms. What do you think? Could he be a stewardess?”

“You are serious?” I thought for a moment. “He still slips-up on occasion and I see an awkwardness. It’s those inborn mannerisms every genetic male seems to be born with that we need to make go away.”

“Every *normal* genetic male is born with it. Gillie on the other hand, I suspect, was born to be feminine. He must have picked-up the male stuff in school, sort of like a protection against the boys making fun of him. Keep your eyes on him. He’s going to be sitting-in on all the classes. If he has a run in his nylons or sits or stoops improperly or anything less than in a ladylike manner, let him know. You can use him as an example during comportment class. He has to learn everything or he’s out.”

It may be hard to picture in this day that a bunch of modern girls would want to put up with all the rules. But it was air travel and the places were exciting. The girls, if dedicated, would become stewardesses, travel the world, have adventures, and most importantly meet rich men.

What would Gillie get? Humiliated? Catherine motioned to Gillie and he obeyed her command and followed her. Once out of the room, one girl gushed loudly, “What a swish!”

I came to his rescue. “Missy, you could learn a few things from Gillie. Did you notice his feminine

mannerisms as he sits, stands, stoops or moves about? You plop down like a truck driver. It seems the ‘*swish*’ is more of a woman than you are.” The girls all laughed and the girl blushed.

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“So, *Gillian*, do you like being a girl? You seem to be quite naturally feminine, dearie. Maybe you were meant to be a girl all along.” A bunch of the girls had surrounded Gillie and pinned him to the wall.

“Yes,” Gillie responded to the circle of women as if answering in a well-rehearsed script. “I love wearing my pretty petticoats and panties and my dresses and slips and nylons.”

The woman lifted Gillie’s dress up to his waist and he squealed and tried in vain to keep it down. This was followed up by lifting up the front of Gillie’s silken taffeta petticoat, but Gillie’s stopped resisting at this point. Obvious now in front of all the women were Gillie’s suntan colored stockings with their darker nylon stocking tops, the lily white elastic of his front garter straps with their little silver garter tabs that seemed to strain as they tugged gently at Gillie’s stocking tops, and the front of Gillie’s matching snow white, lace trimmed girly-panties. They were full cut nylon brief panties with lace sewn around the leg openings and a little floral appliqué at Gillie’s left loin.

And, of course, the women’s’ immediate stare went directly to the junction of Gillie’s legs in front to his crotch area, where the women naturally and automatically glaringly searched and examined with their trained womanly eyes for any possible evidence of maleness down there. There was none. In front, Gillie looked a hundred percent ladylike with only a pretty panty ‘V’ showing.

“Oh my gawd, he’s dickless!”

“Have you had the *operation*, Gillian?”

With that sight, the women all seemed to cluck and coo at once like a bunch of mother hens. Gillie simply had to stand there before all the women in total humiliation and shame and hold up the front of his dress and petticoat fully to his waist while the women clucked and cooed and plucked at Gillie’s panties. In his mind, Gillie was almost crying from the humiliation of having to show off his sissy panties that he was wearing to all the women and to exhibit his dicklessness.

It was the absolute badge of total emasculation and Gillie knew it as well as all the women. No normal male in his right mind and with the slightest semblance of any male pride would be caught dead wearing such things. Only a frilly woman or girl or in this case an ex-boy, sissy and a total, over-the-top and hopeless pansy would wear such things. Gillie at that moment wondered how he’d ever find a girl and get married as normal males do.

One could almost see whatever may be left of his masculinity simply float away in the air as he stood before the women displaying his dainty girly panties to them. It was as if Gillie was relinquishing another big chunk of his inborn maleness. And I could tell that it hurt Gillie a lot as he blushed profusely and was almost on the verge of tears of shame as the women looked over his panties and made their comments. But, as they say, “Hurt is only the feeling of weakness and wrong leaving the body.” So maybe this was only good for Gillie after all as Catherine kept saying. He can come to terms with his real self. He never fit in with the boys due to one glaring reason: He *wasn’t* one at all.

In more blushing shame, Gillie was then allowed to fluff down his dress as the women plucked at the hem one final time and said how pretty Gillie’s petticoat was and how absolutely girly he looked. Then Gillie seemed extra

careful to mince off properly back into the sanctuary of the kitchen and away from the cackling chicks.

“As I said, ladies,” Catherine added again. “Gillie is still a bit shy at being seen in his skirts, but that will wear off soon, we hope. Maybe you can help with that and encourage him. That’s what he really needs now. And as you can see, he’s still a bit tipsy in walking in heels.”

I could hear the audible clickety-click of Gillie’s feminine pumps as he moved about the kitchen. He sounded every bit like a lady walking about in there. If one listened more carefully, one could barely discern the whizzing swish sound of nylons rubbing together as Gillie moved along with the crackle of his taffeta petticoat producing the absolute sound of girl movement. In hearing those sounds being made by him, he had to be in the absolute throes of femininity and total emasculation.

One could only imagine what he may have felt, or *not* felt, between his legs. Most likely just total nothingness: like a woman in her panties. Real men could never do this because they are absolutely penis-centered. My own husband, a real man’s man if there ever was one, couldn’t tuck back his thing if his life depended on it. Gillie’s dick was probably already diminutive to begin with.

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It was nearly another month before I saw Gillie again during the first days of the girls’ summer flight training at the Orchard farm. Those days are always hectic. I was the new flight-training counselor and was tied up with 12-hour days in trying to get things organized and settled down. Twenty-five girls showed up at all times of the day or evening. We had to get them all registered, examined by a nurse for flu symptoms, etc, and assigned to spaces in the bunkhouse where they would sleep for the next four

weeks. It all kept me busy day and night and I didn't go to the main house that much where I would see Gillie.

In the meantime, the next apple crop was still being prepared for and the resident workers were busy out in the orchards spraying for pests, watering, fertilizing, etc. The apples were still some months away from being ripe enough for harvest when another group of migrant workers would land on the farm to help with the harvest. By then, of course, the girls' summer flight training would be long over and the bunkhouse and dining hall would be occupied by farm workers again. In the meantime, we had girls, lots of girls screaming, squealing, mincing, gossiping, prank-playing, and yackety-yak girls with all their teenage problems and obstacles.

It was in the dining hall where I next saw Gillie. At first he was working back in the kitchen area with the women, but in a while he came into the dining area among all the girls to bring them pitchers of iced tea and lemonade. Gillie's hair had grown out a bit to where it was now almost to his shoulders.

Catherine made an appointment for Gillie to get a haircut by the Orchard's stylist. She wanted me to go with him. "Get him cleaned up," she demanded.

He had always worn his hair very long as that was the popular punk style at that time. Little did he know it would really suit his new lifestyle.

There was a little sign on the door that said "Orchard Salon". It was run by a trendy New York stylist, Christy, who only worked there during the summer training months. Christy had complete control over all the girls and their looks. There was one cherry red hairdresser chair and another with a drying hood above it. There was a chime when we opened the door and were hit by the smell of perm solution and hair products as we entered.

“Oh my! What do we have here? A sissy who wants to be a girl!” Christy rang out as we entered. Gillie looked stunned. I realized he had probably never had a real haircut by anyone with a license before.

After shampooing and conditioning, Christy began to cut. She was amazing to watch. She would move through his hair in all directions. Then she sectioned off just a couple bangs first and cut them to frame his face.

His long shorn locks littered the floor all around the perimeter of the chair he was sitting in. I could see he had a worried look. The same kind of look girls have when they see their formerly long tresses on the floor.

She cut the back short and left the front very long in a wedge before blow-drying it using a hairbrush to curl the ends under. As Gillie sat and watched, I started to feel so happy for him. Christy was giving him a girl's hairstyle and it suited his sissy nature. This haircut would remind him day and night how very femme he was now. Gillie saw a stranger looking back at him in the mirror.

Christy handed him a hand mirror to show him the back for the first time. The back was cut short straight across the back of his nape, completely exposing his long neck, but the front was very long, framing his face girlishly. His hair was also lightened blonde and frosted at the ends. This brought a slight smile to his pink lips.

I saw him again a few days later and either he had learned how to do his own hair or had visited Christy again. His hair was perfect, immaculate, exactly as the day he left the salon. But with us girls, our sleep messes our 'do', unless we can do our hair well...like Gillie.

His ears were pierced now and he sported pearl button earrings and a matching pearl teardrop on a thin gold chain around his neck. Very simple and tasteful.

He also wore light makeup, not thick and garish, but very practical and well applied with just a hint of beige and silver eye shadow, some eyeliner, mascara, a light foundation and powder, and just the right amount of rose-colored lipstick. Gillie was getting lots of practice in front of his vanity mirror.

He was in a dress, of course, a pink cotton, short-sleeved, full skirted shirtwaist that was hemmed at his knee caps. There was no flouncy petticoat this time though. The outfit simply didn't call for it. Through the thin pink cotton material of his dress I could make out the silhouette of floral slip lace that fluttered around and tickled his legs under his dress in silken bliss whenever he moved and must have constantly reminded him that although he wasn't technically petticoated as such, he still *was* for all intents and purposes one of the girls.

Also through the fabric of his dress I could see the visible outline of bra and slip straps. Gillie was wearing a brassiere. I couldn't remember seeing him wearing one when I first saw him. He wore tan nylons, most likely gartered stockings as Catherine had told me that she forbade Gillie from wearing pantyhose in order to further teach him proper ladylike mannerisms.

"It's better for him to have to deal with garters," Catherine said. "Just like we all did when we were his age and before pantyhose came along. We used to have to wear stockings with either a garter belt or a girdle under our dresses. Oh, it was such a hassle in the ladies room when you had to pee, but we learned fast and before long we could manipulate garter tabs easily and quickly with our fingers. It would only be better for Gillie to learn with garters to teach his to keep his dress hem down when he sits or stoops so nobody will see his stocking tops. He will learn proper ladylike skirt management that way."

Catherine was right. I once had a woman make the comment to me that if only men would have to spend a few twelve hour days working in a girdle, high heels, stockings and a slip that maybe they would have more appreciation of what women must go through day in and day out. I now saw that in Gillie.

Gillie wore mid-heel black pumps with his dress, not overly high heels, but just enough height for him to learn to walk and maneuver in lady's heels. I could tell he had been getting lots of practice on posture and walking in his heels and that he had been drilled by the instructors in how to manage his skirts in a ladylike manner. He no longer moved like a male. He seemed very smooth in his motions and almost natural from getting lots and lots of practice while being constantly pantied and petticoated.

### **“Fasten your Seat Belt”**

I could hear a few snickers from a few of the girls and some whispers. Evidently the gossip had already gotten out that Gillie was a petticoated sissy working in their midst. It spread like a wave of amusement around the dining hall as Gillie walked amongst the girls. I could see the wave of teenage girl faces lighting up in amusement with eyes twinkling and lipstick laden lips just starting to whisper and chatter like little magpies.

“I hear that there is a sissy trying to become a stewardess here at the flight training,” whispered a little blonde minx. “A guy that likes to dress up like a girl and wants to be like us!” Her sexual confidence showed in her absolute condescension of him.

“A Nancy-boy?” quipped a pixie blonde.

“Ooooo, how quaint. How fun,” answered a tall, thin brunette, limping her wrist, mimicking the sissy ‘salute’. “We had a guy like that in my junior high school in New York. He loved us girls to dress him up. For fun, we

dressed him up one Friday in a print sheath dress, did his hair up, and did a perfect job of makeup and lipstick. After the game, one of the football players insisted driving him home. He never came to school as a boy again! He started wearing skirts and dresses and eventually married that quarterback hunk. Someone said he is a secretary in downtown Manhattan now.”

“Yeah, I know a lot of those cuties go to the Beauty College to learn how to do hair and nails.”

“I think people should be able to wear whatever they want to and be whatever they want to,” added a rather athletic looking blonde. “I mean, really.... Who cares?”

“Yeah, I’d much rather see a male in a dress who is polite, fun, and respectful of women than some beer drinker slob that beats up his wife and kids.”

“I wonder what happens when a sissy meets a macho man like that?” quizzed a rather naive country redhead in a pony tail.”

“Oh, they probably get beat up, I imagine,” answered the athletic blonde.

“Or maybe they end up having to s.... (inaudible whisper) his w.... (inaudible whisper),” added the tall brunette. With that, all the girls giggled musically.

“Eeeeeewwww!” exclaimed the red head ponytail. “Do you think so?”

“It’s what sissies have to eventually learn to do, dummy,” answered the brunette. “All sissies will have to do that eventually if they date any men. Just like girls.”

Then the dinner gossip session changed to the whispering and giggling rendition of the various perils and tribulations of performing services on men. With that, I turned my ears away. Even ten years ago, one would not

have heard young girls talking about having sex like that, but since President Clinton, times had certainly changed.

Gillie just moved about the seated girls in his pretty pink uniform while the girls still gazed in amusement. I could tell he was conscious of . the stares and giggling, but could also tell that he had been trained and was somewhat ready for it. About all he did was ignore them, go about his work, and try to be as feminine in mannerisms as possible.

I mean, what else could he do? He was out there in front of twenty-five gossiping and giggling and cackling “cutie magpies” in a pink dress uniforms and heels and wearing lipstick and makeup. I mean, what could Gillie do? Stand there and deny he was a sissy? A girly-boy? A lady-boy? A pantied and emasculated ‘Nellie’?

And how was he ever going to find a wife? Listening to those girls chattering earlier, I doubted that they saw him as a potential partner. No, these were real red-blooded American women who loved nothing more than red-blooded men. These girls would be making with the farm hands soon, if they weren’t already. They liked men to be men. That is, all except one of them...

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Let me introduce Blair to the story. Blair was one of the trainees. She was a tall girl, possibly tallest of them all, and while not stunning, she carried herself with regal grace. She was born to lead. She spoke with a very cultured accent, and unlike most of the girls who came fresh out of high school, Blair had a college degree. She had brains under that long, brown mane of hers.

Blair was listening intently to that titillating conversation the girls had about Gillie. I didn’t realize it before now, but yes, her sparkling intelligent eyes would light up every time Gillie was mentioned. I used to think

it was just the subject matter – most women loved discussing sissies and transsexuals. They gave us a sense of superiority over the male sex – but now I realize it wasn't that at all. Blair could chatter with the best of them, but when it came to Gillie, she would just keep quiet and simply listen, maybe for fear that her true feelings would come out.

Blair wasn't a virgin. She's had the manliest of men, but it didn't turn her on at all. She didn't like her men to fight back. She hungered for weak, submissive males. She didn't realize till she met Gillie that she also liked for that submissive male to be thoroughly feminized and sissified. If he didn't like the feminization, fine, but if he did and took pride in his new femininity, so much the better.

Blair's opportunity came a week later. It was a particularly long day for the girls. They had a few classes in the morning then spent an entire afternoon learning to serve food and drinks to a high volume of passengers. By dinnertime that evening, the poor girls were so tired you could hardly hear them chatter. By 9pm most of them were in bed with the lights out.

Not Blair though, she was an athlete in high school and she had stamina. She was tired sure, but still able to stay awake. By 11pm, her opportunity came. She snuck over to Gillie's room. The dorm was entirely quiet and there was no one to be seen.

"Gillie, wake up. I want to talk to you," Blair whispered.

Gillie who wasn't asleep either came to the door. His prior training before the girls arrived had built up his stamina and he had some energy left.

"Yes Blair, what is it? How come you're still awake?" he asked as he opened the door.

“Hey there, *sissy!*” Blair taunted as with her mere wrists, she pushed him inside. Gillie’s eyes grew wide, but he didn’t say anything in case she would hurt him.

“So what are you up to tonight, *sissy?* Doing your makeup, fixing your hair, or maybe putting some nail polish on?”

“Umm no, I was just resting, going to sleep soon,” Gillie didn’t want to provoke a fight with Blair. She looked very big and strong and he had no doubt she could hurt him easily with a punch or even a slap.

“Look at you,” she taunted again. “Even alone you’re wearing girl’s clothes!” referring to his pink t-shirt and girl’s shorts, Catherine had insisted he wear only girly clothes, even in the privacy of his own room.

“Catherine told me to! I can’t help it,” he answered, started to sob. That melted Blair. She hadn’t meant to make the *sissy* cry. She wanted to express her desire for him. For Blair that meant forcing him to submit to her. She didn’t know any other way. But this *sissy* had softened her a little.

“Awww, *Gillian!* I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to make you cry!” She sat with him on the bed and stroked his hair, still looking all ‘done’ despite a whole day of training. “I just want to be your friend.”

“Really? You don’t despise me for being a *sissy?*”

“No, I’m actually kinda like you,” she admitted.

“Really, but I’m not really a man anymore. Look at me!” he said with his hands moving suddenly with limp wrists. “Catherine made me into a girl.” He started crying again.

“Honey, I know you from high school. You were never *really* a man, not then and even less now. *Gillian*, I like

‘girls’ like you, all soft and feminine. I prefer my lovers to be males who act like females. I like to be *their* man,” she said slyly.

Gillie was shocked. He hadn’t realized there were women who liked their male partners to be really *non-male* when it came to personality and dress.

Blair took advantage of the silence by reaching her hands around Gillie and pulling him towards her. Gillie didn’t, or perhaps *couldn’t*, resist and they kissed. Gillie behaved exactly like a girl when kissing by placing his hands lightly on Blair’s chest and closing his eyes.

The kiss grew more intense as Blair gently lowered Gillie onto his bed. His eyes widened from the shock at what was about to happen, but he didn’t resist. Blair broke the kiss when Gillie’s head was resting on his pillow.

Her hands reached into his panties and found his tiny manhood. “Oh my god, sissy! Is this what you were planning to make love to me with? It’s so tiny, I think my clit is bigger!” She shamed him with endless giggles.

Gillie grew red with shame as she tried to coax his penis into arousal. Playing with it vigorously produced no change. The sissy had a limp noodle, obviously suffering from the effects of girdling

“Oh you pathetic little sissy. This is all you’ve got? No wonder Catherine made you into a girl. I think we need to send you for the *operation* and make you a little vagina. Would you like that?” she said, carefully enunciating the word ‘vagina’ as if she was thoroughly enjoying it.

Gillie, of course being an inexperienced virgin, thought Blair had found him unacceptable as a partner and was going to reject, or worse, hurt him. He was a sissy and it didn’t even occur to him to fight back. It simply wasn’t in

him. Little did he know that Blair was being turned on so much from all the taunting.

She squeezed his manhood and he squealed! "Tell me you want me to make you a girl, sissy! Tell me you were a useless male and you want to become a girl so you can be a man's wife!"

"Okay, okay, I want to be a girl," he sobbed, "I was useless as a boy. I couldn't do any of the boy things! Please make me a girl!"

Gillie surprised even himself with those statements. He was surprised by how he really believed those things he had just said. He didn't realize just how much he turned Blair on until she produced a long hard plastic dildo. It wasn't unusual for trainees to have such toys, after all they were young women. Blair had wanted to use Clayton (that's what she called this dildo) on Gillie ever since she first saw him. Sissies needed love and Blair loved giving it to them.

She kissed him again then raised his legs and placed them one at a time astride her shoulders. Looking at her like a scared doe, he was in a most submissive position. "Sissy, don't be afraid," she cautioned as she rubbed the tip against him. "Momma will make you a girl tonight."

Gillie tightened instantly at the intrusion and Blair pulled him while still soothing him. She unmercifully slid the whole thing in and watched in satisfaction as he grew wide-eyed. He felt as if someone had punched him in the balls and he tried to relax, instinctively knowing that was his only avenue of relief.

She pistoned the dildo in him a few times, each time a little more vigorously till she was sure that he would not climax tonight. Usually sissies, and of course, women could climax from getting laid. But it takes time to get used to it and to relax and enjoy it. She would wait. This

sissy needed time. But one thing she *did* achieve tonight – she broke him.

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A few days later I had occasion to visit with Catherine again at the main house. She took me into the living room where we had afternoon tea. “How is Gillie doing now?” I had to ask Catherine.

“Oh I guess he’s been doing as well as expected,” Catherine answered. “He still has a few rough spots that surface now and then, but we have been working hard to correct them. We have really worked on his mannerisms and especially his ladylike walk. He has a tendency to forget about being a proper lady when he is working and some ugly inborn male mannerisms raise their ugly head. We had to put some hobbles around his knees for a couple days to teach him to take smaller, more mincing steps when walking in heels. That seemed to work and now he’s better. He also has the habit of allowing his arms and hands to drop too low to his side, like a man does when he walks, so we initiated some serious purse training. You didn’t see it in the dining hall, but here in the house we made Gillie carry a purse with him everywhere crooked over his forearm in order to teach him to properly keep his elbows and forearms at waist level or higher whenever he walked or moved like a lady does. Men let their arms hang down like jungle apes. We want Gillie to be more dainty and mincing in his skirts as a proper lady.’

“Do you have to punish him?” I had to ask.

“No. I don’t believe in that. I have heard stories of some really domineering women that use corporal punishment as a means of petticoating sons or their husbands, but I don’t. I prefer encouragement and a soft touch with maybe a little humiliation now and then to keep Gillie aware. He absolutely hates it when we have a

bunch of women inspect his dress and slip and panties. It's for his own good because he learns from their comments and wisdom about dress-wearing. For instance, when he first started wearing stockings, the women noticed that his front garter straps were twisted around. Gillie had been attaching his garter tabs backwards. So the women corrected that and explained to him how his garter tabs would show through his dress fabric if they were twisted and how he should constantly strive to keep his underpinnings invisible to view. He has to learn little things like that. The girls are invaluable in teaching him."

"You know, Catherine, Blair has taken our little sissy under her wing," I mentioned Blair for the first time to Catherine. I didn't realize at the time that Blair had made poor Gillie her little *bitch*.

"Yes Carol, I noticed that as well. I think she's got a 'big sister' thing going with him, which is good, I think. Gillie needs a strong woman his age that he can look up to and emulate."

"How about the male passengers? How is Gillie going to handle the men?"

"I suspect that natural interactions with men will come about eventually. It always does. Businessmen can be beasts and are always looking for sex. Who is better than a stewardess who is flying to the same city and same hotel. It won't matter if the lipstick coated lips wrapped around their thing are a girl's or Gillie's."

"Oh heavens!" I exclaimed. "You don't think that Gillie will actually be doing that with men, do you?"

"I don't know and I don't really care," Catherine answered. "The girls understand the need for 'professionalism', but a handsome guy in a suit...staying in the same hotel? It may be good for him to experience what it's really like to be a stewardess in ALL ways."

I may have blushed. “Poor boy. Let’s not forget the pilots either, Catherine. They can be such wolves.”

I worried about Gillie. Underneath his pretty uniforms, he was a sweet, undemanding person easily manipulated, with a soft yielding personality, appearing to be such a cherub. But flyers lived high-speed and loved uncontrollably. Gillie would have to learn about the “free” drinks in dark lit hotel bars. He would learn about persistent pilots and businessmen in their dark suits that promised “friendship.” The other stewardesses learned quickly in those weird and wonderful hotel rooms. Gillie would be a long way from home...

Catherine said, “I have read that many girly-boys are totally accepted by men as girls. I guess Gillie’s first step is to really like doing girl things.”

“He seemed to like girl things already. His hair and makeup skills are first class, as is his comportment.”

“I read about a girly-boy that ended up becoming a real life wife for a guy. They had marital relations on a near daily basis and THAT made him feel like a real wife more than wearing dresses or anything else. While he could not physically become pregnant, it was his wifely duty to keep trying and to receive semen into his belly as often as his husband required.”

“Oh my,” I gasped. “It would be hard to feel like a boy if you were getting IT every night as a wife.”

“To the neighbors, he was just that ordinary looking wife down the street that they saw every day in the stores and in his yard. He and his husband are happy, so what difference did it make what he had hidden in his panties.”

“How interesting,” I had to comment. “Do you suppose that Gillie will go that way some day?”

“There’s no way to tell at this point,” said Catherine. “It’s simply too early in his transition.”

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I saw that Gillie was becoming more and more contented in his skirts. I caught him in the crew dressing room standing before a hall mirror. He had his skirt up and was admiring the new regulation slip and girdle. I had to tease him a bit, saying, “See, it’s better than digging ditches. Do you like the new fall uniform?”

After some blushing, he came out with, “The clothes are cool and comfortable.” He laughed, adding, “Except for the high heels, brassiere, and apple appliquéd lace girdle.”

“It’s part of the package,” I stated.

Gillie had everything the girls had, from bras and panties to slips, nightgowns and purses. I doubted if he even had a single set of men's underwear, not that he was going to need them.

Part of the training was to instill pride in the stewardess’s femininity. Orchard Airlines wanted them to never step out on the tarmac or anywhere without being impeccably groomed. Underneath their carefully chosen uniform was a full array of foundations to complete a smooth, polished appearance. They expected the girls to wear a bra, panties, girdle, slip and stockings on a daily basis. This was true whether the stewardess was at the airport or at their home base city shopping.

Gillie would not have seniority and would be given the worst flying schedule. That meant a lot of short trips and overnight turnarounds. He wouldn’t need male clothes. Stewardesses can be away from home for days and weeks at a time. The rigorous schedule, between the flights and the nightly stays in strange cities, can be exhausting. For

Gillie, it would be the relentless pressure of the job AND of his girdle.

Once when he and I were alone, I asked him, "After training, will you wear dresses when not flying?"

"I didn't think so," he said. "I thought I'd fly in dresses and at home change into male clothes. But I'm not going to be home much and with the hair, nail polish, and all...every day, it just gets easier to stay a woman."

"That would be less threatening to the other girls," I said.

"I know," he said sadly. "A few of the girls felt exposed dressing around me and the idea of sharing a hotel room on layovers was creepy. I guess I'm going to be the most girdled stewardess in the company. Catherine says I need to show the other girls I'm completely harmless."

"And Blair seemed to taken a shine to you. Are you two becoming close *girlfriends*?"

"Yes...yes, she's so nice to me," he stammered. "I really appreciate how she's helping me become a proper girl. She even calls me 'Gillian',"

"How sweet, honey."



**Gillie was now wearing Orchard Airline's uniforms – and looking impeccable!**

He was more relaxed and seemingly content. He was not going to let being a boy stop him from becoming a good stewardess. It must have been a psychological boost and relief for him to finally admit that he needed to be neutered in the eyes of the girls. It was a major step in his transition. Gillie accepted that dress wearing was his future.

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Catherine was right. Even when out of uniform, I saw the change in him immediately. He was wearing a pretty blue paisley print, full skirted, silky polyester shirtwaist dress and a pair of black strappy, mid-heel city sandals. I could hear his heels click on the cement when he came through the hanger and into the recreation room with the other girls. I could hear the zinging-like sound of his nylon stocking covered thighs rubbing together. I could smell his perfume and the unmistakable scent of hair spray that any woman would immediately recognize.

“Doesn’t our new stewardess look pretty today,” smiled Catherine. “THAT is an absolute perfect dress for you, Gillie,” she added.

Catherine turned to me and said, “A few girls and I took him shopping yesterday and bought it for him. It may be a bit old-fashioned, but it looks so light and airy, and doesn’t wrinkle. We thought Gillie would look very ladylike in it during layovers. We are still working on his ladylike mannerisms, aren’t we dear?” She looked at Gillie who was standing before us as we sat on the couch.

“Yes, Catherine,” Gillie responded with another little blush. He put one delicate hand behind his head and another on his hips and assumed a kissy face. We, including Gillie himself, giggled at this exaggerated pose. We could see that he was gaining feminine confidence.

“Show Ms. Browning your new pretty slip and panty girdle that we bought to go with your new dress. Don’t be shy. We are all wearing the same thing and it’s only us women. So up with it, girly,” Catherine demanded.

Gillie came closer to us and with another deep blush, and as if well drilled in lingerie inspection procedures, he stooped forward very daintily and with his painted nail fingertips, he tweaked the front of his dress and raised the front of his blue paisley silken skirt in a waft of perfume.

“Ooooo now,” cooed Catherine, “Isn’t that such a darling slip? Yes indeed.”

Gillie stood with his dress raised nearly to his waist in front giving us women a close up view of his new pastel lilac nylon tricot full slip with its three quarter inch hem of delicate floral lace. I saw how Gillie was blushing from having two women inspect his underwear.

Catherine fingered the floral lace hem of Gillie’s slip in front as if showing me the lace hem. Then she merely took hold of the lace and rucked up the front of Gillie’s slip all the way to Gillie’s matching pastel lilac panty-girdle.

“Such a pretty panty-girdle, too!” Catherine gushed. Gillie was likely to be the most tightly girdled stewardess in the airline. A girdle was meant to be a body armor for a stewardess. For Gillie, it was a badge of privilege. While most girls took off their girdles at first opportunity, Gillie only took his off in private and then only to change into another girdle. Whereas some girls would sleep late and then rush to class, Gillie always dressed slowly and methodically, as if to savor each girlish skill in putting himself in the right frame of mind for being a stewardess.

And of course, I didn’t know at the time, but Blair had a lot to do with the speed of Gillie’s feminization. Blair was giving the sissy a good drilling in his sweet little

behind at every opportunity. She spent every possible moment with him, totally humiliating him, telling him how useless he was in bed as a man. His best option was to surrender himself as a woman and let his sweet ass be invaded. He was naturally tight.

### “Bye-Bye”

The work and training continued. When it came time for all the girls to deadhead for a few days of training in Chicago, I had to ask Gillie, “You are going to be sharing a hotel room with one of the girls. Depends on the hotel, but you could be sharing a queen-sized bed. Will that be a problem?”

He smiled. “Thank you for thinking I could still be turned on like a man. Frankly, I’m not turned on anymore by the thought of being a guy with a girl.” He neglected to mention that Blair and he were almost lesbian lovers! “I used to think there was nothing sexier than a woman in lacy lingerie, but there is no turn-on since I have been the one putting on a girdle.”

I knew that girdles had a way of collecting excess flesh and forcing it into “a better place.” In Gillie’s place, any male mass would be squished flat. Any experienced girdle-wearer knew that’s what girdles did. With Gillie’s last yank and a wiggle, the girdle would snap the last bit of girdle up into position leaving no breathing space for maleness. Spandex rules.

“Oh honey,” I said like there was a death in his family. “Is it all squashed?”

He nodded and said, “It’s a little late for me to worry about that now. I should have known girdles would do that.”

“It’ll come back?” I said hopefully.

But even for the real girls, girdles are more than simply an unpleasant fashion necessity. A girl could come to rely on its figure control. For Gillie, a girdle “riding up” or “shifting up” in position would have a completely different meaning, and his little lump was smoothed and packed up flatly. It was merciless until it got its way.

I felt sorry for Gillie. I asked Catherine about Gillie and the girdles. “Couldn’t he wear an open bottom style?”

She laughed, “Why don’t we just hire a bunch of men and let them become flight attendants? Service would go to heck and they would just be banging the stewardesses.”

“Don’t be silly,” I said. “Other airlines have male flight attendants.”

“And they have pants uniforms and they have to have different overnight rooms and.... No, if Gillie wants to be a stewardess, he needs to be the perfect little lady boy. The good news is he’s such a sissy girl that becoming a stewardess isn’t a problem for him.”

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The next time I saw Gillie, I walked-in when he was having a uniform fitting. He had on one of the new fall uniforms. They were a lilac check, knee length skirt, matching short, boxy jacket, and a fitted vest. Under the vest, Gillie wore a buttoned up high collar, three-quarter length-sleeve beige blouse. His whole ensemble was topped off by a neat hat. Shoes, bag and gloves were in a dark lilac. Stockings were flesh colored and of course a girdle was compulsory as was a touch of lilac makeup. He figured out the lilac makeup part himself! What a girly-girl.

“It’s the perfect color for you,” Catherine said at his fitting. “Pink is the classic badge for girls and pastel blue

for boys. But mix them together in transition and you get lilac. Don't you just love your new uniform, honey?"

Gillie looked over his shoulder into the mirror. He answered, "I love the tight skirt, but is this too tight?"

Catherine laughed, "Dear, not on your sweet bottom. Don't you just love the way they fit over your slip and girdle? The men are going to love looking at your bottom."

That was mean and I almost saw the swelling of tears in Gillie's eyes. "She didn't mean that," I said.

Catherine spat, "Oh, I meant that! Gillie, you have a nice looking bottom and the men are going to fantasize about bending you over. It happens to our girls and it will happen to you."

Gillie looked embarrassed. He still had mixed emotions about his on-going emasculation. He knew that what he was doing is a taboo in society and certainly a no-no for any male with any semblance of male pride.

But there was travel and excitement even though he had to wear skirts and dresses and shave his legs every day. The psychological conflict was tearing at him, but the emasculation process was winning. Blair's control over Gillie, even though we didn't know it at the time, had helped break whatever masculine resistance Gillie had.

Catherine asked, "So, Gillie, do you mind if the men lust after your wiggling big butt?"

"I guess not," he said, turning to me. "It does look round and squashy in this skirt, doesn't it?" Gillie sighed, turning so he could see his bottom in the mirror.



**Gillie's sweet bottom will be the eye-candy for the men!**

I could only imagine what would go through this Nancy-boy's head as he wiggled down the narrow aisle of a plane serving drinks and meals. Nice men would stare, some would offer dinner, some cash, some would just let their hands hang in the aisle as he walked by and sneak a free feel. Such experiences would probably be totally and absolutely feminizing. How could any male live with knowing he was making men respond like that?

When Gillie changed out of his uniform, he was wearing what appeared to be a little white spandex, pull-on, girdlette under his lilac uniform, the front of which came down to just above his panty vee in front with the rear apron coming down to the rear lace of his panties on his smooth, fattening, girlish bottom. The white elastic garter straps and shiny silver garter tabs of the girdlette peeking out from under Gillie's sissy pants tugged sweetly at his dark cinnamon-colored nylon stocking tops. At his panty vee, I saw absolutely no evidence of anything male.

Catherine said, "What do you think? It's a new option for the girls."

The new girdlette was definitely feminine, designed for a lady who loves lace. The beautiful cups were softly padded with scalloped lace. The satin ribbon straps are adjustable with enameled metal hardware.

I felt sorry for the boy. I looked at his curved figure and wondered what a few years in women's clothes would do to him. He already seemed soft and curvy and it wouldn't be long before Catherine had him on hormones to accelerate the process from male to female.

Catherine perhaps sensed what I was thinking, and added, "As you can see, Gillie is getting quite the girlish figure. You like it, dear?"

"Yes Catherine."

“Show Ms. Browning the positions,” Catherine demanded of her totally controlled Nancy-boy.

All the girls were taught standing positions, like for when giving the safety instructions. Poor Gillie was standing before me in his girdled glory, one manicured hand on his waist, with graceful hips-forward pose that showed confidence.

“Very nice,” I stated. “Better than most of the girls.”

“Tell Ms Browning what you have in your pretty panties now, dear.”

“I.. I have a p... (inaudible stammer). I’m like a girl in my panties now.”

“A what?” Catherine barked. “We couldn’t hear you, honey. You will have to speak up. What is it that you have inside your pretty pan-tees, dear?”

Gillie stood up rigidly as he continued to hold his dress high in front before us. “I’m a lady,” he forced the scripted answer. I could have cut his aura of shame with a knife.

“Yes,” added Catherine. “We found what we needed in mail order. Gillie now has a nice supply of pretty vagina gaffes that he has to wear under his panties to keep him modest and to remind him of his new role in life. He has to wear them every minute of every day, except when bathing, even at night with his nightie and sleep panties. At first it was difficult and maybe a little painful to keep himself tucked, but now he’s used to his gaffe, aren’t you dear?” She looked directly at Gillie.

“Yes, Ms Lawrence.” Gillie’s answer was well scripted and practiced like the “bye-bye” when you leave a plane.

As Gillie held up his own dress and lilac slip in front, Catherine flicked his fingers forward as if well practiced and simply moved the gusset of Gillie’s silken lilac panties

aside at his panty vee so I could see the flesh colored latex gaffe that Gillie was wearing with its totally distinguishable formed imitation of a typical woman's labial mound, even with just a skiff of pubic hairs that matched Gillie's natural light brown hair color. For all intents and purposes, Gillie was castrated. He had nothing between his legs except, like Catherine said, a "pretty little kitty cat" for Gillie to love and to protect.

Gillie would not have any male pride in his penis anymore, not the way he was dressed and not in his panties. He wouldn't stand to pee like a male anymore. From now on and maybe even for the rest of his life, he would be sitting to pee in the ladies room with all the rest of us women.

"Have you taken your pill yet today, honey?" Catherine asked with a bit of a mischievous smile.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"How about your estrogen crème? Are you using it like you are supposed to?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"We had a lady doctor examine Gillie last month when training started. She prescribed estrogen pills for Gillie to take every day."

All the stewardesses had complete physical exams and were counseled on birth control...most were encouraged (read as 'required') to be on the pill. There were just too many handsome, young businessmen on the planes to trust the six month scheduling to chance.

"We are paying for his supply of estrogen crème. He rubs it into his crotch and breast area twice a day."

Oh my god! It hadn't hit me just how smooth and delicate our little sissy looked! *Of course* he was on hormones! Catherine moved fast. I looked at her like she

was crazy, but I could see the effects. Gillie's complexion was much smoother and feminine. I said to Gillie, "You are on the pill like the other girls.... Watch out, they will make you fat!"

"He needs the weight. You can really see it starting to take effect in his upper thighs and bottom. See how smooth and chubby they are becoming? Absolutely female? Before long, he's going to need his girdle to hold in his fleshy bottom," she laughed.

THAT was how his butt looked so delicious in that tight skirt! I asked seriously, "Couldn't that make Gillie permanently sterile or impotent?"

"He doesn't mind, do you sweetie?"

Gillie shook his head. "I've given up being a guy. That's okay though, being a girl suits me better. A lot of people think so". Of course we didn't realize he had a strong dominant woman making him feel small and femmy.

I thought, 'That's taking it a bit too far.' The demands of flight school should be occupying Gillie's mind, but he also had to cope with the newness of high-heel shoes, earrings, and brassieres. The estrogen had calmed his male urges. Gillie's male parts were shrunken and shriveled and were totally impotent.

"He's on a monthly cycle just like all the girls," chuckled Catherine. Gillie was already experiencing quite a bit of feminization, but I assumed that was from being trained by women. Frankly, I was just about done being around a bunch of girls 'cycling' emotionally.

"Did the doctor start you on the pill at the same time as the others in flight training?"

"Yes," bleat Gillie. "Only I take two pills a day and special ones during my period.

“Your period?” I stammered.

“Yes, he has a cycle, a period, now thanks to those pills. It’s when he gets a little moody and horny. He’s got to work harder on proper ladylike mannerisms and his voice training. You had better take your pills or you might get washed out,” Catherine chided.

Gillie smoothed down his dress and slip and went to his training for the day, the women’s work that he had chosen to do. “Are you sure this is good for Gillie?” I asked Catherine.

“He likes it.” She said that Gillie was being chemically castrated. “I just read the latest doctor’s report. She said that Gillie was developing swelling breasts and his nipples were starting to bud and blossom. They have swollen and even lactated some drops of fluid. Nothing you and I didn’t go through when we were thirteen,” she laughed.

“But we are female,” I stammered.

“So what if his nipples are tender for awhile. We’ll just get him some new brassieres with soft tricot cups to protect his tender little nips.”

“What if he doesn’t make it?”

She laughed, “He heads back to town and we’ll let him keep the bras. I’m joking though, Carol. Gillie’s one of the best girls we have. He’s sure to make it”

“And once he makes it through the training?”

“He’ll plump out in the right places and in six months, he’ll only have a limp, short, little nubby to easily tuck up into his girdle.”

Today it was ironing or sewing or vacuuming. Tomorrow it may be floors or dusting or laundry. Every evening it was helping to serve the girls in the cafeteria

hall and to do the dishes afterwards. Every day now was a very long day for Gillie, a long day spent in skirts.

That evening, I saw Gillie again doing his usual duties in the dining hall kitchen and bringing out pitchers of iced tea to the girls at the tables. Gillie had changed his dress and was wearing a white polyester waitress uniform dress. It was a zip front A-line skirt, with a little flouncy pastel pink waist apron, just like a perfect little waitress. When Gillie passed by a backlight, I easily discerned the lace hem of his white slip through the thin fabric of his white waitress dress. I noticed that some of the girls noticed Gillie's slip lace and were whispering to each other and giggling. I got a little closer to overhear the girls' comments.

"...and he wears gartered stocking, too. See the little garter bumps?" a pig-tailed redhead giggled to some other girls at his table.

"I wonder why he wears stockings instead of pantyhose?" asked another sitting across from the redhead. "I can't imagine having to mess with that stuff. I hate wearing dresses and skirts. Wear a dress and then you have to wear a slip and stockings and all that crap."

"Yeah, but Mrs. Lawrence is teaching Gillie how to be a girl. He's not allowed to wear jeans or pants," said a slightly overweight blonde.

"I wonder if he sits to pee like a girl?" giggled the redhead.

"Well, I guess so!" giggled the blonde. "How the heck else could you pee while wearing a girdle, slip, and a dress?"

"Wears dresses, sits to pee, my goodness what a total sissy." said a brunette. "I bet he will be doing the pilots before long, too, if not already."

“Ewwwww! Margaret, you have such a crude mind,” countered the blonde. “Are guys all you can think of?”

“Well, it’s true. It’s what almost all stewardesses end up doing eventually. Catering to businessmen’s needs all day and fending off the advances...it wears you down!” She laughed. “Most guys don’t care who or what is doing their weenie.”

“What makes you think that Gillie will end up on his knees like you? He might just end up being a perfect lady both in and out of uniform.”

“It might be a week or month or a year or ten, but some guy is going to end up making your sweet little Gillie squeal like a girl,” the brunette punned.

“You mean get laid?” asked the naive little redhead.

“Of course honey, not by watching Days of Our Lives!” snapped the brunette. “Like us all, he’ll have one drink too much and find himself spread-eagle.”

“Ooooooh, my! I can’t imagine how much that must hurt THERE,” shivered the redhead.

“It’s not so bad,” added the worldly brunette. She smiled, “You’ll find out. A drink or five and it hurts a little at first, but then you get used to it. You can let the guy go because you can’t get pregnant! Not that that’s a problem for Gillie.”

“Eeeeeeee!” the other girls all squealed in unison. Then they all giggled musically as they all looked over each other with their looks of girlish mischief.

“Boy,” added the blonde with somewhat of an exhausted expression, “then Gillie would really know what it means to be a woman. One nice big guy in bed and he’d be all girl, for sure.”

“You just wait until flight training is over and all those horny businessmen compliment him and buy him a expensive dinner and drinks. He’ll learn what it really means to wear dresses and cater to men’s needs.”

“I just wish there were some guys here at flight training. I just hate nothing but other girls sometimes. I wish we had some cowboys or something here,” added the more mature brunette.

“Wouldn’t it be nice to have a few handsome young studs around whenever we needed them?” another girl giggled.

“Then turn into a pair of heels afterwards,” quipped the brunette again. “Now that would be the ideal man.”

“Oh you girls don’t know? If you want to meet some cute guys, you should just go to the farm. There are plenty of young studs there,” Blair spoke for the first time in the conversation. All the girls looked at her as if dumbfounded. They had forgotten her presence as she’d been quiet the whole time.

“Why Blair, don’t tell me you’ve had a bit for farmer dick!” said Margaret the lecherous brunette. All the girls giggled dutifully at that. Blair blushed and said no more. She actually hadn’t had some ‘farmer dick’, but she knew someone who had...

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Gillie’s first time with a *real man* was all Blair’s doing. She obtained extreme satisfaction from stuffing Gillie’s behind with ‘Clayton’, her beloved dildo. She would stuff him till he climaxed, then make him tend to her needs with his tongue. She felt that was the only means he could bring her off as his dick was almost nothing.

One night she got a little tired of their usual routine and said commandingly to Gillie, “Baby girl, you need a

man. I want to see you suck a man off and get it in the backside.”

Gillie was absolutely terrified at the prospect, “Blair, I don’t know. I see some really handsome boys at the farm. I find their big muscles very attractive, but I’m not ready to get into anything with guys.”

“Shut up you little girl. If I say you’re ready, you better damn well be ready. Tomorrow, I’ll bring him here.”

“Him? Who is he?” asked Gillie, extremely alarmed. Blair was already out the door, leaving Gillie to contemplate the prospect.

Blair wasted no time in finding the right guy. Early the next morning, before the girls were up, she found herself at the farm looking and scoping for the suitable guy to bring Gillie into womanhood. She wanted to find a big strong man, and she found one, Jim Bob.

She approached the guy. He smiled thinking a hot girl was trying to proposition him. His smile dampened when it dawned on him just what she was suggesting. He started protesting, but of course he didn’t know whom he was dealing with! Blair simply pooh-poohed his ‘I ain’t no faggot’ defense by showing him a picture of Gillie and watching him fall silent. She giggled and told him when to be there. He nodded hungrily and said he’d there.

It was just coming to midnight and Blair was busy making up Gillie and fixing his hair. Gillie was nervous and sweating. Blair had to redo his makeup twice and her temper was flaring again, but her need to see Gillie get it from a man kept her calm. “Easy now, baby girl. Jim Bob’s a big man. We need you calm and collected so you can give him a good time.”

Jim Bob was five minutes early. He was never early for anything, but the thought of a sissified male ready to give him the time of his life put fire in his boots.

“Hey there, it’s me, Jim Bob,” he said, knocking at the door.

“Hi there big boy,” said Blair provocatively. “We got some sissy pussy for you tonight.” Gillie shivered, although part of him was excited at the thought of a man desiring him.

“I know you! You’re the puny farm boy who worked one morning and just left. We all made fun of you, calling you sissy. Couldn’t know at the time how right we were!” sniggered Jim Bob viciously.

“Baby girl, I want you to tell Jim Bob what you are going to do for him. Tell him slowly and sexily,” commanded Blair in a scary voice. Jim Bob smiled in anticipation.

“Hello big boy, I want to be your sissy girlfriend tonight. I want to show you what a woman I can be for you. I am hoping to put your gigantic dick in my mouth, and maybe if I deserve it, you will do me in my sissy pussy.”

Jim Bob was open-mouthed, but delighted at this forced confession from this sissy he saw before him, but no one was more shocked than Gillie himself. He wasn’t shocked at the content of the speech because he had been repeating it at Blair’s behest all day long. What surprised him was the twitching he felt below his gaffe and on his budding breasts. He felt like he needed, even *wanted* this.

Jim Bob was rough. He simply made a grab for Gillie, making him squeal a little and kissed him hard on his mouth. Gillie’s eyes went wide open and he obediently opened his mouth to receive Jim Bob’s manly tongue.

Blair sat at Gillie's vanity mirror, very aroused from this foreplay (if you could call it that) and touching herself with great pleasure.

Jim Bob maneuvered himself so he sat on Gillie's bed with his legs over the side like a bench. He and Gillie continued their torrid kisses, only now it looked like Gillie was kissing back. Gillie didn't know what came over him. At that instant, he caught the smell of stud and it made him feel small, femme, and so much in need to be taken.

Gillie sat on Jim Bob's lap for a few minutes before Jim Bob gently persuaded him to kneel between his legs. Jim Bob didn't have to instruct Gillie what to do next. Gillie hungrily opened Jim Bob's zipper and withdrew his snake. Both Gillie and Blair gasped at its size, and Gillie began licking it gently.

"Daddy, why don't you sit back and relax? Let mommy take care of you," Gillie whispered seductively. Blair knew her tutoring days were over. Gillie had come into *her* own.

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Occasionally I saw Gillie in class. He always was so put together, except for one day. I kept him after class and asked, "Are you okay?"

"I woke up today feeling sick to my stomach. I have extra sore breasts, I'm super irritable, have stomach pain, and I feel like I'm on the verge of tears...."

I laughed, "It sounds like you are having PMS?"

"My calendar says I'm nearing my red dot days."

"That means you are at the end of a monthly cycle. Welcome to womanhood?" I laughed. "Take a couple of Midols and get used to it."

Tears welled up in his eyes. "I'm so confused." Mascara stained tears rolled down his cheeks.

“Honey, you have gone through a lot of changes. When you look in the mirror, you have a new job, new place to live, clothes, friends, all from being a woman. Your life is full of ups and downs. Make a point to stop and smell the roses. Enjoy things that have been off limits. Wear pink, miniskirts, crazy makeup, sexy lingerie, really high heels, basically stuff a teenage girl would be into.”

“Teenage girls are boy crazy and I must say....”

“You will probably start dreaming about being a woman because you are treated as a woman. Men can be a pain in the derriere, but they can also be fun for a girl.”

“Yes, they can,” he smiled. I didn’t know why, but later I found out that Jim Bob and Gillie were meeting *without* Blair’s knowledge. They had become an item. Jim Bob was helping Gillie come to terms with his new self. Gillie was told daily what a fine lil’ darling he was and how he’d make Jim Bob a fine wife. Gillie was over his infatuation with Blair and was boy crazy over Jim Bob!

### **“Fasten your Seat Belt”**

It was time for Gillie to begin actual flight training. To begin with, Catherine suggested Gillie and I share a hotel room during the initial overnight training flights.

After the first flight, we were in the hotel room, and Gillie looked embarrassed when I saw him in his body shaper. It was a bright white garment with a row of hooks and eyes down the left side and a closing zipper. It featured a pretty lace tummy panel with pink appliqué cherries. It looked incredibly tight, pulling him in narrowly at the waist and packing his hips down in a very controlling squeeze.

“You look nice and smooth in that full-line.” My eyes went to the gusset, but if anything was straining to burst out, it was firmly controlled by the garment’s imprisoning

grasp. The poor boy was snug in his spandex cocoon. Gillie said, "Once I get it on, it's not going anywhere. It's easier to suffer and leave it on."

I laughed, "It's worth it. You looked great with a hourglass figure men are crazy about and makes women jealous. Keep this up and your possibilities as a stewardess are endless."

"I did okay?" he asked eagerly.

"You were polite, gracious, dignified, diplomatic, and quite feminine in your dealings with passengers. Without realizing it, a subtle and powerful force has changed you. Hundreds of men and women observed you today. You may be a boy between your legs, but everyone saw you as a delightful, young lady. Congratulations!"

"I can't believe I did it," Gillie smiled thinking about the hectic flight. Gillie had juggled trays, dealt with an obnoxious passenger and two leering businessmen who kept staring and leaving their arms in the aisle. "Tomorrow we have the return flight and I have to do it again!" he muttered as he hung up his uniform. At 8 a.m., he would once again be on the plane, fully dressed in a ladylike manner, checking all the service kit, magazines, special meals, pillows, and blankets.

I looked at Gillie. He could memorize the names in first class, serve a meal, and keep his skirt straight with the best of the girls. A couple of girls were threatened and wanted to "wash the boy out", but here he was, his uniform hung on a closet, showered, and with curlers in his hair. In a nightgown, he came to bed, but not before setting the alarm.

Poor Gillie. He had no choice anymore. Wearing a sheer nightgown, he was trying to be as much a woman as he could. He had to take care of his face, hair, and prepare for the next long day of work. His circle stitch bullet bra

under his white blouse would turn heads as he wiggled down the plane's aisle in high heels.

"You are really cut out for this job!" I said as I turned out the light.

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I noticed the changes in Gillie's composure when he was in front of all the girls while wearing his skirts. When he started becoming a girl, Gillie was extremely shy and kept trying to hide in the kitchen until prodded to go out to the tables full of cackling and giggling minxes. Now Gillie was oblivious to the girls' looks and comments.

It was one thing to be a sissy, but doing it at 30,000 feet was something else. The novelty of a Nancy-boy in their midst was becoming normal with the girls, but Gillie was learning to deal with snide comments and criticism.

Gillie looked more and more like any stewardess, just more tied to his work, and not worried about his presentation in front of others. He made good progress to being ladylike in his motions. He did his job, not caring about how he looked to the other girls.

Gillie would go from passenger to passenger with the cart of drinks, carrying out his work with a nice ladylike walk in his heels. He would bend forward to help passengers with pillows and to pick up the plastic glasses and food trays. The skirt of his uniform would raise in back a bit as he leaned forward and sometimes his slip lace might peek. Men would stare if they caught a glimpse of Gillie's frilly lingerie, but he paid them no mind.

Perhaps it had registered on Gillie that he could do nothing about being in a skirt in public, so why fret about it and be humiliated. He decided to just deal with it and take the sexy entanglements like any girl.

Catherine told Gillie once, “It’s a male dominated, business world that our airline caters to. Who cares if you are wearing a dress. If you’d rather flit around the world in a dress rather than dig ditches in pants, then you should! Besides, you look good in a dress. Why not just let your hair down and enjoy being a lady?”

The women were right, of course. Gillie did look good in a dress or his uniform, and almost any female outfit. His bottom plumped out and his breasts blossomed nicely. His wardrobe had to be replaced because of his swelling breasts and expanding bottom. Wearing a slip, stockings, garter belt or girdle, bra and panties had become routine to Gillie. When he got dressed in the morning, he didn’t think about putting on his nylon frillies and dress like he used to. He had no more guilt attacks about it, especially when he exited the shower and saw himself naked in the mirror with his breasts and swollen pink nipples. There wasn’t much to see elsewhere. Having breasts affected him psychologically. He needed to wear a brassiere and deal with how they showed in clothes. He no longer felt guilty about putting on panties and bras.

The estrogen pills and tight girdles had done their thing on what remained of Gillie’s male sex drive. He was totally impotent, chemically castrated, gelded and totally emasculated.

The tiny limp noodle down there that he had to tuck in the gusset of his panties was nothing more than an inconvenience, much like an unwanted epidermal growth. For Gillie, being female was routine. He’d get up in the morning, take off his nightie and sleep panties and bra, take a shower, wash his genital area, and then replace his gaffe, put on fresh panties and brassiere, do his makeup and hair, put on a garter belt or girdle and stockings, put on a slip, put on his dress for the day and his shoes, grab his purse and head out the door. Except for the gaffe, it

was the same routine as any woman in the morning. No second thoughts. No guilt. No humiliation at seeing himself in a bra and sporting breasts meant for nursing. Those feelings were gone, replaced with routine and a non-issue of appearing before others wearing a dress.

Of course there were stares and scrutiny. Women have to deal with that every day from men. Men stare. They look. They comment and whistle and make animalistic, caveman remarks. They fixate on breasts, bottom and legs, and some even have a fetish for feet and ladies shoes. A lady has to get used to that, learn to deal with it, and walk away from it.

Watch any woman as she walks down the avenue where she is under the scrutiny of on-looking men. She walks past a construction site and hears the comments and the whistles and trash talk.

Gillie in his tight uniform skirt knew that men stare at his jiggling feminine rump and he senses them looking up his skirt as he goes up the airport escalator. So what does he do? What else can he do except be ladylike, feminine, manage his skirts as best can, and walk away from it. After all, the comments and whistles are harmless. Who cares about comments from morons? The other stewardesses, if she wants to tease a special man, wiggles their bottoms at him or allow their breasts to bounce. Gillie would just go about his day and pay no mind to the stares and whistles and propositions. That is what Gillie learned to do and he had made great strides towards being a “lady” at all times.

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A couple weeks later, I had occasion to go to the main training facility at mid-morning to meet with Catherine for a few minutes. The girls had just finished their morning safety training and were taking a break. When I

asked where Gillie was, Catherine told me that he was in his bedroom. She asked if I would like to visit him. Of course, I jumped at the opportunity.

Gillie was sitting on his bed when Catherine and I walked through his open door. Catherine explained to me that Gillie was required to keep his door open so Catherine could make sure he wasn't reverting back to any male habits. "There haven't been any problems lately," Catherine explained. "Once we took away all of Gillie's male clothes, toiletries, and such, he has totally accepted of his new role."

I was shown his room as he sat on the edge of his bed dressed only in a snow-white full slip with a nice band of floral lace about the hem. Gillie had just taken a shower, attach his stockings to his garter tabs, and was about to put on his day dress when Catherine and I entered his room. I was amazed at how totally femme Gillie appeared even when dressed only in his slip. The shiny nylon sheath seemed to mold perfectly to his now obviously blossoming breasts and to his hips and waist. He could have been a perfect catalogue slip model.

"My, that's a pretty slip you're wearing," I said.

"It is one of Gillie's favorite styles. It's a Shadow line full slip carried at the dress shop downtown. It's a popular style with all the ladies. Every time the store gets a new shipment, they call us. They know Gillie really likes them. He has several in different colors. He has the same slip in candle glow, pink or peach, plus black for formal occasions and with his darker dresses. Gillie usually wears just plain white or maybe the candle glow beige for day wear.

"You like your pretty slips and pan-tees that we buy for you, don't you, honey?" Catherine looked at Gillie.

“Yes, I love wearing pretty ladies things,” Gillie answered the correct answer that Catherine demanded.

Gillie’s room was covered in a feminine powder blue floral wallpaper. His furniture consisted of his simple bed, a straight backed upholstered chair to sit on while dressing, a light oak dresser where he kept his bras, nylons, girdles, half slips, stockings and a few scarves, a little end table next to the bed, and a compact vanity table with two rows of drawers for Gillie’s feminine supplies. His closet was deep and wide, filled with hangers of dresses, blouses and skirts.

At the foot of the closet was a shoe rack that held a dozen pairs of ladies shoes from high heel pumps to strappy city sandals to pairs of pastel colored canvas tennis shoes and slip-on wedgies. In the back of the closet, a clear plastic clothes bag encased Gillie’s two taffeta petticoats, one in shiny white with lots of lace trim and another in shiny pink with lace and ribbon bows. I could almost hear the petticoats crackle. They had to be an absolute badge of total, limp-wristed, swishy sissification whenever he was wearing either of them, and a constant reminder that he was dressed pretty like a girl.

I looked into his bathroom and saw a counter covered with an array of feminine cosmetics. A full length mirror on the door is where Gillie would see himself whenever he exited the shower, while dressed in his bra and panties, or in just his gaffe with his budding titties.

Catherine left Gillie and me alone when one of the maids called her to a phone. I asked him, “So, are you having fun being a girl?”

“I guess,” he answered. “It’s okay. I’m getting to like wearing my pretty dresses and things.”

“Would you rather return to wearing pants and being a boy?”

“That’s not allowed,” he answered quickly. “I’m not allowed to wear any kind of pants, even girl’s slacks. I can’t remember what pants feel like.”

I said, “You look very much the young lady.”

“Thank you,” he smiled. “The pills and crème Catherine makes me use are changing me.”

He stood and walked to the bathroom counter and brought back the pill bottle and a tube of crème. The pills were Premarin, a powerful female estrogen hormone pills that were prescribed to him by a doctor. The crème was called “Vaginette.”

“What does that crème do?” I asked his.

“It smoothes me out down there and helps make me smaller. I apply twice a day, morning and before bed.”

I read the contents listed on the tube. It was loaded with topical female estrogens that were absorbed through the skin in the genital and breast area. It was pretty heavy-duty stuff and definitely not something a male with any semblance of male pride would want to put on himself. I opened the cap and took a little sniff. I immediately detected the scent of vaginal crème that any woman would immediately recognize.

Catherine overheard the last bit of the conversation as he came back into the room, and asked Gillie, “Why don’t you show Carol what the crème does for you, honey? Show her your pan-tees in front. Don’t be shy. It’s only us women here.”

Gillie did as commanded. He immediately stood up, crossed his forearms in front and took hold of the delicate lace hem of his lily white slip with his rose painted nails and lofted up the front of his slip to the waist band of his matching snow white, full brief style, lace trimmed panties.

My eyes went up his legs above his beige color stocking tops and garter tabs to his most feminine panty ‘V’ in front where I saw nothing, nothing but what appeared to be a typical woman’s panty ‘V’. There was no sign of anything male down there. As Gillie moved a bit to keep his balance, he spread his legs apart, and again, I saw nothing in the smooth gusset of his white sissy panties except the normal shadow or outline of labial lips which undoubtedly came from his latex vagina gaffe. For all intents, Gillie had nothing but a smooth “V” between his legs just like any young woman would have.

“Oh my,” I could only react. “I had no idea...”

Catherine cut my sentence short. “So you see, Carol, that crème really works. Gillie has been using that crème for a little over a month and look at him now. He’s a girl and will never be able to go back to wearing coarse pants.”

“No Catherine. I don’t want male clothes. I’ll wear dresses like the other girls,” Gillie smiled as if speaking again from a well rehearsed and pre-approved script.

“Good girl,” answered Catherine. “Now put on your pretty dress for the day, dear. We have to go into town to get some groceries and then to the drugstore before your dinner serving duties.”

As Gillie continued with his dressing, Catherine took me back out to the living room and explained, “This is going to be another turning point day for Gillie. I decided that starting tomorrow, he will experience monthly periods like a real girl. I’m taking him to town to buy his own box of Kotex napkins at the drugstore. It will be a good drill for him to stand at the checkout counter and buy his napkins, and then he will wear a napkin in his panties for four days each month. I will have him outline his period days on a calendar. During each period he will have to wear a napkin in his panties and will have to

change them at least three times each day in the ladies room. That will be good feminine practice for him.”

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That evening I saw Gillie again in his stewardess dress working the turnaround flight. He looked a bit flushed. I sensed that he had been through an ordeal. Perhaps the strange feeling wearing a napkin in his panties was affecting his psyche. He kept looking at his watch, as if on some schedule. As the hand struck the hour, Catherine took Gillie into an adjoining restroom.

Several girls went in and out while Catherine and Gillie were in the restroom. A few of the girls were giggling and smiling and immediately rushed over to their table, whispered something to the other girls at the table, and then all the girls giggled and cooed some more. Evidently, whatever was going on with Gillie and Catherine had lit up the flight-training girls.

A half hour later, Catherine and Gillie exited. Gillie's face was flushed and his walk was a restricted and paced. Days later I overheard the girls talking about how Catherine instructed Gillie on how to properly change his napkin like a lady and how to properly dispose of it, wrapped in tissue in the napkin depository. I could imagine how humiliating that experience was for poor Gillie, to be in front of a bunch of giggling and gossiping minxes who knew that Gillie was a Nancy-boy while learning from his strict mistress how to properly change and dispose of his napkin.

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Near the end of summer flight training, some of the seasonal apple pickers started to arrive. Soon the girl's flight training would be over and the orchard farm would concentrate on harvesting the year's apple crop. For

Gillie, it meant more instances of being in front of the men wearing his pretty dresses.

“I don’t think Gillie should work in the cafeteria this year when the men are here,” Catherine explained/

Gillie thought, “This year? Does she mean that I will be wear dresses next year?”

I asked Catherine if she thought that Gillie would ever go back to wearing pants, she responded, “Oh heavens no! That would be ridiculous. Look how feminine he has become, how nice he looks as a girl, and how suitable and functional he is in his new role. He’s beyond the point of return. He’ll be in dresses for the rest of his life.”

Catherine and I noticed that Gillie was looking guilty. “Gillie, why are you staring at the floor like that?” Catherine asked. “Do you feel sad about not being able to be male again?”

“No Miss Lawrence, it’s not that. It’s just...”

Catherine and I grew impatient, which made Gillie spill the beans. He told us about Blair’s night time visits and how Blair had helped him discover his passive role. Then he told us about Jim Bob!

Catherine and I stared wide-eyed and open mouth as Gillie related that he and Jim Bob were seeing each other. Jim Bob had introduced him to sweet pleasures of love, and although he didn’t see them getting married, Jim Bob had completely wiped out whatever maleness was left in him. Gillie simply didn’t see himself as male anymore.

It was true of course. Catherine was right, by the end of summer flight training, Gillie had become totally and hopelessly feminized. He couldn’t go back to being male. With his plucked brows, pierced ears, feminine hair, long manicured nails, smooth body, budding breasts, and widening hips and bottom, he’d only look like a girl in

male clothes or maybe a common sissy, which Gillie would never want. Gillie would much better serve society and himself in the female role of a full-fledged stewardess.

Gillie's initial flight training ended. *She* was ready

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### **“Stow your Personal Items”**

Gillie needed clothes so that he'd be properly dressed when not flying. Catherine and I discussed this, and she ended it with, “For goodness sake, get the sissy some proper dresses!” He was getting nice curves for a boy, so the next day I took Gillie dress shopping.

With little input from me, Gillie chose very nice casual clothes. He picked out a flouncy little skirt that made me gasp, “Gawd, you *are* into this now, aren't you?”

With a twinkling in his eyes, he said, “I have made peace with who I have become. Makeup, high heels, dresses, and hosiery are part of me now. I am a boy in the process of coming to terms with my femininity. Even if I weren't a stewardess, I'd still wear a dress, bra and girldle. I'm taking estrogen. It gives me a feeling of dignity, feeling playfully feminine and flirtatious like the other girls. Jim Bob likes seeing my legs in skirts!” he finished with a giggle.

“Jim Bob is enjoying the best of you these days!”

Gillie flipped his hair, “Jim Bob's very sweet to me. He taught me that what's best for me is to become the best woman I can be.”

We bought Gillie blouses, sweaters, and nice straight skirts. Cardigans are easy to pack for longer trips. I used an Orchard Airlines credit card, but it all went against Gillie's future earnings.



Gillie now had clothes for work *and* recreation  
what a girly-girl!

Stewardesses usually like to go clubbing if they have a weekend layover. If I tagged along on the flight, I usually tagged along on the partying. Once we went to a dance and I saw Gillie dancing having a great time.

I saw him again after the dance walking off into a dark corner of the grounds towards a pickup truck with a tall cowboy. I thought that he would be getting and receiving the cowboy's big, stiff, manly, "function" very soon. Gillie would come to know what it means to be a pretty dress-wearing woman.

Later I asked him if he was okay. "Yes, I'm fine," he answered, his face blushing. "This is John. We are going to Hawaii."

"Oh I *see!* Have fun you two...."

Gillie blushed again. My immediate impression was that this was just a fling. I had been there as a stewardess and knew what went on, rich handsome man offering travel for companionship.

I wondered when it first happened. Gillie may have been taken aback at first and even repulsed, but once it was over and done with, Gillie knew better what the other stews go through. Gillie found out what it really feels like to be a stewardess on the "long haul". Once it happened, stewardesses either avoid men or look forward to the next "flight". Obviously Gillie was enjoying his new options.

Gillie was a stewardess and woman of the world now. He wouldn't be getting out of a uniform for a very long time, if ever. The only girls that quit flying were pregnant or married a rich guy. I knew one of those wouldn't happen to Gillie.

This might give you the impression that Orchard stewardesses are loose young women, but nothing could be further from the truth. They just had more contact

with men who got their way, ladies men, who as any woman will tell you, are hard to say no to, especially after saying, "What can I do for you?" Stewardesses are the perfect ladies when they were expected to be, and Gillie was the most perfect lady of them all, although Gillie's equipment would not allow a 'traditional' mile high intimate acquaintance.

The work was hard, but the workday had its limits and so did Gillie. Men are the stewardesses entertainment. Gillie allowed kissing, light petting, and if the man behaved himself, Gillie would provide gentle manual or oral relief. Gillie was proud to be a good girl, and planned to stay that way.

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I left at the end of summer to continue with my life and career as a high school English teacher. I was still a summer trainer, so I had flight pass privileges. During Thanksgiving break, I ran into Gillie in the Miami airport employee's lounge. I could hardly believe what I saw.

Gillie was standing with other stewardesses comparing leather purses. Gillie was wearing the casual cotton, yellow and white checked, tight skirt uniform, as the weather was still hot in the south. He was wearing nylons and beige, strappy, high-heel pumps that matched the light brown shoulder-strap purse that he had slung over his shoulder.

He had also had his hair done recently. It was longer and permed and frosted at the edges of his curls that came below his ears and over one temple, to keep his hair back, he wore a little barrette with a small pink bow. Gillie was taking regular trips to the beauty salon to get his hair and nails done.

As I approached to say hello, I caught the scent of Gillie's perfume and could almost hear the swish of his

skirts as he moved about with the zinging swish of nylon rubbing against nylon on his stocking covered thighs: the undeniable scent and sound of absolute femininity.

And as I approached, Gillie stepped in front of a low-counter light. I saw through the thin cotton fabric of his dress to make out the outline of pretty white slip lace fluttering around his stocking covered legs under his dress. It served as a constant reminder that he was petticoated, pantied, pussified, and dressed like a lady in public. I knew that what Catherine had told me earlier that summer was true. Gillie was over the top as a femme and well beyond any point of return. I surmised that Gillie would never wear pants and never be male again. He was thoroughly emasculated and sissified.

I immediately noticed that even Gillie's voice had changed to the femme. It was higher pitched than before as a result of obvious voice training. His mannerisms were mincing. He even swished his hands and arms about with limp wrists. Gillie was totally femmed and pussified. He could never function in any other role but the feminine. If he tried to revert back to being male, he would be an abject failure as a male.

I asked him whether Jim Bob and he were planning anything serious, but Gillie, as teary eyed as any girl, said Jim Bob found *another* girl. He was getting married and having kids. We country folk like lots of kids, and Gillie, as femme as he had become, couldn't give Jim Bob what he wanted.

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One of the highlights every fall is the county fair and annual festival where several local young ladies competed for the honor of being selected as Orchard Queen. The judging was based on presence and traditional feminine

skills, such as sewing and cooking. Not surprising, Gillie was one of the entrants this year.

I first learned of this during a trip to the mall where I ran into Catherine and Gillie. They were at a fabric store looking over various print fabrics for Gillie's next sewing project. Gillie wore another full skirt print shirtwaist dress in a light brown Fall print with matching beige sling back pumps. While the other women were dressed fairly casual in slacks and shorts, Gillie stood out by being in a dress that drew a bit of envy from the other women because he was so presentable and natural in his skirts.

Catherine took me aside, "You must see Gillie's new sewing project for the Orchard Festival."

I followed them into the ladies room. I wondered what Gillie was thinking as he walked through a door with the sign 'LADIES'. Men would spend their entire life without going through a door into a ladies room, but Gillie entered routinely without giving it a second thought. He now with the women.

Once inside, Catherine said to me, "You must see Gillie's new pretty pan-tees he will wear for the Orchard Festival. He sewed them himself to go with his new gingham dress that he will wear for the judging." She continued by addressing Gillie, "Lift your dress, honey, to show Carol your new panties."

Gillie simply placed his purse on the ladies room counter crossed his arms in front, grabbed the front hem of his dress, fumbled to also get hold of the front of his slip, and hoisted the front of his skirts over his panties to provide us women a nice view of his pretty lingerie.

"Ooooo, that's pretty," I exclaimed. Gillie was wearing a lily-white full slip with a pretty hem of floral lace under his dress. It was his panties that caught my attention, full brief panties with a delicate three-quarter inch band of

matching white floral lace around the leg openings where his white elastic garter straps peeked from underneath his panties. What really caught my eye was the little hand-sewn appliqué of two bright red apples with a swish of green leaves on the left loin of his new panties.

“These are Gillie’s apple panties for the festival. Aren’t they pretty and so very girly and appropriate?” Catherine asked. “Gillie saw the appliqué in the craft store and knew he had to have it on his festival panties.”

“You should see the festival dress that Gillie just finished sewing. It’s pretty homespun gingham, full skirt shirtwaist in a print with little red and yellow apples. It is so homey and appropriate. I’m sure that the judges will be impressed. Gillie should win the dress making contest.”

I looked at Gillie’s panty ‘V’ as he stood with his dress and slip hafted high above his new ‘Orchard regulation panty-girdle.’ There was no evidence of anything male down there in the gusset of his panties. Gillie looked like he was castrated, displaying only a little smoothed over surface inside the gusset of his snow white, lace embellished apple panties.

Two more ladies came into the ladies room with a really young little girl. They saw Gillie standing before us displaying his undies. “Ooooooh, Mommy,” exclaimed the little girl. “Look at the stewardess in her pretty girdle. I wish I had a pretty girdle like that with apples on it.”

“You will, honey,” answered the mother. “You will have lots of pretty panties to wear when you get older and become a pretty lady.”

Gillie lowered his dress and fluffed it out. Fluffing his skirts was second nature to him, the natural seemingly subconscious ladylike skirt management that comes from lots of old-fashioned skirt-wearing.

I saw in the corner of the store a coin operated napkin machine. Stewardesses are required to carry several tampons in case a passenger or fellow stewardess needed one. Gillie could only be thankful that this was not one of his designated 'period' days where he would have to endure the humiliating experience of buying a fresh napkin from the machine, changing his pad in his panties in a restroom stall, and disposing of his old one properly in front of all the knowing women and that little girl.

-----

More weeks passed before I saw Gillie again, this time at the airport. I was on the way to the Orchard home office. I had made it a point to take personal interest as I had followed Gillie's feminization progress closely all this past summer. When I saw him in his "Orchard Airline" uniform, I saw the results of his continued emasculation.

Gillie stood with the three other stewardesses waiting for a plane to arrive. All wore apple red tight skirts, white blouses and bolero vests sporting slinky nylons and matching apple color, mid-heel city pumps with a matching purse that all held in the crook of their elbows. Gillie even had matching smootchie gloss lipstick and a red apple color bow adorning his hair. Every now and then a mischievous wisp of a breeze blew in through the big door of the gate and fluttered Gillie's pretty skirts.

The four stewardesses gave the men a delicious glimpse of who would be serving them. The plane was late, so Gillie sat down allowing his delicate floral white slip lace to peek out. I was sure that any men sitting in the facing chairs would look right up Gillie's short skirt, maybe even hope to get a glimpse of his stocking tops and even hints of his little silver garter tabs. It was part of the uniform's design. Gillie's knees were firmly together as he sat as ladylike as possible in front of the men. He

was fully aware that men would try to see up his skirts and maybe even see his pretty lace trimmed apple girdle.

When the plane arrived, the four stewardesses stood up as if to display their outfits. Gillie bent over to put something in his roller bag and gave everyone another glimpse of his pretty slip. One could sense the men's eyes bug out at the display of enticing lingerie. One woman had to elbow his husband when she sensed his moaning.

Once on board, in his little safety speech before the passengers, Gillie said in a high femininely pitched voice, "My name is Gillie from Orchard Airlines. Please check your seat back...." When finished, Gillie spun about once more and his skirts flared out again to give the men yet sweet glimpse of his pretty white floral lace hemmed nylon slip.

As he walked up and down the aisle, checking seatbelts, there was the scent of his perfume emanating from his stocking covered knees under his dress. Once again I noticed the men's faces light up at the little enticing glimpse of a lovely girl-in-uniform. They admired his curved *derrière* wiggling beneath his skirt.

Gillie's normal male interest in his sexual organ had receded into the background. The estrogen steered his attention towards breast development and other curves.

How much he stuffed his blouse? He certainly sported as much maturity as the other girls and wasn't ashamed of developing female secondary sex characteristics. The redistribution of fat deposits, the growing roundness of his hips, and the budding of breasts was part of the job. Gillie was no longer the gangling boy in the polished stewardess uniform. Work and hormones were sculpting him into a gorgeously social woman.

"Oh my goodness, I didn't know you were on board!" Gillie exclaimed when he saw me.

“On my way to the home office to plan next year’s training,” I smiled.

“Don’t change a thing!” he laughed and returned my smile as he headed towards the forward galley.

We actually earmarked a few other sissyboys whom we thought would respond to what we did to Gillie. Gillie wasn’t to know yet. I think he’d be jealous if he did.

Gillie had learned how to use his curves. He wiggled his bottom in a most suggestive manner. The fitted skirt hugged every contour of his fleshy buttocks so you couldn't mistake the girdle lines beneath. Every guy in first class leaned for a better view as he passed. I smiled. If they only knew what they’d find between those smooth, girdled thighs.

Other than that ‘little thing’, I could only imagine that Gillie would make an excellent little textbook wife for some lucky guy. I amused myself imagining seeing Gillie living on some cul-de-sac, and being the classic suburban, dress-wearing wife for a loving husband.

Some of the women passengers seemed to cluck and coo with approval when seeing Gillie in his pretty uniform. One whispered, “It’s so nice to see a stewardess dressed so pretty in a skirt. Girls don’t want to wear dresses anymore. They all want to dress like boys.”

-----

When I checked on Gillie towards the end of his probation-training period, the first thing I noticed was every businessman on the flight asking him to go out.

I motioned for him to meet me in the galley. Gillie saw me watching his flirtatious walk, he smiled when he came in the galley and pulled the curtain. He whispered, “When you flew, did every guy in the world ask you out?”

“Honey, it’s fun for a while, but you should get a wedding ring. It won’t help much, but might make some of the men less of a hassle.”

He smiled and said, “It makes the work go faster.”

“Seriously, you should lay off the boys for awhile....”

He pulled out his handbag to refresh his look. Quickly he added a coat of mascara, lipstick, and blush. I noticed inside his purse, a small stack of business cards. Men.

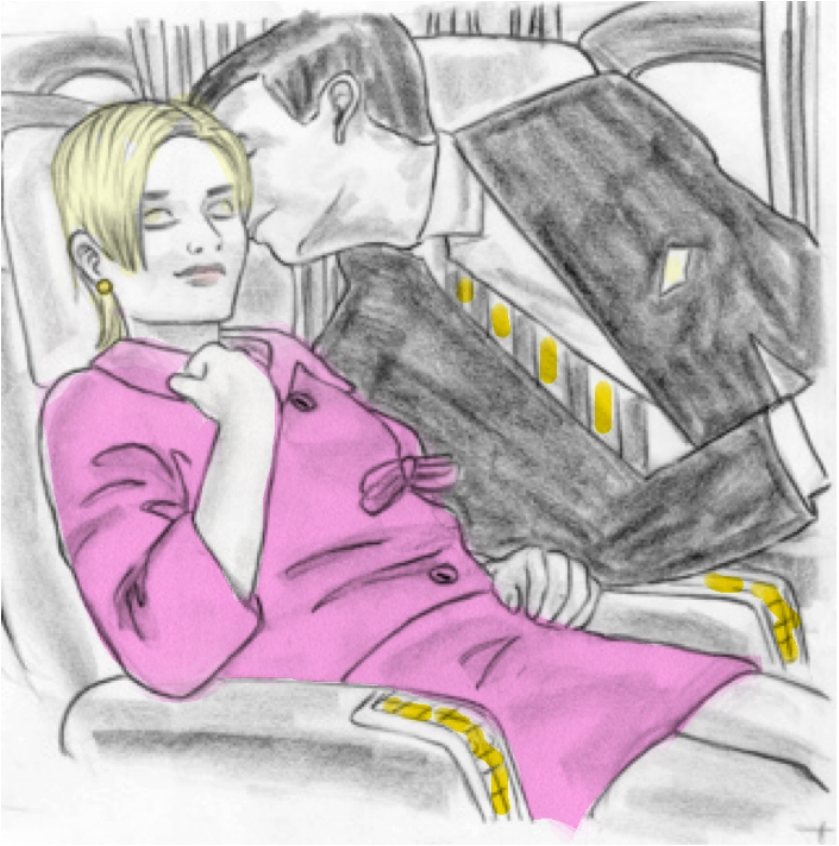
Gracefully, when he walked out to serve drinks, at least one man dropped his jaws in amazement. Gillie had wore the Spring uniform which was a cherry pink blouse with a short, darker cherry pink skirt and some cherry pink high heels. Orchard Airlines never missed a chance to sell their cherries, right?

I was worried about Gillie. He had been trained well to handle any emergency, but most girls need a decade to handle men. His purse was overflowing with business cards from handsome, wealthy, powerful young men who wanted to be his ‘friend’. Just a dinner, small talk, adoration, maybe a goodnight kiss, bed....

Having a list of men to choose from to date is surprising, but not to a stewardess. Women in uniform are like men in uniform to women.

I observed Gillie who appeared to be showing off for me. He was chatting with a very muscular and handsome young man in a dark suit. I personally would have gone out with him...

Gillie came back shortly with another business card to put in his purse. They say opposites attract, but these boys definitely liked the boy in a girdle and tight skirt. The little flaws in his perfect femininity made little difference to the men.



**Sometimes , Gillie indulged himself by taking his breaks in the company of a gorgeous guy. He loved the attention. All sissies do.**

“Any port in a storm,” was an old stew’ saying. It was not unusual to wake up in a strange city next to a strange man.

**“Keep your seat Belt Fastened”**

Within six months, Gillie won the Stewardess of the Year award and was crowned and adorned at the Orchard Training Center in front of perhaps a hundred employees. Many knew, but might have forgotten, his male past.

His award for representing the airline included a store credit at a local dress store. As I saw Gillie accepting all the kudos and awards on the podium, I knew that he would never wear male pants again. For Gillie, it was pants to panties and permanently. Just as Catherine had told me not so long ago at the Orchard Training Farm, “You can rest assured that Gillie will spend quality time in skirts for a very, very long time to come.”

When I saw Gillie later wearing his Orchard Airlines uniform, he flitted about the crowd with his pretty skirts fluttering about his stocking clad legs. I could only imagine what ‘all aspects and functions’ of being a classic career woman meant for him.

We chatted for a bit about my teaching, the weather, and his flying. I asked him if he found someone nice (and cute and rich) and he just giggled. It turns out he was dating guys, but despite that, he thought of Jim Bob a lot. I don’t blame him. Jim Bob was a pretty big guy. Lots of girls were crazy about him.

Gillie blushed, “I’m only a couple inches away from being able to do my hair like yours.”

“I’m an old-maid school teacher now,” I laughed. “But your hair looks darling. It’s wonderfully feminine and stylish. I take it being a ‘Stew’ is working out for you?”

Gillie lowered his voice, “Being a boy didn’t, so I might as well grow my hair down to my waist.”

“With your gorgeous blonde hair you have turned into a truly stunning young lady.”

“I feel so lucky!” he said, almost in tears. “Every time I look in a mirror, a thrill goes through me... I AM a Stewardess. Last night, Los Angeles, today Chicago. Tonight I’ll be at the Hyatt hotel spending the night with another stewardess, both of us in our baby doll nighties and curlers! Tomorrow morning early, back in my girdle and uniform and off to the airport. I love it!”

-----

After that, I lost track of Gillie. I took another job in a different school district the next year and only heard rumors about what finally happened to Gillie. I talked to another teacher who attended the girl’s flight training the following year and she told me that Gillie was still flying, but had moved to Seattle and was now living with Chris.”

“He got hitched?”

She whispered, “Yes, and I heard that they even had a marriage commitment ceremony. Gillie wore a bridal gown. You should see the rock! At least 2 carats!”

Gillie is a pretty suburban wife. I could only imagine that somewhere, on some suburban street, there lives a man and his young Stewardess wife with the neighbors having no clue about anything being unusual.

Gillie was just the ordinary dress-wearing wife down the street that everybody in the neighborhood sees now and then in the yard or at the stores. I’m sure that nobody thinks any different about it. I mean, who cares what some guy’s wife may or may not have inside her panties as long as they are happy together? It’s nobody’s business.



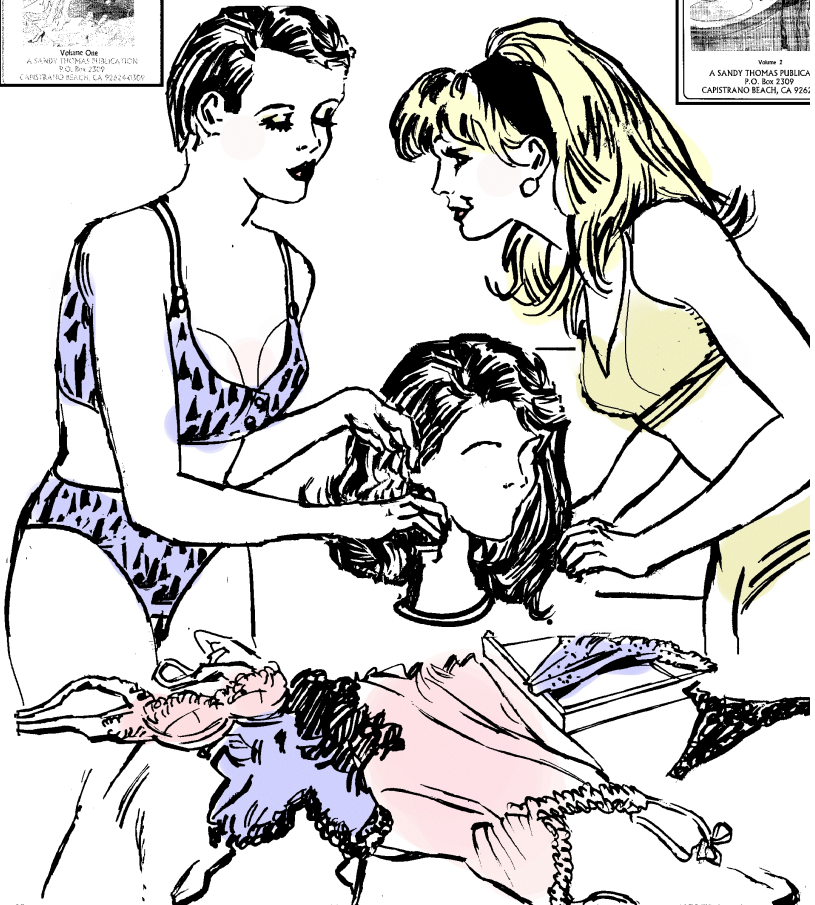
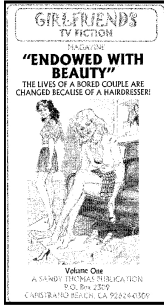
*Gillian* thoroughly enjoyed *her* new role as a man's wife and had a man to do the men's work. She was taken care of and adored. What more could any *woman* want?

END

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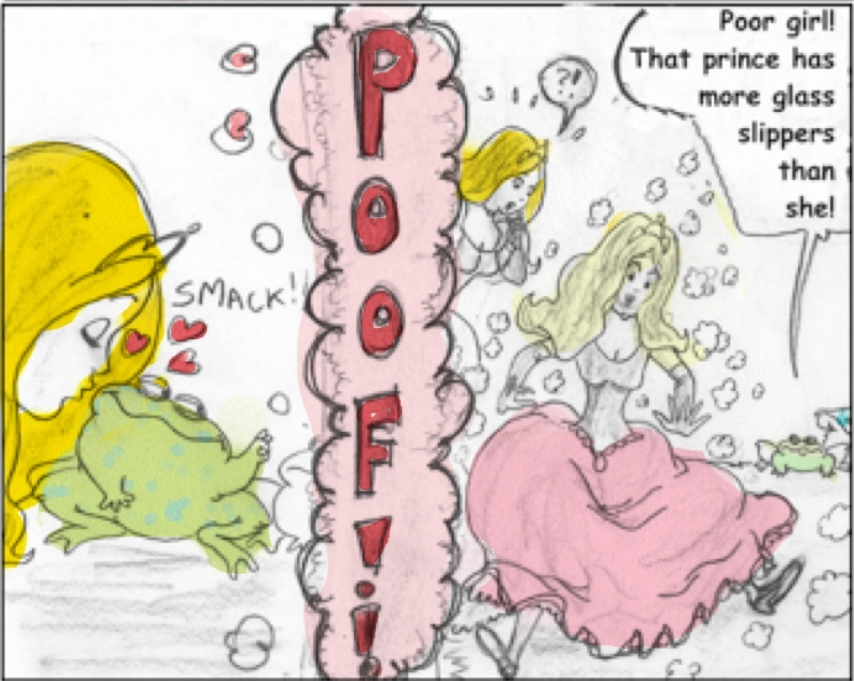
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