

# CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

## "SITTING PRETTY TOO"

AFTER A SUMMER AS SOUTHERN BELLES  
CAN THE BOYS GO BACK?



Volume 53

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*SITTING PRETTY TOO*

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# **CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION**

**VOLUME 53**

## **“SITTING PRETTY TOO”**

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**SITTING PRETTY TOO**

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# **“SITTING PRETTY TOO”**

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**“Cross dressers seldom wish other cross dressers well.”**



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# “SITTING PRETTY TOO”

**Kristy Love & Alice Trail**

## *Chapter 11 – Girls just Wanna have Fun!*

Shortly after the visit by the O’Hara twins, *Ted Sherman* unexpectedly returned from Boston. “I transferred from Boston College to Georgia Tech in Atlanta. Now I can visit whenever I have free time! May I stay with you until I find an apartment near the school?” he asked Martha.

“Certainly,” *Martha Lee* smiled, “You are welcome as long as you are respectful and treat the girls as ladies.”

“May I take Judy for an outing before school starts?” he blushed. “I’d like to spend time with...uh...her before I start school.” Martha smiled at his obvious infatuation with his former best friend.

“You might consider taking her to Stone Mountain,” the elder woman mused. “Aside from the vertical rock face with carvings of our Confederate heroes, Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson, there are numerous secluded picnic areas, nature trails, and a large lake with canoes for rent. After dark, there’s a laser show featuring music and scenes from the Old South that ends with spectacular fireworks. It’s an extremely popular locale where romantic couples cuddle on blankets and watch the proceedings.”

“Sounds great! When can we go?”

“Slow down! I don’t know how they do things in Boston, but in Atlanta, it’s customary for a boy to ask a girl if she wants to go with him. Also, can you find Hannah a date so she can go with you?”

Ted was trying to get Judy alone and hadn’t considered double dating, but he realized that Martha was making more than a suggestion. “*Rex Butler* and Hannah danced a lot at the church social. They seemed fond of one another. Would he be acceptable as an escort for her?”

“Now you’re talking like a gentleman. Rex Butler comes from one of the oldest and most distinguished families in Atlanta. I would be pleased to have him escort my daughter. Be sure to tell him that dress is casual.”

“Casual?”

“Yes! He will understand, but for you, the uninformed newcomer to Southern culture, that means slacks and ties.”

“Ties to a picnic? In this heat?”

“Of course if you had rather not go...”

“Ties?” Ted exclaimed suddenly realizing that he might lose his chance to be alone with Judy if he didn’t think fast. “Okay, okay! I’ll wear a tie!”

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“Wow!” Ted and Rex gasped in unison when the girls descended the stairs in mid-thigh skirts that exposed their shapely, curvaceous legs, and summer blouses that did nothing to hide their growing femininity. Their hair, makeup, and nails were done to perfection. When Ted saw their sheer nylons and white pumps with narrow three-inch heels, he understood why he had to wear a tie!

With a bright smile, Hannah hurried over to Rex, placed a well-manicured hand with bright red polished nails on his shoulder, kissed him lightly on the cheek, and sighed, “Oh, Rex! You are *sooo* gallant to invite me to a picnic!”

“Every guy in the park will burn with envy when they see you on my arm,” he beamed.

“Judy and I prepared a scrumptious food basket. We will have *sooo* much fun! We also have blankets and pillows to lie on while we watch the light show. We can leave for the picnic once you two strong men load the car.”

“We’re taking Rex’s car since he knows the way,” Ted advised Judy while admiring her beauty.

“Be sure to comport yourselves as ladies at all times. Gentlemen, remember to treat them as such!” Martha reminded as they prepared to depart.

“Oh, yes, we will, Mother!” Harold trilled, as he adjusted his skirt while Rex held the car door.

Harold sat up front with Rex, while Judd sat in the back with Ted. Rex’s sports car was small, so there wasn’t much room in either the front or back seat. That didn’t bother Rex and Hannah, as they giggled and cuddled close the entire trip.

In the back seat, Judd wiggled to adjust his tight skirt beneath him. “I’m sorry, Ted,” Judd apologized in his soft high alto voice as they sat shoulder to shoulder.

Ted hadn’t seen much of Judd since returning to Atlanta, spending most of his time registering for classes and finding an apartment. “That’s all right, Judy,” he stammered, her perfume wafting under his nostrils.

He couldn’t believe that this lusciously feminine creature sitting beside him was a guy who had been his best friend. No, this girl was totally different from that person. Her soft skin, delicate fingers, high-pitched voice, girlish giggles, and promising breasts said girl...all girl! He may have once been a guy, but no longer.

“What shall we do first?” Rex asked as he drove through the entrance.

“Let’s find a secluded picnic areas and eat,” Ted suggested. “I’m starved.”

“Boys! You’re always hungry!” Judd observed, “You’re lucky you don’t have to maintain a girlish figure.”

With a wink at Ted, Rex suggested, “We could eat at those tables over there, but if you wait half an hour, we can be at the best picnic spot in the park.”

Getting the message, Ted smiled, “Lead on!”

“Whatever you boys decide,” Harold giggled, as he snuggling onto Rex’s arm.

On the other hand, Judd was taken aback by the way the boys made decisions without even consulting Harold or himself. ‘Just because we’re wearing skirts doesn’t mean we aren’t boys too!’ he seethed as he dejectedly adjusted his skirt across his thighs.

After parking the car, Rex said, “Ted, help me carry these things to the dock and I’ll show you the ideal spot for a picnic.”

The foursome approached the Marina with Judd and Harold’s heels clicking on the hard pavement. There was a large paddlewheel riverboat being loaded for a tour, a roped off area where children enjoyed paddleboats, and a dock where canoes could be rented.

“We’ll take two canoes,” Rex informed one of the teenage attendants. Rex and Ted helped their dates into the canoes and held the crafts steady while they smoothed their skirts and moved to the far end, not an easy task in an unsteady boat while wearing high heels!

After loading the supplies, the boys sat at the opposite end and shoved off. “They are really dressed up for a picnic!” one of the attendants observed as he watched the canoes depart.

“Yeah, but I wish my girlfriend dressed like that,” the other sighed. “If she has a skirt like that, she sure doesn’t wear it when I’m around.”

The canoes stayed close together so the two couples could engage in happy chatter. Rex eventually led them to a secluded island. “This doesn’t look like a picnic area,” Judd complained. “There aren’t any tables or trash receptacles.”

“This is a special area,” Rex replied with a wink as he paddled up to a large rock on the shore. “Don’t worry, I promise that you’ll love it.”

Jumping onto the rock, he helped Harold ashore and motioned for Ted to come in. After carrying the supplies a short distance, they came upon an opening in the trees with a thick grass carpet. “This is it!” Rex proclaimed. “We can see the lake, we have a great view of the mountain, and most important, there’s no one around to bother us!”

“High heels aren’t very practical in this soft ground,” Judd confided to Harold as they spread the tablecloth and arranged the food.

“Maybe not, but heels and nylons make our legs look sexy,”

Harold giggled. "I saw Rex looking at my legs during the canoe ride, so I 'accidentally' let my skirt ride up on my thighs to give him a better view."

"You brazen hussy," Judd smiled.

After everyone had eaten, the two couples cuddled on separate blankets. Both girls were quite perturbed, but for different reasons. Judd was distressed because he didn't want to be kissed and fondled by another boy, while Harold didn't want the other couple to see him encourage Rex's advances.

Finally, after growing tired of being rejected, Rex got to his feet, and picked up the blanket and pillows. "Hannah, let's go over to that end of the island," he motioned. "There's something I want to show you."

When they were out of sight of the others and comfortable atop the blanket, Rex boldly slid his hand along Harold's leg and under his skirt. "I can't do this...I can't!" Harold exclaimed while jumping to his feet. "Mother would kill me if I wrinkle my skirt!"

"Then take it off," Rex advised.

"Oh! What would you think of me?"

"I wouldn't think badly of you at all. Besides, I surely don't want to be responsible for your mother becoming a murderess."

"Okay, but you'll have to help," Harold giggled as he kicked off his heels. "Unfasten the buttons down the back of my blouse." When he stepped out of the skirt and blouse, he said, "Carefully hang them on that bush. Rex, darling, you should take your pants off before they get wrinkled."

Rex didn't wait to be told twice. Quick as a wink, his clothes joined Harold's on the bushes. When he was down to his tee shirt and briefs, he stepped behind Hannah, unfastened her bra, which she allowed to fall from her chest to expose maturing breasts. Reaching around her waist, he cupped her luscious breasts in his large strong hands.

"Oh, Rex, darling," Hannah cooed, "You send shivers down my back, you naughty boy." Yet, she did not try to break his grasp, in

fact, she leaned into him to mold her soft curvaceous body into his strong, muscular body.

“Ah, Hannah,” Rex whispered, as he gently kissed her on the nape of her soft neck. “I love the smell of your perfume. You make me feel things that no other girl ever has.” He parted her long, luxurious hair and licked behind her ear, then gently nipped her earlobe.

“Oh, Rex, I love how you make me feel! Mmmm, I feel a stiffness poking into my panties. Is it what I think it is??” She gently turned in his arms to face him. Wearing only white silk panties with lace at the waist and leggings, she took his head in her waiting hands and smothered her eager lips with his as the two gently dropped onto the blanket in a tight embrace.

They moaned and slithered together on the blanket for over a minute before coming up for air. After breaking their first passion filled kiss, Ted went straight for *her* breasts like a wolf and was astonished at their fullness and maturity, since he knew his date used to be a *boy*! A rock hard nipple surrounded by dollar size areolas tipped each breast.

Seeing his confusion, Hannah giggled, “I always did take after mother. What do you think? Enough?”

Rex needed no further coaching as he passionately attacked Hannah’s right nipple. A shiver raced up her spine when his tongue slid over her rigidly erect nipple. Emitting a deep sigh, she mewed, “Oh, Rex, darling, please take care of the left one too!”

Not to be dissuaded, the horny boy did as charged, taking Hannah’s right nipple in his fingers and gently kneading it. “Ah...baby,” Hannah screeched. “More...more! Oh, you are definitely a man...my man!”

As Rex continued to passionately suck, nibble, caress, and stroke Hannah’s gorgeous breasts and large, rock hard nipples, she tentatively reached between his thighs and grasped and stroked his fully extended maleness.

Rex’s eyes went wide and he released the nipple long enough to cry, “Oh, baby! Baby girl! That feels so good! Please, Hannah, help

me!” Their faces searched for each other and returned to another soul searching French kiss.

Coming up for air, Hannah sighed, “You make me feel as only a girl or should...I’m putty in your hands.”

“I’m obviously not!” Rex laughed and returned to Hannah’s breasts. Rex’s shorts were suddenly down his hairy legs. “Oh my, you have such strong and masculine legs and...Ooooh...did I do that! You poor fellow. Let me help...”

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On the other blanket, Judd was vigorously defending his feminine virtue. “What’s the matter with you?” he admonished, pushing Ted’s hand from his nylon-covered thigh and modestly readjusting his skirt.

“I can’t help myself,” Ted sighed as he moved slightly away. “You’re so beautiful, so sexy, so like a girl...”

“I’m still your best friend, no matter how I look or what I wear! You know I only dress this way because Aunt Martha makes me!”

“I’ve tried to tell myself that you’re my buddy, but I lost the argument. I haven’t been able to get you out of my mind since the church social. I want to hold you, to kiss you, and to caress you. I want to treat you like a girl. I even transferred to Tech so I could be near you. I’ve fallen for you. There, I’ve said it. I love you!”

“Ted, I’m not a girl, despite my dresses. How can you love me? Besides, I’m not attracted to guys!”

“I’m attracted to you as the girl you have become. I’ll keep my hands to myself if that’s what you want, but please don’t turn me away. I only hope that you’ll change your mind.” With that, he rolled over and lay on the blanket in total despair.

Looking for a way out of this uncomfortable situation, Judd got to his feet, brushed the grass and leaves from his skirt, and said, “Hannah and Rex have been gone quite a while. I think I’ll look for them.”

“If you only knew what you do to me,” Ted sighed while remaining on the blanket.

Ignoring Ted's remark, Judd carefully worked his way through the underbrush, again finding the soft earth difficult to negotiate in his narrow heels.

He came upon a small clearing to find the two lovers sound asleep on the blanket, wrapped in each other's arms. Harold's slip was draped over his hips to conceal most of his panties, while Rex was naked except for his tee shirt.

Taken aback by the scene before him, Judd screeched, "Hannah! How could you do such a thing?" Rex leapt to his feet, jolted awake by Judd's scream, and grabbing his briefs and pants, he ran into the undergrowth.

"Are you okay? Look at yourself!" Judd scowled at Harold who was just rising to his feet. "I'll help you get dressed."

With a contented expression on his face, Harold reached for his bra and purred, "Oh, you're just jealous. Didn't Ted come on to you?"

"I know you're a blonde, but I didn't know you were that blonde!" Judd scowled as he watched Harold lower the straps of his slip and position his bra over his arms.

"You know that blondes have more fun!" Harold snickered.

Judd gasped at the extent of his cousin's development and worried that his breasts might grow as large if he stayed on hormones as long. Forgetting that he shouldn't be helping another boy into a skirt, he took over like a Girl Scout and said, "Let me help you with your skirt and blouse. Your makeup is a total mess, but you don't want to completely ruin your hair."

Harold wore a blissful expression as Ted dropped his slip over his head. As he fastened the back buttons of Harold's blouse, Judd heard a rustling in the bushes and called out, "Come and get your clothes, Rex. Hannah is dressed now."

Rex, now wearing his pants, looked totally embarrassed as he grabbed his remaining clothes and disappeared back into the bushes without saying a word.



***“How could YOU!” Judd was shocked to find Harold lying buck-naked on the blanket, wearing only a blissful smile.***

***“It sort of came naturally,” Harold sighed as Rex stood and grabbed his shorts.***

After hastily reapplying his makeup, Harold virtually floated back to the picnic site where Ted was asleep on the blanket. Judd got little help from Ted or the enraptured Hannah as he packed the food and blankets. Red faced, but not ashamed, Rex finally arrived and the boys loaded the supplies into the boat.

“No, I want to sit with you, honey,” Harold objected as Rex tried to help him into the canoe.

“It won’t work,” advised Ted, “The canoe will be unbalanced.”

“We’ll make it work,” Rex asserted. “Let’s put the cooler, the food basket, and all the blankets at the other end. We’ll be okay if we keep only one pillow for her to sit on, especially if I’m careful with the oar.” That said, he arranged the cargo, helped Harold into the canoe, straddled him as stated, and shoved off.

Ted helped Judd into the far end of the canoe as for the trip over and got into the other end. As he paddled out, he saw that Rex was having difficulty steering and making headway with the canoe over weighted at one end, so he asked, “Do you want to put back to shore and redistribute the load?”

Looking at his melancholy date lying between his legs, he smiled, “Oh no. Go ahead. We’ll be okay.”

Judd, still miffed by Harold’s behavior fluffed his skirt and spat, “Paddle on! Capsizing would serve them right!”

As Ted paddled ahead, Harold raised his skirt as high as possible, looked into Rex’s eyes, and cooed, “I don’t care what Mother says. I want to get some sun on my legs.”

Rex smiled appreciably as he admired Hannah’s lovely, smooth, nicely curved legs. To pay proper homage for her display, he leaned forward and gave her a kiss. Hannah eagerly returned his kiss, moaning as their tongues touched. “Oh, Rex, honey, I think we are going to make beautiful music together.”

“I hope so, Hannah,” Rex whispered as he nipped her ear.

“Mmmmm, I know so, Sugar,” Hannah sighed.



***“We’ll only be but a minute, Sugah,” Harold cooed as he blew a kiss in Rex’s direction. “We girls have to repair our lipstick and such.”***

Judd remained silent and aloof during the trip back to shore, causing Ted to wonder what he had done to raise his ire. ‘I backed away when she made it clear she didn’t want to fool around,’ he thought dejectedly. ‘What did I do wrong?’

When the quartet was safely on the dock, Judd grabbed Harold by the arm, pulled him forward, and snarled, “Let’s go to the ladies’ room, now!”

“Did you see the legs on that blonde when she got out of the canoe?” one attendant asked his coworker.

“Yeah, she was totally hot, but the brunette was so frigid that she reminded me of my girlfriend!”

Without a word, Judd and Harold headed straight to the ladies room in the Marina. Harold; however, did blow Rex a kiss over his shoulder as he entered this exclusively feminine bastion.

After waiting for a while, Ted approached two teenage girls emerging from the ladies room and asked, “Excuse me, Miss, but are other two girls in there?”

Looking over the two handsome young men, she replied with a chuckle, “There sure are, but don’t expect them out anytime soon. One is stripped to her slip and trying to get leaves and grass out of her skirt.”

“Yeah, and she has this blissful expression on her face,” the other replied. “Which one of you handsome studs did that?” Seeing Rex’s sudden blush, she smilingly teased, “Well, big boy, look me up if you want a little side action sometime. I’d do anything for a hunk who can make me feel like that!”

“You probably think I’ve gone off the deep end, falling for a girl who used to be a boy,” Rex remarked as the two girls walked away with their laughter echoing joyfully.

“Not at all,” Ted sighed, “It’s I who owe you an apology for lying to you at the dance. You see Judy isn’t really a girl like I told you. Before coming to Atlanta for the summer, she was my best friend, Judd. He came to Atlanta looking for hot Southern chicks and ended up becoming one. Hannah’s mother changed him into a

girl and I've fallen in love with her in spite of myself."

"We have more in common than I thought!" Rex exclaimed as he held out his hand. "Apology accepted."

"Hard to believe that they've turned into really hot chicks?" Ted sighed, thinking of Judy in that sexy skirt.

"Yeah!" Rex agreed. "Harold and I were acquaintances before his mother transformed him into Hannah. He was quite the ladies man. More than one girl succumbed to his charms. Then he disappeared only to reappear as Hannah. Believe me, Harold's reappearance as gorgeous Hannah shocked everyone. The personality differences between Harold and Hannah was so striking. There is very little of Harold left in Hannah! I speak from experience when I say that he is nearly all girl now!" Rex remembered their recent little liaison in the park.

"I bet that's true!" Ted agreed, "I still see some of Judd in Judy, but I find less and less as he physically changes into a girl. The longer Judd spends with his aunt, the more of a girl he becomes. He knows it and it scares him. As his friend, I should help him escape her clutches, but unfortunately for Judd, I'll do anything to keep him in dresses now."

"A guy's gotta do what a guy's gotta do!" Rex laughed.

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The girls finally emerged from the ladies' room with their hair and makeup in pristine condition, although Harold's skirt was still a bit wrinkled. "Take me home!" Judd scowled as Harold rushed up to Rex and kissed him passionately.

"I thought you wanted to stay for the laser show," Ted wailed, his voice filled with disappointment at his dream date ending so quickly.

"Not like this! Not with 'missy' behaving like *that*! Take me home!" Looking at Rex, Ted shrugged his shoulders and began gathering their gear to take it to the car.

"How about you driving back?" Rex asked Ted as they loaded the supplies into the trunk. "It looks like your fun is over, but

Hannah is definitely ready for a romp in the back seat.”

“Sure, why not?”

Judd remained in his a sullen mood and sat against the passenger door the entire trip home. Harold, on the other hand, was still giddy and ready for more heavy petting. Thus, the two in the back had a glorious time with Rex’s hands under Harold’s blouse most of the time. To Ted’s sorrow, Judd adjusted his skirt in a very chaste manner and maintained a strained silence.

When the foursome arrived at the Lee residence, Judd hurried inside as fast as possible and found his aunt. “Oh, Aunt Martha!” he gushed, “I can’t wear dresses and pretend to be a girl any longer! You must let me return to pants immediately! You simply *must!*”

Martha embraced her distraught nephew in her arms for a moment. After a long moment, she asked, “Didn’t you have a good time at the park, dear?”

Judd wanted to tell her about Harold’s wanton behavior with Rex, but he didn’t. Instead, he wailed, “It was awful! We stood out like sore thumbs with Hannah and I in our dresses and heels and the boys in coats and ties! I just knew someone would eventually ask why we boys were dressed like girls!”

“Did that happen?”

“No, but it very easily could have? That’s why I must return to pants! Oh, this is so awful!”

“I understand,” she cooed in a soft voice. “Let’s go to your room and I’ll see what I can do.” She led Judd away without waiting to greet Hannah and the boys. Once inside his room, Judd almost sobbed with delight when she said, “Let me help with your dress.”

‘Is she really going to let me return to pants?’ he wondered in cautious ecstasy as he stepped out of his petticoats and placed them in the clothes hamper. Wearing only his slip, he mused, ‘this is how Hannah was dressed when she made love to Rex. It’s ironic that being dressed this way was a further step into femininity for her and the end of femininity for me? I’ll be so glad when I don’t have to wear soft undies, tight corsets, dresses, skirts, heels, and makeup!’

He was taken aback however, when he turned to see that his aunt had turned his bed covers back. “You’re just tired, Judy,” she smiled as she tucked the cover about him. “You’ll feel much better after a nice nap.”

“A nap won’t help, Aunt Martha!” he wailed. “I have to get out of dresses and return to pants! I thought you understood!”

“Just rest, my sweet. I’ll be back in a couple of hours to awaken you.”

“Oh, how could I think she would let me out of dresses?” Judd sobbed into his pillow. “I simply must find a way to return to pants!” He shuddered at the thought of what he had become at the hands of his diabolic aunt. As he drifted off to sleep, he fretfully wondered how much farther she would submerge him into femininity.

“Time to get up, sleepyhead!” Aunt Martha merrily sang out when she returned to awaken Judd. “Put on a nice dress and come downstairs. The others are dancing and having a gay time.”

“I’ll bet they are at that!” Judd thought scornfully as he got out of bed and looked through his closet for just the right dress. “I must have been out of my mind to think Aunt Martha would allow me to return to pants that easily!”

He chose a red dress with a mid-thigh length gathered skirt, not wanting to wear a full skirt that would swirl out to reveal his undies while dancing. It was wide enough to allow room to maneuver while dancing and would swirl out to reveal the dark tops of his nylons on occasion, but his panties would remain hidden.

He removed his slip, knowing this dress didn’t require one. Wearing only panties, bra, corset, and nylons, he reviewed his feminine image in the full-length mirror. He peeled his nylons off after seeing several picks in them from his trek in the brambles, thinking, “Girls have so much to do to get ready and they must be so careful of their clothes and appearance! If boys only knew how lucky they are! When I return to pants, I’ll never complain about how long girls take to get ready.”

He used a curling iron to add body to his hair and re-did his

makeup with heavy application of a dark red lipstick to match his dress and nail polish. After stepping into a pair of 3” heels, he made his way downstairs to join the others. His heels clicked on the hallway tiles and his tight miniskirt restricted his walk to only mincing steps.

He heard lively music coming from the parlor. He was opposed to dancing with other boys while wearing a dress, although he had been dressing exclusively as a girl for the past three months.

Judd saw that Harold had changed into a mid-thigh gray skirt and frilly blouse that, along with his shoulder length blonde hair, dark makeup, and bright red lipstick and 3” heels, gave him an alluring feminine appearance.

The O’Hara twins had joined the party, and as usual, they were dressed alike. This time in yellow silk dresses with tight bodices that emphasized their growing bosoms and extremely short skirts that, like Harold’s, swirled out to reveal their panties in the abrupt turns. Not surprisingly, Ted and Rex made sure there were plenty of these occasions!

Harold, Rex and Ted were dancing together, Harold’s long blonde hair swaying about his shoulders as he moved to the music. Melanie was standing next to the piano talking with a new boy, *Jeffery Davis*. Marvin, who was more somber than the other boys in dresses, was watching from the sofa.

“This is awful!” he moaned as Judd smoothed his skirt and sat beside him. “No one would believe there are six boys here because four of us are dressed as girls. I bet Ted and Rex don’t know how lucky they are to be wearing pants!”

“I know what you mean,” Judd sighed.

“And look at Hannah! Notice how she twirls her hips quickly so her skirts swirl out to show off her panties, and she isn’t even supposed to wear panties! Melvin was the same way when he was dancing with Ted earlier. I swear! I don’t know what has come over your cousin and that brother of mine!”

Melvin giggled at something Ted said, and demurely covered his mouth with his thin fingers as his dancing eyes gaily took in

Ted's every movement and word. Melvin had practiced long and hard to perfect his sexy lilting Southern accent that sent grown men into heat.

"My brother has turned into such a flirt!" Marvin groaned. "Look at the way he's teasing Ted, even though he knows that Ted only has eyes for you."

"Eyes for me?" Judd gasped.

"Oh, don't play innocent with me, Missy," Marvin laughed. "Everyone knows you have him completely mesmerized."

"He's just my friend."

"Sure...if you say so," Marvin grinned.

Judd watched the interplay between Ted and Melvin. Melvin as Melanie certainly had developed the ability to wrap men around his fingers with a strategic giggle here, a coy smile there, and alluring body language all the time. Suddenly Judd felt something strange, something foreign. What was it? Jealousy? Nah can't be...or can it?

Before Marvin could comment further, Ted broke away and rushed to greet Judd. "Where have you been?" he asked. "I want to apologize for whatever I said or did to upset you. I promise never to do it again if you'll tell me what's wrong."

Ted's urgent attention drove the 'jealousy' away. "It wasn't anything you did," Judd smiled. "It was just a girl thing. I'm sorry I ruined the picnic."

"If it wasn't anything I did, let's dance!" Ted brightened, and pulled Judd to his feet. They danced together at every opportunity. Even at the risk of ignoring the other 'girls', Ted made sure to dance with Judd at all the slow numbers! His only regret was that Judd's skirt didn't swirl out to reveal his panties like the others.

As he twirled in Ted's strong arms, Judd finally relaxed and started to have fun despite the fact that he was wearing a dress and dancing with another boy.

## *Chapter 12 – Growing Pains*

Later, Judd removed his dress, hung it neatly on a hanger, and viewed his feminine figure in the full-length mirror. He shivered at seeing the image of a young girl with budding breasts encased in a bra and a tight corset nipping his waist into an hourglass figure. He blushed at the picture of ultra femininity he presented as he removed his corset, then unfastened his nylons and gently smoothed them down his slim smooth legs. "Oh, Heavens, how can I appear so feminine and sexy?" he decried as he removed his bra and pulled a babydoll nightie over his head.

He slipped into a soft pink translucent negligee and gently massaged his budding breasts through the soft nylon. Feeling his rosy nipples harden, he moaned in ecstasy as he rolled them between his thumb and forefinger.

A knock at his door and he abruptly dropped his hands as though he had done something very naughty! Primly pulling his negligee about his bodice as if it truly covered something, he said in his most feminine voice, "Come in."

"Judy, we must talk," Harold, wearing a babydoll nightie and negligee similar to Judd's, said as he discreetly stepped inside.

"I'll say we do!" Judd exclaimed. "How could you be so brazen? Not only did you undress and do some dastardly deed with him, but you were rubbing all over him while you were dancing!"

"I can't help it! You'll understand when you have been on hormones as long as I have. Never having been a girl before, I don't know if my new feelings are truly those of a girl, but I know they certainly aren't those of a guy. At first, I fought my feelings and the urges they brought on, but I can't resist them any longer."

"Your flirting has got the poor boy all horny and thinking naughty thoughts about you. What will he think or do when you return to being a boy and wearing pants?"

"Return to wearing pants...being a boy?" Harold gasped. "I haven't thought about that for the longest time. It...it almost seems foreign and...and gross to consider such an awful fate."



***“I don’t remember how to feel like a boy anymore,” Harold moaned as he revealed his maturing breasts.***

***“Will my breasts will be THAT large when I’ve been on hormones as long as you?” Judd gasped. “Then what?”***

“Awful! How can you say returning to being a boy is awful? It’s all I think of!” Judd gasped.

“I know! That’s all I ever hear from you,” Harold sighed, “but I bet you love the feel of your silky lingerie, and sometimes you like being held by Ted.”

“I can’t think...consider such stuff,” Judd huffed, yet turned a light shade of pink. “If I do...I may forget who I really am.”

“That has already have happened to me. It’s hard to think of myself as Harold when I have these as constant reminders of the girl I’ve become,” Harold sighed, as he opened his gown to reveal his breasts. “See what the hormones have done to me, and don’t tell me that yours aren’t growing too!”

“You mean mine will grow that large?” Judd gasped in disbelief at the size of his cousin’s lovely feminine breasts.

“Yours will be at least this large by Christmas when your mother and sister arrive. And check out my hips!”

“I can’t believe it! Hips and breasts in addition to all the other things they make us do!”

“What things?”

“Don’t you know?” Judd asked in disbelief that another boy in skirts wouldn’t understand his meaning. “Things boys never do...like sitting before a vanity in silky undies. I must spend hours styling my hair, experimenting with makeup, and massaging scented lotions into my skin to make it soft and feminine! What kind of boy knows how to do those things or even cares to learn?”

“Okay, okay! Our beauty rituals are intense, but look me in the eyes and tell me that you don’t shiver in delight when you adjust silky panties about your waist, pull sheer nylons over your smooth creamy thighs, or slide between sleek satin sheets in a soft, sensuous nightie. Come on, convince me!”

Turning red and looking at his soft, translucent feminine attire to avoid Harold’s knowing gaze, Judd sighed, “Okay! Most of the clothes feel nice, but I’ll never get used to torturous corsets or those awful stilt heels. Anyway, boys aren’t supposed to wear dresses,

skirts, soft lingerie, and makeup! I don't want to be a girl!"

"I didn't at first, but now I love my femininity," Harold giggled.

"Do you want to remain a girl?" Judd asked.

Blushing a light pink, Harold lowered his eyes and confessed, "If I returned to wearing boy's clothes, I'd be the swishiest boy in Atlanta. I'd rather be a girl! Yes... I shudder to think of returning to rough scratchy pants, wool shirts...and heavy shoes...and..."

"Really?"

"Yeah, I don't want to give up my silky clothes...plus these breasts won't disappear overnight," Harold sighed, while cupping his large breasts in his delicate fingers. "Besides, I've developed feelings for boys...for Rex. And for what Rex can make me feel."

"No boy wants to dress as a girl in the beginning unless he's a total sissy at heart!" Judd admitted, blushing at the memory of his early days in skirts. "At first, I hated every minute I was in a dress or skirt. You, of all people should understand..."

"Just as your present feminine movements and gestures evolved, so will your attitude toward boys as estrogen replaces your natural testosterone. It may be already happening if the way you danced close to Ted tonight is any indication."

Judd blushed brightly as he realized the truth of his cousin's observation. "I don't know if I'm attracted to Ted like that, or if he's a strong pillar to cling to during this time of stress.

I know the difference, girlfriend," Harold giggled as he rose to leave, "and your interest in Ted isn't as a buddy or as a pillar."



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### ***Chapter 13 – Preparing for the Magnolia Ball***

“Good news, girls,” Martha informed her son and nephew, “Y’all have been invited to the Magnolia Ball.”

“But, Mother, that’s a debutante ball!” Harold gasped.

“Correction! It is the most prestigious debutante ball of the year for Atlanta society. You should feel honored to be invited. Of course, since Judy isn’t a resident of our fair city, she won’t be eligible to compete for the title of Magnolia Queen.”

“But, Mother...”

“Enough!” Martha snapped, “You both will attend the Ball in lovely antebellum dresses as is the custom. That is final!”

The morning of the fitting for their Magnolia Ball gowns, Judd entered Harold’s room and asked what he was wearing. Harold thought for a moment before answering, “I think I’ll keep things simple since we’ll have to strip to our undies to try on the gowns. A blouse, a skirt, and a sweater in case it gets cold.”

Then Harold squeezed himself and added, “I want to feel especially feminine today despite my relatively plain outer appearance, so I’ll wear my silkiest, laciest panties, a push-up bra, and a full slip. How about you?”

“Oh my,” Judd gasped, suddenly embarrassed to discuss his feminine undies with another boy! Finally, he sighed, “Ms. Dixon will have a kitten if I don’t dress up as well. I’ll wear my pink dress with the full skirt, several bouffant petticoats, along with elaborate silk panties, and a matching bra and camisole. I’ll have to wear sheer nylons and at least three-inch heels.”

Harold was very becoming in a thigh length, blue skirt with knife pleats from the waist to the hem. His filmy blouse had long transparent sleeves and it buttoned down the front for easy removal. He wove a blue satin ribbon into his luxurious shoulder length blonde hair to give him a sweet adolescent appearance.

As he examined his reflection in the mirror, he wondered if boys would think he was pretty. “Golly, I’m actually putting boys on the other side, as in the opposite sex! Oh well, as long as I’m dressed

like this, I guess I am different!" he giggled.

Looking into the mirror, he was pleased with his efforts in applying modest makeup with light blush, powder, lipstick, mascara, and only a hint of eyeshadow. His undies were ultra soft, French cut open leg panties, a white satin corset, his most uplifting white satin bra, and his laciest slip with exquisite lace on the bodice and hem. So delighted was he with his girlish image, he nearly swooned as he spun in front of his mirror.

Harold found Judd striking a totally girlish pose with his skirt held high while he adjusted sheer nylons about his smooth creamy thighs. He giggled and raised his own skirt to refasten a garter tab.

-----

Judd was apprehensive about dancing in the arms of young men who thought he was a girl. Now he felt doubly so as he prepared to shop for a feminine ensemble for the gala event! His mind drifted to thoughts of trying on extravagant evening gowns and selecting the perfect one.

Judd felt giddy as if he were on pins and needles as they entered a large extravagant boutique. He removed his dress without being told after viewing the vast selection of evening gowns. Forgetting about appearing before others in his panties, bra, corset, and nylons, he tried on several luxurious frocks until he found the perfect dress.

It was a low cut pale pink gown with an off the shoulder design that looked fantastic with his raven black tresses. Like all antebellum gowns, the ankle-length skirt was full to allow for several bouffant petticoats.

Holding his long curls up, he admired his feminine reflection in the mirrors, and to his surprise, he enjoyed the sensuous feeling of the long skirt. Slipping into a state of euphoria, he forgot that he shouldn't be wearing a dress, especially not an elegant Ball gown. He noticed his aunt's jubilant expression and he snapped out of his reverie. Lowering his gaze, he meekly asked, "Do you think this gown is too risqué, Aunt Martha?"

"You look perfectly charming in that dress, my dear," she complimented. "I'm so pleased to have a lovely niece with such

refined taste! I suppose all you young girls look forward to developing so you can wear a daring low-cut gown that shows some cleavage. Of course, you still need a bit of support to produce the desired effect, but your corset will provide the desired effect.”

Hearing her words, Judd’s feminine training and hormone-induced ego took over, and he girlishly squealed, “Oh, Aunt Martha, do you really think I look pretty?”

“Of course, darling.”

He admired his image in the mirror while visions of floating about the dance floor in the arms of a handsome young man filled his mind, and he blushed with delight.

“He is confused about his true feelings about wearing dresses,” Martha thought with contentment as she watched her nephew twist and turn before the full-length mirror in his chosen dress. “Who knows, this may be the first step towards enjoying his femininity before his mother and sister arrive.”

-----

“Oh, Mother, how will I ever get ready for the ball on time?” Harold dithered as he scurried about laying out his lingerie for the evening. “Rex picks me up in just four hours!”

“Start your bubble bath now,” she smiled at her feminine son as he fretted over his impending date, “When Melanie and Maggie get here, there will be four girls scurrying about preening for the Ball.”

“Oh, no! I completely forgot about them,” Harold squealed. “I declare, sometimes I’m such an airhead!” He scurried off on his pink high heel mules with limp wrists high as his maturing breasts bobbed beneath his flowing pink negligee.

Judd heard the commotion and peeked into Harold’s room. “Is everything all right?” he asked.

“Yes, Judy, everything is fine,” answered Martha. “Hannah just remembered that the other girls will be here soon and she’s worried that she won’t be ready on time.”

“We have four hours!” Judd scowled, “What’s the problem?”

“Hannah isn’t as well organized as you, dear. She needs much

more time to prepare for her dates.

“I don’t want to go to the Ball as a girl, Aunt Martha,” Judd whimpered. “I’m a boy and the thought of appearing before people wearing a fancy antebellum dress with all those petticoats and hoops is appalling! Please don’t make me go.”

“You’re saying you don’t want to go to the Magnolia Ball?” Martha gasped in mock disbelief. “Don’t be ridiculous! What about all your preparations, shopping for and selecting your gown, your fittings, and your beauty treatments? How would Ted feel if his girlfriend stood him up? Whoever heard of a young girl not wanting to go to the most prestigious and festive event of the season? Now start getting yourself ready before I ask Ms. Dixon to bring her strap!”

Weeks had passed since his last session across Ms. Dixon’s knees, and Judd was definitely not interested in an encore. He knew his fate was sealed as he looked at his feminine bra and panties through his translucent negligee. “Yes, ma’am,” he whined, as he continued his preparations.

An hour later, the front doorbell rang announcing the arrival of the twins. “Hello, Melanie, Maggie. My, but you two look lovelier every time I see you,” Martha greeted.

The twins wore identical matching flowered dresses that hugged their girlish bodies to their hips, then billowed to flowing skirts that stopped 2” above their nylon covered knees. Lace petticoats held their skirts out, making them sway as they fidgeted before this imposing woman. A peek of emerging breasts was exposed above their lace bodice.

“Hello, ma’am,” both twins shyly curtsied to the woman they knew was behind their emerging girlhood.

“We’re here to prepare for the Ball with Hannah and Judy,” Melvin giggled. He was absorbing his feminine training like a sponge and projected the image of a shy, lovely Southern girl at all times, even during moments when he was alone and could revert to his old obnoxious boyish self. Marvin, on the other hand, clung to his boyish persona even as his body changed and his outward

appearance took on girlish proportions.

“Melanie, you will help Hannah with her preparations. Maggie, you will team with Judy,” Martha announced as she led them to Harold and Judd’s bedrooms.

“Eeek!!” Harold squealed as he and Melvin hugged and pecked each other on the cheek. “The Magnolia Ball is finally here, Melanie! I’m so excited I can hardly breathe!”

“I know!” Melvin sighed, “I want to be the Magnolia Queen in my gorgeous gown with its long hoop skirt and delicate décolleté top that shows a hint of my lovely breasts.”

Judd and Marvin watched the two girlish boys hug each other and giggle about dancing with their dates. “I don’t know what has come over my brother,” Marvin growled. “He is becoming more and more girlish ever since Grandma removed our beards. He has been gushing all morning about Jeffery Davis, his date for the evening.”

“I know what you mean,” Judd sighed, “Harold has been aflutter all day waiting for Melvin to help him into his corset. Personally, I can wait a forever to get into that instrument of torture.”

Marvin nodded his head in agreement as they watched the two feminine creatures enter Harold’s bedroom holding hands and giggling over some silly remark. Their long ponytails bobbed as their heels tapped on the stairs. “Hurry, Melanie, I can’t wait to show you my lingerie for the evening,” Harold gushed as their door closed.

“My, what lovely creatures our little darlings are becoming,” Martha gushed as she, Mrs. O’Hara, Ms. Dixon, and Ms. Mason watched their charges flutter about.

Marvin followed Judd to his room to help each other prepare for a Ball that neither wanted to attend, but both knew it was useless to try to convince their guardians otherwise. Resigned to their fate, each helped the other undress until both stood naked except for his panties.

Marvin couldn’t avoid admiring his friend’s expanding chest.

“Your breasts are starting to really grow, Judy,” he stated.

“I know, Marvin,” he moaned, “The hormones are unrelenting. I’m nothing compared to Harold. He has been on hormones much longer, and his breasts are at least a B-cup!”

“Grandma has us on hormones too,” Marvin groaned. “I can feel my breasts changing. They are so sensitive that I have to wear a bra just to keep them from driving me crazy.”

“Melvin doesn’t seem to mind having breasts,” Judd observed.

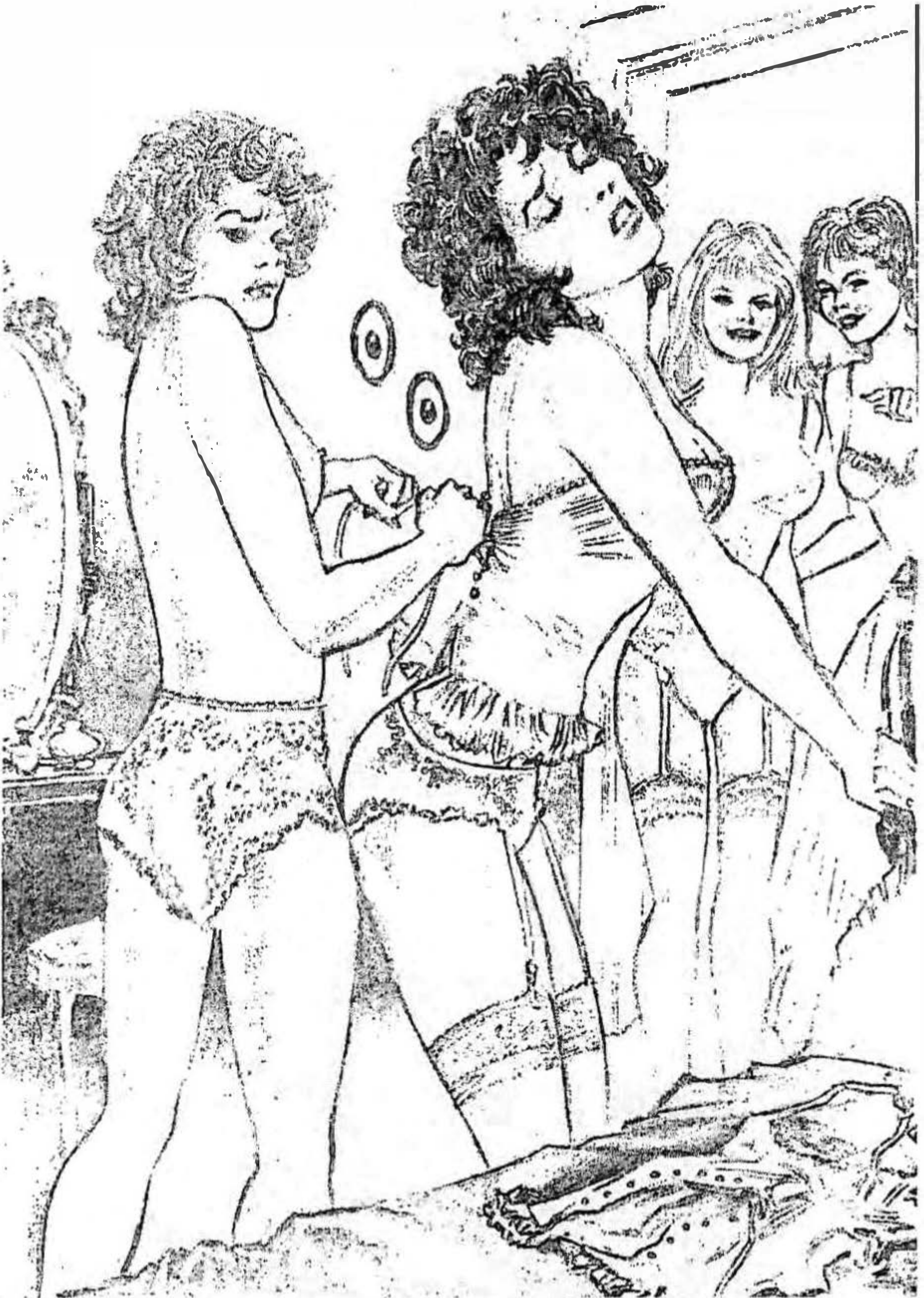
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*Under Ms Dixon's stern eye, Marvin strained to tighten the corset strings until tears came to Judd's eyes. "Oh...I can't breathe!" he groaned.*

“He seems to display them wherever he goes.”

“He stood up to Ms. Mason as long as he had his beard, but he quickly accepted being a girl once it was gone!” Marvin stated.

Judd and Marvin had finished laying out their ensembles for the evening when they heard moans from the next room. Peeking through the connecting door, they saw Harold holding onto his four-poster bed as Melvin pulled and tightened the strings on the back of a boned corset.

“Tighter, tighter!” Harold groaned, “I want the smallest, waspish waist of any girl at the Ball!” Placing his knee in the small of Harold’s back, Melvin continued drawing on the strings until the corset sides met. “Ohhh...”

Harold moaned as Melvin tied the strings off, “It’s perfect because I can hardly breathe!”

“Now do me!” Melvin squealed excitedly.

“Let me catch my breath first!” Harold sighed. His breasts appeared huge from the corset forcing his flesh into his chest, and they bobbed enticingly from his labored breathing.

Judd and Marvin were astonished at the determination of the two boys as each helped the other attain a feminine figure. They would soon be wearing this garment of torture too, but neither wanted it tied nearly as snugly as the two creatures in the next room were achieving.

Marvin was tying Judd’s corset when Ms. Dixon entered. “Oh, that will never do, Maggie dear!” she chastened at seeing the loose fitting garment around Judd’s body. “The strings must be pulled extremely tight to obtain real benefit. No pain, no gain.”

Judd groaned, but didn’t complain since it would only result in time across her knees. Marvin reluctantly followed her instructions and pulled the corset strings tighter and tighter.

“That’s more like it,” Ms. Dixon announced when the two sides finally met.

“I can’t breathe...” Judd moaned in agony as he tried to catch his breath.

“Oh, pooh!” Ms. Dixon stated after examining the final product. “You’ll appreciate the effect when Ted admires your lovely feminine figure this evening.”

“I’m not interested in Ted admiring my figure!” Judd snapped to quickly. “He’s my best friend and I don’t like him thinking of me as a girl...even if I’m wearing a Ball gown.”

Smack! Ms. Dixon produced a strap and brought it painfully across Judd’s thin pink nylon panties. “Enough complaints!” she scowled, “Get busy with Maggie’s corset or I’ll really get angry!”

Shocked at being so publicly chastised, Judd noticed Harold and Melvin standing in the open doorway, tightly bound in their constricting corsets. “You simply must learn to accept the inevitable, Judy dear,” Harold simpered. “The sooner you accept that you are a girl now, like Melanie and I have, the sooner you will be free of Ms Dixon’s strap.”

“Tee hee...” Melvin giggled, “Hannah’s right, you know. Besides, it’s fun being a girl. I never want to be a yucky boy again!” With that, the two completely feminine boys turned on their fluffy high heel slippers and were gone in a chorus of high-pitch giggles.

When Judd tried to fit sheer nylon stockings over his toes, he found that his tight corset severely restricted his ability to bend at the waist. After kneading them over his legs and tautly securing them to the garter straps of his corset, he slipped his feet into a pair of four-inch pumps and turned before the tri-fold mirror to assure that everything was properly positioned.

As he viewed his smooth supple thighs, he thought, “No boy can avoid admiring those legs! Too bad they’ll be hidden under my long skirt.”

Just as quickly, he reprimanded himself, “What is wrong with me? I’m a boy! I shouldn’t be wearing nylons or antebellum dresses, let alone want another boy to admire my legs!”

Next door, Harold and Melvin were busily fastening themselves into the multitude of petticoats needed for their antebellum ball gowns. “I’m simply all aflutter with anticipation,” Melvin giggled in his high lilting voice, as he finished attaching the last petticoat.

“I want so badly for Jeffery to be proud to have me on his arm.” Twirling to make his petticoats float, he wrapped his arms across his expanding bosom and squeezed.

“I know,” Harold smiled knowingly as he adjusted his petticoats and arranged his breasts in the bodice cups to expose as much cleavage as possible without being too obvious. “I don’t want Rex to look at another girl at the Ball. He simply must have eyes only for me. After all, mother has stated over and over that I am an aristocratic Southern Belle, the cream of Atlanta society.”

A similar scene was being played out with significantly less enthusiasm in the other room. Judd and Marvin were attaching their petticoats, but only with much prodding and a few threats from Ms. Dixon. They soon had their petticoats adjusted and were making final touches to their already immaculate makeup and hairstyles. Lastly, they looked in the mirror to make sure their lipstick was perfect.

Mrs. O’Hara wanted her twin wards to wear matching dresses like their everyday wear, but Melvin created a terrible scene. Finally, she gave in and allowed each to choose his color, although their gowns would be identical in every other aspect. Marvin reluctantly decided on lavender, while Melvin enthusiastically chose rich green, both accentuating their fiery red hair.

Harold stood absolutely still with his arms stretched skyward as Ms. Mason lowered his gown and gently let it settle over his multiple petticoats. Melvin helped straighten out the flowing skirt so it covered all the lacy petticoats while Ms. Mason buttoned up the back. As each button was closed, Harold worried that his waist wasn’t small enough for his dress to close. His mother emphasized that he had to acquire a 22” waist for the dress to close properly. He sighed in relief when the last button was fastened and he was securely encased in his lovely pink gown.

While Ms. Mason helped Melvin into his ball gown, Harold delicately stepped into his matching 4” stiletto heel pumps and minced over to the full-length mirror to see the full effect of his feminine ensemble. His heart leapt when he saw an absolutely

lovely teenage debutante ready for presentation to Atlanta society.

To insure that no one at the ball questioned his femininity, he made final touches to his décolleté to assure the proper amount of bosom was exposed without being promiscuous. Wanting to look especially beautiful for Rex, he touched up his lipstick and critically examined every inch of his feminine image.

Ms. Mason attached a gorgeous necklace about his neck and adjusted it so that the diamond pendent sat delicately at the top of his exposed cleavage and glistened with the room lights.

He placed a delicate blue sapphire ring on one finger and a tiny woman's watch about his wrist while Ms. Dixon sprinkled a small amount of glitter over his shoulders. With a foxy smile, he daubed his favorite perfume on his wrists, at his cleavage, and behind each ear. Satisfied at last, he twirled before the mirror, allowing his skirt and petticoats to flow about his body.

-----

Half an hour later, four drop-dead gorgeous feminine boys stood primly before Ms. Mason and Ms. Dixon for final inspection. Each blushed deeply as any and all flaws were identified and eradicated. Their skirts swayed to and fro as they fidgeted under the close scrutiny. Finally, they passed inspection and were ready to attend the Ball. All four gave sighs of relief. At last, they were ready to greet their dates.

“Maggie, you will comport yourself as an excited young girl about to be presented to society as a debutante,” Ms. Mason cautioned just before leading her charges downstairs.

“I’ll try,” he stammered with a blush.

“You will do more than try, young lady! You will heed this warning unless you want to be introduced to society as a boy who likes to wear dresses!”

Marvin was already anxious and apprehensive about the coming ordeal, but being introduced as a boy in his elaborate ball gown would be the ultimate humiliation. He had no choice but to comply with the demands of his resolute mentor. Lowering his lashes in

defeat, he sighed, “I’ll do my best to present myself as an excited young lady at a lavish ceremony.”

### ***Chapter 14 – Belles of the Ball***

“We guys chipped in and rented a limousine so all four couples could go to the Ball together,” Ted stated as the four tuxedo clad boys waited in the parlor.

“That’s wonderful, boys,” Martha smiled, “The girls will love to go to the Ball as a group. They are very nervous about being presented as young ladies to the cream of Atlanta society. Sharing the experience with their best friends will make it even more memorable.”

“I understand, especially in Judy’s case,” Ted beamed. “Never in her wildest dreams did she expect to become a debutante and meet society as a young lady when she left Boston last June.” Of the other three boys, only Rex knew what Ted meant, and they shared a secret smile.

“My, oh my, boys, you look so handsome in your tuxedos,” Mrs. O’Hara complimented. “The girls will be so proud to be seen on your arms.”

The boys’ egos expanded like peacocks at her flattery, but they lost their haughty composure when Ms. Mason and Ms. Dixon escorted Harold, Judd, and the O’Hara twins into the room.

“Oh, my God, Judy, you’re gorgeous!” Ted gasped as he rushed over to meet Judd.

Judd blushed deep red at this compliment from his former best friend. “How can he think I’m a gorgeous girl when he knows I’m really a boy?” Judd wondered as he lowered his gaze and politely curtsied as Ms. Dixon had instructed. “Thank you, Ted.”

“Hannah, there can’t possibly be a lovelier girl at the Ball,” Rex gushed as he took Harold’s soft hand with their long tapered and polished nails and gently kissed his fingers.

“Why thank you, Sugah...” Harold drawled while dipping a deep curtsy, “And you are the handsomest boy any girl could hope to

escort her to the Magnolia Ball.”

Rex’s chest expanded two sizes at this compliment from such a lovely girl. Obviously Harold had learned his lessons well on how to handle boys.

Jeff and Brad were Melvin and Marvin’s escorts respectively, and they were equally complimentary of their dates. Both knew that they would be the center of much attention, escorting two absolutely gorgeous twins with womanly bodies and stunning red hair.

Melvin greeted his date with girlish glee, but Marvin was less than enthusiastic at the prospect of attending the Ball in a long flowing gown, plus he hated being escorted by another boy. “Oh, why does Grandma insist on keeping me in sissy dresses? What if Brad discovers what is hidden in my panties?” With that on mind, he forced a slight smile and greeted his date.

“I want photos of each couple and a group shot,” Martha exclaimed. “Hannah, why don’t you and your beau start?”

Harold blushed at her referral to Rex as his beau, but he didn’t object. He felt strange being the girl escorted to the Ball instead of the boy doing the escorting, but somehow it felt nice...and right. After all, his expanding bosom and feminine curves could hardly belong to a boy.

“Yes, Mother,” he shyly blushed as he took Rex’s hand. As they stood before the fireplace, Martha took several photos of the two in various poses. Harold was absolutely beautiful in his lush pink dress with his handsome escort wearing black.

Next Ted enthusiastically took Judd’s soft hand in his and escorted him to the proper position. “Wrap your arm around Judy’s waist,” Martha directed. “You make such a lovely couple.”

Ted gladly did as instructed and drew Judd close. Judd was a bit hesitant at first, but strangely, felt nice to be held in Ted’s strong arms and inhaling his masculine cologne, so he snuggled close. Ted felt this imperceptible movement and enthusiastically encouraged it. Soon the couple was cuddled together like they had been going steady for months.

Giggling like a love struck schoolgirl, Melvin enthusiastically took his turn before the camera with Jeff. He nearly swooned when their lips inadvertently came within inches. Marvin, every bit as gorgeous in his antebellum dress, wore a forced smile, and his eyes reflected his true feelings.

Martha insisted on several group photos, some with them standing side by side and others with the girls sitting in front of their dates. Harold and Melvin's huge smiles and completely girlish actions showed how they felt. Judd was really enjoying the moment, but couldn't understand why. Marvin had a faraway look in his eyes, and he smiled just enough to avoid a reprimand.

When it was time to go, the boys proudly escorted their dates to the limousine and waited while they entered the car and carefully arranged their voluminous skirts. Everyone except Marvin was talkative, the girls giggling at the boy's jokes, and the boys trying to act manly. Ted and Rex, completely smitten, had long ago ceased to care that the gorgeous girls sitting beside them were once boys.

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The Buckhead Ballroom on Peachtree Street was alive with the glitter and glamour of this major social event. Searchlights lit the sky, and glamorous couples were exiting limousines when the group arrived. Harold, Judd, Melvin, and Marvin were atwitter at their pending introduction to Atlanta society as girls.

The four looked at each other, wrung their hands in anticipation, and nervously smiled at their dates. They took out compacts, lipsticks, or combs to touch up their hair and makeup. The boys looked on in amusement at these frantic last minute antics.

Seeing Rex's amusement, Harold playfully elbowed him in the side and giggled, "You want me to look pretty when you escort me into the Ballroom, don't you?"

"You're already the most beautiful girl here," he smiled. "You can't improve on perfection."

"You know how to say just the right thing to make a girl's heart flutter, Rex honey," Harold tittered, and then gave him a light kiss on the cheek.



*Nobody at the Ball guessed that the feminine partners of the four couples gliding past were all formerly boys. "Our girls look so lovely!" Mrs. O'Hara gushed. "I'm so pleased that we transformed our unruly boys into these lovely creatures."*

When the car door opened, the boys exited, and then each helped his date from the car. Handling voluminous skirts and petticoats while teetering on narrow four-inch heels was a difficult task.

The girl's hearts raced as their dates escorted them up the steps to the entrance while flash bulbs burst from all sides. Smiling prettily for the cameras, they daintily lifted their long full skirts and petticoats to negotiate the steps without tripping while their date supported them with a firm grasp on the elbow.

A butler met them at the top of the stairs, took their invitations, and allowed them to enter. The huge hall was filled with young girls, their dates, their proud parents, and the cream of Atlanta society. An usher directed them to a table near the front.

"Oh, don't our girls look sooo lovely?" Mrs. O'Hara gushed as the four daintily took their seats.

"Yes, Ethel," Martha sighed, "They are by far the loveliest girls at the Ball. One of them should be chosen Magnolia Queen."

The four blushed under this barrage of compliments from the very women responsible for them being girls. If it weren't for these two women, none of them would be anywhere near this Ball, let alone wearing antebellum dresses and high heels with gorgeous hairstyles and exquisitely feminine makeup. Nor would handsome boys be escorting them!

When the orchestra began playing, Ted stood beside Judd and bowed, "Miss Judith, may I have the honor of the first dance?"

"Uh...yes, of course," Judd blushed as he placed a well-manicured hand on Ted's arm and rose to his feet.

The other boys followed Ted's lead, and soon all four couples were dancing. Each feminine boy daintily held his flowing skirts in one hand while holding onto his partner's shoulder with the other as they were guided about the floor.

Aunt Martha and Mrs. O'Hara were so proud that their charges were equal to the prettiest girls on the floor. The hours of dance practice paid off handsomely as they swayed past without a misstep.

Each wore a huge smile on his pretty painted lips as his skirts floated merrily about to expose frilly lace petticoats while their pouting bosoms bobbed sexily beneath their décolleté.

When the second dance ended, they returned to the table. The cool drinks never tasted so good, as the girls were out of breath with the exertion and the excitement of the moment.

Finally, a bell rang announcing that presentation of the debutantes was at hand. Harold and the twins were all aflutter with excitement, but Judd sat quietly, confident in the knowledge that he didn't have to participate in this ceremony.

As each name was called, the debutante was escorted by her date to center stage. She would curtsey to the audience, and speak a few words before being escorted back to her table.

About ten girls were presented to the audience to polite applause by the time that the Emcee announced, "*Miss Melanie Anne O'Hara*, granddaughter of Mrs. Ethel O'Hara. She is escorted is *Mr. Jeffrey Davis*."

Melvin nervously stood, took Jeff's arm, and while holding his skirt with his free hand, walked to the podium. He was a strikingly gorgeous girl as his long wavy red hair swayed about his shoulders with a green ribbon draped down in back. He daintily curtseyed to the audience before speaking in his lilting soprano voice, "My sister and I recently moved here from Savannah to live with our grandmother. I am so happy to be a debutante tonight, and I hope to make Atlanta my home in the future." After performing another perfect curtsey, Jeff led him back to the table.

The audience responded with warm applause and some wolf whistles from single guys, which brought a blush to Melanie's cheeks.

There wasn't time for congratulations on his performance for *Miss Maggie Lea O'Hara* was immediately announced. "What am I doing here?" he seethed as he approached the stage on Brad's arm. "I'm a boy! I shouldn't be wearing an elegant dress to a fancy ball!"

The audience; however, was appreciative of his radiant beauty, and whispered in admiration as he approached the microphone to

perform the required curtsy. His curtsy wasn't as polished as Melanie's, but it was done well enough that no one seemed to notice. Unlike his *sister*, he didn't want to be there, but he knew he had to say something. In a slightly husky alto voice, he merely acknowledged what Melanie had said and turned to be escorted from the stage. He forgot to make the exit curtsy, but nobody noticed. Polite applause greeted him, but not quite as appreciative as that given to Melanie.

Harold excitedly hugged Melvin in anticipation of his walk to the podium. His stomach was aflutter, but he didn't show it as he smiled and leaned on the more than willing Rex for support. Finally, the moment arrived when Harold was to be introduced to Atlanta society.

The emcee announced, "*Miss Hannah Marie Lee*, daughter of the well known Atlanta matron, Mrs. Martha Lee. Hannah is escorted by the handsome *Mr. Rex Butler*."

Rex stood first and helped an obviously excited Harold to his feet. Placing a soft hand on Rex's arm, Harold delicately took his voluminous skirt in his free hand and carefully ascended the steps to the stage. Rex was readily available in case of a mishap, which fortunately did not happen.

Harold approached the podium and made a perfect curtsy to the audience. His deep breaths made his maturing bosom strain the bodice of his dress. With a bright smile, he began in a soft Southern drawl. "Not long ago, I was somewhat of a tomboy, and my mother fretted that I would never become a proper young lady. That life is behind me, and I am so happy to be introduced to Atlanta society at this lovely Ball!"

There was a slight stirring in the audience from people who knew the truth, but the majority took his statement at face value.

In his high soprano voice, Harold added, "Only recently did I blossom into womanhood, like a butterfly emerging from a cocoon. I am now my mother's daughter and an Atlanta debutante. My escort is the handsome and debonair Rex Butler, and that makes me the happiest girl in Atlanta. Thank you, very much." Harold again

curtseyed to the audience before taking Rex's arm and traipsing from the stage.

The audience was silent for a moment, and then as one, they exploded in thunderous applause at this lovely, well-spoken girl. Harold was totally surprised at this thunderous reception as he happily took his place next to his mother, escort, and friends.

"Thank you so much, Hannah darling," Martha gushed as she took Harold's hands in her own. "I am so happy to have such a beautiful daughter."

Harold whispered, "Thank you, Mother for making me your daughter. I'll always strive to make you proud. Please, never make me return to being the person I used to be."

"Perish the thought, Hannah dear," Martha gleamed, "That person is gone forever! You are my daughter! I am so proud of you!"

There wasn't much time to talk as other girls were introduced. As the final debutante vacated the stage, the emcee announced, "While the judges make their selections, I have the distinct honor to introduce a beautiful visitor to our fair city. She is from Boston, and has been visiting her aunt and cousin for the past several months. Although not strictly an Atlanta debutante, she is a lovely young woman worthy of being in the company of our lovely Southern Belles. Please give a warm Southern greeting to *Miss Judith Rose Grant*! She is escorted by her friend from Boston, now attending Georgia Tech, *Mr. Ted Sherman*."

Judd almost fainted when he heard his name mentioned from the podium. He turned pale for a second before realizing that he was expected to go to the stage to be formally introduced to Atlanta society as a girl!

Aunt Martha, Harold, and Melvin urged him on. He looked up to see Ted with his arm extended, prepared to escort him to the stage. He meekly stood, smiled at the audience, and followed Ted's lead.

There was a general gasp from the audience as he walked to the stage, and comments such as, "What a lovely girl!" "Doesn't she

have the most gorgeous dark hair?” “What a marvelous figure!” “I wish my daughter was as well proportioned.” “Wow, they grow them beautiful in Boston, don’t they?” floated about the hall.

Ted heard the comments, and as proud as a peacock, he possessively helped Judd up the steps to the podium. At that moment, he vowed to do whatever was required to make Judy his...and his alone.

At the microphone, Judd made the customary perfect curtsy, then in a clear alto voice said, “T...thank you for your warm greeting. I’ve felt so welcome since coming to your lovely city.”

After repeating the curtsy, Ted led him from the stage and back to the table. “How...how could you do that to me?” he gasped to Martha. “I was absolutely speechless.”

Before she could reply, the emcee returned to the microphone, and proclaimed, “The judges have finished tallying their ballots. It is time to announce this year’s Magnolia Queen and the five Princesses of her court.”

An electric stirring filtered through the audience as the debutantes’ nervously awaited announcement of the winners. At the Lee and O’Hara table, however, no one was overly excited as none of the girls’ thought they would be chosen. Their moment in the sun had passed and they were perfectly content.

“First, we will announce the five Princesses who will make up the court,” the emcee started. “Our first princess is Miss Emily Stratton.” A warm round of applause greeted Emily as she mounted the stairs to the stage.

“We have a most unusual situation for our next selections,” the emcee continued. “The next two Princesses are the O’Hara twins, Melanie and Maggie.”

It took a moment for the announcement to sink in before Melanie squealed in delight. Hannah also squealed, happy that her friends were chosen. The two hugged each other in girlish delight.

Marvin’s reaction was somewhat different. His mouth dropped to his chin, he turned pale and seemed about to faint. He wanted to

find a place to hide. Were the judges blind? “Can’t they see that I’m a guy, for goodness sake?”

Next to him, Mrs. O’Hara gasped in surprise and delight. Both of her granddaughters had been chosen for the Queen’s court, and she could not be happier! “Was it only six months ago that these lovely girls were obnoxious boys? I simply must find a way to thank Martha for showing me how to change those horrible boys into these lovely young ladies!” she happily thought.

Melvin was bubbling over with girlish delight as he made his way to the stage, but Marvin was much more subdued. Alone, each twin presented a striking figure, but together, they were devastatingly beautiful! A murmur of approval swept through the audience as the two striking redheads in their long flowing gowns mounted the stage. One beaming while the other barely cracking a smile, these two beauties would be the center of attention wherever they went.

Two other girls were chosen to make up the Queen’s court, each lovely in her own right. At last, there were five girls on the stage waiting for the announcement of the Magnolia Queen.

“Before we select our Magnolia Queen, we have a special award to make tonight,” the emcee quieted the crowd. “In an unprecedented move, the judges have decided to award a special prize to our Northern visitor in the hopes that she will make our fair city her home and become a Southern girl in time. With that in mind, the honorary title of Princess is hereby bestowed upon *Miss Judith Rose Grant*. Miss Grant, will you please join us on the stage?”

Judd had just relaxed after the excitement of the O’Hara twins being selected as Princesses and was wondering why he wanted to get Ted back on the dance floor. Thus, he was truly caught unaware by the surprise announcement and he nearly fell off his chair.

Hannah, sitting next to him, squealed in girlish delight. Ted, who was smiling from ear to ear, quickly rose to help his date to his feet. Stunned, and a little bewildered, Judd found his way to the podium with more than a little help from Ted.

“I...I don’t know w...what to say,” he gasped as the emcee handed him the microphone. “I...I...I...thank all you gracious Atlanta people.”

Finally the time arrived for selection of this year’s Magnolia Queen. Pausing for effect and to raise anticipation, the emcee announced, “Ladies and Gentlemen, this year’s Belle of the Ball is...*Miss Hannah Marie Lee!*”

Harold was taking a sip of his drink as the announcement was made and he nearly fainted when his name was announced. He gasped, placed the drink on the table, and covered his mouth in shock. Tears came to his eyes as he realized that he was the girl who would represent Atlanta society for the coming year.

On the stage, Melanie emitted a loud squeal of delight at the selection of her best friend. Judd smiled happily at his cousin’s selection, knowing that Hannah was truly a girl now, and would serve the position well during the coming year. Tears burst from Martha’s eyes as she suddenly realized that her former son, whom she had transformed into her daughter, had just been chosen Atlanta’s Debutante of the Year!

The audience exploded in approval. Wolf whistles from the boys followed her as Hannah slowly ascended the stairs to the podium. Her hands still covered her mouth and tears trailed down her cheeks as she joined the other girls.

A giggling Melanie gave Hannah a hug and peck on the cheek before she joined the emcee to stand before the sea of shining appreciative faces below her. Hannah saw her mother at their table beaming at her lovely daughter, tears streaming down her face. “Congratulations, Hannah Lee,” the emcee began, “How does it feel to be selected Magnolia Queen?”

“I owe it all to my mother...” Hannah started.

Marvin whispered to Melanie, “That’s an understatement if I’ve ever heard one.”

“Shhh!!” Melanie returned, obviously upset with her brother.



***“I owe it all to my mother,” Harold gushed after being crowned Magnolia Queen. “She brought my femininity to the surface, and I cannot thank her enough.”***

“Mother insisted that I accept myself as a young lady when all I wanted to do was run and play. She made me see the error of my ways, and I learned to love my dainty, feminine clothes and lifestyle. What you see is the result. Thank you, Mother!” Hannah held her arms out to the side and performed a very feminine dip. The audience ate it all up amid an eruption of spontaneous applause that lasted more than a minute.

“I promise to comport myself in a manner that will make you all proud of me. I also promise to attend and support the functions expected of me as Magnolia Queen. Thank you, thank you, very much!” she ended with another deep curtsy.

“We have another two hours of fun and dancing, ladies and gentlemen,” the emcee announced. “So, have a great time!”

It took fifteen minutes before Judd finally found his voice. “T...they really think I’m a girl and that I’m staying in Atlanta. A Southern girl?”

“We’ll talk about it tomorrow,” Martha soothed. “Tonight, enjoy yourself. Dance and make merry!”

Ted stepped forward and asked Judd for a dance. Confused and looking for support from his best friend, Judd accepted without realizing that it was a slow dance. They walked to the dance floor hand in hand like many other couples. Ted wrapped Judd in his arms and they started to sway to the music.

“I don’t know what is happening, Ted,” Judd softly moaned. “Hannah and Aunt Martha act as though I’m staying in Atlanta permanently...as Judy! They made me a Princess of Hannah’s court, and you...you act like I am really a girl.”

“But you are a girl, Judy, a beautiful sexy girl!” Ted softly whispered in Judd’s ear.

“Not really...” Judd countered.

“I beg to disagree. Haven’t we had some fun times during the last few months?” Ted pressed.

“Of course! You’ve been a Godsend. I couldn’t have survived without you being here.”

“My point exactly,” Ted insisted, “Your stay in Atlanta has been more than just preparing for this event. You have blossomed as a girl over these last months. You have become more and more feminine each day. Could I be part of the reason for that?”

Judd bowed his head, ashamed of the true answer to Ted’s question. He was a guy, wasn’t he? How could he tell his best friend that his company meant the world to him...much more than just as a friend? Almost like...like... “I...I’ve never admitted this even to myself, but...yes!” Judd barely whispered.

Ted took Judy’s chin in his strong masculine hand, lifted it until Judy looked directly up into his eyes. They softly stared at each other for nearly a minute before Ted lowered his head until their lips met.

Judy didn’t resist or pull away. They stopped in the middle of the dance floor and continued kissing. After half a minute, without opening his eyes, Judy slowly wrapped both arms about Ted’s neck and drew him into a deep passionate kiss that lasted nearly two minutes.

This didn’t go unnoticed by many others who stopped dancing to observe this most passionate of kisses. Ted and Judy were oblivious to what was going on around them as a circle of smiling and giggling friends gathered about.

Even Martha and Mrs. O’Hara entered the circle to observe this love’s first blossoming. Marvin; however, was shocked that his buddy in resistance had inexplicably joined the other side.

They slowly broke their kiss and suddenly realized a small crowd was surrounding them. Judd blushed deeply as his *girlfriends* clapped gleefully.

“I see Ted and you have finally found each other,” Hannah giggled. “The rest of us knew you were an item ages ago. Only poor Maggie was still in the dark.

“I...I...” Judy started, but couldn’t finish.

Hand in hand, Ted and Judy walked off the dance floor. Ted was willing to do anything to make his partner happy as they sat like

lovebirds at the table. He fluttered about getting drinks, while Judy sat primly at the table talking with the *other* females.

Although finally calm on the outside, Judd was hardly calm on the inside. He liked the attention Ted was giving him. He liked being pampered by this strong hunk of a guy, and he wanted it to continue.

Judd was finally accepting this new and quite different type of friendship he and Ted had just entered into...a much more intimate friendship. "Could Ted really love me...as a girl? Do I love Ted? Could I love him?" Judd wondered as he watched his tall manly boyfriend return with another drink.

On the way home from the Ball, three couples cuddled close in the limousine. Like Hannah and Melanie with their dates, Judd was deeply buried in Ted's arms, feeling quite content. Occasionally, Ted would lean over and kiss him on the lips, and each time he returned the kiss just as passionately.

Of the four couples, only Marvin wasn't intimate with his date. Brad decided this was their last date. He didn't want to get involved with a *cold fish*, and they didn't get any colder than Maggie. He thought, "Maybe she needs a good lay!"

### ***Chapter 15 – Susan, my sweet Susie***

"Your sister called to say that she is arriving for a visit on Tuesday," Martha informed Judd two weeks before Christmas.

"Susan is coming without Mom?" he gasped while looking over his so feminine skirt and blouse. "Oh, Aunt Martha, you must let me return to pants before she arrives! I can't let Susan see me in dresses!"

"You can, and you will!" Martha insisted. "Now, get busy with your duties or I'll summon Ms. Dixon and her strap!"

Judd was stunned as he contemplated the dire consequences of spending the holidays in skirts with his sister. Susan would tease him unmercifully over Ted's amorous attention. What if she saw him returning Ted's advances? Would she think he enjoyed his feminine lifestyle and boyfriend, and tell their mother? "If so, would

his mother insist on him remaining in dresses?”

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“Oh, I wish I didn’t have to meet Susan like...like *this!*” Judd sobbed as he stood before Ms. Dixon in his panties and bra. He wanted to scream that he shouldn’t be made to dress and behave as a girl; however, he remembered the many painful punishments suffered at her hands, and he remained silent.

“Hurry and get dressed or you’ll be late for your sister’s airplane!” Ms. Dixon warned.

He followed her instructions, swallowing the scant remnants of his dwindling masculine pride. Experience had taught him to wear straight, lined wool skirts that wouldn’t blow askew in the stiff wind and reveal his soft feminine undies. Besides, they were quite warm when worn over a fitted slip and nylon stockings.

“Oh please, Aunt Martha, don’t make me meet Susan like this,” Judd pleaded, as he checked the contents of his purse. “I’ll be devastated if she sees me in my dress, heels, and makeup!”

“Don’t be silly, Judy,” she rebuked, “Your sister has been looking forward to seeing you in your dresses since the first photograph I sent them.”

“It was mean and cruel to send those pictures to Mom and Susan. I swear, if she laughs or teases me, I’ll...I’ll...”

“You’ll do no such thing!” Ms. Dixon scowled. “You’ll comport yourself as a lady and you will treat her with respect at all times unless you want her to see you punished like a spoiled child!”

Judd knew her threat included a sound spanking on his exposed nylon panties. Not wanting his sister to see him receive such discipline, he grasped the sides of his skirt, bobbed a polite curtsy, and sighed in resignation, “Yes, Ms. Dixon.”

“You must curtsy to your sister as you do to everyone older than yourself,” Martha ordered.

“Yes, Aunt Martha,” he sighed in exasperation while executing another curtsy.

Martha spotted Susan across the terminal. “You haven’t seen

your sister for quite some time, so go over and greet her. I'll wait here until you get reacquainted." When Judd hesitated, she shoved him more than a little gently and ordered, "Go ahead!"

Judd was terribly embarrassed as he approached his sister. For the first time in ages, he was fully conscious of every item of feminine apparel he wore. His soft silky panties, the tight bra about his chest, his tortuous corset, the gentle friction of his lace-edged slip on his nylon covered thighs, and the tight skirt that restricted his stride, were at the forefront of his mind. Never had he been so ashamed, even when he was forced to undress to his undies in the presence of girls and women who knew he was a boy. He literally trembled with fright as his stilt heels clicked rhythmically on the floor tiles.

Susan was turning this way and that in a concerted effort to spot a familiar face. Once, she even looked directly at Judd without recognizing him in his feminine guise. Strolling unseen to his sister's side, Judd tapped her on the shoulder and sighed just above a whisper, "Hello, Susan."

Susan knew Judd had been dressing as a girl for months, but she was completely unaware of the psychological stress he was under at the hands of their aunt. She thought he would be as arrogant, egotistical, and overbearing as in the past.

While eagerly anticipating seeing him dressed as a girl, she contrived several snide and sarcastic comments to tease, harass, and shame him in his feminine attire. However, his apparent feminine beauty took her aback when she saw him. "Judd! Is that really you?" she gasped, as she looked him over in his chic dress, perfect makeup, trendy hairstyle, and full red lips.

Judd made only momentary eye contact with her before lowering his gaze and sighing, "Yes, it's me. Don't I look awful?"

No! You're lovely!" Susan exclaimed. Unable to tease him, she avowed, "You look like a girl, not like a boy in a dress!"

"Please don't say that so loud," he softly requested.

"Welcome to Georgia, Susan," Martha gushed as she joined the confused pair. "How do you like your new sister?"



*“Oh, Aunt Martha, he is exquisite!” Susan gushed as her brother stood before her on his 3” heels, trying desperately to not show too much lacy lingerie beneath his silk blouse.*

“The photographs don’t do him justice!” Susan declared as she looked over her blushing brother. “He’s beautiful!”

“He’s as sweet and feminine as he looks,” her aunt smiled.

Without thinking, Susan said, “Judd, grab my bags and let’s leave.” Then, looking at her red-faced brother in his dress, heels, and makeup, she decided that he was much too soft and fragile to lift heavy luggage. Spotting a red cap, she called out, “Porter!”

Judd stood passively by watching as the strong virile young man easily hefted Susan’s bags and followed them to the car. He would have difficulty carrying just one of those heavy bags, let alone all four, which made him more aware of how far he had descended into femininity at the hands of his aunt.

He was not only hampered by his tight skirt and heels, but inactivity, strict diets, extremely tight corsets, and large doses of hormones had melted away muscle tone to make him soft, frail, and weak. “Besides, what if I broke a nail?” he reflected, forgetting that boys aren’t supposed to have long, polished fingernails.

Aunt Martha handed Judd a bill and instructed him to tip the porter after the bags were loaded into the car. She and Susan watched with interest as he obediently waited for the boy to complete his task. “Thank you,” Judd mumbled with a slight smile as he handed over the bill.

“Thanks, Miss!” the boy smiled while holding up the bill. “This is a bonus. Serving a foxy chick like you is the tip.” From ingrained habit, Judd dipped a faint curtsy and thanked him.

“Time to go!” Martha declared.

As Judd took his seat, his skirt rode up to mid-thigh revealing several inches of smooth nylon covered thigh and a hint of his lace-edged slip. He made an effort to adjust his wayward skirt, but his actions looked like nervous squirming.

“Stop that fidgeting, Judith!” his aunt scolded. “Your sister came a long way to see you in your pretty clothes. Don’t ruin her visit before it begins.”

“Judith, huh?” Susan asked with curiosity and amusement. “Is

that your name now that you wear dresses?”

Judith was the name Aunt Martha and Ms. Dixon used to caution him that further disobedience would bring on a swift reprisal. Heeding the warning, he swiftly took his hands away from his skirt and folded them demurely in his lap so his bright red oval nails were in clear view. With a bright blush, he shamefully admitted, “I prefer Judy.”

“Judy it is!” Susan declared as she admired her brother’s feminine appearance. She inhaled his alluring perfume and observed the small band of lace and the expanse of smooth nylon encased thigh exposed below the hem of his skirt.

She took his hand in hers to get a better look at his neatly manicured fingernails. Her touch revealed that his hands were softer than her own. Seeing a surprised expression on his sister’s face, Judd tried to divert the conversation away from his feminine appearance by asking, “Why didn’t Mom come with you?”

“Oh, didn’t Aunt Martha tell you?” Susan excitedly exclaimed. “Mom met this man in Paris. They hit it off like teenagers! They go everywhere and do everything together. Mom was never interested in men after Dad died, but this one is different! She decided to spend the holidays with her lover.”

“I’m sure the two of you dreamed of having a Prince Charming when you were little girls, so don’t harbor ill feelings toward your mother,” Martha advised.

“When is she coming?” Judd anxiously asked, ignoring his aunt’s comment. “I have to be a girl until Mom sees me in my dresses a...and things. When will I get to return to pants?”

“We’ll address that at the appropriate time!” Martha snapped. “You will continue to wear dresses and comport yourself as a proper young lady until I speak with your mother about your future!” Even Susan knew Martha’s harsh words ended all discussion on the subject!

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Susan was introduced to Harold upon arriving at the Lee

residence. She had seen photographs of her cousin in dresses, but his apparent feminine beauty amazed her. His hair and makeup were immaculately feminine, and he was wearing a dark wool dress with a straight skirt that fell to mid-thigh. Walking easily and naturally atop 3” heels, he kissed her girlishly on the cheek, and with a high lilting voice said, “Welcome to Atlanta, Susan.”

Inhaling Harold’s enticing perfume, Susan smiled and replied, “My Harold, but aren’t you lovely!”

“Please call me Hannah, Susan dear,” Harold requested. “Harold doesn’t exist any longer. I’m a girl now and refuse to answer to that awful boy name.”

After exchanging greetings, Harold and Judd helped carry Susan’s bags to Judd’s room where Ted and Rex had placed a bed and vanity for her.

“I made a space for your things,” Judd blushed.

“Don’t worry about me,” Susan smiled as she opened a suitcase. “I only brought a few slacks outfits, one skirt, an extra pair of shoes with a slight heel, a few undies, and my makeup. I shouldn’t inconvenience you at all.”

Looking into Judd’s vanity drawers, she saw the myriad of panties, bras, slips, camisoles, teddies, nighties, garter belts, and nylons, and she gasped, “Are all these yours?”

“Yes,” he sighed as he toyed with his skirt and blushed brightly without making eye contact.

“You wear all this...this stuff?”

“I don’t have anything else, and I wouldn’t be allowed to wear them if I did! Now you know why I want Mom see me and have her laugh? Only then will Aunt Martha allow me to stop dressing as a girl!”

“Wow!” Susan gasped. “I’m a girl and I hardly ever wear silky stuff like that! Most of my panties are cotton, and I wear slacks or shorts most of the time. I only wear dresses or skirts for special events. Even then, it’s under protest.”

“I wear dresses, skirts, and silky undies all the time, and always

under protest,” Judd sighed in despair.

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“What do you think of your brother now?” Martha asked as Susan watched Judd scurry about the house the following morning in his neat dress, lacy apron, and heels.

“I’m amazed!” Susan gushed. “I thought it hilarious when you wrote that you were making Judd wear dresses to teach him manners! I envisioned him walking with long strides and sitting with his knees wide apart like boys in comedy skits at college. He manages his skirts so well. He not only walks, sits, and stands like a girl, his demeanor is totally prim, proper, and dainty, like...like a lady!”

“Yes, his feminine side is quite evident.”

“I never dreamed my rough and tumble brother could be so delicate and feminine. He looks and comports himself so much like a girly girl that I can’t bring myself to tease or harass him. Why, he’s positively precious!”

“Yes, Ms. Dixon and I have noticed many feminine traits in him that have led us to believe that he secretly loves wearing pretty dresses and being a girl.”

“Last night, he said he hated dressing as a girl and insisted that he did it only because you made him.”

“Of course, he said that! He claims to dislike them because he believes that no self-respecting boy would admit a love for feminine frills; however, he can’t keep up his ruse for long. Watch how he pays attention to every detail of his ensemble. See how he fusses with his hair and primps in virtually every mirror he passes. Look, he thinks no one is looking, so he’s checking to make sure his slip isn’t showing and that he doesn’t have a run in his nylons! Is that the profile of a person who hates his attire, his appearance, or his role in society?”

“Now that you mention it, I guess not,” Susan confessed. “I tried to get him to play dress-up when he was little, but he always refused. How did you ever get him into a dress?”

“Oh, I suppose I appealed to his softer side,” Martha tactfully lied, knowing Susan wasn’t aware of Judd’s intense training or the punishments he received when his every gesture wasn’t completely demure and feminine. “To insure his cooperation, I gave his trousers and other male clothing away, leaving him only dresses, skirts, and soft undies to wear. All for the better because his feminine demeanor suggests that he was meant to be a girl all along.”

“That’s a thought! It would explain a lot of the things I saw him doing when he thought I was asleep this morning.” Susan reflected.

“What things, dear?”

“I pretended to be asleep when he came out of the bathroom in his long flowing nightgown and negligee. Through lidded eyes, I watched as he undressed and stood before me in only his pink nylon panties. As I looked on in fascination, he nonchalantly fastened a bra about his chest, kneaded nylons over his legs, and pulled a silky slip over his head. I never believed my brother would wear soft feminine undies of his own accord, but no one was around to actually make him put those things on despite his claims that he only wears girl’s clothes because of you.”

“That was true in the beginning, but his macho attitude softened when he began to enjoy his feminine attire.”

“I’ll say his outlook is different! He sat at his vanity to do his hair and makeup, and even though he didn’t know he was being watched, he smoothed his slip beneath him and sat primly with his knees together!”

“Ms. Dixon and I have observed similar behavior. Despite his claims to the contrary, I think he secretly likes his feminine role. That’s why I conclude that he should have been a girl all along.”

“You may be right. I still have trouble getting eyeshadow, eyeliner, and mascara just right, but he got it right the first time. After putting on his dress, he raised his skirt, smoothed his nylons, and attached them to his garter straps. He fluffed out his skirt and turned every way possible before the mirror to make sure it hung properly. Still, he wasn’t ready to leave until he checked his hair and makeup one last time.”

“Since it is Saturday, she was probably trying to look her feminine best in case Ted comes by.”

“Ted?”

“Ted Sherman, her boyfriend. He attends Georgia Tech and comes by often. They always date on weekends when he isn’t studying.”

“Ted Sherman, his best friend from Boston?”

“The very same.”

“And they date?”

“Oh, they’re quite an item. I’ll show you some photographs.”

Susan looked over the photos of Judd in the sexy red dress he wore to the church social, in several stylish dresses he wore about the house, and in his lovely ball gown. In most, he was with Ted, and they seemed to be having fun dancing or sitting close on the sofa. “No wonder he was so diligent with his primping,” she observed. “Ted has grown into quite a hunk since I last saw him!”

“You will see them together tonight, as Ted is sure to be here along with Rex Butler, Hannah’s boyfriend. I’ve also invited Ethel O’Hara, an old friend, and her twin granddaughters, who used to be boys too.”

“More boys in dresses? How many are there?”

“Only four as of now, but since our success at the Magnolia Ball, there may be others in the future,” Martha chuckled. “A rumor got started that boys make prettier girls than real girls.”

“How did such a rumor get started?” After a glance at her beaming aunt, she exclaimed, “Aunt Martha! You didn’t! How could you?”

“By planting stories of *fact* in a few strategic places and stressing our success at the Ball this year. On the premise that the rumor is true, several families are already training their sons, nephews, and wards to wear dresses and comport themselves as girls in preparation for the Ball next year.”

“Wow!” Susan exclaimed as she envisioned a stage full of former rough and tumble boys with feminine hairstyles and makeup

mincing about in elegant antebellum gowns atop four-inch heels competing for the coveted title of Magnolia Queen

“In fact, I hear several boys are already wearing panties under their jeans and camisoles under their shirts to more quickly accustom them to soft silky fabrics against their skin. After a crash course in feminine comportment during the holidays, they will return to school in dresses after Christmas.”

“They’ll be wearing dresses to school even though their friends and classmates know they are boys?”

“Along with the appropriate lingerie, makeup, and hairstyles!” Martha beamed. “The prestige that accompanies the title of Magnolia Queen is unparalleled in this city, and some circles of high society will stop at nothing to achieve the honor.”

“Even sacrifice their sons?”

“Truth is stranger than fiction, my dear.”

### ***Chapter 16 - His girlfriend's girlfriend***

Susan watched in awe as Harold and Judd dressed, primed, and otherwise readied themselves like experts for the evening festivities. She decided to wear a stylish pantsuit, minimum makeup, and her low-heel slippers, even though her brother and cousin were going all out.

Judd wore a red jumper style dress with a full mid-thigh length skirt over a silky white blouse with long sleeves. His skirt swirled out to reveal the tops of his dark nylons, as he turned gingerly before the mirror on his three-inch pumps to inspect his appearance.

Observing her brother’s full red lips and attractive feminine hairstyle, Susan seriously considered her aunt’s suggestion that he should have been a girl from the start.

At that moment, Harold burst into the room in a straight, extremely short black leather skirt, a silky yellow blouse cut in front to expose his mature breasts, and tight fitting leather boots with 4” heels. He held his limp wrists high to avoid smearing his bright red nail polish. “Oh Judy,” he gushed, “Do you think Rex will like me in this outfit?”

“It’s a bit skimpy for this weather, isn’t it?” Susan asked.

“Perhaps, but Rex likes my legs! They were covered by my long gown at the Ball, so I’ve been giving him a good look ever since. Besides, I’ll warm up when I dance close in his strong arms and smell his manly cologne.”

“Can you spell B-I-M-B-O?” Susan spelled out the word.

“What?” Harold asked looking perturbed for a moment. Just as quickly, he sighed, “Oh, no matter! Judy, tell me what you think! Rex will be here any minute and I still must touchup my lipstick!”

“You look great and Rex will love you in that cute outfit,” Judd smiled.

“Oh, I hope so!” Harold girlishly squealed as he hurriedly minced from the room.

Judd confronted Susan, “I heard what you called Hannah and so did she. It wasn’t nice nor is it correct.”

“But he...she is so...so flighty and air headed,” Susan said.

“Don’t be fooled by Hannah’s sometimes flighty behavior,” Judd smiled. “Beneath that ‘bimbo’ exterior is a girl with Harold’s charm and soave fare’ and Aunt Martha’s determination and stubbornness, sort of a melding of Rhett Butler and Scarlet O’Hara. She’s set her sights on Rex and he doesn’t stand a chance!”

“If you say so, sister of mine,” Susan wasn’t convinced.

Don’t believe me if you wish, but don’t cross her,” Judd warned. “She’s the ‘apple’ of her mother’s eye and can do no wrong now that she has truly become the daughter Aunt Martha always wanted. You see what Aunt Martha can and will do when she sets her sights on it,” Judd scanned his dress with his nicely manicured hands. “Hannah is her mother’s daughter, and with money and power, she can be just as determined.”

“Although Hannah won the Magnolia Queen title, many of Atlanta’s elite still hold their noses up to her because of her background. But mark my word, Susan, this time next year, those same people will be crawling all over each other to get an invitation to one of her parties. It wouldn’t surprise me if those people still

putting on airs of superiority suddenly find their favorite sons wearing silky lingerie, tight hobble skirts, pretty blouses, and walking a white line in 3” heels with books on their heads.”

-----

When Rex arrived, Susan wasn't unduly surprised to see Hannah rush over and kiss him lightly to avoid smearing her lipstick. Holding her at arm's length, Rex gushed, "Gawd, but you are so gorgeous, Hannah!"

Demurely, Hannah lowered her eyes and sighed, "Fiddle de de, Rex Butler, aren't you the charmer? You say the sweetest things. I simply must keep you away from the other girls."

This little exchange startled Susan, and turning to observe the couple, she saw that Hannah had taken Rex's arm and was leading him over to meet her. "Rex, darling, may I introduce Judy's sister, Susan. She's visiting us from Boston. She's here to teach Yankee manners to us Southern folk. Aren't you, Susan dear?"

Hannah made merry during her introduction, but a brief glint of fire in her eyes confirmed that she had heard and did not appreciate Susan's rude remark. Susan decided then and there to make amends. She did not want problems with the Lee side of the family.

Rex didn't know what to make of this little exchange, so he extended his hand and offered, "Nice to meet you, Susan. I hope you enjoy your visit to our fair state."

-----

"Hello, Susan, nice to see you again," a familiar voice greeted her from behind.

"Ted!" she gasped as she turned to greet the speaker. Quickly giving him the once over to see how he had grown and matured, she added, "Great to see you too. I hear you're a college man now!"

"That's right," he beamed as he leaned over and whispered in her ear, "I'm in love with your sister, but she's playing hard to get."

"What is it with these feminine boys that attracts such handsome men?" Susan wondered.

When Mrs. O'Hara and her granddaughters arrived, Susan was

again taken aback by the beauty and grace of the twin boys in dresses. Melanie brought Jeff along, but Maggie was without an escort.

Seeing him looking sad and forlorn, Susan asked, “Unhappy because you don’t have a date?”

“No!” he snarled. “Grandma can make me wear dresses, but she can’t make me like boys!” he snarled while indicating his stylish black silk cocktail dress. It had a light mid-thigh length skirt that floated about his thighs and looked darling with his dark nylons and black three-inch pumps. Observing Susan’s pant suit, he pouted his painted lips and sighed, “I wish I could wear pants, even if they were girl’s pants.”

“I’m at my wit’s end with Maggie,” Mrs. O’Hara moaned to Martha in the next room. “He fights me at every turn. Not only does he dislike his dresses and silky undies as much as ever, he flatly refuses to be amorous with any of the young men with whom I’ve arranged dates. I’ve begun to think my only option is to allow him to return to trousers.”

“Are you certain there is no other way?”

“I don’t have another solution, but I’ll wait until his appointment with Dr. Meade next week to decide.”

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***Since winning Belle of the Ball, Hannali blossomed into a lovely young woman pursued by all the young men, yet she only had eyes for Rex Butler.***

After dinner, as the couples paired off to dance, Maggie was the only one without a partner. Seeing him sitting all alone and out of sorts, Susan asked, “Would you like to dance?” When he looked perplexed, she said, “Don’t worry about your skirt and heels. I’ll lead. After all, I am wearing pants.”

Feeling confused, yet somehow pleased that a real girl would want to dance with him in his feminine guise, Marvin smiled tentatively and offered her a well-manicured hand. He had vowed not to have fun this evening, but he began to enjoy himself as he moved in time with the lively music in Susan’s arms. When she led him through the turns, his skirt swirled out to reveal his smooth nylon covered thighs. Even that was fun.

“You dance very well in high heels,” Susan whispered in his ear as she pulled him close during a slow number.

“Thank you,” he blushed as he felt a tingling in his bra and a stirring in his panties that he hadn’t experienced in ages.

Sensing his arousal, she led him to the solarium where they could be alone and talk. As they sat beside each other and viewed the stars, she kissed him deeply and slipped her free hand under his skirt. He was anxiously returning her kiss, so she was surprised to find a completely flaccid member when her hand reached the contents of his soft nylon panties.

“Do you like girls?”

“Love them!” Despite his dress, silky undies, and feminine makeup, Marvin was completely embarrassed by his inability to perform as a man. “It no longer works because of all the female hormones,” he blushed.

Susan took his statement as a challenge, but she failed to physically excite him no matter what she tried with her hands or mouth. Finally in exasperation, she sighed, “We had better repair our makeup and get back to the party before they send out a search party.”

“I really enjoyed that,” Marvin panted. “I know it didn’t seem so, but I’m exhilarated inside. Thanks for trying.”

Finishing her makeup repair long before Marvin, Susan approached Mrs. O'Hara and asked if they could have a word. When the elderly woman consented, she shamelessly related the events that had just taken place. "Can anything be done to increase his ability to sexually perform...as a boy?" she asked.

Mrs. O'Hara quickly recognized this as the solution she was seeking. If Maggie wouldn't be affectionate with boys, perhaps this girl was the answer. Taking her cell phone out of her purse, she dialed a number. "Dr. Meade, this is Ethel O'Hara. As you know, Maggie has resisted all my efforts to date boys. Well, she has become infatuated with a young lady who knows of her situation. I was wondering if...? Yes, stop administering the pills now and you'll begin to cycle his medication next week. Thank you, Doctor."

"Does that mean...?" Susan asked hopefully.

"During parts of the month, Marvin's ability to perform will return, but you must encourage him to stay feminine without an argument. Even during the part of the month he's feeling 'randy.'"

"How sweet!" Susan exclaimed, "If he gets too stirred up, we'll pop him with the hormones again. Thank you, Mrs. O'Hara!"

When Marvin returned, Susan took him in her arms and began dancing almost without his consent. At a break, she held his chair while he sat and brought him a snack as a young man would his date. Loving the attention from this attractive girl, even though she was wearing pants, Marvin quickly became totally infatuated with her.

As everyone was leaving, Hannah, Melanie, and Judy were being kissed goodnight. Susan surprised Marvin by taking him in her arms and kissing him passionately. "I'll be coming by to see you soon, so make sure to look especially pretty for me," she whispered with a nibble on his earlobe.

Marvin could think of nothing else for the rest of the evening. As he lay between satin sheets in his long nylon nightgown, he hugged a pillow and pretended it was Susan. "She really likes me in girl's clothes, and she wants me to look pretty for her!" he sighed.

The next morning, Marvin chose his silkiest undies and while

wearing the chosen panties, bra, and slip, he primped like a schoolgirl getting ready for her first date. Instead of complaining about having to wear girl's clothes, he agonized over which dress to wear while gleefully thinking, "I want to look pretty for Susan if she comes by." In another first, he even asked Melanie for advice about his hair and makeup.

When Mrs. O'Hara saw her once reluctant grandson flitting about like a butterfly in his stylish dress and checking his appearance in every mirror he passed, she decided, "Yes, Susan is definitely the answer to my prayers."

### ***Chapter 17 – To Be or Not to Be!***

Just before Christmas, Susan cornered Ted and asked, "What is it with Judd and you? What do you find so fascinating about him? I thought you were a straight shooter."

"I am, Susan," Ted insisted not perturbed by her innuendo. "Have you looked closely at your brother since you arrived? Have you observed how he acts, dresses, and reacts to others? Does any of that remind you of a boy?"

"Not particularly," Susan thoughtfully reflected.

"Judy doesn't realize it, but Judd is gone! He no longer exists, but she clings to the myth that all she has to do is put on a pair of pants and she'll be Judd again. That will never happen!"

"I...I guess you're right, but..." Susan stammered. "Actually, having a sister more feminine than me is quite refreshing."

"Judy is the most feminine and sexiest girl I've ever met. I would be the happiest man alive if only she could get past this illusion of masculinity and get on with her life as the beautiful girl she has become."

"I'll do what I can to help," Susan smiled slyly as a sinister thought entered her mind. "It would be nice to not have to deal with that macho brother of mine. Besides, I find Maggie extremely fascinating as well."

"I've seen the two of you together and you make a cute couple.

I'd appreciate it if you can get Judd to give it up and allow Judy to blossom. Only then can she and I make beautiful music together!"

-----

A bit later, Susan was surprised to see Judd mincing about wearing a silky white blouse, a straight, extremely short black skirt, and stilt heels. He was carrying his arms at waist level with limp wrists, and he was balancing a book on his head. "What are you doing?" she gasped.

"Practicing my feminine carriage," he sighed as he kept his back straight and bent from the knees to retrieve a coin from the floor. It was indeed a difficult task to perform with his tight skirt, stilt heels, and long oval nails!

"What happens if the book falls?" Susan asked in amazement as she watched him stoop to retrieve another coin.

"He has to start over and repeat the exercise until he completes it without losing the book or making an unladylike display of his undies, of course," Ms. Dixon, who was watching his every move, replied in a matter of fact tone. "I require him to perform this drill every day for a week whenever I observe him walking with a masculine stride. If he fails three consecutive times, he must carry the book on his head all day. Do you know a better way to instill a feminine gait in an obstinate boy?"

"N...no...." she gasped. "I guess not."

-----

Later, when Susan saw Judd wearing his short skirt and heels, and walking as if the book was still atop his head, she asked, "Are all your feminine lessons that intense?"

"You haven't see anything!" he proclaimed. "If she thinks I'm not trying, she places a cup of ice water on the book. I get drenched if I allow the book to fall. Imagine trying to complete that awful drill while shivering from the cold!"

"What's it like having to wear dresses and learning to be a girl?"

"It's horrible! Please ask Mom to pay even a short visit. I'm afraid Aunt Martha is trying to keep me in skirts forever!"

“How did you feel in the beginning? I mean, a headstrong boy like you being forced into a world of silk, satin, nylon, and lace where you had no choice but to wear dresses and learn to comport yourself as a girl.”

“It was awful!” he blushed. “I was embarrassed and humiliated beyond belief!”

“You seem to have adjusted well enough.”

“At times I want to rip off my dress and refuse to wear another, then I remember the punishment I’d receive from Ms. Dixon and I change my mind. Often, I get confused and my mind flits about like a butterfly. Before I know it, I’m checking my makeup to make sure I’m pretty for Ted or any other boy who happens to be around. If I don’t return to pants soon, I’ll become an girly girl like Hannah and Melanie!”

“About Ted, one minute you’re all over him like cheap perfume, and the next, you tell him not to get too close because you’re returning to pants. What’s the poor guy to think?”

“That’s what I’m talking about. Having to wear dresses and practice feminine mannerisms while taking those hormone pills keeps me confused. Most of the time, I feel like a girl and I’m happy to have a handsome boyfriend like Ted. At other times, I’m ashamed of my dresses and I want to rip them to pieces!”

“How do you think Ted must feel?”

“Oh, I feel so sorry for poor Ted!” Judd spat sarcastically as he adjusted his short skirt across his smooth nylon encased thighs to prevent his slip from showing. “I’m the one wearing panties, skirts, and makeup! What does Ted have to feel bad about? He still has his pants, doesn’t he?”

Susan asked, “You and Ted were friends and confided in each other before you started wearing dresses. Why can’t you do that now? All that has changed are your clothes.”

Rising to his feet, Judd absentmindedly took a book from the table and placed it on his head. In deep thought, he strolled about the room with limp wrists, his hips swinging enticingly. “My

clothes, my appearance, and my lifestyle change everything. Ted is handsome, but I feel that all will be lost if I give in to his charms. I'll never be a boy again. Gawd knows, I didn't ask for any of this!"

The book fell from his head when he motioned with his hand to indicate his feminine ensemble. Stamping his foot in disgust, he burst into tears of frustration. "Oh Poo!" he wailed as he realized that stamping stiletto heels don't make much of a statement. "See what I mean?" he added while brushing his short skirt beneath him and stooping to pick up the book as he had done with the coins.

"You do that so gracefully," Susan mused as she observed how his skirt rode up when he squatted, but he expertly managed to keep his undies out of sight.

"I should!" he sobbed as his eyes filled with tears. "I've practiced so much lately that I do it without thinking! Oh, I could never live it down if I did something like that after I return to pants!"

Taking her distraught brother in her arms, Susan cooed, "Don't cry, sweetie. You'll ruin your makeup. Your mascara is already running, so be careful as you wipe your eyes on this hankie. There, that's better! Run along and repair your makeup before Ms. Dixon sees you."

"Thanks, Susan," he sniffed.

"That's okay," she replied as she playfully slapped him on the buttocks. "Sisters should talk every so often."

-----

Marvin was on pins and needles as he rushed to greet his guest. Wearing her usual slacks, Susan looked over her blushing host in his stylish, dark green dress with a straight, mid-thigh length skirt. She smiled, "I see you followed my instructions and kept yourself looking pretty for me."

Blushing profusely at her compliment, Marvin squealed girlishly, "Oh Susan, I was hoping you would drop by! Have a seat in the parlor while I get some refreshments."

Marvin walked easily in his heels as he minced toward the

kitchen with his hips swinging seductively. Looking appreciably at his attractive, dark nylons encased thighs, she gasped, “Wow!”

“She’s been nervous as a cat all day in anticipation of your visit. She was devastated when you didn’t come by or call after the other evening,” Mrs. O’Hara explained.

“I wanted to wait until after her appointment with the doctor.”

“No worries on that front,” Mrs. O’Hara beamed. “Things should return to normal in a week or ten days.”

“You mean you don’t mind if we...”

“Why should I? I was young once and youngsters have your games to play. Have fun! You’re only young once.” Mrs. O’Hara wasn’t overjoyed at the prospect of Marvin having sex, but this was her only way to keep him happy in his dresses and skirts.

Susan wanted to ask more pointed questions, but Marvin returned with the refreshments. “I’ll leave you two to get acquainted,” Mrs. O’Hara announced as she rose to depart. “Have a good time, but don’t make a mess in here with crumbs.”

“Oh no, Grandmother, we won’t,” Marvin assured her with a polite curtsy. “Don’t worry,” he smiled at Susan. “If we drop any crumbs, I’ll vacuum them up before she returns.” As he sat on the sofa beside her, he appeared to slide his already short skirt even higher on his thighs.

Taking him in her arms, she said, “You’re the refreshment that I want.”

“Don’t!” he wailed as he pushed her away. “You’ll smear my lipstick!”

“You can repair your lipstick if you can clean up the crumbs!” Susan insisted as she pulled him close and planted a passionate kiss on his red lips. He tried half-heartedly to push her away, but gradually gave in and returned her kiss.

She ran her free hand up his thigh until she reached the flaccid member in his panties. “You know that doesn’t work,” he sighed dejectedly as he pulled his lips from hers.

“I felt something stir,” she cooed. “I’m finally getting to you.”

“You’re right!” he exclaimed, “I did feel something!”

“Give me a little time and I’ll have you horny as a frog in Texas, but you have to keep yourself pretty and sexy at all times.”

“Count on it!” Marvin sighed as he moved his hungry mouth to hers.

### ***Chapter 18 – Full Circle***

Christmas morning found Martha, Hannah, Judy, Susan, Ted, and Rex gathered around the tree to exchange gifts. When all the gifts were passed out, Hannah squealed, “I’m just dying to see what Rex gave me in that big box. I want to be the first to open a gift!”

Martha said, “For those not familiar with our custom, we each open a gift in turn, so everyone gets to see and appreciate the other’s gifts. Very well, Hannah, you may open one of yours first.”

Hannah started to rip the paper away from the large box, but after a moment, she carefully separated the seams like a girl to preserve the wrapping. She faced a mass of wadded paper when the box was finally open. Recognizing the contents as a joke, she shuffled through the mass until she found a small velvet box.

She was in a tizzy as she excitedly opened it to find a gold ring with a medium size diamond. Bringing her hand, with its brightly polished nails to her mouth, she gasped, “Oh Rex, it’s beautiful!”

“Let me see,” Rex asserted in a firm tone. Taking the ring from its container, he lowered himself to one knee, looked Hannah in the eye, and proclaimed, “Before your family and friends, I’m asking you to be my bride.”

Tears filled Hannah’s eyes as she stammered, “But...why...why would you want to marry me? I’m not...”

“My darling, you are so much more than you know. I don’t have the words to tell you how much you mean to me,” Rex sincerely insisted. “You are a beautiful, sexy woman, and I love you with all my heart. Please say you’ll be my wife, and allow me the honor of placing my ring on your finger.”

“Of course, I’ll marry you, silly!” Hannah gushed through her tears. “I’ve wanted nothing else for the longest time, but I didn’t, I

couldn't see how we could..."

"We'll discuss the how and when later, but right now allow me to place this ring on your finger," Rex asserted. "Then can we seal our promise to each other with a kiss." Rex had to hold her hand steady so he could place the ring on Hannah's finger.

As they kissed long and passionately, Hannah's skirt rode high on her nylon-sheathed thighs. She gave no indication that she was aware of her less than ladylike posture.

When they came up for air, Martha beamed, "Congratulations to the future bride and groom! Just promise to set the date far enough in advance to allow us time to plan the most elaborate wedding this town has ever seen."

"Of course, Mother!" Hannah gushed, holding onto Rex's arm with all her might. "I'd have to relinquish my crown as Magnolia Queen if I got married now. I couldn't do that, right, Rex honey?"

"You got it, babe!" Rex proudly kissed his fiancée on the cheek.

Unable to suppress his femininity, Judd rushed over to Hannah and squealed excitedly, "Eeeeeee! I'm so happy for you!"

"Will you be one of my bridesmaids?"

"Of course I will, silly! I would be hurt if you didn't ask. Oh no! I won't be wearing dresses then!"

"Let's get back to opening presents and settle the details of the wedding later," Martha declared, putting an end to the conversation.

-----

With hopes of returning to pants filling his head, Judd was taken aback by his gifts. He received a long yellow nightgown and a translucent negligee from Martha, a blushing pink panty, bra, slip, and garter belt set from Hannah, a red wool miniskirt and a tight red cashmere sweater that would accentuate his growing breasts, and a three-tiered pearl necklace from Ted.

Later when he and Ted were alone, Judd scolded, "Why did you give me such feminine gifts? You know I'll be returning to pants before long!"

Ted had agonized over Susan's advice about how to handle

Judy, but thus far, he had been reluctant to take control. Still fearful of losing her, he decided to throw caution to the wind, since nothing else had worked. Summoning all his courage, he looked Judd in the eye and proclaimed in the firmest tone he could manage, “Look, Judy, I’m tired of hearing about you returning to pants! As a beautiful young woman, you don’t belong in them! I’m desperately in love with you, but if I hear one more remark about you wearing pants, I swear, I’m out of here! I can’t take it anymore!”

Judd had never seen Ted so assertive and strong. It caused a stirring in his panties and a thrill to run through his body. How could he resist this new Ted? In an effort to remain in control of their relationship, he hissed, “Look...”

“No, you look!” Ted demanded. “I have done everything for you! I even changed schools to be near you. After all that, all you talk about is returning to pants!” Walking toward the door, he added, “That ends here and now. I’m out of here!”

As Ted departed, Judd realized how important his former best friend had been over the past months. Now, he was sending signals that thrilled Judd’s estrogen imposed femininity. Without thinking, he ran after Ted as fast as his tight miniskirt and stilt heels would allow. Catching him at the door, he sobbed, “Oh Ted! Please don’t leave me! I couldn’t have gotten through this without you. If you stay, I promise to never mention pants again.”

“You’ll be content to be my girl and allow me to wear the pants? You won’t argue or complain when I call the shots and decide where we go and what we do? Finally, you will be Hannah’s lovely bridesmaid at her wedding?”

“I’ll do whatever you say,” Judd replied in a tiny voice near tears, “Only, please don’t leave me.”

Seeing Judy’s tears, he took her in his arms and gave her a passionate kiss. “Any doubt about who’s in charge?” he asked.

“No doubt at all,” Judy purred as she snuggled close to her *man*.

-----

That evening, the O’Hara family visited the Lee residence for

Christmas dinner and to exchange gifts.

Judd was wearing red panties, bra, garter belt, and a white translucent negligee when Susan came in to help him dress. She informed him that all the girls were wearing red, but his emerging femininity balked at the idea of wearing the same color as the others. “I won’t do it!” he insisted. “Green is a Christmas color. Why can’t I wear a green dress?”

“Judith, do you want Aunt Martha to hear you speak like that?” Susan asked in a knowing tone.

“Okay, don’t get your panties in a bunch! I’ll wear a red dress! How about the outfit you gave me for Christmas? The tight sweater shows off my boobs, and that short skirt shows everything else, but I’ll wear it if that’s what you want!”

-----

At the dinner, Melanie and Marvin were radiant images of femininity in identical red dresses that featured short full skirts with a row of white fur at the neckline, cuffs, and hem. To enhance their look, they wore red Santa hats pinned to their shining red tresses. Their makeup was immaculate, and they minced about girlishly in red pumps with 4” stiletto heels.

Hannah was resplendent in a red, full-length satin gown with a very narrow skirt, and she wore a white mink stole about her smooth creamy shoulders. Her makeup, bright red lipstick, and nail polish were immaculate. Dangling diamond earrings and a matching necklace with a pendant that settled in the valley of her cleavage greatly enhanced her beauty. All this was topped off with golden blonde tresses caressing her forehead, cheeks, and neck and featured the jewel-encrusted tiara that came with the title of Magnolia Queen!

Although still legally a male, what more could a red-blooded guy like Rex desire in a fiancée than the lovely Hannah? Apparently nothing, because as the merry group sang Christmas songs, Rex moved close behind Hannah and discreetly caressed her soft buttocks through the silky satin of her gown.

“Stop that!” she whispered. “Someone might see you.”



***High lilting soprano voices mixed with deep tenor voices to fill the room. Nobody would guess that all but one of the girls surrounding the piano were boys just one short year ago.***

“You look so sexy in that silky red dress,” he kissed her neck. “I can’t keep my hands off you.”

“Then be discreet,” she cautioned with a grin. “It feels lovely, but don’t let the others see you.”

With a sly grin, she discretely brushed his hard manhood with her soft feminine fingers. “Ummm,” she purred, “I’m impressed!”

“I certainly hope so, gorgeous,” he whispered.

“But I’m impressed easily,” she giggled girlishly. As the two returned to singing carols with the others, Hannah’s clear lilting soprano was so different from her fiancée’s deep tenor.

-----

After dinner, as the joyful group chatted merrily, the doorbell rang. Martha jumped up, motioned the others to continue their conversations, and went to answer the door.

Shortly, she returned with five guests, and announced, “Ladies and gentlemen, most of you have heard gossip that several boys will be competing for the title of Magnolia Queen next year. Well several prominent families have already started feminizing their sons. I’ll allow Ms. Mason and Ms. Dixon to introduce their new students.”

The group observed the three boys standing before them. Even though they wore festive Christmas dresses, feminine makeup, lipstick, and 2” heels, they were undoubtedly boys.

Ms. Mason pushed a reluctant charge forward. With his boyish brunette tresses in a slightly feminine style, he was slightly prettier than the other two. “Allow me to present *Miss Ashley Welkes*, son of investment banker, John Welkes and his lovely wife Joan, active in various social programs around the city.”

Ashley politely curtsied to the astounded onlookers, and then Ms. Mason said, “Since I was so successful with the O’Hara twins, I have been engaged to take on another student as well. Therefore, I am pleased to present Ashley’s best friend and next-door neighbor, *Miss Sue Ellen Hamilton*. Sue Ellen is the son of real estate magnate, Beauregard Hamilton and his lovely wife, Katie.” At Ms.

Mason's signal, Sue Ellen, an embarrassed, freckled red head, stepped forward and executed a polite curtsy.

Next, Ms. Dixon motioned her blonde charge forward and announced, "I am pleased to present *Miss Tara Taylor*. He is the son of prominent Atlanta attorney Colonel William Taylor and his socialite wife, Dixie." With a bright blush, Tara stepped forward, grasped the sides of his skirt, and curtsied to the curious onlookers.

"Look what we have here!" Hannah exclaimed with a surprised smile on her luscious red lips as she rose to her feet. Her stride was severely restricted by her long satin gown and 4" stiletto heels, causing her hips to gyrate seductively as she approached her former tormentor. With a knowing grin, she sighed in a sexy breathless whisper, "You look surprisingly feminine for someone who said nobody could make him wear a dress."

"What do you think of your runaway friend now, Tara dear?" Ms. Dixon grinned.

"He's *beautiful!*" Todd gasped in disbelief. "He was cute, in a ridiculous sort of way when he was staying in the shed, but now, he's beautiful and sexy! I thought he won the beauty contest because of his mother's money, but Wow! He looks a lot prettier than any of the real girls around here!"

"You are partly responsible for Hannah's beauty, and in effect, your own feminine circumstance," Ms. Dixon quipped. "If you had given him pants instead of making him wear your sister's dress in exchange for food, he may have gotten away, he wouldn't have competed in at the Magnolia Ball, no one in Atlanta would know how beautiful boys can become, and you wouldn't be wearing a dress. Just think, in time, you will look just as beautiful and sexy."

"Speaking of Becky's dress, does she ever wear it?" Hannah asked.

"Oh no!" Ms Dixon replied. "You don't realize what you started by being named Magnolia Queen. Not only are boys being trained to compete for your title, but mothers are putting their daughters on strict diets, sending them to charm and etiquette classes, and making them wear long Antebellum dresses to teach them gracefulness. To

these girls' utter chagrin, gone are their jeans and short dresses."

"Then Becky won't mind if Tara wore that cute little number he made me wear," Hannah smiled. "He would look cute in it, and he would have to maintain a constant vigil to prevent his undies from being seen."

"Good idea," Ms. Dixon declared, "That short red velvet dress would be perfect to train our little Tara how to keep his slip and panties concealed."

"Oh no!" Todd gasped in disbelief.

"What's this all about?" Ashley asked.

"Girls, meet Miss Hannah Lee, the reigning Magnolia Queen," Ms. Dixon beamed. "One short year ago, she was a boy like you, and last month, she won her coveted title over the most beautiful and elegant girls in Atlanta." Hannah's bright red lips framed her white teeth as she smiled pleasantly and dipped a polite curtsy.

"Just because you can made some sissy look good in a dress doesn't mean you can do it with us!" Ashley declared with uncertainty in his voice.

"Hannah was no sissy, and to prove that not only sissies can be made into beautiful young ladies, here are three more," Ms. Dixon declared summoning the others. "They didn't win the crown, but they made the court as Princesses."

The astounded boys shook their heads in disbelief as they observed Judd in his extremely short skirt displaying his trim, nylon encased thighs and the tight sweater that emphasized his blossoming bosom. "Meet Miss Judy Grant. He came to Atlanta from Boston in June to visit his cousin Harold. Despite his wishes to the contrary, he joined Hannah in skirts."

Turning to the twins, she continued, "These two cuties are Misses Melanie and Maggie O'Hara from Savannah who were put in skirts by their grandmother during the summer. As you see, all three of these former boys have become very lovely young ladies."

"It can't be!" Sue Ellen declared. "Those girls can't be boys!"

Smiling, Hannah cooed, "I assure you that I was once a boy.

Under Ms. Dixon's tutelage, I progressed in my femininity to the point that I won the title of Magnolia Queen. Now I'm a girl and engaged to a wonderful man," she flashed her stunning diamond ring.

Did you wear dresses to school?" Ashley asked.

"Ms Dixon schooled me at home," Hannah replied. "If you are hesitant to appear before your friends in dresses and skirts, you might ask your mother to let you take your classes at home. I'm sure she will agree if you promise to work hard to become a proper young lady."

"As you can see, these four girls show that boys can win beauty contests over a bevy of beautiful girls. Not only that, they each have handsome fiancées." Ted, Rex, Jeff, and Susan stepped forward to stand next to their partners.

Realizing that their fate included wearing pretty dresses and dating other boys who knew their real gender, the three feminized boys looked anxiously about for an avenue of escape. "Go ahead," Hannah smiled. "Run out into the world in a dress. See where it gets you. I know. I've been there!"

-----

A few nights, after a frank talk with Mrs. O'Hara, Susan was allowed to spend the night with Marvin. "After all, the elder woman reasoned, what's wrong with a girl to girl sleep over?"

Later, all was quiet in the O'Hara household except for excited whispers coming from one bedroom in particular. On the bed lay Marvin in a sheer, sexy blue babydoll nightie, his nipples on his budding breasts proudly erect, his flaming red hair splayed across a pillow, and a deep, flush on his face.

Susan straddled him and gently pumped up and down, as she excitedly sighed, "Ahhh...a bit of Marvin has definitely returned for tonight! Hummm...let me do the work, Maggie dear. Oh my, what a lovely dildo my sweet Maggie has developed!"



*“Ooooh, Maggie, Melvin is back!” Susan screamed as she rode Melvin like a pony. “You will make such a wonderful wife now that ‘Mr. Barney’ has come back to life again.”*

Marvin moaned and tried to keep up with Susan's frenzied movements as she pressed herself harder and vigorously onto his re-emerging manhood. As they coupled, their matching babydoll nighties swayed, and their breasts bobbed with rhythm and passion.

The hormones were still taking a toll but Susan would lean over and lick or tweak one of Marvin's excited nipples, which sparked the flame. The bedsprings squeaked for almost an hour as the two continued to please each other, one and then the other on top, but always Susan in charge. Moans of pleasure, groans of lust, and occasional squeals of delight from both filled the room as the two lovebirds consummated their union.

The next morning, after another mutually satisfying romp between the sheets, Susan got down on one knee and asked, "Maggie, my love, will you marry me?"

"Oh yes!" Marvin excitedly squealed. "Nothing would make me happier!"

"You don't have to worry about how we will live," Susan continued. "I have a degree in Business and Finance from Harvard, and your grandmother promised me a position at her bank. As her 'son-in-law', I'll be on the management fast track. I have my trust fund from Dad's insurance too."

Hearing Susan refer to herself as his grandmother's 'son-in-law', Marvin stammered, "That's wonderful, but I'll have to start wearing pants, get a job and stop the hormones."

"Pants? Job? Stop hormones? Don't be ridiculous!" she chastised. "You must keep yourself cute and desirable in your pretty dresses, skirts, and sexy undies. I'll be the breadwinner! Besides, I know you'll be a wonderful mother to our children."

Realizing that he would be happy in any world as long as he had Susan, Marvin smiled, "Okay, my darling! I'll be the best wife and sexiest lover you could ever want!"

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Judd took a long soaking bath and shaved his legs in a tub of warm water saturated with scented oils to get ready for his New Year's Eve date with Ted. He dried off with a fluffy pink towel, and as was his habit, he massaged moisturizing lotion into his entire body.

He quickly stepped into a pair of silky white panties, fastened a push-up bra about his chest, and positioned his maturing breasts into the cups. He clasped a garter belt about his waist, threaded the straps beneath his panties, pulled a pristine white slip over his head, and slipped into a short translucent negligee.

He noticed his matching finger and toenails as he gathered a sheer nylon stocking in his hands and placed the silky item over his foot. As he kneaded the fragile wisp over his thigh, he cringed at how natural applying several coats of polish to his nails had become. Parting his negligee and raising the lacy hem of his slip, he pulled his nylons taut and fastened them to his garter straps. Finally, after sliding his feet into a pair of fluffy bedroom slippers with 3" heels, he sat at his vanity to do his hair and makeup.

Susan was taken aback by his femininity as she entered the bedroom. She watched as he twisted a stray raven tendril into a dapper curl and patted it neatly into place. Noticing how closely his bright red lipstick matched the color of his long oval nails, she asked teasingly, "Hot date tonight?"

"What do you mean?" he stammered.

"You know what I mean, you minx," she teased with a sly smile. "No girl goes to all that trouble with her hair and makeup unless she wants to impress a special boy with her natural beauty."

"But, Susan...!"

"Don't but Susan me!" she countered. "I see through your flirtatious games and subtle attempts at feminine intrigue. Don't worry! Ted is a man and won't suspect a thing. Guys never do."

"But, Susan, I didn't...I'm not..."

"Yes, you are!" she chided. "You've obviously spent hours with your hair and makeup. When did you last wear that sexy slip? I'll bet never! You bought it especially for Ted, right?"

“How did you know?” Judd asked as he looked over his pristine white slip.

“That’s what I thought!” Susan declared. “You bought that sexy little number for a special occasion. This New Year’s date with Ted fills the bill perfectly, especially when he slides his hand under your skirt! You’re waiting until the last minute to put on your dress to avoid wrinkles, but even so, you’re worried about mussing your chic hairdo when you pull it over your head.”

“I...I can’t help it, Susan,” he sighed in resignation. “Aunt Martha has done more than make me dress as a girl. I think like a girl most of the time now! Enforced diets and unyielding corsets have made my waist smaller than most girls. Months of estrogen therapy have developed my breasts and rounded my hips to girlish contours. Everything in my bra is me! Well those awful hormones affected my mind as well. I notice boys and want them to notice me as a girl! That is so confusing!”

“I can imagine!”

“Ted and I were friends for years and we were never attracted to one another before he saw me in dresses last summer. Now he treats me like a real girl. He opens doors and holds chairs for me, and he says I’m prettier than other girls. I didn’t return his advances at first, but since the Magnolia Ball, I haven’t been able to help myself. I get warm feelings in my panties and my nipples tingle with excitement when he holds me close and whispers in my ear. I simply melted into his strong arms at the Ball and floated about the dance floor as if on a cloud. Oh, being a boy in skirts is so confusing...so distressing!”

The way her once thoroughly masculine brother now referred to *his* panties and *his* bra as though it was perfectly normal for him to wear them intrigued Susan. She asked, “If Mom were here, would you want to change into pants before or after your date with Ted?”

Her question caught Judd completely off guard. Did she ask if he wanted to resume his life as a boy immediately? Tears formed in his mascara-laden eyes at the mere prospect of being freed from his enforced femininity.

Instead of gushing a positive response to the perceived chance he had so wished for, he took a tissue and in an overtly feminine gesture, carefully dabbed the moisture to avoid mussing or streaking his makeup. Did he really want to exchange his silky lingerie for pants and cancel his date with Ted? The very thought of resuming his masculine lifestyle after all this time frightened him, but he was hesitant to make such an admission. Instead, he stammered, “Why do you ask?”

“I want to know how serious you were about turning away from your feminine clothes, lifestyle, and sweetheart. Despite your claims to the contrary, your hesitation said a lot about your true attitude toward your femininity.”

“Will you call Mom and ask her if I can return to pants?”

“We’ll talk about it later. Now hurry! We girls like to keep our dates waiting, but not too long. Let me help with your dress.”

As Susan carefully held Judd’s dress and made sure she didn’t muss his hair, he lamented, “Why didn’t I emphatically state that I wanted to be through with dresses and skirts forever? Now, Susan thinks I enjoy my femininity or at least I’m not sure whether I want to return to pants.”

After raising and securing the back zipper of Judd’s dress, Susan fluffed out his skirt to make sure it hung right and that his slip didn’t show. He attached his earrings as she fastened his necklace. He absentmindedly added a fresh coat of lipstick to his shimmering red lips and sprayed alluring perfume behind his ears, under his chin, on his wrists, behind his knees, and lastly in his budding cleavage.

“Would Ted still be my friend if I cut my hair and changed into pants?” he wondered as he peered into the mirror to check his feminine appearance for flaws. “Probably not...”

Susan watched as Judd slipped his feet into feminine pumps with four-inch stiletto heels, raised his skirt to adjust his nylons, grabbed his purse, and minced toward the door with his hips swinging seductively.

“Aunt Martha is right,” she thought while watching his skirt

swirl seductively about his smooth nylon encased thighs, “Judd should have been a girl all along. Not only is he more fun to be with, but also he’s much more attractive as a girl in dresses, skirts, and makeup than as a macho headstrong boy in pants, tee shirts, and sneakers! I’ll have another talk with Aunt Martha!”

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- b. Once their sisters come home, the boys do the dishes forever!
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