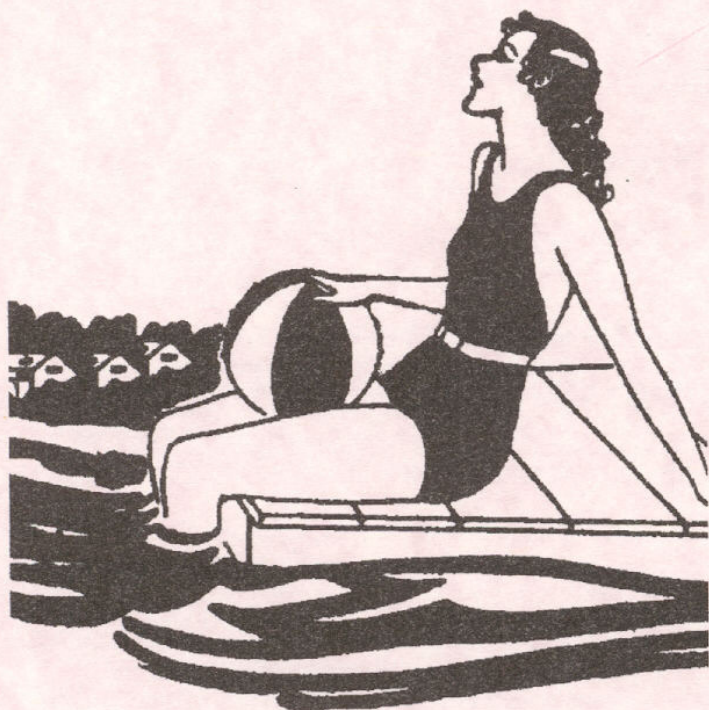


TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

"SLINK OR SWIM"

DAVID WAS ONLY GOING TO
WEAR HIS AUNT'S SWIMSUIT
FOR A QUICK DIP!



VOLUME 36

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“SLINK OR SWIM”

by Eileen, Dawn Bell and Sandy Thomas

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QUOTE BOARD

A man who had given up cross-dressing was contacted by the devil, who offered him wealth for his immortal soul. . .

The man said, "So what's the catch.

SLINK OR SWIM

by Eileen, Dawn Bell and Sandy Thomas

“Aunt Eileen, I can’t wear your swim suit? That’s a girl’s suit! I just can’t.”

“Why not? There’s no one around. It’s early.” David shook his head and looked out at the cool inviting waters of the lake. He had just moved to his aunt’s house for his first year in college. It was an ideal set up, Eileen’s year-round cottage on Cedar lake, only minutes from Strider College.

“I’ll look again for my suit. Or maybe some colored underwear?”

Eileen tapped her forehead. “I know what happened. Henry took your suit to the Laundromat by mistake. . .along with your underwear. He won’t be back till later. It’s going to be another scorcher,” Eileen said, holding up the one piece suit with violet flowers on it. “Com’ on. Just slip into this and we’ll go for a swim. Or you can go nude?”

David looked out again at the deserted cool beach and felt the heat overcoming him. There was no one in sight.

Eileen threw the suit at him. He caught it and felt the wonderful smooth fabric. The purple violet color was rich, the flowers beautiful and full. He did like the suit’s texture. He held it. He had never felt anything so light and silky let alone wear it. He wonderer what it would be like to feel it next to skin. But wearing it in public? No way!

Eileen threw a towel at him. “Come on, just a quick dip. Go in the bathroom and change. We’ll be in and out of the water before anyone shows.”

With a moan, David took the suit and went into the bathroom. He held the suit in front of himself as he looked in the big mirror. What would he look like in a woman’s bathing suit? The material was so silky, so smooth, so nice. Women were so silly about fabrics, he decided.

He smoothed the suit over himself as he held it in the mirror. “Why not?” he said out loud. After all he wasn’t home where his father would make fun of him, where his mother would say, “What will people think?”

David stripped his clothes off and again held the bathing suit in front of his body, its smooth fabric touching his stomach.

Yes, he would wear the suit. Aunt Eileen was very understanding, his favorite aunt. She was a distant relation, moving back to the Midwest from Texas.

Stepping into the suit, David put one leg into the suit. Then the other. Slowly he pulled the fabric up his legs, past his thighs. He stopped for a moment, looked and then tucked his maleness deep between his legs. Then he pulled the suit over his lower torso. He figured out how to pull it up and get the waist correctly about his waist. It was very tight in many areas.

The material felt cool and delightful! Why were men denied the beautiful feeling of silky and delicate clothes all their lives?

Slowly he pulled the suit up to his breast area. He put one arm into the suit's shoulder strap, then the other. The tight material slimmed his stomach and the built in cups lightly lifted the flesh of his chest—if only slightly—accenting what would be his breasts.

He untwisted the strap in the back, then ran both his hands down the front of the suit. Never had he felt so fascinated about anything he had ever put on. It seemed like his body was made for this bathing suit. . . except for the suit's crotch. It was made to be smooth and flat, not the slightest room for any bulge. Despite this, David's unmuscled arms and fleshy bottom really didn't look out of place like in his boxer style suit.

"Come on, hurry up," Eileen called.

"Coming," David responded. He took one more look in the mirror. The padding of the suit gave him the appearance of having very small breasts. He crossed his arms and put a hand on each breast then pulled them away quickly like they were some virgins tits. He reddened at the feeling.

"Come on, slowpoke. Stop worrying, no one is going to see you."

David took a deep breath and opened the door. Eileen stood at the end of the hall waiting for him.

"Wow! You look. . . you look nice in that!" she said. He thought at first she was making fun of him, but he saw her eyes looking him up and down with a look of admiration on her face.

"I hate to say it," she whispered, "but you look girlish! Yeah." With that she fluffed out his shoulder length hair with her fingers. "Just a minute," she added, "one last detail." Eileen scurried into her bedroom and appeared in a minute with

a hairbrush in hand. Standing behind David she quickly brushed his hair back and wrapped a purple, cloth hair scrunchie around his high swishing ponytail. "There," his aunt exclaimed, "That will keep your hair out of your eyes." then added, "I want Henry to see you. . .with just a little work, you'd make an attractive girl."

"I feel silly," David said.

"Aw, just pretend. . .swing your hips a little, like this!"

For some reason, David went along. He copied his aunt and felt his hips swinging a little as he walked down the hall. He felt odd following his aunt in slinky walk. Eileen looked back and laughed and took his arm and the two of them went out to the beach.

David looked girlish, a healthy flush to his cheeks from embarrassment.

The hot morning sun felt good on his back and he enjoyed the slight tickling of the breeze on his neck as he walked to the water with Eileen. When she got to the water, she took off her pink robe. Together the two of them walked into the cool water.

A single engine plane flew overhead, close enough for David to see the numbers on it. "The pilot thinks he sees two women in the water," Eileen said then waved upward. "Wave!" "GREAT!" David moaned then shyly looked up and repeated his aunt's gestures.

David then dove in to hide. Eileen said she didn't want to get her hair wet. David swam out to a floating dock and climbed up on it grabbing a big beach ball that was there.



When he dove back in, he tried to see his body under water. He liked what he saw—colorful purple flowers in the shimmering water, slight breasts, and the "tightness" creating a mostly smooth area between his legs.

They splashed around for a while then Eileen said they should get some sun on the beach since there was nobody around. Eileen spread a blanket on

the sand and motioned for him to come over.

David walked out of the water, but again, when he reached the shore his aunt yelled, "Wiggle!" He wanted to walk to the blanket just as a girl would. He tried to swing his hips, found it worked best if he put one foot in front of the other.

"You're getting good," Eileen said, a tone of genuine respect in her voice. "Here let me brush your hair and put some sun tan lotion on you."

It felt nice as his aunt worked the tangles out of his ponytail. She seemed to take quite a while but finally she replaced the elastic hair tie even higher on his head. The sun-warmed lotion felt good on his cool, wet shoulders as Eileen worked it in with a massaging motion. When she had finished, David laid down next to her. The two of them lay on their backs. Eileen reached into her beach bag and handed him a pair of pink sunglasses and a straw sun hat, then she flicked on her portable radio to a pop music station.

The water, the warm sun, the gentle breeze—David was in paradise. He glanced at Eileen. She wore a red one piece suit with striking green lines on it. . .not too unlike his own. She had a round and friendly face. She was a motherly type person, always doing nice things for him when he visited her. He knew she really wanted kids of her own, but was never able to have them.

After a while David turned over onto his stomach. There was a minute or two when he forgot he was in a woman's swimsuit. . .but not when he turned over. The hi-cut bottom made his hips seem wider and legs longer. The tightness at the crotch was almost uncomfortable but he vowed to not complain. As he turned over he went to straighten his ponytail with his hand. That's when he felt the tight braid that his aunt had done in his hair!

Eileen talked to herself, "See how much fun it was to dress like a girl. Boys should do it more often? After all, what was wrong with it? Girls always dressed in boy's clothes, why not the reverse?"

Time passed quickly. Eileen said, "Turn over again, David, you're done on that side."

He turned over on his back. The sun beat down on his body tanning his skin. He especially felt the heat of the sun on his breasts, even though they were covered by the cups of the swim suit.

Slowly he drifted to sleep in the warm breeze. He felt contented. Suddenly someone was talking. More than one person. "Hi, Mrs. Johnson."

"Hi, Carol. Hi, Brian," Eileen answered.

David opened his eyes. Two young men his own age stood over them. And a young woman. "Oh, my Gawd!" David thought. "What am I going to do?"

Eileen extended her hand to the other young man. "I'm sorry, I don't know your name."

"Jeff. I'm a friend of Brian's."

David looked at the young woman. She had long blond hair and a very pleasant smile. She wore a puffy white blouse and pink shorts, carrying her matching pink sandals.

Eileen reached over and touched David. More of a calm down pat. She turned to him. He knew she was about to introduce him, but she stopped herself for a second. "Honey, these are my neighbors Brian and Carol Kirk. And this is their friend, Jeff. This is my . . .niece, Dianna."

David's knees pressed together quickly as he realized what was happening. He wished he could shrink into the sand, purple flowered swim suit, pink glasses, braid, straw hat and all. What was he going to do? The girl, Carol, smiled at him pleasantly. Her brother, Brian, nodded at him, but Jeff, the friend, stared at him up and down.

Eileen called attention away from David by turning to Carol, "Are you all set for college?"

"I've got a few more things to buy. Did I tell you, Mrs. Johnson, Brian is switching from State College to Strider. Jeff's in his second year at Strider."

"Oh, that's nice."

This was terrible news. These young people were going to Strider College. "My college career is over and it hasn't even started," David thought to himself.

Carol looked at him kindly, but addressed Eileen. "And how about your niece? Is she just visiting?"

David hoped Eileen would change the subject or that the young people would go away. He thought about running. He even looked back at the cabin. . .it was too far and too rude.

Before Eileen could answer, Jeff stepped forward and offered his hand to David. He was looking at him in a funny way,

a way no one had ever looked at him before. . .like he was a girl.

“I’m Jeff Jenkins. Down here for a visit?”

How was he going to answer? His mind raced. Maybe he’d just tell the truth. Washday, nothing to wear, borrowed his aunts, etc. Nope. He looked at this attractive coed and her two manly friends. He would never live it down. . .ever!

Jeff’s voice had already matured and he was shirtless, his muscles shining in the bright sun. David’s was still high. He thought that maybe if he tried to raise his pitch a little and keep the brim of his hat down?

He sat up and let Jeff take his hand. Thankfully Eileen answered for him. He was thankful, that is, until he heard what his aunt said. “Oh, no, she’s. . .she’s. . .,” Eileen paused and looked at him funny. “Dianna’s going to Strider College too. She’s staying with me.”

“Eileen! Eileen!” His mind screamed at her. “What are you doing? How am I ever going to explain myself later when they see me?”

“Oh, super,” Carol said. “Bet we’ll be in some of the same classes!” Then she turned to David. “What are you studying?”

Would this agony never end? Now he had to talk. David swallowed, pulled his stomach in, and tried to talk from high in his throat. “English.”

“Super. Me too. We’ll have classes together for sure!”

Jeff was still holding his hand, moving his finger back and forth on the palm of his hand where no one could see. David tried to pull his hand loose without making an obvious ‘unlady-like’ scene.

Jeff held on. “Want to go out sometime? I’ve already had a year at Strider. I’ll show you the ropes.”

Brian put his finger in his mouth and said, “Barf,” loud enough for everyone to hear.

Carol calmly took Jeff’s hand and pulled it away from David’s. She looked at David with a friendly smile. “Brian and I are going to the mall to hang out, see a movie and have some pizza. About three this afternoon. Want to come? We’d love to have you.”

"Hey, wait a minute," Jeff said. "I was going to ask her to go to dinner with me. You girls can get together some other time."

David looked at Eileen, his eyes pleading with her to get him out of this mess. Eileen looked back at him, a hopeless expression on her face, like she didn't know what to do.

Eileen finally said, "Dianna can't today. Too much unpacking and organizing and. . . maybe some other day."

Carol said, "Maybe we'll drop by and see if you get your chores done." With that the trio went off down the beach. David was almost trembling.

As soon as they were out of earshot, David stood up. "Come on, let's get out of here."

David quickly walked into the cottage without the cute wiggle. . . he was almost running with Eileen right behind him.

"What am I going to do," David moaned.

"We'll talk this out," she said. "I'll get you a soda and we'll figure out how to explain this."

David took off the pink sunglasses, but left the straw hat on. As he sat down at the kitchen table he noticed again the smooth lines of his hips in the swim suit and the way the suit cause a slight swelling at his chest. . . or bosom. Despite the mess he was in, he didn't rush to change.

Eileen got him a soda, made tea for herself and sat opposite him. Funny, but he thought he should be mad at her, but for some reason he wasn't. It was all a big joke. One that could be told later with many laughs.

After a long pause, she said, "You know, David, you really do look like a girl in that suit. Did you see the way Jeff eyeballed you?"

"That's not the point, Aunt Eileen. What am I going to do? These kids are going to college with me. And Carol?"

"What about Carol?"

"I don't know. If this hadn't happened, I don't know, I sort of liked her. Is she going with Jeff?"

Eileen laughed. "No, I doubt it the way he looked at you. Besides Carol's too nice a girl. I remember now, Brian told me. Jeff lives upstate and his parents just went to Europe so Jeff is staying with Brian and Carol until school starts."

"I like Brian, and I certainly like Carol, but you can have Jeff."

Eileen laughed. "I think when he finds out he was making a pass at a guy in a flowered swimsuit, he'll never be the same."

"And neither will I. Worse yet, Jeff is not my biggest problem, Aunt Eileen, Strider College is. I'm going to have to resign — even before I start."

"Oh come on, David. You're taking this all too seriously. I thought your generation wasn't hung up on sex. Have a little fun. Those are nice fun-loving kids—well everybody but Jeff."

"I can't!" The phone rang. Eileen got up to answer it. David heard her side of the conversation. "She can't come to the phone right now, Jeff. Yes, I'll have her call you. No, I don't know her schedule."

Eileen hung up and laughed again. "Oh, you've made a conquest."

David didn't laugh. "Not funny, Eileen, not funny."

Just then, the door opened and Henry walked in carrying the laundry. "Hi, honey, and. . . David? My gawd, I thought you were a girl! What the. . .?"

Eileen told Henry what happened. He laughed and kissed Eileen on the cheek. "Oh my. I leave you two alone for just a couple hours and you've changed his sex!" Then turning and looking David over, he joked, "Just let your aunt work her make-up magic on you, and you'll be the best looking girl on Cedar Lake." He laughed at his own joke.

David groaned. Another man, seeing him dressed as a girl, saying he made a nice looking girl.

With that Henry went into the bedroom to put the laundry away.

What different people Henry and Eileen were. His father would have made fun of him and got mad at him if he wore a woman's bathing suit. His mother would have told him it was a sin. For that matter, his father would not be doing the laundry and putting it away.

His mother and father always said Eileen and Henry were 'weird.' David was finding their openness refreshing and in this predicament, calming.

Henry came back into the kitchen and was about to hand David his own swim suit. Eileen took it away from him. "He's not going to need this, today. That 'Jeff' said he might drop by."

Until we figure out how to get you out of this, he better see Dianna in the windows.”

“Wait. I haven’t agreed to anything.”

Suddenly Eileen got up and grabbed David by the arm. “Come on. It’s only for today. We’ll make-up something. How about your a twin? and David decided to attend Strider instead of you? You just be Dianna for a couple days. . . hey, this could be fun! I never had a daughter.”

“Oh, no,” David said, “There’s got to be another way?” He just didn’t know what.

Henry laughed. “Let me out of here. I’m going outside to read.”

Eileen dragged David into her bedroom. He caught sight of himself in Eileen’s full length mirror. He did look girlish in the swim suit, braid and straw hat.

“This will never work,” David said to himself. “But. . .”

Eileen was scurrying around the room. “Now let me see. I’ve got a million things to do, but let’s start you off with a bath and. . .” she looked down at his legs, “You’ve got to get rid of that sparse but UGLY hair on your legs.”

“Eileen, slow down, I’m not shaving my legs and I’m not going to do this. It’s crazy.”

“Okay, never mind shaving your legs. You can wear jeans, leggings or slacks.” She pushed him toward the bathroom “I’m not taking no for an answer. I don’t want you sitting around the house all year with a couple of ancient people like Henry and I.”

David went into the bathroom and shut the door. He gazed at himself in the bathroom mirror. What a mess. What was he going to do?

A gentle knock on the door. “Here, David,” Eileen said, opening the door a crack, “Put these on when you get out of the tub. I don’t hear the water running.”

David took the packages from her and shut the door. One was a pair of pink panties with a lacy trim and a lacy white bra still in the package.

Waves of emotion shot through him and he didn’t know why. This was exactly the opposite of what he should be doing. He should be taking off not putting on beautiful underclothes. Lingerie. A bra. Panties. Even the words sent chills up his spine.

Again Eileen called through the door. "There's bubble bath right on the edge of the tub. Use some. There's also shampoo and conditioner there for your hair. The bra may be a bit too big for you, but try it on the first hook. I'm going shopping now. Henry's outside. I still don't hear the water running."

David started to shower but filled the tub with hot water and got in. What was he going to do? Maybe Eileen was right. He was being too serious. What would it hurt to dress up for an afternoon just in case Jeff looked inside?



Even if he got caught later, he could tell Brian and Carol later he did it to tease Jeff. Eileen seemed to be having a wonderful time with all this and it was infectious. Like she said, she never had a daughter. Eileen had really been very nice to him, inviting him to stay with her and Henry while he went to college.

But dressing up as a girl? It was too much.

After shampooing and conditioning his hair, he got out of the tub and dried off. He'd just have to tell Eileen he couldn't do it. He put the towel around himself and went back to his bedroom to get his clothes.

Gone. What had Eileen done with his clothes? His trunk hadn't arrived yet and all he had to wear was the clothes he wore yesterday. What was he going to wear? Henry's clothes were way too big for him. So his only choice was the swim suit or the panties. There was nothing else to wear, at least until she got home and told him where she had put travel clothes.

David went back into the bathroom and picked up the panties Eileen had given him. He held them in front of himself in the mirror. They were silky and smooth, and a beautiful melon-pink. On the front was a flower applique in a different shade of pink. Lace trimmed the edges of the panties.

David groaned then put one leg in then the other. Slowly he pulled the panties up. A strange feeling overwhelmed him, an odd feeling of luxury. Pulling the panties up in place he looked at himself again in the mirror. He turned to see himself from the rear and was struck by how feminine his fleshy bottom looked in panties. There was a roundness that he'd never noticed when wearing boxer shorts.

"Oh my gawd," he gasp. The bath had accented the sun's effects on his virgin skin. He noticed how the sun had tanned his chest. Where the suit's cups, straps and low cut back had covered were virgin white. The bright sunburn clearly showing the outline of a girl's swimsuit.

He put his hands over the two white spots covering his nipples. "How could I have been so stupid!" he said out loud and frowned at himself in the mirror. His long matted hair needed to be combed out so he found a wide-toothed comb and proceeded to use it. The conditioner made the task easy as his hair easily untangled.

Next he picked up the bra package, but then sat it down. No, he was not wearing a bra and he was only wearing the panties until Eileen came home.

He decided to get another soda while he waited. But what could he wear? He couldn't go out to the kitchen just wearing panties. Maybe if he put the towel around himself.

David took a big, fluffy white towel from the rack over the sink and put it around his waist, just as he did in the high school showers. But now the two white spots where the swim suit had covered his breasts stood out. He switched the towel and wore it like he'd seen his mother wearing a towel, over her breasts. The strap marks showed plainly at his shoulders.

David groaned.

He went out to the kitchen and got a soda from the refrigerator. Henry came in from the outside and got himself a soda as well. He sat down opposite



David at the table. David was surprised that he said nothing at all about him wearing the towel the way he was. He treated it as if nothing were different.

“Your aunt and I always wanted children,” he said, “but we could never have any. She used to talk so much about having kids. I’m glad you’re staying here with us. I’ve never seen her so happy as when she left here a little while ago, all excited about dressing you up like a daughter. I know it might be uncomfortable for you, but if it’s not too much trouble—go along, just for a little while. She really loves you.”

“I know. It’s just great of you and Eileen to let me live here. This is a great place, the lake and so close to the college.”

Henry reached across the table and shook David’s hand. “Thanks, David. I really appreciate you doing this for Eileen.”

With that Henry got up and went outside again. David wasn’t sure he had agreed to do it, but Henry certainly thought he had.

David sipped his soda. Oh well, he thought, it’ll just be for one afternoon.

David went to his room, took off the towel and laid on his bed to read a book. After some time Eileen burst into the house and came into his room, carrying a lot of boxes and bags. Her face was flushed and excited. “Oh, David, I had so much fun. I bought a few things for you. Well, I guess I got carried away.”

David got up and gave her a hug. “You’re my favorite aunt, but how about we just do this ‘daughter’ thing just today, okay?”

A little of the smile went out of her, but she said, “Okay, if that’s what you want?”

David poked at the packages she had. “Well. I hate to ask but what’s in the bags.”

Eileen stood back and looked at him. “First I have to tell you, you look great in panties.”

David blushed and looked down. He’d forgotten he had them on.

“Thanks, I guess,” he said, blushing even more.

“Now,” Eileen said, “let me show you some beautiful things. Things I would buy if I had a daughter. That’s YOU today.”

Eileen sorted around her packages on the bed. "The first thing, I bought you a better bra. I see you figured out the one I gave you was too big."

"Uh. . .yeah," David lied.

Eileen opened the package. "Here, this is the right size bra. Put this one on." The bra felt crisp and new and it was very white. He put one arm in, then the other, just as he had seen his mother do. Then he tried to fasten the hooks in the back. Eileen laughed and helped him. Next she showed him how to adjust the straps.

The bra felt secure on his body. It encircled him, protected him, made him feel warm and pampered. There was lace all over it and a red rose in the center. "And now, I'm just going to pop these breast forms in," Eileen said. David gazed at himself in the mirror. He did look like a girl! His breasts were just right—he just couldn't believe the change in himself.

"WOW!" he gasp then joked, "I could go for myself!"

"Shhh! I'm just getting started! Now some sheer nylons. I'm going to show you how to put them on." Eileen opened another package. "This is your slip. Put it on, then we have some serious cosmetic work to do, but first I want you to see the dress I bought you. It's. . ."

"Hey? I'm just going to hang around the house for the day. Remember? I don't need a slip, nylons and a dress?"

Eileen laughed. "Of course, you're right. I got carried away. I did buy you some slacks and a pink, frilly shirt."

"Eileen, thank you for buying all this for me, and helping me get out of this predicament but I'm just going to do this today, okay? Tomorrow Dianna's brother David comes to take over."

Eileen looked embarrassed. "David, I'm sorry. I know. I got carried away." She opened another box. "Lets try on the blouse. . .uh. . .shirt and pants."

David put the pink blouse on and went to button it, but found the buttons on the wrong side. The blouse had full, puffy sleeves with ruffles at the wrists and more ruffles along the buttons.

The grey slacks were soft and smooth giving a silky feel all over his bare legs. The waistline of the slacks had a wide band with a zip and two buttons to close at the back. A narrow black belt with a delicate gold buckle contrasted nicely with the grey pants and pink blouse on top. The outline of the gleaming white

bra was clearly visible through the somewhat transparent material of the top.

A pair of low-cut black shoes with 2" heels completed the outfit.

"Okay," Eileen said, "I think you'd better take the shirt off, we have some major hair and make-up work to do." David did as she requested, then taking her hand he allowed himself to be led into Eileen's bedroom. She pulled out the bench in front of her vanity for David to sit on. The huge mirror of the vanity seemed to tower over him. It presented David with his reflection complete with side views coming from the two wing mirrors at the sides. It was clearly a young man wearing a white lacy brassiere. He felt a strange nervous excitement at that sight.

"Now then," Eileen said as she thoughtfully surveyed David's damp tresses. "Hmmm, let me see. You have a very nice facial bone structure and your ears are small. Yes, I think we can go for a pulled back style for today."

David thought she meant a ponytail which was alright with him. He was not unused to wearing his hair tied back on a hot day. Eileen produced a blow dryer and began to brush through his hair while directing the warm air through it. She took a can of mousse and sprayed a handful of the creamy white foam into her palm then worked it through David's hair. Eileen had a wickedly happy look on her face as she styled her nephew's long hair. Her work was turning David's normally wavy hair into a silky cascade of perfectly straight, shining locks.

Just when David thought she was nearly done, his aunt opened a drawer in the vanity and pulled out a small, flat box which she opened and placed in front of David. It was full of bobby pins!

"David, dear," Eileen said as she brushed his hair over from one side of his head tightly to the back. "Would you please pass me the bobby pins, one at a time. It will be easier than me reaching for them." A little nervous at what she was doing, David complied. His aunt worked with brush, comb and many bobby pins at the back of his head. Every so often he felt the slight jab as a bobby pin went up against his scalp at the wrong angle.

Finally, Eileen stepped back with a very satisfied grin. "Beautiful. You haven't lost your touch old girl!" She said to herself. David cautiously turned his head to the side so that he could view what she had done at the back. The side mirrors' reflections revealed that his shoulder length hair had been 'done

up' in a perfectly smooth French Roll! It was gorgeous—that is if he were looking at it on some chick at the mall—but this was his hair, his hairstyle!

“Well, what do you think? I’m sure Carol will be impressed at what a chic girl has moved in down the road.” Eileen said.

“It is beautiful. I didn’t know you could do that kind of style on hair as short as mine.” David mumbled still a little taken aback by the femininity of his new hairdo.

“Nonsense,” Eileen replied, “Your hair is long enough for just about any fancy style you may want to try. Now let’s tackle that make-up.”

She brought a second chair into the bedroom and placed it beside David’s in front of the mirror. She sat down and opened the packages of cosmetics she had bought, David couldn’t stop looking at his new hairdo, moving his head from side to side and fingering the soft bangs just over his eyes.

“All right, to work!” Eileen said. “Enough admiring your hair!”

Eileen showed him step by step how to put makeup on. It was just as if she was teaching a young teenaged daughter her first lessons on cosmetics.

First, foundation was smoothly blended all over his skin to downplay any minor blemishes or imperfections. Good thing that he was a very smooth skinned lad so the foundation actually gave him a beautiful, creamy complexion. A pinkish, rose-colored blush was stroked on over his cheekbones with a large makeup brush giving him a youthful glow.

Next, Eileen turned her attention to his eyes applying mascara, eyeliner and eye shadow making a drastic change in his appearance, from masculine to feminine.

Finally, she outlined his lips with a small lip brush then filled in the rest of his lips with a deep red lipstick.

“Here, blot your lips on this tissue,” Eileen instructed her nephew. David did as he had seen women do, that is, pressing their lips onto the tissue to remove the excess lipstick. The red lipmarks that remained on the tissue gave the boy a shudder. The imprint looked like any sexy woman’s lip print!

Taking an emery board from the vanity, Eileen gently took her nephew’s right hand and began to carefully shape his longish nails. They weren’t that long, but Eileen did a splendid job of rounding the tips ever so slightly to give them a more feminine shape.

When she was finished with the shaping, she picked up a bottle of red nail polish matching the shade of David's lipstick. He watched with a somewhat panicky expression as his aunt meticulously coated his newly shaped nails with the glistening, berry-red polish.

"Oh! I'm so excited!" Eileen gasped with delight as she surveyed her skilful handiwork. "You're beautiful. I can't wait to see the look on your new friends' faces when they see you."

"Please, Eileen. I'd rather they not see me at all. This day has gone all wrong." David complained. But he couldn't tear his eyes away from the mirror. Why?

"Here, I'll help you put the blouse back on." Eileen said as she helped David maneuver his arms into the sleeves. She boldly tucked the blouse into David's slacks saying, "Your nails aren't dry enough yet. Let me do this."

Satisfied with David's blouse and slacks she then gave David a little box. Inside were clip-on earrings of beautiful imitation pearl. She showed David how to put them on. Another box held a bracelet. David slipped it on his wrist.

Eileen took a bottle off her dresser. "And now a spray of perfume behind the ears. Turn your head."

David felt the moist spray of perfume on his neck beneath his ear and chills ran up his back. He inhaled the rich, languorous smell of wild flowers.

Eileen slipped a ring with a pearl on it onto one of his fingers and handed him a small black purse. She stood back and looked at him. "Young lady, you could go anywhere!"

David looked at himself in the mirror. Passable at the 'through window range' and maybe even closer. A lot closer! But looks was one thing—being was completely another. He had no idea how to act, how to talk.

* * *

About 3 PM the three young people pulled up noisily at Eileen and Henry's house. David looked out the window and swallowed hard. Now he was really on the spot.

"You have to go," Eileen said.

Eileen gave him a hug and a little kiss. "You'll do just fine."

Henry patted him on the back and extended his hand. David took it. There was a fifty dollar bill in his hand. "Thanks, Uncle Henry."

"Have a good time."

David opened the door and headed for the car. His heart was pounding with fear.

As he got near the car, Jeff got out of the back of the car and said, "Here, Dianna, get in the back with me. I'll show you the sights. Wow! You look fantastic!"

Carol got out of the front passenger side. "Fantastic is an understatement. But, putting the poor girl in the back seat with an ape like you? I think not! Jeff, you sit up front with Brian. Dianna and I are going to sit in the back seat and talk girl talk."

David got in the car next to Carol. He was sure she could hear his heart pounding.

"I love your blouse," Carol said as Brian started the car. "I like the lace on it. And your hair, it's beautiful. You have to teach me how to do it that way."

David raised the pitch of his voice. "Oh, thank you. My aunt Eileen just bought the blouse for me. She also did my hair. I'm not too good at hairstyling."

She put her hand on his. "Well you sure have a wonderful aunt. Maybe she'll teach us both." Carol giggled. Then she turned serious and said, "I'm glad you could come."

David looked at Carol. She really made him feel at ease. He studied her looks. She had a sincere face with light blond hair cascading down to her shoulders. She wore a white sweater and jeans, ordinary clothes, but the total effect she was able to create was one of neatness, of cleanness.

"Thank you," David said shyly.

Carol said, "I figured you'd appreciate going along. I mean since you don't know many people here."

"Hey," Jeff said, from the front seat, "Thank me. I'm letting you go with me, a second year college man."

"Barf," Brian and Carol said in unison.

David decided he would have to think about Carol later. He had some very confusing feelings about her. He liked her as a possible girl friend, but for this afternoon, he would have to treat her as another girl. Ok, but how does a boy do that??

David took a chance. "Where did you get your hair done? I love it, I just love it."

She was flattered. "Sheila's Salon on 5th Street."

It was just the right thing to say, the right 'girl' thing, that is.

Brian drove up to the mall and parked the car. Jeff jumped out of the car and held the door for David. David got out, being careful to act 'ladylike' and Jeff took his elbow. "Hey," he said to Brian and Carol, "We'll see you two later. I'm going to show Dianna the mall."

Carol pried Jeff's arm off David. "We're all going together, Romeo."

The four walked into the mall and checked the movie schedule first. "Look," Brian said, "there's a matinee starting in a few minutes and it's a lot cheaper. Let's go now and eat later."

Everyone agreed and bought tickets. As they entered the theater the lights went down and the movie started. David wanted to sit next to Carol, but in the confusion he ended up at one end, next to Jeff, with Carol on the other end.

The movie had only been going ten minutes when Jeff's arm drifted around his back. What was he going to do? How did a young woman act in a theater with a person like Jeff?

David didn't do anything. Jeff rubbed his back, feeling David's bra straps and running his hand along the lines of his bra. Pretty soon Jeff's arm was pulling him closer. David squirmed to the far side of the seat, but Jeff didn't seem the least offended. The idea that a man was touching him and treating him like a girl was very unsettling.

Jeff got up to get some popcorn. He got a small popcorn each for Brian and Carol, but for himself and David he got one large container. As they watched the movie it seemed he dipped into the popcorn at the very time David's red-polished fingers reached into the bucket.

When the popcorn was finished, Jeff threw the container on the floor and then his hand went for David's knees, caressing his leg through the feminine slacks.

David was exasperated. He was spending the whole movie avoiding Jeff. If this is what women had to put up with from men, it was no fun. Oh well, he thought, it's only for one afternoon and it's to make my aunt happy.

After the movie the four young people went for pizza at the food court. Although he was hungry, David decided he'd better eat 'light,' so he ordered a salad. As they ate their salad a man

came up to their table. Jeff stood up. "Oh, Dean Evans, good to see you."

"You don't really mean that, do you, Jeff?"

Jeff laughed. "Well, it was a tough year. Hey, let me introduce you to some of your new charges. Gang, this is Dean Evans. He's in charge of all the students at Strider College. So next year he'll be working you over, like he worked me over last year. Checking up on you. This is my friend, Brian Kirk. He's switching to Strider from State. And this is his sister, Carol. And this gorgeous woman is Dianna Johnson."

Oh my God, David thought, this was getting out of hand. Now the dean of students thought he was a girl. It was one thing to play a joke on a yahoo like Jeff, quite another to fool the dean of students.

Brian stood up and shook the dean's hand. David followed Carol's lead and merely nodded.

The dean looked directly at David. "Are you related to the Johnsons on Cedar Lake?"

"Yes, I'm their. . ." he was about to say nephew. . . but corrected with, "niece."

"I know your uncle. He's doing some electrical work for me. In fact he's coming over tomorrow. Hell of a nice fellow." The dean then looked at all of them. "I wish you all well this year. Hopefully I won't see you as much as I saw Jeff last year."

David looked down to his lap. He was so nervous he couldn't face the others right then. This whole situation was getting worse. Now the dean would tell Henry "what a nice niece he had," and David would be trapped even more.

Carol reached across the table and touched him on the arm. "What's the matter, Dianna?"

"Oh, I'm just a little nervous, that's all. Starting school and everything."

Carol stood up. "Come on, we'll go to the Ladies."

Impossible. Now he had to walk into a Ladies bathroom.

David whispered, "I don't have to go."

Carol put her hand under his elbow. "Come on," she said, not taking no for an answer.

David stood up. He wasn't sure his knees were going to support him. He followed Carol through the door with the little figure in a dress.

Carol looked in the mirror, then turned to him. "It's that Jeff, isn't it? He's got you upset. I saw all the moves he was making on you in the movie."

"You're right, Carol."

"Don't worry about him. Brian will keep an eye out for you and for me. Brian says Jeff's a little afraid of him."

Suddenly Carol hugged him right there in front of the mirrors. "So don't worry about Jeff. Tell you what. How about us girls go shopping for awhile and let Brian and Jeff do whatever? That would be fun, wouldn't it? I need a new dress for school. You can help me pick it out."

Deeper and deeper. Now he was going shopping, going to look at dresses with a girl he wished he could date.

"So, how about it?"

"Sure, that would be fun." Anything to get away from Jeff. Besides, what else could he say?

They went back to the table and Carol announced they were going shopping and they'd meet the boys in front of Sears at 8 PM.

Jeff looked at his watch. "It's only 6 now. You're going shopping for two hours? Why don't you and Brian go shopping and I'll drive Dianna around for awhile. Show her the sights."

Carol snickered. "NO WAY! Come on, Dianna, we're going shopping."

David left with Carol and followed her to "Just Dresses."

"I saw a really cute knit dress here last week," Carol said as they entered the store, "It was this fabulous green and it was 60 percent off. . . I said to myself if it's here next week I'm going to buy it, so wish me luck."

David smiled.

Carol walked rapidly to the back of the store. "It's there, it's there," she said, her voice rising with excitement.

"It's lovely," David said.

The sales lady came up to them. "Can I help you girls?"

"I just love this green dress. It's going to be perfect for college. May I try it on?" Carol asked.

"Certainly. Are you two going to Strider college?"

"Yes," Carol answered.

The sales lady turned to David. "Something for you, Miss?"

David blushed. "No. . .No thanks, I'll just wait for my friend."

In a few minutes Carol came out dressed in the body hugging, short-skirted green dress. David thought she looked wonderful and told her so. Carol swirled around a few times and looked at herself in the mirror. "Dress, you're coming home with me," she said looking in the mirror. "But how about you, Dianna? Do you want to try anything on?"

"Oh, no. I have plenty of dresses, plenty."

"Wait," Carol said, "Look on the sale rack, look at that purple one."

David stared at the dress. It was amazing. It was the same violet color as the swim suit Aunt Eileen had lent him that very morning.

Before David could do a thing, Carol took the dress off the rack and held it in front of him. "Oh, Dianna, it looks tremendous on you. You have to try it on."

"Oh, that's okay. You just get your dress today. I'll look another day."

The sales lady had seen Carol holding the dress up in front of David. She came over. "Very nice, young lady, very nice. That purple looks great on you. Why don't you try it on?"

Oh my God, David thought. Will this never end? It gets worse and worse. The longer I spend in these clothes the deeper I get.

"Come on," Carol said. "I'm going back into the change booth to take this one off. I'm going to buy it. I'll zip you up."

David took the dress and followed her to the change booth, his heart beating with nervousness again. Carol pointed him to a booth, then she disappeared into her cubicle.

David unbuttoned his frilly pink blouse and slipped off his silky grey slacks. Again, the image in the change room's mirror shook him. He had almost forgot he was wearing a bra and panties.

He put his hands through the dress and pulled it over his head, and adjusted it over his breasts. Then he looked in the mirror and what he saw almost took his breath away. He was truly beautiful in this dress. Damn, he thought to himself, "This

being a girl, is getting to me. I'm starting to think like a girl. Even I think I look great in this dress!"

Carol came up behind him and zipped the dress up. "Turn around, now and let me see you. Oh, Dianna, wonderful, you look super delicious. You have to buy that dress. It's you. Come on, we'll show the sales lady and see what she thinks."

Again Carol pulled him out of the change cubicle before he could protest. "Miss, what do you think of this dress on my friend?"

The sales lady was talking to another woman, but she stopped and turned toward David and Carol. "Absolutely fabulous, but you'd expect me to say that. Let me introduce you to this other customer of mine. Let's ask her, She knows a lot about college women. She's the president's wife. Mrs. Cordella, I'm sorry, girls, I don't know your names."

"Carol Kirk"

"D. . .Dianna Johnson."

"Please to meet you, girls. Which one of you. . .oh, the purple dress. It truly looks great on you. And it's right in style on campus. Say, are you related to the Johnson's on Cedar Lake?"

"They're my aunt and uncle."

David resolved never again to say that things couldn't get worse. They just got worse again. Now the wife of the president thought he was a girl. What was he going to do? His mother had already paid half a year's tuition at Strider.

"I know your aunt casually," Mrs. Cordella said. "Lovely woman. I didn't know she had such a pretty niece."

The woman looked at her watch. "I've got to run, girls. I'll see you on campus. But one thing before I go, Dianna, the sales lady is right. Buy that dress. You look great in it. I'm going to look for you wearing it this fall."

David bought the dress, taking the fifty Henry had given him from his little purse.

Next Carol led him to a shoe store. Right at the end of an aisle, on prominent display was a rack of black tough looking shoes for women. "Those are 'Jeff' shoes," Carol said.

"Jeff shoes?"

"Yeah, to kick him in the balls when he gets too frisky."

David laughed. Maybe this would be a good minute to tell Carol of the 'fantastic joke' she and her aunt Eileen had been playing on Jeff.

"Carol?"

"Yes?"

"There's something I want to tell you."

"What?"

David didn't know how to start. He tugged at his right ear where the clip on the earring Aunt Eileen had given him was hurting him.

"What's the matter with your ear?"

David pulled his hand away. "Nothing."

"Let me see," Carol touched his ear and fingered the earring. "No wonder. It's a clip on. Your ears aren't pierced. I can't believe it. You've never had your ears pierced?"

"I've been living at home. My mother would never let me do it."

"Ancient. Do you want to have them pierced?"

David hesitated. A lot of his friends had earrings in one ear. He could have an earring in one ear and forget the other ear.

"Sure I do."

Carol took his hand. "Well, then, come on."

As she hurried through the mall, she said, "Dianna, you are so much fun. I've never had such a good time with anybody. It's like you're from a foreign country or something and never seen all the wonderful things here."

"Yeah, that's what I feel like," David responded honestly, "like it's a new country."

They entered a jewelry store in the mall and while they waited until someone was free, they looked at the earring displays. Carol picked up a pair of silver earrings that dangled filigree silver. David fingered the beautiful intricate lacy work. What was happening to him? A few minutes ago he was admiring himself in a purple dress, now he wanted new earrings.

Carol put the earrings up to his ears. "Wouldn't these look great on you?"

He had to admit she was right although inside he cringed.

The saleslady came over and after a short discussion a technician was putting the long silver earrings through David's freshly pierced earlobes.

On his way out, David eyed the display of male earrings. He'd come back in a few days and get himself a male earring.

"We better go meet the boys," Carol said as they left the jewelry store.

The boys were waiting at Sears. "You're a half hour late," Jeff said.

"Do you notice anything different?" Carol asked the two boys.

"You both took off your bras?" Jeff said.

"What a child," Carol said. "No, look at Dianna's new earrings. Aren't they super?"

"Oh, sure, great. Now how about we go for a cappuccino?"

Carol said, "No, I'm getting tired. Why don't we call it a day?"

"Okay," Jeff said, "I drop you and Brian off, Carol, and then I'll take Dianna home."

Carol's voice got firm. "No, that's like letting the wolf walk Red Riding Hood home. We'll drop Dianna off first and Dianna and I will sit in the back seat on the way home."

As they neared Eileen and Henry's house, Carol put her hand on David's. "Dianna, I really enjoyed shopping with you. How about just us girls go tomorrow? I've got a few more things to pick up for school."

"Ahhh," David said.

"And we'll get you some shoes to match that new purple dress."

"I'd better check to see what Eileen has lined up for me tomorrow."

"Okay," Carol said. "I'll call you tonight and we can girl talk."

"Well, don't talk long," Jeff said, "because I'll be calling Dianna."

"Oh, oh," Carol said. "The wolf is on the loose."

They pulled up to Eileen's house and David got out. Carol handed him his package. "Don't forget your dress. I'll call you later."

David ran up to the door and turned to wave as the others left. Strange. . .he felt happy that he had a good time, and sad that the evening was over. He knew he liked Carol a lot and the prospect of spending any day with her was wonderful. . .if only he could figure out how to explain all this dressing-like-a-girl business.

He opened the door and headed for the kitchen where he found Henry and Eileen having tea.

“WELL? Did you have a good time, dear?” Eileen asked. “Oh I like those new earrings. You. . .You had your ears pierced!?”

David smiled. “Carol insisted. . .it only hurt for a second.”

“Did you pick out those earrings?”

“Carol did.” David sat down and kicked off his black pumps. “I’m glad that’s over. I’ve got all kinds of straightening out to do. You can’t believe how complicated things got today.”

“What happened?”

“Oh, the dean of students showed up and Carol and I ran into the wife of the president of Strider College in the dress shop.”

“The dress shop?”

“Carol and I went shopping. I really like her.”

“What’s in the package?”

David opened the package. “Carol made me buy this dress with Uncle Henry’s fifty.” David opened the box and took the dress out. Then he stood up and held out in front of him like it had bugs on it.

“Hold it up to you,” Eileen insisted. “It’s lovely!” Only then did he realize how strange it was for him to be holding a dress in front of himself, showing it off.

“Wow,” Henry said joking, “I never thought I’d be buying such a pretty dress!”

“You have great taste,” Eileen said. “Too bad you won’t be wearing it MUCH!”

David put the dress back in the package and sat down again. “I have to figure out how to get out of all this mess.”

“Ahh,” Eileen began, “I’m afraid it got more complicated. The dean of students called while you were out and said he met you at the mall, but when he checked your records he found the

name David. He said he was sorry for the mistake and was changing your registration to Dianna.”

“Oh my Gawd. I’m dropping out of school and going home.”

Eileen patted his hand. “Your parent have paid for the first semester. I know this is difficult, dear, but Henry and I, especially me would hate to see you leave. . .even if we have to have a niece instead of a nephew.

David gasped, “Your not saying. . .?”

“Why not try it for half a year?”

“No way! Are you nuts?”

Henry got up and poured more tea for Eileen and David, then sat down. “Funny thing, David,” he said, “but I don’t know if you were aware of it or not, but you appeared like you were really enjoying that dress and your new earrings.”

David didn’t at first but had to admit Henry was right. What was happening to him?

“Still. . .to live as a girl? No.” He took Eileen’s hand. “Listen, Aunt Eileen, I’m really grateful for all you’re doing for me, but you aren’t actually suggesting that I start living as a girl?”

“Why not,” Eileen smiled. “It might be fun. We just want you to be happy.”

The phone rang and Henry picked it up. “I’ll see if she’s sleeping yet.” Henry put his hand over the receiver and mouthed the word, “Jeff.”

David shook his head, “No!”

Henry said Dianna was sleeping and hung up. Almost as soon as he put the phone down, it rang again. “Carol,” Henry gestured.

Eileen tapped him on the shoulder and whispered, “Use the phone in your room.”

“Hold on, Carol,” Henry said as David went to his room. On his bed Eileen had laid out a beautiful pink negligee. It would be so much fun to get under the covers and talk to Carol for hours. He unbuttoned his blouse, pulled off his silky pants, pulled the negligee over his head, jumped into the bed and picked up the phone. “Got it, aunt Eileen” When he heard the click, he said. “Hi Carol. I had a great day.”

“Me, too.”

“Did your mother like your dress?” David asked.

“She’s seen it before and thought it was too short but she likes it. How about your aunt? Did you show her the purple dress?”

“She loved it. She said we both have good taste.”

“We have to find you some shoes, tomorrow,” Carol said. “Just the two of us. A day of shopping and hanging out at the mall.”

“Right,” David said playing with the silky fold of his nightgown. “That would be fun.”

Suddenly he realized he had agreed without thinking about it to spend another day dressed as a girl.

Well, maybe he would have a chance to talk to her, to explain the whole thing. She would understand. Whatever, he wanted to stay friends with her.

“My mother will drive us. Pick you up about noon?”

“Fine,” David said.

“I’ll introduce you to some nice boys,” Carol said. “Not like Jeff!”

What should he say now? He wasn’t interested in boys, he was interested in her.

“Yeah, none like Jeff.”

Carol laughed.

It had been a weird day. The success of his feminization had been a startling revelation to David. On his first try he’d been able to pass in public as a girl. It just shouldn’t be that easy!

After hanging up the phone David stretched out thinking about Carol for a few minutes and how he was going to tell her about his secret. How would she react?

“David?” His aunt called from outside his bedroom door.

“Yes, Eileen?”

“You know you should cream off your makeup for the night and wash your face so that the oils don’t give you any blemishes.”

“Oh, right. How do I do that? What kind of cream?” David asked confused. Eileen opened the door and came in carrying a jar of cold cream.

“Follow me,” She said smiling as she looked him over in his nightie. They went to the bathroom where David was shown how to remove his makeup, wash his face and to apply an overnight moisturizer. Then he was led back into Eileen and Henry’s bedroom to sit at the vanity while his aunt took down his hair.

“Did Carol like your hair?” Eileen asked.

“As a matter of fact she loved it. She said that you would have to teach both of us ‘girls’ how to do it that way,” David said, sarcastically emphasizing the word girls.

“Oh, I’d enjoy teaching you all those kinds of hair and makeup tricks,” She enthusiastically replied. Eileen finished removing all the bobby pins from David’s hair and he revelled in watching his long hair tumble freely onto his shoulders again.

He instinctively gave his head a feminine shake to accelerate the process. The loose, slightly disheveled hair and pretty nightgown gave him an appearance of a young woman who had just got out of bed after an amorous experience with her lover!

“Now let’s brush it out and fix it for the night,” Eileen said as she picked up a hairbrush.

David watched as she repeatedly ran the brush through his hair until it gleamed in the light. Taking a comb she then parted the hair right down the middle clear to the nape of his neck. Taking one side at a time, Eileen began to braid his hair into pigtails.

He was too surprised to complain. Finishing each pigtail with a ponytail elastic, his aunt pulled a couple of matching pink ribbons from a drawer and tied one at the end of each pigtail. Eileen stood back and David could actually see that her eyes were welling up with tears. She saw that he had noticed.

“Oh, David. . . You’re so lovely! I’ve always dreamed about having a daughter, now. . . I guess you’re her. Oh excuse this silly old woman. . . I’m getting carried away.”

“It’s ok Eileen,” David replied slowly, seeing what joy he was unintentionally bringing this generous woman by playing along with this charade. “I’ll be your daughter. . .at least for awhile.”

His Aunt hugged him as she wiped away the tears. She led him out the door back to his own bedroom. They ran into Henry in the hall.

"Well, well, well. Very cute David. It's nice to have a pretty young lady as our guest," Henry said sincerely. "You sleep tight, ya' hear."

"Thanks, good night," David replied. Eileen gave him one last peck on the cheek and then he was in his own room with the door closed.

He couldn't resist standing in front of the closet door's mirror for five minutes drinking in the reflection of the young pigtailed girl in the pink nightgown.

* * *

When David got up the next day, he sat down to breakfast with Eileen and Henry who was reading the newspaper. David tugged on one of his pigtails and fingered some lace on his nightgown then moaned, "This is crazy. One minute I'm a boy and the next everyone thinks I'm a girl. What should I do?"

Henry thought for a moment then said, "You aren't a really big guy. From what I've seen so far, you could pull it off. Who knows, it might be more fun being a coed than just another lowly freshman."

Eileen agreed, "At this point, I can't think of another way out. . .try it. What do you have to lose?"

"Okay," David said, "but let's keep thinking of another way out."

David told Eileen about his planned trip to the mall and asked what he should wear. "Since Carol helped you pick out the purple dress, why not wear it?"

"Okay," David said but not too eagerly.

"But then," Eileen said, reaching for a bag by the cosmetic table, "you'll have to use this."

She pulled a pink razor out of the bag. "All that unfeminine body hair has to go. You were convincing yesterday but imagine what you could do with a little help. . .you need some training in how to walk too, you know. Tell you what. . .I'll help you get dressed again today. Do you want to impress Carol?"

"Sure, I guess that would be great," David answered, once again getting unintentionally excited about the prospect of dressing like a girl. To himself, he rationalized it as the excitement of spending more time with Carol.

David shrugged and laughed, "You win, Aunt Eileen. I better not get caught!"

"Trust me and you won't," She said warmly as she took David's hand and led him out of the kitchen to the bathroom. "Now let's hurry, it's already 10:00. We only have a couple of hours!"

"Gee, that sounds like lots of time to me," David replied with a surprised look.

"Sure it is. . .if your a boy. But you've got to bathe, remove all that nasty peach fuzz, and I want to do something new with your hair this morning. Believe me, we'll need the time."



For the next twenty minutes David sat in a warm bath filled with frothy, scented bubbles. He had used the sharp ladies razor very delicately on his legs and under his arms. He couldn't help but admire the wet, satiny sheen of his shapely legs as he lifted one above the bubbles.

His underarms stung slightly being unused to the hairless state that they were now in. His aunt called from outside the bathroom door that he should get out and wrap a towel around himself so that

she could come in and wash his hair.

David complied, drying himself off, then wrapping the large, white bath towel around his torso under his arms in feminine fashion. The towel was quite long and the overall effect was like that of a white, strapless minidress. He ran his hands over his smooth legs. . .it made him feel naked.

Finally, David opened the door to let his aunt in. She was carrying a couple of bottles of shampoo and conditioner. Eileen made David bend over the sink as she first shampooed then conditioned his long hair. After a thorough rinsing she took another white towel and wrapped it around David's head turban style. With his smooth, hairless legs below the towel, hairless armpits above the towel and femininely wrapped turban. . .David looked unquestionably more feminine.

The young man followed Eileen to his bedroom. There on his bed he saw a full ensemble of woman's clothing waiting for him.

Besides the new dress, there was a matching white panty and bra set, a white, lacy slip, sheer pantihose and open toe medium-heeled sandals.

The thought of being out in those clothes caused David to freeze with fright.

"Take it easy, dear. Just put the lingerie on first then I'll set your hair. While it's drying I'll do your nails and makeup," Eileen instructed motioning David towards the clothing on the bed.

David picked up the panties and turning his back to his aunt he pulled the silky garment up his smooth legs. Pulling the panty up under his towel, he modestly completed the covering of his male equipment and allowed the towel to drop. His aunt stepped around him and surveyed his legs and panties.

"We've got to do something about that unladylike bulge," Eileen stated as she, quite brazenly David thought, pushed his penis down and more under his legs. He jumped in surprise.

"Oh don't be so shy. . .I've got an idea to fix it until I can buy you a special panty to conceal that better," She said and left to get something from her room. David saw her returning with some kind of white elasticized garment.

"This is a tight pantigirdle. It'll have to do for now," Eileen said as she held it near the floor for David to step into. The very tight material had to be pulled up slowly over David's panties until it reached to just under his rib cage. The constriction around his waist was very noticeable and it probably took at least 2" off of his waistline.

"Now excuse me. . .but I just have to do this right," Eileen said then put her whole hand down the front of David's panties. His cheeks grew red with embarrassment as the older woman manipulated his genitals downwards between his legs and positioned the strong elastic panel of the pantigirdle so that it compressed them into a position that left a smooth-looking front.

"There. . .that looks much better!" His aunt exclaimed. "Now we can get on with your bra, pantihose and slip dear."

David noticed that this bra had very smooth rounded cups giving a very natural appearance. He slipped his arms through the straps as Eileen held it out for him. Quickly she stepped around to his back and fastened the hooks securely.

The soft, jiggly breast forms were positioned in the bra cups giving David both the feel and gentle motion provided by real

breasts. He could even feel the increased tension on the shoulder straps taking the newly added weight.

"Now sit down here dear," Eileen instructed as she picked up the gossamer thin stockings. "I'll help you so that there are no accidental runs."

David watched as the woman carefully rolled the stockings up before letting him insert his foot in first one then the other leg.

The feel of the fine, diaphanous material enclosing his satiny smooth skin was unbelievably sensual. His mind was so confused by his current feelings. He looked upon his legs and revelled in the feminine appearance they exuded and yet he wasn't supposed to like dressing and for all the world pretending to be a girl.

"My, my girl! You have gorgeous legs," Eileen exclaimed. "For sure you'll have to keep those babies under wraps or else the boys will be fighting over dating you."

"Oh, Eileen. . .stop it. It was your idea that I shave them anyway."

"Yeah. . .and don't they look better?" she asked giving him a most mischievous and knowing smile. "Now stand up and let's put this slip on you."

With the lace-trimmed slip smoothed over his bra and pantigirdle, David was ready to sit and let his aunt work her makeup and hair magic once again. He noticed her opening a drawer and pulling out a plastic bag full of large, plastic hair rollers.

A little shudder of anticipation ran through him. Watching in the vanity mirror David saw his aunt, happily humming a tune, comb out his damp hair, spray a setting lotion on it, and then quickly and efficiently section and set it completely with the hair rollers.

"I just love curls on the young girls. Your hair is so thick and full, it will look so cute on you too!" She ex-



claimed as she worked with her comb and curlers.

“Boy, you’re getting the full torture today I see,” Uncle Henry joked as he poked his head into the room for a look.

“Now you shush,” Eileen rebutted. “It takes a lot of work for us women to make ourselves pretty. And David deserves to look as pretty as he can. I don’t want him to just make do with plain old straight hair.”

“Oh no. . .I agree completely,” Henry replied solemnly. David smiled weakly feeling very uncomfortable as this other male stood and watched him sit quietly with his hands neatly folded in his lap, wearing lacy women’s lingerie and sheer stockings while a woman was setting his long hair on hair rollers. Finally after a few moments of silence, Henry left.

“There. . .done,” Eileen said as she fastened the last hairpin and carefully tied a large hairnet over David’s rollers. Next she produced a soft bonnet hair dryer and placed it over her nephew’s curlers and turned it on. The bonnet ballooned outwards as the warm air coursed through it.

“Now David, tilt your head back a bit while I do your makeup. Once again Eileen used her skills as foundation, eye shadow, mascara and lipstick were applied to her captive beauty makeover subject.

As she did the other day, she applied a pink nailpolish that matched David’s lipstick. The whole makeup including eyeshadow, blush and lipstick were toned in a pinkish-violet shade that would complement his new dress.

Handing her now feminized nephew a woman’s magazine, Eileen said, “Read this. Your hair will need at least until 11:30 to dry so just relax and read. I’ll come back when your hair is dry and we’ll comb you out.”

David placed the magazine on the vanity and began to absent-mindedly flip through the pages. However his eyes could not help but steal glances at the mirror. It was like a very pretty twin sister of his was reflected there only he could feel her closeness. The makeup eyes with the long, dark eyelashes seemed to look at him beckoningly.

It seemed like hours but was only forty five minutes or so when Eileen returned. “Well, I hope your hair is dry. We’ve got to get you ready. Carol will be here soon.”

David watched as the hair dryer was removed followed by the hairnet. He was a little bit shocked when she removed one

roller from just above his ear and the hair sprung back in a long, tight ringlet curl.

“Oh, I knew it! Your hair takes a curl like a dream!” His aunt exclaimed as more pins and rollers were removed and with each one a new ringlet curl appeared. “We’ll have such fun trying different hairdo’s.”

David was amazed at his hair. He never dreamed that his hair could look so feminine. He always somehow imagined that girls’ hair was naturally that way, that is, capable of all sorts of feminine styles. His aunt was proving that his boy’s hair could be transformed into a completely ladylike style with her expertise.

Eileen brushed through his curls and had him bend over in different ways as she brushed from underneath. Soon his little-girl ringlets were transformed into very much big-girl curls and waves.

When his aunt swept a mass of hair over from one side and held the other side back with a pretty violet-colored haircomb he was speechless. He now looked like some beautiful college co-ed. . .one that he could definitely go for!

“Ready for your dress?” Eileen asked.

“WOW!” was all David could mutter.

It was with some effort that Eileen could tear her nephew away from the mirror long enough to get him into his new dress and shoes. He stood amazed as his full-length reflection in the mirror presented him as a mature, college beauty. He even looked several years older, more elegant. Many real women lived their whole lives and never looked as sexy as this boy did now.

“They’re here,” his aunt said quietly. She too was in awe of what she had created out of this boy.

As David was led to the front door by Eileen they passed uncle Henry who was visibly shaken by the completeness of his nephew’s feminine transformation. All he could muster was a quiet, “Well I’ll be. . .”

As David stepped out onto the front steps with some trepidation mixed with nervous excitement he was spotted by his new friend Carol who had just opened the car door and stepped out. She looked at him and broke into a huge grin,

“Dianna! You look unbelievable! If I’d known you were such a hot fox I’d have dressed better. Talk about a change from Miss Quiet to Miss Bombshell.”

David basked in the praise from Carol. Somehow, he had to agree with her. He felt very feminine at this moment. For the first time since he had put on that fateful bathing suit he felt very comfortable with his new role. Well, ‘comfortable’ might be the wrong word. . .but at that very moment he wouldn’t trade his looks for a pair of boy’s jeans and a crewcut.

Carol held the car door for ‘Dianna’ so he could slide in next to Carol’s mother. She smiled a hello and soon they were off to that land of Oz young women call ‘The Mall’.

As it was after noon, Carol suggested they start with lunch. Over lunch they talked about music and went on to countless subjects. David could hardly believe it—every rock group he liked, she liked. He had never met anyone who was as compatible with him as she was. They liked the same music. They were both ‘nerds’ getting good grades in school. They both disliked the ‘in crowd’ at school, they both liked English literature and both had trouble with math.

David resolved before the afternoon was up he was going to figure out a way out of dressing as girl, even if it meant not going to Strider College. BUT Carol was too great a girl to lose. . .like he had her now.

After lunch, Carol led him to a shoe store, where she had him try on 14 different pair of shoes to find the right hoes to match the dress. When the clerk brought out number fourteen, Carol said, “That’s it. No question, that’s the pair we want.” They were very high heels with the same shade of purple in them as the dress, but also pretty lines of pink.

David panicked. How could he walk in such very high heels? They must be 5" tall! He tried on the shoes and stepped in front of the mirror. He could hardly believe the person he saw, a confident, pretty young woman in a purple dress, with very attractive shoes. David had to admit Carol had very good taste.

Again he was surprised at himself for enjoying the new shoes and was even challenged by them. Now if he could only walk in the shoes without killing himself.

After they paid, Carol led them to a seat in the mall. “Put them on,” she said. “They’re so pretty I want to look at them again. You’ll look dressier than me, but who cares?”

"Maybe I should save them for some special occasion," David said, thinking desperately how not to wear the shoes. Maybe this was the time to talk about the whole problem.

"Carol, I. . ."

She suddenly reached down and pulled off one of his black pumps and sat on it. "Now you have to wear the purple shoes."

David laughed and put them on. "To be honest," he said, "I'm not too used to high heels. I only wore them once in a while."

She pulled his hand and stood up. "Come on. . .you look like you learned to walk on a fashion show runway. Most girls would kill for looks like you have. But anyway, don't worry, I didn't wear high heels much either until my senior year in high school. I'll hold you up! Come on, I need to find some lingerie for school."

David got up and took short steps, trying to keep up with her and trying to keep his balance. They walked into a store called, 'Intimate Moments.' Negligees, bras, panties, garter belts, teddies were displayed all over. David stared at them while Carol made her selection. He felt several of the silky pieces of underwear. Compared to the boring cotton shorts he'd worn for years, women wore much more luxurious underwear.

When they left the shop, David suggested they stop for a soda. He was thirsty, his feet were starting to hurt, and more importantly, he wanted to find the moment to talk to her.

They went into a quiet cafeteria and got sodas. David guided them to a table away from other people.

When they sat down, Carol put her hand on his. "Dianna, I'm so glad you're living next door and I'm so glad you are who you are. We can be. . .sisters."

This was terrible. That's not what David had in mind. He took a deep breath and said, "Carol, I've got something to tell you." He took another deep breath and looked very serious. "I don't want us to go on anymore without you knowing something about me."

Carol smiled, "What. . .that you're a boy?"

David gasped, "Uh? .You know?"

"Well, I wasn't 100 percent sure, but don't forget I've lived next to Eileen all my life. Once when I was little, Eileen had me over at her house so much, my mother had to say something. She's always wanted a daughter."

"But. . .but me, how did you know? I must look silly!"

Carol laughed. "No. When a young woman lets her Aunt make all the key decisions about what she wears, something is wrong. I knew Eileen was 'dressing' you. And your ears weren't pierced. And you didn't know how to walk in heels. . .and a million other things. That is a wig, right?"

"Well. . .no, it's my own hair. Eileen did it like this," David said, his face bright red. "I'm so embarrassed."

Carol looked concerned. She reached across the table and took both his hands in hers. "Oh Dianna. . .no. Oh, I mean. . .what is your boy name?"

"David."

"I like you better when you're like this."

David laughed. "That's OK."

"Anyway," she squeezed his hands, "You seem like wonderful a person. I know Eileen always wanted a daughter. Have you always wanted to BE a girl?"

"Oh no!" David gasped. "It was all a big mistake!" He told Carol the story of the beach that first day and how he'd just been looking for a way out.

"I look weird, don't I? I mean, does it turn you off?"

Again she squeezed his hand and laughed. "Weird??! I think you look cute. Matter of fact, I'm jealous, you're a knockout! If Jeff saw you now, we wouldn't be able to contain him!"

They both laughed at that comment. Carol continued looking David straight in the eye. "I'm tired of boys and boyfriends. . .I want a sister."

"A sister — that's all?"

"Dianna, David," she looked serious again. "I think you and I can become great friends. We're so alike and have similar tastes. Let's just see what happens at school."

"But you mean, go to college — as a girl?"

"Young woman, we say 'young woman' nowadays."

David smiled and said softly, "Sorry."

They sipped their sodas in silence for awhile. Then Carol touched his hand. "You know, it's up to you, but you have a lot of reasons to stay dressed as a woman. The president, the dean, both think you're female. Jeff, who has a mouth as big as Texas thinks you're a 'a babe.' Even Eileen. You've be

doing her a great favor by spending a little part of your life as her daughter.”

“And what about you? Can’t you tell, I like you.”

“To be honest, I think I’d rather have you as a girlfriend. . . at least for now,” She added with a sense that she was contemplating something more. “A girlfriend who lives next door to me. Somebody I can share my dresses with — I never got to do that. Somebody I can gossip with, help each other with makeup and try hair styles with. I’d love it if you were that friend, Dianna. Oh and I need a good girlfriend to go camping with this weekend It’s the last weekend before school. How about it?”

David looked at her. Yes, Eileen had been very nice to him. . . even Henry didn’t seem to care. But Carol—that was his big reason. “I’d love to be your friend,” David said. “Girlfriend or boyfriend.”

She smiled at him and put both her hands on his. “ALL RIGHT! We’re girlfriends.”

“And, I’d LOVE to go camping with you.”

Carol jumped up. “Oh, that’s great. As soon as we go home, we’ll start getting ready. Now if you come with me, there’s something I want to get you.”

“What?”

She pulled him up. “Come with me.”

Ten minutes later Carol put a delicate gold locket around David’s neck, and tucked it down the front of his dress. “This is a special friendship locket,” she said. “Wear it always.”

* * *

That night David had a long talk with Eileen and Henry. Eileen was beside herself with happiness that he had decided to live as a girl, at least for awhile. He told them about the camping trip and within minutes, Eileen was looking for cooking pots and planning a trip to the mall tomorrow for ‘some items you’ll need for sure on a camping trip.’

Later Henry took him aside and asked, “All this has gotten a bit carried away. Are you sure you want to do this?”

Just the question embarrassed David. He moaned, “I just don’t know any other way out. It won’t work, will it? I’ll get caught?”

Henry said seriously, “Frankly, no. Physically, you have fine features, a rounded bottom and aren’t very muscular. . .no,

you have what it takes. . .in fact, with my wife's help you've become quite an attractive looking young woman. And Eileen is so anxious to help even more."

"I'm trying," David said blushing.

"It's mentally that I'm worried. Being a girl 24 hours a day and with Eileen's training, you WILL change. Are you ready for that?"

David nodded his head, "I guess. Eileen does seem excited at the prospect of having a daughter."

"This is fun for her, David. She's waited all her life to be able to do these things for a daughter of her own. I just want you to think seriously about what you're doing and can you put up with all the little things that go with being a feminine coed?"

"Well, the clothes aren't that uncomfortable?" David rationalized.

"I can see that striped dress looks nice on you." Then Henry added, "But there's more: figure training, beauty routines, hairdressers, manicures and putting up with the 'Jeffs'. If you do this, I would expect you to act and respond like any normal young lady in social situations. I don't want people talking about my 'weird' niece."

After their talk, David said he wanted to sit outside and look at the lake. He changed again and now wore white slacks and a pink sweater. He went outside and sat on the porch, looking at the moon on the lake. It looked different.

Dianna. Dianna. He said the name over and over. He was going to be a "Dianna." He thought over the last two days. It hadn't been so bad, being Dianna. In fact, now with Carol in the future, it looked very pleasant, indeed. Then he went back to his conversation with Henry. Could he ever get used to boys gawking at him like he was a hot fudge sundae?

After a while David got up and went inside. Eileen called to her from



her bedroom, "Dear, there's something I didn't give you earlier. David went into her bedroom. There on the bed was a gift box done up with pink ribbon. 'For my new niece, the card said. David opened the box.

"For me?" David asked.

Eileen smiled and said, "Looks like you'll be getting a lot of wear out of it!" It was the purple swim suit with the beautiful flowers.

That night, Eileen and David made plans to make sure he would be ready to play a normal role in college society. Eileen would have to train him to be the flawless young woman.

David almost reneged when he realized that Eileen planned to femininize him far more than just wearing a dress to school. She talked of fine lingerie, figure training, and ultra high heels.

"I'll teach you to walk, act and even think like a woman! Your possibilities are endless," Eileen thrilled as she told of each feminizing step, "maybe you'll end up as the homecoming queen?"

David was confused by his reactions to her determination to make him the "prettiest girl in school." Just before he went to sleep, Carol called and he told her of Eileen's scheme.

Carol gushed, "Oh how exciting. You'll be so feminine that I bet my mother will let you spend the night with me!"

David about swooned as he wiggled under the covers in the pink full length nightgown Eileen had given him. He almost passed out imagining Carol in bed with him in a similar nighty. Suddenly feminization seemed a small price to pay.

Eileen didn't tell David all about her plans. There were many that she didn't want to discuss right away. Like female hormones to further feminize his body, perhaps to the extent that a bra would be necessary!

She knew how David felt about Carol. She couldn't allow David to go "camping" and have sleep-overs with Carol if he would be easily "titillated" by her. What would Carol's mother say if something happened?

The next morning, Eileen met him leaving the shower with a pair of pink panties, a pink slip and pink brassiere. "These used to be mine," Eileen stated, "But they're yours now! I think you'll find it's nice to wear some of my pretty, silky

things. You can wear anything of mine you want until we get your wardrobe filled out.”

“Will I have to wear girl’s clothes all the time,” David asked? “Even when we’re home alone?”

“I think so. . .you need to be totally comfortable in them.”

Thus the training began. . .

David was always a bit disoriented when he woke up. The regular routine of wearing hair rollers to bed was certainly disconcerting at first, plus the strange silky feeling of his nightwear was the first clue to remembering that he was about to take on a new role in life. It was these first moments in the morning that he always had second thoughts. “I can’t just start living as a girl!” he’d say to himself, vowing to put a stop to the foolishness.

His aunt was always there to meet him when he got out of the shower, her eyes shining with excitement as she told him of the day’s plan to nurture him into becoming a beautiful, likable girl.

One of the first things that he had to get used to were “TITS”. He was quickly corrected by his aunt, “Call them your breasts, dear. ‘Tits’ sounds naughty.” His aunt had quickly bought him a pair of very expensive silicone inserts that were life-like in size and weight. The first few days it was like they were always in the way but he gradually got used to wearing them. . .even when he was sleeping.

When not at home, David hung out with Carol, mostly at the mall. David often admitted how much he loved going out and being friends with Carol.

Since Eileen was much older it was decided that Carol would help David pick out a fashionable school wardrobe. Eileen gave David her credit card and said to Carol, “He’ll need a complete supply of pretty panties, brassieres, nylons and maybe even a garter belt and stockings.”

“That’s a bit old fashioned, Eileen,” Carol said, “but one or two for special ‘dates’ might be fun.” Then turning to a red-faced David, she gushed, “Are you excited? You are going to have a beautiful girl’s wardrobe all your very own!”

David went through it all, even the inevitable trip to the beauty salon where his shoulder length locks were not only trimmed into a perfect shoulder length page boy, but were

enhanced with subtle blonde highlights that only emphasized his increasing feminine looks.

David didn't really relish shopping but got caught up picking out pretty, frilly nighties. . .his presumption was he would be wearing them in bed. . .with Carol!

They didn't have much time to train David to be a coed.

It was Eileen who taught David all the little proper things a girls should do and be. . .it was Carol who taught him the frivolous things such as how to allow the hem of your skirt to hike excitingly over your thighs—enough to titillate but not be trashy.

Carol just about crashed her car when David sweetly allowed his skirt to display his smooth nylons. Carol reached over and put her hand on his thigh. . .high enough to touch the bottom of his panties.

"Careful," David yelled pulling his skirt down into a proper position. "This part of being a girl is TOO much fun!"

"You big sissy," Carol joked putting both her hands back on the wheel. "My boyfriend has the 'moves' of a tramp—I think I dig that!"

Cool currents of desire flowed through David's emasculated body.

School started and David got through the first days of classes. No one suspected that he wasn't a real girl. Eileen sat him down that first week and asked, "Henry and I were thinking that we should put you on some female hormones."

David was surprised. His fingers went nervously to the hem of the short skirt he was wearing. "Ohh, I don't know. . .what would they do?"

"Just soften you up a little. . ."

"What else?"

"Maybe grow little breasts like a teenaged girl," Eileen added.

"Oh my," David sighed with confusion. "Growing breasts. . .I don't know. . .will they get big? Like yours or Carols?"

"No, I doubt if they will get quite as big as mine but they could get big enough that you could wear a bra without pads!"

They talked for a while and David nervously agreed to try them for "just a little while."

Eileen produced a cardboard packet of pills. . .like Carol's birth control pills only these were much bigger. "You take the purple pills for twenty three days and then the white ones for five," Eileen explained. "That is your monthly cycle. . .you know what that means?"

David knew. He'd been warned about the subtle little things he'd have to be aware of when being one of the girls. At least now he'd easily know when his cycle was.

Scholastically being a girl in college wasn't much different than being a boy except for the clothes and having to get up earlier to do make-up and hair. There was something else too. David's burning desire to stare and fantasize about girls was changing. He obviously couldn't be aggressive with them the way he was dressed. Oh, he still looked but at their dresses, outfits and make-up—comparing them to his own and wondering how he would look in them.

A glimpse of a slip, even the flash of panties in a short skirt had lost it's pizzazz. David could feel the lacy coolness of his own lingerie and felt the exposed almost naked sensation of wearing short skirts, nylons, panties and low cut blouses.

He also felt the eyes of other boys and their enchantment with even the slightest hip motion. That anticipation that just maybe he'd bend over too far or an unexpected breeze might exposed something. . .anything!

David modestly accepted these mysterious restrictions on his new role.

Walking with Carol down the hall, the guys would turn their heads to stare at their legs and hips sway from side to side. "Fun, eh?" Carol smiled seeing David notice the attention he was getting.

"Yeah," he whispered, letting his long curls brush across his shoulders. There was a sense of conquest at being gawked at and considered "attractive." Even the girls looked and some didn't like him at all.

He told Carol, "Wearing little dresses and mini-skirts is like wearing nothing at all. . .I feel naked."

"and pleasant, eh?" Carol repeated, adding this time, "I think my little, sissy boyfriend is enjoying being a girl?" With that she grabbed for his little nipples. When alone, Carol loved to pinch at David's breasts making him jump.

About six weeks later. . .

Eileen asked David, "Let me see your chest."

David's hands went behind his back to unhook his bra. When the garment was unhooked, he held the bra and pads over his chest as he wiggled his arms out of the bra's straps.

"Well?" his aunt said impatiently.

David drew in a deep breath which caused his chest to rise. He pulled the cups away from his chest, baring before Eileen's eyes the fruits of his efforts. David's nipples had enlarged into distended pink areolas on top of spongy, delicate mounds of plump flesh.

David blushed and said, "They're so sensitive."

Eileen touched the pinkness and it gathered up in a little knot, wrinkling and pressing outward in a pert, pointed manner. She focused on David's upper body. With the brazen swellings, his chest had been demasculinized and feminized to the point where soon he wouldn't be able to go out on the beach without a padded top.

Eileen gently touched and explored David's nipple causing it to elongate and harden more. She did the same to the other nipple and was amazed and enchanted by what she'd done to his bosom. She asked, "If you keep taking the hormones, you will probably sprout much fuller, feminine breasts. What do you think, shall we stop the hormones now?"

David blushed and confessed, "To have real breasts. . .that would be definitely incredible. Do you think I could take them a while longer?"

"As long as you wish, dear," Eileen replied with a satisfied smile, "But you know it's de-masculinizing you and their effects won't go away quickly?"

David didn't answer right away. He ran his hands down the front of his chest, over the small pert nipples, feeling the delightful smooth softness of his skin. The texture of nylon and soft girlish materials over his sensitive flesh gave him chills. . .scrumptious little chills. He wasn't ready to give that up yet. Beside, his new clothing seemed to be fitting better!

David was busy with school and his social life began to get busy. Carol and David were constant companions, still it was a surprise to both Eileen and Henry when David told them of accepting a date. . .double dating with Carol.

Henry couldn't help staring at his nephew. He had been running around all afternoon half naked, primping and near feminine hysteria, David finally pirouetted in front of Henry and asked, "So, do I look okay?"

Henry stared at the feminized youth. There stood his nephew. Over a bra, panties, slip, garter belt and sheer nylons, David wore a classic 'little black dress' like Vogue magazine always talked about, that stopped well above his knees.

The display of his effeminate, smooth, rounded thighs and long legs in their nylon sheaths, perched upon 3 1/2 inch black high heeled pumps was most disconcerting.



The boy's blonde streaked hair was swept up in back into an elegant French Twist. . .the kind that every man imagines cascading down much later that night with the quick pull of a couple of hairpins!

Henry was always very forthright in his comments and feelings. "You've become a stunner of a girl," Henry said, adding, "I hope you can handle the attention?"

David's attention turned to the mirror as he said, "What do you mean?"

"Just that with the hormones softening your muscles, you could be man-handled as easily as any chick. . .so you need to be as careful as any girl."

"Aw, Henry," David said smugly as he adjusted a loose curl, "I can handle the boys now. I know what they want. . .remember I am one!"

Henry held himself back. Seeing David's beautifully girlish, bottom so tantalizing packaged in such a short tight skirt, Henry knew that any young man's goal would be to get between those silky thighs. Henry knew that they wouldn't be 'happy' finding a small 'secret' tucked away in David's panties.

Watching his nephew fool with his beautifully done hair, Henry felt something. An odd sensation came over him as he watched with special attention, the plump, skirt-clad cheeks of his nephew's girlish behind.

David sat doing all the little things that girl's do before a date with a boy.

How he wished that David was really his daughter. How exciting it would be to see him grow from an innocent young girl into womanhood, find a boyfriend, get married (with Henry giving away the bride) and having babies.

Minutes after watching David pick up his purse and trot out the door on the arm of a handsome young man, Henry nuzzled up to Eileen and whispered in her ear, "Exciting eh? Even I am beginning to wish we could keep David a girl."

Eileen snuggled her derriere back against the contours of Henry's lean body. "Yeah?" she turned and snuggled against the corded muscles of his body. "We just have to encourage him," she whispered, moving her hips just a bit, "Just a little encouragement!"

The evening went very fast for everyone that night. Exhausted and expended, Henry and Eileen got up out of bed and dressed to meet David when he came home. They both couldn't wait to hear all the stirring details of his evening. . .an evening both had fantasized about.

Both had allowed their subconscious thoughts to surface. Neither could deny the evidence any longer, both loved having a 'daughter' around the house and both hoped that David would enjoy his feminization and continue it.

David walked into the house about a half an hour late, his hips swaying with a girlish brashness. Seeing Eileen and Henry cuddled up on the sofa, he turned on his heels and sat down with on a chair next to them. David crossed his legs above the knee girlishly and leaned back, closing his eyes for a moment.

"Well?" Eileen asked. "You're late!"

David adjusted his dress over his uptilted breasts and curved hips. His eyes showed that he was looking for the words. . .words he would never dare say to his own parents but somehow he could say anything to Eileen and Henry—as long as it was the truth.

Henry asked, "Com' on, we're dying to know what happened!"

"It was dreamy," David admitted, stopping again to look for thoughts.

Henry impatiently probed, "Did you get kissed or not?"

Eileen elbowed him and soothed, "It's okay dear. Henry just wants to know that you were treated nicely by your date."

David's eyes brightened and his cheeks turned a vivid scarlet. "It was very interesting. . ."

"What?"

David's heart hammered against his ribs as he divulged, "Being kissed by a boy." A knot rose in his throat.

"Was it that terrible?" Henry asked.

"No, just so different than kissing a girl," David deep in thought, adding, "You said I'd have to learn accept such things."

"That's right, dear. How was it different?" Eileen asked. David adjusted his skirt and ran his fingers through his hair to adjust a stray curl.

Henry asked protectively, "He didn't force you did he?"

"Heavens, no," David defended, still looking for the right words and obviously embarrassed by what happened.

"First he brushed a kiss sweetly across my forehead. It tickled. When I looked up, his lips pressed over mine and I was like trapped, his arms holding me tightly." As David's face turned redder, he admitted, "Before I knew it his tongue was exploring my mouth. I found that his tongue and kiss was sending the pit of my stomach into a swirl. I've never felt like that before!" David was beet red from embarrassment.

"It takes time to get used to BEING kissed by boys," Eileen said with compassion.

"USED TO?" David challenged, "I never want to do that again!"

"But you're fitting in so well," Eileen enhanced, "It's going to be a long school year and your Uncle Henry and I want. . .no, we require you to fit in as well as any coed. All the girls your age have boyfriends and we expect you'll find one too."

"A boyfriend?"

"And they're not easy to KEEP," Henry added. "Kissing and petting is something you are presumed to do as a coed."

David moaned, "Oh my, do I have to?" The thought made David squirm in his seat.

Eileen comforted, "Yes, dear. In a few months, you'll be kissed by a boy and not think anything of it. . .who knows, maybe you'll even grow to like it?"

"Never!" David stated a bit unsure. He had now done many things that he never could imagine doing even a month ago. His stomach fluttered at the thought of being feminine enough to have a boyfriend kiss and fondle him.

The confusion he felt from his first kiss was only compounded by his aunt and uncle. He knew it was impossible but it seemed like they wanted him to become a girl?

Later David told Carol about his discussion with Eileen and Henry and their notion that he should have a boyfriend. "What a delightful idea. . .we could both have one and they'd take us out and romance us but we'd go home and spend the night together in our little nighties."

David loved that but wasn't sure he could get used to having a boyfriend. Carol promised, "I'll help you get one and learn how to keep him."

From that first kiss, David's relationship with his aunt and uncle changed subtly. David was responded to in a more protective and actually more nurturing manner. Was this the difference between having a son and having a daughter?

New rules about dates and curfews were made. Henry treated David like a father would his pretty young daughter. When Henry made comments about David's dress, there was always some reference to how well it fit David's personality like, "That yellow sundress really shows off your figure. . .but put something on over your shoulders. . .you'll drive your date nuts."

Eileen on the other hand was subtly making David comfortable with his new sexuality. Encouraging kissing at first, then a little more. "It really sort of a compliment to a girl," she said when David admitted that he was having trouble keeping the boy's hands in the right places. "You have to be in charge of your body and only let him touch you where you want."

David knew if he kept taking those female hormones, before long, he won't have to be SO concerned about the discovery of padding.

At the town's May Day dance, everyone remarked what a beautiful niece Eileen and Henry had. David blushed becomingly as Henry lead his daughter out on the dance floor. As they danced slowly, David's full skirts flowed around his legs and he relaxed comfortably in Henry's arms.

No one had suspected that he had been anything but a girl. Pampered and painted, David wore a pink silk and satin evening dress embroidered with tiny, delicate flowers. It's full skirt swirled lace about his ankles and responded noisily to his every movement: crackling, rustling and swishing.

The dress was sumptuous and so was David. His hair was down to the small of his back. Eileen had ensured that it was always coiffed to perfection.

David had a standing appointment at the towns beauty salon, and for special occasions he was given first-class treatment. He had also developed a nice set of boobs. Not real big but full, soft mounds that could only belong to a female were supported upward in the built in cups of his dress.

A small heart pendant rested between the soft cleavage pressed against Henry's chest. It was only natural that David feel alluring and attractive. . .he had worked so hard at being feminine that it was now easy.

Henry held David's undulating figure and surveyed his nephew's feminized shape. Henry delighted at the softness of David's hips and the self-assured curve of his pert bust.

Moving to the music, Henry whispered, "MY, you've come a long way."

That brought a flush to David's cheeks. He hated being reminded that he was only a boy acting like a girl. Henry laughed as David pulled away slightly. "Just relax, dear," Henry whispered and pulled him tight, pressing his bosom against his solid chest. David's small breasts buoyed up slightly like they were going to spill out of his dress's bodice.

It was only a little game. David knew that Henry adored him and that teasing was sometimes just his way of showing affection. The two males had no secrets. David had realized sometime in the last few months that Henry was intrigued with his feminization. Maybe more than intrigued. . .he was enthralled in all the little details of David's daily life as a girl.

From that first date where he was kissed, Henry had prodded David to go on dates. adding, "kiss the boys back. . .it's only right after they've spent their money on you."

And more, Henry always wanted to know the intimate details of what lingerie was to be worn, suggested higher heels and had to hear the particulars of what happened on a date.

Embarrassed at first, David learned that he could tell his Aunt and Uncle anything. A peck here and there had turned to heavy kissing, then to light petting and lately (thanks to the hormones) the insides of David's bra were no longer off limits.

Yes, David even told Eileen and Henry about his breasts being kissed and caressed. . .a feeling that was most alarming. . .a realization that he could arouse fire in a man. Yes they were a very close family.

Henry whispered, "You smell delicious. . .that Brad is a lucky guy."

Yes, David now had a steady boyfriend.

Carol also had one. The two talked of their boyfriends like they were puppies, giggling about the boys attempts to "make" them. Surprisingly, David admitted to Eileen that he liked having a boyfriend to take him out and do things with. He was jealous of Carol's boyfriend but was secure that she still loved him even though the two were out with the guys alone more than each other.

Eileen and Henry were pleased when David made no attempt to switch schools or even suggest that he return to being a boy. But the biggest problem was about to be faced. David's mother and father were due to visit for a week. As they visit approached, David became moody.

"What am I going to do?" he said motioning to his figure, "Dad'll kill me!"

"I don't think he'll want to meet your boyfriend!" Henry joked.

David wasn't sure why they seemed so calm when the "S@#T" was about to hit the fan.

Eileen said calmly, "Honesty is always the best policy but maybe we can turn you back into a boy for a week. Let's try."

"Yeah," Henry said teasing, "First we get him a crewcut."

David about panicked. "He's just kidding," Eileen said, "You can keep your pretty hair."



It took almost an hour but Eileen finally had David as presentable as possible in his outgrown boy's clothes. They felt and looked out of place on David's delicate frame. Eileen had to correct his walk because he was used to wearing skirts and swinging his hips.

Once in front of Henry, David asked, "Well?"

They had used an eyebrow pencil to fill in David's girlishly thin eyebrows. He had his hair slicked back and wore jeans, a white shirt and

blazer coat to cover his pert mounds that no boys had.

"Boyish!" Henry gathered, "but I'd spot that girlish bottom in a second. Maybe your parents will just have to get used to loving you as a girl."

David moaned, "They'll hate me!" He looked into the mirror and turned so he could see his bottom. The jeans fit loosely about his tiny waist and stretched tightly his broad, soft bottom which now curved gently out in an unmistakably girlish shape.

The attempt to hide a girlishness that have blossomed uncurbed for nine months was failing and all knew it.

"What am I going to do," David moaned.

"Be honest!" both Eileen and Henry said in unison.

"You mean?"

David groaned softly as he looked at Eileen putting the final touches on his hairdo. He had never looked so pretty and girlish. . . characteristics that would cause his father to go through the roof.

David was quite flushed, his hair now hung down and curled loose about his shoulders. He wore black high heels, hose and Eileen had helped him pick out the most suggestive sundress he owned. . . one that would show off his new curves and there

would be no question that the cleavage was his. His white bra showed slightly through the white cotton dress, straining upward around his prominent feminized chest.

“Do you like your hair?” Eileen asked brushing out his long gorgeous hair. The added, “Your mother used to wear it like that!”

“Just like his mother’s,” David thought to himself as he played with his curls coyly.

The longer hair made his cheekbones seem higher or was it the refined touch of pink lipstick? He bore little resemblance to the awkward, clumsy boy that left home almost a year ago.

He laughed to himself. . .All of his father’s efforts and he turned out like his mother. . .the resemblance to old pictures of his mother were quite striking. With lightly applied eyebrow pencil, full, blooming pink lips and the hair-do, even his stodgy father would see the resemblance.

David tried to imagine what he’d feel when his father first saw him.

In his dress, the curve of his hips was quite noticeable and pleasing, while it also did things for his chest. His father wouldn’t know that the cups of his bra were filled with flesh—a feminine softness with an intriguing valley between the flesh, which actually wanted to spill over a little.

His father wouldn’t know how far he’d gone. David wanted to cup his breasts with his hands. He blushed as he wanted to feel the weight and bulk of them. He was getting to be like a real girl there and it nice. It wasn’t nice to think what his father would do if he knew why they were so sore and sensitive today. Brad just couldn’t get enough!

Panic overcame him. David now was going to be exposed as a boy in girl’s clothes to his parents.

A final inspection before the mirror showed that he looked quite nice, not overdressed, but just right for a girl his age. The flaring skirt showed off his pretty nyloned legs and the wide belt really made his small waist pronounced, adding to his curves which appeared perfectly natural.

For a moment, he considered putting on darker red lipstick, which Eileen and Henry had bought for him, saying, “in case you ever want to look really glamorous for your boyfriends”, but he decided against it. He wanted to appear completely natural and not like some cheap chorus girl for his parents.

Eileen watched his nervousness and said, "You look absolutely adorable. You'll have a hard time convincing them that you are not a real girl."

"You really think it will be okay?" David said apprehensively as he whirled on his heels, showing off his lacy slip. He was very pleased with Eileen's compliment, and he only hoped she was right.

"Your a dish!" Henry said as they heard David's parents arriving. David was terrorized, his pink tipped fingers flew instinctively to his hair. He sprang to his feet, straightened his dress slightly and minced to the door. Eileen and Henry smiled. How delicate David seemed as he took tiny steps, his little breasts quivering visibly under his dress.

"It'll be fine, my dear," Eileen said.

IT WASN'T. Shock turned to disbelief to anger to shouting accusations. David's father yelled, "Get your clothes. . .I mean you male clothes. You are coming with us. No son of mine is going to be running around in dresses! AND WITH TITS!"

His father hadn't changed. His mother hadn't the backbone to say anything. And there sat Eileen and Henry. They cared about his feelings. . .his future. They gave him unconditional love and support.

Eileen came to David's side and said, "Can't you see how happy he is? He's a girl full time now. It's not a choice anymore. He's been feminized so much that now he even feels, acts, and thinks like a girl!"

"That's terrible!" David's father yelled with a sneer. "What if he wants to go back to being a man?"

"Who would want to?" Eileen stated, "if he can be a girl that looks like this."

The last words muttered were David's, "I'm staying here!"

His parents left right after David ran to his room in tears. Henry and Eileen found him at his dressing table, studying himself in the mirror, his eyes flowing with tears.

None spoke for several minutes allowing David to pull himself together and fix his eye make-up. "Here, dear," Eileen said handing him a tiny crystal bottle of perfume.

David took the crystal stopper and touched it to the back of each ear. His eyes were still filled with emotion which he stoically tried to control. . .but couldn't.

“What am I doing like this,” he cried, “I’m acting like a little girl. . .Maybe Dad is right.” David burst into tears again.

Eileen and Henry wrapped their arms around David and held him tightly. Henry stroked David’s hair gently and Eileen gave him a kiss on the forehead.

Loosening her arms, a bit, Eileen whispered, “You are a little girl emotionally and you are OUR little girl.”

David looked at her and forced a brave smile. “We just want YOU to be happy,” Henry added, “and we can see that you have been. . .you have been a happy little girl. Right?”

David nodded, shyly, muttering, “Oh, I have been. . .but what am I going to do now?”

“Become a fine young lady,” Eileen said, adding, “if that’s what you want to be?”

“And then what?” David asked, a bit in shock.

“Grow into a fine young woman,” Henry said. “Someone who your parents can be proud of. . .your new parents, that is.”

The confrontation with his father had taken away all his girlish confidence. Henry tilting David’s chin up, said, “Dear, we love you and we WANT to be your parents no matter how you are dressed.”

Eileen added, “Darling, we’re so proud of you. You’ve become everything anyone would want in a daughter. Maybe you’re ready to let your feminine side flourish and grow?”

At that moment, David felt like he’d been a girl all his life and finally had found true affection. Eileen and Henry were re-enforcing his feeling of femininity.

“I think I’m ready,” David whispered, wiping away another tear. His heart was pounding at the speculation of growing into a “young woman.” David pulled his shoulders back to emphasize his firm young prominences that proclaimed his budding womanhood through the thin dress’s bodice and said, “Do you really think I could grow up and be a woman?”

Henry smiled and said, “You are already a stunning girl. Just do what your aunt says and no one will ever know that the

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pretty lady they see is really a well trained young man underneath."

Within the week, arrangements were made for a legal adoption. It was surprisingly easy. Henry made sure there was a judge pro-temp presiding over the court. The paper work was shuffled and the adoption and name change were rubber stamped. Along with that, David was shocked to see that his sex was also legally changed. Eileen smiled and said, "You are legally a girl now!"

"Wow!" David said in bewilderment as he read the papers.

"You could even marry a man!" Henry laughed.

Their love touched something deep inside of David. A longing for love that he'd never found in his own parents. Eileen was the mother he's always wanted and Henry was so supportive. It was easy to reciprocate their affection. Henry looked forward to David's goodnight kiss. At first, just on the forehead. Later, David in his nightg, sometimes with his hair up in curlers, would come and sit on Henry's lap and give him a big good night hug and kiss.

Summer went quickly. It was so uncanny the way David felt so completely at home in his skirts and acted like he'd been a girl all his life. He became more firmly enmeshed in his new status. Eileen could see new improvement almost everyday.

David never looked back at his decision and the loss of his old parents. They called once and he hung up on them without the slightest show of emotion. With the new ambition of growing into a fine young lady, what ever was left of his male accountability had been relieved.

David increased his females hormones causing his hips to get rounder and his breasts got tender again and grew a full cup size. That made Brad happy and David loved showing off his new development.

Being a girl meant that David was very busy. Dating his boyfriend, movies, shopping, the beach, camping and of course beauty parlors and more.

It wasn't all so smooth. David found that some parts of being a 'girlfriend' to Brad difficult. He admitted to Eileen that he was having trouble responding to, as he should to his boyfriend's needs.

David moaned, "He makes me feel so girlish and I want to learn what he wants. . .but I CAN'T do everything!"

"Men are like that," Eileen coached, "Sometimes their needs take priority over your own inclinations," Eileen suggested some solutions. "Make it clear to Brad what is off limits then relax and let him train you. He'll reveal to you what a man wants from a girl. You just give what you can."

What pleased Eileen most was the way David took care of his body. He fell into a beauty routine. He spent hours before the mirror making sure every thing was suitable from his beautifully arched, thin eyebrows to his long nails, which Brad loved. The hormones had also rounded his cheeks, lips and his hair grew thicker and more luxurious.

David fully admitted to his new parents that he loved being feminine but expressed some apprehension and frustration that he could never thoroughly be a woman.

Henry said, "But you have achieved everything that a girl could want. You have a sexy figure, a wonderful wardrobe of flirtatious clothes, a pretty face, magnificent long hair and a boyfriend that can't get enough of you."

Yes, Brad was happy and satisfied, a consequence of many hours of frustrating petting and experimentation. It took a while but Brad finally realized that David was saving THAT for a husband. . .but anything else that a girl could do, David was willing to learn!

David shared these girlish learning explorations and aftermath with his new parents. They both recognized that David was more than just a well trained young man in a dress. He was functioning as a female.

There were mysterious changes that took place as David learned from Brad how to react like a girl. Somewhat unpleasant at first, David was determined and found a mesmerizing kind of fulfillment. He reveled in an intriguing awareness—he was feminine enough to be a man's intimate counterpart.

Eileen said to David, grinning to herself, "Perhaps there's a way we can make you a girl completely. . .would you like that?"

It had been getting confusing lately. He still loved Carol but his relationship with his boyfriend was breathtaking.

Thinking about Eileen's question, David felt the silken smoothness of his skin as he rubbed his fingers over his shoul-

der. He loved having long silky hair, and the bosom! That was even more exciting than having long shapely legs that could be shown off.

David shyly dropped his eyes and said, "I would like that. I don't feel much like a boy anymore!"

"And you aren't acting like one either," Eileen said. "I'll see what I can do."

Arrangements were made and time went quickly. David awoke one day. . .the day he was to check into the hospital. It all suddenly seemed so surreal. He put on his bra, panties, hose and short sexy dress. It hit him that unless he did something drastic and quickly, by tomorrow he'd be wearing dresses for the rest of his life. Just another girl.

It was an odd feeling, a threshold of sorts. No more boy feelings to take over. They would be gone along with all outer maleness. He would be expected to live a girl's life. The idea of having actual intercourse with a male was still foreign but since Carol had told him many times about how it felt, he was almost looking forward to the tribulation but with apprehension.

David was still brushing his hair when Eileen came into his room and said, "Ready?"

David stood up, looking bright and lovely in his yellow cotton dress with tiny blue and pink flowered print. The cut was exceedingly girlish with puffed sleeves, form fitting bodice and full but short skirt.

David swirled around to show off the dress and said, "How do I look?"

"Enchanting," Eileen judged.

The doctor said to David, "I'm going to make you into a delightful woman!"

David blushed at the thought and said wistfully, "That's all I want.

Normally it would be in bad taste to describe the operation but perhaps I can describe what David felt. His heart raced as they prepared him for the operation and wheeled him into the operating room. He tried to focus on what his maleness was like to compare to later.

Tiny and shriveled due to the hormones, his mind went to Brad's and how virile a man could be. There was a moment of

regret as David wished that he could have been like Brad instead of soft and curved. . . maybe if he'd never taken hormones?

As they prepared David's legs up and apart in stainless steel stirrups, a nurse gave him a knowing smile. David worried how he looked—was his face pale? He wished he had some lipstick and a hair brush. The room was beginning to swirl as the doctor asked, "Are you ready dear?"

"Where's Eileen and Henry?"

"Just outside, dear," the nurse answered, "now relax. . ." The anesthesia flowed into David's arm

David tried to stay awake as he felt the doctor's fingers marking down below with a surgical pen.

David wanted to yell at that moment to stop. . . he panicked as he thought of what he was going to lose.

The team worked quickly and efficiently. They had done many of these. To simplify a complicated surgery, they remove the glands inside, make a burrow and invert the skin. David's maleness was becoming his femaleness.

The numbness came quickly as the doctor injected the area with anesthesia. He had found that this 'spot' had its own purely instinctive nerve endings that sensed what he was about to do. The soft tip of maleness was adjusted so that it's shaft was position upward, ready for incision.

David laid quietly and out cold. There would be no searing pain. He wouldn't cry out to stop. Laying there so submissively, David's maleness waited passively for it's fate.

As if it had a mind of its own, it spasmed involuntarily as the first long incision was made—then another—then another. Only then did it stop twitching. It was like it knew it was now too late to resist.

The last sparks of maleness quivered as the doctor firmly pulled, thrust, tore and cut with expertise. The useless parts were soon carried away in a small stainless steel plate. The empty sack with all the nerve endings laid limp and motionless as it awaited sympathetically for the doctor to prepare it's new home.

After some preparation, the doctor attempted entry between David's thighs—gently thrusting a special surgical shaft upward, a little at a time. Meeting resistance he'd pull back, check and thrust again deeper and deeper until reaching the proper depth. Checking for width and dimensions the doctor plunged again and again until he was satisfied.

Checking his patient, David shuttered a bit but was comfortable. Satisfied, the doctor made the final adjustments and prepared the spiritless sheath of David's maleness for its new identity—that of David's vagina.

Compliantly and unceremoniously, the sheath saw its last daylight and was caressed upward in its new home. This was an exciting moment even for the doctor. He looked at his patient and realized that David was now very different. What the doctor saw before had looked and acted like a female and now would HAVE to function like one too.

David's transformed maleness now conformed to his personality—delicate, feminine, tender and submissive in nature. A spirit that could now accept a man fully and completely without reservation. With no resistance, David was now accessible. The right fellow would find his way to David's heart and fill it to overflowing—swelling, and causing stronger sensations than could ever have been comprehended.

There were many more little medical details I left out but it was over.

When David awoke, it took a few minutes to realize where he was and what had happened. The pain was terrible and the nurse gave him something.

With in the day, the pain miraculously melted into a blissful ache. . .like a tooth ache between his legs that would become his secret garden. His breasts lightly veiled in the hospital robe showed his taut pink nipples pressing against the paper thin white cotton. They were sensitive but why not. . .there were no more male hormones flowing to repress their growth.

David closed his eyes for a few minutes, mentally taking inventory of his body's sensations. . .sensations that made his spirit tingle. There was nothing to be embarrassed about. Nothing to hide.

David felt sore down there for several weeks. Bruised but cherished every pain and cramp knowing that he was now completely feminized.

Without any male hormones, David's body softened and rounded out sufficiently to require new clothes and lingerie. Knowing he could never be a man again, made David want some new, more revealing clothes.

"You've earned them," Carol said as they went shopping in matching short dresses.



David walked next to his girlfriend, his long curled hair flitter in the wind, his short skirt came up daringly high in his thighs. The bodice of his dress fit boldly around the saucy contour of his breasts.

As David walked, he could feel the scant skirt play around his hips and the soft flesh between his legs undulated with each step of his long legs perched properly in spiked pumps.

He looked at Carol and thought about all his options and what he had become. . .did he make the right decisions? At least a few!

THE END

If you liked this story or another one, let me know!

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