

TV FICTION CLASSICS

“SWISHFUL”

THINKING



*AFTER FINDING HER SON IN A DRESS...
BRAD'S MOTHER HELPS HIM FIND BRANDY!*

VOLUME 88

Published By

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

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TV FICTION CLASSICS

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By Cairn Howard

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

PUYAL

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QUOTE BOARD

**"I'm not afraid of the devil...
I lived with his sister for years!"**

“SWISHFUL”

THINKING

By Cairn Howard

It was summer, I had received a really great video game for my birthday, and I just had to take it over to Jerry's house to show him. Mom was cleaning up in the kitchen, putting the leftover birthday cake away and washing the dishes from the small family party we had just enjoyed.

Dad had been gone a year and I was told that he had found another woman and another family to live with then suddenly died. My birthday was bittersweet because of the divorce and his passing. It was a wound that had not yet healed for my mother, my sister, or me. I kept telling myself that he hadn't been much of dad anyway, but still I missed him even though I loathed him for leaving.

To mom's credit, she did not speak unkindly of dad in front of her children and told him he could visit us kids whenever he wanted. He hadn't so far.

“I'm going over to Jerry's to show him my new game, mom. Is that alright?”

She beckoned me for a kiss, which she planted on my forehead, and said, “Have a nice time. It's your birthday. You can pretty much go where you want to.”

I grabbed my new game and headed out the door. My new bicycle gleamed in the garage. I climbed on and soon I was pumping down the street towards the Taylor house on the next block.

Jerry Taylor was my best friend, possibly the best friend any guy ever had. We liked many of the same movies and both of us were avid video game junkies. I could tell him anything, confident that it wouldn't go anywhere else. He felt the same about me.

I sped around the final corner and wheeled into his yard scattering gravel. I laid my bike on the grass and hurried around the side of the house to the door to his room. Jerry had his own door to the outside world, part of a bedroom added by his father as the family had grown. He was the 'big baby' his older sister called him. He hated that. Other than that, his sister was really cool. I even had a crush on her.



MY BIRTHDAY PICTURE.

I was not in the habit of knocking when I visited Jerry, but I usually called to make sure he was home. On this occasion, I forgot in my excitement to share my new game.

Jerry's room was pretty cool, larger than most bedrooms, and kind of different in other ways. He told me he had inherited it from his sister when she went off to college. He liked to play his music louder than his parents liked, so they put him back in the big bedroom farthest away from theirs so he could do as he liked without bothering them.

His furniture was a little strange for a boy's room. He had a large wardrobe closet, a vanity with a huge oval mirror, and a delicate four-poster bed with a canopy over it. It was a little girlish for my taste, but it didn't seem to bother Jerry. He said the hand-me-down furniture was the trade-off he had to put up with to have a lot more freedom.

"Hey, Jerry," I yelled as I opened the door, "you gotta see the new game I just got!"

I expected to see Jerry sitting at his computer pecking away or using some game controls to shoot spaceships or something, but at the vanity sat a beautiful girl applying lipstick to her lips.

"I'm sorry to barge in," I said. "I wanted to see Jerry. I should have knocked."

The girl looked up with a start and turned to look at me. Her face reddened in a deep blush and her mouth was wide open in surprise. She did not know what to say. I didn't know that Jerry had a girlfriend and I felt rotten that I had pushed my way in unannounced.

She finally got her tongue and said, "J-Jerry isn't here right now."

"You look familiar," I said. "I'm Brand, Jerry's best friend. Do I know you from somewhere?"

I extended my hand, but she backed up a little, then very gracefully stood up, sweeping the wrinkles from the light blue spaghetti-strap sundress. I noticed she was wearing pantyhose and shiny white high-heels. I wondered what the fancy dress occasion might be. I began to get a little sweaty, because I was thinking, 'this girl is a real babe!'

She had long red hair, dangly turquoise earrings, and a heart-shaped gold locket at her throat. My heart began to race at her beauty, but still, there was something about her

I saw a strange look on her face. "You do know me," she said. "Can you guess where we know each other from?"

My mind began to search. "Hmmm, are you a friend of Jerry's sister? School dance maybe?" I said.

"Nope," she said with a new twinkle in her eyes.

"You work somewhere I shop?"

"Nope, you're getting colder. Look at me really hard and try to guess," she taunted.

"Do you go to my school?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "You're getting warmer."

There was something about her voice, but...and suddenly I knew! I knew and I could not believe what I knew!

"Jerry! It's you! It's you, dressed as a girl!" I nearly fell onto the bed with laughter, but then I saw that he wasn't laughing. I tried to calm down, but it was too

funny and I almost blew snot out of my nose I was laughing so hard. "What the hell are you dressed like that for? A party? Halloween isn't for three months. You really had me going, buddy! Did my mom call and tell you I was coming over?"

"No," he blushed again.

"I have to say you are some pretty girl! How about going on a date sometime?"

A frown came over Jerry's face and he sat in the chair at the vanity and looked at his shiny white pumps. He adjusted the hem of his skirt with just a bit too much familiarity.

I was still having a hard time believing that this lovely girl was my best friend. "I'm sorry, Jerry, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. What's going on? Did you do something wrong?"

"I suppose you hate me now, Brand," he said. I was still confused. He looked down and muttered, "I have to dress up as a girl sometimes. I've been doing it for a couple years now."

I really didn't know what to say to her, I mean him. I was confused and still marveling at how girlishly beautiful he was. It was very distracting.

"Hey, Jerry," I said, "you're my best friend. Why should I care how you dress once in a while? We're still buddies, as long as you don't want me to be your boyfriend," I joked.

"Believe me, I don't want you to be my *boyfriend*," he said in a serious way.

He smiled a beautiful smile that showed the bows of his lovely painted lips, now perfectly pink and slightly frosted.

“Do you want to talk about it? Is someone making you dress like this?”

He walked toward me in a way that was a little too girlishly sexy for my liking. I could see he was working it, swaying his hips like a real girl to make his skirts move in a pretty way, holding his hands gracefully with his shiny red nails just so. “No one is making me dress like this. I just like being pretty,” he said with a hearty laugh, tossing his head back so the curls swirled around his face.

It was my turn to back up. Picking up a waste basket from the bedside, I held it high as if I was going to throw it and yelled, “Is it catching?! I have a waste basket and I’m not afraid to use it!”

We both laughed and then I thought, ‘what if his mother hears us?’ If he gets caught dressed up like this he’ll have hell to pay. “Let’s keep it down or someone might hear,” I warned him, but he wasn’t at all afraid.

He said, “It’s okay, my family knows I do this.”

“They do, and they don’t care?” I said, puzzled.

“Oh, they care, but its okay. At first it was a problem, you know, the first time I got caught in my sister’s clothes. I was curious and...”



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**THERE WAS MY BUDDY JERRY!
DOING GIRL'S STUFF IN
GIRL'S STUFF!**

The rest of the afternoon, we talked about how he had begun dressing up. His older sister had gone to college and his mother, Vickie, decided he could use his sister's room while she was gone. "I couldn't really move in because she will be back for the holidays and summer," Jerry said. "One night I opened a drawer and saw my sister's panties and slips, and just got an urge. I tried on a pair of panties and liked the way they felt so soft and slippery, so I picked up a half-slip and wondered how one slippery thing would feel against another slippery thing."

He told me it slithered up his legs and the lace tickled his knees in a delicious way causing him to shiver with pleasure. He asked me, "Haven't you ever wondered how girl's feel wearing all that silky stuff?"

I shook my head, but I was beginning to wonder as he continued to explain his adventure into a feminine world. He said, "Looking at myself in the mirror and liking what I felt, I decided to go further. I figured out af-

ter some trial and error, to put a bra on backwards to catch the little hooks, and then pulled it around so the cups are in the front.”

“The pantyhose were harder to figure out, but once on my legs, they felt fabulous, giving me an energy I had not experienced before.”

He slid his feet into a pair of his sister’s high heels, which fit perfectly. Next came a dress, which he chose from the many on hangers in her closet.

“I couldn’t stop,” he said. “I was clearly a boy in a dress, but I knew I could look just like a girl with some makeup and maybe a wig. I found a magenta knitted hat that looked a lot like a beret and put it on my head, adjusted it with a jaunty tilt until I was satisfied with the results. I was looking more like a girl every minute. I must have played for hours.”

“So how did it come to this?” I asked.

“My sister noticed that her things had changed when she came home that weekend and told mother I’d been wearing her clothes. I was totally humiliated, but she seemed to understand. She was a psychology major in college. Mom said, ‘Experiment and if you still like dressing like a girl, we’ll get you some things of your own.’”

He was bowled over by her response. Wearing a few of his sister’s nice things seemed crazy, but his mother wanted to see what he looked like.

For the rest of the morning, Jerry was the focus of attention while his mother dressed his long hair in feminine curls, chose lingerie, pantyhose, skirts, and dresses to try on. He modeled each, trying to look and act as feminine as possible. He listened carefully as she told him how to walk, sit, and pose like a very proper girl. He

was having the time of his life. He primped and posed before a long mirror, reveling in the liquid flow of the silks and satins.

"Girls clothes are so comfortable, so silky and nice," he said, luxuriating in the moment. "I had to admit, I liked dressing like a girl!"

His mother made some rules. "Stay out of your sister's good clothes. We'll put together your own wardrobe that you can play with at home. With your sister gone, we can play mother and daughter one night a week? We'll make sure the drapes are pulled."

So they had 'dress up nights', and Jerry learned about colors, fabrics, colors, and styles from his mother like any other teenage girl.

Jerry showed me his wardrobe. There were a lot of dresses, a whole rainbow of delicate panties, a couple of skirts and tops, several bras, some pantyhose, a full slip, two half slips, a pair of flats, many pairs of heels, and a set of his own makeup.

Jerry was very good at doing his own makeup and styling his hair, which he vowed he would never cut again. I wondered why I hadn't noticed anything! I thought the left-over girl's clothes belonged to his sister, and now I knew they were actually Jerry's stuff.

For two years, Jerry dressed up whenever he wanted, as long as he was safe from the prying eyes of neighbors and his one friend...me.

"I'm glad you know," he said almost tearfully. "I'd get lonely sometimes, and when you called, I couldn't take off my nail polish in time for you to come over. Sorry."

"I thought you didn't like me," I laughed.

We talked a lot that afternoon. It was as if he had to blurt it all out. I was now the holder of a trust he had given me. Before I went home that afternoon, I promised Jerry I wouldn't tell a soul and that I would always be his friend.

I wasn't sure where this friendship would go now. Video games seemed boring as Jerry sat in his sundress on the bed.

"Is it hard?" I asked him?

"What?" he replied as he crossed his legs and hitched his skirt up a bit.

"Moving like a girl," I said. "You know, walking in high heels?"

He laughed a girlish little laugh. "It's not easy, but it's really fun. Don't knock it if you haven't tried it."

"Yeah," I said, "like I'd look good in a dress."

"You might surprise yourself. Could you imagine me in a dress before you saw me?" he asked.

"Never in a million years," I replied.

"Well then...we like the same video games..." He left the question hanging in the air as I walked away.

"Hey, birthday boy," my mother said as I came into the house. "Where have you been all day?"

"At Jerry's. We've been playing video games," I lied, but I wasn't going to snitch on my friend.

From then on, I called before visiting Jerry. He told his mother I knew and there was nothing to hide. My first surprise came when I realized how much time

Jerry spent in dresses. I rarely saw him as a boy anymore. He said, "It's not easy doing this right. It takes an hour just to do my nails on Friday night. And high heels! I bet you couldn't even walk across the room!"

We were all alone in the house. "Oh yeah!" I said.

Next thing I knew, I heard clicking at my feet and saw that I was wearing the white heels Jerry had on that first afternoon. My legs were encased in shiny nylons. He said it wasn't a fair bet unless I had on the "slippery socks" too.

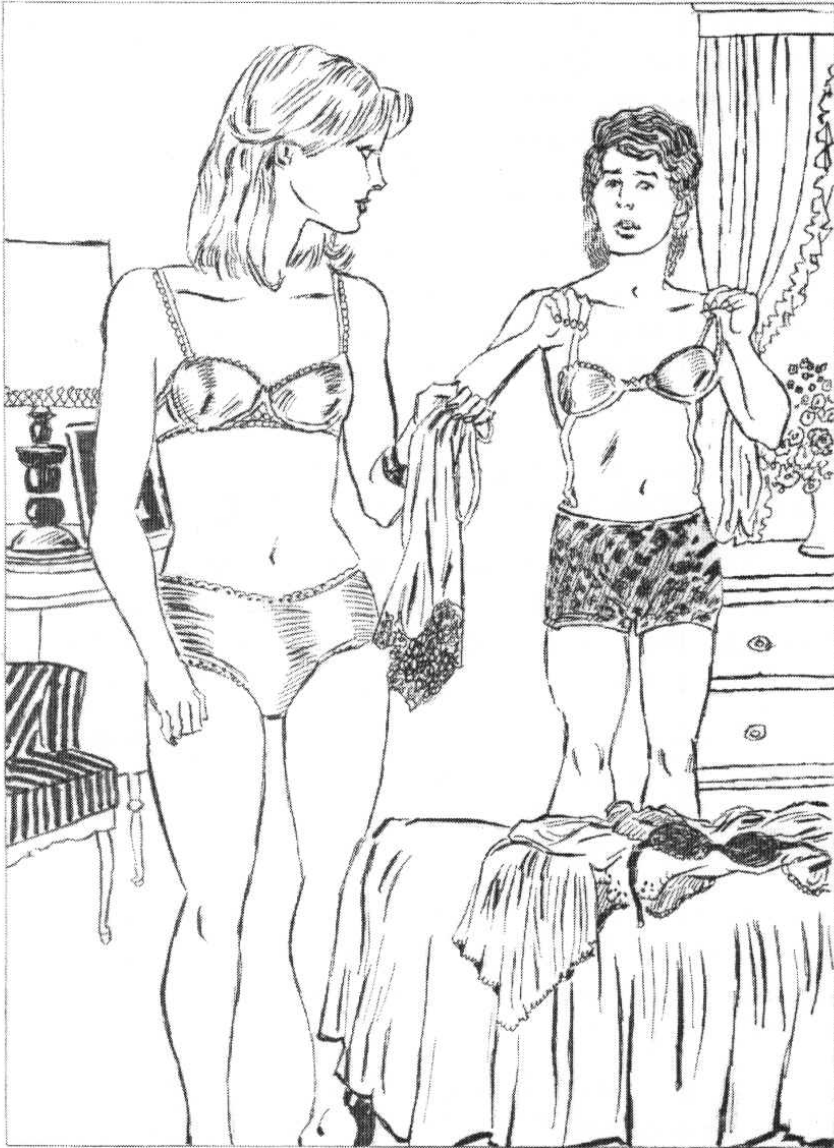
He was right; I didn't make it across the room the first time. With instruction, I was walking like a lady!

There were other challenges over the next few visits. Somehow he got me in that lavender sundress he wore that first afternoon. I walked to the mirror and looked for myself. It wasn't me.

"You're a natural," Jerry said. I glared at him as I watched my skirts twirl in a graceful arc as I turned. "You need more practice," he said. "You can take those clothes home with you."

I couldn't believe that I did just that. I got home and snuck quietly into my room, silently hid the lingerie and selected other things, all the time worried my mother would come home.

I was relieved when they were safely hidden away. I wondered if I had the courage to put these forbidden garments on in my house. Ultimately I couldn't resist the urge. I threw off my PJs and pulled up a pair of panties. The silky material was heavenly on my skin and the full slip that I dropped over my head floated over my shoulders was light and sensual. I hadn't expected them to feel this good at home.



“You need more practice,” he said. “You can take those clothes home with you.”

I made sure my door was locked and the mirror showed a gangly girl with short hair standing with a supercilious grin on her face. Jerry had convinced me that there was a lot to do to make the boy in the mirror look like a real girl, but he had done it, so I knew it was doable.

I lay down on the bed in the luxury of Jerry's finery and wondered why I was doing this. I began to wonder if all boys who tried on girl's clothes felt like I did. I now knew what Jerry felt when he dressed up. More than just nice feeling clothes, it was sensual, naughty, forbidden, a challenge, and artistic. Yes, it was more fun than a video game.

.....

I was sure my mother noticed little things like locking my bedroom door. I was a very delicate boy anyway. Maybe not delicate, but not a jock either. I was a lot like my dad, slight of build, lithe, and graceful in his way. I had nothing physical to prove and used a natural intelligence like my father.

Mother had been lonely since dad's passing, and she was grateful for me the way only a widow can be for a son. The insurance had left us secure, but she got a part-time job at the local library to feel useful and to meet new people.

Right after my father died, we moved to Palm Desert, California 'to find a new life and memories'. I was mostly without friends except for Jerry.

Our little family did a lot of things together, trips by car, overnight camping and visits to museums and concerts. Now that Dad was gone, mom had kind of curled up in herself. I had my own interests and they didn't go out of town very much anymore.

Mom loved me deeply, and we got along famously most of the time. I knew the time I spent alone in my room was beginning to bother her.

Palm Desert was a town that had grown on the coattails of the wild expansion of Palm Springs. The tourists had overtaken the Coachella Valley and become residents, many of them leaving for other places in the hot summer. They were known locally as "snow birds." Cold weather in other parts of the west would bring them to the warmer climate in the fall and they would be gone after spring. Most visitors were retired so there were few kids. Jerry and I had to be bussed to Indio for school.

Palm Desert was one of those little towns that had spread from Palm Springs south and east on Highway 111 catering to the rich visitors. It had more expensive dress shops than cities ten times their size.

Jerry and I with our new interest, would walk El Paseo and window shop the dress boutiques.

The one thing that worried my mother the most bringing up a child in a resort area was the problem of drugs. The Coachella Valley and Indio where we went to school was a major route for the illegal importation of drugs to Southern California. I think she was happy that I had only one "not so cool" friend close.

I had, so far, avoided being sucked into any experimentation with drugs and Jerry was likewise determined to stay clear.

My grades in school were not spectacular, but they were in the B range, with the ever-present A in art. I loved drawings and was always sketching with pencil or pen and had done a few fairly nice watercolors.

I discovered my face as a canvas. I liked the colored lip pencils, shades of eye makeup. With Jerry's help, I was learning to use them properly. Making sure I got it all off was number one priority. Mother asked several times why my face was so red when I came home.

"The weather," I'd explain, thinking that mother had never seen a face cleaned of makeup.

Another time, she said, "I saw you and Jerry today. What were you two doing staring in the window of the dress store on Sage and El Paseo?"

I stammered, "Nothing. We thought we saw a girl we know inside."

"Oh?" she said and let it drop. We'd been window shopping. In that window was the most feminine dress we'd ever seen. We were both in awe of it and talked about it for a long time.

Jerry said, "I'd love to try that on!"

"Oh, it's just darling!" I squealed. "Maybe your mother will buy it for you?"

"I'd need the shoes too!" he giggled.

"It would look lovely on you...and me!" Little did I know that mother was watching us from the restaurant across the street?

Mother started to notice her clothing catalogues were moved, but she decided not to say anything. Boys did that kind of thing. I loved looking at the pages, and studying pictures of beautifully dressed women. Once in a while, I must have folded a corner. She found an old one she'd thrown away under my bed.

I should have known that her antenna was up. She sat back, waited and watched. Her dress catalogues would disappear and reappear. She began to clean and vacuum my room more often, so I hid my growing wardrobe even better.

The more time I spent with Jerry, the more time I wanted to be alone in my room. The next few weeks she noticed other things that I did that were curious. I always had the habit of biting my fingernails and she threatened to put something nasty tasting on them. I didn't think she'd notice, but they were a little longer than ever, shaped into nice ovals, and were very shiny.

"Brand?" she asked, "Have you been polishing your nails?"

"No, mom," I said. "I've just been taking care of them like you wanted me to. I got a set of nail boards and smoothed them down, that's all. See, first you use the coarse black one to clean and smooth out the ridges, then you use the white one to condition and smooth some more, and then you use the gray one to get them really glossy. I like them when they're glossy, don't you?"

"Yes, they look very nice, dear. Where did you get the files?" she asked.

"At the drug store, they were less than two dollars." I didn't mention the strawberry nail polish that was four dollars.

For the first time in my life, my nails looked nice, maybe too nice for a boy my age, but it didn't register as a problem at the time.

On another occasion, she noted that my room was especially clean, unlike the usual mess with clothing strewn. Everything was neatly in the closet; even my shoes were lined up on the floor, and my basketball

player posters were missing from the wall. What was going on?

She was patient. I would catch her staring at me like there was something different, but she couldn't put her finger on it. She noticed my hair. It was now neatly combed. I assumed she would think I was just becoming more mature.

Finally one day she asked, "Brand, have you seen my Canwick's catalog? I left it under the end table in the living room and I can't find it."

I didn't respond immediately. I had it and I knew she knew I had it. I said, "Oh, it's in my room. I forgot, I was, ah...I was looking at it. I'll get it.

In a minute I sheepishly placed it on the table next to her, avoiding eye contact. She reached for the catalogue and began to turn pages. I was nervous, and she checked out how I was reacting to her flipping through it. "Are, you okay, dear?" she asked. "You look a little flushed."

I mumbled something incoherent. "Why is this page with this tan suede skirt circled?" she asked looking up intently.

His eyes widened and filled with tears. My mind raced, but I couldn't come up with an answer. If I'd marked the women in lingerie pages, THAT could be explained. But the cute tan mini-skirt...? I abruptly stood and ran off to my room. I threw myself on the bed. What had I done?

"Oh, my!" she said outside my door. "What did I say, Brand! Brand, darling!" she said as she knocked on my bedroom door. "Everything is okay, dear."

The door slowly opened and she saw that I was crying. "Darling..." she began.

"I don't want to talk right now, mom," I said.

She sat down and put arms around me. "I have upset you, and I'm sorry." She patted my back.

I sobbed, "I don't know what's wrong with me, mom. I'm so confused."

"It's okay as long as we talk about it. Confused about what?" she asked, running her fingers through my long hair.

"I can't talk about it," I said.

"I think I know," she whispered. "You like girl things. You can tell me anything, darling. I'll be here for you, okay?" I hugged mother for quite some time. "Do you want to be alone for awhile?" she asked.

I wiped my eyes with my shirtsleeve, "I don't know."

"I've been worried about you," she said. "If you want to borrow any of my dress catalogues, go right ahead. In fact you can keep them all in your bedroom if you want.

"Mom..." I began, but went silent.

"Does Jerry like girl things too?"

"Yeah, I've been looking at the pretty girls in the catalog and..." This was obviously difficult for me to express. Mother sat quietly with love and concern in her eyes as I went on, "They're so pretty in their clothes."

"You have been wondering what it would be like ...girl things are very nice..."

"Yeah!" I interrupted, "I want to be pretty like them..."

Her expression changed. I realized she was thinking I was leering at and obsessed by girls in the catalogues (normal) and not by their clothes! But it was out!

"You wonder what it would be like to look like the girls? To be pretty like them?" she asked.

I nodded. She could see my eyes indicate my embarrassment, and I buried my face in my hands.

She took my hands from my face and held my chin as she looked into my moist blue eyes. I tried to look away, but she kept me from doing so. "Look at me, Brand," she said. "There is nothing to be ashamed of. You're not the only boy in the world who has wondered what he would look like as a girl."

"I know," I said.

"Jerry?" she asked. "Were you two window-shopping for dresses?" I nodded. "Have you tried on any of my clothes?"

I shook my head from side to side. "But I have worn Jerry's dresses."

"Jerry's dresses?"

I told her everything. "Why didn't you ask me?" she said, looking straight at me, "because it would be okay."

"Really?" I said, "I've wanted to, but...you know."

"There is only one way to take care of this, isn't there?" she said with a smile.

I smiled back. "What way?" I asked.

"Let's see what you have and what *I* have that you might like to try on, silly."

"*Could* we?" I exclaimed beaming. I was eager to have the adventure mother suggested, but then became crestfallen again.

"What's the matter now, honey?" she said.

"Don't laugh at me. I will probably look like a clown?"

"What if you don't? Have you thought of that?" she said. "You have a lot of feminine characteristics we can emphasize.

"Oh my!" I gasped. "I don't want to go too far..."

"Let's take this one step at a time, Brand. This could be a really interesting experience."

I felt a great burden lift from my soul. My secret was out and mother was going to help me find and fulfill my fantasy. The long nurtured fear that she would be angry was gone and my heart was racing with anticipation.

I hadn't tried on mother's clothing, but I had sneaked into her closet and dresser drawers several times, marveling at all of the fascinating things that she wore. My hands had run over the smooth materials and intricate lace of her lingerie. I had even taken a dress off a hanger and held it up to myself before the mirror, but I was too frightened to try it on.

Mother sensed that I might have looked into her closets. She took me into her room, rolled the mirrored wardrobe door to the side, and said, "Is there anything you've been dying to try on, Brand?"

I pointed to a knee-length blue velvet cocktail dress with spaghetti straps that had a taffeta lining and a double chiffon petticoat sewed in to make it pouf out slightly.

“Good choice,” she said smiling and put it on the bed. “That dress is heaven to wear. Is there anything else?”

I shook my head, but I dearly wanted to get into her lingerie drawer to see what some of her lovely underwear would feel like.

She was reading my mind. “If we are going to do this, we are going to do it all the way,” she said. “Before we start, you need to take a shower, and wash and dry your hair.

“Okay,” I said eagerly, and I was off to my room.

In the shower I felt like singing ‘I feel pretty, oh so pretty, I feel pretty and witty and bright!’, but didn’t. Too much interest could sink my ship, or so I thought.

“You never know what mom is thinking,” I thought. I was sure she thought this was a fad, and maybe it is? But I was happy, no, giddy to be doing this.

Soon I was back, squeaky clean in my tan terry-cloth robe. “We don’t have to do this,” I stated.

“I think we do. First, let’s get rid of that old robe,” she said, handing me a beautiful peach satin robe with a long sash.

I dropped my robe to the floor and stood for a moment in my briefs. “Those have to go too, Buster,” she said as she handed me a pair of lavender satin panties.

I held them up, said, “Ooooh my!” and turned to leave.

“No, no, no, young man! I’m your mom and I’ve seen it all. You can turn around and put them on right here,” she said with mock sternness.

I put on the silky robe, modestly pulled off my briefs and stepped into the panties, and sliding them up

my legs. The two garments made me shiver with sensuality as they glided past each other. I had never felt anything so soft. I was almost breathless and red with embarrassment.

"Whew!" I said. "These are nice." I was nervous and could barely whisper.

"Ooooh, so you like them, do you?" she teased. "Wait 'til you try on some other things I have in mind for you. Robe off," she demanded.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said as I lay the lovely garment carefully on the bed.

She motioned for me to turn around as she held up a matching lavender brassiere covered with lace. I felt her reach around and drape one of the delicate straps over my wrist, and then the other one. She pulled the cups up to my chest and fastened the hooks and eyes at the back. I felt it snug to my chest as she filled the cups with a pair of nylons.

I was breathing hard. She asked, "Are you okay?"

"I feel silly."

"Hmmm, maybe a little, but I think you are going to be really cute when I'm through with you," she said smiling widely. "Just relax. Next we do your makeup, so put your robe back on. No, not that one, the peach colored one, silly." I had reached for my old terry cloth robe from habit and was very glad I got to wear the smooth sexy one again.

Mom sat in a hardwood chair, seated me on another near the vanity, and began to gather tubes and bottles. My makeup took quite some time and I could tell she was serious about making me look good. She used foundation, color for my lids, eyeliner, powder, and lipstick. I thought I would faint when she carefully

painted my lips with the creamy stick. What would I look like now?.

She blotted my lips as she showed me her handiwork with a very feminine lip print in bright red on a tissue, a print of my own lips, girl's lips. I was pleased and felt a warm pulse in places that were very pleasant.

"Now your hair," she said. In a few minutes she had created an upswept style that augmented the natural beauty of my new growing girliness. A spritz of hairspray and it was set.

"Can I look now?" I pleaded.

"You can, but you `may' not," she said like an English teacher. She sat back and took a good look. "Not on your life, young man," she said, "or should I say `young lady'?"

I would have been embarrassed, but I really liked what I felt. "What would *you* say, mother?"

"Young lady would the appropriate title," she said, giggling.

"Really?" I asked hopefully.

She was amused at my attitude. "Really, and I'm not even close to finished. Now for your jewelry," she said, and began with a string of faux pearls around my neck, a gold hoop on my wrist, and the dangly clip earrings I had once held up to my lobes.

"Off with your robe, dear," she said and handed me a pair of sheer pantyhose. "You put on one leg, pull it most of the way up, then the other. Be careful, as they tear easily," she instructed. With only a little struggling, I found my legs firmly encased in nylon and it felt absolutely incredible.

As soon as I had finished, she said, "Arms up."

I felt the tug of the bra straps and the sliding of my panties against my pantyhose as I did so, and then began to shiver again as the light caress of matching lavender silk full slip slithered down the length of my body, the lace tickling my nylon covered knees.

“Put your hand on my shoulder and step into the dress,” she said as she held it out me.

I put my right leg in and then my left and mother lifted the dress so I could thread my arms into the tiny straps. She turned me around to zip it all the way up the back. I felt the dress wrapping me in satin, like a lover. A pair of mother’s navy blue high heels fit me perfectly and added the final touch to my newly found image.

“You can look now,” she said as she walked me to the full-length mirror.

My eyes could not take in the beauty of what I saw. Standing before me was a teenage girl with absolutely no indication of the boy I knew was there. I was suddenly overtaken by emotion and began to choke up, and then to actually cry.

Mother hugged me. “What’s the matter, dear? You are absolutely lovely. You make a very beautiful and convincing girl. Having a daughter is fun.”

I could barely choke out the words, “Thank you, mother.” I felt so happy. I should feel silly or embarrassed, but I felt neither.

I turned to check myself in the mirror. My skirt twirled out, and I did it again just to see it repeated. The clothing felt wonderful on my skin.

My hands ran down my hips as I reveled in the textile joy of velvet over silk and nylon. My heels clicked a little on the hardwood floor as I positioned myself in one pose and then another. My hair brushed my bare

shoulders and my earrings dangled on my neck. I had never been so aware of every bone and muscle in my body. Every cell was alive.

Almost dizzy with excitement, I could not tear my eyes from the mirror, but finally had to look at mother. She had a very funny look on her face. "I take it you are having fun with this, aren't you?" she said.

"Oh, mother, I know I shouldn't, but I love how I look. What am I to do now?" A tiny fear began to grow in me, a realization that my world could never be the same. I had tasted forbidden fruit and it was delicious.

"There are many bigger problems in the world than this. What *do* you want to do?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said with a puzzled expression. "I wish I could look really pretty and never put on boy's clothes again, but what about other people and school? I know I'm being ridiculous and should wash all this off..."

"Calm down, Brand, you don't have to take these things off right now. Wear them around the house for a while. Better yet, maybe we could go to the mall and do some shopping for your own clothes."

I was sitting on the bed, my knees instinctively together in a girlish way, my head in my hands. Mom was beginning to wonder if she had done the right thing. Although she had not known what the outcome of letting me experiment with gender in this manner, she did know that I would do it anyway, with or without her. She had opted to give me support, and to be there with love whatever my reaction to dressing as a girl might be.

I was exhilarated at first, now I was stressed at how much I had enjoyed the makeover. "What should I do now?"

"Brand, darling," she began, "Let's figure this out together. You can dress up any time you want and we can even get you things of your own if you want them, or you can quit right now..."

"No! No!" I said vehemently. "I love doing this. Please mom, I want to dress up!"

"It's a deal then, you can handle this at your own speed. It's entirely up to you. You are old enough to make up your own mind about what you want to do."

I was most satisfied. I reached to her and we hugged for a minute. "Let me see you walk?" she requested. I walked across the room several times.

"That was very ladylike, honey. I know what," she said, "Let's think of a girl's name for when you choose to be my daughter. What do you want to be called?"

"Hmmm, I don't really know." I began to run names through my head. "Nancy? No. Jean? Aunt Jean might not like it if she found out."

"How about Brandy?" mother asked.

I smiled a feminine, catlike smile. "Brandy! I love it!" I squealed.

I did a little dance before the mirror. "I'm Brandy, a new girl in town," I chanted and reached for a pencil and piece of paper on mother's desk. I formed beautiful letters in a style I thought looked very girlish: B-R-A-N-D-Y. I showed mother the paper.

"We've begun to feminize you and now we've feminized your name. I think this is going to be a lot of fun, Brandy, don't you?"

"I think it is going to be heavenly," I said. I was coming out of my funk and starting to think the future might be livable after all. "I like being called Brandy."

Mother smiled. "We'll have fun working this out. I'm going to do some house cleaning and you are going to do whatever you feel like doing, Brandy. I want you to help me make lunch a little later, however. Would you like to do that with me?"

I looked away from my preening and posing before the mirror. "Yes, as long as I'm dressed like this! It would be fun to learn everything there is about being a girl and do what do girls do?"

"In what girls wear," she laughed. "Maybe you'll hate those heels after a day of cleaning and straightening, thrown in with the pretty dress."

"Let me help you clean up and find out. You can teach me how to cook and sew and everything else."

I was quite taken with the idea of doing girl things, so Mother said, "You need to put on some better shoes for working, and change into something less glamorous, like a cotton sundress."

"Okay, mom," I said and began to take off the cocktail dress, really struggling with the back zipper. Mother came to my rescue and got me out of the garment, then went to the closet and found one of her favorite sundresses and a pair of sandals.

She started to help me into it, but she said, "You're a big girl now, and you have to learn how to do this on your own. You can hang the cocktail dress in the closet."

I had no trouble with the dress. I felt adorable even in that simple dress as the full skirt swirled around my knees as I moved. I hung up the cocktail dress in my closet and switched from heels to flats.

In the kitchen, mother handed me an apron, which I put on, and then for an hour we busied ourselves

straightening up the kitchen and living room, and vacuuming the hall.

For once, I didn't think about house chores as drudgery. I had helped mother clean before, often reluctantly. I always felt it was women's work, a philosophy I learned from males I associated with. Now I felt like it was important work that belonged to me. I really didn't understand, but working in the kitchen was okay now that I was wearing a dress. I wondered what else was changing with my clothing.

While I was working, I was distracted by the fluid motion of the fabrics against each other. It was a distraction I entirely enjoyed. That and when Mother called me, 'Brandy'! That added a little swing in my step that made my skirt swish, giving off a slight whisper that was very pleasing.

Once I heard a car door slam outside our house and I jumped. "It's okay," mother said, "There's nothing to hide. You look very nice, like you belong in that dress."

That was a feeling I never imagined as a boy. "Like I belonged in a dress.... I felt pretty. It seemed so okay now.

Mother was putting away plates when she said, "We could go to the mall and get you your own clothes, if you think you're ready, dear. You still have your birthday money. Is that what you want to spend it on?"

"That would be great! It's not that I don't like your things, it's just that..."

"I know, Brandy, you want to have some things of your own, something new that no one else had before. That's very feminine of you. Let's go."

"Okay, but I should change."

“No, no, my dear, if you are going to do this, you have to go as you are. No one would know who you are. I have been watching you all morning and you are a natural. The clothing prompts you to act and move just like a girl.”

“But what if...?”

“You won’t. You need to build confidence in yourself. If you are going to play girl, you need to know you are feminine enough to do it right. This little outing will teach you about yourself. Okay?”

“Do you think I can do it?”

“From what I’ve seen today, you have everything it takes to be as girlish as you want to be.”

She was right, of course, but I had butterflies in my stomach at the thought of being found out. I went upstairs and looked at myself again in the mirror. Could I get away with being out dressed as a girl? I looked at myself up and down again. I turned sideways, then all the way round. Mother was right. No one would be able to tell I was a boy. Not only could I do this, I couldn’t stop myself. For some reason I didn’t understand yet, I wanted to be taken for a girl. I wanted everyone who passed to see a feminine person. It gave me a distinct kick. It made my heartbeat quicken.

“I like being Brandy,” I said to the mirror and the girl I saw smiled back. I had, like every other boy my age, been anxious to see a girl’s legs. I reached down and raised my skirt so that I could see the luscious lace of my slip accentuating the smooth lines of my legs. The heels made my feet seem smaller and very girlish. I was looking at my own girlishness and reacting in a very male way.

“Whoa,” I thought. I would have to be careful so my libido didn’t reveal that I was a boy. It took a little time to calm down.

“I’m ready,” I said as I handed my money to mother to carry. There were no pockets in my skirt.

“No you don’t, Brandy,” she said. “I’ll get you a purse.”

I followed her to her bedroom and chose a purse that matched the outfit, and placed my birthday money in it. “You might need a couple of other things,” mother said, as she handed me the lipstick she had earlier used on me, a compact, and a small hairbrush.

“Maybe a touch-up during this trip,” she said. “A girl always wants to look her best.”

“I’m learning,” I said.

“I hope not too fast.” Mom sounded like I was taking this too far and too fast, but it was her idea. She added, “You have been a very good boy. Maybe you’ll have fun with this, and then outgrow it? Time will tell. For now, I’m enjoying having a daughter...” How long I wanted to be Brandy was not known, even by me.

SHOPPING...

The shopping was wonderful, but it went too quickly. We drove to Banning where no one would know us. I was scared, but mother said, “This is the only way we can really feminize you.”

She was right. I wanted it to never to end. Shopping was a lot of fun and I spent all my birthday money, plus some that mother loaned me. I bought a couple of skirts and tops, three dresses, a full slip and a half slip, a bra, lots of panties in a rainbow of nylon and lace,

some pantyhose, a pair of heels, and some makeup. To top it all off, mother insisted I have my ears pierced and my lobes were suddenly sporting tiny gold spheres. I owed mother \$153.67 over my birthday money. I felt guilty asking for a black mini skirt too!

"It's only wasted money if you don't get to wear them, Brandy?" she said under her breath. I expect you to wear these things and learn to take care of them!"

"I promise," I replied. "I couldn't think of anything I wanted more than the wardrobe I had selected with the help of mother.

"Okay, baby," she said, holding the skirt to my waist, "As long as you are going to wear it."

"Are you unhappy with me for buying so much?" I asked.

"Not at all, I just want you to be happy with your purchases. It would be a waste if you no longer want to dress up as a girl."

"That is not going to happen, mom," I said. I was certain I was going to wear my new clothes as much as possible. This day seemed like an epiphany, like a light had gone on in my heart.. I could not imagine going back to hiding or forgetting about girl's things.

As I was having these thoughts, mother was staring at my face. She whispered, "You look soft and lovely as a girl." It was like she would never see me as only as her son again. "If this is what makes you happy, it makes me happy too. You are going to need a short slip to go with that skirt, honey." I was in heaven. She could see it too, as I moved gracefully in my new clothes, doing my best to be her new daughter.

I was Brandy for two more days. Mother had sneaked out while I was reading a fashion magazine while wearing my feminine finery, giving me the excuse that she needed to get some groceries.

She came back with a gaily wrapped package with a bow on it and placed it on the top of the piano. "A present for a special girl, dear," she said. "But after dinner."

I couldn't wait to help make dinner. "I'd love to help and I'll do the dishes!" I said with my shiny red lips and a flash of my eyes.

"Put on this apron. You don't want to spoil your clothes," she said, and set about placing food on the counter.

I helped prepare a chicken to roast, peeled potatoes, cut carrots and concentrated on learning what I thought were the womanly arts of the kitchen. Mother smiled, "What a dear! You really want to feel what it's like to be a girl and I'm willing to share it all."

Yes, there was more than swishing around in skirts, heels clicking on the tiles. I cleaned the bathrooms, did dishes, and made beds, but every once in a while I would see my reflection, or a piece of it, in a chrome appliance, mirror or the window, and it was thrilling!

After dinner, the telephone rang and mother handed it over to me. "It's Jerry, honey," she said.

In the fury of all this, I forgot that I was going to see him. "You mad at me?" he girlishly asked.

"Oh no!" I gushed, "I have so much to tell you and show you!" I kept the pitch of my voice higher and the tone soft like when we were alone at his house playing dress up. "I'll see you in a few days," I said with enthusiasm and put the telephone down.

“You didn’t tell him?”

“Oh, mom, I want to surprise him like he did me!”

“Okay,” she said, and then asked, “Maybe his mother and I should talk this week. Are you going to school as Brad or Brandy?” I was blushing at what she suggested. “I was only joking, dear. Are you sure you want to take off your dresses long enough to go to school?”

“I still have to be a boy sometimes, mom.” I was blushing again and went back to what I was doing.

When it came time for bed, mother checked to make sure I folded my things properly and put them on hangers. Neatness was never one of my traits, but in girl’s clothes it just seemed instinctually to be the right thing to do. With their fineness and delicacy, it was just not right to throw them around. Especially for a boy, these beautiful things were to be put away with respect and care. I did not have to be persuaded. I wanted them to be clean and nice the next time I wanted to wear them.

Before Mother said goodnight, she brought the box in and placed it on the bed. I was in panties and bra getting ready for bed. “Is it for me?” I beamed.

Mother hugged me. “It’s for you, Brandy.”

I removed the bow and carefully unwrapped the box, a very new habit for a boy who would have just ripped it a couple of days ago. Pulling back the tissue, my eyes widened as I removed the most beautiful garment I had ever seen. It was a full-length satin nightgown in sky blue with luscious lace at the neckline and hem.

“Oh, mother, it’s beautiful!” I said. “It’s for me? Can I put it on?”

"That's what it's for," she said.

I hurriedly stripped off my bra, and gently placed it on my bed. I lifted the gown over my head. Mother noted that I still wore my panties.

The gown floated down over my body, causing me to shiver with delight. I fairly danced over to the mirror to look at myself. My head was reeling with pleasure. "Thank you! Thank you!" I shouted.

"You are not going to believe how luxurious and girly you will feel sleeping in that. I almost envy you," she said, remembering the first grown-up nightgown her mother had given her.

"Oh mother, I feel like a princess or a bride!"

"I don't think you are ready for being a bride yet, but this weekend was probably a good start."

I blushed, climbed into bed and smoothed the satin around me. I was wrapped in heaven, as mother kissed me on the forehead. "Goodnight, princess!" she said and turned out the light.

I didn't sleep for an hour. The feeling of euphoria and femininity was overwhelming. I could feel the smooth material against my body, even...well...even everywhere. Maybe someday I'd be used to wearing a silky nightgown, but my heart was pounding and I was fidgeting to feel the sliding, slippery, sensation of the satin in all of its sensuality. I felt so girlish and ran my hands down my hips and legs. Mother expected me to be a girl at night. I would have to wash some lingerie in the morning before school.

My first "nightie" dream was fevered and exciting. I was at the mall and the gown reminded me of how girlish I felt being seen in a dress and high heels.

FEMINIZATION...

I was an eager student. If I was in a dress or skirt, mother expected me to do things like a proper young lady. That included everything from how a young lady eats to sitting up straight. I picked up the ideas quickly and became very good at knowing what to do as a girl without being told.

It might have been memories of watching mother or other girls. The clothes seemed to give me clues about what I could gracefully do and what I could not. My knees were together more now than when I wore pants. A sense of modesty seemed to be natural in a skirt. I was also more careful about not dropping food on my clothes.

Having to go to school eight hours a day did nothing to keep me from coming down to breakfast in a night gown and robe. Mother was getting used to me, and teased, "Good morning, Brandy. It's Friday, are you going to school today in your nightgown?"

"I wish," I said. "I have time to change."

Over eggs and bacon I told mother about my dreams, good and bad. "Have you noticed that you are having more 'nice' dreams as a girl?" she asked.

"Yeah, it's fun," I said. "Last night I dreamed that we were out shopping and I found this perfect little skirt like one of the other girls at school has..."

I was sure she caught my, 'other girls', but she didn't point it out. "You have certainly gotten the wear out of the clothes we bought," mother said. "Maybe you and I can go somewhere.. Can you think of anywhere you might want to go on Saturday?"

“How about taking a drive up the mountain to Idyllwild? We don’t know anyone there,” I suggested.

“That’s woodsy and you used to love going there with your father. I’m not sure he would approve, but he always said, ‘life is for the living’. Let’s pick out a pretty outfit and it’s just where we’ll go, my dear girl,” she said.

I liked when mother called me a girl. I certainly felt like one and for whatever reason, it made me feel warm in my tummy.

After seeing Jerry as a boy dressed as a girl, I wondered if some of the beautiful, women at the mall might be males? The thought titillated me. Could there be other feminized boys out there besides Jerry and me? Was there life on Mars?

Mother helped pick out an outfit for me that wasn’t too formal. It was important to not look out of place. She chose a sporty little denim skirt we had bought on our shopping trip and a pink cotton T-shirt with ‘Snow Princess’ written on a beautiful floral design formed of tiny beads.

We discussed whether my little girlish T-shirt might get a lot of attention from boys. Mother said, “You have to be careful now. You might as well be wearing your hair in pigtails and a T-shirt with ‘Miss Behave’ written on it.”

“Should I change?”

“No, just be aware, and carry a sweater.”

Matching walking heels finished my outing ensemble. All of the glam was hidden beneath this innocuous costume. Mother had given me a lovely cream colored ecru bra, and panty and half-slip set out of her lingerie drawer. “These always make me feel sexy,” she said.

I found that she was right, I did feel sexy. My hair was pulled back into a ponytail and light makeup was applied. "You are gorgeous, Brandy. My favorite set of earrings will finish you off nicely."

I posed a little, gaining confidence that I would not present any clue that I was a boy. "No one will notice anything wrong about me, will they mom?" I asked.

"No, you are perfect, darling, but I dare say there might be a boy or two who will be drooling."

I thought about that. Would it bother me that boys were looking at me with the types of thoughts that I had for girls? I liked to look at girls. Why shouldn't boys look at me now? From what I saw in the mirror, I had become girlish enough to attract male attention. I would just deal with it, if it happened, and mother would be there. I would be okay.

TRIP TO IDYLLWILD

As I climbed out of the car, I felt a cool mountain breeze blow up my skirt. It was a delicious feeling and I reveled in it.

The trip was wonderful except that there were few dress stores, mostly tourist shops selling trinkets. We strolled through the shops beneath the huge pines on the main street. Squirrels gamboled up and down them seeking morsels from the tourists.

We had lunch at an outdoor café and talked about trips up there with my father. Mother giggled, "He would kill me for doing this to you, but that skirt looks wonderful on you. I think you should start a charm bracelet. You know, get you a charm from everywhere you go?"

Everything was lovely that afternoon. Boys did, indeed, throw glances my way and I swung my hips just a little bit more when they did. One boy actually winked as I rested and I glanced back to find him checking out my bottom from behind. For some reason this bothered me. I was flattered that I could make a pretty girl, but it made me feel weird and almost sick to my stomach.

That-prompted another first, my first trip into a ladies room with 'other girls'. As most women with men in a house, mother was most pleased that I was now 'sitting' at home, and so what to do wasn't a problem. I knew how to do that. It was the atmosphere of being a girl, with girls, in the most off limit place for boys. As I sat, I kept thinking about that boy who stared at my bottom.

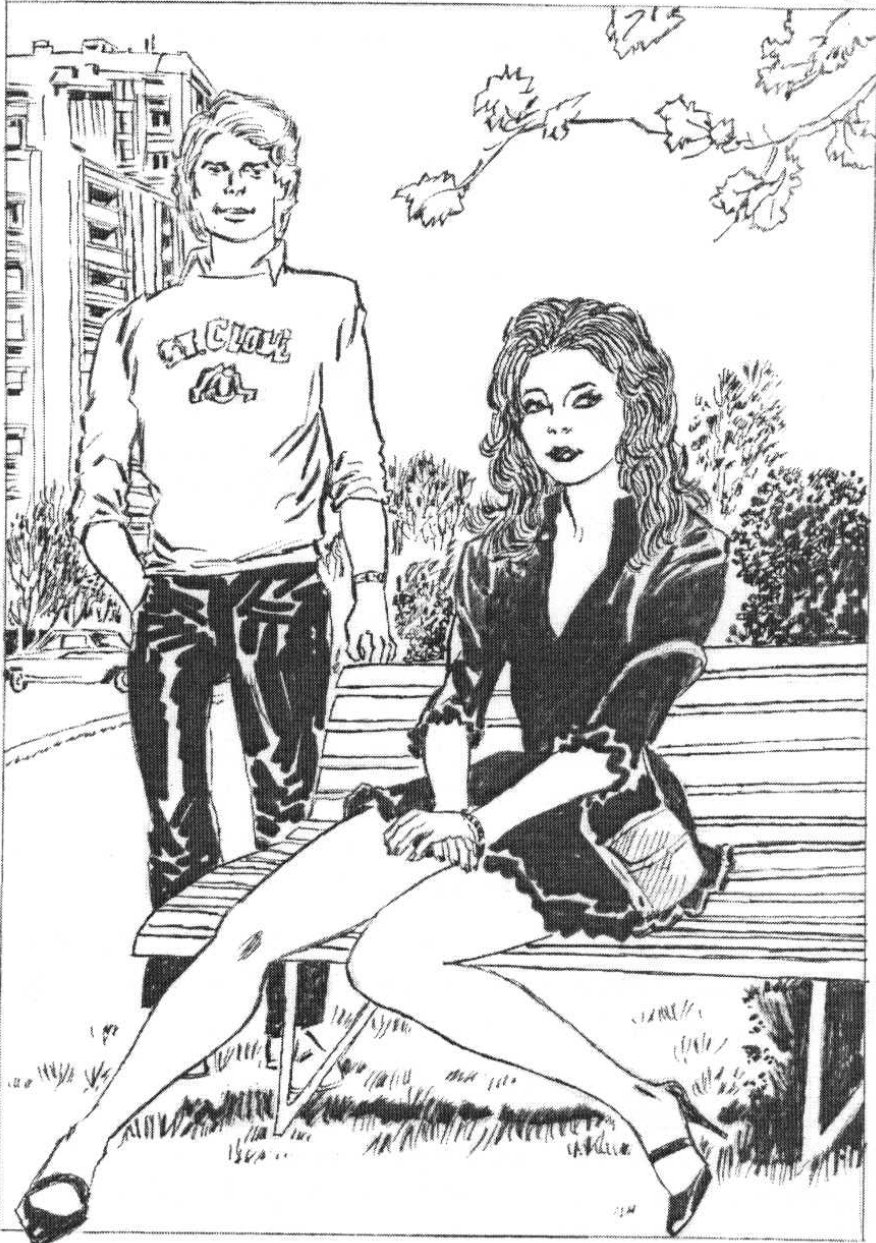
"You look a little panicked," she said after I came out and we both touched up our lipstick. "Are you okay dear? Starting your period?" she joked.

"No, mom," I said like a brat. "I'm just a bit disorientated."

"You realize that at some time, if you keep doing this, you will eventually feel more like a girl than a boy, I mean all the time."

I fluffed out my hair and said, "That's okay, I like it here," motioning to the ladies room.

"I saw you freak when that man looked at you. No matter how you try to avoid it, men are part of being a girl, Brandy?" she said. "You need to think about how to will handle that if you want to keep going out dressed as a girl."



One boy actually winked as I sat and I glanced back to find him checking out my bottom from behind. For some reason this bothered me.

"I know, mom," I said, "I will be careful. I'm not ready for that kind of attention, but I think I will be okay."

Mother and I talked on the way home. "Smile at the boys when we are out. You'll learn to like the attention."

"I'm not interested in boys!" I said adjusting the hem of my skirt.

"OK, you've never been interested in boys. When you say 'not interested', is it just something you've never thought about or something that you're afraid to think about? Honestly, before I dated boys, I don't think I was too interested either."

Frankly, I couldn't believe that mother was encouraging me to 'think about boys'. I was just getting comfortable seeing a pretty girl in the mirror and now she wanted me to think about boys.

"Isn't leading on a guy on manipulative if you don't intend to marry him?" I asked.

"Not at your age. It's flirting and I think boys will make you feel like you belong in pretty girl's clothes."

I went flush for a moment. I didn't know what to say. I was either going to have to quit or become feminine enough to deal with men.

I looked into my eyes in a mirror. They said a lot about the girl looking back. She was nice and wholesome, the kind the football players flirted with. I was so girlish in appearance, with blue eyes and medium-length brown styled hair that I paid a lot of attention to getting right. I wore just enough makeup and I liked the way my chest pressed outward.

Could I ever be happy as a boy again? I was only five-foot-five, and my body had always been pear shaped, with slender shoulders enhanced by a medium swelling bust. My nicely curved hips and thighs looked perfect in a skirt.

Boy's clothes seemed to emphasize the unappealing aspects of my effeminate figure. All in all, I would likely never become a handsome man. I looked better in a tight T-shirt that provided a tantalizing hint of my bra and showed off my promising breasts. My tight denim skirt might have been stylish, but my reasons for putting it on had little to do with fashion. It showed off and made my bottom look girlish.

If I had my way, my long hair, would only be get longer and would soon rest comfortably on my shoulders. I ran my fingers through it, sweeping it from my face. It felt good to let my hair down. I felt sexy, not in the plump breasts bulging out of a tank top way, but a way that excited my insides.

My legs and body were as hairless as a baby. I wore panties and loved window shopping and trying on dresses with my mother. I could never give up my spangled crop top over my tight denim skirt, teetering on impossible heels, careful, so careful, of my hair, my pink painted nails, and the right touch of mascara. I liked me.

JERRY COMES OVER...

"Don't totally dry your hair," mother said. "I want to tease it a bit."

It was my turn to ambush Jerry. He thought he was coming over to play video games, but I would be

wearing a knee-length blue velvet cocktail dress with spaghetti straps, a garter belt and sheer nylons, lavender half-slip, camisole, panty and bra set we'd had bought in the mall, and a pair of navy blue pumps.

Mother looked at me and said, "That dress will knock him off his feet. You look lovely in it and very grown-up, more like a young woman than a girl."

"Are you sure I shouldn't just put on a denim skirt and T-shirt?"

"You look gorgeous in those too, but that dress really shows off your femininity."

I loved how feminine I felt in all of the velvet, and how the slip fit over my pear shaped hips. It was the perfect dress to impress.

Mother took a hair drier and bushes and beautifully styled my long hair with little ringlets dropping down in front of my ears. When she thought it was perfect, she started my makeup using base, then eye color and liner, mascara, touch up with an eyebrow pencil, a very slight rouge on my cheeks, powder over all, and then the outline and filling of my lips with bright red glossy lipstick.

She picked out a light-weight pair of lovely indigo teardrop earrings. "I told you that you'd like having your ears pierced."

"I was worried it would be too much?"

"Lots of boys have both ears pierced these days. If you suddenly hate all this girlish stuff, you could put skulls in them to look macho," she joked.

I giggled, "I doubt that will happen." I was taking to feminization like a duck to water, or a goose to a swan.

Mother reshaped my nails and applied a gleaming coat of polish that matched my lipstick. I held out my fingers to dry and was amazed at how long and graceful they looked with the color at the ends of each.

She had me stand up and take off my robe. I stood back to assess what she had done so far. I was, standing before her in lingerie, hair beautifully styled, and face made up like an eighteen-year-old college coed.

She said softly, "You are much more attractive as a girl than you were as a boy."

I nodded. There was nothing awkward or boyish about what I saw in the mirror. "I look pretty good as a girl, don't I mom?"

"You are nearly perfect, my lovely child," she said. "It's time for your dress."

I stepped into the dress as she held it out and waited for her to zip it up the back. I then slipped my feet into the waiting blue suede pumps.

"I wish we could have met Jerry on El Paseo or something. He's going to be impressed, isn't he?" I said with a wicked smile.

"Yes, my darling, I'm impressed too. I feel like your closest friend as well as your mother. I will be at your side, loving you, and you can tell me everything. You are my child and always will be."

"I like being your daughter."

"You certainly seem to be headed that way."

The doorbell rang. "That must be Jerry. Do you want me to greet him or do you want to do it yourself?"

"I want to do it," I said, and carefully walked to the stairs and expertly descended with grace that amazed even me.

I stood before the door, looking out of the spy-hole. I had butterflies in my stomach, so I took a deep breath and braced myself as I reached for the doorknob.

Jerry saw the door swing slowly open and then he saw that it was me. His heart started to pound as he took in my image, my hair, my face, my dress, my legs, and my heels. Looking me from top to bottom, he said, "Wow, Brand! You are beautiful."

Mother walked up behind me and said, "I must you to thank for my Brandy?"

"Brandy? Oh. That's what you call yourself?" Jerry asked.

Mother gracefully put her hand out and he took it in his and she gently pulled him into the entry. "Brandy tells me that you make a darling girl too. How do you like my new daughter?"

"Really pretty, Mrs. Taylor. Jerry in boy's clothes, and me in girl's clothes went upstairs to my room.

I gushed on for an hour, showing him all my dresses and lingerie and that beautiful nightgown mother had given me. I swished around, out-girling my girlish friend.

"You have changed," Jerry said. "I thought of you as a boy before, but now you are one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen."

"Thank you," I said shyly.

I shifted and my slip showed a little at the hem of my velvet dress. I modestly covered it with my hand.

"Girlfriend!" Jerry fluffed his hair. "Are you going to show me what you are wearing under your dress or just tease me?" Jerry said with a twinkle in his eye.

I thought about it for a second, then stood up and lifted my skirt above my knees so Jerry could see the three-inch lace bordering my lavender silk half-slip.

Jerry's eyes widened. "You are shaving your legs!" He could not believe how shapely and shiny my legs were in the nylons and how beautifully the pattern of lace accentuated that loveliness. I have girl's legs and I liked showing them off.

I raised my skirt higher and lifted my slip above the fasteners that held my nylons in place. I noticed with wicked pleasure how Jerry was beginning to squirm in his chair, so I lifted a little more until my lavender garter belt and the matching lace panties were in view.

Jerry gulped, almost drooled. I felt more than a little sexy showing off for my girlish friend. "Do you like what you see?" I teased, noting that he was pressing his knees together and squirming even more.

"I'm wearing panties, but nothing like those!" Jerry gushed. "Your mother is incredible!"

I reached into the neckline of my dress and withdrew my new breast forms. "These are what keep me shapely up here," I said. "You must get some."

Jerry laughed, "I think you're getting better at this than me, and you've been outside and in public too."

"I want mom to see you in a dress," I said. "Can we do it here next Saturday?"

I went to the door and into the hall. "Mom," I asked mother, "Can Jerry and I do dress-up in my bedroom next Saturday?"

“Interesting,” she said under her breath, and then yelled, “It’s alright with me, darling, but I think I should talk to his mother. No more sneaking around, right?”

Mom asked Jerry, “Your mother will be okay with your dressing up here?”

“She’s a great mom. She always liked Brand, so she’ll be okay with it,” he said.

NEW FRIENDS

Mother called Jerry’s mom and they talked for an hour and even got together the next day for coffee. Yes, they had a lot in common to share.

Jerry’s mother let him know that it was all right to dress as a girl in the house whenever he wanted, but she heard about me ‘out on the town’.

They shared some tears and experiences. Jerry’s mother said, “It isn’t a fad. Jerry just keeps getting more girlish. He’s more into girl things than my daughter ever was...”

My mother replied, “I really thought Brand would freak when I took him shopping and that would be it...he doesn’t care about boy things anymore.”

“Every little girl I’ve known likes to dress up and put on make-up. I guess it must be fun for them too. I say let them do it at home, in public, anywhere they want.”



Jerry and I began to do “dress-up” every chance we had. His mother was a great help since she’d already raised a daughter and knew what girls like.

DAYS AND WEEKS....

Nobody at school noticed that my fingernails were well groomed. They did notice a difference in attitude. I felt more outgoing, less self-conscious, more gregarious and talkative. Girls noticed first and they liked what they saw. I was no longer scared of girls and showed interest in what interested them.

I did my best to change my gait at school, but I seemed to move with a spring in my step and caught myself with a little sway in my hips. One boy actually said that I walked like a girl. I would have to watch myself.

My mother noticed the subtle changes and sat me down one evening. "Brandy, have you noticed anything different about yourself?"

"I'm happier," I said.

"I can see that and that makes me happy too. Are you trying to act like a girl when you are not dressed as one?"

"No, I'm just being myself. Why?"

"Nothing major, dear," she replied gently. "You were never macho, but I can just see that you appear more outwardly effeminate. In boy clothes, that isn't real attractive."

I was well aware of the changes in myself. Wearing a dress had made me more self-assured.

Jerry and I shared a lot of classes in school and spent much of our time together between classes and at lunch hours as well. We were joined by some of the popular girls and some of the guys were jealous.

On Saturday morning at breakfast, mother said, "Jerry's mother is coming over with Jerry today. I really like her and I want you to look nice. Should I pick your outfit or can you do it?"

I dressed up in a different outfit every night that week and was getting pretty good at gussying myself up. "I want to do it myself."

Just before ten, I appeared in the living room where mother was watching television. I was in a pink cotton sundress with thin straps and a pair of strappy tan sandals. My hair was curled and my makeup perfect.

"You *are* lovely, dear. I couldn't have done better, darling." I sat close to mother on the couch and waited for my friend's arrival.

BRAND MEETS JERI LYNNE

Mother opened the door to see a lovely young girl standing on the front step with her mother. Mother gasped and stepped back to get a look at this faux girl. Jerry sported jet black hair in a flippy pageboy, nice makeup, a full-skirted green silk belted dress, fashionable black heels, painted nails, a gold neck chain and onyx drop earrings, and he was carrying a sizeable black patent leather purse.

"Well I'll be!" she said, "Another butterfly. You make a gorgeous girl! Brandy, we have guests to see you!" she said. "Come in!"

Seeing me, Jerry's mother asked, "Brand, is that really you? Your mother said that you were pretty but..."

Jerry rushed forward and gave me a big hug. Our mother's watched the joy as we two boys danced around in our dresses, looking at each other with such surprise.

Jerry said, "Mother wanted me to be perfect for you, so I was almost late getting here because she couldn't quit touching me up."

Our mothers looked at each other and almost in unison, they said, "We have daughters now! We can take you anywhere and will!"

"Shopping?!" I exclaimed.

Jerry's mother said, "Well, you girls are all dolled up. It's a waste to just sit around the house when you two are so adorable."

Jerry looked concerned. "Mom, I don't think I ought to go out on my own just yet?"

"You've been doing this more than Brandy. I'm convinced that it's time you got out of the house. How about we go on a drive and get lunch, maybe shop when we get there? Okay girls?"

"I'm game if you are," I said with a girlish smile.

Jerry looked at his mother, and she said, "It's time I quit hiding you. That can't make you feel good. You have worked hard to become feminine and it's about time you get to display that."

Jerry flashed his dark eyes, smiled a wicked smile, and then began to girlishly dance in his green silk dress to the sound of no music. I was squealing and laughing.

TRIP TO RIVERSIDE MALL

In the car, my mother asked, "Where would you ladies like to go?"

Jerry, sitting in the back seat, smiled brightly as I looked back from the passenger seat. He was really en-

joying this experience. I was with my best friend, both of us completely dressed in girl's clothing. We were being driven in broad daylight like it was the most natural thing in the world.

I felt a little like a spy. None of the people who saw us pass had any inkling that we were not young girls out with their mothers. I loved the feel of my dress. It was so airy and light compared to the harsh and thick fabrics I wore as a boy.

I asked, "Mom, can we go to Riverside to the Mall? I've got some money, and I'll treat us all to lunch."

Jerry's mother turned to him, "Do you think you would like to shop as a girl?"

"If I can buy a new dress," he giggled.

"Why not, maybe we girls can catch a matinee at the Cineplex."

"Malling it is," Mother said.

We stopped for gas, and I sat in the back with Jerry. The car got back on Highway 10 headed west and I saw mother checking in the rear-view mirror and noted our animated conversation going on behind her.

We two teenage boys had never been through the rough and tumble phase. Neither of us was wild about sports nor would do well in anything that required brute force or size. Neither was very tall or broad and this was even more evident considering how feminine each of us looked. Facial hair was not a problem. We were late starters and whiskers had not yet arrived for either of us. Maybe we were good friends because of these similarities.

As we talked about fashion, I saw our mothers look at each other. I was sure it was because we were so at ease in skirts and dresses.

Neither one of us had a male role model, but this was out there. Jerry's mother was also a single mom, having been divorced for many years. Without male role models or influence, we boys sat happily on our way dress shopping.

Jerry and I kept our voices low hoping that our mothers were listening to the music and we could have some time to talk. "I'm letting my hair grow," I confided. "I'm learning to put it up in very feminine styles."

Jerry stated, "Mother's afraid that at some point, I'll become more of a girl than boy."

"Maybe you are already there," I said. "You're near perfect as a girl both in looks and personality."

"Really?" he smiled.

"Let me see your nails," I said.

Jerry's nails were perfectly shaped, though a little shorter than most girls, but they were rounded into beautiful ovals and the bright red lacquer gleamed wonderfully. "That is not a boy's hand," I said.

I compared it to my natural looking pink nails, filed to symmetrical ovals just like any girls. "I don't care what they say at school, I'm letting them grow."

It was more about trying for the unreachable standards of ultimate feminine beauty. My twenty perfectly manicured nails were necessary. One small flaw in any of the twenty and the delicate threads of my sheer nylons would be snagged. Nylons are necessary to make one's legs look nice and be a proper lady.

For Jerry with the fierce red nails, a trip to the mall was about facing and being unashamed of his effeminacy, confident enough to proudly wear a dress in public. His mother would see she had a daughter.

We were soon at the entrance of the Mall. Jerry was fidgeting. The mall was looming just ahead and he was nearly too excited to get out of the car. Jerry's mother said, "Well honey, I guess we let the tiger out of the bag. Today you experience girlhood OUT!"

Jerry's fingers moved up his leg and checked the hem of his dress. He closed his eyes as if in a dream, lost in the warmth spreading in the pit of his stomach, his heart pounding against his chest beneath the falsies, the bra, and the camisole.

His mother gave him a pep talk. "Honey, today you are my daughter. We are going to buy you some sweet new things and if you like it, I'm sure there will be many more outings. Brandy's mother has suggested that we take you girls on weekly outings. Next week we could go to 'Mouseland' and the following to San Diego. So what I'm saying is be a good girl."

Jerry tried to compose himself by breathing deeply and was able to exit the car carefully with his purse.

The Mall was packed with shoppers moving from one store to another, some carrying bags of newly bought treasures, others relaxing with an ice cream cone or soft drink. Immediately I saw a woman glance at the four of us and return to what she was doing. This was repeated many times until I was getting a little paranoid about being recognized as a boy in a dress. Jerry seemed concerned as well and my mother picked up on this after a short while.

She said, "Look around, girls. What do you see?"

“Lots of people, and some are looking our way,” Jerry said.

“Check their eyes. Do they look like they see you as boys? They are looking at me too. Why are they looking?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” I said, trying to look nonchalant.

“Look at how they are dressed,” she said. “Few women are wearing skirts or dresses like we are.”

“That’s it,” said Jerry’s mother. “Women hardly ever dress up to go shopping anymore. People are curious as to why we are so dressed up. Do you see that lady coming in the door over there?” she directed.

A lovely woman of about 40 was headed into the mall. She was dressed very elegantly, wearing a shiny satin blouse adorned with a gold chain, a tight pencil skirt and three-inch heels. As her heels clicked on the terrazzo beneath her, people looked at her. Some of the men, with visible admiration, watched her until she disappeared into a clothing store.

“Do you think everyone is wondering if that babe is a guy?” mother laughed. “See? They look at nearly every lady who dresses like one. There’s a lesson there, isn’t there? If you want to be noticed, wear a skirt.”

We boys felt a little less conspicuous, and we glanced around to see who was watching us as we clicked along the mall. One boy was especially interested in watching Jerry as he passed him. I said, “He thinks you’re cute.”

Jerry giggled and began to exaggerate swinging his hips. He looked back and returned an appreciative smile. “That was more fun than I imagined,” Jerry whispered.

"You've thought about boys staring at your bottom?" I whispered back.

"He was cute and he made me glad I'm wearing a dress. Face it, sweetie, if we keep this up and we aren't ever going to attract a girlfriend, but maybe a boyfriend?"

"Now *that's* weird," I replied, but he was right, it made me happy I was wearing a skirt and showing breasts.

"There it is," my mother said, "Trinkets."

"Jerry, let's get your ears pierced in memory of your first day out as a girl."

Jerry bravely endured with only a little wince the two pinches to his lobes as the studs were inserted. Then he turned his head to see each little golden sphere in its place.

"You have to keep these in for a while and wash them daily with this," the salesgirl said, handing him the small bottle of disinfectant.

"I love them, mom. Thank you," Jerry said giving her a hug.

"You deserve them, honey," she said.

I knew that he felt a little more feminine each time a milestone like this was passed. I did the first makeup, first slip, first nylons, first fingernail polish, the first time out of the house shopping, and the first time in the ladies room.

It was addictive, this mystique of femininity. Girls sure kept this secret or maybe they just took it in stride growing up. I saw girls swirling around, enjoying their skirts and preening before mirrors, and wondered what

was so exciting about it. I just thought 'Girls are weird'. Now I was beginning to understand.

Lunch and shopping took a few of hours, and then all agreed we wanted to see the new Cruise movie. We sat in front and our mothers in back.

Jerry gushed over the hunky male stars like a boy crazy, teenage girl. I caught our mothers watching us. His mother was amazed how at ease and lovely her son and I were in our skirts and makeup.

With each new experience, I was becoming more girlish. I'd lost a lot of my teenage male self-consciousness. I was now relaxed in my lovely clothes. They no longer seemed alien. I felt like I belonged in panties and bra. Would the novelty wear off and my urge to don them disappear?

Jerry had a head start on me when it came to femininity, but I caught up fast. I looked at his young beauty, laughing and chirping at the flickering scenes of the movie. He was so cute. Pretty soon we were holding hands. I remembered back to girls in school and how they often held hands, especially in movie theaters and at ball games in the bleachers. Young girls held hands and no one seems to care, but boys never understood it. So we held hands and snuggled together and talked about the boys on screen. Was it the most fun I'd ever had? Close.

On the way home, Jerry's mother said it was the most fun she'd had in years and we agreed. Was this friendship made easy and fast because of our gravitation to girlishness? We all certainly knew each other's intimate secrets.

On the long drive back to Palm Desert, Jerry and I were tired and fairly quiet in the back seat. After a time, we both fell asleep, still holding hands and leaning against each other like girlfriends. I woke up at one time and heard our mothers talking about us. I kept my eyes closed.

"Do you really think we are doing the right thing for our boys?" Vickie asked Mom.

"Brand has always been a sensitive boy and wasn't overly effeminate. Until lately, he never showed an interest in girlish things," mother said. "Now it's his only interest."

"Jerry has harbored feminine urges for years. Boys are able to keep their deepest thoughts and feelings hidden. I've been holding Jerry back, allowing feminine curiosity at home, but now I think I have a daughter!" Vickie said.

"Maybe it's a passing urge?" Marjorie asked.

"That is possible. This female experience deep inside is pleasing and very calming to them. Let's give them the full dosage. Let's make them be girls every minute they are not at school. On weekends, we'll take them places, and socialize them as girls."

"You seem to know a lot about this. Jerry is lucky to have a mother like you, Vickie," Mom said.

"And Brand likewise for you," she said. "I guess we are all lucky our husbands are gone. I'm glad to have met you. We both love our children and I think I have found a friend," Vickie said, reaching over and touching mother's hand.

Mom said, "Me too. I must say that I am getting used to seeing my son in a dress. He has taken to pretty

girl's clothes like I did when I was his age, though he does seem to wear the mirror out."

"That's natural, isn't it? When *you* get into a nice new dress, don't you check yourself out in every mirror? I know I do." The two ladies laughed at their vanity.

ADVENTURES IN GIRL-LAND

Our mother's made all the weekend plans. One weekend it was a visit to Mouseland, a day shopping at the mall, and a trip to a national park.

Another thrill was going to the baseball ball park. Our fun-filled day began with hot dogs. I loved sitting and remembering my ball park days with my father, only this time I was wearing a short skirt and a tank top that sometimes showed my bra straps. I sat on the seat with my manicured hands in my lap, my bare legs crossed at my knees.

Our mothers, Jerry, and I in our little skirts were surrounded by screaming boys and men who stared at us between innings.

An older fellow behind us decided he'd explain the game to us girls. My eight years of little league meant nothing, right? I wondered why women act so dumb when they are every bit as smart as men. But there Jerry and I sat, our hair fluffed up and makeup on our faces, playing dumb.

The boys our age wore mostly comfortable jeans and t-shirts. Jerry and I had tied ourselves up in our bras and panty girdles, literally poured ourselves into little tops and tight skirts. Why would we wear high heels to a baseball game? The shoes not only looked ridiculous, but were agony to walk in.



At the seventh inning stretch in the outdoor cafe, Barry, a college age guy came up to us and chatted. It was a natural and friendly move. I wished my father could see me enjoying baseball!

I never had more fun! Jerry was in heaven. It wasn't like he was really a baseball fan; he just loved watching the young men in their uniforms.

At the seventh inning stretch in the outdoor cafe, Barry, a college age guy came up to us and chatted. It was a natural and friendly move. Even our mother's were talking to men around us. Jerry was very friendly with this guy, and I saw him flirting, which made me nervous at first, but gradually my curiosity and own mounting girlishness got the best of me.

Barry came back and took an empty seat next to Jerry and we talked. Mostly Barry talked and created a sparkle in Jerry's eyes and a delicate pink blush to his cheeks. Jerry was relating to Barry as a girl.

Jerry was wearing a very short flowered mini-skirt and his mother's sea green knit top. It showed off the curves of his padded brassiere. His hair was girlishly pulled back at the sides with pink plastic barrettes. Flirtatiously, Jerry pulled the barrettes out of his hair, setting loose a curly mane that tumbled girlishly around his bare shoulders.

When Barry offered to buy us sodas, we all agreed, but he needed Jerry to come with him to help carry the five sodas. His mother said, "Be real careful on those steps!"

Jerry stood and tugged at his short skirt, trying to keep his smooth thighs covered. As they left the row, Jerry was self conscious of the wiggle caused by his high heels. Everyone seemed to be gawking at him.

They were gone a long time and the game was nearly over when the sodas arrived. "There was a long line," he blushed. I looked at him and could tell this was another first. He was relating to a guy like a girl.

Barry was very proper. He put his hand on Jerry's bare shoulder and at one time took his hand as they waited in line. Jerry didn't take his hand away.

After they returned, Jerry moved just a little closer having lost his nervousness, and actually began to feel friendly toward Barry. They traded small talk about the movies, the game, and college.

When the game was over, we stood to leave, and Barry took his hand. In a Hollywood way, he pulled Jerry closer. Jerry was about to get kissed!

Jerry was flushed. It seemed like everyone in the stadium was watching. Barry reached down with his face, puckered up, and found Jerry's ruby red lips.

I watched in horror as Barry pressed his lips against my buddy's lips for a horrific gut-wrenching moment. There he was, in all the smooth, silky, fluid femaleness of his clothing being kissed very much like a girl. Jerry was tense to begin with, but relaxed like it was nice to be kissed.

In front of those people and his mother, Barry put his arms around Jerry and hugged him. He pulled back a little and kissed him again, very tenderly, lips parted.

Jerry pulled out of the embrace and in a very awkward movement, grabbed Barry's hand and said, "Thank you for the soda and everything. It has been fun meeting you."

After he left, I whispered, "Your lipstick is smeared. Oh my goodness, you *kissed* a guy!" I squealed.

On the way home from the stadium, his mother suggested, "You boys are girlish enough now that you don't have to dress so ultra-feminine all the time. You

can still be 'one of the girls' in a comfortable dress and reasonable heels, maybe even jeans and tennis shoes. Those miniskirts are maybe 'too much' for a baseball game. Let's try more casual outfits."

Jerry giggled, "As long as the boys can tell I'm a girl!" He pulled out a piece of paper and held it in his painted nails. "Barry asked me on a date. I told him I'd call him!"

"That's not a good idea," his mother stated.

"We can't keep boys away from you two cuties forever," my mother said, "but don't give your phone number to anyone!"

As we tried more casual clothes on our outings, I didn't feel less feminine. Many girls wear jeans. Could I feel like a girl even in trousers?

Mother said, "You have a 'little' problem with wearing tight girl's jeans or shorts."

"I can just wear short skirts," I said.

"Jerry's mother suggested we have you boys fitted with gaffs."

"Gaffs?"

"It is pretty extreme, but it's obvious to that you are not taking much pride in the lump in your panties? She's worried about Jerry and boys like Barry. Being gaffed will make you appear very feminine, and in turn, protect your gender from being uncovered."

"What is it?"

"It's like a bra only for between your legs. It holds everything up and out of the way. According to the brochure, they used to be really uncomfortable, but now

they have new stretch fabrics and special creams that help in the training.”

“Training?”

“Honey,” she said sweetly, “If you like wearing panties so much, this will make them fit much better. We are talking about having you boys fitted for the summer. I assume you want to be girls for the summer, right?”

The initial flurry of first time girl experiences slowed as we went out. Being out in public became more ordinary, less unique. I would come home from school and change into a skirt and top, or a dress without giving it a second thought.

The next time they visited, Vickie showed mother a catalogue of items. There were models looking very feminine and most girlish. One had long blonde hair down to the middle of HIS back...yes, they were all boys! Jerry and I couldn't get enough of looking at the pages of pretty boys and men who were now living as women.

It said, “Welcome to Transforma Feminization Products. We turn the world upside down! From a little to complete feminization, we have everything you need to find your feminine self.” Inside were pages of clothes, wigs, special lingerie, breast forms, feminizing creams, and “how to do it” video and magazines.

There were others like us! “Mother has been hiding this from me,” Jerry said. “Look at that boy in a bikini, and that cleavage!”

“It says see page 33,” I said. We quickly turned the pages. There was a page of swimsuits. We both gasped. “They could never be guys again!” I said. “How do they...?”

It said see pages 47-48...Gaffs! There was a page of different types of Gaffs, mostly is "flesh" colors. There were a few "before" and "after" pictures, mostly in panties, but one in tight jeans and another in the bikini.

There was a warning in small print: "Control takes place gradually over a period of weeks to months. Observed changes and reduction in maleness will occur with continued use. This should be considered in advance and only by those seeking feminization. Feminization can have serious short-term and long-term effects on your body. Take these risks into consideration when you decide to use our products."

"What does that mean?" Jerry asked.

"It means that it isn't going to make you into more of a man!"

"Look how those panties fit? I will if you will?"

LAST DAY OF SCHOOL...

It took about eight days, but they arrived in a well sealed brown envelope. She shook her head, "Your father would be spinning if he knew what we are doing. Why don't you wait until Friday, and I'll have Jerry and Vickie over."

On Friday, the last day of school, I came home and got dressed. I took the brown package to mother and asked, "Shouldn't I start wearing this? Mother knew what this meant. She had read the small print. It was one thing to buy your son a few dresses, maybe pierce his ears, and call him by a girl's name. But these were the "family jewels" we were messing with!

"You really want to do this, don't you?" she asked.

"They will make me appear very feminine," I said shyly, "even in pants or tight shorts. You said I should start wearing pants like other girls?"

"Okay. Let's go to your room, remove your skirt, and I'll help you get it on."

As she instructed, I was soon in my panties and bra, standing before her blushing. She looked at my panties and started to open the package, saying, "You really don't need these. You aren't very manly."

That sort of excited me and I tried to cover my panties. "That's not very girlish," she said while looking at the small, flesh colored, strap-like thing. It was marked #1 - TRAINER.

There were several of straps along with tubes of creams and "the instructions" or "INSUCKIONS" as mother called them.

She said, "The goal is to pull everything up and back between your legs. First we use this cream to desensitize everything."

I turned my back, dropped my panties, and applied the cream. It was very cold and numbing which caused "shrinkage!" Mother laughed at my modesty, "You aren't going to let me say goodbye to my son?"

I blushed upon seeing the garment. The cream was mentholated, getting colder, and making everything numb and very small and shriveled up.

Mother held the straps and I stepped into the garment. I lowered my hands, took the straps and struggled to pull the garment up. Mother adjusted the Velcro waist strap to the correct pressure, and helped me

adjusted the crotch strap. Once in place, she had me turn around.

There was a double crotch strap that needed tightened. "It's pretty tight already," I said.

"It's not even in the first position," she said. She pulled the back strap to position one and hooked it.

The pressure pushed everything so far up that it made my knees come together like I was straddling a 2x4. When I turned around, mother's eyes immediately went to my crotch. "Oh my," she sighed, "That does work!"

She handed my panties and they slipped smoothly over the garment. She kept staring at my panties. "THAT can't be comfortable."

In a trance, I wiggled to the mirror, trying to adjust to the pressure. In my panties and bra, the mirror gave no clue I was a boy. I sat down and surprisingly, the more pressure, the less discomfort. That was their secret.

When Jerry came over, he was like glassy eyed like he'd been crying. "Are you wearing it?" I asked.

"You?"

When we went to my bedroom, I lifted my skirt and showed him. He showed me his. Between the two of us boys, there was nothing masculine to be seen.

His eyes welled up, "When I put it on, I guess I got carried away. I talked about going out on a date with Barry. Mother got mad and said I might as well cut it off. She's going to take me to a doctor..."

"My mother was happy for me," I said.

"Do you know the ingredients of the cream? It has a lot of estrogen. That's why everything gets smaller after a few months," Jerry said with a concerned voice.

I wasn't sure if mother had looked at the ingredients, but I was sure Vickie was telling her now.

When we came down to fix dinner for our mothers, they were rather quiet. Vickie said to us, "You two are growing into a very fetching young ladies and good cooks. You are going to make wonder wives!"

This always made me blush deeply. Somehow, the more girlish I became, the more it involved men.

Mother said, "Seriously, Vickie and I were talking. Now that summer is here, we expect you'll want to be decked out in your feminine finery all the time. That cream you are using will shrivel your maleness with each girlish day. I think you should stop wearing those things, but Vickie suggests we see just how determined you boys are to be girls."

Vickie said, "Here's the plan. No boy clothes. In a month, we invite everyone we know to a Fourth of July party and introduce you girls to the world. We'll get you some medical help and start making you into girls permanently."

I flinched at the idea of a party for classmates and becoming a girl full-time. "Don't be naive!" Vickie lectured me. "After a summer of being girls and wearing that contraption, you don't think you can suddenly change back into normal boys, do you? You two have a couple weeks of being girls, and then you are stuck with being our daughters!"

"Darling, she's right," my mother said. "You can't keep switching back and forth...and you are so girlish already...Look at yourself?"

I was wearing a rayon print dress, fit closely to my girlish figure that flared from my tiny waist over my hips. I was wearing an apron and my feminine mannerisms were now quite natural.

Vickie added, "We found a whisker on Jerry's face the other day. If we don't do something quickly, he'll be the bearded lady."

"I don't want that!" Jerry said.

"Me either!" I said.

Vickie said, "I've looked into getting Jerry some shots that will fix that problem. By the end of summer, he won't be able to be a boy."

Mother turned to me and said, "I want you to think about why you like being a girl. I want you to be happy and if wearing a dress adds to your self-esteem and increases your attractiveness, then we'll get you fixed up to wear them all the time."

Although resistant, I began to accept mother's all or nothing view. Femininity is somewhat about passivity and going with the least resistance. The tight control and hormone laced creams were doing their job on my masculinity. The changing flesh was nothing a boy should be proud of, but it was intermingled with such girlish vanity. I could wear a girl's swimsuit proudly.

My body felt different. I was no longer a skinny, weak boy, with long straggly hair. I was gaining some weight and started showing curves. My own fleshy nipples started pressing outward against my padded bras-

sieres. They were very sensitive and itched like crazy. It embarrassed me.

I didn't like mother seeing me undressed. What that garment did to her son was amazing. My maleness passively stayed up inside of my body so that there was no sign that it had ever been there. When they did come down it was small and feeble...it was quickly coated with cream and placed back to rest. I loved the way silky panties fit over my bottom.

Mother caught me coming out of the shower one day and she silently looked me over, her eyes taking in every detail. "Oh honey," she sighed. "What's that on your chest?" Her eyes rested on the twin points pressing outward from my chest.

I turned red, looked down, and answered, "I don't know?"

"Don't be embarrassed, honey," mother said seeing my development. "We knew this would happen. It happened to me when I was 13. Come on, show me?"

I was absolutely petrified she'd freak out like I sometimes did in the mirror. I dropped my hands. She didn't look shocked. She started saying stuff about us being the "ladies of the house" and stories of getting her breasts. It was like she was excited about me getting breasts!

It was her way of showing her love. For mom, it meant that I wasn't her little boy anymore. Puberty was a really exciting time in her life, so she was naturally excited for me to experience the same things.

"At some point, we must have you fitted for new brassieres. Don't be ashamed of what is happening to your body, all women go through it at some point, so you

may as well enjoy it. You're not going to ward it off by hiding them from your mom."

I started to cry and didn't know why. "Oh mom, it's all so..."

"Unnecessary?" she laughed and pushed up her breasts. "I've had these since I was thirteen and only needed them to feed you for six months. Yes they are unnecessary, but they WILL make you feel like a woman!"

"They already do," I mumbled as I ran my hand over them. They seemed inspiring to me, especially since I wasn't used to having lumps on my chest.

"You've been just taking baby steps so far, but accept that you've hit a point of no return in your life and make the best of it."

But sometimes I'm not sure," I said.

"Don't become discouraged if you occasionally backslide and feel guilty. You are creating a new way of living. You may stand astride two worlds now, but eventually, you'll find one.



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**Mother said, "If you look feminine, you feel
feminine, and if you feel feminine,
you do feminine."**

She was right. At night when I took off my dress and bra, I'd see them. I couldn't believe I was getting titties.

Mother said, "If you look feminine, you feel feminine, and if you feel feminine, you do feminine. You have quickly taken to looking feminine with the clothes and makeup, but a feminine nature can take much longer to develop. Vickie has some ideas to help you boys..."

TRAINING...

To pulsating music, Jerry and I followed the exercise dance moves of our two mothers leading us. There is some laughter, but mostly concentration as we stretch to make the womanly positions. The "splits" for one was impossible.

"You have to practice every day," Vickie shouted out encouragement. "Being able to spread your legs is important!" Jerry and I giggled but were clearly intent on learning.

There were four sections to the workout: warm-up, floor work, dance, and cool-down. The warm-up started with some stretches for the neck, shoulders, and hips, then moved into some leg stretches, and then a pelvic tuck from a crouched position. The floor work consisted of moves such as side-lying leg lifts and rear leg lifts and splits from on our backs.

The dance section didn't feel much like dancing, more like belly dancing with our hips.

I had always hated PE but doing exercises in a leotard was fun. Our mothers were teaching us the use of our bodies as functional females. That was helping develop confident feelings about our own femininity.

GIRLISH DAYS OF SUMMER PASS...

During the summer, Jerry and I spent a lot of time at each other's houses and on outings. We only dressed as girls. Both of our mothers agreed and didn't mind, so it was open season on developing my femininity and being a daughter.

The Fourth of July party was a success. School friends, neighborhood acquaintances, and a few relatives attended. There were cakes, candles, balloons, presents, music. People sat with forks in their hands and cups of colored punch.

We wore our best dresses. I was surprised at how many were not surprised that the two effeminate neighborhood boys wanted to be girls.

We made a trip to Arizona to a dude ranch with lots of places to hike and ride horses. Of course, we dressed in pants for riding, but we spent as much time as we wanted in dresses too. A girl can look pretty in tight short jeans and a blouse, you know!

After a few days of riding horses, we were walking funny.

One night we went into town with a couple of cowboys who were always flirting with us. It was such a thrill to be treated like a girl on a date.

Later that night in our cabin, Jerry and I gossiped about our evening. We were both in a little nightgown and it was chilly, so we got under the covers.

"I want to talk to you about something," he said. His pretty face was serious and he looked away.



**A girl can look pretty in tight
short jeans and a blouse,
you know!
But after a day on a horse,
we were walking funny!**

“What is it, Jerri Lynn,” I said. We were careful to always call each other by our femme names while we were dressed up.

“Brandy,” he said hesitating after my name, “I loved being out with the cowboys tonight and even the goodnight kiss, but I...I love the way you look. You have become a girl in my eyes; do you know what I mean?”

“I think I do,” I said. “I feel the same way about you. I see you as a very pretty girl and sometimes get a funny feeling. When that cowboy kissed you, I almost wished I was him. Weird eh?”

He sighed as if he was very relieved that I understood. He said, “You do understand. If I was a boy, I’d want to kiss you.”

"There is only one way to find out," I said, looking into his blue eyes and long lashes and seeing a girl instead of a boy.

His hand squeezed mine. "Are you ready to find out? This could change our lives."

"I'm as ready as you are, but we must be honest, and if one of us feels something, we have to tell the other. Okay?" I asked.

"Agreed," he said.

I closed my eyes, puckered up, and leaned toward him, reaching for his other hand with its shiny red polish. Our nighties intermingled and our little swollen breasts pressed together.

"Okay. We'll both close our eyes and kiss on the count of three then...like girls," he said. "Eyes closed?"

We closed our eyes and counted together. "One – two – three," and then our lips met. I felt my lipstick against his lipstick and we pulled each other closer, trying to kiss as if this was the best girl kiss we could ever imagine. He opened his mouth a little and I put the tip of my tongue into his mouth a little, then I opened mine and he put his tongue in mine. Our mouths parted and we pulled each other together with our earrings jangling against each other's and held each other like lovers do for a minute.

Neither of us said a word for quite a while; we just held each other. I could feel Jerry's chest heaving and I heard my heart beating. This was a scary thing we had just done. I wasn't sure what I felt. Jerry didn't make me feel like a girl like the cowboys and I didn't feel like a boy in the nightgown.

"Let's try that again," he said, this time with our eyes open.

We looked lovingly into each other's eyes and I must say he was beautiful to look at, and he felt the same about me. Our mouths met again and we held the kiss for thirty seconds, moving our lips like we had done when we had both kissed girls.

"Well, what do you think?" he asked.

"Hmmm," I said. "I've had better."

His eyes widened, and then he laughed. "Me too," he said. "I mean I liked it. I didn't want to throw up or anything, but the cowboy curled my toes. How about you?"

"It was worth a shot." Neither one of us had what the girl in us now needed.

We turned off the light and snuggled together for a while and talked about cowboys and what we were going to wear the next day.

Would I do it again?

I have been pondering this "femininity" issue. For over a year now I've worn mostly dresses and skirts and feel quite at home in them. At first it felt a little weird, but now it feels weird to wear pants.

I let my hair grow and have learned that being feminine requires much more effort than being a boy. But it's a heart issue and it makes me feel like a lady. It's about everything, my speech, walk, laugh, work, and love. I now do all these things in a very different way than I would have as a guy.

I find being feminized by hormones helped me with becoming more feminine. I no longer want to strain myself doing physical things boys would normally attempt.

I used to carry all the clothes at once to the laundry room, but now I sort them and take them in small piles. Mother smiles sometimes when she notices my bustline. It is so VERY feminine to have breasts. It is the epitome of womanhood and makes me feel different about myself. It's easier to be a girly girl when a bra is necessary! Since mother lost a son, living up to being her daughter is very important to me.

“Living full time as a girl required a total commitment. There is paperwork, hormone treatments, and coming out to family and neighbors. Jerry and I were together to a point....

At some point our paths parted. Jerry looked so helpless and girlish as they walked into the clinic. My helpless feeling was almost bittersweet as I both envied him and felt sorry for him at the same time.

We both enjoyed feeling girlish. We both had come a long way in accepting our emasculation, but what Jerry was doing was so final. The mischievous part of dressing up would be gone as would the main aspect of his manhood.

I really loved everything about being a girl, but it was the boy in me that was thrilled and found the experience intoxicating. The powerful intense rush to be completely feminine in thinking and feeling was a part of me I didn't look forward to losing. There were some really good aspects to being a boy that I'd miss. I would probably never have the chance to experience sex with a woman, despite the fact that I had felt no great desire for them yet. I was sure it would be a blast and didn't want to cut off that option.



Remembering that page of swimsuits. We both had thought. "How could they ever be guys again!"

We now knew the answer. "They couldn't!"

EPILOGUE

Human experience is not limited to any established protocols. Society endeavors to shape lives into a social conformity that is no more natural than what actually takes place in people's experiences. Religions and philosophies rise to the task of inventing and codifying social laws for the public good, but also tend to control feelings, emotions, and private actions of individuals.

One person once said, "You choose how you live by what you do OR by what you don't do. You are society.

Both Jerry and I got to wear our beautiful clothes and be related to as women. But he went his way and I went mine. I'll tell you the story of meeting my wife and our life together as women some day!

Is this the end?

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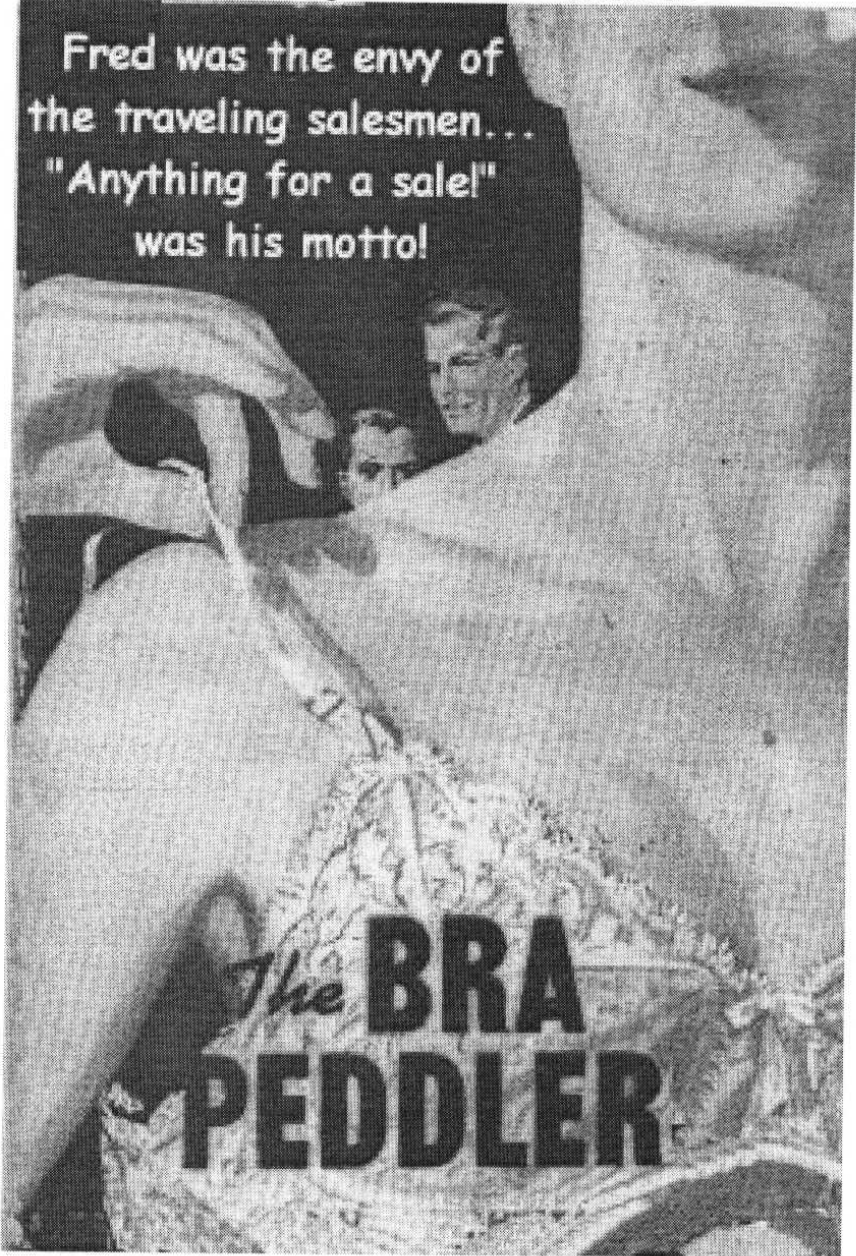
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