

Tale of Two Momma's Boys SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS - 1

TRANSVESTIA TV FICTION

TALE OF TWO MOMMA'S BOYS



*Two mothers teach their sons
what it takes to be girls for the summer.*

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Tale of Two Momma's Boys



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Volume 9

TALE OF TWO MOMMA'S BOYS

Completely revised edition:

Previously published as TALE OF TWO MOTHERS

By

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QUOTE BOARD

“Even if a man is sufficiently ambitious,
determined and gifted - there is still practically
nothing that's feminine he can do as well as a
woman.”

TALE OF TWO MOMMA'S BOYS

FROM TRANSVESTIA #91 and 92 © 1991, 2010

As TALE OF TWO MOTHERS (revised completely 2010)

by Sandy Thomas

Alan Wright and his mother were sitting around the breakfast table, finishing up a leisurely meal. It was an early spring Saturday morning, with no school for Alan. His mother was home too. A day off from going to the city's largest department store, where she was head buyer for the women's department.

Alan was carrying on a monologue over the difficulties he was experiencing making friends during his first year at high school.

Although he was a naturally good-natured boy, Alan was rather shy by nature, and thereby had trouble creating the companionship he sought. There was one boy, whose friendship he wanted to cultivate. He felt they could be friends.

Richard Moore was in the same class and of the same age. He was also virtually a next door neighbor, since the Moore's lot shared a common boundary with the Wright's, at the rear.

Although he seemed friendly enough, Richard never let Alan become more involved in his life than sharing company during the walk to and from school. Further overtures on the part of Alan had been rebuffed, albeit not unkindly. "I'm just really busy on homework and stuff," he said.

Alan's mother was listening with but half an ear and made no comment as she had heard all this before. She really had no solution. What made the situation more

difficult to understand...during the same period, she and Richard's mother had struck up quite a close friendship.

Both were widows, and working more or less in the same field. Mrs. Moore was also a buyer, but in teen's clothes at a smaller boutique chain of stores.

She had been making a practice of dropping in on Saturday and Sunday mornings for a cup of coffee and gossip. With the adjoining gardens of the two houses, only opening a gate eliminated the necessity of going around by road. So it was easy for her to just drop in. Oddly enough, however, she had never returned the courtesy by inviting Mrs. Wright over to visit in her own home.



Other than being small, Alan was a normal boy with long hair and immature.

A sharp rapping of the doorknocker, which announced the arrival of a package, interrupted Alan's moaning

monologue. Had it been only letters, the postman would merely have pushed them through the mail slot.

Alan greeted the postman, Mr. Evans with a smile, then accepted a flat, rectangular package which was addressed to his mother. Noting the return address, he commented that it must be a birthday present from his Aunt Jennifer.

Later while he was looking at the morning paper, he heard his mother give a deep sigh and say "Oh, not again."

He looked up and inquired, "What's the matter, don't you like Aunt Jenny's gift?"

"It's not the gift," his mother replied. "Actually, I do. It's three pairs of my favorite, silky pantyhose. They are a very expensive, comfortable type and a lovely shade of beige. But she has again sent the wrong size. She did the same last Christmas, and, reluctantly, I had to give them to the Goodwill Industries. I told her of this when she visited last month, but, apparently, she forgot."

Alan murmured absently, "That's too bad," and resumed reading his paper. As a result he did not notice the rather odd expression that came over his mother's face as she gazed at him.

Consequently, he believed he had not heard her right when she said, "Instead of my giving them away this time, why don't you wear them?"

"Just give them away?" he laughed with some indignation, "Why would I want to wear women's stockings even if they were my size? Besides, we are the same size."

This was true. Alan was only 15, while slight in build, was in nearly all respects the same size and weight as his mother. She often wore his old shoes while gardening, and he bought him clothes by trying them on.

His mother ignored his comments about “women's stockings” and referred only to the subject of size, “That is true, but if you think for a moment. I have a woman's shaped hips, while yours are more like a girl. Consequently, they would fit you fine.”

“No way,” he blushed, knowing his hips and bottom were still a bit fleshy. He was hoping to grow out of his baby fat soon.

“Com' on, for kicks. I want you to at least make an attempt to see if they fit...as they are too good to discard.”

“Woman's hose? Where, no why, would I wear such things?”

With a twinkle in her eyes, she added, “They feel very nice. Who knows, you might enjoy wearing them. If you'd never had ice cream, could you say ‘I hate it?’ I, for one, am betting on the possibility these delicate stockings could be like ice cream. How about twenty bucks?”

“Twenty? Let me see the money.” Alan wasn't even sure why women wore such things. He'd heard women complain about high heels but never hose. They did make their legs look nice.

A twenty appeared suddenly and his mother said, “So, after you have cleared off the table, I want you to go to your room and try them on. Then come to my room so that I can see how they look on you. Furthermore, do take care as to how you put them on, to avoid causing a run.”

She then demonstrated to Alan--who, although trying to appear still opposed to the idea, was now becoming rather interested. She showed him how he should roll down each pantyhose leg until he was able to insert his toes, then to gently unroll the garment up the length of his legs, then finally over his hips and up to his waist.

Alan just shook his head in confusion.

After his chores, and clearing the table, he climbed the stairs to his bedroom.

Carefully following his mother's instructions, he managed to get his legs into the pantyhose without causing a run and finally brought the top to the middle of his waist. He quickly confirmed that the extra length did provide ample room for his parts, without any discomfort.

Looking in the mirror, he was quite impressed with how shapely his legs looked. He also enjoyed the rather pleasant, secure feeling of having his waist snugly enclosed in the upper part of the pantyhose.

At that moment, he recalled his mother's words, "You might like wearing them." Although he was not then aware of it, he was to all intents and purposes "hooked."

He was already entertaining the thought that this might not be the last, but could rather be first of such wearings.

Now anxious to show his mother how the pantyhose looked, he burst into her room without first knocking. He had been cautioned to knock first many times.

His mother gave him the usual admonishment, particularly as she had only just started dressing. At that moment, she stood there clad only in a pair of pantyhose. Pantyhose identical to those Alan was now wearing. A comparison that he noted with unusual enchantment. She was in the course of trying to fasten a rather fancy lace brassiere.

As they had lived a rather informal life since the death of her husband, this was not the first time Alan had seen his mother in various stages of undress, and, consequently, she was not really upset.

Alan eagerly called his mother's attention to the perfect fit of the pantyhose, and it was obvious that he was thrilled to be wearing them.

She merely responded, "Before I can give you any attention, will you help fasten my bra? It is a new one and the hooks must be bent." With his fingers he soon adjusted the hooks and completed the fastening.

His mother then called Alan's attention to the fact that they were both wearing identical pantyhose, of which he was already well aware.

She then remarked to his delightful surprise, "Well, why don't we continue to improve on the resemblance? Will you hand me another bra from the top drawer, the same as the one I have on? I bought two of them."

This Alan did, though not fully realizing what his mother had in mind. However, this she soon made clear. Placing herself behind Alan, she quickly slipped the bra over his arms and fastened it in back, then stuffed a pair of rolled stockings into each cup to provide the fullness he lacked.

"Now, Alan, will you hand me two pair of matching panties from the bottom drawer. While it is unnecessary to wear panties with pantyhose, I actually feel better dressed with them on and so will you."

Both mother and son pulled on panties. The panties were of white nylon, liberally edged with lace. As he pulled them on, he experienced still another thrill on this most unusual of days.

After they stood together before the full-length mirror to admire and enjoy the experience of seeing each other in the now identical attire, Mrs. Wright asked, "I'm putting on a dress now...what about you?"

His mother gave her son a yellow linen dress to wear, which fitted him perfectly, and reach to just above his knees. His outfit was completed by a pair of matching yellow straw sandals, with built-up cork heels two and a half inches high.

"Is this what girls feel like everyday?" he asked innocently.

"Pretty much," she said as she finished her own dressing by slipping on a white cotton blouse and a pair of

black slacks and pumps. Before returning downstairs, Mrs. Wright applied a touch of lipstick to not only her own lips, but also to those of her son.

“Come help me downstairs,” she said after fluffing out his hair.

Alan had some difficulty mastering the stairs with the unfamiliar high heels, but he made it without falling, and, after a little practice, soon became accustomed to the added height.

Although only an hour had passed since the arrival of the postman with the fateful package, Alan felt that his whole life had changed.

He felt somehow strange, and yet thrilled, but most of all, very conscious of the soft feminine clothes in which he was now so completely attired.

He admitted this feeling to his mother, and she told him she was glad he was so happy.

She even suggested that he continue to stay dressed the rest of the day, and make changes in his costume from time to time, to add to his enjoyment.

All of this was music to Alan's ears, as he had already become enamored of his new way of dressing.

The two were so absorbed in their discussions that they did not hear the back door open, and therefore were not aware of Mrs. Moore's presence until she was actually in the room and had spoken a morning greeting. Seeing what appeared to be two women, one of whom did not appear familiar, she made a move to retire. Then getting a closer look, she recognized that the second “woman” was actually Mrs. Wright's son.

Alan and his mother were literally frozen with a surprise almost akin to shock. At the same time a myriad of thoughts raced through Alan's mind, all associated with exposure and disgrace before not only his desired friend Richard, but all his classmates.

Recognized his embarrassment, Mrs. Moore quickly moved to Alan's side, and grasping his almost nerveless hands, said, "You look absolutely lovely, I would never have believed it to be possible that you could look so attractive dressed as a girl."

Alan's chagrin was so deep and so complete that he could take no reassurance from her words, which was questionable under the circumstances. However, her next remark shocked him out of his state of despondency.

"I have to call Richard and have him come over immediately."

At that point, Alan's mother, recognizing the fear that had overcome Alan, decided that Mrs. Moore was being unnecessarily heartless, and that it was time to bring matters to a halt, and to let her know of her own displeasure.

She spoke rather sharply to her neighbor, "What Alan and I do in our house is only our business, and your disapproval of my permitting Alan to dress in women's clothes certainly has nothing to do with you or anyone else. Furthermore, you are in my house without being invited, and I want you to leave now.

"But before you do, I want to say that your suggestion of asking you son over to ridicule Alan, under the circumstances, I find most callous and unforgivable."

Mrs. Moore stood through this tirade with a shocked look on her face. The smile had been replaced by an expression of great discomfort. As soon as Mrs. Wright had finished talking, she replied with deep emotion, "Mrs. Wright, and you too, Alan, please forgive a stupid woman for unwittingly causing you both such distress. However, I am sure I can quickly satisfy you with an explanation that will convince you both that I am not the heartless person you might believe.

"First let me tell you a little about my son, Richard. I know that Alan likes him and has wanted to be his friend.

I can assure that the feeling is mutual. Although Richard has not been able to make his feelings known. This situation has changed that completely.”

Alan and his mother sat completely confused, but somehow realized that they had misread Mrs. Moore's intent. They sat, silently awaiting the promised explanation.

Mrs. Moore continued, “As you know, my husband died five years ago. Fortunately, he left us well provided for, and with my job we have no financial worries. During this time, I have come to depend increasingly on my son for companionship, and as a result our companionship has become closer than the usual son and mother relationship--much indeed as with you and Alan.

“About two years ago, on coming home from the shop one afternoon, unexpectedly early, I found my son fully dressed in one of my outfits, from the skin out, complete with makeup. To say the least, I was shocked, and I confess, rather angry with the boy. He, on the other hand was most upset, and we both ended up in tears. Later, when he had resumed his own clothes, and I had had an opportunity to calm down, we were able to discuss the entire situation objectively.”

“As Richard always arrived home from school at least two hours before I returned from town, it had been his practice to straighten up the house from the rather untidy condition in which we left it during our mutually early departure. This included doing both his room and mine, putting away our clothes and making the beds. Perhaps I should not have asked a young boy to do what is generally considered to be women's work, but since I could not get home until an hour before dinner time, it would have been difficult for me to have taken care of this housework as well as to prepare an early dinner. Also, he had always expressed a willingness to help out in this manner.

“After a period of handling my clothes, including lingerie I had left lying around, he inevitably developed a curiosity as to how it would feel to be dressed up in such clothes. The outcome was predictable, and at the time of my discovering him that day, he had been dressing every day for the previous two years, from the time he got home until shortly before my scheduled return.

“He told me that during this period, he had many times wanted to confess his behavior to me, as we had always been close and, with this sole exception, had never had any secrets from each other. He did not feel ashamed for his action and had wanted to tell me, so that he could obtain my permission to dress openly, for his greater enjoyment. However he was afraid I would never understand, and he felt that he could not face my disapproval, nor the possibility of being denied a practice which he found so enjoyable and to which he had become so accustomed.”

Mrs. Moore continued, “This discussion, which went far into the night, was a traumatic experience for both of us, but it did result in a deeper understanding and love for each other than before.

“After giving calm and careful thought to what at first appeared to be some form of perversion, I realized that I too loved my clothes for their softness, color and general luxuriousness, and why should a man or boy, who was similarly affected be denied the same pleasure? Apart from the general censure of the public to such practice, which would require a degree of discretion on our part, why should my son be denied the opportunity to dress as he liked? The upshot of it was that first from my own wardrobe, and later with purchases from the shop where I work, Richard has accumulated a wardrobe of which any girl would be proud. The only drawback, albeit a serious one, is that he has had no one to parade his clothes before except me.

“Now, it appears that this situation could change. Unless I have read Alan incorrectly, he has the same love for feminine clothes as has Richard. If he were to learn that he had, in Alan, a friend with a kindred spirit, they would then be able to enjoy their dressing together.

“So please, with your approval, I will call Richard, who is at present sitting at home, wearing a beautiful pale green chiffon dress with matching sandals. It's a new dress that I brought home to him yesterday. I know he would love to model it for an appreciative audience.”

Alan and his mother were so stunned by this revelation, that they didn't say a word, which Mrs. Moore took as their consent. She called home and although they could hear but one side of the conversation, they could readily imagine the unheard responses.

In response to an apparent question, she replied, “Yes, at once...and just as you are.” Undoubtedly, there had been a shocked reaction to this request.

Mrs. Moore then said firmly, “Have I ever asked you to do anything against your best interests? I assure you will be most happy that you followed my instructions.”

A few minutes later, there was a timid knock at the kitchen door, and in came a beautiful young girl. They looked again and recognized Richard. He was attired in a light green chiffon dress which fell in floating folds to his knees, sheer stockings and matching open-toed, sling back, high heel shoes. The most striking feature, apart from his beautifully made-up face, was a platinum blonde fall of hair, which was swept back from his forehead to reach the middle of his slim back.

Everything said, “GIRL!” although Alan and his mother knew that this was not a girl, but actually Richard Moore--it was difficult for both of them to believe their eyes.

Richard, on his part, could only stare at the dressed-up Alan, and finally, in a weak voice, ask for an explanation as a question. "Why do you dress like this?"

At that point, everyone started to talk at once, which only added to the confusion. Shortly, Mrs. Wright took charge and asked Richard again "Why?"

Richard laughed, "I have not always been a skirt-wearing girl. I think it's safe to say that I have am not a girl, period. But it's only within the last two years that I really got into wearing skirts. I love them!" He went on to talk bout his feelings.

At long last, when everything had been made clear to the other boy's satisfaction, there was a long silence as the two femininely dressed boys sat staring in wonder at each other. Then Richard arose, walked over to Alan, then picking up his two hands, pressed them gently and said, "Alan, now we can be friends, as I know you have long wished, and as I have also wanted. You now know why I have kept my distance in the past. I could not run the risk of your coming to my house where you inevitably would have found me fully dressed as a girl. I could not have chanced your misunderstanding, and the possibility of my way of life being made known and ridiculed throughout the school."

"That's OK," Alan said.

He continued, "This will also explain why my mother never reciprocated the kindness of your mother, who has entertained her over coffee in your kitchen these many months. To make the first start on repaying, I extend, on behalf of my mother, an invitation for both of you to come to dinner tonight. Okay?"

Alan looked at his mother and she nodded.

"Please come as a girl, Alan, about five. I want to show you my extensive wardrobe of girl stuff. With

mother's help, I am so proud of my wardrobe. You won't believe how many dresses I own."

Alan sighed, "Sounds great. But I don't know where to begin."

"I believe I can help you with hints and suggestions as to how you can become a more convincing girl...assuming that you want to be?"

"It's been really fun so far."

"Leave it to me," Richard gushed. Alan's silence was sufficient answer, so he continued, "Will you please wear either a cocktail dress or an evening gown. I am dying to dress up formally and this will provide the opportunity."

Both mothers beamed approval and said that they also would dress-up to honor this festive occasion.

"One other thing," suggested Richard. "Since we are going to dress as girls, it would be fun to come up with suitable feminine names. Think about it."

After Richard and his mother left, Alan hugged his mother. "I know this is weird but it makes me happy." In the same breath, declared that they should immediately get ready for the party.

"Whoa, relax for a second," said his mother laughingly. "First things first. It is only 11 o'clock, although it does seem that ages have passed since breakfast, when this all started."

"Richard was going to start right away?"

"Yes, you are right, we have many things to do to get ready for tonight. The most important is dressing your hair in a more feminine manner. Fortunately, you have always worn it overly long. Looks like that can be used to your advantage. I want you to go upstairs and shampoo your hair thoroughly using my perfumed shampoo and conditioner."

Alan started up to the bathroom when his mother stopped him. "Wait a minute," she said. "On a scale of 1 to 10, how good do you want to look?"

"Ten," said without thinking. "A ten like Richard."

"You don't become that feminine in a day, darling but okay then. Do not take a bath; that comes later. I will want you also to shave off all the fuzz on your legs and underarms."

"Really? I can shave my legs like you?"

"You didn't notice Richard's legs? If you don't want to, it is not really noticeable, but the removal will make your legs look better under sheer hose. Will you be comfortable with shaved legs?"

"I guess so, all the girl my age at school shave their legs."

She nodded, "It's not easy to get the technique down. We'll be very careful or you will be nothing but nicks and scrapes. We don't want you looking as if your legs were attacked by an axe murderer."

"Wow, how fun."

"Shaving your legs is not fun. It's a chore that you have to do several times a week. Right now, you need only take off your dress at present, and when your hair has been washed in the sink, come down as you are, in your bra, panties, and pantyhose," his mother stated.

"OK," Alan said wondering how this was happening so fast. He was a little embarrassed but intrigued more.

"After I set your hair, I will leave you for an hour or so, and go down town to pick up some inserts for your bra that will give you a more convincing bust than those rolled up stockings. Mrs. Moore told me of a shop where she has purchased such inserts for her son."

Alan smiled, "They looked real, didn't they?"

"They are plastic sacs filled with a jellylike liquid that gives a more realistic appearance, as well as the feel of

normal breast movement. They are pretty expensive. Do you think you'll wear them much?"

Alan blushed, "I don't know...I guess whenever you let me dress up?"

"I assume that will be often for a while until you bore of the newness. I'll buy them."

As Alan sped upstairs, Mrs. Wright was thinking about what she was doing. She was sounding like her mother, even acting like her. It had been horrifying when she was a teen-aged girl who thought her mothers knew virtually nothing.

But with Alan, her mother's philosophy, attitudes and triteness were resurfacing in herself. She would be teaching Alan to shave his legs as she had been taught. She would show him how to do his hair, wear makeup...in other words, everything fun and exciting about being a girl.

With Richard as Alan's best friend, they could learn things together, privately criticize other girls' hairstyles, clothes, figures and general appearance...like all girls their age.

The first time she would hear Alan talk about another girl as trashy, she'd say, "If you can't say anything nice, don't say anything at all." She would try to stop herself but knew she couldn't.

Like the fancy breast pads and spending money on something so frivolous as breasts for her son. Her mother insisted that she "get the wear" out of any purchase. She would too. She couldn't help it.

Although her mother died more than 10 years ago, her sayings would live on. Maybe even the ones about wearing skirts too short or makeup too heavy.

Alan upstairs, shed his dress, and took another long satisfying look at himself in the mirror. Still clad in his

exciting lingerie, he proceeded to vigorously shampoo his long hair. Following his mother's instructions, after the conditioning rinse he barely touched his hair with the towel, just enough to keep it from dripping, so that rollers could be used to get the maximum set.

Minutes later, under his mother's skillful handling, his head was soon a mass of rollers and pins, and after spraying these with hair spray, he was told to sit in the sun for his hair to dry.

Before leaving, Mrs. Wright turned to her son who was now wearing one of her robes over his lingerie, and commented, "I'm not sure we are doing the right thing here. If we are not, why would we feel guilty or hide anything, right?"

Alan nodded gently as to not dislodge a curler.

"Alan, should someone come to the door in my absence, I want you to answer it. I do not want you or I to ever feel ashamed at what we are doing; if you do we will stop now and go no further with your dressing and I can forget the shopping trip."

"But mother? I'm in a robe?"

"I answer the door in that robe and curlers." His mother continued, "You saw what happened to Richard. Guilt and hiding could have seriously affected his life and friendships. If you want to continue to explore femininity and I assume you will, people are probably going to find out. How we will handle such situations in the future I cannot say at this time, but handle them honestly we will." Mrs. Wright sighed, "It was another one of her mother's sayings...."

Alan, with misgivings, gave his mother the requested promise, but with the fervent hope no one would visit them while she was gone. As it turned out, no one did.

On her return, Mrs. Wright not only presented her son with the liquid filled inserts--which indeed gave the promised lifelike feel to his artificial breasts--but also a beautiful blue chiffon nightgown, a matching peignoir and some lingerie. The nightgown was breathtaking. A long, silky, midnight-blue nightgown with spaghetti straps and a plunging back. She laughed, "It's a nightgown but you could wear it to a fancy party as an evening gown.

"For me?" Alan said seeing the frilly intimate items.

"Your very own," Mrs. Wright answered with another of her mother's rules, "I expect you will take good care of your lacy undergarments. Expensive lingerie can be a pain when it comes to washing. With proper care and careful hand washing, they will last for years."

"I can wear this tonight?" he asked carefully.

"If you start wearing it every night, I suppose I will have to get you a few more."

With his very first and most thrillingly beautiful nightgown, Alan had the start of his own feminine wardrobe. He almost wished for the night to come immediately so he could experience its soft loveliness. This was but a fleeting thought, for he knew too much lay ahead of him before bedtime.

Before he knew it, his mother had stuffed his brassiere with the gel pads pulling his chest fat up into the cup under the padding. The gel forms mimicked a girl's breast as far as shaping and composition appearance. She stood back and said, "Perfect size for your your age. Wearing these control top pantyhose, will shape your the legs and controls stomach bulges, creating a slimming, curvy appearance."

"They feel heavy," Alan said softly lifting his breasts up and dropping them.

"That's what it would feel like if you had your own real breasts," she laughed, adding, "Now leave your hands off them!"

"That will take some time," Alan laughed too, pulling his shoulders back.

"The more you wear them, the more the weight will improve your feminine posture and balance, see how you have already adjusted to the weight?"

Alan's mounds were more prominent with his shoulders back. Wearing your breast forms will help you feel confident again in your appearance both in and out of a dress. When you wear them, always wear female clothes that you like that draw attention to your good points."

The next thing on Alan's agenda was hot bath during which time he shaved off all of the almost imperceptible fuzz from his legs, so that they were satin smooth.

Having, as yet, no hair on his chest, that area required no attention, and he was soon ready for the next step of his preparation which was the application of a pale pink polish to both his fingernails and toenails.

After his hair had dried, it was released from the rollers. Once it had been combed it out, he found to his delight that it now fell into soft waves, which his mother, with a little trimming, was able to arrange in a passable page boy style.

It was approaching five o'clock, and a decision now had to be made as to the dress he would wear.

"What should I wear?" he asked.

"There are so many to choose from. I always loved seeing you in your little black dress and that formal you wore to a wedding...."

After a careful review of his mother's wardrobe, it was decided the Alan would wear a rather short black lace cocktail dress, saving for some later day the thrill of his first floor-length formal.

As he was getting dressed, he had the new experience of putting on his first girdle, a black net waist-high garter belt with a black satin front panel and three garters straps with which to attach the sheer black nylons his mother provided. Next, a black satin brassiere in which he placed the newly acquired gel filled inserts.

"Oh mother," Alan gasped. By this time he was almost swooning with excitement. He repeatedly went before the mirror to watch each stage of his dressing.

Never had he imagined the sensations he would experience, dressing in these beautiful new clothes. After donning a matching half-slip, he was ready for the exciting black lace cocktail dress that his mother settled over his head. It fell to just above his knees, but still showing an ample expanse of nylon-clad legs.

Next came his makeup. Just a touch of pink on his already glowing cheeks, pink lipstick and a delicate touch of blue eye shadow completed his toilet. He was then allowed another glance in the mirror. He found it hard to believe that the beautiful girl that looked back at him was indeed Alan Wright.

He could hardly wait to show himself off to his friend, and it was with ill-concealed impatience that he waited for his mother complete her dressing. She wore a conservative black evening gown with a minimum of jewelry, so that she would not steal the show from her now glamorous offspring.

"Well princess?" she teased. "Still like the little black dress when YOU are in it?"

At the last minute, she draped her own string of real pearls around Alan's neck, and attached matching earrings to his ears.

The feminized boy just stared at the mirror. He mostly just saw a beautiful dress along with high heels, nail polish, lipstick. "Oh mother, it's such a classy dress."

"It looks very stylish on you," she said. "In fact, it's your dress now. Everything you have on is now yours to keep in your bedroom...and take care of." (Her mother speaking again) "But we are all dressed up AND do have a place to go. One last look and touch up...."

She took out her blush and said, "Black has a tendency to drain color from the face so a nice amount of well-blended blush is essential." With that she handed him a little black purse as accompaniment. "This is just for tonight. You'll need a purse large enough to fit all of your essential items without bulging."

Finally they left, taking the long way around to avoid mussing their dresses, as they might going through the gardens.

Alan was on tenterhooks. "What if someone sees me?"

"You look every bit the young lady. Are we doing something wrong?"

"NO!" But Alan's heart raced until they reached their destination, for fear he would be seen and recognized by one of his schoolmates.

His fears were actually groundless for no one would have recognized Alan Wright in this pretty girl. A girl who appeared so completely feminine with his new curves and pretty dress. But Mrs. Wright could not help but wonder at this point whether she doing the right thing in helping her son develop a now apparent love for women's clothes.

She sighed and looked at his radiant, smiling face. She had never seen him so cheerful and realized it was now too late for such thoughts, at least for this evening.

Maybe he would bore quickly or perhaps become like Richard. Either way, Alan was well involved in this new side of life.

DING DONG....

Richard was eagerly awaiting them and had the door open even before they could barely ring the doorbell. He was both radiant and beautiful. It was difficult to believe that this lovely, feminine creature was indeed a boy.

Once again, Mrs. Wright had misgivings that they were trifling with nature. However, she shrugged off this gloomy thought upon seeing the glowing happiness reflected on the faces of both boys--who were actually more beautiful than most girls she knew. She decided to enjoy the evening of new found pleasures.

Richard also was wearing a short cocktail dress, but in a deep red that set off his blonde beauty. He wore his platinum hair piled on top of his head in a most effective manner, while around his neck he had a choker of rhinestones, with matching earrings in his pierced ears.

His silver pumps with four-inch heels were handled with grace that showed long practice in their wear.

Mrs. Wright could see that Richard was obviously far more advanced in doing the `girl thing.'

In a most girlish voice, Richard asked Alan, "I love that dress! What size is that dress anyway?"

"I don't know," Alan said. "Mother just gave it to me."

"Gave it to you?" To keep?"

"We are a size eight," his mother answered. "And yes, Alan now owns a dress and everything he is wearing...."

Richard laughed, "And I see your boobs must have grown a bit since this morning. Alan, you're just about as crazy as I am!"

They all went into the living room, following Richard in his red dress fitted tightly over his shapely hips.

Alan asked, as he looked over at Richard's heels, "How do you walk in those things, they look like they could be dangerous?"

"Just practice," he said. "I wish I could wear them to school. Their four inch heels would be great weapons if anyone gives me a hard time."

They all laughed and both mothers sized up their boys. They wore the same size dress and were gifted with being slim and small with un-muscular shapes for boys of their age.

Once they had relaxed, both Richard and his mother had had an opportunity to admire and compliment on Alan's dress and makeup. Mrs. Moore and her neighbor settled down to discuss the changes that had so dramatically taken place in the lives of the two sons that day. "What are the odds?" Mrs. Moore asked. "I thought Richard was to only one. Honey, go show Alan your wardrobe." She turned to Alan's mother and said, "I think I've probably over done it...."

Richard then led Alan upstairs to show him his extensive wardrobe of feminine clothes. There was a lavish array of both morning and afternoon dresses, cocktail dresses, and several evening gowns, as well as house robes and negligees.

"I am practically a girl at home," he said proudly.

In addition, there were drawers of slips, bras, panties, girdles, even garter belts, and stockings.

Richard explained that since his mother was a buyer for girl's and women's wear, she had an opportunity to

buy or get samples of girl's clothes at a substantial discount.

"WOW! I only have this one dress and I'm excited," Alan smiled. "I doubt if mother would ever let me build up a collection of such beautiful clothes to only be worn at home." Then he described the nightgown, peignoir and lingerie he had been given that day.

"That's a good start," Richard gushed. "Just let her know that you just love wearing girl's lingerie and nightgowns." Richard suddenly became very quiet.

Alan asked, "What's the matter?"

He complained moodily, "What good are all these beautiful clothes if I can only wear them in the house? Mother forbids me to go out in public dressed in anything but my boy's clothes. Although she does admit that I could probably pass as a girl without any difficulty."

"You make a very beautiful girl," Alan said honestly. Alan then recounted the conversation he had had with his mother about hiding and guilt. "I almost think mother wanted me to be seen. If I can put it together, I fully expected being able to appear in public dressed. I have a long way to go before I'm accustomed to skirts and can get my voice cultivated to a feminine voice range and manner."

Richard's voice was very feminine sounding and he said, "I have a darling audio tape you can listen to. Just practice keeping your sweet voice soft in it's high range. Learn to describe things as questions. Listen to your mother....like: Don't you just love wearing a adorable nightgown?"

Alan giggled and said, "Thanks! Maybe I can help you."



"Richard look radiant!"

Richard was quite excited to learn of Alan's mother's opinion on hiding Alan's dressing up. He said, "My mother and yours are already good friends. I know my mother thinks highly of your mother's judgment. Maybe she will convince my mother to also accept her way of thinking. I am going to work on the idea. . .can you imagine us going out in public as girls?"

They then returned to the living room to find that dinner was ready. As Alan gushed about Richard's wardrobe, Mrs. Wright had already figured out that Richard was nearly completely emasculated when at

home. Nights and weekends were spent in dresses, helping around the house like a daughter.

Richard's mother had told her about how all his interests were feminine. He read girl's books and magazines, worked on his hair, created outfits, wrote in his diary and prepared dinner almost every night.

It was about then that Alan inquired regarding Richard's pierced ears. "I have never noticed before that your ears were pierced? I wonder why I didn't? We have walked to and from school together many times?"

Alan mostly wondered how he was able to get away with pierced ears at school without causing comment and certain ridicule?

Richard laughed and shook his long dangling earrings, "The secret is in a tube of flesh colored makeup. I merely fill in the small holes in the lobes of my ears with this ointment, and it stays in place until I again want to insert my earrings. Aren't they pretty?"

"That's permanent right?" Alan asked.

"Once they heal," he said. "You should do the same thing, because I these kind of earrings are much more fun than the screwed-on type. Right ladies?"

Alan's mother nodded knowing that the latter can be painful to wear for any length of time, and they can fall off and be lost.

Alan made a mental note to ask his mother that night to arrange for this small operation, if he didn't worry about this being detected while dressed in his regular school clothes.

Following an enjoyable dinner, accompanied by lively and interesting conversation, mostly of a feminine interest; the dishes were cleared by the two boy-girls. The mothers settled down in the living room for coffee and a liqueur, the latter as a special treat for the occasion.

"To our new daughters," Mrs. Moore toasted. "May they have many more wonderful evening together." She turned to Alan and asked, "Have you decided on a feminine name that we should call you?"

Alan replied that in spite of so much happening in so short a time, he had actually given a little thought to the subject. "I think I'd like to be called, Jennifer."

He explained that not only was this the name of his aunt, his mother's sister, who was his favorite relative, but also it was she who had sent the box of pantyhose that had triggered this whole chain of events. He felt it only right that she should be so recognized. His mother beamed her approval.

Richard said, "I had often wanted to take a girl's name in the past. I dislike being called Richard when dressed as a girl. How fun to have a girl's name."

The subject had never previously come up for fear of incurring his mother's displeasure. Now that this was no longer a problem, he would like to use the name of "Elizabeth," which was his mother's middle name, and to be called "Betty." It was obvious that Mrs. Moore was well pleased with this compliment by her son.

So both boys now had a feminine name that communicated their soft and gentle traits and clued to typical female characteristics such as nurturing and lady-like behaviors.

The two boys had now picked and accepted the names of Jenny and Betty that they immediately put into use.

The time being late, Alan and his mother put on their wraps and, after bidding an affectionate good night to "Betty" and Mrs. Moore, returned the way they had come.

This time, however, all of Alan's nervousness had left him, and he walked with assurance by his mother's side. Along the way, they passed a neighbor who bid Mrs. Wright a good evening with only a casual glance at Alan, obviously without recognition. Even though it was dark,

Alan felt he had passed his first test with flying colors. It gave him hope that he could, after much more practice, maybe appear in public without embarrassment.

Before retiring, Mrs. Wright asked her son to take off the clothes he was wearing, put on the new night gown and peignoir she had bought him that afternoon. She said, "Tomorrow I teach you how to wash your lingerie. Come to the kitchen for a glass of milk and cookies. We should talk."

Alan slowly shed his clothes in front of his mirror and, after carefully hanging up the dress, put on his new beautiful and exciting nightgown and robe before rejoining his mother.

"Alan," Mrs. Wright began, "Today has been an busy and eventful one for you. It seems to have been fun for you and for me too. I got a chance to have a daughter as well as a son. If you continue this interest, I'd sort of have both. Do you see yourself becoming like Richard?"

Alan gushed, "He was really pretty wasn't he? Did you see how comfortable he was in those high heels? And that dress!"

Mrs. Wright said, "Richard has put a lot of time into perfecting his image. Girls spend 24/7 as girls. If you want to look right, it will be a lot of work and money."

"Oh mother, I'd love to try being your daughter sometimes."

"It would be enjoyable planning `Jenny's' wardrobe. I had such fun buying you clothes...some in which I hope we can both share?"

"Can I hang them in my closet? I love seeing my little black dress hanging there."

"Of course. You might even end up with full closet like Richard. However, there must be certain ground rules which will enable you to live both your lives with a minimum of difficulty and a maximum of pleasure."

"Anything you want," he said softly.

"First of all, let's turn the spare bedroom into Jenny's room. It has a nice vanity and is already decorated femininely. We'll leave your boy bedroom for your boy stuff. When you sleep in a nightgown or are a girl for the weekend or after school, that will be your bedroom."

"I'd like to try being a girl through my upcoming vacation?" Alan asked.

"I assumed you'd be living mostly as Jenny. You can keep all your makeup, lingerie and girl's clothes in that bedroom, and thereby keep Jenny's life separate from that of Alan. On Sunday nights, you can prepare your boy clothes for the school week."

"OK."

"In other words," His mother clarified, "At no time when dressed as Alan are you to wear also any feminine garment such as panties, nylons, etc. This could too easily lead to your being found out at school with inevitable ridicule and humiliation. When you are dressed as a boy, you are completely a boy. When a girl, you will be completely a girl. This is going to be a lot of work and money to make you into a passable girl. Are you sure you want to do this?"

"Oh yes, mother," Alan glowed with animation. "Maybe I could get my ears pierced like Richard?"

"Slow down. Let's give you a few days in high heels. You might tire of all the effort it takes to be good-looking girl."

"I'd love to be as pretty as Richard. You could take me shopping."

She nodded, "Later, we can discuss when and how often you will appear dressed in public. Recognition should be unlikely, but this is a risk you will have to consider. I am planning some kind of a trip for us as soon as school closes. That could be a time that you could live completely as 'Jenny.' By the time we return, you will be

so accustomed to living the life of a girl that detection would be most unlikely.”

To say the least, Alan was spellbound with the prospect of living full time on vacation as a girl and readily agreed to all his mother's restrictions.

“Mother, you are so wonderful. Mrs. Moore is afraid Richard will get caught dressing up. Yet, he’s practically a girl but isn’t allowed outside.”

Mrs. Wright said, “That is a personal matter and I do not want to interfere. But how we handle your feminization is of importance to both you boys. I’ll explore her feelings and fears the next time she comes over for coffee.” That would probably be the following day.

Although Alan hardly expected to sleep after such an exciting day, under the enervating influence of the different bed and the soft glamorous gown in which he was attired, he dropped off immediately and knew nothing more until his mother shook him awake. She suggested he not bother to dress, but to put on his matching peignoir and join her for breakfast.

Just as with the previous day, Mrs. Moore dropped in before they had left the breakfast table.

Alan was surprised that Richard had not accompanied his mother, but could tell the two women had matters to discuss. Alan made excuses and busied himself in the next room with the Sunday paper.

As he tried to read, a consciousness of a exciting, new way of life surrounded him. Still unaccustomed silky garment he was wearing, made it difficult for him to concentrate. In addition, he was most curious as to what the two women were discussing...obviously the future of his feminization. He could hear but faint murmurs.

Finally, he heard the outside door close, and he sped into the kitchen to learn what had transpired.

As he had expected, Richard had told his mother of last night's conversation regarding Alan's appearing in public dressed as a girl. Mrs. Wright said, "I told her my views on the harmful effects of too much secrecy and the importance of you learning to adapt naturally to your new role which would probably include an occasional appearance in public while fully dressed as a girl."

Alan's heart raced. Was she actually agreeing to his comprehensive feminization for open presentation?

She went on, "Mrs. Moore had agreed that guilt and shame was not healthy, but with reservations. I told her that Richard makes a beautiful, young lady and I hoped you could appear as comfortable in a dress. She's thinking about it."

"I have a lot to learn," Alan said in his most girlish voice.

Mrs. Wright added, "I told her about our plans for 'Jenny's' vacation. I even suggested the possibility of 'Betty' coming along. Mrs. Moore was pleased with the idea, although she would miss her son very much."

"Oh mother," Alan said. "That would be such fun to have a girlfriend."

"Mrs. Moore said she'd Richard of the offer and leave the decision up to him. Now run up and bath. I'll pick out a dress for you to wear today."

The next day being Monday, and a school day, Alan abruptly returned to earth and his former way of life.

At breakfast that morning, he voluntarily offered to avoid dressing during the week, restricting dressing up to weekends, until the end of the school year. That was just three weeks away.

He had a series of exams to face before the end of the term, and it would be best to avoid anything that might distract him from his studies.

So the weeks passed quickly before vacation and the promised "girl's trip." Richard had quite eagerly agreed.

Now the two friends walked to and from school each day. Each eagerly looking forward to the weekends, when they could end the self-imposed prohibition on dressing.

They talked for hours on the phone and Mrs. Wright said, "Maybe you should have that phone surgically implanted in your ear." (Her mom's words again.)

Saturdays and Sundays they visited back and forth passing through their gardens dressed in their feminine best and called each other by their feminine names.

Richard's mother bought Alan a diary with the name "Jenny's Daily Diary" on the cover. It was a small pink book with a little locking strap. Inside was an address book, calendar with marking for a girl's menstrual cycle and many blank pages with pink lines.

It had a place for wardrobe items, "wants and needs." But mostly it was a daily diary. A place for "Jenny" to write little thoughts about his days of femininity.

There were a list of helper questions such as "What's your favorite dress and where have you worn it?" and "Last night I dreamt about....?" And other random questions about a girl's daily life.

That night, Alan started his first journal entry. With Richard's guidance, he found himself being very careful with his lettering. Very nice woman's handwriting: neat and harmonious. He used big loop-de-loops and circles for dots above the "I"s. He added additional flare to his capital letters and even made a heart above a few "I"s. He made his "a's" and "d's" round and open and stayed within the pink lines.

He wrote:

Today I start my diary. I am wearing my favorite blue nightgown and have my hair up in curlers. I would be so embarrassed if someone at school saw me. But I have to learn to accept that each day, I must become more like a girl...

Jenny

Neighboring houses on both sides overlooked their gardens, and it was inevitable that they were observed. However, these neighbors were all rather elderly, and the mothers agreed that it was none of their business. Maybe they would think it possibly a new fad of the young people, who they readily professed not to understand. In any event, nothing was said or explained.

In the meantime, Mrs. Wright was gradually working on acquiring a complete girl's wardrobe for her son. She felt it important that except on special occasions, Alan was no longer to raid her wardrobe. These clothes would be Alan's to wear and take care of like any girl. He would always have clean lingerie in case he got in an accident.

She laughed to herself. She couldn't wait to tell Alan what she heard from her near mother weekly: "How can you have nothing to wear? Your closet is FULL of beautiful clothes!"

One Saturday morning, although dressed in his regular school clothes, he accompanied his mother on one such shopping tour, where, together, they looked at and purchased bras, girdles, and panties, as well as several outfits to be worn on the trip.

If any of the clerks were curious as to why a teenaged boy stayed so close and was so interested in such articles, they showed no sign. On the other hand, this may not have been the first time they had experienced such interest by a young man in such intimate items of feminine wear in the teen section.

His mother was pleased to note that Alan showed no nervousness or embarrassment during these sessions and was completely at ease discussing each item of intimate feminine apparel with her. As they were discussing padded bras, she whispered, "It won't be long and you'll be wearing these out on our shopping trips."

Alan blushed, "They are awfully expensive?"

His mother smiled, "The one area where we probably shouldn't skimp is in your undergarments. Lingerie will make an important difference in not only how you look, but also how you feel. I think we should seek out the smoothest, softest fabrics possible, choosing bras with a minimum of seaming in the cup area."

"So I look more natural?"

"The smoother and softer the cup is, the more real your breasts will look under light weight fabrics."

After picking out a few brassieres, they went to the girdle section and Alan's mother said, "Another must-have for you is a few well fitting girdles. They will do wonders for your waist and add curves where you need them and flatness where you don't."

She pointed out that it was equally important that some of his parts not experience extreme compression. They picked out several girdles with ultra stretchy, soft front panels that won't bind but did the job and were

comfortable to wear. They offered extra support between Alan's legs while keeping waist compression to a maximum. They also came with a snap closure on the crotch, allowing Alan to easily go to the ladies room without having to pull the girdle down.

Alan was so excited and if felt wonderful to bond as mother and "daughter" through shopping for lingerie.

His mother was concerned as she bought these most intimate female items for her son but did not want it to be embarrassing or painful for him. She knew that providing Alan with the proper undergarments would help him look and feel his most feminine.

LAST WEEK OF SCHOOL....

During the last week of school, Mrs. Wright received a reply to the recent letter written to her sister, Jennifer. Alan's Aunt Jennifer and her family, lived in a suburb of Detroit. When writing, she had thanked her sister for the birthday gift of the pantyhose, but had to tell her in some detail, all that had developed as a result of the gift.

This included mention of Alan's dressing up and ultimately even taking on the name "Jennifer." She also told of her intention of their taking a motor trip to the West after school ended and they hoped to visit with them for a week or so.

It was directly asked, of course, whether or not they would be embarrassed having two boys dressed as girls staying with them. Also how this would set with her husband, Alan's Uncle Ralph, and their son Steven, Alan's cousin.

In her reply, Aunt Jennifer assured her sister that she was delighted with the idea of their visit. She wrote: *"I am unsure whether you are just joking because I forgot your size or if you are serious. Assuming you are serious, I am intrigued to see my nephew, and also his friend. As long as they act as proper young ladies, both are most*

welcome. And I'm flattered that Alan had chosen to be called by my name. He is my favorite nephew? Or should I say niece? I look forward to seeing you all! Love, Jenny."

As far as Uncle Ralph was concerned, as a professor of psychology at the University, there was nothing about people that could surprise or disturb him, and he added his welcome at the bottom. He wrote: *"Looking forward to seeing you all. Not much surprises me and you might know, I have taught gender studies for many years. Regarding his cousin, Steve, you can be assured that he would be his usual pleasant self. Actually Steve had expressed little interest in this transformation, and was just looking forward to seeing Alan...even if he and his friend Richard are acting like girls. The young are so open minded about these things...."*

So now everything was set for their trip, and both boys had passed their exams with high marks. There was nothing ahead but anticipation of an exciting, and most unusual vacation. When Alan came home from that last day of school, his mother met him at the door. She asked, "If you are still committed, we have a lot of work to do to get you ready."

"Where do we begin?"

"Go get out of those boy clothes in your bedroom and then close the door. Everything you need is now in Jenny's room."

Thus Alan's summer began. He had no idea what a summer of being a girl would do to him. His small size and full hips that had been such an awkwardness was now something to highlight. He had liked dressing as a girl on occasion but this was a major commitment. People, his relatives and others would know he liked feeling feminine and doing things like a girl.

Alan was not sexually attracted to boys yet Richard said they might enjoy their attention as a way of proving how far they had cast off their masculinity.

Once in Jenny's bedroom, Alan put on a pair of panties and his padded bra. He loved the feel of his shaved legs rubbing together so smooth and soft. It cranked up his excitement and anticipation as he thrilled with the delight of only being a girl.

He put on a simple dress and realized he was now a girl all day and every night. Richard was making similar moves as he prepared for the summer. Alan's mother had said, "This summer will give you a chance to take in your feminine aspiration and thoroughly lose yourself in feeling like a girl."

Following the last day of school, Alan had his first hair styling appointment at a remote hairdresser's shop, who, as a friend of Richard's mother would be discrete. The appointment was made after the shop was closed but Alan was still scared.

His mother said, "I can cancel but without a good cut and style, you will never look your best as a girl."

Alan must have asked a thousand times what the hairdresser was going to do.

His mother would laugh, "Not sure but Mrs. Moore said you'll like it. But once you are in the chair, what happens should be your decision and not mine. I have you scheduled for the works."

"The works?" Alan licked his lips. "Sounds delicious!"

"I told the woman that you are like Richard. She is going to do your hair, nails, eyebrows and maybe your ears."

"Ears? They can pierce my ears like Richard's?" That would permit Alan to wear the type earrings designed for use with pierced ears.

"They are your ears and not my ears," his mother said. Most girls have their ears pierced. You need to understand the responsibility of the care needed to keep them healthy. When I was a little girl, getting my ears pierced was a VERY special thing."

"It's special for me too!" Alan gushed.

Later before Alan went to bed, his mother came in and gave him several pair of earrings...all for pierced ears. "My mother gave me these when I was about your age," she said with a tear in her eyes. She held one up to Allan's ear and said, "See how pretty? And I won't have any problem figuring out what to buy you for your birthday present this year...maybe pearls or gold hoops."

Alan blushed. He looked across the room into the mirror and saw his mother holding the long dangling earring next to his ears. "Oh mom, I can't wait to wear earrings like Richard..."

"And just like other girls," she smiled, telling Alan how much he will love having pierced ears. "It's a girl thing," she said.

On the way to the hair salon, his mother said, "We should have had you wear a dress today."

"It's closed, right? Does Richard wear a dress?"

"No, but it could be much more fun in a dress," Mrs. Wright quipped with somewhat of a mischievous smile on her face.

"I don't think I'm ready yet," Alan sighed.

"You will be ready after they are done with you tonight."

Alan felt like an excited puppy in a car on his way to fixed, gelded and emasculated. He wasn't too far off.

Once in the shop, there was a little small talk. Candy, the shop owner and her assistant had Alan sit down in a straight backed chair and after washing his hair, began trimming.

The beautician said, "Just relax. Besides Richard, we do this a lot to Tomboys. They come in here rough and tumble and leave pretty young ladies. We are turning you into a young lady, right?"

Alan blushed and nodded.

The ladies didn't seem to care why Alan wanted to look like a girl. It was just what they did. In what seemed to Alan to take forever, in reality only took less than two hours.

After Alan's mini makeup lesson, he now sported dark eyeliner, mascara and pastel brown and green eye shadow.

The assistant had plucked his brows to Alan's flinching, but the result was plucked thin, bewitching high feminine arches above his deep, colorful eyes.

As they went about curling his hair, another women showed him how to use a complexion base and where to put his pink colored blush.

The makeup and other feminine enhancers were being put into a pink bag. At some point, Alan was shown how to outline his lips with a lip pencil and fill in with color then add a gloss coat.

Once his hair was up in curlers, Candy turned to his mother and asked, "Are you sure?"

Alan was enjoying the creamy and sweet tasting lipstick as he saw Candy turn her back to load something into a silver gun like thing.

“Your mother says we should do your ears....” Candy said.

Alan nodded, as they marked the best position on each ear lobe and cleaned them with something. Suddenly with no fanfare, with a quick pull of a trigger, and a shark pop sound, Candy pierced one then the other of Alan's earlobes.

Alan's feminized and made up face was now enhanced with two little gold studs in each earlobe.

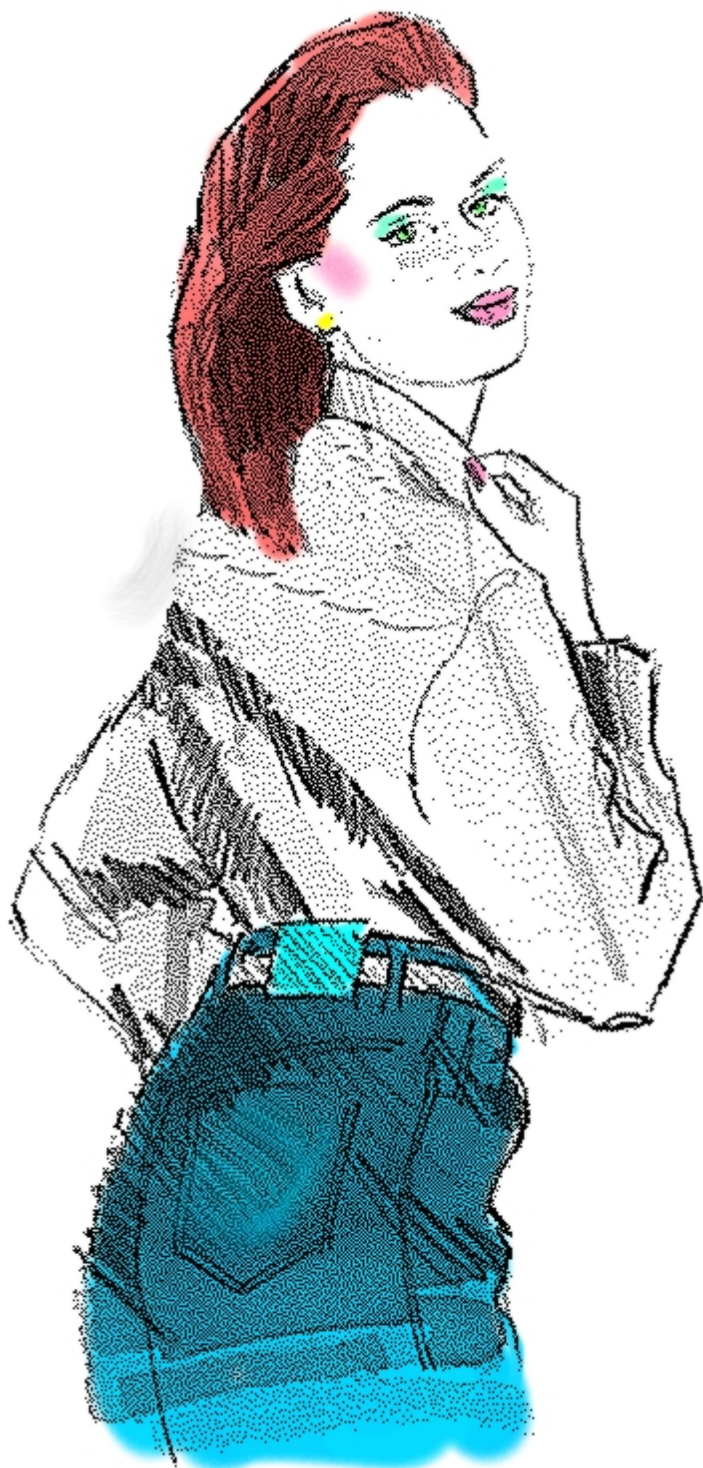
Alan was instructed how to wear them, and clean the holes for several days until his ear piercings healed. Then he could wear most any earrings he wanted. “Just wear some kind of earring at all times for a month or two.”

When they finished his hair, it looked longer than when he started. They also sold him a much longer curly hair fall piece that matched his hair perfectly. “You just clip it on in back and fluff your our own hair around it to look ultra girlish,” Candy said. She showed him how to put it on.

Then with his own hair she brushed it out and then used a bottle of hairspray, flowery smelling and sprayed it to hold the style.

Mrs. Wright pulled the car to the front of the salon and Alan ducked into the car. “Gawd, I look weird like this,” he said. “I have a girl's face and hair and boys body.”

“You do look like a girl but pull your jeans up higher and you look like most of the girls I see now a days.”



“Once home, his mother said, “I know it’s late but I have to see you in a dress.” She took him by his arm into the bedroom to pick out a dress.

She picked a short-sleeved, pastel blue cotton, full-skirted day dress. It was simple and feminine and had a pretty fabric self sash that was long enough to put into a pretty bow in the back.

Alan suddenly felt odd and winced and cringed at the very sight of the dress.

“Should I put on my lingerie and that dress?” he asked, feeling a little shame.

“That’s the idea,” his mother said. You are going to be wearing dresses and soon learn that it is not a dress or a girl’s dress but is your dress. From what I see of your pretty face, hair and pierced ears, you belong in a dress.”

So his mother helped him into the dress, adjusted the hem of his dress to just barely cover his slip and then tied the self-fabric sash into a pretty bow in the small of Alan’s back.

Alan not only looked like a girl now, he also felt his own masculinity being sucked out of him. He was wearing frilly pink panties, hose and heels.

“Well, my boy,” his mother stated, “Take a good look at the new you!

It would be a week or two before the holes healed, and Alan could wear anything but for now, he pulled his curls behind his ears to proudly flash the little gold studs with his new girlie hairdo.

“Oh, how cute”, his mother squealed as she held him in front of the mirror. “You like?”

Alan was blushing. “I still feel weird now with the hair and eyebrows.

"Well, you better get used to it. You will be wearing a dress for the rest of the summer."

He sighed, and turned to see the bow at his back. He felt pangs of humiliation. He felt like a boy dressed up like a girl and it was embarrassing.

"You look darling!" his mother said. You get used to feeling like this. Before you know it, you'll be feeling like a lady."

The next morning, Alan woke up and for the first time, was expected to wear earrings. He had to or the hole would heal up. He would also be wearing lipstick. These new eye-openers pleased him. He welcomed the thought of picking out earrings each morning to replace his sleeper studs. It was definitely a girl like thing to do. His mother also introduced him to new shades of lipstick; wearing lipstick was something that unquestionably distinguished girls from boys.

It was a Saturday morning, only a few days before their scheduled departure. Although several hours had elapsed since breakfast, there had been no sign of Mrs. Moore for her usual cup of coffee and conversation.

Mrs. Wright was somewhat disturbed, since she had noticed a quietness about her neighbor, when they had visited a couple of evenings ago. She could not help but wonder if something were wrong.

Richard put in an appearance a short time later. He was wearing a very attractive blue cotton dress and white, high heeled sandals, and fully made up. Mrs. Wright inquired, "I haven't seen your mother. Is there something wrong?"

Richard confessed, "I have noticed her moodiness but have no idea as to the cause...unless it has to do with our impending trip."

Mrs. Wright had entertained the same idea that this might be the reason. So leaving the two "boy-girls" to play with each other's hair, she decided to face the problem. She went across the two gardens to find Mrs. Moore sitting morosely at her breakfast table.

Although she was greeted politely but there was little of the usual warmth of their past meetings.

Alan's mother, being a forthright person, wasted no time in asking what if anything was wrong.

Mrs. Moore first evaded the question, but after repeated prodding, confessed, "I can not help but be depressed over the thought that Richard and I would soon be separated for the first time since he was a child. And he is so excited about finally getting out of the house. I swear, he's never looked so pretty. I feel like I won't even know him when he gets back."

Mrs. Wright immediately went over to her neighbor, and putting her arms around her shoulders, and said, "My dear friend. I have been very selfish in planning this trip without a single thought as to how you would be affected by the absence of your lovely son. Would it be possible for you to arrange to come along?"

"Could I?" she asked. She then talked about how Richard was affected by not having any male influence in his life. "I blame myself for making him...well...so girlish. I would come home from work and since I had no husband, I'd talk about the new fashions and dresses and girls at work. Next thing I know, he's into the samples and I'm bringing him home dresses...."

"I understand," Mrs. Wright said. "While all this is new to Alan, he loves and admires Richard. Right now they are over in my kitchen planning their every outfit and hairdo sounding more like ten-year-old girls. I would love your companionship on the trip. This would enable you to help me in driving, as both boys are too young to drive."

Mrs. Moore joked, "I'd love to go. As fond as I am of both of them, their endless conversation on what they are wearing will surely be wearing on you. You and I have so many things in common, I can at least give you some adult companionship."

"We'll just tune out the two 'girls' in the back seat," she laughed.

Mrs. Moore's face lit up and she responded most enthusiastically, saying with a laugh, "I'm so glad you asked. It is indeed most generous of you, can you delay our departure for a few days until I can make arrangement for someone to take my place at the store?"

"Of course."

"Also, I would not want to impose on your families hospitality by including myself. Betty and I can stop off to visit with my sister-in-law, whom I have not seen since the funeral of my late husband. Actually you will have to pass through Toledo on your way to Detroit, so this will not be out of your way going, and you could pick us up on your return trip?"

Mrs. Moore smiled a bit before continuing, "My sister-in-law, while a lovely person, is an old spinster. I cannot help wondering as to how she will react when I present her nephew all dressed up in the latest girl's fashions. I will have to prepare her in some way...."

At that moment, both Richard and Alan entered the house with their arms about each other's girlish waist. They were told of the change in plans. Rather than being upset over the delay in their scheduled departure, both boys were most enthusiastic, feeling that the vacation would now be even more pleasant.

Richard had qualms over leaving his mother alone and came up and gave her a tight girlish hug. He said, "Mom, you've made me the happiest girl in the world!" He had

that playful, innocent look on his face and that sweet, high tone in his voice which made his dressing like a girl so natural.

The two boys made a bee-line for Richard's bedroom to try on his darling new jean skirt adding. "I have another darling jean skirt you will just love!"

Mrs. Moore said shaking her head, "Playing dress-up with Richard seemed like a good idea to me. I'm afraid that he's more girl than boy now."

"Alan is doing pretty good in his three inch open-toe pumps, don't you think?"

The two mothers laughed nervously. Both boys were now in a word, irresistible! Mrs. Wright said, "I am so glad you are going. Another chaperone."

At than moment, Alan came in gleefully showing off how Richard's new jean skirt looked on him.



Not to be outdone, Richard changed into his charming flowery sundress and strappy sandals.

“My gawd,” Mrs. Moore said, “I can see right through that dress...clear to your panties. Go put on a half-slip right now. And wash off some of that lipstick. It’s too early for bright red.”

Richard pouted off. Mrs. Wright said to Alan, "You have to be very careful with thin dresses when the sun is behind you!"

He stood there, his hair pulled up into a high ponytail. His pink lipstick and minimal make-up screamed innocent schoolgirl but his three-inch heels and suggestive, tight jean skirt squealed something else entirely.

When Alan left the room, his mother said, "I guess it's natural for girls their age to be honing their flirting skills. My mother made me change almost every day."

They both agreed...they wanted them to look like "good girls." And they both knew boys would be watching their every step, every swing of their skirted hips, every flash of their nylon-clad thighs. It was a pleasurable part of being a young girl.

The two mothers talked for a bit and heard music in the living room. "I hope you don't mind," Mrs. Moore said, "Richard is teaching Alan to dance like a girl."

"I have to see that!"

The two mothers watched as the two boys fast danced in their skirts. Richard was practiced and skirt flirted as Alan did his best to emulate the hips movements.

"I've never danced in a skirt before," Alan blushed when he saw his mother watching. "And in high heels!"

Richard looked comfortable and at ease in his sundress. Mrs. Moore said, "I taught him because I always loved dancing around with my sister at home."

Mrs. Wright immediately called her sister about the change in plans. She would no longer have to provide a room for Alan's friend.

Aunt Jennifer said she was happy with the new arrangement. She had worried somewhat over how she was going to accommodate the extra guest.

Their house was not overly large, but with Alan and his mother only, there would now be no problem. As far as the change in dates, this would be all right as they had no plans for going away. All would be on summer vacation during their stay.

The extra time provided was to the advantage of all concerned. In the first place, neither boy had ever appeared in public dressed as a girl. The additional training and constant dressing would help achieve a degree of naturalness.

Constantly in heels, their walk and manner of handling themselves was changing quickly. Further, they were learning to modulate their voices higher at all times, even under situations of stress or emotion.

They had to think like girls to avoid the risk of having their disguises penetrated, with consequent embarrassment or worse.

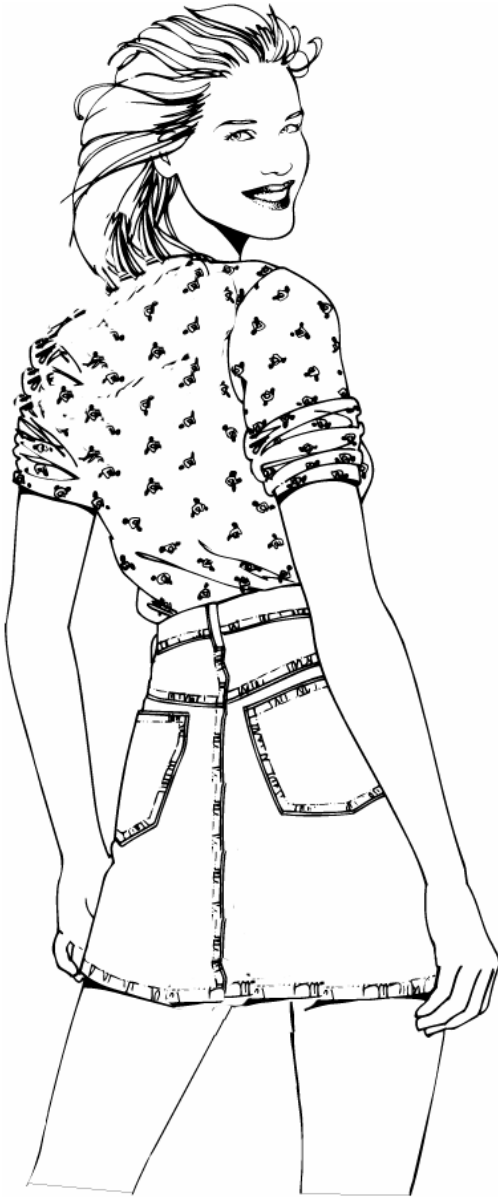
In addition, they must learn to wear their girl's clothes gracefully and convincingly in public. This was not as much a problem for Richard as for Alan.

Richard had been wearing girl's clothes for a period of years under his mother's careful supervision. But skirts had a way of moving up and the "public" was a more critical observer of young girls.

Although Alan never mentioned the subject, he could not help but have some disquieting thoughts as to the reception he would receive from his uncle. And he had

been close to his cousin. Now he'd be presenting himself to all intents and purposes, as a girl.

He attempted to put these concerns behind him, fully determined to live his new existence to the fullest. Hoping that by the time he reached Detroit, he would by then have had sufficient experience in public to react naturally feminine.



During this period, while the boys were going through their final days of training for complete feminization, Alan's mother became increasingly aware of how rapidly and completely he was entering into his new way of life. While, at first, she had welcomed the thought of having in him as both a daughter and a son, she found that the

feminine side of her child was rapidly displacing all signs of his masculine self.

Alan now suppressed at every opportunity any sign that he was ever a boy. He had started wearing his bra with inserts to bed. When asked the reason for this practice, he said that he could no longer stand the appearance of his flat chest under the nightgown.

Mrs. Wright sighed, "Bras designed for day time use were not to be worn at night." However, to keep him happy she would buy him a sleep bra for wear under his nightgowns. Suddenly, she was assailed by doubts.

She realized that they were now too far committed to back out of the trip, but she could not help but wonder about Alan and Richard's future. Could they become boys again? Possibly, by that time, she would have irrevocably lost her son, and this could bring problems. Alan's ears were pierced and his eyebrows plucked into high girlish arches. He wouldn't be seen with out makeup.

Alan's introduction to makeup was probably no more trying than that of any girl, but he had entered their world belatedly and, therefore had much to learn, in much less time. Not only did the average girl start experimenting at an earlier age, she also had the assistance and advice--whether wise or not--of her girl friends, and in this, too, Alan was lacking. But he had his mother and Richard.

From the beauty salon, Alan had a complete set of cosmetics, including lipstick, nail polish, eye shadow, eye liner, mascara, face creams and face powders and added anything else she thought he would need.

Alan's first experiments naturally resulted in some pretty garish effects, but through perseverance this tendency was curbed and in time he learned how to use to advantage all these delightful and exciting aids to achieving a really feminine appearance. In addition, the

plucking and arching of his eyebrows changed the whole appearance of his face to an unbelievable extent, making it appear more oval and girl-like.

In accordance with his mother's earlier admonition, Alan did not deliberately avoid contact with anyone outside of the four of them while dressed, although at the same time he did not make any attempts to cultivate the company of others. The only exceptions were the postman and the few tradesmen who might come to the house to deliver packages. The latter apparently accepted him as a girl without question, for he was very convincing in manner and appearance.

However, the first time Mr. Evans--the postman--knocked, Alan was reluctant to go to the door, until there was definite indication on the part of his mother that he should do so without any further fuss. Alan was wearing a white shirtwaist, a dark blue nylon skirt and rather high-heeled white pumps.

Mr. Evans' eyes opened wide when he recognized his old friend, but merely said, "You do look nice Alan," then added with a twinkle in his eyes, "Or should it now be Alice?"

Alan, suddenly at ease after this friendly exchange, retorted, "No, it is Jenny."

Mr. Evans replied, "Well then, Jenny it shall be, and may I add you make a very pretty miss."

Alan returned to the living room with a happy smile on his face, and related this interchange to his mother, at the same time feeling more confidence than he had before, about appearing as a girl.

Mr. Evans on the other hand, walked down the garden path, saying to himself, "Well, I never. I wonder what that was all about, and why."

He was convinced that this was not the usual "dress up" lark that he had witnessed. Mr. Evans was not the type of man to gossip with the people on his route, and

consequently said nothing further about the incident until he was home having dinner, when he recounted the incident in detail.

His wife knew about all the people he served, as this was a favorite subject of the conversations over dinner. As a result, she knew of the Wrights--the mother and the boy--but could offer no suggestions as to why a fifteen year old boy should suddenly appear in public--without apparent embarrassment--attired as a girl, complete with earrings, makeup, and permanently waved hair done in a feminine manner--in front of a man he had known for years.

Their son David listened with more than usual interest. He made no comment however, as he did not want his parents to know he found the subject they discussed to be exciting. He first contemplated visiting the neighborhood where the Wrights lived, in the hope of getting a glimpse of Alan attired as a girl, but reluctantly gave up the idea.

One other occasion where Alan was appearing in public as Jenny, was in taking care of his daily chore of picking up the milk and bread each morning from the small "mom and pop" grocery store at the end of their street.

Here again, his mother insisted that Alan run his errands as usual, since he had turned his back completely on his boy's wardrobe. Since the start of vacation, there was no alternative but to go as he was presently dressed.

On this occasion he was wearing a pink and white cotton dress, pantyhose, shoes with medium two-inch heels, white necklace and matching earrings in his pierced ears. He started off down the street with some trepidation, but, although he passed several people, they were none that he knew, and no one paid him other than a passing glance.

Mr. And Mrs. Swartz were rather elderly people who had run this neighborhood store most of their lives, having seen all the young people over the years grow up and move away. Never having had children of their own, they did not attempt to understand them, but accepted them for what they appeared to be. They were always prepared to be friendly, providing the children were well behaved, which Alan had always been.

Alan was blushing a deep red when he made his usual request for the bread and milk, but at the same time trying to appear that nothing was different. All Mr. Swartz said, as he handed him his purchases, was, "So it is a girl you now are. That is nice," and turned away to wait on another customer.

From that day on, Alan collected the milk and bread without any further comment from anyone. Even his neighbors, whom he eventually passed, coming or going, seemed to accept him, or rather her, without apparent question.

DRIVING AWAY....

Finally, the long awaited morning of departure arrived. Alan and Richard said a last good-bye, at least for the time being, to their boy clothes. They were starting off on a thrilling adventure as two, very cute, young girls.

On arrival at Richard's house, the boys greeted each other impulsively with a kiss on the lips. This was done so naturally, and so unaffectedly, that neither mother saw fit to protest. The sight had been somewhat of a shock at first but it was apparent that this had become a natural, affectionate and girlish manner of them greeting. They sometimes held hands and would fix each other's straying hair. It was indicative as to how fully they had become girls in their reactions and thinking.

Richard had on a green and red plaid, cotton dress, and green sandals with medium high built-up cork heels. Alan wore a crisp, white cotton blouse and short, blue denim skirt with black and white loafers.

Both boys wore pantyhose, although Alan argued for a girdle that he found more exciting. That had been overruled by his mother as not being suitable for a long car ride.

To avoid the problem of managing their hair in the wind, Alan had developed an attractive hairdo by bringing the hair together on each side of his head in two separate groupings tied together with short white ribbon bows to match his blouse. Richard, whose hair was longer, wore his in a ponytail secured by a silver barrette his mother had given him as a going away present.

Both boys had made up carefully with light colored lipstick and just a trace of eye shadow, remembering their mother's instruction to go lightly on the makeup, thus avoid calling undue attention to themselves.

In the trunk of the car were their separate suitcases, containing the results of careful planning, and the shopping tours of the past weeks. Both boys had an extensive and varied lot of girl's clothes--which, most importantly, included not one single item of boy's attire.

The plan was to travel at leisurely pace, stopping off at motels for the four nights going and three returning, so that the boys would have a number of chances to wear their dresses in public. The idea was to allow them normal social interaction while dining in restaurants, shopping and sight-seeing. They had scheduled several sight-seeing tours of the towns and parks they would be passing through...which would provide even more opportunities to show off their clothes.

The two mothers had sensibly decided to wear pant suits most of the time, as being more practical and comfortable while travelling. A suggestion to their

offspring to do likewise had been rejected out of had as being a too masculine type of getup. They wanted only to emphasize their femininity, which, under the circumstances was understandable.

It was a gay foursome that finally left from the Moore's house, but not before the two femininely dressed boys had found a number of occasions to run back to their houses for last minute items previously overlooked. It was probably just to look a final time in the mirror.

Mrs. Moore was aware of the curtains moving back and forth in the living room of the house across the street. Their unusual departure was being observed and would undoubtedly be commented on later, after their return.

If there were problems ahead for both her and her son, she was determined to put off worrying about them until later.

There was little traffic on the road, and with the two women alternating on the driving, they made good time. Their first stop was at a drive-in for a lunch of hamburgers, where they were served in the car by young boy carhops.

Jenny and Betty giggled with newfound embarrassment, when a carhop came to them for their orders, which were given by their mothers. However, apart from a casual glance at the two "girls" in the back seat, he paid them no attention, to their mingled relief and disappointment.

But most thrilling was an urgent "first." First trip to a Ladies Room for both boys. Both mothers had thoroughly talked about this most sacred of female sanctuary. A place that they would be required to use and use properly.

They had been trained how to use the stalls, where to hang their purse, use the seat covers and how to reapply

makeup with other women. Even given a tampon for their purses in case another women had an urgent need.

But it was a Drive-in that the two boys in their beautiful summer dresses had a first visit to a real ladies room. The rest rooms were located outside of the main dining room and down a hall.

The two boys entered it like it was a church and for the first time in days, both were embarrassed. At school they hated the boy's room. That was where the bullies hung out. But nature called and both were a little confused. They were both all dressed up and so lovely. Richard went into a stall and reached under his dress and delicately pulled down his panties and panty hose.

Alan went into a different stall and pulled his skirt up around his waist and pulled down his dainty little panties. Alan was shocked when he heard another woman come in.

He sat there on the seat and closed his eyes, taking in the sheer girlishness of it all.

He whispered through his breath to himself, "I'm just like a girl now." He loved the feeling, so deep inside as he thought, "How can I ever be a boy again?"

Alan slipped his panties back on, then smoothed down his dress and in a daze wandered out to the mirror and opened his purse.

Richard came out and was equally quiet. Their minds were just too busy contemplating what was happening to them. Both boys quickly touched up their lipstick and hurried back to the car.

Mrs. Wright inquired as if she didn't already know, "What did you think of the ladies room?"

As planned they stopped off at Gettysburg to see the Civil War battlefields. The mothers, having been there

before, told Betty and Jenny to buy tickets for the short tour and come back to the car in about an hour's time.

The mothers cautioned them against getting into any conversation with others on the tour. They realized that the two boys would eventually have to make their first introduction into public life as girls alone. This seemed as safe a way as any, and would give them the increased confidence they so badly needed at this start of their trip.

Within the hour, they were back at the car, happily excited over their first successful outing with strangers. The tour had gone off without incident and they had been readily accepted for what they appeared to be. They even engaged in a brief conversation with a woman in the group, who had inquired of their names and where they were from. This experience had provided an opportunity of experimenting with their new voices, apparently with success.

After this event, they found that their nervousness had left them, and they now looked forward eagerly to their next experience, which would be that night at their first motel stop.

It had been planned originally that the two boys would share one room, with the mothers in another. After discussing all the angles, it was decided instead that this could result in problems. "You are now young girls," Mrs. Moore said, "It's unsafe for such young girls to be in a room alone, particularly should our rooms not be adjacent."

Mrs. Wright agreed, saying, "As young girls, you have to take special precautions when in motels or traveling. We want this trip as girls to be a memorable one rather than a nightmare. As women, we always stay away from the first floor of budget motels. And watch your purses in the tourist areas."

As boys, the two were not sure they understood all the scary talk. But some of the looks from strange men had them readily agree that safety was the first rule and that they would always travel together.

As a result, each family would have their own room.

But this was a big disappointment to both Jenny and Betty. They did recognize that difficulties could arise and that they would be safer paired off in this manner.

They stopped of at a Holiday Inn, and while the two boys stayed in the car, the mothers arranged for the rooms. It was a two-story motel, with a large swimming pool in the inner courtyard on which their rooms faced.

Both boys, in their new found confidence, wanted to go in bathing at once, using their new bathing suits for the first time. However, the wiser counsel of their mothers prevailed in finally convincing them they were not quite ready for this. By doing so they would be pushing their luck too far--to which they reluctantly agreed.

In any event a far more exciting prospect lay ahead for the two boys: dining in a public restaurant for the first time ever as girls. For this outing, they had long planned as to just what they would wear.

Only a week before, they had spotted two dresses in a downtown store window that had captured their mutual fancies. They ran home and cornered their mothers.

Richard asked innocently, "If we were girls, would we want a few new dresses for the trip?"

"I suppose," one mother said, looking at the other.

"Oh mother," Alan gushed, "We found the cutest dresses that we just have to have...."

Nothing would do but that their mothers must buy them. They had good-naturedly agreed to the purchase. Both dresses were of nylon, but with a linen-like texture. One was white, with contrasting black cuffs and collar

and a black leather belt. The other was in black, with white contrasting accessories. The costumes were complete with white and also black high heel pumps finished off in the same linen-like material.

Alan had chosen the basically white costume as he had matching earrings and necklace which he had wanted to wear, while Richard was satisfied to accept the black dress with white cuffs, collar and belt and black shoes, as he had black beads and earrings to match his dress.

Together, the two boys made a striking appearance in their contrasting costumes, and they were confident that they would attract considerable attention as they made their entrance to the dining room.

Alan was so excited getting dressed for his debut, that his mother had difficulty getting him dressed at all. He did get his way by wearing the white satin faced girdle of which he was so proud, white lace trimmed panties, a matching half slip and sheer nylons that set his shapely legs off to advantage.

Finally, both boys were dressed and made up to their satisfaction and, together, they left for the dining room, their faces flushed with the knowledge that they both looked very smart, and every inch the young miss.

Their entrance was all that they had anticipated, for indeed they presented the appearance of two very attractive young ladies.



Their delight in their reception was further enhanced by the admiring glances they received from two boys of about their ages who were seated a short distance away.

During the meal, the boys kept glancing towards their table, evidently showing a great deal of interest in the two "girls".

Alma and Ruth were concerned, over the possibility of their trying to strike up an acquaintance afterwards, and how this could be handled. They know their sons were definitely were not yet prepared for such a development.

Fortunately, they had apparently only stopped off for dinner with their parents, for they drove away after finishing their meal, but not before passing close to their table on the way out with the greeting of "Hi ya, girls. Sorry we are not sticking around."

Alan responded in his new high voice, "Us too," and gave them a broad smile.

Alma and Ruth looked at each other helplessly, and then shrugged their shoulders as much as to say, "Are we going to have problems?"

The two "girls" on the other hand could talk of little else but the cute boys in the restaurant and, also, how well their dresses had been received.

It was obvious that their boy-selves had now been completely submerged, and that they now looked forward to their future experiences being treated as girls. Each little dose of male appreciation added to the confidence and their ability to carry out this masquerade.

The days passed pleasantly, and with each public contact, whether at meals, on tours, or shopping in the stores of the towns they visited, they enjoyed each experience with complete assurance.

TOLEDO....

All too soon they reached Toledo, where they were to leave Alma and Betty. They reached the home of Mrs. Moore's sister-in-law just before lunch.

Both boys were wearing knit dresses, Alan in beige, while Richard's dress was a darker tan. Alan was introduced as Jenny with no further explanation, and was received in a polite if rather restrained manner, while Aunt Mae as she was called, barely acknowledged her nephew at all.

Suddenly, all of Richard's confidence seemed to ooze away, as it was obvious that she did not approve of what she saw.

Ruth could not help but wonder if Alma had really explained in advance just how things were to be, for it was clear that she had failed to enlist Aunt Mae's acceptance. Under the circumstances, and not wanting to participate further in what appeared to be a rather strained situation, she made her apologies and said that they must run along, without delay, if they were to reach Detroit that night, as they had promised.

Alan and his mother said a quick but affectionate good-bye to their now subdued friends, promising to see them again in a little over two weeks.

Both Alan and his mother drove along thinking about their two close friends, being apprehensive for Richard, as to how he would make out in an apparently unfriendly atmosphere before they could pick him upon their scheduled return. Of importance was that he had nothing with him but his girl's clothes, and would be obliged to continue in the role of Betty regardless of how his aunt might feel. Their only hope was that they would be able to win her over during the period of their stay into accepting Richard as Betty.

As a result of this experience, Alan and his mother now could not help but worry over the forthcoming visit with his aunt and uncle, in spite of the written acceptance of Aunt Jenny. They tried to bolster each other's

confidence, but a small cloud had come over their previously happy state of mind.

After leaving Toledo, Alan and his mother rode along in silence each occupied with their own thoughts, which were similar in nature. As a result, Mrs. Wright was not surprised when Alan finally spoke, suggesting, rather tentatively, the possibility of their delay their arrival at Aunt Jennifer's until early the next morning. He followed with the observation that he had been quite upset by the cool and disapproving reception he had received from Richard's aunt, and felt the need of one more night of being in public to restore his confidence. Also, he would like the opportunity of dressing more carefully than he was at present, so that on arrival at his aunt's, he could make a more convincing impression.

His mother readily agreed, and at the first opportunity she phoned her sister as to their change of plans. She plead that they were behind schedule due to heavy traffic, thus, under the best of circumstances, could not arrive until late that night, and, therefore they would prefer arriving early the next morning, refreshed by a night's sleep. To their mutual relief, this explanation was accepted without question.

Early that afternoon, they stopped of at a motel near Detroit that would require but an hour's drive, the following day, to reach their destination.

Alan and his mother were glad of the chance to be by themselves again. While resting on the beds of their motel room, talked over the events of the past few days.

"Oh mother," Alan gushed, "It's been more fun than I could ever imagine. I really feel like a girl sometimes."

"If I didn't know better," she laughed, "I'd swear your clothes were discharging estrogen or something. I can tell you have had a very fulfilling and satisfying experience. I was worried that you'd just be an effeminate boy in

panties and a dress. But I half expect you to start your period any day.”

“Me too,” he giggled but that made Alan blush. He added, “I don’t feel like a boy anymore. I love looking at my long painted nails and from writing in my diary, even my handwriting has gotten pretty.”

“Are you having any dreams as a girl?” his mother asked.

He nodded. “A few. Richard and I have talked about this trip and that we have no choice but to act like girls. If we don’t, we could have problems. Like when boys look at us.”

His mother laughed, “Boys will be boys. They seem to be especially aware of very feminine girls. Boys love looking at girls that love wearing dresses and high heels...in other words, the boys are going to love you.”

“Oh mom,” he sighed, “I like watching their eyes check me out. It pleases them and I like being accepted as a girl. Is that too weird?”

“You have put a lot of effort into looking your best as a girl. Take pleasure in these moments of enchantment when being young and pretty. Trust me, they fade quickly.”

They also speculated as to what possibly lay ahead of them, during the next two weeks of their visit with his aunt, uncle, and cousin.

Alan confessed to feeling a little uncertain as to how he would be received by his cousin, Steve. “He’ll never understand,” Alan said softly.

“There is no turning back at this stage,” his mother laughed. No making any change in plans, nor did either want to. Alan recognized that matters might not go as smoothly as they had anticipated.

Mrs. Wright assured Alan, "I am firmly behind you, and fully responsible for the pretty young lady sitting next to me. I'm proud of you!"

After this talk, Alan felt much reassured.

They then had a quiet and uneventful dinner in the motel dining room, followed by a walk through the streets of the small town where their motel was located.

There appeared to be complete acceptance of the nicely dressed girl walking next to her mother. Alan was wearing a smart two piece blue knit suit consisting of matching skirt and jacket, a blouse of heavy white crepe with sleeves that ended in full cuffs, and a large bow at his neck. Both felt happy. Who would guess that the girl in high heeled pumps and hair that had been styled and curled so carefully could be a boy?

Alan stole many glances of his reflection from passing shop windows. The girlish reflection did much to repair the confidence that had been diminished by Richard's experience.

Before going to sleep, they discussed in some detail how Alan would dress to meet the family. They realized that it was of the greatest importance that their first impression should be as favorable as possible.

MEETING THE FAMILY....

They awakened early and were delighted to find it a cool sunny morning of a beautiful day. Following through on their discussion of the night before, Alan's mother said, "Today, they are only going to see my beautiful daughter. You are lucky. Dresses fit you so well."

Alan was concerned. "That's easy for you to say. I almost want to go buy some boy clothes."

“Too late for that,” his mother stated. “We are going to pick something that shows off your curves and is conservative and leaves a lot to the imagination. Wear your hair up behind your ears and maybe wear your big gold hoop earrings. I think you can pull off a shorter dress because you are young and have great legs....”

Alan chose to wear an above the knee length cream colored jersey dress, a wide brown leather belt to provide contrast, matching brown leather pumps with medium 2-1/2" heels, and beige pantyhose. This outfit set off his honey hair that he had combed into a modified page by style. Around his neck he wore a necklace of amber colored beads with matching dangling earrings in his pierced ears.

He made up carefully using just a touch of blue eye shadow, and his lips were a frosted pink that matched his nail polish. They both studied Jenny's appearance critically but finally decided she could not be improved upon.

The several approving glances he received during breakfast appeared to confirm their judgment.

Shortly before eleven, they pulled up in front of his aunt's house, which was in a suburban part of Detroit. It was a pleasant frame house, on a small hill, surrounded by a large garden and situated on a tree-lined street. No sooner had the car stopped, than his aunt and uncle, and his cousin, Steven, were out of the house to greet them.

Alan gracefully slipped out of the car seat in a manner he had practiced so often so that his skirt would not ride up and show off too much nylon clad leg.

His aunt first clasped him to her, then held him at arm's length while she studied his appearance in detail. Then with approval in her voice, “As my adopted namesake, you have done me proud, Jennifer.”

Uncle Ralph, with a searching look at Alan, merely smiled, and after shaking his manicured hand, said, "Let us go in the house, I will bring your bags in later, after you have had a chance to settle down."

Cousin Steve looked quizzically at Alan, evidently not sure as how to address him. After all, it was a little startling to suddenly be confronted by a very pretty, stylishly dressed girl, and yet to know that this is the male cousin he had known and roughhoused with over the years. The best he could do was an uneasy grin, and a mumbled, "Hello cous'."

Although he actually had butterflies in his stomach, Alan appeared to be the least disturbed of all. He knew everyone was watching his every move.

Last trip, Alan would have bounded up the stairs two at a time, now, purse in hand, he gracefully touched the hand rail and walked up, each high heeled foot properly seated on the steps. His skirted bottom had the proper amount of wiggle and he knew his Uncle and cousin were checking out his legs from behind.

Once inside, his aunt Jennifer gushed, "Oh Alan, you look darling. You're really quite passable."

"Thank you," he said in his most girlish voice.

"No, really," she repeated. "You're quite beautiful in a dress. I can see why you like being a girl. Do you have a boyfriend?"

"Gawd no," his mother answered, "He just like dressing up and doing girl things...."

His Aunt said, "Jenny, come help me in the kitchen."

When they returned to the living room with soft drinks, Alan was wearing an apron and carrying the tray.

He served everyone and took off the apron before sitting down.

Before the small talk, Uncle Ralph toasted the family reunion with his drink and politely welcomed Alan to the family.

The conversation quickly turned to Alan's becoming outfit. His Aunt said, "And he not only looks like an attractive girl, you act like one too! Look at the way he's sitting." She added, "We have been waiting to see Alan ever since that letter arrived announcing his intention to dress and travel as a girl. We could not have imagined that he would be able to do this so convincingly. Alan, did you bring any boy clothes?"

His mother answered for him. "No, I thought it best that he be all girl, all the time. Is that a problem?"

"Oh no," Aunt Jennifer replied. "This is all so new to us."

After the pleasantries were over, Uncle Ralph dropped the first of several bombshells.

"Alan," he said, "I know that you expressed a desire to be called Jenny, and both your aunt and I take this as a compliment. However, we call your aunt Jenny as well. It would be most confusing to have two persons in the house at one time, each called Jenny. So, you will have to put up with being called Alan. Should we have company, or in other instances we want them to see you as a girl, then we shall make an exception and call you Jenny. I hope you are not too disappointed."

Alan looked at his mother and agreed.

"There is one other arrangement we have had to make. As you know, our house is not large, and, apart from our bedroom and Steve's room, there is only one guest room. If you were a child, you could room in with your mother in the small bed. Consequently, there is no

alternative but for you to share Steve's large bedroom with twin beds and has plenty of closet space, for his clothes and yours. There is also an attached bathroom.”

“It’s okay,” Alan said softly. “If Steve doesn’t mind?”

“I can appreciate that under the circumstances you will undoubtedly feel a sense of embarrassment dressing and undressing before Steve. I can obviously see that you are developing a state of mind where you now consider yourself like a real girl. You might even feel the same as a girl would if she were asked to disrobe in front of a boy, even though that boy were her cousin. Unfortunately, there is no alternative, and you both must make the best of it. I am sure that you two boys will make a satisfactory adjustment. Might be good to keep things into a proper perspective.”

Alan heard all of this with a sinking heart, for it was far worse than he at any time had anticipated. While he was trying to absorb the impact of his uncle's first words, he failed to hear or comprehend the last remark, which otherwise would have distressed him more.

Mrs. Wright, seeing the chagrin on Alan's face felt deep sorrow for the way her son's girlish dreams were being shattered. She now recognized that this whole family visit trip had been a mistake. It was asking too much of others to understand and accept Alan's interest in being a girl.

She could say nothing, but immediately return home, which would not have made matters any better. The only hope was that something could be salvaged from the vacation. At least there had been no suggestion that Alan give up his treasured wardrobe and revert to being a boy.

Alan reluctantly climbed the stairs behind his uncle, who was carrying his suitcase up to the bedroom he would now have to share with Steve.

It had been suggested that before lunch, he put on something simple which would also be suitable for going

to a baseball game at Steve's school. It had been assumed that Alan would accompany Steve on his various activities as his female cousin Jenny.

Fortunately, Steve had the good sense or compassion not to come up while Alan changed clothes. He must fully appreciate how Alan must feel. He felt a little uncomfortable knowing that, sooner or later, they would be sharing the bedroom together.

Alan finally decided to wear the blue "v" neck blouse, along with his shortest pleated skirt, which he had worn the first days of their trip, together with his black and white loafers. He added his long curly fall in back and Steve's baseball cap for a tomboy look.



Mrs. Wright stuck her head in and whispered, “You just need to show them you are a girl and my beautiful daughter now.”

In a spirit of defiance, Alan freshened his makeup, using a little more blue eye shadow than he had arrived,

as well as a deeper shade of lipstick, but still keeping it conservative for day. He was determined to maintain his role as a girl. Alan knew that he had to appear and act completely feminine in order to not invite any criticism from his uncle.

He substituted a matching set of white beads and added hoop earrings before returning to the living room with his head held high, shoulders back and a smile on his ruby lips.

He was determined not to let them know how hurt he was. Alan was so convincing in his mannerisms and dress choice, almost before lunch was over, they had forgotten Alan, and had accepted this new feminine version. They had even occasionally referred to Alan as “she” or “her”... much to Alan's secret amusement and gratification.

It was not far to the school where the game was to be held, so they decided to walk. This gave the two boys a chance to become reacquainted and to overcome the strangeness generated by the conditions of their first meeting.

Steve asked, “So what’s the deal? My dad tries to pretend he so liberal and understanding but you should have heard him when that first letter from your mother arrived.”

Alan smiled, “I never had a male role model like you. I just discovered I love doing things like a girl. You should see my friend Richard...he’s been mostly a girl for years. I’ll show you some pictures.”

“My dad is more curious as anything. He expected Alan in a dress. He’ll figure it out. After all, he’s a professor of psychology and was naturally interested in all forms of human behavior.”

Alan explained how all this had come about and his reasons for wanting to appear in public as a girl. Although Steve was a sympathetic listener, Alan had

never really thought this through before...at least to the extent of being able to explain his actions. He finally just admitted, "I don't really know why. In any event, I feel I'll only embarrass you if I don't completely proceed like a girl."

"I am not in the least ashamed of what you are doing," Steve laughed. "I think it's cool and you look hot. We'll have fun together."

Steve had always been fond of Alan, and, although he failed to understand the logic, was willing to accept Jenny. "All right young lady, I'll introduce you to my friends as my cousin Jenny."

Alan thanked Steve, "I assure you that I'll do nothing to embarrass you. Just don't leave me too long with any groups of girls, who, if suspicious, could possibly trip me up."

"Oh my," Steve gasped, "Are you using the ladies room?"

"I'm used to them now. In, feet faced the right direction and out." They both laughed.

Alan sat with his cousin, together with mostly other boys and only a few girls. He was introduced as planned, and accepted without question.

Several of the boys "chatted up" Jenny and a couple asked if she would save a dance for them at the school dance, scheduled for the next evening.

Alan graciously said that he would be happy to do so, all much the to secret amusement of Steve.

Alan told Steve on the way home about the he and Richard, with the help of their mothers, had practiced dancing and taking the girl's part. Adding, "I never danced much as a boy so I guess I'm much better as a girl." He felt confident he would do reasonably well.

Mrs. Wright was surprised, but delighted, to see the two boys returning in the best of spirits. They were obviously back to their old relationship. As a result, she could not now but help entertain the hope that everything would still work out all right for her son's continued socialization.

Steve had his arm linked in Alan's in the same manner he would walk any girl. They stood talking to his parents without disengaging until they left to go upstairs to prepare for dinner. The earlier talk between the two boys had largely dispersed any previous feelings of embarrassment, and Alan now followed his cousin into their room without hesitation.

"Do you mind if I watch? Or should I bury my head in a pillow?"

"Enjoy yourself," Alan smiled.

While Steve sat on his bed looking on quizzically, Alan slipped off his blouse and stepped out of his skirt, standing only in his bra and nylon panties. His legs looked long and shapely in his pantyhose. Kicking off his loafers, he stepped into a pair of high-heeled satin mules, before sitting down on his own bed, and began to answer questions he saw that Steve was dying to ask.

Steve first inquired as to how he had such a realistic bust. Alan, without even a sign of self-consciousness handed him one of the gel filled inserts contained in his bra cups. Steve felt up the form and laughed, "Can I have this?"

"Mine!" Alan smiled. Other questions followed which were answered to Steve's satisfaction.

Steve said, "Wow, your lingerie is a lot more fun than what boys wear. They look right on you, but wearing them is not for me." He also commented admiringly, that Alan really made a "smart chick."

Alan then proceeded to remove all his makeup with cold cream and then washed his face thoroughly. Next, he

remade his face much as before, but this time adding a touch of eyeliner and a little more mascara.

All of this, as Steve watched in fascination. He finally remarked "I never thought I would learn so much about girls from my own boy cousin." They both laughed, now at complete ease with each other.

Alan, finally having completed his makeup, slipped on a rose colored dress of nylon which was patterned with white flowers. It was a very pretty dress and one of Alan's favorites. It set off to advantage his coloring. He again changed his jewelry to match his dress and slipped on a pair of white pumps with three-inch heels.

They would make a very satisfying, feminine tapping noise, as he would descend the stairs to meet his Uncle.

Steve had only to change his open neck shirt and he was ready for dinner. He could not help but chide his cousin; comparing the length of time it had taken him to get ready. "Gawd, you took forever! You really are becoming like a girl."

Alan replied good-naturedly, "You want me to look good or what?" The he pouted, "Do I need to re-do my hair?"

To this, Steve replied, "NO! Okay, you look perfect."

"My make-up okay?"

"Beautiful and that dress does not make your butt look fat."

They both laughed.

Dinner passed pleasantly, followed by a quiet evening when they talked, played scrabble, and engaged themselves much as they had on previous visits.

As they got used to Alan acting as he appeared, his girlishness was accepted. He tried to not over do the primping and skirt flirting he enjoyed so much. But he wanted everyone to know he was feminine. He even

entered into a discussion with his aunt about her attractive, most fitted dress.

His aunt giggled, "I love this dress, but I have to wear a girdle to make it fit smoothly over my bottom. I don't suppose you are wearing girdles too?"

"I feel so grown up, so feminine in my girdles," he admitted blushing. My pantyhose and girdle are on for the day unless there is some reason to take them off."

"Aren't you uncomfortable?" his aunt asked.

"I don't remember ever really being uncomfortable wearing one that fits correctly. Mom has made an effort to steer me away from the more heavy-duty panty girdles to the lighter weight styles that still 'do the job'."

His aunt laughed, "When I was a young girl, I liked wearing girdles too. Both because I wanted to look my best...and because they kept me constantly aware of my femininity too. I remember my first girdle...." She laughed, "I almost forgot! Firsts are a big deal with women. First party dress. First bra. First girdle. I guess you are learning that?"

Alan nodded. "I've started keeping a diary of my feelings, sensations, and thoughts. My friend Richard and I are going to compare his to mine at the end of summer." Alan looked down and shyly smoothed the hem of his dress.

"I'd never get Steve in a girdle," she laughed. "But, of course, he's never even worn a bra...at least that I know about."

Alan said, "I am still not entirely certain why I enjoy wearing all this. It's all so new and exciting. I know its just dress up and I'll never really have my first period, or need my first bra. I sometimes feel something like an awkward imposter but other times like, well, for lack of a better term, a lady."

"Honey, trust me," his aunt said, "I know how hard it is to be a lady. From what I see, you are dealing well

with all the ribbons and trappings of femininity. I see you sitting, and acting like a proper young lady.”

“I know it’s a little weird.”

His aunt pursed her lips. “It’s okay. I mean, I think I understand what you are doing. I just hope you’re okay.”

A new sparkle in Alan’s eyes appeared. She put her arm around his shoulders and said, “You’re gorgeous. Tell me about your dresses.”

Alan talked about his dress styles, and his own growing wardrobe in particular. He brought down several dresses to show them off, and even modeled a couple. No one seemed to feel in any way that this was anything but quite natural...for a young girl....

That night, as the boys retired to their room, Alan again felt a little embarrassment over the prospects of undressing completely before Steve, but was determined not to show any sign of his feelings. Under his cousin's close scrutiny, he carefully removed the rose colored dress, which he then hung in the closet. Next, he shed his girdle and bra, standing for a moment as boy again, except for his makeup, panties and long wavy hair. But only for a moment, until he could slip on his sleep bra in which he placed the inserts from his daytime bra, followed by his pale blue chiffon nightgown with the matching peignoir. He turned to his cousin and posed proudly.

This last was greeted with an appreciative wolf whistle from the Steve, who, so far, had not missed a trick.

Continuing with his now usual routine, Alan proceeded to cream his face to remove all traces of makeup, finally putting his hair up in rollers to preserve the waves of his permanent.

As Alan at last got into bed, Steve remarked, “For a second there, I almost saw my old boy cousin. But you

have so naturally resumed your role as a girl, that I find myself thinking of you in that manner. Actually I get a bit of a thrill at the vision of such a beautiful girl undressing in my bedroom.”

Alan looked somewhat startled, Steve hastened to add with a laugh, “You need not worry, you will be perfectly safe.” On this light note, both boys settled down to sleep.

The following days passed quickly and pleasantly. The school dance was quite a success. Alan, or rather Jenny, being very popular with Steve's schoolmates and much sought after for each dance.

This was the very first opportunity that Alan had to wear his only formal. It was a full-length gown of emerald green taffeta with a matching underskirt, also of taffeta, which gave an enticing rustle as he walked and danced. The gown had a low cut neck, bow in back and puffed sleeves. His high heel pumps were of emerald green satin to match his gown.

Alan, with his mother's help was able to put his hair up in a formal style and he carefully was able to wear some very large and dangling earrings.



He wore his mother's pearl necklace and pearl earrings. All in all, he made a very stylish and striking appearance. Steve was very proud of his "girl" cousin, as he now so unconsciously regarded Alan.

Steve had brought a camera and took many pictures of Alan in his gown and dancing with different boys.

Alan's mother was waiting up when he got home from the dance. "You look wonderful," she said. "Come sit and tell me all about it."

Alan took her mom aside and told her all about the good time she had with Steve and his friends. Everyone was so nice. Especially the boys."

"I bet," she smiled. Alan's confidence as a woman had seemed to truly blossomed as he sat and kicked off his high heels and wiggled his sore pink tipped toes clad in nylon.

"You are glowing...." his mother joked, "did you start your period tonight?"

"No," he giggled, "But another girl did. Lucky for her, I had a spare in my purse. Remind me to put another tampon in my purse tomorrow."

Mrs. Wright said thoughtfully, "I hope that Richard and his mother are having as much fun as you are."

"All I know is, my girdle is killing me!" Alan moaned.

"Ooops! I forgot that your wearing that heavy-duty, super-duper panty girdle. Take it off."

Alan pulled up his skirt and tugged at his girdle. It enclosed his waist, hips, tummy, and crotch like armor. "Gawd, I'm going to break a nail!" he said as he struggled to get the waistband started downward.

His mother couldn't help but laugh as he thrashed about like she had many times. He unstrapped the crotch cover and said, "I love this girdle and what it does for my figure but...." He wasn't budging it much so he changed his angle to get a better grip on the strong spandex.

"I got it," Alan finally said, holding his skirt high in the air and pulling it down his nyloned legs; leaving him with only panties.

His mother was able to fully see that Alan was wearing his prettiest lace panties. Both he and his mother talked and giggled about the evening. It was a good fantasy, one that he and Richard had imagined quite often.

The real situations versus fantasy were rarely as good but being a pretty girl at a dance was right up there. "My feet hurt from my high heels but I kept dancing," Alan said wistfully. "I knew it might be my last time in an evening gown."

"I doubt that," his mother said.

With just panties on, Alan thought now would be a good time to use the bathroom. He'd had been holding it in a little on the way home. He loved the feeling of using the bathroom while wearing only wearing panties.

Most of the time there was dealing with the girdle. Being in the ladies room would only feel good for a second before having to put his girdle back into position.

Once he had finished, Alan made a point of pulling his panties up tightly, a luxury not permitted when wearing girdles

By the time Alan got back to Steve's bedroom, he was already in bed.

Alan began to undress. Steve from under the covers, watched his cousin go about the chore of undressing. He said, "Where did you go with Freddie? One minute you were dancing, the next no where to be found."

Alan blushed, "We just went out for some cool air."

"You should have let me know," Steve said, shaking his head. "He has a bad reputation...."

Alan was fighting with the back zipper of his dress. "He's okay." Alan peeled down the dress and stepped out of it. He joked, "But I'm sleeping with you!"

Alan thought about the night. Yes, he had over done it. Alan hadn't enjoyed the light makeout session but needed to know if he was actually that pretty.

Alan didn't have to struggle with his girdle but in the mirror, Alan spent a minute or two adjusting and getting everything positioned correctly before grabbing his nightgown. Alan was always very particular about such things, always taking the time to get everything arranged and positioned just right. Crotch smooth.

He turned and saw Steve watching his every move. Alan blushed deeply, caught near naked in a pair of pink, lace trimmed, full cut brief style nylon panties.

"Nice panties!" Steve says, "I thought you'd be wearing bikini panties."

Alan pulled his panties higher on his hips and snapped the panty elastic on his waist. "I like to wear my panties high on my waist where they belong." He covered himself a bit and ran to the bathroom to prepare for bed.

Alone, Alan looked at himself again in the mirror and saw his front where the pink panties went into a feminine panty "V" between his legs. The girdle had been doing its job. Yes, his cousin was sure to have noticed that there was nothing male showing. But that was the idea, right?

Alan thought about Richard and the first time he'd seen him in just panties. The years of wearing a girdle had squished any semblance of maleness.

Like Richard, for all intents, Alan knew he was now mostly a girl. He began to feel the silken panties and how they seemed to rustle and ripple about his hips and and how they seemed to feel so silky and shiny on his bottom.

He put on his nightgown, and thought about how wonderful the evening had been. Inwardly, he realized he had made another step towards being like a girl.

Back in the bedroom, Steve was watching and Alan could see his face in the mirror. Big smile there. Big smile everywhere.

“You shouldn’t be watching,” Alan said, feeling so feminine just then. Alan couldn't imagine how Steve was coping with the situation.

TIME TO GO....

Soon, it was time to leave with regret by all.

On the last night, Alan's Uncle Ralph asked him to join him in his study for a talk. Alan followed him into the cozy book-lined room with some misgivings.

Everything had gone so pleasantly, after those first few hours, that he did not want anything at this point to spoil what would be such enjoyable memories. He realized however, that there were certain aspects of his masquerade that were disturbing to his uncle. Alan was prepared to hear him out, in respect for his considerable knowledge on such matters.

“Alan,” his uncle began, “As Steve has already told you, I was very disturbed when I received word from your mother that she was permitting, and possibly encouraging, you to dress as a girl. That and it was your plan to visit us not only fully dressed but actually masquerading as a girl full time. My first inclination was to refuse to have you, but decided I’d make an effort to nip this development in the bud. On further consideration, I thought it only fair to see you in person.”

“I hope I wasn’t too much of a problem?” Alan asked.

"You are family and I only want the best for you. I thought you would be so embarrassed in having to dress and undress before your cousin, assuming that you would have felt very foolish and uncomfortable. I also assumed that you'd have boy clothes with you, and that this would have been the first step in breaking down your resolve to continue your role of a girl."

"Mother wants me to be all girl or all boy," Alan explained.

"I know that now. To our surprise, your appearance and mannerisms on arrival were so convincingly feminine that we were not only shocked, but to some extent disarmed. You weren't the boy in a dress we expected but looked and acted properly for a girl. Then, your good natured acceptance of having to share Steve's room... unhesitatingly appearing before Steve in all forms of undress which again made us reappraise the whole situation."

"I felt sorry for Steve."

"Steve has been very frank with us, and has related many of your conversations. Not to tell tales, but so that we could better understand you. Steve's acceptance of you as a girl, greatly influenced us in also accepting your femininity. We have loved having you, and to a surprising extent have been able to ignore the fact that you are actually a boy dressed in girl's clothes.

"Thank you, I guess," Alan smiled.

"Unfortunately, there is more to this cross dressing than I believe you and your mother have given thought. In the first place, you must recognize that you are actually male. I assume you have no wish to be transformed anatomically into a female?"

"No, but I do love the clothes and social part of being a woman."

"It is obvious that you have come to love your feminine clothes, but you will also have to realize that as

with all indulgences, it will have to be kept within bounds. You don't want to end up where you can't be a boy, do you?"

Alan shook his head and adjusted the hem of his skirt a bit.

"I must confess, you make a very convincing girl. This must be taken into consideration, as far as your future is concerned. Most people are highly intolerant of such behavior, and men don't like being fooled. If the boys you danced with ever found out, they'd be at our door."

Alan blushed, "I was just doing what the girls were doing. I guess I should have been more reserved."

"You should confine your future dressing largely to your homes and try to avoid socializing with men. I know that this will be another disappointment. I can see that you feel like a girl inside but you will likely be living your life and making your way in the world as a man. It is better to discipline yourself now, by denying free rein to your desires to dress without restraint, in exchange for a reputation later as a real man."

Alan nodded. "I guess I'm caught between something I love and being responsible."

"Alan, I am not suggesting to you that you forego your feminine interests entirely. All I ask is that you do so in moderation and safely. I talked to a colleague who is an expert on gender. There are many things a professional can do for you. He suggested testosterone blockers and maybe a light dose of female hormones to prevent you from becoming too masculine. Boys like you can be quite stressed by becoming too masculine. It's a tightrope and I don't want you falling. I'll be giving your mother a referral in your city."

"Thank you for being there for me," Alan said honestly.

"I'm just worried about you," he said. "If you aren't careful, you could end up totally emasculated and have to

spend your life in a dress. Now come sit on my lap and give your Uncle a big hug," he said.

It was a rather subdued Alan who rejoined the family for their last evening together. He knew his Uncle loved him and fully recognized the merit of what he had been told. His vision of openly parading around town as a girl for the rest of the summer was impractical. That would have to be abandoned. His one compensation was knowledge that, in Richard, he had one friend with whom he could share his hobby. He was also relieved to have his uncle's offer to help. His idea of being somewhat feminized to prevent a future of heavy beards and muscles were comforting.

The next day, they started off early, with a happy, laughing Jenny saying his last good-bye, and unashamedly kissing his cousin Steve like a girl...which was just as naturally returned. His Uncle gave Mrs. Wright a paper with some professional referrals and gave them both big hugs and kisses.

On their way to Toledo, Alan had an opportunity to tell his mother of the previous night's discussion with his Uncle Ralph.

She confessed that she, too, had received "the lecture" and now realized that they had maybe both acted rather impulsively. "We could have planned all this better," she said, "although in the end, everything turned out well."

"I had a great time," Alan admitted and albeit reluctantly, Alan now agreed that his life as a girl would probably have to be restricted. And with some exceptions, confined to his and Richard's homes, shopping trips out of town and of course summer vacations.

They arrived at Richard's Aunt Mae's house early that afternoon, intending to pick up Richard and his mother and proceed on to a nearby motel for the night.

To their pleased surprise...they were greeted by a smiling Richard, who was dressed in a long jumper, flowery dress. Alan had never seen him in such a conservative looking dress, light makeup and low spectator pumps. He was wearing a little gold necklace with a tiny cross and matching earrings. With him, he had his arm around the waist of his smiling Aunt Mae...followed by a cheerful looking Mrs. Moore.

Aunt Mae welcomed them most warmly, calling Alan "Jenny" and insisting, "You girls stay with me tonight." They quickly gave up the idea of going on further.



Under the pleasant atmosphere that was evident, an understanding had been reached on the part of all, and this was confirmed later as they heard what happened:

The first day had indeed been uncomfortable, but Richard had maintained a most pleasant and ladylike attitude towards his aunt.

Finally, with his mother's assistance, she explained why Richard was dressed as a girl. "The poor boy just loves women's fashion and has quite a good sense for it. It's not his fault he happens to be a boy. Remember you loved putting together outfits at his age. He even wants to learn to sew but I'm more of an off the shelf woman...."

"Richard, you want to learn to sew?" His Aunt asked.

Suddenly they had something in common. Before the first skirt was finished, Richard as Betty was accepted without further question. Through the dress fashions and sewing, they finally bonded as three women should, establishing a closer relationship than had ever existed before.

Over dinner, Aunt Mae said, "I had hoped I would have a daughter one day that loved clothing since I have always expressed myself through fashion. I am so happy many of my best-loved garments will be worn and enjoyed by someone...I just never imagined that someone would be my nephew."

While they were gone, Richard had learned to sew his own dresses and was given a complete wardrobe of his Aunt's clothes. She had racks and racks of clothes, all well cared for and many of the styles had come back.

Aunt Mae was a church going religious woman, but also a feminist. She said, "I realized there will be no equality until a man can put on a dress too. HE wants us all to be equal."

She realized that if a girl can be a soldier or a girlie girl, so could Richard. As long as he went to church on Sundays....

So Richard's weeks had been spend mostly around his Aunt Mae's church. There were sermons on Sunday, preparing the brunch with the women, and several other social occasions. Every event required Richard to look his

very best as a proper young lady. He even wore his Aunt's confirmation outfit one evening. It's was a lacy dress with a nylon overlay and straight skirt to just below his knees.

Alan was sure Richard was disappointed to not be able to dig deeply into his mini-skirts but the clothes he had worn were quite beautiful. Some outfits required gloves and a hat.

When both were cuddled in their nightgowns and cover-ups, ready for bed, Alan's big question was... "Can a boy be a girlie-girl and have fun in church?"



“Yes and yes,” Richard said softly. “I had to do everything with the women and like the women. The dresses are all conservative but I love my Aunt’s spiky designer heels and her vintage lingerie is delicious! And the men appreciated my efforts to be girlish and pretty.” He giggled, “One young man followed me around like a

puppy. He hoped I'd come back someday and marry him....”

“Did you accept?” Alan laughed.

“I'd think about it. They even made me join their church and gave me an `affirmation of confirmation'. I acknowledged that I, Elizabeth Moore, would always be feminine in both in looks and in nature. I would understand that as a woman, I would take care in my appearance to not be suggestive in my manner and never be aggressive, always innocent, softly submissive, and helpful to men. And that I would save myself for marrying a righteous man.”

“And you did that with a straight face?” Alan giggled softly.

Though Richard attended church, his confirmation was the more the official launch of his lifelong journey to accept his own femininity.

There was not much maleness left in either boy. What powerful and surprising influences there are in fashion.

As the two boys giggled about their experiences. It was all about being treated as girls. The dresses, lingerie and high heels had become simply functional. Something they wore to tell the world, “treat us like females.”

For the boys, femininity started rather innocently, a way of expressing a part of their personality. Now it was their personality. From morning to night, their goal was to be pretty and resembling a female and that required them to be vain. Mirrors were their friends.

And they also were self-centered and felt entitled. They would be looked at, doors opened for them and expected to be treat others with kindness and sensitivity.

Both had a new interest in “feminine” activities (such as sewing and cooking). In general, Richard, who had been marooned with his Aunt, mother and the church women, had developed some new female personality characteristics besides a new, more womanly wardrobe.

Richard had boxes more than he'd shown up with. There were lambs wool sweaters, his favorite a pullover-style in emerald green with bows down the front. There were tasteful wool skirts that Richard and his Aunt had hemmed to above his knee and fabulous pointed-toe pumps with spiked heels.

Though they were dated, they were classic clothes. They symbolized not only his Aunt Mae who loved expressing herself; they also symbolized a zest for a feminine life.

That was something Richard and Alan knew all about. Now, Aunt Mae was very much in love with her “niece,” a feeling she had never had for Richard. She was already planning on visiting them later in the summer when she would see more of her favorite Betty for shopping trips.

The breakfast passed pleasantly in animated conversation. Although Alan did not yet mention to Richard his debate with his Uncle Ralph. He had planned on saving that for the drive homeward.

He did tell about the fun he and Steve had had together. Alan felt he had successfully passed as his girl cousin. He also told of having to share a room with Steve, and how this seemingly unfortunate experience had turned out so fun.

Richard, together with his aunt and mother, were somewhat aghast over his uncle having put him in such a position, and complimented Alan on his having handled the situation so well.



The next morning, they loaded the car with much more boxes than they had come with. Richard was wearing the conservative skirt he'd made with his Aunt and a knit top and sweater. Fond farewells again were said, and they started on their return trip.

It was at this time that Alan reviewed with his friend all that his Uncle Ralph had talked over with him.

In the front seat the two mothers were having a largely similar discussion about how completely girlish their sons had become. Neither would think of walking out the door without lipstick not to mention the perfect earrings that had to coordinate with their outfit.

In the back seat, Alan stated, "We shouldn't let the boys at school see us like this. My Uncle is right, it's dangerous."

Richard was upset with this change in arrangement. "I was so looking forward to a summer of living openly as girls," he said with tears in his eyes.

Alan was finally able to reassure Richard that all was not lost. After all, they had each other. Alan said, "We really don't want to be the school's weirdos. With our mother's help, we can share our pleasure in dressing at home and mother has said we can take weekend trips and vacations in public, but be carefully chaperoned by our mothers."

Alan added, "My Uncle says we should see a specialist in gender problems. He was worried that if we didn't get help, we'd end up being so feminine, we couldn't grow up and be men."

Richard licked his pink lips and pulled down on his short skirt, "He's so right. That would be terrible...."

In any event, both boys agreed they had had an exciting and satisfying experience during the three weeks. Both felt totally comfortable as girls in public. It was an experience, which would long be remembered, and affect their entire lives.

That's when Richard's mother turned and spoke to the boys "We've decided to take another vacation in two weeks. Do you think you boys could handle another

chance to express your femininity. Maybe to the beach? Do you two think you can pull it off?"

"We can hide `it' good!" Richard teased and the two boys screamed with delight and immediately started planning the trip and their outfits.

With the boys usual good natured girlishness restored, the four of them soon fell into the happy mood of their return trip. Both Jenny and Betty reappeared in high spirits to enjoy fully, their trip home as girls.

Slowing down the dash for home, they decided to top more often. "Let's smell the roses," One mother said about the beautiful weather. They would drive for a few hours in the morning and stop early to sightsee and shop.

Maybe we can find a nice hotel with a pool?" Mrs Moore asked. "Anyone want to get some sun?"

There were high, girlish screams coming from the back seat and then whispers about what they would wear.

So in the hot afternoon sun, instead of discreetly hiding in their hotel room, the four ladies casually walked to the pool and found lounge chairs. Alan nonchalantly dipped his pink toes in the water to test the temperature before standing up tall and taking off his coverup.

Both boys had decided to wear one of the several one-piece swimsuits given to Rickard by his Aunt Mae.

They had more sexy swimsuits but these were full coverage "retro" in style with a little skirt to hide...if something proved to be very difficult to keep in place or a breast inevitably popped upward, while swimming.

The two mothers watched their boys lotion up and walk around the pool to get cold drinks.

The body hugging, spandex one-piece swimsuits gave the boys completely girlish figures. Both mothers noticed

while they walked along the pool deck, a few men took notice of their wiggles.

Ladies
Dressing
Room



Mrs. Moore asked, “Do you think they know they are walking like that?”

Mrs. Wright laughed, "We both did when we were that age. I guess we can't expect more or less of them!"

The two boys walked, arrogantly feminine, enjoying the simply visual cat-calls from the few boys and dirty old men at the pool.

Alan also felt the short skirt of his swimsuit tickle the backs of his smooth legs although he no longer needed a reminder that he was all dressed up and acting like a like a girl.

Both boys had becoming total comfortable, even in a bathing suit with the "nothingness" showing between their legs. After only a few weeks in dresses, both boys had become accustomed to putting on a dress or pretty skirt every morning and spending the day in high heels and a girdle.

The girdles were, of course, to keep everything up and flat. Any other boys would have been totally humiliated to have to wear a tight and confining panty girdle.

Not these boys. They were used to it—even when it came to time in the Ladies Room. The years of standing like boys was given up to sit like girls. Confidently, they often went with their mothers, totally accustomed to a ladies room by their third week in skirts.

The mothers talked about it among themselves. Alan's Uncle," Mrs. Wright whispered, "thinks we have psychologically gelded, and physically sissified our sons. He thinks that much more time in dresses, they could become like girls than boys."

"But they love it," Mrs. Moore said as the two boys came back and meticulously seated themselves in lounge chairs.

Richard added another coat of sun lotion to his smooth legs, pulled his hair back and relaxed in the hot sun.

Alan pulled up the little skirt of his swimsuit to make sure he got the sun on the tops of his legs. The swimsuit now showing off the lady-like impression of having nothing between his legs.

Both mothers were thinking the same thing. They could only conclude one thing for sure. That their sons were well beyond being forced or encouraged to dress like girls. They loved it.

THE END

Anyone want more of this story???



Alan his first day of school. The summer had changed him.

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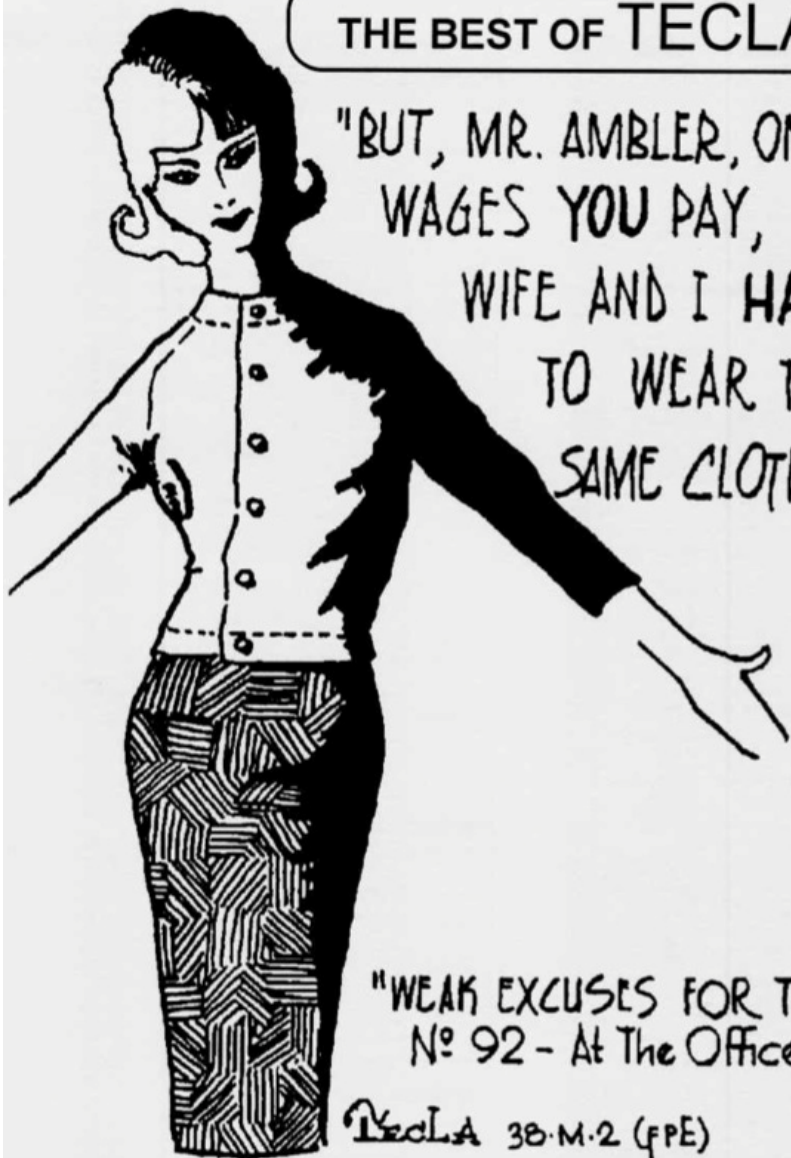
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