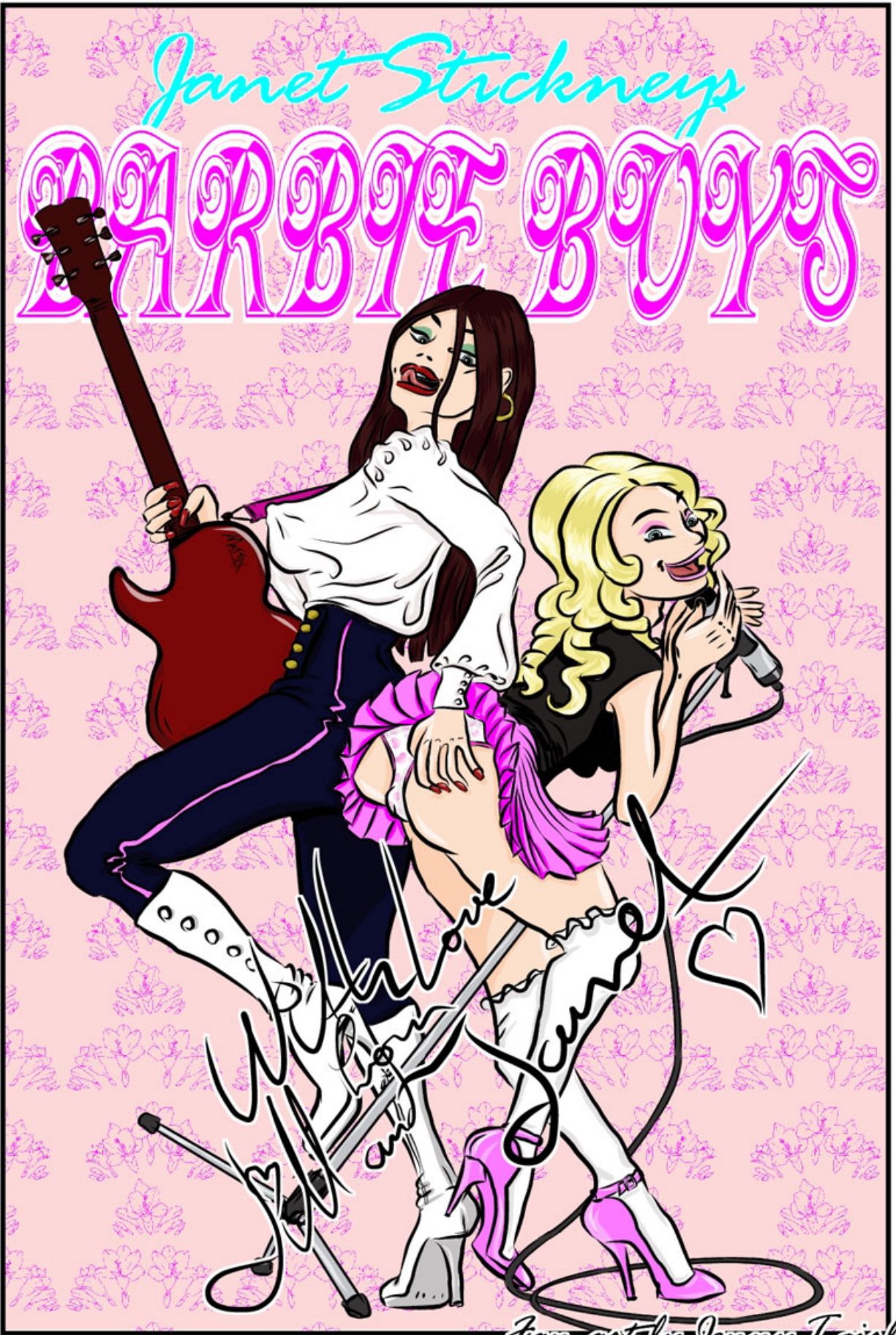




Fan art by Jenny T-girl

I was playing in my basement with my friends, trying to find a chord, or maybe a melody that worked for us. Then I remembered the song I had wrote and quickly pulled it out. I gave them all a copy, and on our first try, we knew we had found it. Soft, like a ballad, the song was more than jazz, less than swing, a bit of rock and roll, yet had the country sound to it. "Sing it Jeff!" I stood at the mike and we started again. I sang it, thinking nothing of my voice since I am not normally a singer, but it sounded great, even to me. Mom heard it, and came down to listen to us, smiling as we went over the song again and again, refining it, tuning it until at last I sang it again. My voice echoed in the basement, the music sounding as if we were in a big hall. When I was done, mom applauded, the first time she had ever done that. "That was simply wonderful! I'm impressed! You should make a tape of that!" After she left, we looked at each other, grinning.

Using the studio at school we recorded the song and sent it in to a recording company, then sat back to see what they would say. The letter came in the mail three weeks later. I read it, stunned as the words jumped off the page at me, then Mom read it. I watched as her eyes grew wider, then a smile as it grew on her face until she finally burst out laughing. "Mom, they think Matt and I are girls!"

"I see that dear, and well, when you sing, you do sound like girls, but you sing in perfect pitch, and the music is so wonderful!"

"Mom!"

"It's a lot of money they are offering you, even if they do think you and Matt are girls." That much was true. The letter specified how much money they would pay us, all we had to do was travel to their offices and sing live for them, and of course, make the grade. Mom was sitting back looking at me when she got that look in her eye. "You might look very nice as a girl, dear. I'll even help you if you want to try it."

"No chance mom, the guys..."

"Will understand why you and Matt have to become girls. They also want this contract don't they?"

"Yes, but..."

"Then they will understand. Go call them, and tell them to bring their mothers along." I did as she told me, excited, yet afraid. The money was great, the opportunity a once-in-a-lifetime thing, but...

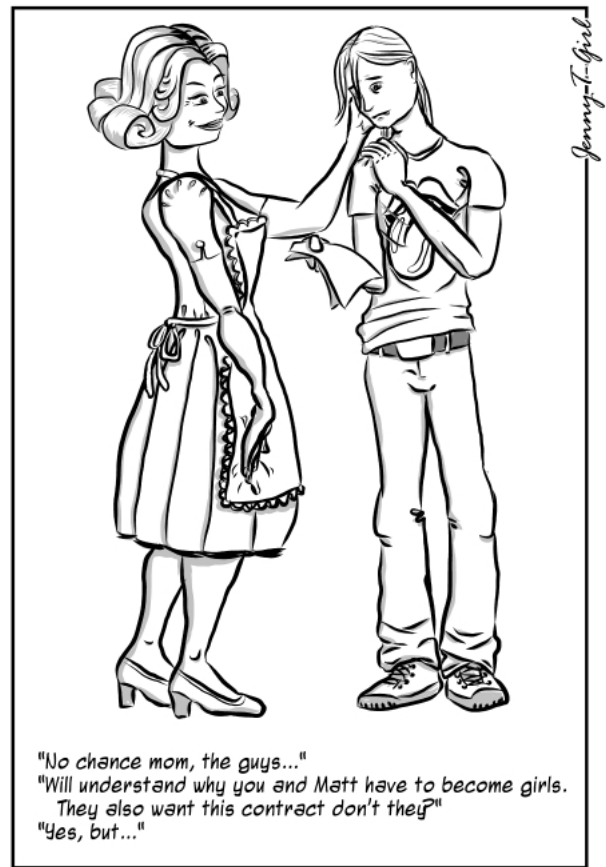
Without telling me, she played the tape for Dad, and he really liked it. Dad asked who the girls were that were singing, and did he know them. "Yes dear, you know them both, but they aren't girls. That's Jeff and Matt. Fred doesn't sing at all, and Bill's only in the background. The recording company also thought they were girls, and has offered them a contract."

"But if they think Jeff's a girl, then..." Mom smiled and nodded her head yes. "Marion, do the boys know this yet?"

"Jeff does. I asked him to have the boys and their mothers come here in awhile, and we can discuss it."

I called the guys, asked them to bring their mothers along, and later, when we were all in the family room, Mom dropped the news on them, even playing the tape for the mothers so they could hear it themselves. As expected, the guys were stunned we got an offer, but really shaken by the fact that Matt and I would have to dress as girls, but the lure of the contract tempered their responses. We had a big discussion about what to do, then Dad said he would call them, explain things, and see what they would say. We waited as Dad went into his office and made the call.

Ten minutes later he stood in front of us. "The guy laughed when I told him, but he did say that if the boys sound as good in person as they do on tape they would be offered a contract, and that means pictures for advertising, album covers and maybe videos. He didn't say it, but I clearly got the impression that it would be harder to market the songs with four boys singing and



sounding like they had two girls with them, which means you have almost no choice." He looked around at all of us.

"I suggest that we take our son and see if we can make him look presentable as a girl, you do the same with Matt, and meet back here in two days, in the morning." Our mothers once again agreed, and I knew that I was about to undergo a major change in how I looked. I also figured out that as a girl I wouldn't have crowds of girls throwing their panties on stage at me. My friends maybe, but not me. I looked at my friends and saw their faces, clouded with doubt that Matt and I could do it.

After they left, Mom took me to her bedroom and had me strip to my briefs. Out of the four of us, Matt and I were the smallest. I stood 5'7" and weighed maybe 130, Matt was close to my size, but thinner, Fred was shorter but heavier, while Bill was the largest at 5'9" and 150 pounds. We'd all turned 18 over the last few months. I never dreamed I could be so old and still not have a girlfriend, but now, for the first time, I was glad I didn't have one.

I knew it was possible for boys to look spectacular as girls, I had seen them on television, but now, I was the one that would be wearing the dress, and I was sure I would look like a clown. Mom, however, thought differently, and as she measured me up, she kept writing on a small pad, clucking her tongue and smiling. When she was done she told me I could get dressed, but to stay home. She had a few errands to run. I could hardly wait.

Mom returned about two hours later, several bags in her hands, smiling as she told me to follow her. I watched as she put the bags on the bed and began to take out the clothes she had bought, one after another, the pile of lace trimmed stuff growing. Then she asked me to strip again. When I was once again in my briefs, she smeared on a cream, covering every square inch of skin below my chin except for my groin, then told me I had to wait a while before I could shower it off. Almost at once the itching started, growing worse as I waited, my arms held out slightly. Finally, just about the time I couldn't stand it any more, she told me to shower, shave as close as I could and wash my hair. "I'll wait right here for you" she said, sitting at her vanity. When I stepped out of the shower I knew right then that it might, maybe, be possible. My skin was hairless and smooth to the touch, my hair hung across my shoulders, my face was almost baby soft. With a sigh I wrapped a towel around myself and stepped back into the bedroom, knowing Mom had a plan.

"These are new panties Jeffrey, put them on and take care of that." I knew what she meant, and did as she told me. When I faced her, the panties were all I had on, and they fit pretty good. Even my manhood was tucked away, giving me a somewhat smoother front. "Come sit here at the vanity. I have to put some rollers in your hair and then we can start doing your makeup.

"Rollers? Nobody said anything about rollers!" One after another, the pink rollers were wound into my hair, a pattern emerging as mom methodically put my hair up, then she sprayed on some kind of chemical and lastly, put a plastic cap over my head.

"Now you'll learn how to do makeup, Jeffrey." I looked at her then back at the mirror before I gave in. "This is called foundation. Women use it to make their face all one tone before they add color, but in your case it will also cover that scraggle you call a beard. This is how you use it."

"Do we have to do this, Mom? I mean, it's so..."

"Your father called and told them you were all boys, honey, and you know what their response was. That with your sound, they are very excited about you, but they don't think they could sell even one record if you look like a boy and sound like a girl. The man he talked to said to do your best, and they would help if you needed it." I looked at her and didn't see anything but determination on her face, and sighed. "This is how you apply foundation." Mom didn't do anything but direct me, making me do my own makeup. After the foundation came the powder, then eye shadow, eyeliner, and finally blusher. "I'll just thin your eyebrows a bit, Jeffrey. Hold still." Using tweezers, she pulled out a lot of hair, then told me to stand up. "This is a bra, and this is how you wear it." Mom slipped it over my arms and let me fasten the front hook, then added a pair of



soft, flesh-colored breasts. They filled out the bra and gave me a chill when I looked in the mirror. Wearing just panties and the bra, my hair in rollers and nothing else, I saw a young girl starting to emerge. "Those give you an A cup, which is right for a girl your age and size." I looked down and saw the twin mounds on my chest and swallowed hard. "This is a padded pantybrief. It will give you some shape when you have it on." Mom handed it to me, and I pulled it on, then had to sit on the bed and pull on the pantyhose. The sensation of the nylon against my now smooth legs was electric and gave me duck bumps all over, which mom noticed. "They feel good don't they?"

"It's different, that's for sure!" I did not want to admit that I liked the way they felt, and looked away from her.

"I found this same skirt in four different colors. They're all yours, but try this one first." I took it, the electric blue material almost hard on the eyes, but I stepped into it, then zipped it up. "The pleats go in front dear." I spun it around, then realized that it was at mid thigh on me! I looked at Mom, who was holding up the top. "Just pull it over your head. It's a simple top." Mom helped me get it over the rollers, then, as I pulled it down, I saw that my navel was showing. I looked at Mom, who ignored me, and had me sit at the vanity again. The cap was taken off, the rollers unrolled, then she used a brush to create a very feminine hairstyle. Fluffy on top with curls on the sides and back, it completed my facial transformation exactly. There was no

sign of my old self in the mirror. Instead, a very pretty teenaged girl sat there looking back. "Use this, Jeffrey." Mom handed me a tube of pale red lipstick, and as I drew it on my lips I knew for sure that I could do this, even if I didn't want to.

After that I had blue earrings clipped to my earlobes, an ankle bracelet, then a thin watch went on my wrist. My feet slid into the shoes easily, the silver heels matching the top. Mom took my hand and we stood side by side in front of the mirror. I was glued to the image there. The girl had a pretty face framed in soft brown hair, her blue eyes outlined in black and shaded in gray and copper, her smile red, and her teeth white. The top was short-sleeved, but fit tightly, accenting the breasts before it tapered to her navel, then the skirt flared out at her hips, stopping short so her long legs were on display. The heels made her legs look sexy and smooth, long and delicious. I was aghast at how little it took to create this girl, and knowing that I was the girl did not make it easier. "Shall we go show Dad?" I lingered at the mirror until her hand tugged at my elbow, and I followed her.

The clicking of my heels on the hardwood floor signaled my arrival, and I stood there in the doorway, ashamed and scared to be seen this way, especially by my father. He stood up, staring at me for a moment, his mouth open, his body stiff with surprise. "I told you she would be lovely, Jack. Just look at her!" Mom's enthusiasm did not extend to me, but Dad finally came over to me, then looked me over, slowly and carefully, from head to toe, .

"I never expected... I mean she looks great! Looking this good, they're a cinch to get the contract!" I stood there as my parents, each of them, looked at me. "We need a name for this girl, Marion. We can't call her Jeff, can we?" A name! I hadn't thought of that!

"How about Janet? It starts with the same letter. Maybe... Lynn for a middle name. That gives you the same initials and will be easy to remember." Janet Lynn. I ran the name over my tongue a few times, then nodded my head yes. "Janet and I will have to spend some money tomorrow, Jack. This is the only outfit she has, except for the other skirts, and if she is to become a young lady, well, she'll need a lot more of a selection." Dad nodded his head yes, and Mom left the room for a moment. When she returned, she handed me a purse. "There's no time like the present, Janet. Why don't we get you a few more skirts and blouses, and maybe another bra. We'll be back in time for your father to take us out to dinner."

Without waiting, she took my arm, and for the first time I was outside as a girl. The very thought of anyone seeing me this way made me concerned, but Mom pointed at the car and off we went, straight to the mall. "I can't understand why you're so nervous, you look simply wonderful. Blue is obviously your color." Mom didn't get it. In that electric blue skirt every male eye would be watching me, and maybe, most of the girls as well. It was like wearing a target on my back. She took me to a department store where we picked up some black heels and a pair of white flats, then another bra and a package of panties. In dresses she told me to select two that I liked, and I ended up with a black sheath, a red and white romper suit, and three more skirts. One in a green and white plaid, one that is black, and a simple tan, all with blouses to match. Then, to my great relief we went home.

"Change into the black dress, honey, and wear the new heels. I'll be up in a minute." I took the clothes to my room and shut the door, wondering why I had to do this. Then I thought about all that money. I slipped out of the skirt and blouse, pulled the dress over my head and was struggling with the zipper when Mom came in. "This is how you pull up a back zipper, Janet." Mom showed me how she did it, and when I tried it, I found it was quite easy. When I looked in the mirror, I saw that the dress was just as short as the blue skirt had been, maybe shorter! "That looks very nice, Janet. Change your shoes and redo your lipstick and come to my room." In a few minutes she had brushed my hair again, changed my earrings to gold buttons, spritzed me with perfume, and added a gold belt to the dress. "Wait in the family room for us, Janet." I left the room, still shaken by the way I looked. Dad said nothing when he saw me, but I know he was still in shock.

Dad drove us to the restaurant, and as we walked in, I was sure someone would jump up and say something about a boy in a dress. Maybe I was hoping it would happen. If it did, then I could say no to all of this and get on with life. But nobody did, and there was all that money to think about. Mom chided me about my elbows on the table, how to sit like a lady and so on, but, all in all, she said I did fine all night long. That night, Mom told me to be up early so I could get ready. My friends would be over at ten.

By nine the next morning I was once again completely dressed, wearing the blue skirt and silver blouse, my makeup and hair done to perfection, the scent of perfume surrounding me. I was waiting in the family room when Bill showed up with his mother. They looked at me, staring, making me wonder how I looked to the others, when we heard the doorbell ring and mom told me to get it. I didn't want to, but she sat there and we heard the chimes again. "Janet, get the door." She said it softly, but anything other than me doing what she said wasn't an option, so I went and opened the front door and saw Matt standing there. I was stunned by the way he looked and held the door back so he, er, she could step in.

"Damn!"

"Like it?" He looked great! "Call me Jill." She had on a white sundress that had two thin straps over the shoulders, a tapered waist, and flared at her hips, but the biggest surprise was that I could clearly see that she had breasts! Jill looked down, then put a hand on



I was stunned by the way she looked and held the door back so he, er, she could step in.

"Damn!"

"Like it?"

He looked great!

"Call me Jill."

Janet Stickney - Barbie Boys

each of her breasts and smiled at me. Her legs looked great in the white sandals, her nails had been painted red, her makeup perfect. "I can show you how to do this, Janet, if you want me to, I mean." I knew right away that Jill had dressed as a girl before, and by the way she looked now, combined with her reaction when we found out, she obviously liked the idea, and it showed. Mom came in and saw Jill, then I told her who it was. Fred and his mom showed up right after that.

Our mothers looked Jill and me over carefully before they sat down. Fred and Bill were staring at Jill and me, a look of shock on their faces, but both of them were grinning! As a group, our parents started to talk among themselves. We looked at each other, then started to sit down when Mom said to stay. Dad came in with his camera and tripod setup, and started to take pictures of us in various poses together, then each of us alone. The one that bothered me the most was when I put my knee on a chair, the other leg straight, and bent at the waist as I looked at the camera, my head cocked. Mom said it was a very sexy pose. Jill was also posed, then Fred's mother said, "I think this might just work!" I looked at Fred's mom, a sinking feeling growing in my gut. If this had not gone well, or one of us didn't look quite right, then it was over. But, here I was, looking just sexy as hell.

"Jeff and Matt need as much practice being girls as possible," Mom said to the other mothers. Then she turned to us. "Every second you two aren't in school, you'll be Janet and Jill."

"Every second?" I looked at Fred, Jill, and Bill, and saw the same look on their faces as I know I had on mine. "But why?"

"Do you want a recording contract or not? This isn't a game!" Mom exclaimed. "Your classes will be finished in about a month. And the recording appointment is one week after that. It's enough time to get you ready, but be warned, the day you finish school is the last day you will be dressing as a boy. After that, it'll be nothing but skirts and dresses!" Fred almost said something, then didn't. Bill wanted to. I was merely concerned, but Jill was smiling widely.

"Why don't you set up and sing the song so we can all hear it, and at the same time, see how you look while performing as you will be later," Jill's mother suggested.

We left, and went to the basement, my heels clicking on the floors as we walked. In twenty minutes we were ready, and our mothers sat there as Jill and I sang the duet, then I did my solo, and finally, the four of us did a number together. All I knew was that I had to bend my legs differently wearing that skirt, and I had to be careful so that I didn't end up with the skirts around our waists. We finished, and there was nothing but silence for a moment, then they all started clapping.

They all went home about an hour later, and I expected to change clothes. Mom said no. "It's only two now, honey. Why don't we go have your colors done and get you your own makeup? You'll need to do it sooner or later anyway."

"Do I have a choice, Mom?"

"Not really dear. You looked simply wonderful, and you know it. I know this is ridiculous, but if you do get a recording contract you'll have to dress as a girl all of the time, and girls your age know how to do their own hair and makeup, and that means you will have to be able to do it

yourself." In my entire life I had never dressed as a girl, not even on Halloween, and now mom expected me to become a girl almost overnight! Mom sat there looking at me, not saying anything as I worked it out in my own mind.

"If they accept us, that means that I can't ever dress as a boy anymore, doesn't it?"

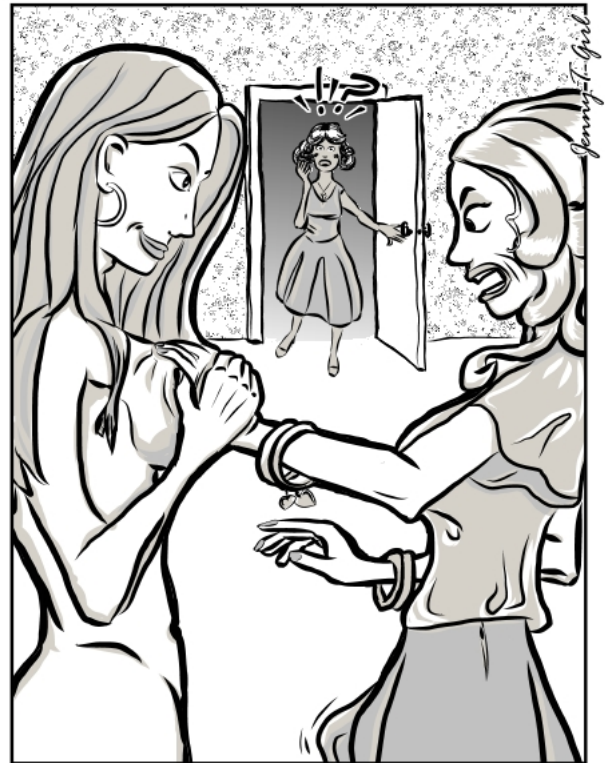
"I can't see how you could manage it. You'll be in the spotlight almost all of the time. Think what the tabloids would do to you."

I sat on the chair at the vanity, resigned to my fate. All my life I had dreamed of being a star, but not a female star, yet it was happening to me. Mom looked at Jill, saw that she wanted to talk to me, sighed, then told me could do our shopping later, so Jill and I went to my room. As I shut the door Jill unzipped her dress, took it off, and stood there in panties and her bra, all signs of a male gone! "Janet, I have to tell you, I've dressing as a girl since I was a kid, and I think I have an idea." She told me what it was, then, "This is the best thing to happen to me ever!"

I sat on my chair as Jill slipped her panties down and took off her bra! Jill was a girl, or at least she sure looked like one to me! She had boobs and a vagina that looked real enough to me! "I can make you look the same, Janet. It's easy." My eyes were bugged out and my tongue quit working at the same time I was having a reaction to having a naked girl in my room, and it wasn't a feminine reaction. Jill walked over to me and took my hand and put it on her left breast. It was warm, and I yanked it away. "We're both going to have to do this if we want to succeed Janet, especially you and I." Just then mom walked into my room unannounced.

Jill was still naked, I was in shock and Mom was doing her mom thing the minute she saw Jill. "Put some clothes on, right this minute, Jill!" She quickly complied, of course, then we stood there as Mom stared at us. "I saw it, but I don't believe it Jill. Care to tell me how you look this way?"

"It's easy, Mrs. Grant. I ordered everything from the Internet. The panties are custom-made for fit and color, as are the breast forms. Together, they cost about \$800, but it's worth it." Mom knew right then that Jill had ordered them some time back, and quickly figured out, as I had, that Jill had always liked to dress as a girl.



"We're both going to have to do this
if we want to succeed Janet, especially you and I."
Just then mom walked into my room unannounced.

Janet Stinchney - Barbie Boys

"I can help Janet look like this, and it seems it might be better if she did." Then she told mom how.

"Janet, go start your computer. I want to see this for myself." I did as Mom told me, then, as Jill called up the site, we all stared at the screen as we saw that Jill was telling the truth. "I'll be damned!" Jill printed out the instructions for us, then she went home. "This solves a lot of problems, Janet! I think I'll call the other mothers so they won't be surprised to see two very real girls." Mom went to make the calls while I thought about how I would look naked.

On Monday we were all back in school, wearing our own clothes, of course. After just a few days in a skirt, even I could tell the difference in the fabrics, and all I could think of was the way the nylons felt on my legs. Jill was in her boy clothes, but I noticed that she had a wider, rounded butt with a narrow waist. I don't think anyone else noticed, but I was sure that she still wore her special panty. It was a long week as we waited for school to end. Matt, Bill, Fred, and I walked home together, the only topic was the impending permanent change Jill and I were about to undergo. "Melissa isn't going to like this at all!"

"Listen dummy, you look better as a girl than she ever did and you know it!"

"I agree, Bill. As far as I'm concerned, Jill is the best looking."

"Not true, Janet. I was real surprised at how you looked, and so was Mom. She said you look like that teenage witch on television." Fred was being kind of course. In reality, neither of us looked what you would call bad, just better than others, like any collection of girls anywhere. Jill, the smallest, had the best attitude and looked like a prom queen. Her oval face and wide set eyes were set off by her smile and bubbly personality. With the right clothes I looked okay, and I have to admit, to myself of course, that I wasn't quite against it as I was when this all started.

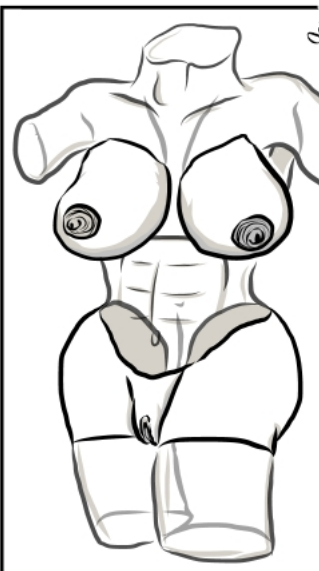
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Breathing Latex (TM)
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Made of 'Breathing Latex (TM)'
A revolutionary medical latex.
While extremely durable these
panties and vagina Pantie can be
applied many times. However
since the 'Breathing Latex (TM)'
allows your skin to breathe you
can comfortably wear your new
panties for 30 days or more.

The pantie allows realistic
urination and penetration. Please
read the Testimonials for more
details. The 'Breathing Latex (TM)'
breast forms are available from
sizes A to DD.

Follow our easy six step measure
and color guide before placing
your order. This way you ensure
a perfect fit and skin tone blend.
Once applied to your skin it will
be almost impossible to distinguish
you from a real woman! Go on! Be
the woman you know you are.



MEASURE GUIDE **ADD TO CART** **CHECK OUT**

"It's easy Mrs. Grant. I ordered it from the Internet.
The panties are custom made for fit and color as are
the breastforms. Together they cost about \$800,
but it's worth it."

Janet Stickney - Barbie Boy



Matt, Bill, Fred, and I walked home together, the only
topic was the impending permanent change Jill and I
were about to undergo.

Janet Stickney - Barbie Boy

"Let Janet and me get changed and meet us at my house later. She and I have to be the girls, and you'll have get used to it sooner or later anyway, and we can talk about it in private." We all agreed with Jill and I went our own way home. The minute I stepped into the house, Mom was waiting for me, a huge grin on her face. With a simple wag of her finger I followed her to my room. On the bed were three boxes, and I knew exactly what they were.

"Get undressed Janet, today is the day."

"Naked?" Mom nodded her head, and for the first time since I was a child, I stood naked in front of my mother.

"I have read the instructions twice, so pay attention." She handed me a tube and told me to lubricate myself, which was embarrassing enough, then she held out the special panty for me step into. Within less than an hour I had boobs and a vagina, just like Jill! "It said in the instructions that the adhesive will hold for a month, maybe more, so you're committed now, Janet." Without waiting, she simply told me to get dressed and left! I stood there looking in the mirror and saw that I now had rounded hips, wider and fuller, breasts that looked real, and, in comparison, a narrow waist. My hair hung down, loose yet feminine. That is when I realized that this might be fun, and began to dress. I opened my dresser drawer and saw a pile of panties on one side, bras on the other. I pulled on some panties and went to the bathroom to do my makeup. I put on foundation and eyeliner. I went back in my room, opened the closet and saw three dresses, several skirts and some blouses! I saw a sundress similar to the one Jill wore and pulled it out of the closet.

The powder blue dress had twin straps, which made me smile when I realized that, like Jill, I would be able to have some very real-looking cleavage. Bill and Fred were going to have a cow when they saw me. I pulled on the pantyhose and then the dress, zipping it up, then stepped into the white flats before I went back to the bathroom to do my hair. I pulled it back into a simple ponytail, high on the back of my head, and used the brush to make some bangs, then did my lips in bright red. In Mom's room, I took the blue-and-white earrings, made them secure, and took the thin gold watch. I used her perfume, and went back to my room. On the upper shelf I found a white purse, so I stuffed my wallet, lipstick and some tissue into it. Then I went down the stairs, my small cleavage proudly on display.

"I'm going over to Jill's. We're having a meeting." Mom nodded her head yes without commenting on the dress. I drove my small car over, parked, then saw that Jill's sister had some of her friends over! Kathy is just a year younger, and knows all of us quite well, so she might know me no matter how I was dressed. I had to go in, I couldn't just sit there. I gathered up my nerve and got out of the car, hoping my looks would be enough to protect me.

"Hi, Janet!"

"Hi, Kathy. Is Jill here?"

"She's out on the patio. Bill is with her." I went around the house, surprised at Kathy's reaction. She acted as if it was the most normal thing in the world for me to be dressed as a girl. Jill was wearing shorts and a top, Bill had on a shirt and jeans. I joined them, and moments later Fred arrived. We all looked at each other, and then started to laugh.

"I see that you took my advice, Janet."

"Not me, it was Mom." We talked about how we would have to structure the act now that Jill and I were girls, the songs and so on, then Fred and Bill left to get some sodas. Jill stood up and smiled, then told me another secret. "Those panties we have on allow us to have sex with a guy if we want to." I had no idea that was possible! "Remember that little nub that poked out?" I nodded my head yes. "It stops us from having an erection, Janet, which means that we don't have to worry about any accidents!"

"You sound like you've tried it already, Jill."

She sat down, a slow grin on her face. "I have, Janet, with David."

"David, as in track star, President of the class, that David?" She nodded her head yes and sat back.

"The up-side is, we can't get pregnant. The down-side is we can't get pregnant, but David was trying hard, believe me."

I said nothing as I absorbed what she had told me. "I know you told me that you dressed as a kid, but this sounds like you've been dressing as a girl for a long time Jill, and getting away with it."

"I told my parents when I was 13, and they have let me dress as long as I didn't get crazy. I've been to some of the dances and around, but when David hit on me it was right after I got the panty, and I had to try it, didn't I?"

I said nothing when I realized what Jill had said. Just then Fred and Bill came back. Then Fred spoke up. "When my mom told me that the band is now two guys and two girls, I have to admit that I never thought you two would look so damned good!"

"I agree!"

"I guess we better become the best girls we know how, and give the performance of our lives when we do our demo next week." We all agreed, and we all left for home. Dad was there when I walked in. He took one look at me and gulped. I now had a 36-24-36 figure, and it showed in the way the dress fit. But that wasn't what set him off. I dropped my purse, and when I bent to pick it up, I bent at the waist, which gave him an unobstructed view down the front of my dress, my breasts hanging, almost out of the bra until I stood up, but I didn't realize it of course. When I turned, he also saw my long nylon clad legs almost to my panties.



"You sound like you've tried it already Jill." She sat down, a slow grin on her face.

"I have Janet, with David."

"David, as in track star, President of the class, that David?"

Janet Stichnetz - Barbie Boys

"Marion!"

"Yes dear?"

"Are you aware that Janet has... I mean she fills out her... "

"Bra?"

"Yes! She has boobs! Did you know that?"

"Of course, dear. I attached them to her chest this morning. Why?"

He threw his hands in the air and went in to watch the news, leaving me with Mom. "He's having a hard time adjusting, Janet, and quit bending at the waist. Bend at the knees instead. Remember, males are visual, and even if he is your father, he's always a male first, and will react like one."

We drove down the day before we were to cut the demo, all of us staying at the same hotel. Jill and I decided to wear the same skirts Mom bought for us, but Jill had found new tops. These were low cut. Dad took the truck with our equipment, and we all went in two cars, following Dad. The men at the loading dock quickly unpacked everything and we were soon set up and ready to play. Our parents sat with the director, the same one that Dad had told we were all boys. "You said these are all boys?"

"Yes, why?"

"Two of them certainly don't look like any boys I know!"

"You did say they should do their best."

He said nothing more and gave us the cue. We sang our three songs, all of them twice, then he came in and gave us some different music. "I like the sound. I like the hard edge you give your music a lot. Try this." He handed out the music, and when I saw the title I thought he was crazy.

"Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy?"

"I know its an old number, but try it anyway." The director left and we studied the music for a moment.



I bent at the waist, which gave him an unobstructed view down the front of my dress, my breasts hanging, almost out of the bra until I stood up, but I didn't realize it of course.

Janet Stinchey - Barbie Boys



"You said these are all boys?"

"Yes, why?"

"Two of them certainly don't look like any boys I know!"

Janet Stinchey - Barbie Boys

"Jill, we have the lead, Fred, down one, Bill, you take the bottom." Bill started the beat on his bass drum and I picked it up on the piano and ran it a few times before we actually sang it. From the first sound I knew we had it. The music was perfect for us and we added an edge the Andrews Sisters didn't have.

"Can we try it without the music?" We looked at the director, then gave it a try. It was even better! We signed the contract that day, then Jill and I were asked to join the director and our parents in his conference room. "These girls have the perfect sound we're looking for. Swing is hot right now, and they bring a new slant to the music, which is the direction we'll push them in. However, as we all know, boys voices break and become deeper, which in this case will ruin a very promising career. However, since their voices haven't changed yet, we could fix things so they won't ever." We were all looking at him, waiting for whatever else he had to say. "This is a serious step. The boys would need to give their consent." My dad's face turned white, mom looked stunned, and I didn't have a clue while Jill was grinning!

"I'm in!" she said, still smiling.

"But that means that Janet can't..."

"That's exactly right sir, JANET can't."

"Janet can't do what" I asked.

"Honey" Mom said, "He is talking about removing your testicles so that your voice doesn't change."

"We are not demanding it, of course, but we'd like you to think about it. It would be easier on all of us if Jill and Janet have a more... naturally feminine shape, and of course, we'll cover the cost of that and any other course of action the doctors deem necessary."

All at once I figured out what he meant. Jill also knew, and was almost jumping at the chance, but I knew why. For myself, the thought of even considering that was outlandish, and I immediately said, "No way!"

"Can we talk to the girls alone, sir?" He left the room, leaving our parents, Jill and me.

"Janet, if your recording contract takes off like he thinks it will, you'll have to be a girl all of the time anyway. If you think some girl is going to be attracted to you, it won't be because she thinks you're a cute boy. There are some complications, of course, but nothing that would



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Janet Stinchey - Barbie Boys

prohibit you from having a family later on." Jill's mother is a nurse, and we all looked to her because she had the knowledge.

"I think we all know what he meant. Breast implants, Liposuction to give you a narrower waist, possibly wider, rounder hips, and laser removal of your beard. You might want to consider the advantages, and maybe even have them remove all of your body hair. And of course, we all hope that your voice won't change, but that can be addressed later. Jill is ready for it because she's been dressing and going out, dating and so on, for three years now. In her mind she has accepted the fact that she should have been a girl. In your case it's slightly different, but the result is the same."

Mrs. Wilson put it right on the line. Now it was up to me. "What did he mean when he said any course of action the doctors deem necessary?"

"He means breast implants at a minimum, Janet." Jill obviously liked the idea.

"Nothing else?" I asked, a hint of fear in my voice.

"They won't even consider it until you have been in an approved program for two years."

It was like a shot out of the blue that struck me right to the core of my male being. It wasn't like I was losing a symbol of my virility as much as I would be gaining a positively sign of femininity. That wasn't foremost on my mind, yet, as I thought about it, I realized that I had come to like my new shape, the clothes and how I looked. I had gradually come to realize that being a girl wasn't so bad, and having my own breasts would certainly be easier, and with the panty, I would fit in even better. I wondered what Dad would say when I said yes.

"Okay, I'll do it, but they have to add the breast implants for sure." I waited for the explosion. All I heard was a sigh.

The director was asked to come back in, and Dad told him we would agree, but we had to have a ten-year contract! We hadn't discussed it at all, but Dad used this as leverage to make sure we would have enough of a career to make it worthwhile. The director flinched, but in the end, agreed.

Not much was said about it on the way home, but it weighed heavy on my mind. That night Mom and I, alone in my room, talked about it. "Face it, Janet. You all know how you sound, they were very excited about your music and have started to plan your career for you. Doing this is still your choice, of course, and we will support you if you decide to decline, but you need to think long range." I didn't know what she meant, which must have showed on my face. "What I mean is, all of the advertising, videos, labels and covers, plus touring and live performances all mean one thing. You'll have to live as a girl full time anyway, for ten years at least, and living as a woman will certainly be easier on you if you do this won't it?" I said nothing and mom left me to ponder the question.

In the morning, when I woke, I had made the decision to do it. As I looked around my room I saw my bra, skirt and blouse, the heels and my makeup, none of which boys usually had in their rooms. I also knew that rather than just tolerating the clothes, I was beginning to understand that something about all of this seemed to make it more than just a costume, it was a lifestyle, and my future. I got dressed in shorts and a top, then went to find Mom. I told her I

would do it, then called Fred, Bill, and Jill. We met at Fred's house, Jill and I still wearing our girl clothes.

"I'm doing it" I said. "They agreed to a ten year run, which means that we'll have to live as girls all of the time, and this only makes it easier on me."

"I'm in" said Jill.

Fred wasn't as keen on it, but he also understood, and agreed as well. We all turned to look at Bill.

"Of course I'm going to support you two, but only because you need me to make sure you don't get into any trouble!"

Two days later, Mom drove me to the clinic they had designated, and I met the doctor for the first time. Tall, he had a long mane of white hair and piercing blue eyes. His voice was soft yet firm as he went over every single thing that would, might, and could happen, plus all of the possible complications. When he was done he gave me a physical, watching as I removed the panty, then he used a solvent to remove the breast forms. He did not mention the devices at all, just snorted when he examined them.

"I believe that the quicker we start, the better for everyone, Janet. I'll have the nurse set up the operating room, and within an hour we'll begin." Mom and I waited in the small room, then I was wheeled in for the operation. I was told it took three hours. When I woke up I was groggy, but the twin mounds on my chest spoke loudly to me. I now had breasts of my own. My hand slipped to my groin, felt my now smaller waistline, and made sure my weapon was still there. Mom took me home a few hours later.

For three days I recuperated at home, hobbling around, then mom removed the bandages and I got my first look. Mom said that the doctor did not use stitches, but a surgical glue. Surprisingly, I had almost healed up. "Put your special panty on, Janet. I'll set the glue for you." Once again, I inserted my member and pulled up the panty as Mom glued it in place. I looked in the mirror, and my breasts stood out firm and pert, only slightly bigger than the fake ones I had used. "Your bras should still fit, so go ahead and get dressed, I'll be in the kitchen."



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Janet Stinchey - Barbie Boys

Within the week Jill and I had the bodies of teenaged girls and had accepted our new roles in life. On Monday we cut our first few songs. The director selected new music for us to try, some of it from the Forties, some the Fifties, and some new stuff. It took a month to cut all of the songs, usually in the morning. In the afternoon we were fitted for our stage clothes. Mom mentioned our colors, which they liked, so my wardrobe was primarily blue. Tight, short and sexy, Jill and I were made to look very hot. We had our hair cut and styled, nails made longer and training in makeup. Our first album was released without a single live performance. On the cover we were posed so that our new assets were on prominent display without being lewd.

I was out shopping with Jill when we saw Bill with one of our classmates. Gretchen is a tall, leggy brunette and very pretty. She was hanging on his every word, laughing and giggling in all of the right places. "Looks like Bill has adjusted to stardom quite well."

"Our turn will come, Janet. Be patient." I wasn't jealous, I simply had not thought about males as a girl would yet. But no longer shy about dressing as a girl, I went anywhere I wanted to, but no boys yet.

When our album hit the stores we instantly became noticed, and Jill and I started to get fan mail, usually from over eager teenaged boys with one thing on their tiny minds, and it wasn't music. We had our first gig in a huge theater that sold out in two days, which really shook me! Dad said he would come along, just to make sure we didn't have any trouble, but what he really meant was that he didn't want us to fall prey to our emotions. For the show we had two changes of clothes. Jill and I started the show wearing our individual skirts and tops with the silver shoes, then we wore gowns that were tight and short, low cut enough to concern even mom, and still in our colors. In fact, most of my fan mail was addressed to "Blue", while the Jill's mail was in her color, red. We did three shows before Dad didn't come. That's the time we caught Jill in her room, naked under the sheets with one of the stage hands.

Fred, Bill and I kept silent about it, figuring that was Jill's business. But now, I knew that the panty would work as advertised, and with my new body, was a possibility. We had a week off, and I was glad to take the rest. Mom had filled out my wardrobe a bit, and my choices were a lot wider now.



Our First album was released without a single live performance.
On the cover we were posed so that our new assets were on prominent display without being lewd.

Janet Stinchey - Barbie Boys

After almost two months my mannerisms had become feminine and I no longer worried about being found out. Only Dad was still having a hard time with it once in a while, especially when he caught sight of me almost nude as I raced from Mom's room to my own. With my breasts bouncing and my wider hips, there was no doubt that I not only looked like a girl, but I was acting like one now.

I usually wore shorts and a top around the house, maybe jeans once in a while, which Mom told me I should not do. She wanted me to wear skirts or dresses. The next day I wore a short skirt and a top, then drove over to see Jill, but she wasn't home, so I started to drive back home when Bill walked up to the car.

"Hi, Janet." I thought nothing about the way he was smiling at me, and smiled back. "How about we go have lunch together?" Now this was new, because he was my friend, and knew all about me, I said yes. "Great! Leave your car here, I'll drive." I got into his car, then he drove us to the park. "They serve a mean hot dog here, Janet."

As I got out of the car he took my hand in his, then spun me around and kissed me! His arms went around me and pulled me closer, his tongue pushed against my lips, and I opened my mouth. It went on for a long time, then he simply broke away and pulled me after him.

He was right. The hot dog was wonderful. We walked down to the lake and sat there, side by side. I had no clue why he kissed me, yet after all this time as a girl, with no date of any kind, I was actually relieved in a way. I felt his arm as it snaked around me, then looked up as his lips touched mine



That's the time we caught Jill in her room, naked 'under the sheets' with one of the stage hands.

Janet Stickney - Barbie Boys



As I got out of the car he took my hand in his, then spun me around and kissed me! His arms went around me and pulled me closer, his tongue pushed against my lips, and I opened my mouth.

Janet Stickney - Barbie Boys

again. "Jill and Fred are a couple now, and I thought that you and I..." My lips touched his and he fell silent.

Those few hours with Bill changed my whole outlook. Up to then I had accepted the fact that my dressing as a girl would ensure my future, which is why I agreed to have the surgery in the first place. I had no thought about boys in any way, especially as a girl, but I knew that my fan mail was from teenage boys and not girls. I know that they were reacting to me as a female, not a star. At least that's what I told myself every time I read one of those letters. But it was getting hard to deny the truth.

Every time I undressed, I saw the naked reality. I had my own breasts now, my babies, I called them. Wider hips and, thanks to the panty, a vagina, just like every other girl. It was becoming hard to not think of myself as a girl now. Mom even commented on it once in a while. At first, when I was at home, I would relax, and let the overtly feminine gestures fall away. Now I never did. Doing makeup and hair was becoming second nature now, as was wearing a bra every day. My gradual transition had gained speed without me realizing it, and now, Bill had brought it all home to me. He thought of me as a female now, and reacted to me just like any male would around any girl he liked. The fact that he knew the truth didn't seem to matter to him. What mattered now was how I looked at my life. Was I a male dressing as a female? Or was I now so much a female that there was no going back?

We had three away dates where we were going to introduce four new songs, and as I packed my things Mom came in and shut the door, then sat on the bed. "What's the matter, honey?"

I could never lie to her, so I didn't try. "Bill."

"He's attracted to you, isn't he?" I nodded my head yes. "And you're thinking of being more than a friend." Another nod yes. I kept packing my clothes while Mom watched. "Good girls don't do what you're thinking of, Janet, and you know that."

"But Jill and Fred..."

"I'm not concerned about what they do, Janet. I'm only concerned about you." She lay back on the bed, then smiled that wistful smile of hers. "I'm not a prude, Janet, and I know that you can't get pregnant. I expect that you two will find a way no matter what we say, I know your father and I did." I snapped around to look at her. "Never mind!" She sat up and took my hand in hers. "Janet, you're an adult, and you know what is right and what's wrong. Just be careful."

I hugged her as I finally realized that I could not, would not, ever be a male again. Mom knew it too.

For the trip I wore a sundress. Fred drove, Jill next to him, Bill and I in the back seat, Mrs. Wilson behind us. Now that we had a strong following, the company always shipped our instruments ahead for us. If the gig was close, say under a thousand miles, we always drove the van we had bought. I felt Bill's hand on my leg, slowly moving back and forth. Our parents still treated us like kids, one of them always came along. In a way I was glad, because Bill was turning me on.

We had a two month lay-off after that, so Mom and I redecorated my room in a more feminine way, adding a vanity, new carpet and a canopy bed which I picked out myself. No longer shy about how I looked, I had begun to try different styles of clothes, some of which really looked good on me. Like wearing the black corselet. Satin and thin lace. It accented my 23-inch waist while pushing my breasts up, out and together. I had tried it on with black hose and my black heels and a small ribbon around my neck. My hair now hung down my back, so I used a black bow to hold it away from my face, and was looking in the mirror when Mom walked in on me.

"Damn!"

I turned to face her, knowing that I looked just sexy as hell. "Like it?"

"The question I have is where do you plan on wearing that?"

I smiled at mom and said nothing, but she knew. I know she did. After she left the room I slipped a dress over my head, the green one, and grabbed my purse. I was going to find Bill.

He drove towards the park, but I told him to drive over to the hotel instead. I waited while he got a room, then we went up in the elevator, silent as we both knew what was going to happen, but wondering why. Up to now I had been an ice queen no matter how much he tried to change that, and yet, here I was, suddenly ready for him.

As Bill opened the door I walked in and stood in the middle of the room, waiting. He came to me, held me, then kissed me. I felt his hand as it grabbed the zipper, then the almost silent whir as he pulled it down. Stepping back I sloped my shoulders, letting the dress fall to the floor, kicked it away and stood there.

Bill was excited, and I reached out to unbuckle his pants, then went to my knees to pull them down. He stepped out of them even as I yanked his briefs down, exposing his raging manhood, right at my eye level. Without a thought, I reached out and took it in my hand, stroking it, the velvety hardness so familiar yet different.

He stood there, silent, as my lips touched him, then all at once I took him, my tongue finding the base. His hands held my head for a moment, then I stood up, leaving him panting. I stepped back and pulled the ribbon out of my hair. Bill stepped up and untied the laces of the corselet. I let it fall, pushed the hose down, and stood there, wearing nothing but the ribbon



"The question I have is where do you plan on wearing that?"
I smiled at mom and said nothing, but she knew.

Janet Stiney - Barbie Boys

around my neck and a smile. He took my hand and led me to the bed. His hairy chest invited me to run my fingers through it, and I did just that as his hand found my breast, then his lips sucked on the nipple and drove me crazy.

I wanted to watch him, but he rolled me over, then lay on me, probing, then all at once I felt him enter. Bill held my hands in place as he stroked, growing faster and faster until at last he expended, then fell off me. For him it was enough, but I still wore the panty, and I needed more.

Naked, I ran to the bath, got a warm washrag and returned. I cleaned him slowly, then my hands found his weaponry. As I massaged him he grew stronger, then I took him again. He lay there as my head moved up and down, then he began to buck, filling me. I had stepped over the line of my own maleness, but as a woman I had satisfied my man, and I was ready to do it again.

I felt no shame at what I had done, instead, I felt very happy. I lay next to Bill, letting him hold me tightly. I lay there, content in myself, knowing that I had just confirmed my own femininity. I had known for a long time now that I never wanted to be

a male again, and this was my way of confirming it to myself. Bill started stroking my back, then his hand found my breast. He proved his manhood again, then I cleaned up, dressing just as I had when I left the house. Bill took me back to my car and I drove home, a very contented girl.

Moms have a radar that can sense changes in the force, I think, and the minute I walked in the house and she saw me, she wagged her finger at me and we went out on the patio. "Janet Lynn! You did it, and don't deny it! You went out and seduced Bill. It's written all over your face, and given what you had on when you left I'm not surprised."

I said nothing, preferring to wait. Even if I wasn't born a female, I had come to love everything about being a female, and now that I had shown that to Bill, I wasn't about to give up any part of it. Mom knew that, of course. She and I had talked about it. "Maybe we should talk to a doctor, Janet. I think you and I both know that you might as well enter a program and become the woman you really are."

I entered the program under a different name and kept on performing. The name we chose for the band was the Barbie Boys. It made sense to us and we really didn't care what anyone else



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Janet Stinchey - Barbie Boys

thought. Jill had started a program about a month before I did. We had to keep it a secret so that we weren't torn apart in the tabloids.

Our schedule grew more hectic after the release of our last album. The director found a new writer, and we began to redo many songs, using new techniques to bolster our sound. In less than a year I had to abandon the breast implants, six months later the panty. A month later Jill and I had our surgery to become females, and while we were in the hospital, we won the Grammy.

T h e E n d

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