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“THAT’A GIRL”

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"THAT'A GIRL!"

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**Male and Female Chromosomes Can Easily
Be Distinguished By Simply Yanking Down Their Genes.**

“THAT’A GIRL!”

By **Sandy Thomas and friends,**

It came out of left field. Dad came up and asked, “Don, would you like to spend this summer as a girl?”

I stammered, “I guess . . .but why?”

“Well, your stepmother and I have been discussing your crossdressing and thought that perhaps if you spent all summer in skirts you might get tired of it and grow out of your unusual ‘hobby’.”

It was like a dream come true. I’d been dressing up in my deceased mother’s clothes since I was about five years old and father caught me when I was seven. I confessed that I liked the feeling and had no plans to stop.

Being a modern, single parent, he ran me directly to a ‘shrink’. I told the shrink my feelings and how it started. Right after mother died, Dad packed away big packing boxes of her things. I snuck in and got a few of her clothes and a doll out of her doll collection. I don’t know why I did that but having her things made me feel better. . .like she wasn’t really gone. Later, I put on her clothes and I felt secure.

The shrink gave Dad ‘guidance’. He was to make no big deal about my interests and was told I would most likely grow out of it. A stage, right?

So, that’s what he did . . .but I didn’t grow out of it. In fact, I liked it more and more.

It was a few years later when my father remarried Laura, a girl barely in her twenties. A real beauty . . .she was a temporary secretary who quickly caught father’s eye and became a permanent wife.

When they first started dating, Father told me to make sure she didn’t know about my ‘hobby’. When it became clear that I was about to have a new mother, father told her and to both our surprise, she went along with the

'shrinks' suggestion and didn't make a 'scene' about it. I got to keep my clothes. She got my father and became my stepmother.

The shrink continued to tell them to not make a big deal of it and sooner or later I'd 'grow' out of it. So, they let me go about my 'business' and lo, I grew into her clothes. Not exactly what they had in mind.

I must say that I loved looking at Laura. She had a style about her that was so feminine. I knew what dad saw in her. I loved seeing her when I'd 'accidentally' see her, you know, partly dressed, or even fully dressed as she primmed in front of the mirror before going out. Her dresses were most flattering to her full curves, making the most of her generous breasts.

I continued to dress by sneaking into my new stepmother's closet and picking up right where I'd left off with my mother's clothes. I guess one would call me 'Liberated' since I really didn't care whether my new stepmom, Laura, saw or accepted my dressing. I liked the feeling and had no plans to stop.

Laura, at first, resisted buying me my own clothes but after she found I'd been in one of hers, she bought me an outfit of my own. All this was done at home in my room and no one but my family knew of my interests. At school, I was just like all the other boys. Little did they know that I slept in a pink nighty or one of the many other items that I requested Laura buy me over the years. They didn't know of my secret dressing. I must say, my parents never made a 'big' deal about it but I never lost interest.

To my surprise, Laura wasn't the least put out by my little 'hobby'. In fact, once she saw how entrenched and adamant I was about continuing with my dressing, she actually encouraged me by buying me nighties as mine wore out and taking me shopping occasionally. (As a boy) As time went on, I became very close to my stepmother and she became like a real Mom to me.

Life was wonderful for us all, at least for a few years. Dad didn't work as hard and spent a lot of time with Laura. He loved her and she loved him. But after a few years even I noticed that the newness was wearing off and Dad was back to his workaholic ways. Laura was a home alone more and more.

That led to Laura and I becoming closer. We became friends. It was she who came to my baseball games and was more like a parent than my dad. She was always supportive and never allowed me to 'get down' on my self about my 'hobby'.

In turn, I was her friend . . . I listened when she was down or feeling alone because of dad's travel. She'd say, "Men only want wives for one reason . . . I hope you don't grow up and treat your wife like that."

At sixteen, my interest in 'dressing up' was stronger than ever. I'm sure the postman wondered why Seventeen Magazine came to a house with one boy. Or the neighbors wondering why there were women's and girl's dresses hung out on the clothes line.

Dad and Laura would occasionally have 'differences of opinion' about the clothes she bought me: a short bright red skirt, a flowery, fussy blouse or expensive basic black pumps with three inch heels. I'd hear dad yell, "He'll never grow out of this if you continue to buy him stuff."

Laura would smile. It was almost like she liked his passion about my dressing. I guess any attention was better than none. She'd whisper, "Shhhh! He'll hear you. Dear, it's just a couple things, he'll still grow out of it. Don't make a big deal out of nothing." She'd remind him of the shrink's advice and it would be dropped.

There was never a problem with my clothes because Laura would always mix them with hers when taking them to the cleaners. If they did notice, no one said anything.

So I wasn't totally surprised by the offer to dress like a girl . . . just the offer to do it for the whole summer.

Dad continued, "Don, I've got a chance to spend the summer in Los Angeles in our Santa Monica office temporarily replacing someone who quit." Dad worked for the giant aerospace firm Giles Aircraft, owned by the famous playboy Gerald Giles. Dad continued, "We've rented a house in Malibu right on the beach. I know you would have fun."

"But why as a girl?"

"To be honest," he said, "We've heard all about the gangs and drugs in L.A. and your stepmother Laura thought you would stay closer to home as a girl. We also

thought it might 'cure' you of your interest if you *had* to spend every day, all day, as a girl. Either way, we'd feel better."

"Why couldn't I just dress up around the house like here," I asked?

"No, it's all or nothing," Dad continued. "The doctor said, it's time you were forced into some adult decisions. It's all boy or all girl. Think it over and we'll discuss it tonight over dinner."

For the rest of the day, I was antsy. School was less than two weeks from vacation and I'd already planned my summer. I had baseball, swimming, camping and there was a girl that I had started dating. I had hoped to get my driver's licence in a couple months when I turned sixteen and aspired to getting a summer job to buy a car. All those plans were potentially down the drain. If I went as a girl, all I'd end up with was 'funny' tan lines.

That night over dinner, all three of us were restless. After Laura had served the food, Dad brought up the question, "Well?"

"I don't know," I said. I went on to tell them all my cancelled plans ending with, "All summer?" I asked.

"All summer . . . we will be back a week before school starts. You will be expected to dress and act totally like our son or daughter. Which ever you choose. But none of this going back and forth."

I asked Laura, "What do you think?"

"I'd feel better with a daughter in L.A. I've heard such horrible stories of gangs, drugs and the such. Besides,

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your dad will be working most of the time and we'd be alone together. I think we'd have more fun as mother and daughter than as mother and son."

"DAD?"

"Up to you . . . I'd hoped we could go see the Dodgers play a few times but I'm going to be real busy with work. I may have to travel during the week so I doubt if I can spend much time with you this summer. Besides, I really hope if you 'dress up' all summer, you'll get enough of it. But it's up to you."

I sat there quietly thinking about the summer. I was used to spending most of my time running and jumping and climbing trees and generally being like a boy. I had never worn one before but I knew that wearing a bra would make it difficult for me to move my arms around. With a skirt on, I wouldn't be doing much jumping. I would be expected to sit properly with my legs together, totally ladylike!

With an eye on my expressions, Laura said to Dad, "We'll have to buy him a new wardrobe. He'll need dresses, skirts, lingerie and at his age the girls are all wearing bras."

"That's fine, whatever he needs," Dad said, adding, "Are you prepared to wear a bra all summer?"

I had never worn a bra before and hadn't really thought about it much. That was the one item that Laura had never bought me. Obviously, I didn't physically need it.

An instinct in me rebelled against this opportunity to experience a summer in skirts but I answered a bit shyly, "I guess. I think I want to be a girl for the summer." We sat around talking of our summer and what we needed to do.

Now, I may be active in selected sports, but that doesn't imply that I'm some kind of hunk. Mother nature was austere, but kind to me. She made me 5'7" tall and slender, with small bones. I was a lean, mean sporting machine. Therefore, when I dressed up I knew I didn't look like a truck driver in a dress.

I had been letting my hair grow for several months and it hung around my neck in unattended strings. Occasion-

ally when I'd dressed up before, it was with one of Laura's wigs to cover the unkempt mess.

When Dad suggested that I dress as a girl for the summer, I almost thought he was trying to embarrass me out of the hobby, or maybe it was an attempt to let me grow tired of experience. Despite Laura's occasional purchases for me, Laura had only seen me dressed up a few times but she thought that I would make an attractive girl if given half a chance. I didn't know if I could believe her, but her saying so did make me happy that she wasn't repulsed by my hobby.

That evening, everyone agreed that Laura would take me in hand over the next two weeks until school let out and try to make me presentable for the summer. Both had stated that neither expected me to stay indoors all summer. I didn't think that wild dogs could keep me indoors with that warm Pacific ocean and beach right outside my door but I was worried about 'pulling it off'.

I guess I didn't really consider all the consequences of my decision. I was excited but a bit afraid. Maybe that's what was the attraction?

Therefore, it was either cooperate with Laura and be somewhat presentable or not cooperate and be the laughing stock of Malibu beach. I decided on the former. Besides, maybe I could use this ruse to cozy up with one of those California beach bunnies. Little did I realize that I would become one of those bunnies. If I had known the lengths to which Laura would go to effect my transformation and the extent of the changes that were to occur, I may of made a different decision that fateful day.

Anyway, I agreed to come directly home each day after school and allow Laura to teach me the fundamentals of grooming and the care of clothing. We all agreed to wait until we got to California before buying the bulk of my new wardrobe. One does not buy beach clothes in middle America.

After taking my vital measurements, Laura bought me a couple of basic outfits, including a few skirts, blouses and dresses plus two pair of low heeled pumps. She didn't think I would 'pass' very well yet, especially in my home town. I agreed with her and confined my 'dress' rehearsals to the comforting confines of our house.

I spent most of the time working on my voice, learning how to apply makeup, and fixing my hair. I had barely graduated beyond shaving my legs when the two weeks were up and it was time to close the house and catch the plane to La La Land. I wasn't so foolish as to think that I was ready for this adventure, but time waits for no one and we were catching that plane come hell or high water.

My last day of school was on Friday and our plane left Sunday. Since I was to be known as a girl by everyone in Malibu, it was decided that I should arrive as a girl. Of course, this meant that I'd have to fly as a girl or perform some quick change magic in the restroom at Los Angeles airport. It was decided that although I had lots of flaws, I stood a better chance of passing as an unattractive girl, rather than trying to enter a men's bathroom in a busy airport as a boy and exit as a girl. Since the company limousine was to pick us up at the airport, there wouldn't be any opportunities to make the transition after leaving the airport.

That Friday afternoon, after arriving home from the last day at school, Laura was waiting at the front door with a wicked grin on her face. "Well, my dear, that's it for your boyhood, at least for a couple months. Are *we* ready to exit the world as a boy and be reincarnated as a girl?" she asked. I thought that she was being melodramatic, but I assured her that I was ready to give it a try. Little did I realize that she wasn't being melodramatic at all. Maybe I should have listened.

Up to her bedroom she led me like a spider with a fly . . . And soon I was caught in her web. Before I could protest, she had me naked and in a perfumed bath with instructions to wash my hair. As I performed my chores in the tub, including a final leg shaving, I heard her busily bustle about her bedroom preparing my new ensemble.

The next two hours were both exciting and embarrassing. I exited the bedroom looking like a different person. I didn't even recognize myself in the mirror when given an opportunity to scrutinize myself. She had performed a miracle of sorts. To be sure, I was no raving beauty, but I didn't look like a boy in a dress either.

I was very embarrassed as Laura made a fuss showing me each item, explaining about the garment and how I should wear it. The confusion was that while I had dressed

in girl's clothes before, Laura now expected me to BE a girl. There is a big difference.

I was familiar with dresses, panties and hose but I almost fainted from bewilderment when Laura made a big deal about my 'first bra'. I don't know why, but I felt eerie as she had me choose from several styles. Boys don't care if someone sees their underwear but girls seem to always be hiding it. A bra was also such an obviously 'girl' garment I felt embarrassed wearing one. In fact I now owned several of my own.

Laura helped as she positioned the representatively padded cups over my chest. I felt the ribbon of stress around my chest and over my shoulders. Laura adjusted the straps, tightening them just a little, making the cups tense against my chest. The sensation was fascinating.

She stood back and declared, "Perfect! Just voluptuous enough but youthfully fresh," then added, "Bet you're the only boy at school who owns a bra." She said it jokingly but I knew the guys at school would be aghast. Bras were like an unalterable barrier between males and females. Only females wore them and as I assumed, I felt physically constrained. I mean, it was like a darn harness. I looked down and saw the twin girlish peaks on my chest and realized that dressing with a bra was much different than just wearing a dress in my room.

All this had suddenly become somehow sexualized. I had feelings of discomfort and alienation as Laura truly feminized my appearance. . .FOR THE WORLD to see. I experienced a feeling. . .sort of a 'loss of freedom' as Laura transformed my exterior into an image of femininity.

I looked at Laura and said, "I feel uncomfortable and clunky."

"Only for a while," Laura said, "It will take awhile before you abandon your boyish ways and feel comfortable dressing, moving and taking on the postures of a young lady. That's why you need training and practice. For all intents, you are going to be a girl now."

Somehow, she had managed to hide my basic male features behind the padded bra and overly tight panties. I now wore a grey pleated skirt with a frilly white blouse. The blouse was sheer enough to see the outline of my bra beneath. My fingers were colored a light pink as were my

toes. She didn't think that bright dramatic colors were good for me at this stage in my transition.

I had flesh colored nylons over my smooth legs and my feet were encased in white, high heeled pumps with 3" heels. She had taken my straggly hair and evened it out all around and shaped it into a reasonably feminine short hairdo. She told me that she expected me to allow it to continue to grow and she would style it further when it got longer.

I was led out of the bedroom to be introduced to my father as his new daughter. My smooth legs were shaking like jello as I walked into the living room to confront Dad. As we walked into the room, Laura introduced me, "Paul, I'd like you to meet your new daughter, Dawn." Dad gave out a long whistle after looking me over for a minute or so. It felt very strange being examined like an ant under a microscope by ones own father.

Dad's mouth dropped when he saw me. "Gee, Laura. You made him look really good. I had no idea." He turned to me and said, "Your mother really did a number on you but do you really think you can get away with this," he asked?

I felt blood rush to my cheeks and I looked down at my feminized feet as he spoke. I was truly embarrassed at being scrutinized in such a manner by my Dad.

"He still has a lot to learn to pass in public, but he picks it up quickly," Laura stated to Dad as I just stood there with my quaking knees. "We'll continue his lessons every day after getting to Malibu, and I expect he'll easily learn all about being a girl," Laura finished.

With those words of wisdom still ringing in my ears, we went into the dining room and ate dinner. My father didn't say much that evening.

The next day, Saturday, passed with me dressed in one outfit or another. The day was spent packing for the trip and only one set of boy's clothing went into my suitcases. A set just in case. Truthfully, my suitcases were mostly barren since I owned a very limited girl's wardrobe, but Laura assured me that that would soon change once we were settled in at Malibu.

All day, Laura and I were running around like chickens with our heads cut off preparing for the trip to the airport. Dad was at work preparing his office stuff, while we packed

everything we'd need for the summer. About noon, I changed into a flowered dress with a flared skirt. Laura was continually correcting my posture and walk. I still felt like a boy in a dress and was getting worried about pulling this off.

We picked out several alternative outfits for me to wear on the plane. I just couldn't make up my mind. Laura assured me that I would appreciate a loose skirt over a tight skirt on the plane. I was scared but she kept me busy. She had me do my makeup again and again. My makeup was still modest, mostly pastels. "Befitting a Midwest girl," Laura would say, then adding, "I have every intention of changing that image once you become an accomplished 'California' gal."

IN THE AIR.

Sunday morning arrived. I'm sure my father meant well. However, because of my inexperience dressing in public he said he was sure that the flight from Chicago to L.A. would be both embarrassing and awkward. I heard him trying to talk Laura out of 'all this foolishness'. He was trying to convince her I should travel as a boy. All this started just a couple hours before we were to leave for the airport.

My confidence level was suddenly zero. I was considering backing out. I told Dad that maybe I should dress as a boy for the trip to L.A. and start dressing there.

Dad said a bit gloomy, "Don, since you have chosen to spend the summer as a girl, Laura feels you might as well start right now. Go on upstairs with your stepmother and select an dress to wear on the flight."

My heart jumped up to my throat. The moment of truth. I stuttered, "Maybe it's better I'd start there . . . I can't just . . . I've never been out in public before . . . I won't know how to act. Everyone on the plane will figure it out."

My palms were sweaty and I felt like throwing up. I must have looked as pale as a ghost. My father started to say something about calling the whole "thing" off. He looked happy at my change of heart. My stepmother came quickly over to me and reached for my hand.



"Laura offered me her outfit."

I could feel tears of fear starting to well up in my eyes. She gave me a compassionate look. "Don't give up now. Let's go upstairs and try. I'll help you pick out something that will put you at ease. Don't worry about how to act. I'll be there to help. Just follow my lead."

I was grateful for her support, but it didn't lessen the fear and apprehension. I just wasn't ready to go out in public. This wasn't what I had planned.

I stuttered as we entered my bedroom . . . "Mom, why right now? Can't I work up to it. Dad said that it'll be a good six hours before we get there with the stop-over in Dallas."

"Don, I think that your Dad is hoping that this 'sink or swim' experience would be enough to change your mind about your summer plans. He has mixed emotions about letting his son spend the summer as a girl. He's also a little afraid that you may start out the summer as a girl and then have second thoughts. At that point, it would be terribly hard to have to explain to people that his daughter is really his son."

I knew what she said made sense, but it didn't lessen my anxiety. I sat on the edge of the bed and fought back the anxiety as I tried to think of what I should do next.

She sat beside me, put her arm around my shoulder and handed me a Kleenex. "It's your decision. I'll stand behind you."

She looked so soft and caring. At that moment she seemed more like a sister, or a friend, than a stepmother. She looked so softly pretty in her tight black skirt and

lavender print cashmere sweater. She held my hands in hers and smiled. Her soft blond hair gently framed her face with scented waves. A silk scarf, folded in a narrow band ran through her golden curls and was tied in a small knot on top. She smelled of a wonderful flowery perfume.

She saw me looking at her clothes and tenderly kissed my cheek. She looked gently in my eyes and whispered, "You are going to make a lovely girl. Remember, I've seen you dressed up before. Believe me, you are a real charmer! Come on, we'd better hurry. I'll let you wear some of my clothes."

She went into her bedroom and returned quickly. "Here, start with these. I wear them on days that I feel a little more bloated."

They were a pair of lacy pink panties with little ruffles on the bum. They were the "French cut" style with a high waist and high cut legs. On the front lace panel was a tight stretchable material. "They'll help hide your boyhood."

My hands shook a little as I took them. I was feeling confused and embarrassed at my reactions. I undressed, turning my back to her. As I slipped on the panties, a sense of calmness returned to me. I don't know why, but I always felt more comfortable wearing panties. These were tighter than I was used too. It took a minute or so of adjustment to make them feel comfortable. I felt silly as I stood there trying to re-arrange 'things'.

She handed me a pair of black panty hose. "These will make your legs look wonderful." Remembering how my mother put on her stockings before we headed to church, I sat on the edge of the bed and rolled them down to the toes and then unrolled them up my legs. They felt so good as I crossed one leg over the other. The feeling brought a smile to my face. It dawned on me that my stepmother must have noticed the look of enjoyment.

She smiled and confided, "That's okay, I enjoy wearing them too." My face turned red as I flushed with embarrassment. "Now, here is a suitable bra. I put some inserts in them to give you a little more shape. We'll finish filling them out with tissue." She handed me a black, lace-trimmed full-slip to go over everything.

Her face lit up as she announced, "I've got an idea. Why don't you wear my outfit. I can tell you like it and it's your

father's favorite. I'll wear this black gathered skirt which will look perfect with my rose colored silk blouse."

She quickly slipped her tight black skirt and lavender cashmere sweater off and handed it to me. I couldn't believe she was lending it to me. It was one of her favorites.

I hesitantly looked in the mirror, wondering how foolish I looked. Looking back was the reflection of pretty, yet awkward, teenage girl who looked like she still had some "filling out" to do. My hair was a mess and my face looked boyishly plain without any makeup.

"Now sit here on the chair while I add some finishing touches." She parted my hair in the middle and combed some over my forehead, creating bangs. Next she combed some of the side forward in front of my ears and gave it a little spay to hold it in place. She finished by placing a small, rose colored bow on the right side, just above my ear.

Gently she applied a makeup base to my face and dusted it lightly with powder. Her fingertips seemed filled with tenderness and caring as she worked. Finally she added a bit of lip color and gloss.

"There, now I think we're ready to fly!" She cheerily finished. "Oh yes, I suggest you wear the black pumps with two-inch heels. You'll be doing a lot of walking in the terminals."

My nervousness quickly returned as we headed downstairs. Dad was startled to see me in Laura's outfit. He shook his head and asked if we were finally ready. He paused as he surveyed my figure and outfit. "Son, all I can say is that it took guts to follow through on your decision. I didn't think you'd do it . . . though I'm not sure why. He was quiet for a moment and seemed a little sad.

Laura was euphoric, adding, "He's a natural. Raise the back of your skirt and show your father the frilly panties I bought you."

"LAURA!" I shrieked. That's one thing I always wondered about. Dresses always seemed so impractical. If the wind blows you skirt up or you bend over, people can see your underwear.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Laura, "I didn't mean to embarrass you. They are just so exquisite with the ruffles and all."

"I believe you," dad said, adding, "Looking at you now, I can see a little bit of your mom in you. This is it, there is no turning back now. I'm going to treat you like a daughter and I expect you to act like one. OK?"

"He will," Laura answered for me, then said to me, "Give your father a daughterly hug."

Father fumbled back as I gave him a firm hug . . . the first one in many years. I knew he could feel my bra straps under my light sweater. He had a red face.

He turned abruptly toward the door. "Let's go, we have a plane to catch!"

We waited by the door and adding to my father's aggravation, the limo was late. It finally came, almost an hour late.

I became more and more nervous, the closer we got to the airport. A dozen potential catastrophes ran through my mind . . . seeing someone from school, or one of Dad's local business associates . . . walking funny . . . going into the wrong restroom . . . sitting next to some stodgy old man who asks me why I dressed up like a girl . . . having an appendicitis attack and being rushed to the hospital where they'd find out I'm really a boy.

I felt nervous and strange as I kept 'going for my pockets' only to find none.

There was only one solution. When I got to the airport, I would go into a restroom and change, while my stepmother watched the door, hoping no one would notice that a girl went in and a boy came out. I just about said something to my stepmother when I remembered that all our items had already been sent ahead. I had no other clothes with me! My feeling of panic was intensifying.

We arrived at the airport in a frenzy. We checked our baggage in an incredible hurry, and ran to the boarding gate, creating a sweat.

It looked to be a quarter mile walk to our boarding terminal. Between the dread and the panic, all I could think about was an irresistible urge to go to the restroom. If I had been dressed in my jeans and sneakers, I could have at least took off running. Instead, I picked up the small, black leather purse and a small carry-on bag and headed toward the terminal, carefully taking small steps in my tight skirt as I followed behind my father and Laura.

Laura and I put our purses and carry-on bags on the conveyer belt before stepping through the metal detector. The guard, a heavy-set middle-aged lady, seemed to be giving me a stern look. I wondered if maybe these machines could also detect a person's sex. I knew that that was a dumb thought, but the way things had gone so far, I couldn't help it.

We finally made it to the check-in boarding area. There we heard it . . . they announced a delay and wouldn't even be checking in for an hour. We sat in sheer boredom waiting for the boarding instructions.

A Chicago wind whipped around my legs every time they opened the boarding door. The coolness penetrated my nylons and even my panties, giving me a new appreciation for pants. If only I had a pair on now.

I held my breath as we sat quietly in the terminal. Here was my first test. Travelers from all over the world milling about; some rushing by glanced at the clocks on the wall; some gazing about as if they were either lost or confused; others sharing hugs and tears as they greeted each other or said good-bye.

Would I be read? Would some little kid grab his mom's arm and shout in a high childish voice, "Mommy, mommy, look at that boy in a dress!" I was sure that at least a dozen people read me, yet everything went without incident. People would look at me, then they would look through me. I was just another stranger amongst strangers. They may not think I was a stunning girl, but no one seemed to doubt whether I was a girl. I guess that is passing!

Nervously looking about, I finally spotted a sign that said "restrooms." My stepmother must have guessed from my forlorn look, what my most immediate need was. "Don't worry, I'll accompany you. I need to freshen up as well."

"Honey," she said to my father, "we'll be out in just a few minutes."

"You aren't going to take him in there, are you?" He whispered with a perplexed tone. "Can't he wait until we get on the plane?"

Right then, I was really wishing I could, but knew that a second delay would spell catastrophe. My stomach was churning and I needed to sit down, alone...anywhere.

"Don't be such a worry wart!" She smiled at dad. "We'll meet you at the boarding door."

As I started to hurry toward the restrooms, I found myself suddenly off balance. The few times, I had ever walked in heels, was on carpet, in my bedroom and on the asphalt outside the airport. I wasn't prepared for the slickness of freshly waxed linoleum. Before, I knew what happened, I was sitting on the floor.

Two young men, who were standing near by, rushed over and offered their assistance. I felt so embarrassed, wondering if they would guess that I was one of them. I paused and then gave them a weak smile and a nod when they asked if I was okay. They looked so handsome and confident. "It's easier being a man." I thought, "At least they wear sensible shoes."

The fall taught me the importance of stepping out with my toes first, rather than the heel. This also shortened my stride.

Mom caught up with me and thanked the two young men, twins, both who looked to be about 20. They smiled gallantly and said something silly like, "It was their pleasure."

We finally made it into the ladies room. I knew I wouldn't be able to wait any longer. Only then did I see the next obstacle . . . a line for the stalls. I must have looked perplexed. My stepmother approached an older lady at the front of the line and quietly mentioned that it was that "time of the month" for her daughter and she needed to get in quickly. The lady smiled at me while my face turned bright red and I felt like crawling out of there.

I was in such a hurry that once I got inside and closed the little door, I started to relieve myself, standing up. It was my stepmother's voice, asking if I were okay that brought me to my senses. I answered with a quiet yes, turned around, pulled up my skirt, down my panties and hose then I sat down, finally.

I pulled my panties back up and re-adjusted myself. I then pulled up the stockings and smoothed out my skirt, checking to make sure it wasn't tucked into the back of the panty-hose. At this point, I didn't care how I was dressed, I just wanted the day to end as quickly as possible. I quietly closed my eyes, click my heels together and whis-

pered, "There's no place like home." I opened my eyes to find the inside of a woman's bathroom stall.

Laura waited in line while I killed time doing what the 'other' women were doing. I freshened my lipstick and fluffed my hair.

Dad had a mixed look of worry and exasperation as he asked "What took you so long? I was worried."

"Isn't that just like a man?" I thought. Stepmom gave dad a warm smile and a kiss, adding, "SHE's doing fine."

That seemed to calm him, or at least distract him. I was quickly developing a much deeper appreciation for her and the way she was able to take charge without it being obvious. A smile and an occasional act of helplessness can work wonders.

Finally we were allowed to check-in. This was my first appearance in public and the experience was compounded by these crowded conditions. My heart was racing a mile a minute as we lined up to enter the check-in ramp with every eye in the area on us.

We stepped up to the boarding desk to get our seat assignments. "We have a full flight today. I'm afraid I don't have three seats together. I can put the two of you together and your daughter can sit in the row right behind you. Is that okay?"

Dad mumbled, "Sure, fine . . ." and handed me my ticket. He whispered to me, "We'll change seats after the plane takes off."

As we boarded the plane, I handed my ticket to a pretty young stewardess. I noticed her name tag, "Bobbi Jones." She glanced at me for a moment, and then seemed to take a second 'fascinated' glance. Her look made me blush. It was an agreeable, knowing, friendly look, as if she could tell what a horrible time I was having.

"Is this your first time?" She asked. I had an odd feeling she wasn't asking about flying.

"Yes," I whispered, feeling both relieved and embarrassed as I wondered just what question I was answering yes to.

"I'll show you to your seat. If you need anything, be sure to ask for me. I can remember my first time."

I was grateful for the show of friendship.

My seat assignment was 21B, one row behind my parents and right between 21A and 21C. Right between the two boys that helped me up when I fell. It was obvious they were twins.

Both smiled with recognition. "Hi, I'm Mike and this is my brother, Mark. We're headed to L.A. to spend the summer with our Aunt. Would you prefer to sit next to the window? I'm sure we can get Mark to switch places. I hope you don't mind, but I always try to sit in the aisle seat. I don't feel as closed in then." I thanked them, and switched places with Mark, next to the window.

This was too close for comfort. Dad offered to switch right then but Bobbi interrupted saying, "Sir, perhaps your daughter would enjoy playing cards with the other young people." She winked at me.

I was thankful that the boys didn't say anything about my fall. "Oh, I don't mind," I lied.

Mark said, "Let's give her back the center seat."

I wiggled in past Mark as he slid under me, and sat down, trying to be as ladylike as possible. I crossed my nyloned legs and self-consciously noticed that the hemline on my skirt rode up above my knees. Mike seemed to have noticed that it revealed just a peak of my black lace slip.

Once seated, everything got less tense. The people around us didn't pay us any attention as they scrambled for their seats. Our seats were small and narrow. I surrendered my shared arm rests to the boys.

I pressed my knees together and spread out a little of my skirt's hem feeling roominess beneath it now. Unlike the boys, it wasn't like tight pants that bind and pinch you in the more sensitive parts of your body.

Girls sure had it made in that department. I thought that it was too bad that females won the battle over the wearing of skirts. They had definite advantages over pants in the comfort department.

My father kept turning around to see if I was okay. Did I look funny? Was something out of place?

Reaching in my purse, I pulled out my compact and checked myself in the mirror. I wished that I had taken time to put on some eyeliner and mascara. Fortunately, I had freshened up my face in the ladies room. Laura had

added a little blush to my cheeks, saying that I was looking a little pale.

"I'm going to L.A. for the summer as well. My dad's working in Santa Monica this summer and we're renting a house in Malibu," I responded to Mark's inquiry.

"Our Aunt lives near Malibu too. Maybe we can visit you some this summer," Mike responded.

I gulped, thinking about all that was happening. I was really hoping to spend the summer alone with just my stepmother and dad. I wasn't at all comfortable about socializing as a girl. Why hadn't I thought of this side of 'dressing up'. The part of 'being a girl'.

As we took off, I began to relax. Bobbi, the stewardess, stopped by again to ask if I needed anything. Both Mike and Mark were charming. Mike talked all about the sports he played in college. Mark talked about the '56' T-Bird that he was restoring. It almost seemed as if there was a little friendly competition between the two brothers to see who could either impress or charm me the most. I didn't have to say much, which made me happy. I never got this much attention in school as a boy. It made me blush to get so much attention.

They couldn't be congenial enough. Being a girl does have its advantages. They soon had me smiling and chuckling at their humorous exploits as twins, filling in for each other on dates, in classes, and taking tests. They may have looked alike, but their personalities were very different. Mike was more outgoing and lively. Mark was much more sensitive and restrained.

They asked the stewardess, Bobbi, if the three of us could get adjoining seats on the second leg of the trip from Dallas. She said she would see what she could do.

A little later, as I headed to the restroom, she pulled me aside and asked how I was doing. I assumed she was talking about flying so I admitted that I was still a little nervous.

"Would you like to sit with the boys, on the next part of the flight? I'll be switching planes with you and I can arrange it either way." She asked quietly.

Bobbi went on, "Sometimes when I'm really nervous, I do my nails. I know it sounds silly, but I do have a manicure set and some lovely polish on board, if it'll help."

"Thanks, I could use a little distraction." I thought about it. The boys were not all that bad and they were kind of funny (what was I saying?).

Bobbi giggled, "What red blooded girl wants to sit with her parents? I'll arrange it, okay?"

I knew that it would look strange for me to move up with my parents now. I agreed.

She smiled and said "Before you know it, you'll be contented and relaxed. You look lovely."

The second leg of the trip was quieter. We were soon at 35,000 feet and racing west at 600 miles per hour. I took a big breath. For a while I lost all concern about my clothing as I enjoyed the gratifying meal and a good movie. The only interruption was my father's constant turning around every time I giggled at the boy's jokes or antics.

I did my nails with Bobbi's manicure kit and we watched a movie, "Tootsie." As we were preparing to land, Mark commented on how he would never consider dressing as a woman. Besides it was unrealistic to think that a man could get away with it.

Bobbi was collecting glasses from us at that moment. She leaned over, revealing a delicate neck and a substantial bit of cleavage. "You might be surprised," she sweetly replied. She gave me a quick wink.

It seemed like a dream. The reality of my predicament didn't return to haunt me until we were back on the ground preparing to exit at LAX. As I stretched to get my hand luggage from the overhead compartment, Mark offered to help me. I gratefully accepted his offer. As he easily removed my luggage and handed it to me, I saw another advantage of being a girl . . . Males tended to be willing to help a female in distress. Apparently I passed well enough to be considered a female in distress by this 'proper' guy.

Thank goodness!

I said, "Goodbye," to my new friends and we were soon in the company limousine crawling through rush hour traffic toward Malibu. The driver told us that the San Diego freeway was always bumper to bumper this time of the day. He said that if we thought this was bad, wait until we got to the Pacific Coast highway to go up the coast to Malibu. If the hillside isn't sliding into the ocean, it was burning. I thought that he was exaggerating, but I was soon proven wrong.

The driver took several surface streets through Santa Monica which gave me a chance to see some of the L.A. locals. Laura and I both eyeballed the women in their short skirts and high heels, their trendy blonde hairdos blowing in the light breeze. The men in ironed starched denim, each almost looking like a cowboy cigarette ad.

At a light, even dad ogled at a dark-eyed tall blonde--- all tits and legs in a red dress. A Starlet?

The driver, an out-of-work actor, saw us marveling at the 'beautiful people'. "Dreamland!" he said flippantly, then added, "And who wants to live in a dream." Laura and I looked at each other. Yes, I hoped to for the summer.

Hours later, we arrived at our new home.

Dad showed us around the two story house with picture windows overlooking a broad sandy beach with the crashing surf. Dad helped me with my luggage and showed me my room.

He laid them down on the bed and opened them up. Seeing the bright nylon lingerie, he said a bit cheerlessly, "Don, if you want to change your mind now, it's okay. I really didn't think you'd get this far. In fact, the psychologist thought you'd back out before we left."

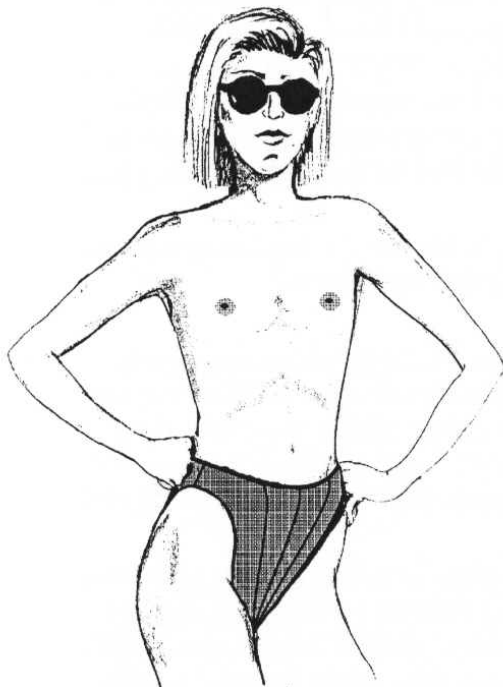
Before I could answer, Laura walked in and realized that dad was trying to get me to quit.

"Leave him alone," she snapped. "He's made his decision. Now tell him you support him and hope that he has fun this summer."

"I guess I've seen the last of my son for a while," he whined then added, "I hope you enjoy your summer as a girl."

"AND?" Laura said.

He looked at her begrudgingly and said it like it was from a speech, "You look



"The garment did the trick."

lovely and we support you. Have a *wonderful* summer."

I assured him that I was going to try real hard to enjoy every minute.

"Would you like me to help you freshen up, dear?" Laura asked. I told her that I was all right, just a little tired. "Well, get settled in because tomorrow we start changing a plain looking Midwest *girl* into a ravishing Malibu beauty," she said with a wink.

I told her that I thought she was taking on 'mission impossible' but she assured me that she had every intention of succeeding. I wondered how she was going to accomplish this task of beautifying me.

It was late to me, with the two hour time change, so I changed into a nightgown and laid down on the bed. Before I knew it, I had fallen asleep. Apparently 'jet lag' and the mental stress had struck.

It was the next morning when I was awakened by Laura saying, "Get up. This is the first day of your NEW life."

"Gee," I said thinking about the reality of all this, "Do you really think I should? Dad said that I could still. . ."

She interrupted, "Let that 'male stuff' go and have fun. I'm here to help. I even bought you some surprises before we left at a local boutique. Now get up and take a shower." Then she asked, "Would you like me to help you with your makeup dear?"

The moment of reality was with me. I said somewhat thoughtfully, "No, Laura. I think I can do it."

"That'a girl!"

I was feeling nervous. While I'd been dressing up to a degree for years, this public exposure stuff was scaring the heck out of me. Laura left the room and I reached down, taking the hem of my nightgown and pulled it over my head. One whole wall of my room was window and faced the beach.

In the cheery morning sunlight, I stood in only panties, my smooth shaven body looking feminine despite my lack of girlish breasts. I was glad now that I had a roundish shape. My hips had always been too wide for my skinny frame. At least they wouldn't give me away as a boy.



“Even in shorts, I looked feminine.”

I nodded.

“Lets go. Wait until you see the stuff I bought you.” She disappeared.

Laura quickly reappeared with a pink bag and several casual outfits for me to wear on the beach. There was a sun dress, several shorts and a culotte set. Thinking of dad, I held up a pair of ultra tight short shorts and said, “I can’ wear these.” I was thinking they were the *least* feminine.

“Sure you can,” Laura said, “Try them on.”

I slipped on the tight, blue and white, print shorts struggling to get them over my hips. They were so tight that I could hardly inhale. I struggled with the back

But my chest, there wasn’t much there that could be considered breasts. Laura had said that the little fattiness on my chest would look fine in a padded push up bikini top.

I was again, having second thoughts about whether I was going to enjoy my summer this way.

I took a shower and sat down at the dressing table and began to apply my makeup. As I applied the beige foundation to my face, I found it hard to believe I would be spending my summer in public as a 16 year old girl. I would be wearing dresses every day.

I finished my foundation, and applied eye shadow, mascara and pink lipstick. Laura knocked on the door and asked, “How’s it going?”

“Okay.” I said, in a meditative tone, “I wanted and dreamed about this moment but now that it’s here, I’m having second thoughts.”

“Hey,” she smiled, “Snap out of it. It’s too late now for you so lets have a lot of fun this summer. I think you should have a goal . . .how about? You trying to become as feminine as possible this summer. Okay?”

zipper, finally getting it closed. The fit wasn't right, I just wasn't built right in front. "Too small," I said.

Laura looked and said, "I guess you are going to need it."

"IT?"

"Yeah, the garment I bought for you to wear under swimsuits," Laura said while looking through a pink bag on the bed. "I bought you several of these." She held up a thong type g-string that was made of a stretch material; a fabric I'd never seen before---an eyelet-embellished jersey mesh that the tag said was three times as absorbent as cotton. Laura said, "It's a special material that actually interacts with the heat of your body, molding that boyish projection into a femininely smooth curve. It's going to be tight darling but it will do the trick. Put it on."

I followed the instructions on the little card attached to it, and with a good deal of struggling finally got it in place. It was extremely uncomfortable at first but did it's job flawlessly.

"Oh my," I said seeing my absolutely girlish front. My belly curved down between my legs without any boyish flaw. Visually, I was no longer a member of the male sex. Smiling, she handed me my panties. I truly fit unquestionably into my white high-cut panties now.

Sucking in my breath, I struggled into the short shorts again. This time they stretched easily but taut over my belly and reveled my new "V".

"Oh, my," Laura said, "I had no idea it would work so well." She handed me a short, flowered halter top that left my midriff bare. She helped me into it and fluffed my hair. "Let's show your dad."

When I walked into the living room, Dad was reading the paper. He looked up, then down, then dropped the paper. "Oh my gawd," he moaned. He looked me up and down and focused on the obvious shorts that showed a bit of my fanny. Showing between my bare naked thighs was only femininity.

Aware of what he was probably thinking, I turned doing a pirouette.

Dad asked my stepmother, with a little anxiety in his voice, "That's a bit too sexy to wear outside, isn't it?"

Laura shook her head and said, "Dear, this is sunny California . . . not Illinois. This is what all the California teenaged girls are wearing."

Dad shook his head and asked, "Do you think shorts are really a good idea?"

"There's no question that he's a girl in *these*," Laura said.

Laura was right. There was no way my shorts could be confused with boy's shorts. My shorts were not only ladylike, but fit ladylike.

I was afraid my father was getting annoyed at me. I was embarrassed, standing there, parading my masculine inadequacies in front of my father.

He turned to me and said aggressively, "No one is saying you can't change your mind now. No one has seen you yet. Are you sure you want to dress like this all summer? Maybe you *could* go back to just dressing up in your room?"

I looked at Laura surrendering that my 'summer' might not happen. I was a little scared. Dad asked her, "Do you think he can really get away with this . . . I mean in public . . . all summer?"

Laura smiled at him and said, "Of course, dear. I bought him enough of those 'thongs' so as to be able to wear one all the time."

He looked a bit faint but asked me, "Is it comfortable?"

"Very," I said, realizing that I was admitting being comfortable 'without'. I felt a bit humiliated and suddenly felt timid at the thought of wearing shorts this feminine in public. I confessed to him that there was a 'tight' feeling. As I talked, I realized that I would have to stand up for what I wanted. It was Laura and I against my father.

I stood closer to my stepmother and said, "Dad, I like the way I look and I want to spend the summer as a girl." Right after I said it, I wanted to retract it. Maybe dad was right, maybe this wasn't a good idea. My secure, feminine confidence had bloomed, then shriveled.

Laura took my side and told my father her plans for feminizing me; that is, making sure no one would know. As she told him of how pretty I was going to be, I felt a lurch of excitement surge through me. They discussed my figure and Laura proclaimed to my father, "His new 'flat-

ness' is perfect. Wait until you see him wearing a bikini on the beach." She talked like 'it' was something to 'show off'.

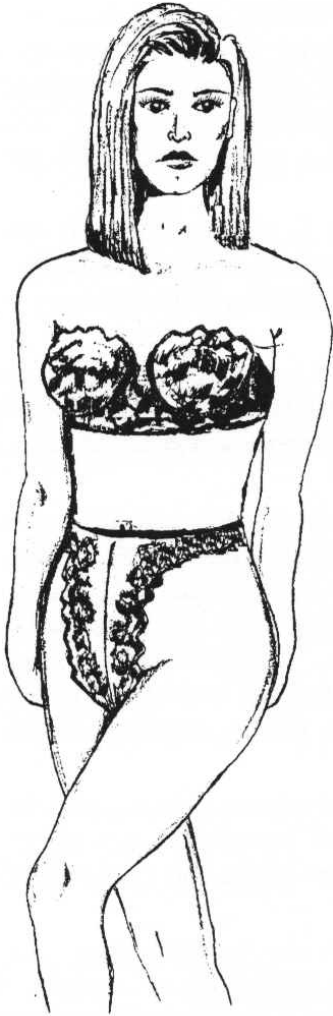
Laura convinced dad that it was okay. She had some kind of power over him . . . a control. It could be the sexy way she flipped her hair or the way she'd come up and sit in his lap. Whatever it was, she was using it to make it okay for me to be a girl for the summer.

I wore the shorts around the house for the rest of the day. Everytime I passed a mirror, seeing the girlish "V" between my legs, a knot rose in my throat. There was a strange uneasiness, yet a sense of inner excitement to be 'without' anything between my legs and small peaks on my chest. I thought of the boys in the locker room making fun of the 'under-developed' boys and wondered what they would think if they saw me now . . . mine in docile training to be girl like.

The horror of disclosing my shameful absence of male-ness! I felt a bit anxious but I'd promised Laura that I'd try to be the best girl I could. I made a commitment to myself that I would try to wear a thong at all times for the entire summer. I would even 'sit' in the bathroom and wear it to night to bed.

That night I wore a blue baby-doll nighty to bed. It had the sweetest little frilly matching blue panties that fit perfectly because of the thong. The panties were very much like the ones that a boy in grade school had charged me 50 cents to see. We found out later that they were his sister's. It had been a long day and I quickly fell asleep.

In the middle of the night I awoke, probably from the unfamiliar bed. I didn't immediately realize where I was and didn't understand the unfamiliar sensations. My hands ran down the silky nighty. My hand slid down my taut belly to the swell of my hips, over my panties and to between my thighs. My fingers instinctively searched for a familiar friend only to find the smooth flat concave of a female. I instantly awoke in a panic before I remembered my surroundings. A soft gasp escaped my lips, "Oh my." I laid in the darkness for a minute, stunned into reality; my new reality . . . I was living as a girl. My fingers docilely left the 'desolate area' and I laid in the dark speculating about what all this would do to me.



"I loved wearing bikinis."

I felt a little remorse. It was like I'd lost a friend, I wanted to take off the thong. I laid there wondering how long I could behave as a girl. If I were to truly feel like a girl, I would have to act like one . . . even when I was alone. I passively laid there in my silky nighty thinking, "I'm a girl now and must behave like one." I eventually went to sleep. I was proud of my ability to remain 'under control.'

Thus began my summer.

Dad started work the next day and we had our last 'family breakfast'. When he worked, he worked long hours, leaving at six to beat the traffic and most of the time not coming home until nine or ten. He usually spent at least four days a week on the road, inspecting manufacturing plants.

This day was to be my first to leave the house in my bikini. I stood in my room wondering if I could actually do this. Laura helped me get into it and had to push me out the door into the dining room where father was reading the paper. Laura announced,

"Here is your new daughter."

Dad looked up from his paper with that vague hint of disapproval I'd noticed lately, and asked, "Son, are you sure you want to do this? It's not too late to back out."

"Of course he . . . er . . . she does," Laura scolded. "Now doesn't *she* look pretty?"

He gave me a cold, black look up and down. I detected condescension in his cold attitude. "Yeah, he looks *luscious* in that bikini. Now cover yourself up with something."

His caustic tone made me flush with disparagement. I wondered what I was trying to prove. I was angry with myself for agreeing to this. Seeing my embarrassment, Laura's pleasant tone turned to anger towards him. "You might as well get used to it, your son is going to be a girl for the summer."

"I'm sorry," Dad said, "I guess I just envy you two relaxing on the beach all summer while I 'pay the bills'." Laura and I knew that this was as good of an apology as we'd get.

Laura gave me a lacy beach dress to wear over my bikini and we finished breakfast with nothing more said of my attire. Dad left for work and the moment of truth arrived. Would I dare the beach?

"Sink or swim!" Laura said pushing me out onto the beach, just outside our patio. The beach was crawling with activity. About fifty yards down the beach was a lifeguard stand, with a big shouldered guard watching something down the beach through binoculars. There were several groups of teenagers; a volleyball game, several frisbee throwers, a dozen surfers down the beach taking advantage of the days big surf.

My heart raced. I sucked in my breath and stepped out on the sand. The sand was hot and rough on my virgin white soles. I looked down to see my pink toe nails shuffling through the sand.

Like in a trance, I walked down to the water's edge only sensing, not seeing the college boys throwing a frisbee. I felt a thrill as they watched me walk. I could feel my hair

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*"I felt like a real woman
in this dress."*

brushing against my cheeks, caressing my lower neck. I wanted to adjust the top of my blue bikini, but didn't. I knew I was wearing the most beautiful bikini I'd ever seen.

I took a deep breath of ocean air. It was beautiful. I walked along the shore, the cool salt water and sand oozing between my pink painted toes. I felt so exposed. I looked up and saw the flash of the lifeguards binoculars looking at me. It was like I was under a microscope.

I walked further into the rough surf, acutely aware that I was all alone. The water was chilly, giving me goose bumps as I jumped into a knee high wave trying to avoid the nippy water from hitting my bikini bottom and bare belly. The music from portable beach radios and the roar of the surf was tranquilizing my anxiety. I walked deeper into the water feeling the chilly water soak my bikini bottom. To my further relief, my 'cache' tightened slightly as the nippy ocean soaked me to my waist. I turned around and watched the boys throwing the frisbee. I felt in control . . . comfortable. I felt

exhilarated, perhaps this would all work out okay.

I didn't see it coming. Without warning, a frothy 'set' wave crept up behind me, snatching my feet out from under me and sending my arms flying. All my poise and composure went out the door as I flailed about in a four foot wall of white water. The power of the water threatened to pull me out deeper as I scratched at the water, unable to stop my gyrations.

Panic penetrated my every thought. The seconds were like hours as the dark impersonal sea infiltrated every portion of my soul. I opened my mouth, only to be gagged by a rush of salt water.

Was this the end of my summer, my life? I felt a warmth around my arms and back as I struggled against the surf. I was suddenly lifted out of the water by two strong sets of arms. It was the college boys with the frisbee.

"Easy now, sweetheart! You're okay now," a deep voice said. They were laughing as the other tan hero said, "Your first 'wipe out'?"

The college boys smiled at me while staring at my feminized bikinied figure. I almost passed out. I was so humiliated. As my senses came back I quickly surveyed my bikini and saw that all was where it was supposed to be.

The lifeguard arrived and asked if I was okay then added, "It's normally not this rough here. See that red flag? When that's red, it means undercurrents and rough surf from a storm . . . don't go near the water unless you are a really good swimmer."

I felt embarrassed being surrounded by so many young men, my wet curls dripping and a soggy mess. I wondered if they would have been saved a 'boy'. I looked up toward my house hoping that Laura hadn't seen what happened.

But she had, she ran quickly down to me and saw that I was okay. The guys introduced themselves and we realized that we were all neighbors. As I introduced Laura and told them my name, I realized that turning back was now impossible. I had done it, I was exposed and for the summer, I would have to be a girl.

I coughed a little more, then thanked everyone again. I then spent several hours on the beach with Laura and my saviors. Laura wore a white bikini, it's top skimmed dangerously over the globes of her lush breasts. She kidded me, "You could have figured out a better way to introduce yourself to the boys."

I blushed and made her promise not to tell my father. In spite of the sun screen, when we went in, I had a rosy burn and the beginnings of a girlish tan line.

After that my first day, I had more confidence in my abilities to be a convincing female. I loved wearing bikinis.

Laura bought me several different styles and colors. Off the beach, (whenever Laura thought it appropriate) I wore my tight short shorts and a red bikini top leaving my shoulders and arms bare.

During the first couple of weeks there were moments; dreamlike instants that shook me.

One day, on the beach, Laura and I were wearing our matching pink polka-dotted bikinis. That morning Laura had shown me how to push my chest together for cleavage; more than I had before. She taped them in that position and helped me into the top half of my padded bikini top. I swooned at the illusion of my partially exposed breasts above my top.

Minutes later we were laying out on the beach on our beach towels. I was laying on my back, reading a seventeen magazine while she was laying on her side watching me. She said softly, "You *really* like this don't you?"

I must have blushed even through my sun reddened skin. I got chills as I realized that what I was wearing had changed from mysterious to common place. Was I thinking like a girl now? I admitted to her, "I think so, it's like I'm a different person. I like people looking at me and thinking that I'm a pretty girl."

"Have you ever thought what it might be like to be a woman?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh, I was just thinking. It might be fun to dress you up as an older girl . . . with the right makeup and hair, you probably could pass for over twenty. Your father is out of town, lets try it tonight and go to dinner."

That night Laura spent extra time putting on my makeup. She used a lot more than she's suggested I ever use. My eyelids were shaded dark brown, my cheeks blushed pink, my lips a deep ruby. My lashes seemed much longer, brushed with a black mascara calling attention to my deep blue eyes.

I sat in wonder as Laura piled my now abundant hair atop my head, tying it up with a black velvet ribbon causing curls to spill around my face. This careless looking coiffure was the ultimate in feminine sweetness.



*"Nylon and lace. . .
I was more girl than boy."*

On the bed was a new bra, stockings, slip and a girdle with pads sewn in at the sides. The bra was a push up type but had pads inserted that were much bigger than I was used to. A full "B" or larger. I looked at Laura.

"Tonight, you are a woman. That means a more developed figure and heavier make-up. Now, lets put this thing on."

She held up a bra with cups bigger than I'd ever even thought of wearing. "That big? I questioned."

"This is necessary dear," she said quietly, "I think my 34B will be satisfactory. Now take off your teen bra . . .I'm anxious to see how your new figure is going to look."

She slipped new breast forms into the pockets in the cups. She looked at me with a smile, saying, "These are very realistic, unlike your other ones, these have the shape and weight of a mature breast." She had me put my arms through the straps. As she fastened the bra behind me, I had the strangest feeling go through me like I really was a woman with breasts.

"Wonderful," Laura gushed, "Just like a developed young woman."

She was right, but I did feel a bit odd having such a different figure.

Laura arranged a loose curl, spraying it into place.

I was to wear a lightweight, little black sweater dress that flaunted the contrast with white trim and bows on the sleeves and hip pockets. It had a low neck, slightly puffed sleeves and zipped up the back. It's contoured shape seemed to mold to my now larger hips. Black, four-inch high heeled pumps were added to the outfit.

In the form-fitting silky sweater dress the effect of my 'new' bosom was obvious. Now I was as full-breasted as most any woman I had ever seen.

Laura was bubbling over with delight. The effect of my new figure added years to my age. No sixteen year old girl was built like this.

"See," Laura said, "You should be real proud of yourself. Doesn't it make you feel like a real woman?"

I nodded and said, "It feels so different."

"Of course, dear," Laura added, "For evening, a woman should definitely look soft, feminine and sexy."

Laura went to dress while I looked in the mirror. There were more glamorous females than the one that stared back from the mirror. But what I saw defied logic. How could a simple piece of cloth and a little powder turn an average boy into a vision of innocent but mature femininity. The *dress* devised to enclose a woman's body, voluptuously enclosed mine. It suggested feelings of sensuality as I moved around inside it's slinkiness. Yes, the dress was feminine, the innocence was all mine. I could have spent hours watching but Laura yelled that she was ready.

Laura was wearing a red gabardine dress with a bodice neckline that was so low that I wondered what held it up. It buttoned up the front with big black buttons but could still be called 'conservative'.

We looked very much like working women; maybe secretaries. As we walked to the car I could hear a hissing sound as our stockinged thighs rubbed together and the silky knit fabric rippled disturbingly around my nylon clad legs like a soft wind blowing a sail. My long ebony lashes fluttered against my eyelids as I tried to focus on what she'd told me about walking as a 'woman'.

The four-inch heels I was wearing made my steps small and almost dainty. Laura noticed my walk and complimented me and on how shapely I looked in my new outfit. She was treating and talking to me as though I was a young woman her age.

What did I look like? I felt odd. A sixteen year old boy with the figure and dress of a young developed woman. Could anyone tell I was a boy underneath all this?

Laura had made reservations at a restaurant in Beverly Hills. It's about a 45 minute drive from Malibu to Beverly Hills and I asked why we were going so far.

Laura answered, "Two young stylish women like us deserve the best." I notice that Laura was not wearing her wedding ring but had replaced it with a large cocktail ring.

We were quickly seated in the restaurant, escorted to a conspicuous center table. It seemed like everyone was watching as we slowly walked across the restaurant. I was very careful to take small steps feeling the sensations of all the feminine garments I was wearing, the tightness of my knit dress clinging to my nylon clad body and the knowledge that many people were watching my every move. My dress accented the distinctive curves of what should have been a woman's body. I hoped that they were seeing two young women and not some garish caricature of my pretending.

Seated, we watched the smartly dressed men and women pass our table. The women were all smartly dressed in stylish dresses, their soft breasts protruding fully, just like mine.

Laura whispered, "Shoulders back. You are a beautiful desirable female, flaunt it."

I was slumping to compensate for the much fuller presence of my womanly breasts. I pulled my shoulders back, a bit embarrassed by my round full outline of womanly development.

Laura added, noticing my uneasiness, "Don't worry, you'll get used to them."

We sat and had a quiet dinner. I was overly quiet, afraid someone might figure out my age. Laura even ordered a bottle of wine and the waiter served me a glass without asking. "Go ahead, it won't kill you," Laura whispered. I took a few sips but didn't really like the taste. I did feel very grown up though.

The evening passed very quickly. When we got home, Laura said, "Darling, you behaved yourself beautifully tonight and I'm very proud of you. You appeared to be the epitome of an attractive young woman. We'll have to do this more often."

I nervously recalled my feelings during the evening . . . I had been so keenly aware of all the woman's clothes I

was wearing; my tight nylon lingerie, silky hose, high heels, and form fitting knit dress. I tried not to think about it but I had to admit it, I liked being a woman.

Here was my routine. In the morning, I woke up and bathed, shaved my legs, dressed in panties, a bra and usually a cotton sundress. I usually put on makeup after breakfast. Laura was teaching me how to cook and soon I was doing half the cooking and cleaning chores.

Mornings were mostly spent cleaning up and doing little 'girl' things. About 11:30, Laura and I would change into our little bikinis and head for the beach.

About three, we came in and read and relaxed for a couple hours, sometimes going shopping for clothes or groceries.

Laura and I bought a few matching, stepmother-daughter outfits. Laura, who was only thirty-one, still loved to wear sexy outfits, mostly when Dad wasn't around. Since he worked late almost every day, Laura and I spent much of our time together. I guess it was either she did what a young girl would do or I could do what she liked doing, grown-up things.

What was at first a gag, soon turned into a recurring event. Laura liked to dress me up as young woman and we would go to dinner. She called it, "Ladies Night."

When dad traveled, Laura and I would change into our sexiest cocktail dresses and heels then head for some trendy restaurant. Laura had found some special push up bras that I wore with some low-cut evening dresses. By pulling all my chest fat up, I was able to expose a mature cleavage. Laura said, "For every problem you have, there are real girls with the same problem," referring to my lack of bosom.

I was soon accustomed to wearing my nylon and lace and being among people who treated me as a woman. Laura was quick to point out any boyishness or if I acted in an unfeminine way. As the days went by, I realized that I was unquestioningly passing as a female wherever I went. I loved it.

The girls gave me the once over. When the men stared, I started feeling a little guilty about enjoying my feminine persona. I asked Laura, "Maybe I should stop being a girl, or at least stop my 'Ladies Night' ventures."

She pointed out my shoulder length permed and curled hair, my plucked arched brows and shaved legs. My breasts were beginning to form up into small soft swollen nipples from the constriction of my bras. She concluded, "Look at your tan lines, you're more girl than boy now."

She was right, my skin was a golden brown, smooth and soft looking, yet the lines of a girl's swimsuit top were etched onto my chest.

"Besides, you make a stunning looking woman," she added, "and I like having a girlfriend to shop with and roam around with."

It all seemed so innocent. Just a boy exploring a unique segment of his personality, keeping his stepmother company in a strange town. What could be wrong with that?

Laura seemed to have waived for the summer the idea that I was a boy. She took another tack and seemed to delight in transforming me into a young woman. When we shopped, she bought us only the most revealing, feminine clothes possible. Bright panties and low-cut bras, slips with lacy tops, mini-skirts, and low-cut dresses. Her only comment was, "Just don't wear these around your father."

I noticed a change in her. She was happier, she had a glow. When we were out, she seemed to get a feeling of triumph whenever men would turn their heads to stare at our legs and jaunty feminine strut. She tried to hide it, pretending to be indifferent but her eyes lit up at their interest. I copied her brazen walk, letting my hips swing from side to side as much as I wanted.

I suppose I should have been worried about my increasing sissification but I really liked strolling around in dresses, nylons and panties. With more of my body exposed, I felt cooler. I loved the way my delicate skirts brushed against my legs and unexpected breezes found their way up between my legs.

I found my interests changing. I watched girl's but mostly to compare their looks to mine. Things like clothes, figure, hair styles. It was like I was competing against them. Laura would see me watching her. I found it fascinating to copy her behavior when we were out in public. She wore short skirts, nylons, panties and form fitting blouses and tops. I did too.

My hair had quickly grown so long that it brushed across my shoulders, in fact it was as long as Laura's. Dad had just left on one of his many business trips when Laura asked, "Have you ever thought about being a blonde?"

I giggled. I knew what she was thinking. We'd seen all the young blonde starlets fluttering about in Beverly Hills. There was something fascinating about the 'blondes'. I looked at her and she said, "Your father will kill us!"

I listened as she made us an appointment for the next day at a luxurious, Beverly Hills salon.

I had trouble sleeping that night. A tinge of excitement surged through me as I thought of being a blonde; the most feminine of hair colors.

It wasn't easy. I spent almost a hour with smelly stuff on my hair and was told I would have to do it every three weeks. Dad was furious at Laura for doing this to me.

I asked Laura why.

She said, "Blonde hair is considered by men as sexy. Blondes attract more attention because they are perceived as 'more fun' on dates."

"Fun? What do you mean?"

"Some men, like some women better than others," Laura said. "It's a complex combination of factors. It shows the world how a woman feels about herself and her physical presence. As a female, every choice you make sends a signal off to others. The length of your skirt sends out a message. As does the color of your hair. Blonde hair sends out a message. The striking color will get you attention and the message is; you must like the attention."

"I've noticed that everyone stares at me now, particularly the men," I confessed, "It makes me feel funny inside and that's a part of being a girl that I hadn't thought about. Maybe I shouldn't walk with such a swing?"

"No, no. That is not the solution," Laura said. "A de-sexed walk is not the answer. You are a girl . . . a female now. Attention is part of the game. You have developed a sexy, struty walk that is natural for a girl your age. Be proud of your walk, it shows self confidence."

"But you walk so differently?" I said. She had a smooth flowing walk that had an enticing fanny wiggle.

"That's something you can learn," she said, "Women walk differently than girls. Some of it is from a woman's



*"All I heard was,
'There she is!'"*

more rounded figure, but a lot is from confidence, poise and self-regard. When you are out as a 'woman', your hips should flow, walking with your feet close together. Let me show you."

She took a long string and put it on the floor. "Like this," she said, "each step crossing just slightly over the other, forcing a slightly exaggerated swing of your hips and buttocks. You try it."

I was wearing a tight short skirt and high heeled pumps. I walked the line and after a few tries and suggestions, Laura said that I had it.

I was walking like a woman. Laura pulled my shoulders back causing my chest to protrude proudly. I

walked the line. I liked the way my tight skirt clung to my swaying hips.

Laura warned, "That'a girl! But I don't think it's a good idea to use that walk around your father." I agreed. I had noticed that she walked differently around my father too.

Laura taught me a lot of the subtle differences between being perceived as a girl vs. a woman. Women's behavior is more complex. "For example," she said, "Young girls wear their skirts short, flashing thighs and wriggling about. But a woman wears her skirts longer but pulls at the hem to reveal her kneecaps, giving a teasing leg show. Adjusting a flirty hem, shifting and crossing legs can be very alluring and feminine."

My stepmother was teaching me how to flirt. I was a little bewildered, feeling awkward and ridiculous refining the subtle womanly allures. I was learning that most body language is unconscious but I was learning those actions.

"Subtly," she said as I sat and pulled the hem of my skirt over my knees, "It must look natural, people mustn't be able to pinpoint a womanly gesture. They must just see you as effortlessly feminine."

I wondered how my stepmother knew all this. I'd always considered her reserved with conservative mannerisms but as she showed me the finesse of alluring femininity, her face began to light up. She confessed, "I really don't flirt much anymore. I guess I miss it."

She then admitted that at first my father had been sweet and attentive, lavishing attention on her. As the years have passed, he started ignoring her, sometimes barking orders at her like she was his employee or something. She added, "I guess I'm just getting old or something."

I admitted, "Those men the other night, kept looking at you. I know they thought you were beautiful."

"I noticed," she said blushing, "Do you think it's naughty of me to like the attention?"

"You aren't dead," I confided. "I guess it's okay since you do it with safe men . . . I mean, you never see them again."

Her face beamed, projecting a vulnerable prettiness. She came up and gave me a hug. A bit shyly she asked, "Would you like me to teach you more about being a woman?"

I nodded.

We had fun together but I was a little concerned that my stepmother sometimes went too far. I loved going out to dinner with her, though. I couldn't help noticing the men watching us walk by, admiring our soft curves and full bottoms. My stepmother seemed to forget I was ever a boy.

My favorite dress was a dramatic strapless dress in papaya yellow jersey that had a shirred and fitted bodice and waist; this "tango" dress had a flowing full skirt.

One night, we'd just sat down when the waiter brought up a bottle of Dom Perignon champagne, and said while pouring, "This is from the gentlemen over there." I shyly looked up and saw two men in business suits gazing in our direction. My stepmother was all smiles. She caught my

shy smile and down turned eyes. She had taught me well.

My stepmother raised her glass and toasted softly, "Here's to my son, may you find much enchantment and joy in your feminine portrayal as I do." She toasted to me and then held the glass up toward the direction of the gentlemen.

To my surprise, I said, "Laura, aren't they a little old?"

"Nonsense," she whispered, "Older men treat young girls wonderfully." Every time I looked over toward the table my heart hammered against my chest.

It wasn't long before the gentlemen came over. Pairing up, I felt embarrassed as one business man told me how beautiful I was. An atmosphere of the illogical surrounded the table. My above the knee skirt had captivated my suitor.

Laura whispered to me, "Looks like we might get lucky tonight." Soon she was too busy gazing into her fellow's eyes to notice it was getting late.

When it came time to go, we "ladies" went into the powder room. Laura said to me, "What do you think, shall we let the men take us 'girls' home?"

"Laura?!?" I said perplexedly. She had to be joking, right?

"Oh, I guess that wouldn't be a good idea," she said with a hint of disappointment. Then giggled, "At least until you know what to do."

Was she serious? She must have just been teasing me.

She looked at me and said, "If you are going to spend the summer as a woman, you might as well know about 'woman' games.

I loved being treated as an adult. I shivered with excitement when going with Laura to some wonderful place all dressed up in a slinky dress. I giggled at the exhilaration of people perceiving me as a mature young lady; with full breasts, legs and hips poured into a sheer tight dress.

I probably should have been more aware of what was happening to me. Under my girlish clothes was my sixteen year old 'boy's mind' sustaining the sensations of a twenty-two year young female. Instead of goggling at the young

women sauntering along the beach like the other young boys, I was learning the subtle sexy distinctions between being "okay" and being "gorgeous."

About two months into the summer, it happened. It was a Sunday morning, Laura was at the store while Dad and I were out on the beach patio. It was one of the few weekends when Dad didn't work.

All I heard was. "There she is!"

I looked up and saw Mark and Mike with surfboards walking towards us. "Howdy," Mike said. "We've been up and down this beach a hundred times looking for you."

Dad looked up from his newspaper and said, "Hi boys. Pull up a beach chair and join us."

I was surprised by Dad's friendliness. Mark said, "Wow. What a place. Right on the beach. Our Aunt lives several blocks from the beach. This is real neat."

"We've been surfing right here," Mike added pointing down the beach. "You look different, tan or something."

"*She's* a blonde now," Dad said with just the slightest barb, adding, "Honey, why don't you go get the *boys* some drinks."

I guess I was the *girl* so I got up and fixed cold drinks. The minute I returned, Dad said, "The guys and I are hungry. Do you think you could fix us a couple sandwiches for us." The boys nodded eagerly.

I heard him say as I went to the kitchen, "She's so sweet. Make sum' lucky guy a wonderful wife."

I was steaming. Not from having to wait on the boys but Dad's attitude. It was his way of digging at me.

Laura came home while I was fixing the food. I told her of Dad's comments. "We'll fix him," Laura said.

She helped me fix the sandwiches, adding fresh fruit, and other things to make it almost look like a banquet. I started to carry out the tray when she stopped me. "Whoa, let's give them more than a stomach full."

She took me into her bedroom and had me change into a Hawaiian print bikini and helped me with the matching short sarong. Very sexy. "Now go serve them," Laura snickered.

Dad's jaw hit the floor when I walked out and served them. For accent, I used that 'grown up' walk that Laura had taught me. Dad sure looked at me funny.

Later Dad went out and threw a football to the guys. Mark asked me if I wanted to play but Dad said, "Hey, this is a guy's game." I was humiliated but Laura comforted me saying, "You don't want to get all bruised up."

I guess I still had some guilt with regards to how I was spending my summer. I sat alone on our patio overlooking the beach, staring at Mark and Mike playing football and later volleyball with my father. They talked of surfing and baseball. I realized that I was supposed to be like them; Developing muscles, running; becoming a young *man*. I shifted in my seat restlessly feeling the ocean breeze lift at the skirt of my sarong.

I sat trying to imagine what my summer would be like if I had chosen to be a boy for the summer. I flexed my arm and made a fist. I felt a bit shocked when no muscle appeared, only the soft tanned smoothness of a girl's arm complete with long pink nails. I could feel the cool wind playing with my long hair and the tightness of my flowered bikini bottoms.

I watched the boys play roughly in their shorts, occasionally diving roughly into the sand to catch the ball. Seemed like such a waste of energy.

In a few minutes I'd be preparing for dinner with Laura. As a boy, I'd probably have just thrown on a pair of pants and a shirt, perhaps run a comb through my hair once. Why had I selected to spend my summer this way? It was so much more complicated. Shortly, I'd be picking out a bra and panty combination to wear under my short cotton dress. I'd probably have to iron the dress first. I hoped I had a pair of sheer nude nylons without runs, otherwise I'd compromise with a smokey beige pair. Everything had to match and not be too dark to show through the light cotton fabric. That was only the clothes.

My hair was taking more time to set as it grew longer. To affect a grown-up look took much time; curlers, pins, lotions and a little luck. My makeup was equally demanding. A smudge here or there could ruin the whole look. The colors had to look natural or they could easily look garish.

I writhed on my beach chair as I realized how feminine I'd become in such a short period. I had become used to having breasts thrusting out and wearing clothes that emphasized my slim waistline and full hips. My walk was now naturally mincing and swivel-like, very girlish. I was beginning to think of myself as female. Looking into a mirror, I was not too surprised to see a pretty young girl peering back or to have a young man on the beach stare at my figure.

In my moment of narcissism, I realized that several boys down the beach were eyeing me. They were chuckling and probably making rude comments about what they would like to 'do' to me. For a kick, I crossed my legs giving just the hint of a display of my thigh and maybe even a flash of my bikini panties. Watching them surge to see more was almost more than I could bear.

Many pent up sensations surfaced as I comprehended my new magnetism as a young female. I stood up giving them a full view of my long smooth legs. I walked into the house with a wiggle to my hips never giving them the satisfaction that I knew they 'existed'; just like many girls had done to me in the past. Maybe my all consuming duties and grooming was "worth it."

Inside, I was embarrassed that Laura had been watching me. She laughed, "You have a considerable group of admirers out there."

I blushed.

She added to relieve my discomfort, "You know, I've always wanted to have a daughter and now I do. You are so agreeable as a girl, you know, gentle." She looked out the glass doors toward the boys on the beach. "Not like them, we can share interests, fashion, cooking, makeup. Boys and stepmothers don't do that."

I realized that since I started wearing dresses, I'd been much more helpful. I made the beds, did the dishes, ironed and many other girlish chores. I glanced down at myself, noting how the hem of my sarong swung around my knees. I had been feminized, and thought, "Maybe, I'm glad I'm not really a girl . . . I'd hate to have to do housework *all* my life."

To my surprise, Dad invited Mark and Mike to keep their surfboards at our house rather than lug them back and forth from their Aunts. Perhaps he thought they could

be role models for me. They were everything a man could want in sons. Rough, rugged, tan and athletic. Yes, I was jealous of them and their natural 'man-man' relationship to my father.

Over the next few weeks, I began to see what Dad was doing. He took Mike and Mark to a Sunday afternoon Dodger baseball game and then brought them home to a home cooked meal. I of course cooked and served dinner, even cleaned up after like a 'good girl'.

You'd think I would have been mad at Mike and Mark but I liked them. They were just doing what was natural for boys to do. Their father died when they were in grade school and I think they like having a 'father'.

During the weekdays, when I wasn't with Laura, I was with them. It was sort of like I suddenly had two older brothers. They were always hanging around, they even walked into our house without even knocking after Dad gave them a key so they could get their surfboards.

Laura liked them too. I guess she liked the way they played up to her, calling her "Mrs. 'L'".

As the weeks went by, I became more comfortable around them. I began to feel like a girl around them. My scant bikini, the absolutely smooth front and my padded prominent bosom to which I was now accustomed hid my true sex.

There were long talks with my stepmother who suddenly abandoned her social activities almost entirely in order to be with her 'daughter'---me. It was odd but delightful. For all the years I'd spent dressing behind closed doors, now I was *free*, now *encouraged* to be as feminine as was possible.

I was sometimes bored with the beach just outside the house. Laura suggested that I learn to type. She bought a secretarial skills software package for the computer in dad's office. With it's instruction and Laura's encouragement I learned to touch type at over sixty-five words a minute. I advanced to the shorthand section and was soon able to easily take down dictation.

"Wow," Laura encouraged, "You are as good as many top-notch secretaries. Maybe you could pick up a summer job?"

I was proud of myself but I was only sixteen, who would hire me?

Dad bought me a laptop computer so I could practice my exercises outside instead of being couped up in the house all day. He knew learning how to use a computer would help me someday, not just by teaching me how to type.

The summer's months went by in a rush---me totally feminine, with my stepmother cheerfully developing my femininity, even giving me full access to her extensive wardrobe. Her delicate lingerie and soft dresses seemed even more feminine than mine . . .perhaps because she'd worn them. I think she knew that when given a choice between my dresses and one of hers', I'd always choose hers. Her's were more womanly.

I remember wearing her favorite dress for the first time. It was a really smashing dress, sophisticated and made for a classy woman. I'd seen her wearing it often and when she asked if I wanted to wear it, I almost swooned. My inevitable sex-cache underlay it all, but I wore her lingerie; high topped woman's nylon panties with a lacy front, matching uplift bra and a full slip smoothed around my body like a soothing fragrance. Her nylon hose even felt different against my thighs. The dress was a two piece St. John knit, form fitting with a straight tight skirt. A single strand of pearls completed the ensemble. With this I wore a pair of her elegant, 3-inch heeled pumps in pale turquoise leather, slit open in panels across the instep and held with buckled straps behind the ankle. Turquoise bracelets and large round earrings were my only other accessories.

I looked in the mirror and about fainted . . .I looked a lot like her, a mature female. A little younger maybe, but very much like her. I felt faint but ultra feminine. I wondered, did she *feel* like this when she wore this dress?

The feeling was so different, so un-masculine. That was it. Nothing I was wearing was made to be worn by a male. Everything was ultra-feminine, soft and delicate. As you can probably tell, I was not tiring of my 'hobby'. Most boys never experience these sensations, especially one item: the dress.

It was odd, as I felt the cool sensations of this most feminine item I was wearing. Hundreds of years of creative energies have been spent to make this one garment so utterly feminine. No designer worth his salt had ever even ventured that these garments could be worn by a male.

Why, I joked to myself, they could double their market. No, it wouldn't work. The DRESS makes a person feel feminine. It shows off my feminine charms: smooth legs, flaring hips, tiny waists and bosoms. They are made to wear with high heels and a fanciful hairdo. From the simple shift, to the jeweled gown, all were designed to say, "FEMALE" and tell something about the wearer; Is she daring, plain, or sexy? Does she have confidence, good curves and a host of other things?

I looked again into the mirror realizing that by wearing dresses, I too was 'communicating' about my femininity. What kind of female did I want people to think I was?

I wasn't sure.

I looked again into the mirror. The dress I was wearing gave the subtle promise of sexiness. The dress was not overtly provocative, just elegantly suggestive of female allure and fascination.

As the summer's end neared, I was becoming aware that to *stop* being a girl was going to be as difficult as becoming one. I ran my hands down the sides of my designer jeans. Except for the panties, everything I was wearing could be worn by a boy. The oversized white cotton shirt, jeans and tennis shoes were boyish yet I still looked like a young girl. Was it my highly arched eyebrows? Blonde hair? Painted nails? I looked into the mirror and said aloud, "I am a boy." It looked silly. I stared, trying to make a 'boy face'. Maybe when I cut my hair, and let the eyebrows grow back in? I was in a trance. I pulled the long blonde waves of hair back into a pony-tail. I'd seen many boy's wearing pony-tails lately but mine looked girlish, not trendy.

It was only a couple weeks until we would be leaving California and I would be starting high school again. That would be the end of my 'cute things'. No more wearing pink and white ribbons in my hair or even wearing pink for that matter. No more gushing over a new dress or the way I curled my hair. No, my father would expect me to be all



"It became difficult to look like a boy."

'boy' again and at best confine my femme self to my small bedroom. I would be a 'plain ole' boy again.

Laura noticed my moodiness whenever going home was mentioned. "It's okay, dear," she said, "You'll be back to playing football and all that stuff before you know it."

I confessed, "Gee Laura, I'm just not as interested in that stuff any more."

"I can tell," she said, "You've become a thoroughly magnificent 'young lady'."

"I'm going to miss all this," I said with tears almost coming to my eyes.

"There . . .there, sweetheart," Laura said, "I promise you . . .we'll be back next summer and during the year I help you be even 'more' girl next summer."

"Next summer?" I asked.

"Yes dear, I wanted to surprise you but your father has been asked back next summer."

"WOW!" I said, "But what about dad? Will he let me dress like this next year?"

She smiled. She always had a simple way to look at problems and simply solved them. She said, "All I have to do is remind your father that everyone here knows you as a girl and you can't just show up next summer as a boy."

She was right.

She added, "I won't remind him of this until he commits to taking the job."

My emotions were mixed on the trip home, knowing that this was my last few hours of girlhood. In some ways



*"My body had changed,
as did my outlook."*

was sleep. I went into my room and caught my reflection in the mirror. My stance, my visual characteristics were all feminine. I lingered for a minute reflecting on my summer. I had changed a lot since the last time I was in this room. My years of dress-ups seemed childish now. Dresses, makeup, lingerie, and all were for being 'out', not locked away in some bedroom. I knew it wouldn't be 'rewarding' for me to simply wear a dress around my room anymore. I wanted out.

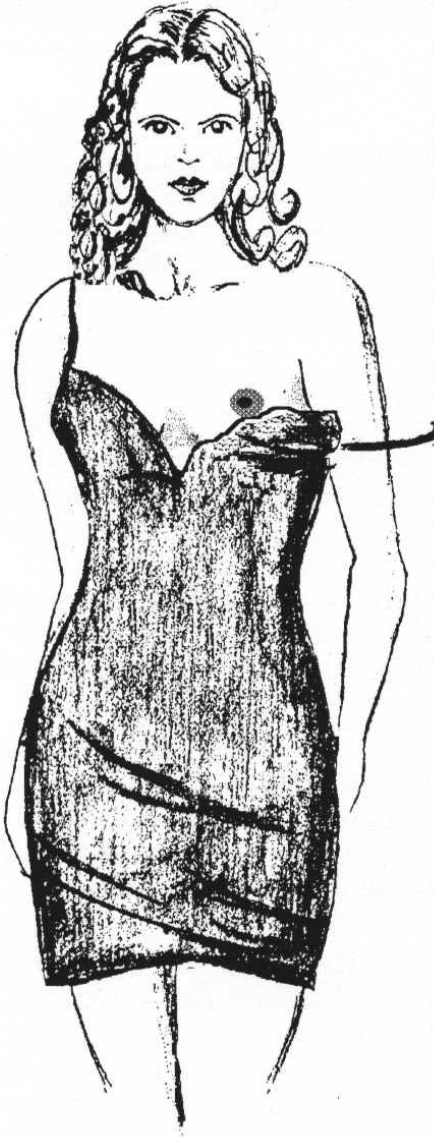
I had many things to do before school started but had two weeks to take care of them.

I couldn't wait to see my friends but I couldn't begin to tell them about my summer.

We arrived at O'Hare airport late and a limo drove us home to Riverwoods. I slid my legs out of the limo, noticing the expression on the drivers face as he caught a glimpse of my smooth thighs. Dad took all the suitcases to their bedroom, saying, "Your stepmother will pack all this stuff away for you . . .bet you can't wait to get back into boy's clothes?"

"Sure dad," I tried to say with conviction.

It was late and all I wanted to do



"Everything fit better this summer.

I had grown into my clothes."

coily, "But no more haircuts. I want your hair real long."

The hardest was coming to terms with being a boy. I had to learn about being a boy again . . . how to carry my hands, walk, talk and even sit down.

Soon I was back into the swing of things. My friends all wanted to know about L.A. and I was able to tell a few stories about my girlfriend on the beach. (Actually me.)

Life was back to normal. Dad still traveled a lot and I got busy in school. I tried on a few dresses in my room but quickly bored of the experience. I'd been spoiled.

To my surprise, right after school started, Laura came to me and said, "I think we should spend sometime every week while your father is away, getting you ready for next summer."

"Isn't it a little soon?" I asked.

"Not for what I have in mind for you. I have some ideas that will make you feel more feminine than ever. Are you game?"

"I guess," I said, "What do you mean?"

"Oh, you'll see." She said

The next week, Laura gave me a home perm. The purpose was to make my hair look shorter but it only made it look more girlish. At school, I wore it pulled back in a

pony tail. At night Laura showed me how to set and curl it.

I loved the way it felt

At Christmas, Laura came to me and handed me a little gift. I opened it and inside was a bottle of pills. I looked at her with wonder. She smiled and said, "Female hormones. Only take one in the morning and one before you go to bed. By summer, you should be an 'A' cup."

"OHHHH," I was confused.

She confessed, "I see you changing. If we don't stop it by summer you'll be starting a beard and your voice will have changed. This will stop it; otherwise, you'll have to be a boy. The only side effects are that your breasts will bud and your shape will change."

"Bud?"

"Yeah. Take those and you'll have a cute little discreet *set* by summer. Not too big, but suitable for someone your age," she said, then added, "But your father is not to find out, okay?"

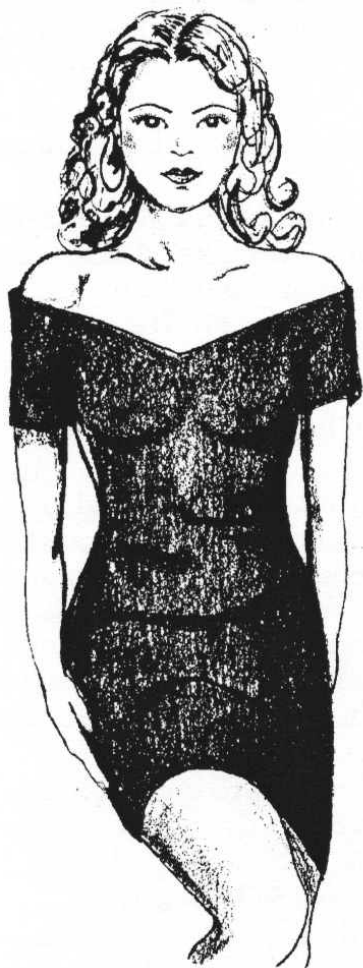
I agreed, but I couldn't figure out how I'd hide much growth for very long. I wasn't sure I wanted to be a girl for the summer if it meant growing boobs, but I popped one in my mouth and Laura gave me some water. She giggled, "You are going to love what's going to happen."

I was surprised when a week, then two went by and nothing felt different. It was in history class when I noticed it the first time. I grabbed my books, scooping them up against my chest. I felt an awareness, no a twinge, that I had never noticed before on my chest. It was a minute or two before I realized what was going on. My nipples were sore, almost itchy.

Two months later my skin seemed softer and had changed texture. It was like I had an extra layer of skin all over. My buttocks and thighs had flourished while my waist dwindled to a slender "21."

I could wear a normal shirt and nothing showed, but if I wore a T-shirt, the hint of nipples would be outlined.

By my prom my shape had changed a lot. My suit didn't fit and I had to get a new one. I'm afraid I was beginning to look rather feminine even in pants.



“Are they numb yet?”

It was three weeks before graduation. I sat in our kitchen with ice cubes on both ears. “No,” I said, “It will still hurt. Why do I need to have pierced ears?”

Laura laughed, saying, “You’ve got boobs, long hair, a shapely figure and that,” she said as her hips swayed as she approached with the needle, “Makes you a woman.”

The needle shined as she sterilized it with alcohol, adding “We girls always stick needles through each other’s ears . . . it’s tradition.”

I sat hoping for some way to keep my ears intact, “I don’t have any pierced earrings!”

“I have plenty of really lovely ones. We’ll share!” Then she added, “Don’t be a sissy.”

I didn’t know what that meant. Did it mean that I should take being feminized like a man, or like a woman?

*“I knew I was still a boy but I
could not deny
the feminine feelings I was*

Laura knelt next to me and marked my earlobe with a ball point pen. I looked at her and tears were in her eyes. She

whispered, “You may be your father’s son but you are MY daughter. Now hold still, you’ll hear a popping sound.”

POP! And then POP! As she did the other ear. My stomach was queasy as I saw the drops of blood on the cotton balls. “There, see how easy that was,” Laura said. “It’s done.” She held up a round mirror for me to see.

Little round stud earrings glistened in my newly pierced ears.

"Keep your ears clean with alcohol for a couple weeks and wear your hair over them. Your father will just think they are clip-ons.

Those final weeks in school were bizarre. I felt more like a girl disguised as a boy.

My breasts continued to grow. While not real large, they were distinctly female in shape and size. I couldn't wear t-shirts any longer nor any kind of a tight top. I sure hoped Laura could talk Dad into letting me dress again this summer. Laura had joked that if I wore my male swimsuit, that the police would have arrested me for indecent exposure. It wasn't a joke however, it was true.

My chest pressed flat during the day, at night, I indulged in luxurious long baths, filled with oils and perfume. I shaved my legs, powered my body and enjoyed the female protocol. My body was becoming more and more feminine and I wanted it perfect. With one exception, it was. I had obviously sensitive breasts, a narrow waist, flaring hips and smooth legs. I had gone from slender to almost delicately frail. I couldn't wait to get into the ladylike peril of a bikini on the beach.

Dad knew most of the year that we were going to L.A. again for the summer but how I was to dress was never discussed between Laura and him. He assumed that I would be a boy, she knew I would *have* to be a girl.

It all came to a head when Dad surprised me with a bogie board and Jams (surfer swimsuit). "Try them on," Dad said enthusiastically. I looked at Laura with panic in my eyes.

"Gee honey," Laura said, "Don't you think it's going to look a little strange showing up with a boy this year?" She was gently molding him, letting it be his idea.

"NAW. We'll just say Don is Dawn's cousin or brother or something. Right, big fellow?" Dad was fishing. It had been a year since he'd even asked me about my dressing activities. By ignoring, he made it go away.

Laura asked, "Mark and Mike are going to be there again this summer. They will see the similarities between Dawn and Don right away."

Dad looked at me, than said with a hopeful expression, "You don't want to do *that* again, do you?"

"I would rather than get caught," I said. It was agreed.

The second summer.

The first thing I noticed was how well everything fit this year. My tops and bras felt natural.

The second major change I noticed concerned me. Last summer, I had been repelled by the boys on the beach making passes at me. This summer I felt different. I began to feel some kind of excitement, or energy, from the idea of someone else being attracted to me.

When a boy came close, I experienced a helpless warming feeling that was hard to get accustomed to. It was part fear and humiliation, knowing what the boy was feeling being close to me. Shame slithered up the back of my throat into tangled feelings. They made me feel so small and foolish.

Oh, don't get me wrong. I was still deathly afraid that some guy might find out about me but that was going to be more difficult this year. Filling out my bra gave me new confidence.

I had become increasingly passive (and flirtatious) with the young men on the beach. Could it be from the hormones?

I even wondered if the hormones had changed my body chemistry some how so I was giving off some kind of female pheromone or scent. The young males frenzied as I walked down the beach. They were so silly, as they stared, gawked and sometimes made grunting noises at seeing my smooth rounded figure. They were shy and timid or brash and forward. There didn't seem to be an in between.

My passiveness and new openness allowed me to meet many men, each with their own special line, hoping to talk with me. At first, I was scared, but soon learned to handle each in *my own* distinctive way.

Being this close to un-clothed males made me see how feminized my barely covered body had become.

The first week, after father started back to work, Laura suggested a 'Ladies night' out on the town. She had been invited to a party by a woman she met in town. I had

missed our outings and I couldn't wait to see how mature I could look this year.

That night she had another surprise for me. "Look," she said pulling a box out from under my bed. She held up a low cut push up bra in black that must have been nearly a 'C' cup. She added, "It's double padded to enhance even the smallest bust into alluring cleavage. I got myself one too."

She showed me how to use it making the bra push up and push in my somewhat small breasts. The effect was the picture perfect cleavage of a well endowed young woman.

I wondered what the purpose of having such a feminine deep plunge was until she showed me what she bought for us to wear. Two very low scoop cut knit sweaters that would cling to every curve. My bold new curves were barely covered by this sweater showing off a very noticeable 'lady'.

Laura put on her's which gave us both about the same figures. Our push up pads nudged our breasts up and almost out of our sweater's bodice. Our breasts moved up and down inside our bras when we breathed.

We also had skin-tight, matching black leather mini-skirts. "Turn around, dear," Laura asked.

Blushing slightly, I turned around as Laura made comments on my bust and figure. "Delicious looking. You seemed to have gained a bit of weight around your hips and thighs giving you a rounder curving shape. "Sexy derriere," she giggled, "don't you wish your father was here to see us now?"

"No," I girlishly screamed, but a delicious flush of pleasure flowed through my feminized figure as I comprehended this new 'seductive' portrayal.

"I guess you're right," she giggled, "He wouldn't want me wearing this outfit, let alone his son." We both laughed.

The party was at a big house in Beverly Hills.

Laura smiled at me and announced to the group "This is Dawn, my girlfriend from college." Laura then ran off with some movie producer and left me to fend for myself as various people introduced themselves to me. I could smell the barbecue smoke from the grill. The gals had

filled the fridge with containers of food. I had been tricked into attending a party while dressed like a *woman*. Alright, I thought, I can play this game.

I went out to the patio to where most of the people were. I sat down, crossing my legs seductively, and let my skirt ride up my legs. Ok, Laura. Watch this, I thought. I then dropped an earring on the ground and bent down to pick it up, exposing as much breast as I could. Three or four of the handsome men rushed to get it for me. The look in their eyes told me that my effort had not been in vain. The party lasted well into the night and it was after midnight before the last guests left.

Several of the men flirted with me during the night. To my dismay, several also surrounded Laura swarming like flies on you know what. We eventually ended up sitting with the other women. The gossip was of fashion, men, makeup, babies, pregnancy, etc. Interesting, I thought, feeling very much like a spy at an enemy meeting. One of the men, George had asked me out, but I told him that I was going back home soon and wouldn't have time.

It was strange. I could see how a woman would like this sort of thing; being made a fuss over and being told how attractive one is.

"You know that you were acting like a hussy tonight," Laura teased on the way home, "I thought that you might be leaving with George. He was hot for your body."

"I know," I said embarrassed, "Nothing was going to happen though."

"What would you have done if George would have grabbed you and kissed you," she asked, "and maybe what if he forced his tongue into your mouth?"

I was embarrassed. "I wouldn't have let it happen," I replied.

"You couldn't have stopped him," Laura said, "He's much bigger than you and much stronger. He could have taken you if he had wanted to."

"Well fortunately he didn't want to," I said, "And what about you and that movie producer, Paul?" I said accusingly, "I saw you and he flirting and holding hands."

"Don't worry about him" Laura said, "he's just friendly, you know Hollywood style. I love your father," she said with a giggle, adding, "I saw you looking *daggers* at Paul."

I thought that maybe you would hit him with your purse or something. You were so cute in your sexy dress, looking so feminine and trying to be so womanly. What would you have done if I had kissed him?" Laura asked.

"Did you?" I countered.

"Oh, just a little peck, you know 'Hollywood'," she responded, adding, "Maybe the four of us could double date sometime and see where it leads?"

She was kidding of course...I think.

On the drive home, I said to Laura, "I'd hate to be this big all the time." By the end of the evening, my back ached from holding up the extra weight on my chest.

She laughed and said, "Oh, there's some benefits to being busty. If you keep taking those hormones, you're likely to find out."

As we left town and entered the beach area, my long hair unfurled in the ocean breeze. The coolest draft came up high on my exposed legs, and I got chills as a gust blew through the contour of my light sweater. My spirit was high as the evening air gently caressed my delicate core.

Laura smiled at me. She said, "You are amazing. You actually spent the entire night wearing that sexy dress and acting like a mature woman. No one ever suspected that you were a boy or even only seventeen. How did you feel when the men kissed your cheek tonight?" Laura finished up.

My face flushed. I responded, "Okay. Like you said it's Hollywood. In this dress and didn't feel like a boy or even a young girl. . . I felt feminine, like a woman." I added sheepishly, "Do you think I'm crazy?"

Laura said, "When I found out about your little 'hobby', I thought it was a little weird. Then became immediately interested in you. I don't know why. The thought of a boy who liked to dress as a girl and looked good doing it appealed to me. I don't know why, but the idea of helping change a hairy legged macho male into a sweet, feminine creature excites me. The party was not fair to you, but I'm glad that it worked out," Laura finished.

"But Laura," I interrupted, "Father wants me to grow up into a macho, all American, barrel chested guy."

"Too bad for him," Laura responded, "I like you. I like you just like you are. . . my son, but when I want a girl-

friend, I can turn you into a soft, sexy girl. I have the best of both worlds," Laura said seriously. "You want to dress me after this summer?" I asked. "As much as you want," Laura replied, "I think you may want to become a woman all the way. Would you be willing to do it?" she questioned.

"You mean surgery?? I don't know. Dad would kill me if he knew about the hormones," I declared.

"Your secret is safe with me," she promised, "Now its your turn."

"For what?" I asked.

"For true confessions," she responded, "I was truthful with you. I want you to be truthful with me."

"Ok, go ahead," I said.

"Well, do you enjoy dressing as a girl and being treated like one when in public?" she asked.

I blushed again. "I guess so" I said, "I like the feel of girls clothes, the makeup, and I admit that I love being treated as a girl when dressed as one. But I'm no wimp."

"I know," she stated softly, "I think that we're going to have a lot of fun. But, you didn't answer one of my questions," she went on.

"What was that?" I asked.

"Did you kiss George back?" she demanded.

"Yes," I admitted.

"Did you like it?" she continued.

"Ah..I just shut my mind down and let it happen. I couldn't avoid it." I said defensively.

"That's not true. You did like it!" Laura said giggling.

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"I can just tell," she responded obviously pleased, "That'll make double-dating just that much more fun."

"What? What did you just say?" I asked.

"I said we're going to have a lot of fun as two FOXY women," she stated clearly.

"What if Dad finds out?"

"He won't," She said firmly. "I'm not going to tell and I'm sure you won't either, 'Miss Nipples'."

I knew what she had planned wasn't right but neither was my father's ignoring Laura. But dating. . .Laura made

it sound like I was supposed to feel good that men were physically attracted to me.

Laura and I went out often.

At a party, Laura and I met a lawyer who offer me a summer job. To my surprise she thought I should take it. She told my father about it and he agreed that it was about time I had a job.

Starting day. . . .

I didn't sleep much the night before I was to start. What if they found out I was only seventeen . . . worse yet, that I was a boy. My mind was on the day to come. I showered, set my hair and took a bra out of my dresser. I slipped into it with the ease of any young woman who had worn bras since puberty. I easily twisted and hooked the back snaps then added my life-like full 'B' breast forms. I was trying to look at least twenty-one. I slipped on a white silk blouse and a grey glen plaid suit that had a tight narrow skirt just below my knees. Very conservative. I added a pair of black pumps over my neutral beige nylons.

I uncurled my hair and took a long time getting my hair perfect. I brushed and teased it, getting it to ripple down around my shoulders in a golden mane. I added light makeup, dark enough to look mature but in shades of inconspicuous pink. In a moment of reality I looked at myself in the mirror. A young woman surrounded by her beauty equipment: hair dryers, hot curlers, hair spray, make up, perfume and earrings. Everything was there for a young woman's morning beauty ritual. . .being used skillfully by a young boy.

In modesty, I have to say I looked fresh and wonderful like the many secretaries I'd seen rushing to and from the big office buildings in Century City.

Because of my mentor, Albert, a senior partner, I was able to by pass the personnel office. I simply filled out a few forms and was shown to my receptionist's desk. A listing of my duties had been typed and my responsibilities were numerous. Many were simple such as making sure there was coffee made, to escorting clients through the office to their counselor.

There were many girls working there so I had to fill in at lunch time for some and help with the overflow typing.

I had to answer the phone, making sure that no one stayed on hold too long.

The list of do's and don't were two pages long. Such as:

Don't file your nails at work. You are the first person our clients see and you leave a lasting impression.

Do ask if the client would like coffee.

Do smile and try to make the client comfortable.

Do answer the phone with "Good Morning . . ." Be friendly!

I was amazed that there was so much to being a receptionist. I was soon rushing about, answering phones, greeting clients, typing letters . . . before I knew it the day was over. My pink painted fingers were busy typing a rush letter for an associate when Albert came up and patted me on the back saying, "That's a girl! I knew you'd be a wonderful assistant."

I looked up at the clock . . . six o'clock. I pushed a long lock of hair that had fallen forward behind my ear. Almost from the beginning I'd forgotten about everything but the work. I'd been a girl all day and had never given it a second thought. I simply took my spot in the hierarchy as secretary and receptionist. I had been feminine, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient and cheerful. Just like in the boy scouts only I was in a skirt, blouse and high heels.

I finished my letter, grabbed my purse and left with the other girls. I was only then aware of my nylon undergarments and tight skirt slipping back and forth as I walked. I was as good a secretary as any of the girls. I wondered what they would think if they knew I wasn't a young woman but a teenaged boy.

I was only working three days a week, but my first week I was to work full time. I wouldn't be home until after seven. That barely gave me enough time to prepare my outfit for tomorrow and have dinner before going to bed.

The next morning, having noticed what the other girls were wearing, I decided to wear my pale blue, wool suit. It's softly feminine with a straight skirt with a walking slit up the back. Under the blazer I wore a white shell top with a scoop neck. I knew that when I removed my blazer, my slip and bra straps would show through but that

seemed okay. Adding blue suede pumps and nude sheer stockings, I was off to work again.

It was all beginning to feel so natural. As I walked between the high rise buildings in Century City, my hair blew in the breeze along with my skirt. I put a hand on each, holding them down. How second nature this had all become: carrying a purse, sitting properly in skirts, holding my hands gracefully, talking softly, wearing makeup, and fluffing my hair.

Thus began my career as a girl.

The summer ended with a bang. My father walked into my bathroom when I was dressing. I quickly covered my chest but it was too late. There were fireworks that night and not the kind that they shoot off on the beach.

Laura stood her ground and I backed her up. It was plain to see that I was going to be a girl for more than just the summer.

That night Laura told my father everything. I think for the first time he listened.

Laura and I now live in L.A. I still see my father once in a while. He's having a tough time accepting that Laura would rather be with me.

The end.

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 USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max.) _____
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P. O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA

VISA or MC _____ exp / _____

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 CITY _____ ST _____ ZIP _____
 I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 9-08



In The Pink

*His first job—AND it was the best paying job in town
but not another boy in the world would trade
a grease monkey job for THAT sales girl job.*

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,
WRITE: SANDY THOMAS
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA