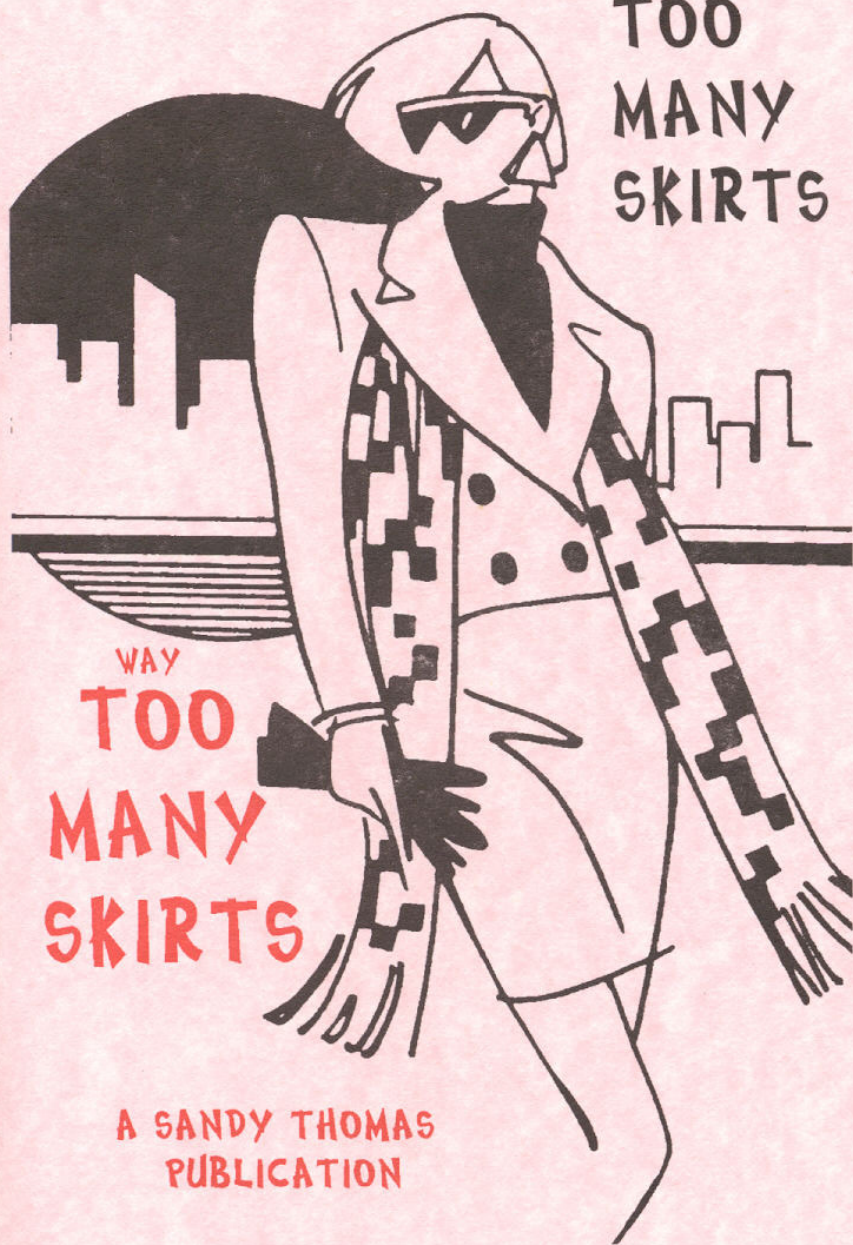


CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION
VOLUME 22

**TOO
MANY
SKIRTS**



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SKIRTS**

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“TOO MANY SKIRTS”

by RAE

WITH DAWN BELL & SANDY THOMAS

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QUOTE BOARD

“If I could walk like her, I'd walk everywhere I went!”

TOO MANY SKIRTS

**By Rae, the author of *Holiday in Heels*.
with Dawn Bell and Sandy Thomas**

CHAPTER ONE

I'm an "oakie." I was raised on a farm outside Salem, Oregon. As an only child, I learned to amuse myself and spent a lot of time helping my mother since my father worked long hours each day on the farm.

I was given the rather unisex name of Carey, which was mother's maiden name. This was odd since all the other boys had basic names like Bill, George, Mike and Bud. I told people I was named after Cary Grant. It least he was a big male big movie star. Carey was an acceptable boy's name even though it had an extra letter in it.

It didn't cause me any problems. Our primary outings were on weekends when we went to nearby Salem to visit my grandparents and do most of our shopping. When I was about 10 years old my parents persuaded me to take music lessons on the bagpipes. Dad was of Scottish descent.

I had a fair degree of musical talent and after a few years I was playing the bagpipes in a band with three other boys who were a year or two older than myself. The band was sponsored by the music studio where I took lessons and we played for numerous audiences in the local area. Unfortunately, the boys were at an age where they were developing more interest in cars and girls than in music and the band broke up not long after I joined it. I had enjoyed playing in the band and wanted to join another, but there weren't many bagpipe bands around.

About this time my father died leaving mother and I alone to try to run the farm. She leased out the land, but we continued living in the house. My father was well insured and with the income from the farm, we were financially well provided for.

Naturally, being small for my age, I wasn't a big hit with the girls despite the fact I had developed a normal adolescent's interest. I hadn't really dated any yet. My time was spent going to school, practicing the bagpipes and helping out around the farm.

It was about this time that longer hair became fashionable for boys so I persuaded my mother to let me grow mine too. Pretty soon it had grown down almost to my shoulders. The girls seemed to like it on other boys so why not me?

My mother and grandparents weren't too fond of it at first because they said it made me look too much like a girl. With my small size and rather delicate features, I guess they were right.

Grandpa asked, "When are you going to get that cut? It makes you look like a girl!"

This didn't particularly bother me. I didn't know why but it sort of gave me a little tingle when they would say it. I kept my hair neat and clean so they finally came to accept it.

During the summer before my junior year in high school, an opening became available in another pipes band that was also sponsored by the music studio where I took lessons. It had been an all girl's band with the studio owner's daughter being the leader. The studio owner's name was Helen Scott and the name of the band was, appropriately, The Scott Highlanders.

I had a secret crush on her daughter Marcia and was really excited about the prospect of playing. I didn't know the other girls well since they went to school in Salem and the only time I ever saw them was when I was at the music studio for lessons. They seemed nice enough, but I was a little hesitant about breaking into what had previously been an all girl group and apprehensive about how they would accept me.

The band was the showcase of the studio and only the best students ever played in it. Naturally, I was very flattered to be asked. They played all over the state and were quite well known. They even had uniforms. They wore Stuart tartan kilts (knee length skirts really) or slacks depending upon the occasion, green blazers, tartan caps, white shirts, ties and knee length green stockings.

Sometimes, in the winter, white turtleneck sweaters were substituted for the white shirts and ties. I didn't know what I would do about the uniform and was afraid that it might cause me not to play in the band. Mrs. Scott told me not to worry and said that I could wear the tartan pants with the blue blazer, shirt, and tie or white turtleneck and that would be fine.

Mother was about to get me the necessary uniform articles when Mrs. Scott called. She said the mother of the girl who had dropped out of the band wanted to sell her uniform. Since she had lost a lot of weight and nothing fit her anyway. The price she offered to sell everything for (blazer, slacks, skirt, shirt, tie and cap) was so reasonable that mother bought the whole outfit. The sweater and socks I would have to get elsewhere.

Since the girl had been bigger than I was, a little tailoring would probably be necessary. It was still a real bargain because I think Mom paid about \$20 for everything.

When I found out what she had done, I put on a show of indignation at the prospect of wearing girl's clothes and said I wouldn't wear them.

Secretly, I was sort of excited about it, like when people had said I looked like a girl with my long hair, but I never let it show. When Mother brought them home she said that I could try them and if they just wouldn't work or I was too uncomfortable in them, she would give them to the Salvation Army.

After some coaxing, I agreed to try them on. The shirt and blazer fit fine, but the buttons being reversed seemed a little strange. The slacks fit okay for length, but the waist was a little large and the hips too full. I wouldn't even try on the kilt. I didn't look too girlish in the pants & blazer so I gave a tentative consent to wearing them.

A friend of Mom's who was a seamstress took in the pants which were fully lined with a satin lining. Naturally, I took a great deal of kidding from her about this. I still wouldn't try on the kilt for her to take in, saying that I would never wear it and that she shouldn't waste her time. Mom had her take it in anyway from the measurements on the slacks, "just in case you change your mind in the future" she said.

I still wasn't too happy about the slacks since they were obviously girl's pants even though they had a zipper in the front. Both Mom and the seamstress assured me that with the blazer on no one could tell. As for the shirt and blazer, no one would notice which side they buttoned on.

I really enjoyed playing with the band and getting to know the three girls better. We had a number of lessons and practice sessions in the late summer and early fall before our first engagement at an Eastern Star meeting in Salem. Besides the usual jitters about playing before any

audience, I was really uneasy about appearing in my new uniform.

In the meantime, Mom had purchased me a couple of pair of green socks that matched the blazer. I was surprised that they were above the knee length and asked why she had gotten them rather than the ankle length I normally wore. She said she could only find the matching color in knee length socks and besides, if I ever wore the kilt I would need them. I strongly suspected that they were girl's stockings, but who could tell, or care? Mom didn't like the oxford shoes that I put on with the outfit.

She had a pair of penny loafers that she seldom wore and asked me to try them. They fit fine since I had a very narrow foot. Mom always had difficulty finding shoes in my size and often had to special order them. Since the penny loafers were somewhat unisex, she persuaded me, without too much difficulty, to wear them.

The pants felt odd at first with their high waist and satin lining, but were quite comfortable. The tie was, fortunately, a clip-on so I wouldn't have the hassle of tying it. Buttoning the shirt backwards was a little awkward, but I managed. When I got all dressed up the first time, I was a little worried how I looked, but Mom assured me that I looked like a Scottish boy who needed a haircut.

When I tried playing the bagpipes with the full uniform on, the blazer seemed rather bulky. It would have been much easier with it off. The cap gave me some problems keeping it on straight, but Mom solved that by pinning it to my hair with some bobby pins. I practiced this way at home a few times before my first public appearance.

On our first engagement, the girls all wore pants so that I wouldn't stick out like a sore thumb. We played a couple of more engagements with all of us in pants and I had come to feel at ease in my uniform and playing with the girls.

I still had a severe crush on Marcia Scott, but I never let her know. We were only good friends as she and everyone else were concerned. She seemed to like me, but being rather shy and awkward around girls, I was afraid to push it any further.

Mrs. Scott complimented me on a number of occasions. She took me aside one day at my private lesson and said that my fingernails didn't look very nice. Grubbing around the farm as I did, I agreed that she was right.

Mom, who was present, said that she would help me get them in better shape. That evening at home she set

me down with her manicure set and worked on my nails for half an hour. She pushed back the cuticle, filed and shaped them. Then she got out some clear nail polish and was about to apply it when I put up my hands and said, "Stop!"

I wasn't about to go around with polished finger nails. She said that it was nail hardener and would stop my nails from breaking so easily and looking so rough. Since it was clear, no one could tell there was anything there. I finally agreed to let her put it on. If I didn't like it we could remove it. It really wasn't very obvious and did make my nails and whole hand look much better. The smoothness also felt rather good so I left it on.

Mrs. Scott commented on how much better my hands and nails looked the next time she saw me. She did this in front of the girls which embarrassed me a little, but they joined in with compliments as well. So, from then on, I kept my nails shaped and coated with clear polish. I was afraid some of my friends at school would notice, but they didn't seem to or at least no one said anything.

One Saturday at our weekly lesson and practice session, the girls announced that they were tired of pants and wanted to wear their kilts the next time we played.

"Your mother bought a kilt in the set of clothes that Jennifer sold her didn't she?" Mrs. Scott asked, "Would you mind wearing it this Saturday?"

I rather strenuously refused. So, on our next engagement, Mrs. Scott said that she didn't like the way we looked and that we really looked much better dressed alike. The next time we played we were all in pants again with the girls grumbling and making remarks about the majority being dictated to by the minority.

The girls and Mrs. Scott kept badgering me to wear my kilt sometime when we played. After all, they argued, "Scottish boys wore them all the time."

I acknowledged that, but pointed out, "They wear kilts, not A-line skirts which is what our kilts really are!"

They unanimously came back that no one would ever know the difference. I was not convinced. Even Mom weighed in on their side saying that to preserve harmony, maybe I should do it once just to be a good sport. With everyone pestering me, I grudgingly consented to wear my kilt/skirt when we played at a retirement home in Oregon City. I was sure there wouldn't be anyone I knew who would see me.

When the big day finally arrived, I was jumpy as a cat. I had tried the kilt on in the meantime and it fit fine with alterations that had been previously made.

I was no expert in Highland attire but I knew that this "kilt" was nothing more than a girl's skirt made out of a tartan patterned cloth! Oh, it looked like a kilt, with gold pin but had an elasticized waist. The matching beret had a black pompon on top.

I tried it on with my shirt, tie and long stockings. Mom had me walk around a little bit to get used to the feel. I added the black button-front vest with the embroidered royal crest.

It was a strange but not unpleasant sensation. The wool was rather scratchy on my bare legs. When I mentioned that, Mom suggested that I wear a half-slip since it would make the kilt hang better as well as feel better. I told her that wearing a skirt was bad enough, but wearing a slip was going too far.

Mother insisted that I at least try it, so I finally gave in. She then went to her room and returned with a slip with a very lacy hem. She apologized for that, explaining that it was the shortest one she had or she would have chosen a plainer one.

I went into my room and took off my kilt and pulled up the slip which felt cool and silky on my legs. It really gave me an odd surge and I had some difficulty in controlling an exciting feeling.

After putting my kilt back on, I went back out for Mom to have a look. She had me walk around some more while she looked me over. She noticed that it showed a little and had me tuck the slip's waistband under the waistband of my jockey shorts to hold it up at the proper level.

After I paraded around some more, she said that the skirt hung better now and didn't cling to my legs. I had to admit that it felt much better too. Mom coached me on standing, sitting, and stooping in a skirt.

The car was parked in the driveway, so I made a mad dash to get into it without any of the neighbors seeing me in a skirt. Mom got quite a laugh out of my reluctance to be seen since I was to play before an audience dressed this way. "That's different" I complained at her teasing. The closer we got to Oregon City, the more nervous I became. I kept looking at the skirt and my bare knees and thinking, "I can't do this."

Mom had to almost drag me out of the car when we arrived. All the way into the building I was nervously pulling at my skirt to make sure that my slip wasn't showing despite Mom's assurance it was not.

When we got inside, Marcia and Terri were there with their parents. The girls rushed up and gave me big hugs when they saw me in my kilt and blazer. This gave me a big thrill, especially with the extra squeeze that Marcia gave me. It seemed that Tracey and her parents had not arrived as yet. We walked around and looked at the place while waiting for Tracey to arrive. I was growing to like the feel of the kilt and the silky slip underneath it. It made me feel sexy and aroused.

It finally was time for us to play, but there was still no sign of Tracey. At about the same time there was a telephone call for Mrs. Scott. It was Tracey's father. Their car had broken down on the highway and they would not be able to get there until who knows when.

The way our band numbers were arranged, there was no way we could play without her. Mrs. Scott said we would each play a couple of solos and that have to do. I hadn't counted on this and had another anxiety attack at the prospect of appearing alone before everyone in my skirt. When I held my bagpipes I was very careful how I bent down with my knees so my slip wouldn't show as I was conscious of the girls watching me.



"I felt so silly in the kilt and girlish outfit."

Mrs. Scott explained to the audience about what had happened and then called us out in a group and introduced us individually to play our solos. I selected a couple of fairly easy numbers which I knew very well. I was in to temperament to be a virtuoso at this time.

After we had finished, the lady in charge of the program thanked us. She said that they would like to have us back again when all four "girls" were present so they could hear how we sounded as a band.

I had been afraid that I had been mistaken for a girl, but was sort of secretly thrilled by it as always. My introduction as "Carey" did nothing to dispel the illusion either. As it turned out, it was probably just as well that everyone thought I was a girl.

Mom told me when we were in the car that on stage, my slip showed a little when I moved. It would have been really embarrassing if I had been introduced as a boy. I hope that none of the girls or Mrs. Scott had seen it.

At our lesson and practice the next Saturday, everyone complimented me on how nice I looked in my "kilt." Everyone was after me to wear it again the next day, Sunday, when we played for a group in Lebanon. All the girls wanted to wear theirs and Tracey wanted to see me in it.

I protested that I had upheld my end of the bargain and didn't want to do it again. Besides, they had mistaken me for a girl as everyone knew from the announcement the program chairman had made at the end. Besides, it wasn't my fault that Tracey hadn't shown up. Then they really went to work on me with Marcia in the lead. I knew I couldn't refuse her and finally gave in. When I did, she gave me a big hug and a kiss. I was walking on air.

CHAPTER TWO

The next day when it came time to get dressed, I balked at the half slip since I was sure I would be unable to keep it from showing. It was too slippery to stay up. Mom then went into her room and came out with a full slip with straps which could be adjusted to bring the hem up high enough to be hidden by my skirt.

It was white nylon with a lacy hem and bodice. After some coaxing from Mom I went to my room to try it. When I slid it over my head, its silkiness sent electric shocks through my body. It felt absolutely wonderful. I put on my shirt, skirt, socks and shoes and went out to have Mom look me over. "Much better," she proclaimed, "it won't show with any movement. How do you like it?" she asked.

"OK," I told her which was a huge understatement. I was electrified by the silky sensation around my legs. "It's very luxurious."

I happened to glance in a mirror and noticed that the straps and bodice line showed through the shirt and could not be mistaken for a boy's undershirt. When I shrieked and said I couldn't be seen like that, Mom reminded me that I would be wearing a blazer or vest over it.

She smiled, then went back into her room and came back out with one hand behind her back. "There is something that goes with that expensive slip---it's a set," she announced. "Let's see how they feel to together."

With that she brought forth a pair of panties with a panel of lace in the front that matched the lace on the slip. I was so surprised that I dropped the hairbrush that I was holding. All I could get out was a shocked and squeaky voiced, "Mom, you can't be serious!"

"Please! Just try them on," she said. "They were very expensive and I have never worn them. I think it would be nice if you would wear them under your kilt. Since it's a big secret what Scotsmen wear under their kilts, maybe they wear slips and panties too," she teased.

I stammered, holding the dainty slippery taboo garment, "I couldn't!"

"Just slip them on," she countered nonchalantly. "Who would know? Besides, I think you might like the way they feel. If they make you feel too uncomfortable, take them off and put your jockey shorts back on?"

With trembling hands, I held up panties. They were very pretty, so I retreated with them to my room.

Reaching under my skirt and slip, I pulled down my shorts, stepped out of them and pulled the panties up around my waist. I was so sensualistically excited that I could barely keep my maleness under control.

I pulled up my skirt and slip and surveyed myself. The lace panel in front completely hid any sign of my sexual identity as long as I kept everything safely tucked between my legs.

I dropped my kilt and walked very carefully back to the family room where Mom was waiting. "How do they feel?" she asked.

"Silky," was all I could stammer out.

"I thought you might like them," she said cheerily, "now let's go to Lebanon."

I think I was even more nervous on the ride to Lebanon than I was the previous week, especially when I thought of and felt what I was wearing underneath my skirt. I asked Mom to go back home so I could change but she reassured me that there was nothing to worry about. This would be a fun secret we could have between the two of us.

We all arrived at the hall in Lebanon at about the same time. All the girls greeted me with hugs and kisses which must have made any onlookers wonder what the big fuss was all about. This almost made up for the uncomfortable feelings I had about dressing this way. The meeting room was upstairs, so we had to carry our bagpipes cases which was a chore as it was quite warm in the building.

I was next to last in the group, with Marcia bringing up the rear. I was a half flight ahead of her when I looked down as she was looking up. I suddenly dawned on me that she could look right up my skirt from where she was standing. That's one of the things you never think of as a boy unless you are the one doing the looking. I wondered how much she saw.

When we got in the hall, it was really hot and stuffy. Mrs. Scott suggested that we take off our blazers. The girls quickly agreed and took theirs off. I was stuck. My slip definitely showed through my shirt and there was no mistaking it for anything other than what it was. I quickly took off my blazer and put on my bagpipes. It would cover my front and if I could sort of keep my back to the wall, I would be okay.

I noticed that when Mrs. Scott introduced us that she had changed the introduction a bit. In the past it had been, "Here they are, three lassies and a lad, the Scott Highlanders."

This time it was just, "Here they are, the Scott Highlanders." I guess Mrs. Scott thought I looked too much like a girl to be introduced as a boy. The way I felt right then, I agreed with her.

When we went on stage, I was last in line so no one could see my slip's straps from behind. Unfortunately, I had to be first when we went off and Marcia would be right behind me. I was so nervous that I don't know how I managed to play at all. When we were off, I took off my bagpipes and put my blazer on and hurried outside.

When everyone came down, the girls thanked me for being such a good sport. They said we that we could go back to pants now that they had made their point and I

had met them half-way. I heaved a sigh of relief believing that this business was now behind me.

About this time Marcia came up and put an arm around me. "It was really neat of you to do this," she said. "We all appreciate it. You really do look an awful lot like a girl however and if you would let me, I bet I could make you into a knockout. Why don't you let me sometime? We could have loads of fun" she cooed.

The thought of Marcia fixing me up as a girl was thrilling beyond words, not to mention the fact that she liked me looking this way. "I think I have gone far enough," I said not wanting to completely shut out the idea.

Marcia then whispered in my ear "Did you borrow the slip and panties you have on from your mother or are they your own?" I turned beet red and before thinking stammered "They are my mother's. She insisted that I wear them."

"Do you wear them during the week as well?" Not thinking of the trap she had sprung on me, I said that this was the first time that I had worn panties and had only worn a half slip the previous week. Thinking of the trap I had fallen into, I got angry for being so stupid. When I let her know that I was angry at her for leading me on like this she asked me not to be put out with her.

"I really like you no matter what you wear. We should get to know each other better," she said quietly.

I pleaded with her not to tell anyone and she readily agreed, telling me it would be our little secret.

I was totally disarmed and elation overcame any embarrassment that I had. "If you really don't think I'm too odd for wearing these things. . . maybe I'll let you fix me up completely some time," I whispered.

She hugged me and said she could hardly wait to do it.

In the car on the way home, I told Mom that there were three of us sharing our little secret now. I related how Marcia had seen up my skirt on the stairs and was now aware that I had been wearing panties as well as the slip which was pretty obvious when she was walking behind me when I had my blazer off.

Mom chuckled and said, "Now you know how girls feel when boys looked up at them on stairways! I hope you weren't too embarrassed?"

"Marcia didn't seem to care. She said it was sweet," I said, adding, "She promised not to tell a soul."

Mom shook her head and said, "You really did look like a girl today. Perhaps you should get your hair cut short and end all this gender identity confusion?"

"I like my hair the way it is," I defended. "As long as no one knows me when I wear my kilt, I don't care about the gender confusion."

She thought about it a minute and replied, "If it doesn't bother you, I guess it shouldn't bother me."

When we got home that evening, I just took off my tie, cap and blazer and slipped a blue sweater over my white shirt and had supper. I had spent the evening in a SKIRT!.

It was sort of fun. I put my lingerie and other washables in the dirty clothes then had Mom help me press the wrinkles out of the skirt before hanging it away in the closet. I wasn't sure when I would wear it again, but I was determined to do so.

The band went on with its normal practice and playing schedule with all of us in pants and being introduced as only "The Scott Highlanders."

It was left up to the audience to determine our gender. Since the weather was turning cold, one of the girls suggested that we wear white turtleneck sweaters instead of our shirts and ties when we played at a school carnival the next Friday evening. Mom hadn't bought one with my outfit so I didn't know what to say. Mom was there at the time and said that she would see to it that I got one as much like the other girls as possible.

I didn't have a white turtleneck of any kind and the ones that Mom had were not at all like the ones the girls wore with their uniforms. One was cotton, (more suitable for wearing under sweaters) and another rather bulky cable knit which was too heavy to wear under a blazer.

We went to a couple of stores and looked in the men's department without finding anything like what we were looking for. The next logical step was to look in the Juniors department where we found a number of different possibilities. I wasn't sure of my size, but most sweaters came in small, medium or large. I was somewhere between a medium and a small. I was a little self conscious looking through the sweaters with Mom holding some up in front of me to check the size.

We found one that seemed most like the ones the other girls had. It was a soft, cuddly lambswool and angora blend which had a zipper in the back of the neck. That way you can get it on and off without mussing up your hair,

Mom informed me when I asked about it. I loved the feel of it. "I never thought that I would be buying clothes for you in this department," Mom said.

I ran my hand over the soft, delicate fabrics. "They are nice, aren't they?"

"Maybe we can buy all your clothes here?" she teased.

I blushed and declined, sort of half-heartedly. I could hardly wait to get home and try on the sumptuous, velvety sweater.

It fit just fine. At last being a small boy had some advantages. It felt as good to wear as it did to touch. I left it on until it was time for bed.

When Friday came and I was preparing to get into my uniform and new sweater, I didn't know what to wear under it. I kind of hated to wear a T-shirt because I couldn't feel the sweater next to my skin. I really liked that soft, cuddly feeling.

Mom didn't like the idea of my wearing nothing. She didn't think it looked good that way. She thought a few moments and asked, "You liked the feel of the slip a few weeks ago didn't you? Why don't you wear a camisole?"

"I don't even know what one is?"

"It's sort of like a girl's undershirt. I have one that I wear when I wear pants. Its nylon with pretty lace straps and bodice. I'll get it and you can try it on."

Mom went to her room and came back with a pretty, white little item of nylon and I noticed she also had a matching pair of panties.

"If you are going to wear the camisole, you might as well wear these too," she said as she put the silky garments in my hand.

"Everything matches, eh?" I sort of gulped, "Do you really think I should?"

"Why not," she said, "you enjoyed it when we went to Lebanon."

I went to my room and put on the camisole and panties. It was almost as nice as wearing the slip, except I missed the feeling on my legs and knees. The pants felt different and better with the nylon of the panties sliding against the satin lining of the pants.

If the sweater had felt good when I wore it before, it felt absolutely heavenly with the nylon camisole underneath it. I checked to see if the straps showed through the

sweater, but it was thick enough that they were barely visible.

I went back to Mom's room where she was getting dressed and announced that I definitely liked the camisole and would wear it with my sweater tonight.

The girls all complimented me on how nice my new sweater looked with the uniform, which pleased me. We didn't take off our blazers, so there was no risk of anyone seeing the camisole. I loved the luxurious sensation of wearing lingerie under my uniform. No one appeared to notice.

It was late when we got home that evening and I went straight to bed. I left my clothes on a chair in my room.

The next morning, Saturday, I didn't get up early and sort of laid around till it was time to get dressed to go to Salem for my weekly lesson and band practice.

Mom came into my room and told me to not bother showering since there was no time and to hurry up and get ready or we would be late. She also told me to hang up my pants and fold up my sweater and put them in a drawer. With that she went to get ready herself. I was about to get dressed when the camisole and panties on the chair caught my eye.

A wave of embarrassment came over me as I realized that I was thinking about putting them on again. I picked up the cool, dainty garments and remembered how scatterbrained I felt the night before. Yet, I wanted to put on the girl's panties again.

The temptation was too great. I put them on and hurriedly put my slacks and heavy shirt on over them. I had just finished dressing when Mom came back in.

She noticed the slacks and sweater that were still on the chair. "I thought I told you to put those away," she said a little irritably.

Then I guess she noticed that the panties and camisole were missing and looked at me rather curiously and asked, "Are you wearing the panties and camisole again?"

I blushed and admitted that I was. "I only wore them a short time and it seemed a shame to put on clean underwear without showering."

She seemed a little perplexed and said, "I'm not sure that is a good idea. What if someone noticed? It would be pretty embarrassing for you."

"Nothing will show through this shirt or slacks, right?"

"Well, there isn't time to argue about it, we have to get going."

With this the discussion ended and we were off to town. The music session was uneventful although my mind kept wandering to the fact that I was wearing woman's lingerie under my boy's clothes. . . lingerie like the other females in the room. For some reason, I was enjoying the sensation.

Mrs. Scott announced that we had another invitation to play at the retirement home in Oregon City on the Saturday afternoon after Thanksgiving. When Mrs. Scott announced it that since we had all been in kilts before and that I had been mistaken by the program director for a girl, perhaps we should wear kilts again.

There was little I could do but agree. We would also wear our sweaters since the weather continued to be cold. The engagement was on Saturday afternoon and our lesson/practice session was in the morning. Mrs. Scott said that we should wear our uniforms and leave from there right after having lunch. She smiled and said that since I would probably not want to go to a restaurant in my uniform she would invite us all to her house for lunch.

After leaving the music studio, we went downtown. Mom wanted to start her Christmas shopping and there was a sale on at the local department store. After buying a few things we ended up in the lingerie department where they were having a one cent sale.

For every item that was purchased, you could buy another of the same price or less for one cent. After selecting some panties for herself and we were about to leave, she turned to me and said in a quiet voice, "Since you enjoy wearing my panties, maybe you would like to have some of your own?"

I blushed and was speechless for a moment, then stammered, "Are you serious?"

"Yes," she said, "besides, I'll get you some size 5's which will fit you better than my 6's." So we went back to the sale table where there was a profusion of panties various styles, colors and sizes. Mother proceeded to pick out a couple of pair of size 5's that were white nylon with simple lace trim.

"These are nice and simple. . . not too frilly. While we're at it, we might as well get you a couple of camisoles as well," she said as we walked past a rack of them on our way to the cashier. We picked out a pair, one with wide, lacy non-adjustable straps and the other with thin adjustable

straps like the slip I had worn. Both had lightly laced bodices. My heart was racing.

"These 32's will fit you better than my size 34 that you are wearing." With that she placed some money in my hand along with the panties and camisoles and said, "Go ahead and pay for them I while go look at some dresses."

"I can't buy this stuff?" I gasped.

"The clerk probably won't think a thing about it. Besides, if you want to wear these things, you are going to have to be able to buy them yourself."

With that she strode off to the dress department leaving me standing there. I almost put the things back, but the desire to have them was too great. I took a long look around and saw few customers. . . no men. Red-faced, I sort of slinked up to the short line in front of the cashier, hoping that no one would notice me or worse, ask who I was buying these things for.

When I got up to the cashier my hands were shaking so badly that I dropped everything on the floor. When I picked it up and put it on the counter she looked at me smilingly and at my shaking hands and asked if I was all right. I nodded and said, "My hands are just cold."

"These things really are a terrific bargain today aren't they?" she said sweetly. "All the girls really stock up when we have a sale like this," she went on as she was ringing them up.

I wondered if she thought that I was a girl. Perhaps the polished nails and long hair had overshadowed my otherwise heavy winter but boyish attire. With my fair complexion, lack of any beard, long hair and soft voice I guess it would be an easy mistake to make.

When I told Mom about it later she was quite amused saying, "After all, not many boys buy lingerie?"

Mother didn't make any more references to my curious purchase. After visiting my grandparents and having dinner with them, we went home. Unceremoniously I took my new purchases to my room and placed them in the drawer with the rest of my underwear. The lacy nylon items were in sharp contrast to the cotton shorts and T-shirts that also resided there.

Suddenly I regretted my hasty impulsiveness. I felt stupid wearing girl's panties and now I owned several pairs. Mother must be thinking I'm crazy. I felt so unmanly and effeminate.

The next morning after we had breakfast, I showered and started to get out my clothes to dress for church. When I opened my underwear drawer, the sight of my new lingerie induced feelings of humiliation. "Boys don't wear panties," I said aloud. . .but they were mine. . .the silky gear presented too much of a temptation to resist.

I hurriedly put on my very own new panties and camisole before putting on my good slacks, shirt, and sport coat. It was fun to wear girl's underwear under my boys' clothes. They felt wonderfully smooth and sexy.

When we got home and I took off my coat before going to change, Mom noticed the camisole showing through my white shirt. "I see you are wearing your new undies," she said somewhat reprovingly. I was a little embarrassed to be found out and blushed when I nodded in the affirmative.

"You mustn't wear them without my knowing or I am liable to get you into a position where someone else will notice. What if I had asked you to take off your coat at church or we had went to someone's house where you would have had to take it off? We would have both been embarrassed."

"I'm sorry," I apologized, "I wanted to try them. I wouldn't do it again without saying something to you." I had hoped to wear them without anyone knowing but mom was right. . .she had to know.

On Mondays, when Mom did the laundry, she always piled my clean clothes on my bed for me to fold and put away. On this particular Monday, not only were my own camisole and panties that I had worn the day before, but Mom's set that I had worn the day before that were there as well. I wasn't sure whether she had put them there inadvertently or if she was giving them to me. Whatever the reason, I didn't say anything and put them in my drawer with the rest of my underwear and lingerie.

When Thanksgiving Day rolled around, we had our usual family dinner at our house.

In addition to my grandparents, there were a couple of aunts and uncles and cousins. I was pretty good around the kitchen and helped Mom with the preparation of the meal and setting the table.

After dinner we were sitting around talking after I had helped clear the table and wash the dishes. The subject of my playing in the bagpipe band came up. Only my grand-

parents had seen me play with the band in my uniform. Naturally, I was wearing the pants outfit at the time.

Everyone wanted to have me play wearing my uniform. Mom thought it would be nice and suggested rather strongly that I do so. So, I dutifully went to my room and changed into my blazer and slacks outfit. Everyone thought I looked very nice and after playing a few numbers, I started back to my room to change. Before I could get away, Mom mentioned that there was also a kilt that went with the ensemble and that I was going to be wearing it to play on Saturday.

I could have killed her. Naturally, everyone wanted to see me in it as well. There was no way that I was going to get out of it, so when I slunk off to change, Mom went with me, apologizing for getting me into this. When we got to my room, she got out the skirt asked, "Do you want to wear the half slip?"

I nodded shyly.

She knew I was already wearing a camisole and panties, so she helped me tuck in the half slip properly under the waistband of my panties so it wouldn't show. We went to join the others, my face flushed a bright red.

They all thought I looked real cute in the kilt and teased me about it looking like a skirt. My cousin Marge kept pestering me about what I wore under it.

I told her it was none of her business. Mom explained that I was wearing the kilt this coming Saturday to satisfy the other girls. Pants were fine but the plaid kilts were more elaborate. The other girls had to wear pants all the time to look like me and now it was my turn to look like them.

Everyone seemed to think this was fair. She didn't elaborate as to the fact that I had been mistaken for a girl when I had worn a kilt previously and had to continue to wear one to maintain the illusion.

While playing a number in this outfit, Marge sneaked up behind me and raised the hem of my kilt. This revealed the lacy hem of my slip which set her to snickering.

I was mortified. Mom came to my rescue by saying that she had insisted that I wear it to make the kilt hang properly and to keep the wool from irritating my legs. I beat a hasty retreat and changed clothes.

I was still subject to much teasing the rest of the day until the guests left. I guess I had become sort of immune to it all by then. It really didn't bother me.

When Saturday morning came, I got out my uniform items including the skirt. Mom laid out the full slip and panties on my bed without saying anything other than, "I assume you'll want these." I blushed and nodded.

Mother left the room and I held up my panties; simple, white nylon with the hint of lace around the high waist band and legs. The flat crotch area accentuated the fact that these were made for a female.

With my cheeks burning, I put on the panties and looked at myself in the mirror. I wished that they fit better so I tucked my self back properly. My bottom had always been a bit fleshy and I like the way the nylon stretched over it.

It made me fidgety but I liked what I saw. Then I pulled the slip over my head, loving the silky feeling it had, especially when it rubbed against the panties. I liked how the panties showed through the slip. I then put on my skirt, socks and shoes, saving my sweater till last.

The straps from the slip showed faintly through the sweater, but I didn't much care by this time. I figured Marcia had told her Mom about my wearing a slip and I also felt the other girls had noticed it when I wore it at Lebanon although no one had mentioned it. I went downstairs carrying my blazer.

"My," Mom exclaimed when she saw me, "that sweater and skirt really makes you look quite feminine. Since you are going today looking as a girl, I want to make your hair a little more feminine as well.

Despite my protests, she combed and brushed it into a more feminine style. I drew the line at wearing some makeup which she suggested.

When we arrived at the studio, the girls all remarked that they liked the way I had done my hair. I told them that it was Mom's doing, not mine. We played without our blazers and they all complemented me again on my pretty new sweater.

Tracey and Marcia both said that I was too flat chested however and needed something to fill it out better. I told them that I liked it the way it was. No one mentioned my slip although I made no particular effort to hide the fact that I was wearing one.

After we had finished, Mrs. Scott said, "No one will you for a boy today with your new hairstyle and the pretty slip."

"Do you always wear one with your kilt?" she asked. All the girls giggled and Marcia popped up with, "Of course, Carey is always a properly dressed young lady," bringing forth more giggles.

The other girls and their parents then departed with their parents until it was time to leave for Oregon City. I went to Marcia's house for lunch as previously arranged. Mom had some shopping to do and considering how I was dressed, did not want to go along with her. We had a little time before lunch and Marcia asked me if she could work on my hair a little.

She reminded me of my agreement to let her fix me up sometime. "Why not now?" she asked. "Just a little touching up and it could be a real cute hairdo" she went on. I could hardly say no. So she took me to her room and plugged in her curling iron and started heating it up. She then took my hands in hers and looked at my nails. "Let's put some colored polish on those nails of yours" she said. "I see that you have shaped them quite nicely and are wearing clear polish, but let's jazz them up a bit for this afternoon."

I was embarrassed that she had noticed my nails and hoped that other people hadn't done so as well. With that she set about applying polish remover and then rounded and shaped them some more with an emery board.

When Marcia had finished painting my nails with a rosy pink polish, I had to admit that my hands could have belonged to any girl. "Those hands will look much nicer on your instrument and much more in keeping with the rest of the girlish appearance you will have when I'm finished with you," she stated matter-of-factly.

My heart pounded at her unflinching tone. This time the curling iron was hot and she set about curling the ends of my here-to-fore straight hair. When she had finished that and worked it over some more with a comb and brush and placed a few hair pins in strategic places, I was amazed at the transformation.

Mom had feminized my hairstyle somewhat that morning. This was unmistakably a girl's hairdo.

I thought that we were finished and were about to get up when Marcia got out a lipstick that matched my nails and started for my lips. "Wait a minute," I said, "enough is enough."

"Silly," she said, "with all that you have on---your hair and nailpolish, what possible difference could a little lip-

stick make?" I guess she had a point, so I let her proceed to paint my lips and blot them with a tissue.

After applying a little blush to my cheeks she said, "You look good enough to pass as a girl anywhere!" With that she sprayed a little of her perfume on my neck and wrists and said, "It's time for lunch. Let's go down and show you off to my mother."

The flowery scent of the perfume filled my nostrils as we descended the stairs and made me almost dizzy. I wasn't sure if it was the perfume or the sensation of feeling and looking the way I did that made me feel that way. Mrs. Scott met us in the dining room and exclaimed, "Carey, what has that daughter of mine done to you? You look absolutely darling. I hope your mother won't be upset when she gets back." Marcia then chimed in with "Carey is going to Oregon City this way and we can have an all-girl band again, at least for today."

"I really like what she has done with your hair Carey. It's much softer and more feminine looking now. I see she even put nail polish on you. How did she persuade you to do this?" Mrs. Scott said looking at me quizzically. Before I could answer Marcia interjected, "They are expecting an all-girl band at the retirement home and since Carey already looks like a girl with his kilt and long hair, the more girlish accouterments he has, the better."

Hence the makeup, nails and hairdo. "I guess it will be okay this one time," I muttered. We had a very pleasant lunch, but looking at my painted nails and the lipstick marks on my glass distracted me from the conversation.

The aroma of my perfume also overcame the smell of the food. Marcia kept up a constant chatter about how no one would ever suspect that there was a boy in our band this afternoon and what fun it was to have me do this. When we were finished, she asked, "Come upstairs. There's one more thing that you needed to complete your masquerade."

As we were leaving the dining room, I saw her give her mother a big wink of her eye. "Have fun you two" Mrs. Scott said with a smile. When we got to Marcia's room she turned to me and said "Please don't get the wrong idea, but I would like for you to take off your sweater."

"Why?" I asked, completely caught off guard.

"Just do it and you'll see in a minute," she said in a rather conspiratorial way. I gulped and complied after she had unzipped my neck zipper and gave me a little kiss on

the cheek. I carefully pulled it over my head, taking care not to muss my hair which had been so painstakingly styled a short time ago. I felt very embarrassed with the lacy bodice of my slip showing.

"My, that is a pretty slip you have on. Bet you have panties to match?" she said laughingly. I didn't rise to the bait as I had in Lebanon a few weeks before. "Com' on," she bantered, "Can I raise your skirt and see?"

"No!" I said emphatically "No what? That you don't have panties on or that I can't raise your skirt?" she went on. "Just No!" I answered. I was getting a little tired of this.

"Sorry to give you a hard time" she apologized, sensing my irritation. "I was just having fun with you. Now be a good little boy and put your arms down at your sides." When I did so, she slipped the straps from the slip down over my shoulders. "Now pull your arms out of the straps and stand there for a moment" she commanded. As I complied, the top of the slip fell down around my waist exposing my hairless chest.

She went to her dresser opened a drawer, pulled out something and came back over to me. "Now hold out your arms," she said. As I did so, she slipped a lacy bra over my arms and around my chest.

"What are you doing?" I asked, knowing full well what she was doing. "I'm putting a bra on you silly. It's the final element in your makeover for the day." With that she hooked up the back and had me take my arms down. She then went into her bathroom and came back with some tissue as I stood there looking down at the lacy item which covered my flat chest and little nipples. "It will definitely need a little filling out" she said as she stuffed the tissues in the cups. When she had put in enough to fill the cups adequately she helped me pull the straps of my slip back up over my shoulders. "Doesn't that look better?" she asked when I had my slip back in place. "See what a difference that makes! I can't wait to see how you look when you put your sweater back on."

I was anxious to see also and hurriedly pulled it back on, still taking care not to muss my hair. She zipped up my neck zipper and had me turn around. "Wow!" she exclaimed, "That's what you needed!"

I looked down at the two little mounds gently protruding from my soft white sweater and then looked at myself in the mirror. There was no mistaking me for a boy now.

I found the sight of myself looking for all the world like a teenage girl, and a good looking one at that, very erotic and exciting.

"I really do look nice good don't I?" I said in a shaky voice.

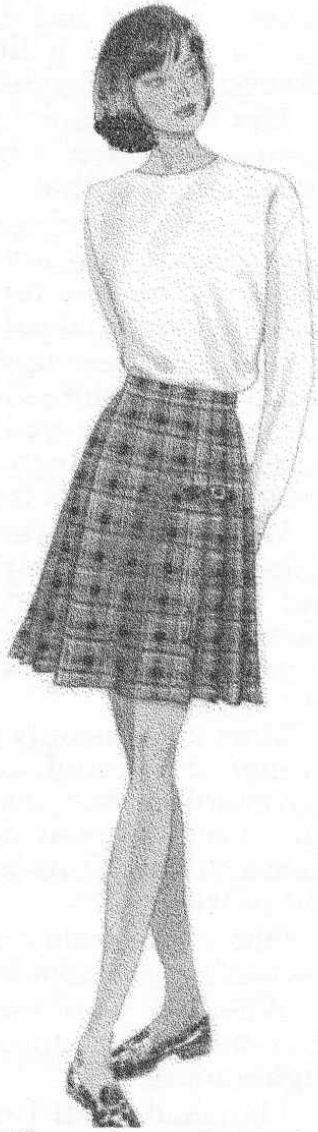
"You certainly do, in more ways than one," she said rather huskily and threw her arms around me and gave me a kiss on the lips. "Now let's freshen our lipsticks and go down and show mother the new you."

Mrs. Scott was in her study doing some paperwork, when Marcia went in with me in tow. "Look! I have made a few more improvements. . . can you notice?" she asked.

Mrs. Scott looked up and gave me a big smile. "How perfectly sweet he looks." She was looking at my slightly prominent chest and was about to say something more when Marcia said "I filled out his figure with some tissue in one of my bras that I have outgrown. It really completes the transformation, don't you think?"

"It certainly does!" Mrs. Scott exclaimed, "How do you like wearing a bra dear?" she went on. "Are you going to wear it to Oregon City? It looks great with your sweater."

I sort of mumbled that I might as well, considering the way the rest of me looked. Never-the-less, I wasn't quite prepared to meet my mother and the rest of the girls showing my new bustline. So, I put on my blazer before they arrived and it was not very noticeable. Mrs. Scott explained what had happened and they all complimented me on my improved hairstyle and makeup and what a good sport I was to go along with all this. They also said how nice it was to have an all-girl band again, if only for a little while. Mom didn't say much



"The make-up, hairstyle and bra changed my look!"

except, "Marcia has done more for your hair than I was able to do. I'm a little surprised that you allowed the makeup and nail polish. You refused to do it at home."

Mrs. Scott said laughingly that Marcia had rather persuasive powers where I was concerned. Everyone had a good laugh at that.

It had begun to rain a little and I hadn't brought a rain coat, wearing only my blazer. The other girls had coats on over their blazers and Mrs. Scott was concerned that I would get wet and catch cold.

She went back upstairs and brought down a light blue raincoat that she said Marcia had outgrown. It fit me perfectly, coming well below my knees and the hem of my skirt. "That's much better" she said, "but we need to protect your hairdo from the rain as well."

With that she went to the hall closet and came back with a pretty silk scarf that complemented the color of my coat. She put it over my hair and tied it under my chin. "Now we can get to Oregon City without you looking like a drowned rat," she exclaimed as we went out the door and into the rain.

Mom was the only parent accompanying us, which was a relief to me, and we all rode in Mrs. Scott's van. The conversation was very animated with Marcia obviously quite excited about her feat of getting me all dolled up. Mom and Mrs. Scott seemed to be enjoying the whole thing and so was I.

One of the girls remarked, "You smelled good," noting the perfume Marcia had sprayed me with.

When we were ready to play, we took off our blazers after being introduced as "The Four Lassies, the Scott Highlanders".

I blushed when Terri and Tracy giggled when they saw the two mounds protruding through my soft white sweater. "Wow" Tracy whispered in my ear, "Is that padding or is there more to you than we know?" she teased. I spluttered that it was Marcia's idea as we went out on stage.

Playing the bagpipes with my newly acquired protuberances was a different sensation and I can't say that I played very well. I had other things on my mind. I managed to make it through the numbers without any grossly obvious slip-ups and we headed back to Salem late in the afternoon.

All the way home Marcia and Mrs. Scott were after me to do this again. Marcia said, "It was such great fun to

have an all girl band again and you fit in so well." I blushed.

The other girls chimed in with their approval of the idea. Mom remained rather silent and non-committal and I loudly proclaimed that this was the last time they would see me like this, although I was secretly enjoying every minute of it.

CHAPTER THREE

When we got back to Salem and dropped the other girls at their homes, Mrs. Scott asked if we had plans for dinner that evening. Since we had planned to return to the farm and fix something, she asked if we would stay and have dinner with her and Marcia. Mom asked me if I would mind since I would have to stay in my girl's outfit if we did.

Any extra time spent with Marcia was great with me. I was not objecting to how I was dressed. I was luxuriating in the feel of nylon next my skin and the softness of my sweater. I was even getting used to the two lovely mounds protruding out from it.

Naturally I didn't express this, and said that I wouldn't mind as long as no one else knew about it or saw me.

When we got to Scotts, Marcia and I retreated to the family room to watch TV while Mom helped Mrs. Scott prepare dinner. Marcia said that it was too warm in the house for her band uniform and that she was going to change into something else and that I should too.

I reminded her that I had come to town dressed this way and nothing to change into. "Not a problem" she said brightly, "I have lots of things that I have outgrown that will fit you perfectly."

"Wait a minute" I remonstrated, "Wearing a girl's uniform in the band is bad enough, but wearing your stuff here is too much."

"Come on now," she wheedled. "You know you like wearing soft pretty things or you wouldn't be wearing the lingerie that I know you wear under your uniform. Besides, you look great as a girl and I have some things I am dying to have you try on." With that she cuddled up close to me and kissed me and caressed my leg through my skirt. I kissed her back and then she slid her hand under my blazer and over the padded mounds protruding through my sweater.

"Mine feel better don't you think?" she whispered as she guided my hands under her blazer and over her breasts. I

was about to explode when she said, "Later. Come on now, let's get into something more comfortable." By this time, there was nothing she could have asked that I wouldn't have gladly done.

Marcia took me by the hand and led me into the kitchen where our mothers were talking and preparing dinner. "These uniforms are too warm and I don't want us to spill anything on them, so Carey and I are going to change. I have some things he can wear if it's OK," she announced. Mrs. Scott said it was a good idea and Mom looked at me quizzically and said it was OK with her if it was OK with me. I said that I was warm too and didn't mind wearing something of Marcias', which was the understatement of the year.

Marcia led me up to the spare bedroom and opened the closet which was filled with clothes. "Most of these things I have outgrown or gotten tired of" she said as she started rummaging through the hangars. I had visions of her finding me a pair of jeans and a sweat shirt or something, but it quickly became obvious that she had other plans. "These should look great on you" she exclaimed as she pulled an out fit out of the closet. It was a blue denim jean skirt that buttoned all the way down, a blue long sleeved flower print shirt and a white sweater vest with an appliqué of a matching flower design. "Here," she said, "Put these on and I'll go to my room and change too. This skirt will look good with your knee socks or would you like to try some dark pantyhose?" she teased.

"I can't wear this stuff," I protested. "Your mother will think I'm some sort of weirdo and my mother will probably be angry with me."

"Don't be silly" she said firmly, "Look at yourself in the mirror and tell me you will look any more feminine than you do now. Besides, I think my mother likes seeing you dressed like a girl and I doubt that your mother minds it either".

I glanced in the mirror and saw a teenaged girl in a blazer, sweater and skirt, with a feminine hairdo and makeup and concluded that Marcia was right. What difference would substituting one feminine outfit for another make?

"O.K." I said, "Give me a few minutes, then knock on the door when you are ready. I don't want to go down alone to face them in this."

"See you in a few minutes" she chirped and she went out the door.

As soon as she was gone I took off my blazer and looked in the full length mirror on the closet door. I admired my appearance in my skirt and soft sweater with the rounded bulges in the front. I then unzipped and stepped out of my skirt and slid my sweater carefully over my head so as to not muss up my hair unduly.

Once again I had to check my slip clad figure out in the mirror. I liked seeing how my bra pushed outward the lacy bodice of the slip, and the outline of my panties showing through thin nylon.

I ran my hands up and down my sides, loving the sensuous feel of nylon on nylon. I then put on the flowered shirt fumbling a bit with the buttons which were on the left side rather than on the right where I was used to having them.

The shirt fit nicely in the front with darts accentuating my new bustline. The button-fronted denim skirt went on easily and the wide belt with it accentuated my small waist. The sweater vest was a soft cuddly mohair and wool blend which I loved running my hands over after I had put it on.

By this time Marcia was back knocking on the door inquiring if I was ready. When I opened the door she gave out a little squeal when she saw me. "I think that outfit looks better on you than it ever did on me. Now let's touch up your hair and makeup a bit and we're ready for dinner."

She had her curling iron with her and it was already hot. So, she added a little more curl to the ends of my hair complaining that there just wasn't enough time to do a proper job. She then added a little more makeup to my cheeks with her fingers, followed by brushing on some blusher.

Looking me over carefully and declared that a little eye makeup was in order. After applying some mascara to my lashes and a little shadow, she lamented that it was too bad she hadn't done that earlier before we went Oregon City as it really improved the whole effect. She then freshened up my lipstick with a darker shade than what I had worn previously and once again sprayed some of her perfume behind my ears and on my wrists. Apprehensively, I gave my hand to her and we descended the stairs and joined our mothers in the kitchen.

"I was just about to call you two since dinner is ready" Mrs. Scott said as we came into the room. "My! That outfit looks nice on you Carey," she exclaimed when she saw me. "Don't you agree?" she inquired, turning to Mom. "Isn't it fun to have a new daughter today?"

Mom hesitated at first, but then agreed that it was kind of fun and laughingly said that I looked very sweet and feminine, especially for a roughneck boy.

"I hate rowdy boys," Marcia stated. "Promise me you'll never be like them?"

"I've got a good start, don't you think?" I said playfully, running my hands over the bodice of my sweatervest.

We had a very pleasant dinner, but every time I looked down, I was once again very conscious of my hands. They were very feminine appearing with shaped painted fingernails. Also most noticeable were the twin bulges pressing out my shirt and sweater vest.

I clandestinely compared the three females bustlines to mine. Marcia's was comparable to her mother's only more pert and less developed. Mine was the smallest. . . of course, I was the only boy.

After dinner when Marcia and I had cleared the table, Mrs. Scott put her arm around me and said, "You should stand up straighter to show off your unfamiliar contours better. With a girlish figure, you should also take on a feminine posture. If you'd like, I bet Marcia would show you a few tips on sitting, standing and walking in a skirt?"

I shyly nodded.

"Come on dear," Marcia said, taking me by the hand, "Miss Marcia's Feminine Finishing School is about to convene its first class."

While our mothers went into the living room to talk, Marcia led me into the family room and had me sit down, showing me how to smooth my skirt while doing so. The she showed me how to cross my legs in a more feminine manner so the whole world couldn't see what color panties I was wearing.

She then had me walk back and forth a few times showing me how to narrow my stance, take smaller steps and put one foot more or less in front of the other. "This will give you a little wiggle while you walk," she giggled. "And shoulders back!"

I felt that I was pretty klutzey pupil and she had a lot of laughs at my expense as I practiced what she showed

me. "With a little practice you will do fine. After all, you have only been a girl for one day and I've been one for 16 years. We'll just keep working on it and before you know it you'll be able to go anywhere in a skirt."

"I think I've gone about as far as I'm going to go," I replied shyly.

"Oh, baloney," she stated, "There's a lot more to learn. You ARE having fun, right?"

I just blushed.

After a short while, Mom came in and said that it was time for us to go since she had been away all day.

As I started upstairs to change Mrs. Scott stopped me. "Don't bother. Just wear them home since Marcia had planned to give the clothes to Goodwill anyway." Marcia had outgrown them and wouldn't be wearing them again so I could either keep them or Mom could give them to a charity later.

She got the raincoat I had worn earlier out of the closet and said that I should keep that as well. Marcia piped up "Boy, I never thought that I would be passing my hand-me-downs to a boy! You can keep the bra too. . .until you outgrow it," she giggled.

I was sort of flustered and looked at Mom for guidance as to what to do. Mom sort of shrugged and said that since it would take a while for me to change, I might as well wear them home and we could dispose of them later.

I was thrilled at the thought of having some of Marcia's clothes for my very own and had no intention of letting them be given away.

In the meantime, Marcia had put my blazer and skirt on a hanger along with my sweater in a bag from the cleaners and handed them me as we went out the door. "I'm looking forward to seeing you wear these and having an all-girl band when we play out of town again," she said.

Mom intervened by saying that she thought that I had been accommodating enough and lucky not to have been embarrassed by being spotted by someone who knew me.

Mrs. Scott added, "Your mother is probably right although it had been great fun and no harm done."

As we walked to the car, I tried to walk the way Marcia taught me with just the right amount of wiggle. I was careful to smooth my skirt properly as I slid into the car and crossed my legs above the knees with a prissy toss of my hair.

"My, oh my!" mother said, "You learn fast." She didn't say much else as we drove home. I was pre-occupied with all the events of the day and how I was now dressed. She finally broke the silence by saying, "Even though you make a believable girl, I'm a little worried that you might be enjoying it too much."

I timidly admitted that it had been fun.

She looked at me squarely and asked "Do you want to be a girl?"

I was a little taken aback by the question, and thought a minute before answering. "No, not at all," I replied. "It's fun pretending. I love the feel and look of the clothes. I especially like the feel of nylon next to my skin. I like being a boy and doing the things that boys do. I don't think I would ever learn to like cooking, cleaning and keeping house. I especially like having a girl friend like Marcia."

"That makes me feel a little better," Mom said, expressing relief. "I wouldn't want to encourage you to do anything that might hurt you. I was afraid you might want to change your sex?"

"No Way! This is just fun," I said rather heatedly. With that she changed the subject and it wasn't discussed again the rest of the way home.

It was late in the evening when we got home. I hung my new raincoat in the hall closet and went up to my room to get ready for bed. I put my sweater vest in one of my drawers and put my skirt on a hanger with two clothes pins as I had seen Mom do hers. I hung both the skirt and flowered shirt in my closet. As I was standing there in my slip, Mom walked by my open door. Seeing me, she came into my room and put her arms around me.

"You certainly look sweet and feminine in your lingerie dear," she said. "Women's clothes are so much softer than men's."

Before I got into my pajamas, mother left the room, telling me to wait a minute. She came back with a pair of blue nylon pajamas and a matching robe and slippers. "This is a travel set that I have almost never worn. If you like the feel of lingerie, I think you'll love these. Would you like to try sleeping in these and see what you think?"

"Gee Mom," I said in an unsteady voice "Could I?"

"Why not?" she replied, "You've been wearing girl's clothes all day, you might as well do it tonight as well. Besides, I think you would look real cute in them."

I didn't need any further encouragement and took them from her. When she started out of the room she told me to be sure to wash all my makeup off or my skin would break out.

I hurriedly took off my knee socks and pulled the straps of my slip over my shoulders, letting it drop to the floor. Standing there in my bra and panties, I reached around my back trying to unhook the bra. Not being familiar with how it hooked, I was struggling and muttering when Mom walked by again. "Let me help you with that," she said. "They take a little getting used to."

She then quickly unhooked it and carefully took it off me, keeping the tissue padding in place. "I'll turn my back and you can finish undressing and putting on your pajamas," she said. I pulled down my panties and quickly pulled the pajama bottoms up around my waist while tucking by male appendage between my legs so that an embarrassing bulge would not show. I then put the top on and buttoned it.

When I was ready, she turned around and looked at me in my feminine blue nylon pajamas. "You look darling in them," she exclaimed. "Do they feel nice?"

"Heavenly" I replied. "Well, you can sleep in them if you like, but be sure to wash your face first as I said before" she said, giving me a big hug and goodnight kiss.

When she left I rushed to the mirror to look at myself. I saw the image of a cute teenage girl in her pajamas looking back at me. The pajamas had short sleeves, a Peter Pan collar with buttons up the front and embroidery on the bodice. There was no mistaking them for boy's pajamas. I ran my hands over my nylon clad body, loving the sensation.

I carefully washed off the makeup and eyeshadow, but didn't bother with the mascara on my eyelashes. I also didn't remove my red nailpolish. I could do that in the morning. When I climbed into bed and every time I moved, I was again conscious of how wonderful the nylon pajamas felt against my skin. "What a day this has been!" I thought.

I was on such a high that sleep was very slow in coming and was not very sound when it did. Each time I awoke and felt the nylon of the pajamas clinging to me it reminded me again of Marcia and the previous day.

Morning finally came and I could hear Mom down in the kitchen preparing breakfast. I hopped out of bed and

went into the bathroom. It dawned on me that my pajama bottoms didn't have a fly in front so I sat down as girls do. After going back into my bedroom, I decided not to get dressed right away and put on the robe and slippers that Mom had left with the pajamas. The robe was knee length and made of the same nylon as the pajamas with same embroidery design as the pajama tops.

The feel of the nylon robe against the nylon of the pajamas was very sensuous and exciting. I looked in the mirror and like what I saw. My hair still had quite a bit of the curl put into it from the day before. I took a brush and did the best I could to make it look neat and feminine, then went down to breakfast.

Mom said as I came into the kitchen. "Well, don't you look cute this morning?" she said as she gave me a hug and good morning kiss. "Did you sleep well in my pajamas?"

"Just fine," I fibbed.

"Your hair held up pretty well", she observed. "It looks like I have the daughter this morning that I put to bed last night." She didn't mention my nails, but I noticed her looking at them.

After helping her set the table, we had a long, leisurely breakfast. Then I helped Mom with some of her routine household chores without even being asked, with both of us still in our robes.

"My goodness," she commented, "You are never this helpful normally. I think I like having a girl around the house."

"It just seemed more natural," I said.

We fussed around the house for about an hour. It became apparent that the rain was here for the day. Mom said that we might as well plan to do inside things. She asked if I had anything in particular that I wanted to do.

I replied, "No. I will probably read or work on that model airplane I'm building."

Looking at me standing there in her robe and pajamas, feminine hairdo and red polished nails, a thought obviously came to her. "Since you still look so girlish this morning, would you like to be my girl for the rest of the day? You could try on some different outfits and we could have a sort of fashion show. I think most of my things will fit you just fine if the pajamas are a typical example."

I hesitated only an instant before replying that I thought it sounded like fun. "Good, we'll have a fun, rainy

day" she said, "Is there anything in particular that you would like to wear?"

"No," I replied, my heart pounding, "I'll leave that up to you. . .what ever you think will fit."

First, she sent me off to the shower with a shower cap to protect the remains of my hairdo. As I was about to go she had me wait a minute and asked me what I was doing in physical education at school.

Because of my small size, I couldn't make any of the varsity teams, but I was serving as the Manager of the basketball team. It was fun, since I got to go everywhere the team went and got a good grade in P.E. for my efforts. I also did not have to take regular gym classes either. "You don't have to dress down for gym class and take group showers then?" she asked.

"That's right" I assured her.

"I thought so, but just wanted to be sure before I asked you to use this stuff when you take your shower" she said as she handed me a bottle of Nair. "If you are going to be a fashion model today, you must have pretty, smooth legs. While you haven't much hair on your legs, what you do have won't look very good with the dresses and skirts that I am going to have you wear."

"REALLY?"

"Yes, really. Just put the Nair on your legs and under your arms and wait a few minutes before you get into the shower. It's much nicer than shaving and won't leave a stubble later," she explained. "When you're finished, put on this robe and come into my bedroom and I'll work on your hair a little," she said, handing me a long white terry cloth robe of hers.

I took the robe and Nair and went into the bathroom where I removed my robe and pajamas and applied the Nair to my legs and underarms as instructed. I didn't have any other body hair to speak of, so that was all that I needed. It didn't smell too good and made my skin tingle where I applied it. I then put on the shower cap, being careful to cover all of my hair.

After about 5 minutes I stepped into the shower and when I started washing myself was sort of amazed to see all the hair on my legs and underarms just wipe off. As I was drying myself, Mom called, "Put on some of the bath powder that is on the counter. It'll make your skin feel good and smell good as well."

I took the big powder puff that was with the bath powder and started patting it all over me. It did smell good, especially after the rather unpleasant odor of the Nair. My skin tingled and felt as smooth as an egg wherever the Nair had been.

"It's a good thing that I'm not taking gym classes." I thought "Everyone would have quite a laugh at my totally hairless body."

I put on the big, fluffy terry robe and the slippers that went with the pajamas and went into Mom's room to have her work on my hair.

She was waiting there for me, hot curling iron in hand. "We won't take too much time with this today" she said, "Just touch it up a bit. Someday, if you want, we can give you a real hairdo."

"Maybe," I responded rather tentatively. With that she set to work curling and combing. After we were both satisfied with the results, she told me to hold still while she plucked a few errant eyebrows. Seeing the look on my face, she said, "I won't pluck enough for it to be noticeable." She kept plucking but reassured me when I started to get nervous. "I just need to remove a few and shape your brows slightly. You will look much better as either a boy or a girl when I finish."

While it didn't hurt that much, I was glad when she was finished a few minutes later. She then put some moisturizer cream on my face followed by some foundation and a little blusher. Looking at my eyes she said, "Let's dramatize your eyes a little with some eye liner as well as some shadow. Your lashes would be the envy of any girl, but we'll emphasize them a little with mascara. It will make you look a little older which we need to do since you will be wearing my clothes instead of a teenager's."

I held my eyes shut while she applied the eyeliner, eye shadow and mascara. When I opened them and looked in the mirror, the results were quite dramatic. I did look like a young woman rather than a teenage girl or boy.

After Mom carefully put on the bright red lipstick which matched my nails the transformation was complete.

"Ready now?" Mom exclaimed, "Let's get you dressed."

She went to her dresser and came back with a pair of new pantyhose, still in the package. "You haven't worn pantyhose yet, but with your hairless legs and the dresses I have in mind for you, you will need them."

With that she opened the package and showed me how to roll them up my silky, smooth legs. The feeling was extremely sensuous and I could feel myself getting excited again. I turned away from her and finished pulling them up around my waist under my robe while I tucked my small maleness between my legs and securing it there with the tightness of the pantyhose.

When I turned around, smoothing the front of the terry robe, everything was nicely under control. "How do pantyhose feel?" she asked with a big smile on her face. "Now you can experience what we girls go through wearing them each day". "They don't feel so bad" I said, not saying how absolutely fabulous I thought they really felt.

"Go put the rest of your undies on" she directed. "If you need help hooking your bra, just call me. You might also put on a camisole and half-slip so we can alternate between skirts and pants easier."

I went to my room and got out a clean pair of panties from my drawer as well as a matching camisole and the half-slip I had worn that first time. I slipped off the robe and pulled the panties up around my waist. They felt good slipping over the pantyhose.

I put on the bra and after considerable struggling, managed to get it hooked. I replaced the tissue in the cups before slipping the camisole over my head and pulling on the half-slip.

Once again I surveyed myself in the mirror and ran my hands over my nylon covered body and legs. "What a great feeling," I thought. "I wonder if girls feel this way when they get dressed?"

When I walked back into Mom's room clad in my slip and camisole, I found that she had a whole lot of clothes laid out on her bed. "Let's start with something fairly simple" she said and handed me a gray flannel skirt and white ruffled blouse. I put on and buttoned up the blouse and stepped into the skirt and buttoned the waistband before zipping it up. It had a wide black leather belt which accentuated my small waist.

Next came a pair of black low heeled pumps which I slipped on my nylon encased feet. They fit amazingly well. "We'll try some higher heels with some other outfits," Mom informed me.

She clipped some black onyx earrings on my ears and put a matching necklace of black onyx beads around my neck. She put a gold bracelet on one of my wrists and one

of her watches on the other. After spraying me some of her perfume, Mom finished the ensemble with a pink angora cardigan sweater. "Very conservative. You look like you could be a secretary for a big lawyer or something."

I tried to picture myself hurrying off to work in a big office with my skirt's demure hemline properly below my knees. That would take a lot more feminization than mother had done so far. I would have to do more than walk, I'd have to THINK like a woman. I knew that no boy could ever learn to do THAT!

"Really, you look so charming. . .pretend you're going to work! I wish I could take you somewhere like this and show you off!" she said only half jokingly.

She then got her camera and snapped a couple of pictures "posing." I put on mother's glasses for more of a secretary look. "If the guys at school could only see you! Say, I can blackmail you now if you give me any trouble," she teased.

After walking around in that outfit for a little bit, she had me slip it off and put on a pretty silk print dress. She helped me button it up the back and then changed my jewelry. With this she had me put on some 2 inch heels and try to walk around. "This outfit is for afternoon shopping and a gossip-filled lunch with a girlfriend."

I almost fell on my face when I first tried to maneuver in the heels. . .their tiny spiked heels dung into the carpet tripping me.

"Walk on your toes," mother coached.

My ability with the heels improved as the morning progressed, but I was still pretty wobbly. I tried on a number of other dresses with matching accessories and even higher heeled shoes.

Mom took more pictures of me in each of the outfits. When lunch time rolled around, she had me put on a pair of black wool pants and long white sweater of mohair and wool. It felt cuddly and warm over my nylon underthings. This was finished off with a pair of black flats which were quite a relief after the high heels.

After helping Mom prepare it, we had a very leisurely and pleasant lunch. "Were there any of the outfits that you specially liked or disliked?"

Mom inquired. I told her, "I like the soft sweaters and skirts best and the tight form-fitting dresses with those killer high heels the least."

"When you wear high heels regularly, you get used to them," she said, "But I agree. . . sweaters and skirts are nice to wear as are pants. Do you prefer skirts over pants?"

I puzzled over this for a moment and finally answered, "I'm not sure. Pants feel okay, but I like the feeling of freedom you get in a skirt, especially a full one. I guess that's why I have kind of enjoyed wearing a kilt with the band. It's a very different feeling from what I'm used to, but nice."

When we had finished lunch and cleared the table, we went back up to Mom's room to try on more clothes after she showed me how to freshen up my lipstick.

Since I had pants on at the time, I tried on a number of different pants outfits before switching back to skirts and dresses. "Your pants fit so oddly?" I stated running my hands over the thin material covering my bottom.

Mother just laughed. As in the morning, Mom took pictures of me in each outfit.

Late in the afternoon, we had gone through just about everything in her closet. "You have put on more clothes than a fashion model today. I don't know about you, but I'm tired. Let's call it quits. . . which outfit would you wear for a quiet, casual evening at home?"

I picked a sweater and skirt outfit: a black watch plaid skirt with a green, soft cashmere shell sweater and matching cardigan with black pumps. The cashmere sweaters were the yummiest feeling things that I had worn yet. Wearing the two of them together emphasized their softness.

Thus attired I went downstairs to help Mom prepare dinner.

As we sat talking after dinner, Mom said it had been quite a day, having a daughter to try on all her clothes. "It's probably a good thing you aren't my daughter," she said laughing, "We would probably have fights about you getting into my closet all the time."

"We might anyway," I said only half joking.

"If you do without my permission, I'll call one of your buddies over to see 'the pictures' I've taken," she came back. "Seriously though," she went on, "Did you enjoy today as much as I did?"

"I hope you don't think I'm too weird, but I loved it."

"Well, it's not something that most boys would enjoy, but you're not like most boys. You are something very special and I wouldn't have you any other way!"

With that I got up and went over to her and gave her a hug and a kiss. "I'll be your daughter anytime you want me to." I told her, my face a bit red.

She hugged me back and said, "Oh poo. It's only us. You can be my daughter anytime you want to. Maybe you'd like to keep a pair of those high heels in your closet? We'll teach you how to walk like a lady."

My heart skipped a beat.

After watching TV a little while Mom said "Guess it's about time we turn Cinderella back into a pumpkin or something like that."

I knew what she meant and knew it was inevitable, but still was sorry that I had to think about returning to school tomorrow as a boy. I sighed and said, "I guess so?"

I got up to go to my room to get ready for bed. "Take a shower and be sure to wash all your makeup off completely! Also wash your hair as well. That should take most of the curl out of it. Come on down when you're finished and I'll put you under the dryer."

When I got to my room, I took off the cashmere cardigan, relishing again its luxurious softness. Then I unzipped and slid off the skirt and pulled the cashmere short-sleeved sweater over my head.

Clad in my slip, I returned everything to Mom's room. I hung the skirt in her closet and returned the sweaters to one of her dresser drawers.

I went back to my room where after removing my lingerie, I put it all in my dirty clothes hamper. In the shower I concentrated on washing all my makeup off, but was distracted by my smooth, hairless legs. My under-

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arms still tingled a little bit from the depilatory that I had used earlier in the day.

After washing my hair, I dried off and put on my nylon pajamas and robe and wrapped my wet hair in a towel and went down to have Mom help me with it.

While I was sitting under the dryer, Mom said, "What a shame boys can't wear nail polish." She helped me remove my nail polish. When the last traces of red were gone she asked me if I wanted her to replace it with clear since I had been wearing clear nail hardener (polish) before.

I agreed and she filed them a little while she was at it, since they were getting a little long for either a boy or a bagpipes player.

When my hair was dry, Mom brushed it out and determined that while it still had a little curl left but it was boyish looking enough not to cause me any embarrassment.

"I have an idea that will perhaps straighten it a little while you sleep and make it ever so much easier to brush out in the morning," she said. "I could braid it for the night?"

Since no one was going to see me, I consented. She parted my hair down the middle and soon had it fashioned into braids on each side of my head. "Now Isn't that comfortable and doesn't it look cute?" she said, showing me in the hand mirror. I had to agree on both counts as I looked in the mirror at the girl in braids wearing a pretty robe and pajamas. I didn't look like a boy!

In the morning I came to breakfast in my robe with my hair still in braids. When Mom inquired about how I slept, I told her, "You were right about the braids being comfortable to sleep in. I slept really well." I had enjoyed once again the soft feel of the nylon pajamas.

After breakfast Mom undid my braids and brushed out my hair. The brushing was much easier than most mornings because there wasn't the usual tangles to get out. While the ends may have been a little straighter, the rest of my hair seemed to have more fullness than before and was sort of wavy. I was a little concerned about this, but Mom assured me that no would notice and sent me up to my room to get ready for school.

Since all of my lingerie was in the dirty clothes, there was no temptation to wear any to school, as injudicious as that might have been. I added my pajamas to the dirty clothes hamper, since today was the day mom did laundry. I hung the robe on a hook in my closet however. If Mom wanted it back, she could easily see it and retrieve it.

After dressing entirely as a boy for the first time in 4 days, I kissed Mom good-bye and set off to catch the school bus.

No one at school seemed to notice my hair or eyebrows, or at least no one said anything about it until my last period literature class. The girl who sat behind me and who I kind of liked, said to me after class. "Your hair looks different somehow. Have you done something with it?"

I gulped and stammered, obviously rather embarrassed.

"I'm sorry," she quickly said, sensing my discomfort. "I meant it as a compliment. It looks much nicer than usual, not that your hair was not always well kept or anything," she went on, trying to extricate herself from what she had gotten herself into for opening her mouth.

I thanked her and said that my mother had helped me a little with it. "I think long hair looks good on boys if they take care of it and keep it well groomed. Most boys don't and they look awful. Today it just looked a little better. I hope you aren't offended."

I assured her that I wasn't and that was the end of that.

When I got home, Mom was in the kitchen ironing some clothes. "Your clean clothes are on your bed as usual" she informed me, "You can save me the trouble and put them away yourself."

Everything was on my bed, including the nylon pajamas, panties, camisoles, slippers, and even Marcia's bra and the pantyhose that I had worn the day before. I excitedly made a place for them in my drawer. My stiff cotton underwear looked so dreary next to my shiny, delicate discoveries.

I hung the pajamas over the robe which was still in my closet next to my kilt. I would be wearing those pajamas tonight.

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CHAPTER FOUR

The next few weeks before Christmas were busy ones at home and at school in preparation for the holidays. Our band was playing at least twice a week at schools, clubs and churches as part of their Christmas programs. We played all these engagements in pants since there were people in most of the audiences who knew me.

I didn't have an opportunity to dress up again, although I did sleep in the nylon pajamas every night. I never got tired of how lovely they felt. Yes, I knew I must have looked silly prancing around in girl's pajamas. I stayed away from all open windows. . . I didn't want to get caught being a sissy. I knew I was becoming one.

Braiding my hair also became a nightly routine. At first Mom did it all, but after a few times and a lot of struggle, I started to learn how to do it myself. After a couple of weeks, I could do it entirely on my own.

When I went to get dressed for our first Christmas program, I opened my underwear drawer and couldn't resist the temptation of taking out a pair of panties and a camisole. I was standing there in my robe with them in my hand when Mom came into my room.

The door was open and I didn't hear her. "Go ahead, wear them if you want?"

Startled, I about jumped out of my skin. "I probably shouldn't," I replied as I recovered my composure.

"Suit yourself," she said as she went into my bathroom to change the towels. I stood there until she was gone and with a big sigh, I put them on.

How I loved the silky feel and feminine look of my body with the panties and camisole on. It was especially so since no appreciable hair had regrown since I had removed it with the Nair right after Thanksgiving.

When I put my sweater and pants on, I looked carefully to see that the camisole straps were not obvious through the sweater. They weren't, but I was determined to keep my blazer on just to be sure.

I played the next few engagements this way and no one seemed the wiser. It made me feel like I was really getting away with something to have girls' underwear on under my uniform even as feminine as it was.

I gave up on standing to go to the bathroom when I had my panties on. I still used the men's restroom, but I just went into a booth and sat down like the rest of the girls. A

couple of weeks before Christmas, I spilled a coke on my white sweater, so it had to go to the cleaners.

Mom called Mrs. Scott and told her what had happened. We would all need to go back to our shirts and ties for the next engagement because my sweater wouldn't be ready in time.

When I got dressed that evening, I debated about wearing the camisole. Since I had not had a problem wearing it under my sweater, I went ahead and slipped it on. With my shirt on, it was rather conspicuous with the lacy straps and bodice quite evident.

As long as I kept my blazer on, no one would be able to see it, so I shrugged and left it on.

As we were getting ready to leave the house and I was putting my blazer on, Mom commented that I had better be sure to leave it on or I might be embarrassed.

I blushed and asked her why, knowing full well what the answer would be. "Your pretty camisole shows through your shirt. That would be fine if you were performing as a girl tonight, but with your pants outfit you are seemingly a boy. Not many boys wear camisoles," she answered. I thanked her for letting me know and said that I would be careful.

Our performance went off without incident. Afterwards we stopped off at Scotts' for coffee before Mom and I headed home. It was warm in the house and Marcia took her blazer off and asked me to do the same.

I resisted, but Mrs. Scott insisted that I make myself comfortable. When I finally gave in and took it off, she took it and hung it in the hall closet.

Marcia looked at me and giggled. When her mother came back into the room, Marcia said, "I like the pretty camisole you're wearing. Do you usually wear one?" I blushed beet red, but Mrs. Scott tried to minimize my embarrassment a little by saying that there was nothing wrong with my wearing a camisole instead of an undershirt. "Besides, it looks much nicer and I'll bet it feels nicer too", she continued.

I agreed that it did and changed the subject to how the band played that night. Mom stood by and watched my discomfort in amused silence.

Marcia then led me into the den and turned on the TV while the mothers chatted in the living room. She knew I was angry with her for embarrassing me like she had and was in a conciliatory and romantic mood.

As we were sitting on the sofa watching a program, she sat as close to me as she could. She leaned over and gave me a nice kiss and said, "I'm sorry for embarrassing you. I think its was nice that you wear pretty things."

With that she unbuttoned a button on my shirt and slipped her hand inside and started tracing the outline of the camisole's bodice with her finger. It wasn't long before she was massaging my nipples and kissing me on the cheek and lips. I was having a hard time controlling myself, especially with our mothers in the other room.

"Do you forgive me?" she whispered warmly in my ear.

"Sure" I whispered back, "but please don't tease me about wearing girl's things like that."

"I like you in girl's things," she answered as she continued to massage my now erect nipples through the lace of my camisole. "Why aren't you should be wearing the bra I gave you?" she asked softly in my ear. "It completes your whole female ensemble. . .that is if you're wearing panties?"

With that she unzipped the zipper on my pants far enough to insert her hand. I was past resisting. "Ahhh! Very lovely and just like mine," she said in a very low voice as her fingers found the lace on my nylon panties. "Do you wear panties all the time now?"

"No!"

"I think you should because it really turns me on," she went on quietly. "If I had my way, I'd dress you in my clothes all the time!"

I could only groan that I only wore them once in a while and was on the verge of crying out when we heard the sound of the mothers coming toward the den.

She hurriedly withdrew her hand and zipped up my pants as I buttoned my shirt. Everything was under control when Mom came in and announced that it was time for us to go. I wasn't certain if I was sorry or relieved.

On our last Saturday session before we broke for Christmas, we had a Christmas party at the studio. All of us had drawn names for presents. I had drawn Tracy's name and had bought her a bottle of cologne.

When it came time to open our gifts, the girls grouped together. The handed me gift, saying that they all had gone together on it. They wanted me to have something that cost more than the gift cost limit we had set.

I was a little puzzled as I opened and apprehensive after they said that it would compliment my uniform. When I opened the box, I turned bright red and replaced the lid quickly. It was a lacy bra and matching panties. "Show everyone what you got" they taunted.

They kept after me until I held them up. The girls applauded and Tracy giggled "Now you won't have to borrow things when we all wear kilts". Terri said that they would expect me to wear them next time.

"There will be no next time. You wasted your money on these," I retorted rather angrily as I put the bra and panties back in the box. "Take them back."

"No way," the girls said almost in unison as they left the room.

On our way home, we stopped at my grandparents for lunch. My grandmother was curious about our playing engagement at Oregon City a few weeks back and how I had made out wearing a kilt.

Mom told her about how everyone thought I was a girl. She didn't elaborate about how that illusion had been enhanced by my hairstyle, makeup and filled out figure. Mom then went on about the girls in the band teasing me about my appearance and how I had taken it like a good sport. I could have killed her when she said that the girls had gone on to play a joke on me with the Christmas present they had given me at our gift exchange.

"What was the gift?" my grandmother asked.

Unbeknownst to me, Mom had brought the package in with her. At this time she produced it and handed it to me saying "Show your grandmother what you got for Christmas," I was about to choke and handled the box like a hot potato.

Both of them prompted, "Show us." I reluctantly removed the cover on the box and held up the bra and panties.

"No wonder you are embarrassed," my grandmother said, "I don't know what Scotsmen wear under their kilts, but I'll bet that isn't it." she laughed.

I forced a laugh and hurriedly put everything back in the box and gave it back to Mom. "We can give them to Salvation Army or something," I mumbled.

On the way home I told Mom that I was angry about her embarrassing me like that at my grandparents.

She apologized, and said, "I thought it was such a cute trick they had played on you. . .I wanted to share it with someone. . .You weren't serious about giving them to the Salvation Army were you?"

"No, I guess not, but I had to find some face saving way out of that situation."

"I though so," she smiled. "Since I know you like wearing them and you almost have enough panties, maybe you'd like to wear them every day?" she asked.

"I not sure, but the idea had occurred to me," I answered honestly.

In the meantime, I had asked Marcia to go to my high school's Christmas dance. It was to be our first real date. Since we lived quite a way from town and I didn't have a driver's license, the logistics were a problem.

It was finally worked out that she would spend the night at our place and Mom would take us to and from the dance. The dance was on Friday night, the last day of school before Christmas vacation.

The next night we had our last playing engagement before Christmas at an Elks Club Christmas party in Portland. Mom wouldn't be able to drive me to Portland as she had a meeting in Jefferson that night.

Mrs. Scott would come and get both of us Saturday afternoon, stop in Salem for Marcia to put on her uniform and pick up the other girls before we left for Portland.

Marcia and I had a great time at the dance. She was really a knockout in her red Christmas dress. I got a lot of envious looks from my high school friends when I introduced her and when we were dancing.

I was really looking forward to turning 16 so I could drive a car. Having Mom drive us to and from the dance was a real drudge. We did manage to snuggle a bit in the back seat and steal a kiss or two. I think it was the first time she had kissed me when I wasn't in girl's clothing of some kind.

The morning after the dance we walked about the farm talking. Marcia said some really nice things to me and hoped that I didn't think badly about her for badgering me to wear a kilt with the band and other girl's clothes so much.

I admitted that if I had minded that much, I wouldn't have done it. "Besides" I told her, "I would probably do just about anything you want me to do. I really like you."

She gave me a long, loving look and then put her arms around me and kissed me. "You are so sweet. I really like you too." she said when our lips parted.

Since we were out of sight from the house, we continued to kiss and caress each other for a few minutes. We paused for a moment to catch our breath when Marcia pulled back slightly and looked at me. "Did you mean it when you said you would do almost anything I asked you to do?"

"Yes," I said hesitantly, not knowing what was coming next. "How about you wearing your kilt tonight when we play in Portland? There won't be anyone there that knows you."

I tried to back out of the commitment that I had just made by pointing out that the other girls would be wearing pants. "It would only take two quick phone calls to fix that," she countered.

With that she put her arms around me again and gave me a long lingering kiss. "There are more where that came from if you will do it," she said. I teased her with, "Well, I might consider it if the price were right."

She was as good as her word and we hugged and kissed and rubbed our bodies together for a few more delicious minutes. After that I couldn't refuse her anything. Sensing this, she suggested that we go in and after telling Mom, she would fix my hair again and help me get beautified.

When we went in and announced our plans, Mom didn't seem particularly surprised and even offered to help with my feminization.

While Marcia was calling Terri and Tracy, Mom washed my hair in the kitchen sink. Then while it was still wet, she and Marcia put it up on rollers and applied setting lotion.

Marcia put bright red polish on my nails after filing and shaping them some more. By this time it was lunch time, so we took a break. Mrs. Scott was due at about 4 o'clock so we had plenty of time. After lunch we wondered about the farm some more since there was no around that day to see me with my hair in rollers and my nails painted.

Mom gave me a colorful scarf to wear over my rollers and one of her 3/4 length coats to compliment the rest of my feminine appearance. Marcia took out her lipstick and put some on my lips before we went out. "Just think of it as Chapstick," she teased when I started to protest. As we were wandering about, I even managed to collect some more of the kisses and caresses that Marcia had promised.

Around 2:30 we went back to the house since it was getting very cold and the weather looked threatening.

We were careful to freshen our lipsticks since we had managed to kiss most of it off each other. Marcia and Mom took the rollers out and combed out my hair. It came out looking very good with lots of waves and curls and an outward flip at the ends. It was definitely a girl's hair style. "I don't want you to spoil your pretty hairdo, so why don't you take a bath instead of a shower," Mom said. "I'll go start the water running while you get undressed. We'll put your make up on you after you get dressed."

Marcia chimed in with "Be sure to wear your Christmas bra and panties. When I called Tracey and Terri they both asked me to be sure you wore them."

"Okay," I said a bit downhearted. I headed for the bathroom.

I found that Mom had not only drawn a tub of water, but had put some nice smelling bath salts in it as well. That will make you smell and feel nice she explained when I mentioned it. While luxuriating in the bath, I checked my body for any reappearance of hair and found practically none. I took her pink razor carefully removed a few hairs.

Getting out, I put on the terry robe that Mom had left me. I went into my room where Mom had laid out my clothes on my bed.

I slipped on the pretty panties the girls had given me and struggled into the bra. After padding it with tissue to what I thought was the proper contour, I pulled the lacy full slip over my head.

Looking in the mirror, I ran my hands up and down my nylon clad body, loving the sensation and the reflection I saw. Then I put on my skirt, sweater, socks and shoes. I felt the usual thrill of the feel of nylon next my skin, the softness of the sweater and swirl of the skirt about my knees. Delicious! I came downstairs and did a little pirouette for Marcia and Mom.

"You are getting better every time you do this," mother said. With that they set about applying some makeup, eyeshadow, mascara and blusher. I proudly showed Marcia that I could apply my own lipstick while Mom sprayed me with some of her perfume.

It was not my favorite scent, but still smelled nice. Mom then pointed out that I would be going to a restaurant for dinner and must carry a purse to hold my wallet, lipstick, compact, etc.

This would be my first outing as a girl other than just to go play in the band. I guess I hadn't thought about that and began to have second thoughts about the whole proposition. Then Mom gave me her watch to wear and some little clip-on earrings. "Ouch, that pinches" I exclaimed when she put them on me. "You will get used to them" she assured me. "By the end of the evening you won't even know you have them on".

About this time Mrs. Scott's car was coming up the driveway. Mom gave me a brown handbag that would match my shoes and put her beige cashmere coat on my as I was about to go out the door. It felt wonderfully soft and cuddly.

Mrs. Scott was pleased that she would have an all-girl band again this evening. Mom gave me a hug as we were leaving, and said, "I'm proud of you."

"Really," I said. "I feel pretty silly."

"Do you think I'd love you less if you were really a girl?" She would meet us at Scotts when we returned from Portland later that evening.

We drove to Salem and went to the Scotts' where the other two girls were waiting. Marcia went to her room to change and while we were waiting Terri and Tracey remarked that they could see that I was wearing half of my Christmas present, but what about the other half?

I assured them that I wouldn't wear one without the other. This brought forth a gale of giggles. When Marcia was ready we headed for Portland in Scott's van. The weather was quite cold and threatening snow.

When we got to Portland, we went to a coffee shop to get something to eat. This was my first time to go into some place dressed as a girl other than to play in the band and I was very nervous. The waitress obviously suspected nothing and addressed me as "Miss" which gave me a funny feeling.

I had been working with my voice which was rather soft and high pitched anyway, so I sounded convincingly feminine when I placed my order. I tried the best I knew how to eat in a ladylike manner, much to the amusement of Marcia and the other girls. They all gave me helpful hints on picking up my utensils, how to hold my hands, etc.

It was always rather startling to see the red lipstick on my glass each time I put it down.

When we finished eating and after paying the check, Marcia and the other girls went to the restroom. Mrs. Scott asked if I needed to go. I did, but didn't know what to do about it.

"Why go to the ladies room of course," she said. "I'll go with you. I had dreaded having to do this, but knew it was inevitable. I wasn't about to go to the men's room!"

After the girls returned, I started to leave the table when Mrs. Scott reminded me to take my purse. I would really have to work on remembering to take it with me all the time since this was something I was definitely not used to doing. We went into the restroom, and luckily, there was no one else in there. "Just go into a stall and lock the door," Mrs. Scott said, "I'll wait out here for you."

I went in and after locking the door, pulled up my skirt and pulled down my panties as I sat down. "One thing about being a boy," I thought, "It's sure a lot simpler going to the bathroom."

After pulling my panties back up and smoothing my skirt, I stepped out just as another lady came in. I was about to go out when Mrs. Scott pointed to my hands and lips and said, "Freshen your lipstick dear!"

After doing so and stepping outside she said, "You mustn't forget your appearance. It's very important for girls."

When we got outside the restaurant, the other girls teased me unmercifully about being admitted to the club now that I had used the ladies' restroom. "Did you need to use the machine?" Terri teased. I pretended not to know what she was talking about although I had noticed the sanitary napkin dispenser.

"That will be enough of that girls" Mrs. Scott said sternly, "He's being an awfully good sport to do this, now don't spoil it."

"Sorry," Terri said, "I just had to ask". We love you for doing this and won't tease you anymore.

The Christmas party was a big one with people from all over the Northwest attending. We seemed to play especially well and were called back for two encores. We were quite the hit of the whole affair. I tried to remain in the background afterward so as not to have to talk to anyone and give myself away.

I was much relieved when Mrs. Scott signaled that we should go. After retrieving our coats and purses we were

about to leave when a well dressed and attractive lady came up to Mrs. Scott and introduced herself.

She was Mrs. Alworth from Seattle. She said that she was the chairman of a charity fund-raising dinner which was scheduled for the next Wednesday night following Christmas and she would really love to have us play for it. She apologized for the short notice, but this was the first time she had heard us or heard about us. She said we could stay at her home and that she even had tickets for a Barry Manilow concert the following night which we could stay and attend.

This was an exciting offer and we were all eager to accept as was Mrs. Scott. We would all have to check with our parents of course. Then it dawned on me that Mrs. Alworth thought she was inviting four girls to stay in her home and I could hardly show up as a boy considering how I looked at the moment. That would create quite a scandal.

Mrs. Scott said she would call her back the next day after checking with everyone's parents and checking her schedule.

The trip home was a slow and frightening one. The threat of snow had turned into a reality and the road was really treacherous.

The girls were really on me for my apparent reluctance to accept the invitation. "Com' on," Terri begged. "You've already dressed girlish for our shows. . . just play the girl's role for two more days!"

All they wanted was to go to Seattle and the Barry Manilow concert. After all, they were right. I had not merely been wearing a kilt. I had earrings, makeup and painted fingernails to go with it, not to mention some additional anatomy that even Scottish boys did not have. I would have to go as a girl or none of us could go. My mother would definitely have to be consulted.

When we finally arrived at the Scott's, Terri's and Tracey's parents were waiting, but my mother wasn't there. The snow was coming down hard as we went into the house to wait and the phone was ringing as we went in. It was Mom. The road south of Salem had been tied up by an accident in the snowstorm and she couldn't get through.

She asked to speak to Mrs. Scott again and asked her if I could spend the night there and she would come and get me tomorrow when they got the roads cleared a bit. Mrs. Scott said that she could find me an extra toothbrush

and that it would be fine. She didn't want Mom on the road in weather like this and had wished that we had made these arrangements before we left.

By this time it was getting rather late and we were cold and tired. Mrs. Scott suggested that Marcia and I take hot showers and get ready for bed. She apologized that neither she nor Marcia had any winter pajamas and that all they had were winter nightgowns.

She hoped that I wouldn't mind sleeping in a nightie, but considering how I was dressed, didn't feel that it should be a problem for me. With that she took me to the guest room while Marcia went off to her room to shower and get ready for bed.

When we got to the guest room, Mrs. Scott started rummaging through some drawers, saying that Marcia had some winter nightgowns that she had outgrown or was tired of in here somewhere. "Ah," she exclaimed, "I knew they were in here somewhere," pulling out two or three nightgowns in various colors, styles and materials. "Do you have any preferences?" she asked, holding them out in front of her.

I shook my head shyly. "I think this will be nice and warm," she said as she handed me a brushed nylon nightie. It was a soft pink color with lace at the cuffs of the long sleeves and on the yoke.

She then went to the closet and got a long fleece robe and matching slippers out and came back and laid them on the bed. "This maroon robe goes nicely with the nightie. Go ahead and take a shower and put these things on and come on downstairs where I will have some hot cocoa waiting," she said as she went out the door.

I took off all my clothes and laid them on the bed. When down to my bra and panties, I went into the bathroom, taking the robe and nightie with me. I washed off my makeup in the hot shower which felt good and relaxing.

After drying I slipped the nightie on over my head. It felt wonderful as its warm softness clung to my body. The soft robe over it made me feel warm and cuddly all over. When I came out of the bathroom in my robe, Mrs. Scott was in the room hanging up my skirt and blazer.

As I laid the bra and panties that I was carrying on the chair next to my slip and sweater she glanced at my painted nails. She asked, "You really do a complete job of being a girl don't you?"

When I turned red and started to answer she hurriedly added "I think it's nice that you do since you make a very pretty and charming girl. I hope you and your mother will agree to carry on the masquerade for the two days in Seattle." Taking me by the hand and leading me down stairs for some coco.

Although Marcia had seen me in all sorts of girls attire, I was a little hesitant about her seeing me like this. "How pretty you look" she exclaimed as we came into the kitchen. She was already drinking her cocoa in a deep blue robe under which I could see the lace trim of her light blue brushed nylon nightie. "Is this the first time you have worn a girl's nightie?" she asked.

I acknowledged that it was.

"These brushed nylon nighties are really warm and cozy on cold nights like this aren't they? You might like it so well that you'll want to wear one all the time," she went on teasingly. We talked for a little while and then started for our respective rooms.

When Mrs. Scott went upstairs first, Marcia lingered behind, fussing with some things in the kitchen. I was about to go out when she beckoned me over to her. When I got close to her she put her arms around me gave a warm, hard kiss on the lips. While doing this she rubbed her nightie and robe clad body against my nightie clad body. The sensation was like nothing I had ever experienced before.

"I can't tell you how much you turn me on, seeing you and holding you and feeling you like this," she gasped between kisses. I could barely get the words out about how I felt the same way.

"We better go upstairs or Mom will wonder what we are up to," she whispered, breaking away finally. "She might know what we are up to," she added.

I agreed and we went upstairs hand in hand, giving each other a lingering goodnight kiss before we separated to go to our rooms. Her last words to me were "You will go to Seattle won't you? Who knows what might happen during the two days up there?"

I took off my robe and surveyed myself in the mirror. Even without my makeup, I still looked very feminine in the pink nightie, painted nails and girl's hairstyle. the only unfeminine thing about the picture was the bulge in the front of my nightie.

I debated about trying to braid my hair, but decided it was too hard and too late. I slipped into bed feeling wonderful and loving the softness and clinginess of the nightie. Sleep did not come quickly as I happily recounted the happenings of the past day and the prospects for the coming ones.

My encounter with Marcia in the kitchen in our robes and nighties was the most erotic experience I had ever had. The dream of the two of us in bed together, cuddling and making love in our nighties would not go out of my head. What a change from the previous evening when Marcia and I had attended a dance as a regular boy and girl with her staying at my home. Now I was staying at her home totally dressed as a girl. I finally drifted off to sleep, but awoke a number of times, tangled in the nightie.

It would take awhile to get used to sleeping in one, but I thoroughly intended to get used to it.

In the morning, Marcia tapped on my door and asked if I was awake. When I mumbled in the affirmative, she asked if she could come in.

Clad in her robe and nightie, she came over and sat on the bed and leaned over and kissed. "How did you sleep?" she inquired.

"OK" I lied.

"Did your nightie give you any problems?" she asked sweetly.

"I got tangled up in it a bit" I admitted, "But I managed."

"You'll learn how to handle them," she said "You look cute in it with your hair tousled like that. Put your robe on and come downstairs, Mom has breakfast almost ready.

With that she went over and picked up my robe and brought it to me. I got out of bed to put it on and as I did so, she put her arms around me and gave me a long kiss. I responded in kind. We clung together for a few delicious moments. She pulled away slightly and untied the sash on her robe so it came open so that our nighties clung together as our legs intertwined. I think I was even more excited than I had been the previous evening.

At that time we heard Mrs. Scott calling that breakfast was getting cold. We broke apart with a sigh and I reached to pick up my robe. "That's a very unladylike bulge you have in your nightie," she whispered as I put on my robe. "I'm glad I turn you on as much as you turn me on."

"Boy, do you ever" I stammered as I put on my robe.

"Have you made a decision about Seattle?" she asked.

"I don't know. Mom may have some objections," I answered.

"Don't worry, we'll convince her" she said as she headed out the door.

I looked at myself in the mirror to check the condition of my hair. It still looked pretty good despite being slept on. The setting lotion Marcia and Mom had used evidently worked pretty well.

It probably would have looked better if I had braided it as I gotten into the habit of doing. I picked up a brush from the dresser and started to brush it out. Marcia popped her head back in the room and told me, "Worry about your hair later. You'll be late for breakfast.

Mrs. Scott greeted me with a peck on the cheek and the expected inquiry about how I had slept in the nightie.

"Fine" I replied. We had a nice breakfast which I enjoyed very much with all three of us sitting around in our robes and nighties talking.

After breakfast Mrs. Scott said "Would you girls mind shoveling some snow from the walks and driveway?" After she said that, she laughed and apologized to me. "I'm sorry for referring to you as girl, but it's awfully hard to think of you as a boy when you look like you do right now."

I told her it was OK and that I would be happy to help shovel snow. She said that I would need something beside the skirt and sweater that I had worn the night before and took be back to the guest room once again. She looked in the closet and came out with a pair of black wool pants. Going through the drawers, she found a white turtleneck and a heavy red ski sweater.

"I hope these will be OK" she said. "This some more of Marcia's old stuff". I said that they would be fine and took them from her. I was about to take off my robe when she came back in with a pair of snow boots. "You'll need these" she said.

I agreed that my penny loafers would be a little skimpy for tramping around in the snow.

When she left, I slipped off my robe and pulled my panties up under my nightie like I had seen Mom do when she got dressed in the morning. After slipping the nightie over my head, I debated about whether to wear my bra or not.

After a little indecision, I put it on since everything else I would be wearing was feminine. After putting some

tissue into the cups, I put on the white turtleneck and pants. I filled out the heavy red sweater very nicely when I pulled it on over my head. After putting on my knee socks and snow boots, I brushed my hair a bit and it looked just about as good as new.

I didn't have any make up with me, but took the lipstick out of my purse and applied it. Amazing! I didn't look half bad.

"The red sweater looks nice on you," Mrs. Scott said when I came downstairs. "And you fill it out properly," she observed to my embarrassment.

Marcia came in momentarily also clad in a heavy sweater and pants. We both put on heavy coats, gloves and stocking caps and went outside to shovel snow. As we were working, Marcia asked me again about Seattle. I said I still hadn't decided.

"Please" she pleaded, "It would mean a lot to all of us to be able to go and without you its all off. Besides, I really like having you dressed as a girl and two whole days of it would be wonderful. Maybe we could pick up where we left of last night and this morning."

That was hard to resist. I wanted to do it very much, but was afraid to. "Let's see what my mother thinks," I replied. "If its OK with her, I guess I could try it, but I'm really nervous about giving myself away and embarrassing myself and everyone. Beside that, I'm really worried about what your mother and the other girls think of me for dressing like this even though they encourage me."

"Silly!" she chided "I've already told you how I feel about you dressing as a girl. And your mother thinks you are a doll. The other girls get a kick out of dressing you up. . .they think it's their idea! As to your fears of being found out. . .when we get you fixed up. . .you don't need to worry about that."

We finished shoveling and had a snowball fight before coming in for lunch. In the meantime, Mom had called and said that she would be in to pick me up around 3:30.

After we had cleared the lunch dishes Marcia suggested to her mother that she go through the guest room closet to see if there were some other things that I could try on. "We could have a sort of hand me down fashion show," she said.

I shrugged and said, "Sure, why not? Both of you seem intent on making a girl out of me, so I might as well not fight it!"

"That's not the case at all," Mrs. Scott came back. "If you would rather not, that's fine. I can certainly understand since you have been in girl's clothes a lot the last 24 hours."

She seemed kind of disappointed and so did Marcia. I backed off and told that I really wouldn't mind at all if they didn't think I was too weird for doing this.

"Great!" exclaimed Marcia. "Let's you and I go through the closet and drawers and see what we can rescue from the Salvation Army."

By the time Mom arrived I had tried on a number of sweaters, shirts or blouses, pants, jeans and some skirts and dresses. A few things were too small even for me, so they were consigned to the charity pile.

I ended up in the red sweater and pants that I had started in. Mrs. Scott explained to Mom what we had done and why I was dressed the way I was. She also told about what happened in Portland and the dilemma we faced over Seattle.

I couldn't really judge what her reaction was at first, since she was very reserved. They all looked at me with my feminine clothes, hair painted nails and lipstick and Mrs. Scott added, "It shouldn't be any great effort for him."

Mom looked a little perplexed and then asked me how I felt about it. I replied, "I'm a little scared but the other girls are counting on me. I don't want to ruin the opportunity for everyone else."

Mom said that she would agree if she could go along and keep an eye on me.

With that, I said that I would do it and Marcia let out a shriek and ran over and hugged and kissed me, smearing both of our lipsticks.

Mrs. Scott said she would call Mrs. Alworth right away and make the arrangements.

I started to go to the guest room to change back into my band uniform when Mrs. Scott stopped me. "You don't need to change. Please wear them home and keep them. They were going to the Salvation Army anyway. As for the other things you tried on this afternoon, take them home with you too. There are some fairly unisex things that you could wear sometimes. You might like to keep some of the more feminine things for Seattle."

They put them in some shopping bags for me to take home. Mrs. Scott said, "If there are any things you don't

want, you can give it to the Salvation Army as well as we can."

I went and got my skirt, sweater, shoes, slip and Mom's coat that I had worn the day before. I took them down to the car while Marcia and her mother were filling shopping bags with clothes.

When we were ready to go, Mrs. Scott looked at me and said "You forgot your purse again didn't you? You will have to be more careful or will go off and leave it in Seattle someplace."

I gulped and ran back into the house to retrieve it. They all had a good laugh at my forgetting what all girls have to learn to remember.

On the way home, Mom asked me how things had gone the previous night. I told her that it had been a fun evening and no one suspected that I wasn't a real girl, as the invitation to Seattle would indicate.

I went on that the trip home had been bad and that I had been kind of worried when she wasn't there when we arrived.

"Sorry. Did you and Marcia have a nice time?" she asked.

"We sure did," I responded, "I think she really likes me and I know I really like her a lot."

Looking at me in Marcia's pants, sweater and snow boots, she remarked, "It's fortunate that her things fit you. Your band uniform isn't the thing to be out running around in the snow.

"It's nice that she gave you all those pretty things," she said, nodding toward the shopping bags in the back seat. "I suppose there are some things you can wear on a day to day basis as well as when you want to be my daughter. What did you do for pajamas last night?"

"I slept in one of Marcia's nighties."

"How did you like that?" she inquired.

"I kept getting tangled up in it but it was warm."

"Judging by the what you have been wearing lately, I'm not surprised that you liked sleeping in a nightie too. Would you like to have one of your own?"

I rather shyly replied, "I guess so. . . I'd like to learn how to sleep in one without getting all tied up."

She then brought up the forthcoming Seattle trip. "I'm a little concerned about you doing that. Wearing girl's clothes once or twice when you play in the band or at home once in awhile is one thing, but spending days pretending to be a girl is something else!"

"I know," I said, hanging my head in embarrassment.

"I don't want to lose my son," she said rather sharply.

I assured her again that I was very happy to be a boy, especially with a girlfriend like Marcia. I described how much I enjoyed the feeling of girl's clothes and since it seemed to make Marcia happy, I hoped to continue to do it.

That seemed to satisfy her. She said, "It was fun fixing you up. I've always wanted to have a daughter."

"And I like being one. . .sometimes."

"Just don't surprise me someday by saying you want to change your sex," she laughed adding, "the problem is that you really do make an awfully good looking girl."

I beamed as she continued, "In fact, I think it's time we shared the NEW you with some of the family if you are willing. I hate hiding all this."

I was rather taken aback at that suggestion and all that it implied. "I'm not sure I want to do that" I replied. "It's OK with the girls and when we play where no one knows me. What would they think of me?"

"I won't force that on you," she replied, "but you might consider it. You need all the practice you can get before we go to Seattle next week."

"Practice?"

"Yes. You have a lot of movements, expressions and mannerisms that are definitely unfeminine. I'll help you with that if you would like."

"Sure! I would appreciate any help you could give and I'll give some thought to widening the circle of people who were acquainted with my girlself."

By this time we were home and after taking all the bags filled with clothes inside, I set about shoveling the snow from our walks and driveway.

When I came in I helped Mom fix supper, making no move to change out of Marcia's clothes. The bags of clothes had been deposited in the hallway, so after supper we took them to my room to go through them. I really had no idea as to what Marcia and Mrs. Scott had included.

One bag had shoes which ranged from tennis shoes to medium heeled pumps. There were a few pairs that I could wear as a boy such as tennis shoes and loafers. The rest were various flats and heels that were definitely for girls. Most were the same size and luckily that size fit me.

The ones that were too small we set aside. Another bag had pants and jeans. All of those fit me and most I could wear as a boy, provided no one looked too closely. There were a number of sweaters, some of which were obviously feminine and others rather unisex, although the colors might not be very masculine.

There were some shirts and blouses that I could also wear as either a boy or girl, depending on what I wore with them. The sheer white blouse and the shirt with rosebuds on it were definitely feminine. There were some skirts and dresses which Mom set to one side with the other obviously feminine things.

There was even a long black wool coat with big buttons. When we got to the bottom of one bag I pulled out the robe, nightie and slippers that I had worn the previous night as well as a nylon baby-doll nightie and short robe.

I showed them to Mom beaming, "This is the one I wore last night!"

"It's pretty. Long night-gowns take some time to get used to."



"This skirt couldn't be confused with a kilt!"

Then at the bottom of the last bag came a real surprise. It was a bundle of bras tied together with a string and a note attached. It said, "I quickly outgrew these. Maybe with the proper diet and good thoughts you can grow into them! P.S. A little padding will help. Love, M."

Mom looked at the two piles of clothing, one unisex and one feminine and then at the lingerie and bras I was holding. "What do you want to do with all this?" she inquired. "What shall we keep and what shall we send to the Salvation Army?"

"I think I would like to keep anything that fits me" I replied rather hesitantly. "I could wear some of it to Seattle and when you wanted a daughter. . .I would have my own wardrobe without borrowing your things."

"There's a lot of clothes here. . .do you need them all?"

"Them having belonged to Marcia also makes them sort of special to me."

"How about the bras? Do you want ALL those too?"

When I sheepishly nodded, she inquired, "Do you plan to wear them?"

I thought a minute and replied shyly, "Maybe when I wear panties."

"Well!" Mom exclaimed, "You suddenly have a wardrobe most girls would envy. We'll have to make some room in your closet and drawers."

We then set about doing just that. Going through my own clothes, I threw out even the slightest worn jockey shorts, pajamas, jeans, shirts, etc. I had to make room for my new holdings and I didn't want to cram the dresses in my small closet.

I contributed my own boy's clothes to the Salvation Army and the pile of feminine things that didn't fit.

"This is unisex," mother said taking out a plaid, oversized shirt of woven rayon. "I think you could wear this to school over a T-shirt and jeans. . .or at home over leggings or even a slim skirt!"

When we finished my closet and drawers, they certainly looked different. There were nighties in my pajama drawer, bras in my underwear drawer and colorful skirts, dresses and blouses hanging in my closet, not to mention high heels on the shelf with my other shoes.

By the time we had finished, it was time for bed. I decided to forsake my nylon pajamas for the nightie Marcia had given me.

After showering, I put it on along with the robe and slippers before braiding my hair. I then went downstairs to show everything off to Mom and to wish her goodnight.

After she had wished me pleasant dreams, I swished off to my room, my head reeling with delight. Sleep came hard again as I was excited both emotionally and sexually about my newfound option in life.

The fantasy of having Marcia and I cuddling in bed in our nighties kept coming into my mind. I kept wondering if it would ever come to pass.

CHAPTER FIVE

The next morning I got up and took down my braids and brushed my hair out. It still looked remarkably good. After putting on my robe and slippers, I went down for breakfast. It was odd sitting at the breakfast table with both of us in our robes and nighties.

After breakfast, Mom changed the sheets on the beds and started a load of wash which included my lingerie. "You better learn how to care for your new things," she fussed, so I helped her and picked up my room, still in my robe.

About 10:30 she said, "You should try on some outfits to see what you should take to Seattle. That is if you haven't changed your mind about going through with the whole thing?"

I fluffed my hair and admitted, "I really looking forward to it, can't you tell?"

She told me to put on pantyhose along with a bra and panties and she would put together some outfits for me to try on. She showed me once again how to roll the pantyhose up and then unroll them up my legs.

I did this with my robe and nightie still on which made it rather awkward, but preserved some modesty on my part. After pulling on a pair of my panties I took both the robe and nightie off.

I picked out one of the padded bras Marcia had sent me and slipped my arms through the straps. After some struggle and contortions, I managed to get it hooked. Mom watched all this in amused silence. "Put your slip on too, since I want to try some skirts and dresses on you," she instructed.

After complying, we tried on a number of things including a bright red wool long sleeved dress that had a black patent leather belt which accentuated my narrow waist.

All of Marcia's things fit me well, as I knew they would. Mom mixed in a few of her sweaters and blouses and skirts to give a number of possible combinations.

When lunch time rolled around, I was in a black skirt and white long-sleeved blouse. "Let's break for lunch, but I want you to try these high heels. You need the practice," she said as she handed me the pair of black patent leather pumps with two inch heels that Marcia had included.

She was right. I could hardly get around in them. Evidently my previous short experience walking on heels had not carried over.

After lunch we tried on some more things with me ending up in a soft, angora sweater and skirt which I left on for supper. Along with the various outfits, we had experimented with makeup and jewelry.

I left the high heels on all afternoon and by the end of the day I was getting pretty good. Mom prompted me to stand up straight and throw my weight forward when I walked, taking small steps. I stayed like this till after supper, but by then my ankles and calves were really complaining from the heels.

I went upstairs, took off my clothes and makeup and put on my robe and nightie. I then rejoined Mom to watch the late news on TV before we went to bed. When we were going upstairs, I turned to her and said with tears in my eyes, "Thanks mom."

"It's okay. I had fun too," she said, "It's different but kind of nice having you dressed like this."

The next day, Tuesday, I helped Mom do some cleaning around the house with both of us in our robes. About mid-morning she said that we needed to go into Jefferson as she had some shopping she needed to do for groceries and things. I wasn't particularly keen to go with her, but she wanted me to.

That would mean that I would have to remove my nail polish, wash out my hair etc.

"I guess you could wear a stocking cap and gloves since it's still cold out and then you wouldn't have to go through all that."

I went up to my room to get dressed and debated with myself as to what to wear. While I was thinking about this, Mom called up that she had decided not to go this morning and that I should put on a skirt and high heels again for more practice. Since that solved that dilemma for the

moment, I took down my braids and brushed out my hair. It still looked very feminine when I flipped the ends out with the brush.

I put on a skirt and blouse that I had worn yesterday as well as lingerie and pantyhose. I didn't bother with makeup except for some lipstick and then put on those torture heels again. After traipsing around for a few hours in my heels, I was starting to feel a bit more natural and confident in them. I did have some sore muscles in my legs and ankles however since high heels put stresses on areas that flats definitely do not.

I sometimes got the impression that mother was immersing me into all this, thinking that I would soon get bored. Bored. . .how? There was so much to do and learn!

Around mid-afternoon Mom announced that she really did have to get a few things at the store and I should go with her. "Why don't you just put on some pants because your coat, cap and gloves will cover everything?" she said when I started to my room to change. I got out a pair of blue wool lined pants that Marcia had included and a white cable knit turtleneck sweater.

I slipped out of my blouse and skirt and the petticoat that I was wearing under it, putting on the sweater and pants. My nylon encased feet and well filled out sweater didn't make me look very masculine. I picked out a pair of Sahara booties that I could wear as a boy or girl. They hid my nylon covered ankles and the heavy $3\frac{1}{4}$ length coat that I had worn yesterday covered the rest of me.

My hairdo was hidden by the blue knit stocking cap and the gloves covered my red nails. All covered up like this, I could have been a boy or girl. People who knew me wouldn't think anything out of the ordinary. As we were about to go out, Mom let out a little shriek.

"I just looked at you again and guess I'm getting used to having you as a girl. You better wipe off your lipstick or people who know you may look at you a little strangely." I heaved a sigh of relief at this near miss and hurriedly complied. After checking to see that all traces were removed, we went to town.

It was kind of thrilling to see people I knew and mingle with them dressed completely as a girl. None suspected that there was anything out of the ordinary with me.

Of course I had to leave my hat and gloves on, but that was no problem as it was very cold outside and we didn't stay in the stores very long. After we got home, I traded

the boots for high heels, replaced my lipstick and spent the evening that way.

The next morning as we were finishing breakfast in our robes and nighties, Mom said that she wanted me to remove my nail polish and wash my hair after I had unbraided it. We were going to Salem to finish Christmas shopping and have lunch with my grandparents. I sort of hated to do this, but knew it was inevitable. She also wanted to take my kilt to the cleaners since it had gotten pretty wrinkled the previous Saturday and there was a spot on it.

After getting into boy's clothes for the first time in four days, we went to Salem. My hair looked fairly boyish even though it was still a little wavy and the ends turned out a bit. All traces of my red nail polish was gone, but they were still a little longish and covered with clear polish.

I even had boy's underwear on for a change. Before we finished shopping, Mom told me to go to the hobby shop and browse around because she had some things to buy for me that she didn't want me to see. I looked at electric trains and model airplanes for over half an hour when she finally came and got me.

I wondered out loud where the packages were and was told that she had already put them in the car which was parked nearby. After dropping my kilt off at the cleaners, we then went to my grandparents for a late lunch.

Over lunch the subject of my band uniform and wearing kilt came up again. My grandmother asked if I had worn it again and Mom said that I had when we played in Portland the previous Saturday night. She didn't elaborate on what else I had worn with it.

Both grand parents expressed some surprise that I would do that. I told them that the girls were pretty persuasive and besides I was pretty stuck on one of them, Marcia Scott. "Well," my grandmother asked teasingly, "Did you wear the Christmas present they gave you?"

"Oh Grandma, Really!" I said in apparent indignation.

"I was just wondering," she laughed. "Everyone enjoyed hearing you play in your uniform at Thanksgiving," she went on. "Would you consider wearing it and playing at our Christmas Eve party tomorrow night? There will be some people there who haven't seen you in it. You could even wear your kilt again."

I had always played my bagpipes at our family Christmas Eve parties where we exchanged gifts rather than on Christmas Morning. I tried to talk her out of it by saying, "Most everyone has seen me in my uniform. Besides we are going to Seattle to play right after Christmas and I don't want to take a chance on spilling something on it."

"You can bring it with you and change here and change back as soon as you play like you did at Thanksgiving," she countered.

Mom then let the cat out of the bag by saying that my kilt was at the cleaners and we would be picking it tomorrow. Adding that she didn't want to chance getting it wrinkled or soiled again before we went to Seattle.

Both grandparents sat up in their seats when it became obvious that I was to wear a kilt for our Seattle performance. Mom explained the whole mess in a very general way, leaving out the details about why the lady in Seattle thought that it was an all girls' band. Mom intimated that it was not a done deal and that I might go as a boy because she and I were not sure that I could pull it off even if I wanted to.

I let it be known that I didn't want to, but was under a lot of pressure from the other girls, especially Marcia. My grandfather was shocked that I would even consider it. On the other hand, my grandmother thought that I might get away with it.

We discussed the pros and cons till early evening. After a light supper Mom and I went home, promising my grandparents that we would bring the uniform the next night and that I would make at least a brief appearance in it. It was left up in the air what the final decision on Seattle would be, at least as far as they were concerned.

I left my hair braided the next morning as Mom and I went about our usual household chores in our robes. She asked me if I would mind too much wearing my kilt for a short while that night. I could put on my regular uniform to play and then if things seemed right put my kilt on for a brief appearance. That sounded OK, so I agreed.

For the rest of the day however, I wore a sweater and skirt and high heels to further my training in maneuvering around in them.

When it came time to get ready, I took down my braids and combed my hair as straight as I could. After removing my sweater and skirt, I took off my half slip and took the padding out of my bra. After removing my pantyhose, I

put my panties back on. I put on a heavy blue sweater and checked to see that no straps from the bra or camisole showed through. They didn't, so I then put on a pair of blue knee socks that went with the uniform and a pair of corduroy pants.

The sweater and pants were from Marcia, but were quite unisex except that the pants came up higher than boy's pants and were tighter at the waist. This wouldn't show with the sweater worn over them however.

I finished with the pair of penny loafers Marcia had given me. Here I was, dressed entirely in girl's clothes, but going out as a boy.

When Mom saw me she instantly recognized what I had done. "Those things look nice on you," she said. "No one needs to know where they came from. I assume you have lingerie on under that. It doesn't show, but be careful."

I was relieved at her implied approval. "I'll put your petticoat in a bag and take it in case you go ahead and put your kilt on," she said as we were about ready to go. She had been working hard all day preparing for Christmas dinner which we were going to host at our house. Most of the people who were going to be at the party tonight would be coming to our house for dinner tomorrow.

We had invited the Scott's since their family was far away and because of the relationship that was developing between Marcia and me. I put my plaid pants, shirt, tie and blazer on a hanger and took them out to the car. For a coat to wear that evening I selected the 3/4 length that Marcia had given me. If you didn't notice which side it buttoned on, it had no sexual orientation. "Might as well go all the way" I decided.

We departed late in the afternoon, but early enough so that we could get to the cleaners before they closed. We picked up my kilt and went to my grandparents where the Christmas Eve party was to be held. We were the first to arrive so I changed into my pant's uniform right away, then played a couple of numbers.

Inevitably, the subject of my kilt came up. My grandmother mentioned, much to my discomfiture, that she had heard that I had worn it again recently when the band played in Portland. In addition to my grandparents, some good friends, the Sullivans, had seen me in it at Thanksgiving as well as my Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Bob. My Aunt Eva and her daughter Marge, who was a little older

than I, had not been with us at Thanksgiving, so this was all new to them.

Mom explained again how the girl's mother from whom she bought the uniform originally had included the kilt with it and that the girls had badgered me incessantly to wear it sometime. Finally, she explained, I had agreed to wear it when we had played in Oregon City and again when we played in Portland. No one who knew me would be in attendance at either place.

She didn't mention the fact that I wore a lot more than the kilt/skirt in both instances. Aunt Eva and Marge both said that they bet that I looked cute in it and were sorry to have missed Thanksgiving and the opportunity to see me.

My grandfather said, "Kid. You don't have to do this. Put your foot down with these women." He was looking directly at me when he said it.

I stammered, "I just want to help the band. . ."

Alluded to the Seattle dilemma, he stated, "You let these women get to you and you'll be wearing a skirt all the time."

During the course of the ensuing conversation, Mom mentioned about how much it had cost to dry clean the kilt, having just picked it up at the cleaners. "You have it with you?" Marge responded when Mom said that. "Yes, it's out in the car" she said. Aunt Eva and Marge both insisted that I go out and get it and bring it in to show them. When I did so, there was nothing else that would suit them, but that I should put it on as well.

"Would everyone else like to see Carey in his kilt?" Mom asked. All the ladies answered in the affirmative, the men taking little interest in all this. I acted surprised and embarrassed, but was finally persuaded to change out of my pants. Carrying the kilt in its cleaner bag, I was led to an upstairs bedroom by Mom who took the half-slip/petticoat out of a bag she had with her and handed it to me.

"Be sure to tuck the slip's waistband under the waistband of your panties so it won't slip down," she instructed. I quickly took off my pants and pulled on the slip, tucking the waistband in as instructed and then pulled on my kilt. After checking to be sure the slip didn't show, Mom and I went back downstairs where I put my bagpipes back on and played a couple of more tunes.

Everyone thought I looked very nice in my kilt and applauded when I finished.

It was then time to open the presents, which was the high point of every Christmas Eve. Since I was always the youngest present, it befell me to pass out the presents. I started to go change clothes, but everyone insisted that I should stay as I was and begin the gift opening.

I really didn't want to do this because I wasn't sure I could get up and down as many times as I would have to without showing my slip and maybe more. I would also have to keep my blazer on because the straps of my bra and camisole would definitely show through my shirt.

Since everyone insisted that we start unwrapping packages, I finally consented and started handing them out. I was very careful getting up and down, bending at the knees as I had observed Mom and other women and girls doing, thus keeping the hem of my skirt under control. I was a little warm in my blazer, but denied the fact when I was encouraged to take it off.

Finally, all the gifts were distributed and I had made a pretty good haul myself. I got all things that I had asked for including a sweater (boy's of course), a new tennis racket, some records and tapes and a portable TV for my room from Mom.

After we were finished, Mom said that I really should change since I might spill something and there wouldn't be time to get it cleaned again.

She realized she had let the cat out of the bag even before she had finished the sentence. As I was about to leave, Aunt Eva complimented me again on my appearance and said that she had learned something that evening.

Teasingly she said, "I didn't know that Scottish boys wore slips under their kilts." I turned beet red while everyone had a good laugh. Mom explained that it had been her idea because the kilt just didn't hang right without a slip under it.

Aunt Eva apologized for embarrassing me, but added that she thought with my longish hair and all, I looked a little more like a Scottish girl than a Scottish boy. Everyone else agreed as did my cousin Marge.

Marge had picked up on Mom's slip-up about my playing in Seattle in a kilt. She started quizzing me about it and why I was going to do so. Mom broke in and explained that everyone here weren't the only ones that thought I looked like a girl in my kilt.

She went on to relate how some people in Portland had thought that I was a girl and the announcer had introduced me as Miss Carey Thomas when the band was being introduced. She explained that Mrs. Scott had thought that it would be too embarrassing for everyone if she corrected the announcer.

Afterward, Mom explained, a wealthy lady from Seattle had invited the band to play for a charity party there. She would put everyone up and furnish tickets to a concert too. Mrs. Scott and the other girls had eagerly accepted if it would be okay with everyone's parents.

It was only after accepting that it dawned on anyone that she was expecting four girls to come to her home in Seattle. Mom went on to further explain our dilemma. Everyone wants to go, but no one wants to tell her that Carey is a boy. Mom didn't say that my being mistaken for a girl was due to much more than my wearing a kilt, my long hair and being introduced as "Miss."

Everyone seemed to understand how my appearance even as they now saw me could cause confusion as to my true gender. My cousin Marge immediately said "Why he should go to Seattle as a girl of course."

My grandparents and Aunt & Uncle were aghast at the idea. "Why he couldn't possibly do that," my Aunt Ellen exclaimed. Then after thinking for a few moments and looking at me closely said thoughtfully "Then again, why not? With only a kilt on Carey was mistaken for a girl. With a little fixing up, I bet he would be a perfectly lovely girl and no one would ever suspect he wasn't the real article."

There was general agreement that this was probably true.

I took this opportunity to duck out of the room and go back upstairs to change. I felt much relieved when I returned with my "boy's" clothes back on. The discussion was still going on.

Mom was saying, "It's too bad. . .the girls in the band really want him to go as a girl and even Mrs. Scott had agreed that it might work. In fact," Mom went on "I persuaded Carey to put some of my things on at home the other day and he made a very pretty girl."

Aunt Eva said, "I would have loved to have seen him."

Marge, with whom I had never gotten along very well, then said to me in a rather taunting way, "Why don't you get all fixed up tomorrow and let US see if it will work?"

I sort of ignored her, but Aunt Eva scolded Marge by saying "Don't make fun of poor Carey. He has a real problem."

My grandfather interjected, "I don't see why it would it be so embarrassing for you to just show up as a boy."

I replied, "I couldn't do that since it would be terribly embarrassing not only for me, but especially for Mrs. Scott. I guess I'll just have to tell everyone I won't go and knock them out of the trip and concert."

"You sure won't be very popular with the girls, especially Marcia," Marge said. Everyone knew that I had a huge crush on Marcia Scott.

Mom didn't enter in the discussion except to emphasize the problem once in a while. My grandfather and Uncle Fred didn't have anything further to say, turning their conversation to fishing. I guess they thought it was too ridiculous to bother about.

Aunt Ellen finally said that she thought Marge might have a good idea after all. My grandmother and Aunt Eva seemed to agree. She turned to Mom and asked if she would fix me up tomorrow so everyone could see if I made a good enough looking girl to fool the people in Seattle.

Mom said it would be OK with her if I would go along with it. She added that Marcia and Mrs. Scott would be there also and we could get their opinion, as if both of us didn't already know what that was.

Uncle Fred looked at me quizzically and asked if I was going let myself get talked into this. I shrugged and said that it didn't look as if I had much choice.

By this time we had finished our dessert and it was time to go. I retrieved my uniform and took it out to the car. Aunt Eva said as we were leaving, "I can hardly wait to see you tomorrow."

"Neither can I," I said in mock gloom concealing secret delight.

Mom apologized on the way home for exposing me.

"I really don't mind," I answered. "Marcia will be there tomorrow to give me support if I'm given a hard time by anyone. Besides, the family will be honest about my ability to pass."

After we got home and I had gotten ready for bed, I was standing in front of my mirror in my nightie braiding my hair.

Mom came in and put her arms around me and gave me a hug. "If someone had told me you would be braiding

your hair and wearing a cute nightie six months ago, I would have told them they were crazy," she said. "It's amazing what can happen in a short time. I hope you are not upset with the way things seem to be going."

"It's such fun wearing girl's clothes," I glowed. "As for looking and acting like a pretty girl. . .that's a challenge! I'm frightened to death of being found out in Seattle."

Mom promised, "I'll make sure that won't happen. Just remember that it's not too late to back out on the whole thing."

I said that I would wait and see what everyone thought tomorrow, although I knew deep down that I was going to do it regardless of what they said.

I didn't sleep well that night, having nightmares of about the lady in Seattle discovering that I was a boy being found out by the audience or having one of our friends seeing me.

I would wake up in a cold sweat after one of these dreams, but then calm myself down by thinking about Marcia and I cuddling in our nighties.

Our family had always reserved a few packages to be opened on Christmas morning around our own tree. This morning was no exception. Mom and I sat down beside the tree in our robes and nighties to open the things we had gotten for each other.

Mom had only one package from me, a bottle of her favorite perfume. She was delighted with it. There were four packages for me, one quite large and the other three small. I had a suspicion that Mom had saved these things to be opened by the two of us because they were things that would be embarrassing for me to open with family present.

I was not disappointed. I decided to save the largest present for last and opened one of the small ones first. It contained three pairs of pantyhose.

"Now you won't have to borrow mine when we go to Seattle," she said when I thanked her. The next package contained two pairs of panties with matching camisoles. The camisoles had wide lace straps and a very lacy bodice which matched the lace panel on the front of the panties.

I thanked Mom profusely saying, "With these, I have enough panties and camisoles to wear every day if I wanted to."

Mom looked at me smiling and said, "Do you want to?"

I thought a minute before answering cryptically, "I might as well?"

The third package was a full slip which also matched the panties and camisoles. I was so excited that I was trembling when I opened the large package. I recognized the gift wrapping as coming from a Sally's, a very nice store which catered to the younger set.

I was almost overcome with joy when I saw the contents. It was a beautiful blue angora sweater and skirt set. While it may have looked beautiful, it felt absolutely heavenly to the touch. I could hardly wait to put it on.

I hugged Mom and kissed her thanking her for my wonderful Christmas. She smiled happily at my demonstrations of gratitude as the softness of our robes clung together.

"I couldn't have you wearing all hand me downs from Marcia when we go to Seattle," she said. "I have some blue lapis earrings and bracelet which will go nicely with that outfit" she went on.

"Can I wear it today?" I asked.

"I wouldn't," she answered. "Save that as a surprise for Marcia. Besides, I wouldn't want everyone here to know what I gave you for Christmas. They might not understand. I think the red wool dress you got from Marcia would be more appropriate. I know she will love seeing you in it."

I had to agree because Marcia would have to know where the new outfit came from and then everyone else would know as well. I wouldn't want to have to explain that. Wearing Marcia's dress would take explaining enough.

After we had finished breakfast Mom told me to go take a shower and she would help me with my hair before she had to get busy with dinner. Since she didn't have time to put it up on rollers and all, she suggested that I try my hair in a ponytail today. She said that it was quite simple to do and since I hadn't worn it that way before, it might be fun to see how I would look.

When I got to my room, she had laid out her long terry cloth robe for me to wear when I got out of my bath.

After removing my nightie and robe and putting on the terry robe, Mom came into my room. She said, "You better use this again to make sure you are nice and smooth," while tossing me a bottle of Nair. "Remind me to teach you how to shave your legs!"

After going into the bathroom and removing my robe, I applied the depilatory to my legs. The Nair sort of tingled and burned and I was glad to wash it off in the shower. Mom was sure right about how soft and smooth it left my body.

After dusting myself generously with the bath powder, I put on my robe and came out into my room. Mother was in my room with a pair of the pantyhose, panties and the slip I had received for Christmas. She went to my dresser and took out one of the bras Marcia had given me. She instructed me to put all of these things on while she went back downstairs to check on the progress of dinner.

I loved the feel of my new pantyhose as I pulled them over my smooth and hairless legs. With my robe still on, I pulled on my new panties over the pantyhose as I had seen Mom do when she got dressed.

After removing my robe I slipped into the bra and hooked the back. It was getting easier each time I did it. I put the beautiful new slip over my head, adjusting it into place. I loved the way it caressed my nylon encased thighs.

"If only the bodice were filled out a little better" I was thinking as Mom came back into the room. She must have been reading my mind. In her hands were two little nylon bags filled with bird seed that we use in the bird feeder.

"Here," she said, "put these in your bra rather than tissue. Its heavy enough and fluid enough to look, feel and move like real breasts. . . just stay away from parakeets!"

She had taken an old pair of white pantyhose and cut the feet out of them. Then filled them with bird seed, tying a knot at the open end which looked like nipples showing through the bra and slip when I inserted them.

"Now walk around" she instructed. Sure enough, they looked and moved like the real thing.

"That's better" she observed, "those will look real nice under a sweater or anything else for that matter." She looked at me some more and said thoughtfully, "You do have some rather unladylike bulges in your panties however."

I turned beet red and started to put my robe back on. "No, no, don't be embarrassed, I think we can fix that," she reassured me.

She then led me to her room where she got out a thick sanitary napkin and started hollowing it out with a razor blade. When she was satisfied that she had removed enough material, she got out a sanitary belt. After in-

structing me in how it was used, she told me to go back to my room and put it on, tucking myself into the hollowed out area she had created. I dutifully went into my room and pulled off my panties and pantyhose and tucked my male equipment into the hollowed out napkin and secured it in place with the sanitary belt.

After putting my pantyhose and panties back on again, I was amazed at the smooth, rounded appearance it gave to the area. When I went back into Mom's room she exclaimed "That's much better. You could walk around in your lingerie now and never give yourself away."

"WOW!" was all I could gasp.

"We'll have to get you a few panty girdles or elastic thongs. It won't be real comfortable but you will look much better when wearing girl's pants since they are much more fitted in front than boy's."

"I guess I'll have to get used to it. . ." I said, resolved to look flawless.

"Since you'll be wearing panties with your pants," mother suggested, "I think that you should wear a napkin for a few days a month. It will look much better and you can appreciate what girls have to put up with each month."

I had noticed that the pants and jeans Marcia had given me fit differently in front.

It was pretty much a foregone conclusion what I would wear. No decision there. The red wool dress and black patent leather high heeled pumps that I got from Marcia were very appropriate for Christmas.

The first order of business was my hair. Mom took down my braids and brushed my hair thoroughly, pulling it back and fixing it in a ponytail which was tied with a red bow which matched my dress.

It really looked cute and was very comfortable. "I think I would like to wear it like this more often," I said when she had finished.

"It looks so nice and it's so simple to do that I can probably do it myself with a little practice."

Mom agreed and then started to help me with my makeup. She wanted to be sure that I looked especially good for my introduction to the family.

"Are you sure you want to make so good?" I asked. "Maybe we should leave a few rough edges?"

"No, I want your family to see you at your feminine best! That way they will understand why I'd let you do this."

She wouldn't let me use eyeliner or mascara since she thought I wasn't old enough to look that exotic. "Besides," she said, "Your eyelashes are very long naturally." She plucked a few more eyebrows for me so that they weren't too bushy and better separated in the center.

Mom said, "Your eyebrows are a trifle heavy for a girl, but I don't want to thin and shape them too much or you will look a little strange when dressed as a boy."

After that was finished, I slipped on the dress and fastened the black patent leather. Fortunately, I was quite thin or I would have had a problem. While it was quite tight, it accentuated my thin waistline. The heels were a little higher than the ones I had worn before, so I was a bit unsteady.

After I had finished dressing, Mom helped me put on some bright red nail polish. In keeping with the Christmas motif, she clipped on some little Christmas tree earrings and a matching pin. She even gave me one of her watches and a ring to wear.

The finishing touch was some of her best perfume and bright red lipstick which matched my nails. I could hardly wait to see myself in the mirror. I wasn't disappointed. We both agreed that I looked utterly feminine and quite pretty besides. I walked about in front of the mirror admiring myself, doing little whirl-aboutso so that my skirt flared out showing the lacy hem of my slip. It was delightful but I knew I was in for some teasing.

It had almost become time for everyone to arrive, so Mom said, "I've spent all my time getting you done up and haven't even started on myself. Go downstairs and check the turkey and finish setting the table while I get dressed."

I had finished with all this when Mom came down looking very good herself. It was none too soon because my grandparent's car was coming up the driveway. "Go upstairs," Mom instructed, "I want you to stay out of sight until everyone arrives. Then you can make your grand entrance."

I went up to my room and looked out the window to check on the arrival of the rest of the family and Marcia and her mother. It wasn't long until they all arrived, but I was getting more and more nervous as I waited. My hands were sweaty and I had to go to the bathroom twice, which was complicated by the napkin inside my panties.

I was sure glad Marcia and her mother were going to be here to give me support. Finally Mom came up and said,

"It's show time! Everyone is anxious to see you. Come down when you hear the music on the stereo."

A minute or two I heard the strains of "I Enjoy Being Girl" from the musical Flower Drum Song wafting up my way.

With my heart in my mouth I descended the stairs to greet the waiting group. I was especially careful and held firmly onto the handrail. I didn't want to fall in my heels and make my grand entry head over heels.

I was also very conscious of the tightness and extra bulk between my legs that the sanitary napkin added. I would die if anyone knew what I was wearing but I knew it was necessary. I had to overcome the temptation to walk with my legs wider apart.

As I was coming down Mom announced, "Presenting Miss Carey Thomas at her coming out party."

When I reached the bottom, I did a little pirouette and finished with a curtsy which Mom had me practice beforehand. Everyone applauded and laughed, even my grandfather and uncles.

Marcia, who was jumping up and down with glee as I came down the stairs, ran up to me and gave me a big hug and kiss. She announced how much she liked my hair done in a pony tail. She also added for everyone's benefit that I looked better in her dress than she ever did.

My cousin Marge even gave me a hug and announced, "From what I can see, he shouldn't have any problem going to Seattle as a girl. . .if he can behave as well as he looks."

"That's the hard part," I said, striking a pose with my hands girlishly on my hips.

"Who taught you that!" Marge said.

"Mother!"

I helped Mom serve dinner and clear afterward, trying my best to present a ladylike demeanor. At first I was the subject of all conversation, most of which was complimentary.

The men were not very supportive of the whole thing and grandpa stated, "I think he should change clothes now that he's shown everyone that he CAN look like a girl."

The ladies would have none of it and Grandma insisted that I stay as I was. "Don't you pay any attention to your grandpa," she said, "You need the practice and we women can give you some pointers."

I had planned to do so anyway unless there was violent opposition.

After awhile, everyone became absorbed in the wonderful dinner Mom had prepared and they seemed to just accept me as I was. That was fine with me. After dessert, we sat around and talked some more about what I should do.

All the ladies and Marge seemed to feel that I could and should go to Seattle as one of the girls. The men still thought it was ridiculous.

Grandpa said, "What would your friends think if they ever found out?"

Naturally, Marcia and her mother were much in favor of my going in skirts and were very persuasive in their arguments to that effect.

When it finally came time for everyone to leave, it was pretty much decided that I would go to Seattle as a girl.

While I displayed a great reluctance, I was inwardly overjoyed at everyone's acceptance of what had already been decided. Not knowing about my new wardrobe many of the women offered to drop off various outfits they thought would look nice on me and made mother promise to take a lot of pictures!

Marcia and Mrs. Scott stayed on after the last of the family had departed. I could hardly wait to show Marcia what Mom had given me for Christmas. She held the angora sweater and skirt outfit up against me and exclaimed, "I can't wait to see you wearing it!"

I asked Mom about modeling it, but she said that I should wait to show it off until we went to Seattle where I could wear it to the Barry Manilow concert. Marcia could see me in it then. "After all," she went on, "You need to have something new for Marcia to see you in rather than her hand-me-downs."

Mrs. Scott then told Marcia to go out to the car to bring in a package they had for me. It was a small beautifully wrapped Christmas present which Mrs. Scott explained she had delayed giving to me until the rest of the family had left. I was tingling with anticipation.

I had also saved my present for Marcia until this time. With a little financial help from Mom, I had bought her a cultured pearl bracelet and matching earrings.

We both unwrapped our packages simultaneously and broke out laughing when we saw what we had received. Our minds had run in parallel channels. Marcia, probably

with similar financial help from her mother, had given me a dainty gold chain necklace with a little gold heart suspended from it and matching gold heart earrings. "You have no idea how hard it is to find nice earrings that aren't for pierced ears," she said as we were each trying on our presents. Marcia did have pierced ears.

"Maybe we should go and have your ears pierced when we are in Seattle," she teased.

"Right!" I agreed sarcastically "And maybe my nose too."

After everything was put away, it was still fairly early so Mom suggested they stay and play some bridge. Mom and I were fair players as were Marcia and her mother. While we were sitting at the table I had slipped off my shoes and Marcia did the same things. Before long I felt her nylon encased foot rubbing over my nylon encased foot and ankle. I reciprocated in kind.

We continued playing "footsie" like this for the duration of the evening, much to the detriment of our playing acuity. If the mothers had any inkling of what was going on under the table, they never let on.

I later took Marcia up to my room to show her my closet. "Oh my, some of these outfits are nicer than I remembered," she laughed, "I may want to borrow some of these back. . .of course, you can borrow mine too."

Looking around the room, she saw the nightie and robe hanging on the back of my door. "Do you think your mother would let me decorate your room?"

"Decorate?"

"Sure," she interrupted. "You need a vanity for your make-up, ribbons and curlers. . .get rid of these model cars and airplanes. . .I've got some cute dolls and we could put up some flowered wallpaper. . ."

"I don't know," I stammered, "Mother may not want me to get rid of everything boyish?"

"Okay," she said thinking, "we'll do it real slow. Next week I'll bring you a make-up tray and some curlers. . .Oh, and I have an extra white lace trimmed bed spread tufted with pink ribbons!"

When it was time for the Scotts to go home, Marcia and I went out to the car ahead of Mrs. Scott. That gave us a chance to hug and kiss a little in privacy and thank each other again for our Christmas presents.

"I can hardly wait until Wednesday when we can have three whole days together," Marcia gushed.

"Me too. This has been a Christmas like none other and one I will never forget," I told her.

She agreed. By this time our hands were roaming all over each other and we were oblivious to the chill of the night. My sexual excitement was well hidden by hollowed out napkin in my pantyhose and I guess Marcia noticed that there was no bulge evident when we were pressed close together.

"Don't I turn you on tonight? I don't feel any bulges," she whispered.

"Of course you turn me on, but I have a way of hiding the 'bulge' which I will tell you about sometime," I replied.

She also noted that my boobs felt different and not like the tissue that was usually inside my bra. I told her that I was using something else.

"They sure feel real," she said going back for another feel.

About this time Mrs. Scott came out and said in a mock stern voice "Break it up you two. You'll spoil your makeup." We laughed and gave a parting hug and kiss.

"See you Wednesday," Marcia called from the car. She then blew me a kiss and mouthed a silent "kiss" as the car drove out the driveway. I replied with the same.

"What a Christmas this has been and what a great vacation I have to look forward to" I thought as I went back into the house walking sumptuously on air and high heels.

"So?" mother asked, as I walked through the door. "Are you sick of all this girl's stuff yet?"

"I should be," I said regretfully, "but I'm not. Marcia even suggest I decorate my room with dolls and stuff."

"You'd want to do that?"

I felt a shudder of humiliation but told the truth. "I guess it looks funny now with the baseball caps, toy guns and now make-up. I'm really not interested anymore in the guns and playing ball. . .but I would like to learn to curl my hair?"

"I don't know," mother said with misgiving in her voice, "Maybe we've already gone too far. Let's discuss it after Seattle."

The next day I over heard mother talking to Mrs. Scott. "I don't know if I'm doing the right thing. He loves playing the girl's role and has lost interest in his boy's things. I don't think I should encourage Carey's girlishness."

I couldn't hear Mrs. Scott's side of the conversation but my heart was in my throat. All I heard was Mother's retorts:

"I know Carey is a fine person whether or not he spends a couple days in Seattle as a girl."

"Yes it is a wonderful experience for Carey to understand what girls go through. . .but he threw away a lot of his good boy clothes. . ."

"Yeah, maybe he'll tire of dressing up after a while."

"I agree, he does look sweet and he is happy. I keep buying him little things. . .I hope I'm not impairing his ability to grow into a man?"

Later that day, Aunt Eva dropped over with several bags of clothes and over ten outfits on hangers. . .all donated by my female relatives. My aunt Eva said jokingly to me, "We all decided that since you were representing the family, we want you to look pretty."

After she left, Mother brought them to my room and we went through my new things to picked out what I would need for Seattle. Mrs. Scott said we should have some dressy things for evening outings and the concert.

Marcia said she was going to wear a suit for traveling and mother thought I should too. I asked, "Do you think four panty and bra combinations are enough?"

"Sure," mother said, "You can always wash them out in the sink. . .they'll dry overnight."

"I'll need more napkins?" I blushed as I asked.

Mother left the room and came back with a bag. "I bought these but didn't know if I should give them to you. I guess wearing them a couple days couldn't hurt. They'll take getting used to."

Inside the bag were four little thong panties but made of a very elastic material. "If you position yourself right, they should keep you flat enough to wear the tightest pants."

I went into my bathroom and lifted the tight skirt I was wearing. I lowered the panties and struggled to get into the thong. I really thought mother had gotten the wrong size but I was determined to get it on.

I got it to my hips and realized that I would have to push up my maleness before the "non-giving" strap would go between my legs.

With a big tug on the sides, everything was secure and flush. I heard mother say, "If it's too uncomfortable, don't wear it."

I came out wearing my panties and smoothing my skirt. "It'll take some getting use to. . .but it's perfect!"

Mother smiled and said, "My, with that garment, you walk differently? Let me see."

I delicately lifted my skirt and showed her my panties. "Oh," she sighed, "It does work! That's how panties are supposed to fit. Is it too uncomfortable?"

Seeing the girlish shape, I said, "I guess I'll have to get used to it if I'm going to be wearing panties."

It was cramped and uncomfortable but I figured that my maleness just needed a little training.

Mother with a guilty tone said, "I wish it wasn't but it's been fun for me to help feminize you. You seem to just glow with each new girlish experience."

I was thrilled that it was fun for her too but I blushed when she added, "You can wear your thong and panties to school but a bra might be too hard to hide? I would hate for the boys at school to find out you are wearing a brassiere."

"Could I, if I'm real careful?" I asked thinking about wearing a lacy brassiere (without the padded cups) under a thick sweater. I loved the way the satiny garment hugged my bosom and the tension of the bra straps across my shoulders. Wearing a brassiere made me feel so unmanly---feelings I was beginning to cherish.

"We'll see," mother said as she helped me pack everything into one of her big pink suitcases. With not one stitch of boy's clothing. . .I was ready to go!

Before I knew it, I was in the van with the other girls. I was nervous but I just did what the other girls did. When they touched up their lipstick, I'd do mine. I was learning. . .maybe a little too quick.

Our show was the first night. We played for what had to be our most affluent audience. Afterward, we mingled and ate off the buffet.

I stayed close to Marcia. Little good it did because we were soon surrounded by several college aged boys.

"You girls play real well!" one boy said to Marcia. Marcia thanked him and the other boy asked, "Your first trip to Seattle?"

I about panicked but Marcia took my hand girlishly and before I knew it, we had exchanged names. They lived in Seattle and offered to show us around.

I could tell from the sparkle in her eyes that she had decided it would be fun to put me on the spot. She explained, "I could go but Carey's mother won't let her date yet."

"It's not a date," one boy pleaded, "We could all just meet at the Manilow concert. . .you are going?"

"Yes, we're going," Marcia said, "but Carey's mother----"

One of the boys interrupted, "Maybe if met her and talked to her? It wouldn't be a date, we'd just give you a ride home----"

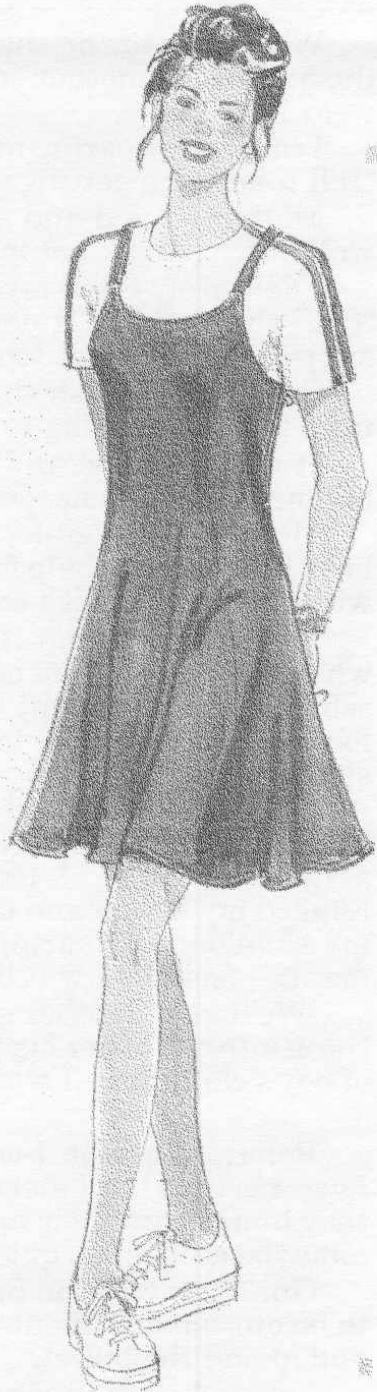
"Ask her mother, she's over there with my mother."

I blushed, as two boys went over to where Mrs. Scott and my mother were talking.

To my surprise, they got permission to drive us home. It was going to be problem parking to pick us up.

I don't know why it never occurred to me that boys would be hanging around. I got a little jealous of the boy chatting with Marcia but making small talk around handsome boys enhanced my fascination with "girlishness."

Dressed in feminine clothes around others gave me odd feelings of self-confidence and embarrassment. I found that the clothes, hair and makeup stimulated me to walk, move my hands



"In my unisex T-shirt, tennis shoes and a very un-unisex dress and lingerie."

and conduct myself in an increasingly unmanly way.

Several hours before the concert, Marcia came to our room and helped me curl my hair with her curlers. I relaxed as Marcia proceeded to apply the setting lotion and roll my hair up on those big pink curlers like all girls did before a big date or occasion.

I didn't feel embarrassed in front of Marcia anymore. It would be foolish to protest anything in light of all the new girlish adventures that I was undergoing.

I had plenty of time to dress. When it came to making up my face, I asked mother, "Can we try to make me look a little older?"

"How much older?"

"A couple years."

"About the age of those college boys?" mother coyly asked.

I blushed at her inference. I stuttered, "I just thought. . ."

"It's okay dear," she interrupted, "I understand. You just want to look your very best. I'm sure Marcia will be wearing more make-up too." Then she added, "I just can't believe you are the 'dirt magnet' boy I raised."

I blushed at her flattery. "When I'm around boys, I want to be as feminine as I can."

The concert was wonderful. I wore my new beautiful blue angora sweater and skirt set with a full slip that matched the panties and bra.

After the concert we met the boys and to my surprise, they each took our arms, and we strolled to their car. I could feel the silky swish of my slip caress my nyloned thighs as I walked.

Walking along next to these young men in their pants made me realize how effeminate and swishy I'd become. My feelings toward dressing up were becoming confused. Mixed feelings surged through me and I felt unsteady on my high heels. I was so ashamed, so embarrassed. . .so excited.

Then one suggested that we go get sodas but I promised mother I'd come straight home. We went right home but did we ever drive slow. The boy sitting in back with me complimented on my dress and held my hand. My fingernails were elongated and painted prettily. They seemed very feminine next to his.

The boys were gentlemen, and I was only apprehensive once. It was the price I had to pay for wearing girl's clothes. I just had to sit there and let him treat me like a girl.

Marcia looked back at me several times and appeared to be laughing at my precarious position. I knew how I must look. . . her boyfriend wearing a short dress and nylons, hair curled, face made-up and holding hands with a young man.

Marcia said it was better to say nothing to my mother about the goodnight kiss from the boys. I agreed that my mother didn't have to know everything!

The next morning Marcia, mother and I went shopping downtown. I had some Christmas money to spend.

I gushed to mother, "I want to buy a pink pullover cashmere sweater to wear around the house with my pencil-thin black skirt."

"You have enough frilly sweaters, dear," she stated taking the wind out of my sail, "I suggest you buy something you can wear to school."

"Ohh," I moaned assuming she meant going to the boy's department.

Clarifying herself, she said, "I just think you have enough dresses and feminine things. . . if you want some more unisex blouses, T-shirts, sweaters or slacks that are in a neutral color, that's okay. Somethings that won't stand out in school. Let's try the junior miss section."

We looked at sweaters first. I selected a soft textured, forest green cardigan that would be pretty with my white skirt or blue jeans for school. The only thing obviously girlish about it was the buttons and the way it fit snugly over my breasts (which I wouldn't be wearing to school).

Marcia knew about the current fashions and helped me pick out several pairs of pants that I could wear to school. Some didn't have rear pockets and one pair with the zipper in the back. Marcia said I could cover it up with a long sweatshirt.

Mother went along with Marcia's suggestions and I loved the thought of wearing silky, soft fabrics over my lingerie to school.

We stopped at a beauty supply store and mother treated me to a set of combs, brushes, a curler set, hairpins, a hooded dryer and a variety of make-up.

Marcia said, "This curler set has a variety of sizes. If you let your hair grow, you'll need a set of large ones too."

"His hair is pretty long now," mother stated.

"Oh," Marcia declared swinging her mid-back length hair from side to side, "If he doesn't cut it. . .it could be as long as mine and we could have the same hair style."

"Would you like that?" mother asked me.

I nodded.

"We'll have to see how well this works at school. I don't want you to have problems."

"Oh, you must let him grow it out," Marcia pleaded."

CHAPTER SIX

All the way home, I continued to gush forth girlishly about clothes, and what I wanted my hair to look like. I babbled on and on, not sensing that mother was unsympathetic to my enthusiasm.

We dropped Marcia and Mrs. Scott at their home and drove home. Mother looked at me and stated, "We need to talk."

My heart sank as I knew it had to be about my new freedom. . .something I didn't want to give up. "Too much, eh?" I replied.

She shook her head. "There has to be some rules here. You haven't made a boyish gesture this week. I'm concerned that we've over done it. You are a boy, and you should be learning how to be a man not a coquettish young woman."

"I know," I said hanging my head, my fingers playing with the hem of my skirt.

"It's not that simple," she said, her voice fragile. "I have to face the fact that you are very feminine. You have no beard, slim legs, and your chubby bottom looks marvelous in a slim skirt. I don't know how to get the 'Jeanie' back in the bottle."

I looked down feeling like I might cry as she continued. "I hoped that several days of being forced to conduct yourself in a demure and ladylike way would overwhelm you."

"It was a lot of work," I agreed but added, "but I'm good at it, aren't I?"

"Yes dear," mother said, "You make an adorable young girl. The question is whether we encourage you or not?"

"Encourage me?"

"Well, we already have to a degree but what would you say if I suggested that during summer vacation, you live as a girl, 100% of the time---all summer."

"Really?"

"Yes, really," she said smiling, "but I don't mean just dressing you up. I mean I would expect you to be my daughter and do everything a daughter would do."

"What's that mean?"

"I was talking to Mrs. Scott and she wondered if you'd still be fascinated with being a girl if you had to put up with everything a girl your age does. Periods, boys, etc."

"What are you suggesting?" I asked directly.

"We take the next five months to get you ready and then at summer break, you start living as a girl 100%."

"What do you mean, 'get me ready.'"

"If that's what you want, you'll see."

Starting school again I had to try consciously to refrain from girlish affectations, intonation and manner. I missed the feel of skirts. In a day or two, I settled back into my boyish routine.

Mom gave me a week to decide about summer. Being back in school made me think about what all this meant. Mom was serious about this and it scared me. I looked at the girls and the boys around me. I wasn't sure I wanted to be a girl in 'every way.' Oh, I liked the soft clothing, lingerie and sleeping in a nightgown. . .but could I put up with the inconveniences of femininity.

Several days later, Mother invited Mrs. Scott and Marcia over for dinner. I was very nervous because mother insisted I reveal our plans to them.

I think they were surprised when they arrived and saw me wearing my knit dress. We all sat down in the living room and Marcia saw me primly adjust my skirt as I sat down. "You learn fast," she giggled.

I blushed as mother said, "Carey has something to tell you."

I apprehensively told them of my plans for the summer. I worried about Marcia. I couldn't be her boyfriend at all.

She saw my concern and said, "Don't worry, I'll still be your girlfriend. . .you just won't be my boyfriend."

Mother commented, "I'm just worried about people recognizing him."

Mrs. Scott suggested, "Maybe we could bleach his hair. . .a golden blonde would be nice and make him look very different."

Marcia was excited and even hinted that she may do the same.

Mrs. Scott said, "I read about this doctor who specializes in gender problems. Perhaps Carey should see him. . . some female hormones would do wonders."

Mother explained that female hormones would prevent me from turning more fully into a boy and they would save me the embarrassment of having boy's erections.

"Oh good," I commented looking over at Marcia.

"It won't be easy," Mrs. Scott said, "but if you work hard and do what your mother tells you, you will make a lovely young girl."

"And stacked too," Marcia giggled.

Mother interrupted, "As for the hormones, I have no intention of letting his breast development get out of hand. I just think that his breasts should be developing if he decides to continue after summer."

"After summer?" I gasp.

"I suspect that three months of complete feminization will have worked its gentle magic."

"Where do we start!" Marcia squealed. "We only have a few months before summer."

It sounded like mother was going to try to scare me. Was she kidding about making me date boys, take female hormones, have periods, and who knows what else?

The next week, I had my first appointment with the doctor. He was very busy and difficult to get an appointment on Saturday. I was very nervous but mother assured me that it was time we had a professional opinion.

"I like your dress," the doctor said as he introduced himself and motioned for me to sit down on the large couch in his office.

I was acutely aware of my dress and the way it fit over my breasts, and of the encounter with a man who knew I was a boy. My face flushed miserably as I adjusted my short skirt and crossed my legs girlishly.

"You can relax, dear," he said coming around his desk and taking a seat next to me. "I like to have a little conversation with my patients before we do a physical. . . are you a little embarrassed?"

I was beginning to feel deflated and humiliated. My self-confidence had been seriously bruised by my girlish interests and I was conscious of the doctor's scrutiny.



CAREY

MARCIA

*"Marcia is teaching me how to be a lady. By next year
my hair will be as long as hers!"*

"I know it's crazy," I timidly stated.

"From what I can see, maybe not. It's my job to determine that." The doctor sat down his clip board and said again, "That dress is very pretty on you."

"Thank you. I guess." I blushed again, this time at my own excitement. I stirred uneasily at the brilliance of his look.

He asked me a lot of questions about my upbringing, feelings about girls and how I related at school. We must have talked for a half an hour and I had relaxed until he said, "Let me examine you."

I flinched at the tone of his voice. I stood up and he said, "Let me help you with that." He stood up and unzipped the back of my dress. The cool, office air gave me chills to the tips of my toes.

"Did your mother give you that pretty slip?" he asked as I took that off too.

I nodded. Mixed feelings surged through me. I found his scrutiny both disturbing and exciting. I fought to control my swirling emotions.

The doctor smiled and said, "You are lucky. You have a lot of feminine characteristics. See how your hips flare out here. . .that's why you look so good in a dress and your panties fit so well."

He took measurements and pointed out my various effeminate features. He finished with, "I think we can feminize you far more than your mother and girlfriend have done. The possibilities are up to you. I can give you female hormones to further feminize your figure. In six months, a bra could be most warranted."

"Really?" I gasp.

"If that's what you want?"

During the next few months on Saturdays, I would meet the doctor and get a hormone shot. I always wore a cute little dress and tried to look my best. Most of the time I was his last appointment and he would take me out for a long walk or to lunch. We talked a lot and he generally helped me begin my adjustment from one life to another.

Epilogue

Five months later.

I stared into the mirror with fascination, the hassle of these last few months forgotten. School was out and just in time. I was beginning to get some pretty strange looks from the boys at school.

On the hormones, my skin got softer and creamy white. My buttocks were almost a little too chubby for tight pants and I had begun to wear a girdle to school.

I was wearing a sleeveless red dress, shorter and more form-fitting than I'd ever worn before. Big hook earrings, and a dainty gold necklace adorned my neck. My hair hung down to my shoulders in a velvety mass. I had on the sheerest nude colored nylons and white high heeled pumps. Marcia was picking me up to go to a movie and I re-applied pink lipstick and stuffed it into my small beaded handbag.

I sat down on my bed to check the bag's contents and the dress rode all the way up my thighs. I felt coquettish in a whimsical way. Fussing with my bangs until I got the wispy effect I wanted, I hoped Marcia would get turned on by my vision.

Last night, I had folded up all my "boy clothes" and put them in boxes and took them to the garage.

I wasn't threatened by the boy clothes (and about being a boy in general). I'll admit right now, the gesture was about my new way of being.

How did I feel as I carried my boy clothes away in boxes? I was still male, but my closets were filled with "girl clothes" and I would now be wearing clothes meant for a girl.

How did all this change me? What did it all mean to wear girl's things exclusively now?

It's all so different! What's in my closet now? To mention a few things. Two loose print jumpers, appropriate for play and casual outings; a black and cream empire-waist dress, appropriate for fancy dinners and certain types of family parties; various length skirts in a variety of colors and styles, appropriate for summer secretarial jobs (note particularly the a hobble skirt which requires walking down stairs sideways and hopping up curbs); a long black skirt with demure slit, appropriate for going to special luncheons; a straight black miniskirt (for the daring effect); pleated charcoal miniskirt (reminiscent of a Catholic schoolgirl); a black linen above-the-knee dress (can be worn to an office with white blazer; a flowered minidress to be worn on my "Rebecca" wannabe days (hemline rises revealingly in the wind); pinchy black shoes with pointed toes and bows; soft form-fitted sweaters that show off my budding femininity.

This description of my closet suggest some things about the kind of girl I'm trying to becoming. Compared to boy clothes, a lot of the clothes are uncomfortable and difficult to maneuver in. Most of them are about being pretty, sexy, or at least about being feminine in the right kind of way.

The clothes not only attest to my "girliness," but highlight that I am not much of a male. Not many males would wear a dress, make-up and curl their hair like I do!

If I assumed I'd just be sitting around in my little dresses for the summer, I was wrong. Mother insisted I get a job. At first, I got a temp job as a file clerk for an insurance company, then in a department store and finally as an executive secretary in a bank.

As I left for work each day, I began hearing my mother's voice telling me about "making a good impression" and looking "respectable."

I quickly learned about short skirts that make their own decisions about how much of my legs to reveal. Some clothes said, "I'm pretty and I know it." Others said, "Look at me. . .I'm a sensual young woman."

What started out as sensuality was becoming my sexuality. So much of what mother and Marcia were teaching me had to do with looking attractive and responding like a normal girl.

Marcia was disappointed if I wouldn't be "flirtatious" when we were out, and we had a number of overblown arguments when I wouldn't encourage some young man's attention.

Thus, my girl clothes are caught up now in the struggles of my sexuality. Summer is almost over and I don't know where I'm going to end up. Mother and I haven't talked about school starting.

Each day in dresses makes me feel more inadequate and unsuitable to be male. . .to grow up into a man and wear men's clothes.

I know that wearing girl's clothes will never solve any of my feelings of male inadequacy, but it allows me an escape from my own discomfort with masculinity.

My breasts which until recently had hardly been perceptible have begun to swell softly and astonish me with charming but embarrassing sensations. My hips have rounded out and have taken on a new undulation. I guess I have focused on my femininity to overcome my feelings of shame at surrendering my masculinity.

While other boys my age are playing boisterous games and doing interesting work, I am worried about spotting my light colored skirt.

I'm trying not to allow masculinity into my life. I'm trying to emphasize my feminine qualities by just feeling like a normal girl would. At least what I think they feel. I flirt, get crushes, and be coquettish. . .I'm determined not to just be playing "dress-up".

I have accepted my femininity and the charm of passivity. I love trying different make-ups, ways of doing my hair and instead of hiding my breasts I massage them to make them grow.

Luckily, so far, I have had the privilege of picking my identity but don't know where it's going to take me. If there were more guys who boxed up their boy clothes, maybe I'd know what to do!

THE END

**IF YOU LIKED THIS STORY AND WOULD LIKE TO
HEAR MORE ABOUT CAREY'S SUMMER AND LIFE,
WRITE TO ME!**

**SANDY THOMAS
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 U.S.A.**

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