

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

TRAINED LIKE MOM

Kevin is trained by his mother to walk a mile in her shoes...and dress!



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TRAINED LIKE MOM

By Kelly Anne

Chapter 1 (Book One of Two)

"Summer's almost over and we'll be starting school pretty soon," my friend Kim lamented as he sprayed some perfume on his wrist to see if he liked the scent.

"So, it's not as if we're not ready or anything," Joe answered as he slipped a pair of knee-highs up his legs, and then wiggled his feet into a pair of heels. Joe's short black hair and short shorts made him look ludicrous as he swayed to hold his balance while trying to get used to walking in heels. "I mean we've been practicing all summer."

"Yeah, mom and Sue have been giving me pointers and stuff since last summer," answered Kim. "It's still kind of scary though."

"My brother Rich went through it a couple of years ago, and he said it wasn't all that bad. He even told me that it was sort of fun. Mom and dad said this was going to be the best thing that ever happened to me. After all, Rich went through it and he's done real well ever since," Joe groaned as the shoes pinched his toes.

"I hope he's right. I'd hate to think that I did this work for nothing," I piped in as I ran a brush through my collar length hair checking for any tangles. There weren't likely to be any, since I'd just finished brushing it a hundred times to make it shiny and silky.

Every evening when I showered, I used shampoo and conditioner, and then brushed it to keep it looking good. Kim's hair looked great in a ponytail, but this weekend, mom promised to get my hair done. Then we'd see whose hair was prettier.

"My family's driving me crazy trying to make sure that I'm ready for school. I'd love to get my bat and glove and play some baseball, but they won't let me," I groaned

Joe nodded in agreement, "Tell me about it. Instead of practicing my fielding, I'm practicing walking with a book on my head."

"Why did your brother think it was fun?" I asked Joe as I stuck cotton between my toes to keep them separate while I put a new coat of nail polish on them. "This seems like a pain in the neck to me."

"He mentioned getting to know the girls. It was like they were off-guard and not as snobby as they act now."

"Yeah, I heard that too," Kim set down a tube of lipstick he just used and blotted his lips with a tissue. "Maybe this will be worth doing," he said as he carefully applied a coat of mascara to his lashes. "At least Rich got a lot good out of it."

A major company was so impressed with Rich that they made him an offer before the end of his interview. That was rare, but not unusual for graduates of the program my friends and I were beginning at school.

Teenage boys putting on makeup, practicing walking in heels, and worrying about their hair may be unusual, but when school starts, we won't be like other boys, we will be like girls. We'll wear the normal girl's uniform, a Kelly green pleated skirt and blazer, a white blouse, knee socks, and penny loafers or saddle shoes. We'll have our hair styled, our ears pierced, our nails filed and polished, and our eyebrows tweezed. We'll probably be standing with a group of other girls before classes start, talking about our schedules, our vacations, clothes, and of course boys. All because our school decided, and our parents agreed, that the best way to succeed after high school is to be well mannered and understanding of others.



"Darn! Learning to walk in high heels will permanently injure me," Joe lamented. Kim sympathized as he attempted to apply lipstick without smearing.

A detailed study found that most boys have a difficult time adjusting to life after high school because they're too rough and ill mannered; in short they're still immature. They suffer in the workplace, taking longer to advance than women, and also they have troubles in relationships with women.

Girls, on the other hand, suffer no such problems. They're much better mannered, not nearly as rough, and far more mature than boys the same age. The people who did the study decided that girls mature faster than boys because they learn how to coordinate outfits, wear makeup, do their hair, and all of the other little things that girls do and boys don't. Therefore, it seemed logical that if boys did the same things, they'd become more mature and refined, which in turn would lead to fewer problems after high school. That would lead to better jobs and possibly even more stable relationships.

A meeting was held, facts and figures were discussed, the parents voted, and the rest is history. The program was called "Walk a Mile (WAM), based on the saying that to truly understand another person, you have to walk a mile in their shoes. Parents of boys who take advantage of the program are told what is required of their sons and advised to begin preparations a year before starting the program.

"Have you decided on a name yet?" I asked Kim, "I'm going to be called Trisha. That's what my parents would have called me if I had been born a girl."

"Trisha is a pretty name. It's a name a really prissy girl would have. My family decided I'd take the feminine version of my male name. Thus, I'll be Kimberly," Kim giggled.

"My parents were just as unimaginative," Joe groaned. "I'm stuck with Joanne."

Kim finished his mascara and examined at his reflection in the mirror. "Joanne's okay, and Jo's actually a pretty name. At least we have real girl's names instead of something like Priscilla"

Joe started to rummage through my closet, checking out my new outfits. "Did you guys hear about Dave Smoller? His parents named him Candace. Can you imagine being called Candy?"

He began pulling dresses out of my closet and holding them against his body to see how they looked. "How come you have so many dresses? We're wearing uniforms, remember?"

I took the dress from him and hung it back up again. "First, Candace is a very nice name and so is Candy. Second, can't you leave my things alone for even a minute?"

"Sorry, Trisha," Joe grinned as he used my girl name, "Just wondering why you need so many clothes?"

"Joe, you're a pain." I avoided answering his question, but he wasn't willing to let it drop.

"I know that I'm a pain. What I want to know is why you have so many dresses in your closet?"

I sighed, wishing that Joe would mind his own business and stay out of my closet. "My parents think that the course is so good that they've signed me up for my junior and senior years. Also mom thinks that a girl can't have too many pretty outfits. Are you happy now?"

"Two years?" Joe whistled softly, "Two whole years as a chick. That's a long time!"

"Can't you rub it in just a little more, Joe?" Kim asked sarcastically. He turned to me and smiled. "I'll be keeping you company, Kevin. My folks signed me up for two years too."

Our lessons in acting like girls must have sunk in because Kim and I were soon hugging like a couple of teenage girls. "That's the best news I've had all day," I told him as tears began to form in my eyes. "Jeez, all of mom's preaching about showing feelings must be getting to me," I said as I wiped away the tears.

"I just hope that you two come back when it's all over," Joe said. "You know there have been some that didn't return to being boys."

Joe was referring to those guys who after participating in the program decide to stay as girls. That was always a big worry for the boys entering the program. What if they like being girls, or worse yet, their parents decide that they prefer having a daughter instead of a son?

It happened that way to several boys over the years. Their parents liked having a sweet pretty daughter and decided to keep them that way. No one ever thought less of them; many still live and work in the area, and a few have husbands.

"We'll be back. Joe, what about you? What if your folks want you to go another year?"

Suddenly Joe was no longer smiling, "That's not funny, not funny at all."

I put my arm around him and pulled him close. It didn't occur to me not to hug Joe. He needed a hug and I was close. Of course, before this summer, I wouldn't have thought of hugging him, no matter how upset he was. "What's wrong, Joe? You can always talk to us."

Joe swallowed hard and began to cry. "You may have a lot of dresses, Kevin, but my mom bought me all kinds of fancy underwear. I don't own a single pair of cotton panties. They're all nylon, or worse yet, satin. The nylon panties are not too bad, but the others are real frilly and have lace everywhere. Worse yet, some are nothing but lace!"

"Calm down, Joe," I told him as I opened a drawer in my dresser to reveal several pair of pretty nylon panties in pink, blue, green, and yellow. All girls have stuff like this. Mom says it's supposed to make them feel pretty and special."

"That's what's wrong," Joe sobbed. "I'm afraid of feeling like that. Mom's been dressing me in girl's clothes to go shopping

with her. At first it was boring, but she bought me the latest styles and told me how pretty I looked. I don't know why I like it when she does that, but I do, and the clothes felt really nice too."

"That's the way we're supposed to think, Joe," Kim explained. "My family has pushed me to think like a girl for almost a year now, and we're going to classes all summer to learn to be girls."

"Kim's right, Joe, we're supposed to enjoy getting dolled up. After all, we have to fit in as girls at school and our jobs. How can we do that if we don't think of ourselves as girls?"

"Yeah, mom has been shoving this girl stuff at me since last year," I sighed. I held up a dress to see if I liked the length. She promised to teach me how to hem my own clothes. "I actually enjoyed going to 'Girl School' to get away from her constant pestering."

Joe was loosening up. He kicked off his heels and rubbed his feet. "It was so spooky looking like a girl and liking it!"

"What were you wearing?" Kim asked before I could. Somehow it seemed important to know what Joe was wearing. "Anything really nice?"

Joe got a faraway look in his eyes. "I wore a pair of really hot looking ivory colored lace panties. I couldn't believe how light they felt. Mom bought me a matching set of lingerie so my bra was the same color. It was satin and had lace around the edges of the cups, really pretty. That was sexy enough, but there was also a garter belt that matched the panties, bra, and slip!"

"I tried one of those on," Kim interrupted breathlessly, "They are so-o-o sexy!"

"You're not kidding," Joe's eyes were bright. He smiled and his tears disappeared. "Mom showed me how to thread the straps through my panties, then she helped me roll on a pair of nylons that made my best pantyhose feel like sandpaper! I hated to cover them with my slip and dress, but when I was all dressed, I not only looked pretty, I really felt pretty. Know what I mean?"

"I guess so," Kim answered while looking at my nightgowns. "I've started to feel funny like that when I wear some of my outfits."

I put the dress that I was admiring back into my closet. "Are your parents pushing as hard as mine?"

Kim shook his head. "I haven't worn anything but panties since last October. They made me remove all my Hockey posters and put up posters of the Backstreet boys and Nsync. They redid my bedroom too. I now have lilac colored carpet, pink walls, and a canopy bed. That's why we never hang out at my place."

Joe laughed, "My parents took away all of my 'Popular Mechanics' magazines and gave me subscriptions to 'Seventeen' and 'Young Miss'."

Listening to them made me feel better that my parents had only made me take down my hot rod posters. I also had a subscription to 'Seventeen', which helped me choose some of my outfits.

"What about boys though? Have they mentioned anything about boys?" I asked.

Joe and Kim thought for a little bit, and then Joe shook his head. "Not really," he replied.

"Sort of," Kim answered sheepishly, "Why?"

Great, I had to ask. Now I have to tell why. "My mom keeps bringing them up."

"What do you mean?" Joe pressed, much to my dismay.

"She keeps mentioning guys that we go to school with, ones that aren't in the program. You know what I mean?"

"Guys like Mike Banks or Tom Detz by chance?" Kim knew what I meant. The names he mentioned are the best looking guys in school. Mom brought up their names most often.

"You too, huh?" I tried to laugh.

"Yeah, me too," Kim shook his head. "Are our parents trying to find us boyfriends?"

"You think they'd go that far?" Joe asked in amazement. "I mean we're really boys too."

"I'm not a boy to my family," Kim said softly. "Mom and Sue always ask me to help with a zipper or ask what I think of an outfit. Sue and I go shopping all the time and we even do each other's hair and nails. Mom was happily thumbing through a catalog of Prom gowns the other day. She pointed a few out and asked what I thought of them."

"What did you tell her?" Joe asked as he held up a short pink dress from my closet.

"I blew it!" Kim confessed sadly. "I told her that a couple were very pretty. I couldn't help it. I'm having a tough time thinking of myself as a boy and the gowns were pretty."

"Good grief," Joe suddenly exclaimed, "I can't believe how dumb I've been!"

"What's up?" Kim wondered, "Something I said ring a bell?"

"The magazines, the shopping trips, and the clothes. When we go shopping, she points out boys she thinks are cute. She's trying to make me think of myself as a girl!"

"Correction, Joe, it's not just your family. All of our families are treating us as girls," Kim laid everything out. "Why else would I be wearing nylon and satin panties while my mom and sister wear cotton ones? My sister has long hair, but she wears it any way that she wants. I had to get a perm."

"We're getting worked up for nothing." I had a good reason for what was happening, and now I had to convince everyone, including myself. "We're being pushed into these girly things to help us look and feel like girls for the program. Real girls don't need to wear frilly things all of the time because they're used to being girls."

"Maybe..." Joe answered shaking his head slowly, "but what if they won't let us return to being boys? I'm not sure I'll want to return if I spend much more time in dresses and shopping with mom."

"Me either," I giggled, "but I doubt that our parents will make us stay as girls if we didn't want to. After all, they didn't make Rich stay as a girl, right?"

"No, I guess you're right. I suppose they will allow us return to being boys if we wanted to," Kim sighed.

"You don't sound sure that you will want to be a boy again, Kim?" Joe asked as he removed another dress from my closet. "Would you really want to be a girl?"

"I don't think so," Kim quickly replied, "but there were guys who decided they'd rather be girls, right?"

"A couple of them I think, why?"

"That's a good question. Why?" Kim asked mysteriously. "Why did they like being girls more than guys?"

"We'll find out soon enough," I shrugged. "It hasn't been that bad so far."

"By the way, Joe," I asked, "Any chance I can borrow some of those panties you were talking about? I'd like to find out how they feel."

"Sure, if I can borrow this dress. I like the way the skirt flips back and forth when you walk. It would be so cool to wear sometime!"

"It's a deal," I laughed, "my dress for your lingerie. I'm getting the best part of this deal though. Matching lingerie sounds so nice. I'm not really sure why, but it just does."

"Why don't you ask your mom to get you some?" Kim asked. "You can bet that I'm going to ask mine for some."

"I have a better idea," Joe had a strange grin on his face. "Why don't the three of us go shopping for ourselves, I mean as Joanne, Kim, and Trisha? Lots of girls go to the mall alone and it would be so much fun to buy our own lingerie. I wouldn't feel so bad if you guys wore the same kind of panties."

"Can you believe this?" Kim laughed. "We're worried that our parents are trying to turn us into girls forever, yet we can't wait to wear some frilly underwear."

"Can't help it," I shrugged, "My mom has done such a good job that she might just get the daughter she always wanted."

"You'll forget all about being a guy once you put them on," Joe happily informed us. "You just can't think of yourself as a boy while wearing them."

We were making plans for our shopping trip when mom interrupted us. "Time to call it a night, girls. You girls have classes tomorrow."

"We'll talk about it tomorrow, Kevin. Okay?" Kim asked as Joe and he left. "Sounds like a lot of fun!"

Chapter 2

After Joe and Kim left, mom and I talked about the coming school year and what my friends and I thought about spending time as girls. "Joe's a little afraid. He's afraid that he won't be able to return to being a boy next year. Actually so are Kim and I."

"Jo and Kim, which girl is which?"

"Jo is Joe. His parents have decided to call him Joanne."

Mom smiled warmly, "I think Joanne is a lovely name, but of course, I prefer Trisha. I assume that Kim is now Kimberly?"

"Yeah! Kim's going to be Kimberly and his parents signed him up for two years too! Isn't that great? I'll have someone I know around when I'm a senior."

Mom went straight for the jugular, "That sounds wonderful, honey, but don't you think it's time to stop calling yourselves Joe, Kim, and Kevin? Pretty girls shouldn't have boy's names, right? You're not boys anymore, remember?"

The class mom sent me too had the effects she wanted. I agreed with her completely. After all, boys didn't wear pretty clothes, use makeup, and they certainly didn't want to buy themselves ultra feminine underwear. "Yeah, you're right. I'll bring it up with them tomorrow."

I was in my room preparing for a relaxing bath when I realized that mom had ignored that Joe was afraid of staying a girl. I smelled a rat, but I also smelled the perfume from my bath oil and it smelled so much better, so I slipped under the bubbles and forgot about being a boy.

It all sounds pretty strange; boys dressing up like girls, wearing makeup, and going to school as girls. We'd be laughed at, picked on, and humiliated, right? Wrong!

The school officials made it clear that we boys were to be treated as though we were simply taking a different course of study offered at school. Everyone must assume that we always had been girls and we must be treated the same as any real girl. We would use the girl's bathrooms, attend gym class as girls, and under no circumstances was anyone to ever tease us or think of us as boys. Any violation of this policy could result in harsh disciplinary action, including the offending boy being enrolled in the program himself!

Only one boy, a freshman, ever broke the rules and ridiculed some of the new girls. He was promptly called into the office and his parents notified. He was absent for two days, but when he returned, he sought out the boys he ridiculed and apologized, saying that he was wrong and hoped that they could be friends.

It probably wasn't easy for him to swallow his pride and admit that he was wrong, but then again it was probably much harder for him to spend two weeks as a little girl named Linda

Jean in frilly, little girl party dresses with fluffy petticoats. Two years later, his parents signed him up for the program, which he completed with honors. Today, Linda Jean is a pretty secretary and one of the most attractive, sought after women in town.

I soaked in my hot bubble bath for an hour, making sure my legs and underarms were cleanly shaven. I slipped on a silky baby-doll nightgown that barely covered my matching panties, and then drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 3

The next morning, I was back in class with my friends, wearing a denim skirt, a white shirt tied at the midriff, and light blue ankle socks with pink and white sneakers. It was my first time in class dressed completely as a girl; I usually just wore cut-off jeans.

Although I felt a little funny on my way to class, not a single person stared at me along the way. The guys I passed checked me out the same as they would any other girl, looking at my padded boobs and my face. After I passed, they checked out my butt. Mom and my teachers told me to expect this, so it didn't bother me too much. I was a girl and that was what boys did when they saw a girl. It was what I had done before I started 'girl practice' as my friends and I called the class.

"Hey, Kevin, what about the shopping trip? Will your mom let you go today?" I saw Joe standing in front of my desk. He looked cute in a pair of white shorts and a pale green, sleeveless top. His black hair was past his ears, and curled under ever so slightly. He wore eyeshadow that matched his top along with coral lipstick that matched his perfectly polished nails.

We've been friends for years, and although girls considered him cute, I never paid any attention to his looks. Today though, with his light makeup, pretty hairstyle, and cute outfit, he was absolutely adorable.

"Hi, Jo, you look really pretty. I forgot to ask my mom. I'll call her during the break. And don't call me Kevin, I'm Trisha, remember?"

Joe thought about it for a few seconds, and then shook his head. "I guess you're right," he giggled, "You're too much of a girl to be a Kevin."

"I hope so," I laughed, "I have to be a girl for the next two years!"

Just then Kim walked in wearing a yellow sundress with a matching jacket, flats, and a purse. His legs looked fantastic in a pair of white stockings and he had his hair pulled back into his usual ponytail, but this time it was tied in place with a strip of yellow lace.

Joe and I looked at each other in amazement. Was this the same guy who told us how worried he was about being a girl? He didn't seem the least bit worried now as he swung his little purse from his shoulder to the chair, smoothed out his skirt, and sat down at the desk next to me.

"Hi, guys," he said cheerfully, "Just a couple of more days till the end of class!"

"Looks like you're finished already," Joe laughed as he watched Kim carefully turn to face us, then cross his legs.

"Mom picked out my outfit," Kim blushed as he gently pulled his skirt towards his knees. "She thought I'd look good in it. What do you think?"

"You're supposed to do that with boys, remember?" Joe shook his head. "Didn't anything we've learned sink into that little brain of yours? You flirt with boys, not with other girls."

Kim laughed and shook his head, "I can't help it. I'm a blonde!"

Joe and I explained that we decided to use only our girl names from now on, and that if we could get permission from our

parents, we were going to go on a real girly-girl shopping trip in the afternoon.

Kim hadn't wasted any time last night, "Count me in. Mom said I could go. Best of all, she gave me her credit card!"

"If you girls will quiet down, we will begin class," our teacher, Ms Marelli, was staring straight at us. "Today, we'll discuss boys and dating. I'm sure that many of you girls have already decided that you'll never, ever, go on a date with a boy. But think about it, for the next school year, you're going to be looking, acting, and hopefully thinking just like any real girl your age".

"Since you've started dressing as girls for this class, obviously your families and friends have started to treat you as girls. After a few weeks, when the novelty wears off, your classmates will forget that you are boys and begin to treat you only as girls. Some of you will be getting jobs where you'll be dealing with the public. People who don't know you will take one look at your hair, your nails, your makeup, and think 'girl'. That's exactly what we want them to think, and of course, the reason why you're here."

"All of your close friends will be girls, so it will be very easy to forget that you're a boy. It won't take long before many of you start to think of yourselves as girls. Once you start to think of yourself as a girl, you'll begin to attract boys. It can't be helped; it's simply nature at work. Now you're probably thinking, 'So what, I'll tell them to get lost'. What would you think of a girl who did that to you?"

After a few seconds of thought, hands went up. "Yes, Trisha, what would you think of a girl like that?"

"That she was stuck up," I answered, "stuck up and a..."

Mrs. Marelli cut me off before I could finish giving my opinion. "Thank you, Trisha, stuck up will do nicely."

"Joanne, would you ask her for a date?"

Joe who was digging in his purse was caught off-guard. "Uh, no, no, I wouldn't," he answered, recovering quickly.

"Cathy, would you tell your friends about her?"

Cathy was still having problems adjusting his voice and Ms Marelli would call on him several times a class. "I'd tell every guy I knew."

"So girls, do you see what I'm getting at? You will attract boys, like it or not. How you handle them will make all of the difference between being lonely and having a good time. If you're sitting at home alone with no friends, it will be the worst time of your life and you will not be receiving the full benefits of the program."

A boy named Beth raised his hand, "Are you saying that we should date other boys?"

"No, Beth," Ms Marelli replied, "not other boys, just boys. You're a girl now, not a boy."

Beth seemed a little shaken as he sat down, but as I looked around the room I saw others with small grins. Kim was one of those grinning. I couldn't wait until the break to talk to him about it. Would he actually go on a date with a boy?

Mrs. Marelli proceeded to give us pointers not only on how to handle a guy who wanted a date, but also on how to get a guy to ask for a date. By the end of class, we were well versed in all the little tricks a girl uses to get a boy's attention. Once she had his attention, it was a short step to a date. I'm amazed at how easily it is done, but I'm still not sure I'm ready to go on a date as a girl. Of course, I didn't want to spend the next two years alone, so I guess I'll have to get used to being the object of a boy's desires! Thank heavens, Ms Marelli promised to spend our last few classes talking about how to act on a date.

Joe, Kim, and I rushed to the ladies room when the break came, then Jo and I had to wait for Kim to touch up his makeup. "Last night, you weren't sure about this girl thing," I said as he

touched up his lipstick. "Today, you're the most fem girl in the class. What gives with the matching shoes and purse, Missy?"

"After I got home, mom and I had a long talk about everything and she gave me a music tape to listen to. She promised that if I listened to it overnight, I'd feel better about myself. She was right too. When I woke up this morning, I couldn't wait to learn all about boys. When mom suggested this outfit, I thought it was gorgeous."

"You're right about that," Joe whistled softly, "Girl, you are hot!"

"If you think this is hot, check this out," Kim lifted his skirt to show us his pretty slip, panties, and nylons. "Of course, my bra matches everything else and it all feels so comfortable. Mom told me where she bought the set. That's why she was happy to let me go shopping with her credit card."

We didn't have much time to talk. By the time Joe and Kim finished with their hair and makeup, it was time to return to class. As we returned, I felt somewhat strange. Kim and Joe looked so nice in their outfits and seemed so comfortable as girls, yet I was still having trouble adjusting. I decided to mention it to mom when I got home and see if she could help me put together an outfit like Joe's. I knew the basics of makeup, but maybe mom would show me a few tricks to get that "natural" look.

The rest of the class was a review of walking and sitting like a girl. Some guys still had problems walking in heels, but real girls often have the same problem. We passed our tests on how to sit like ladies, so Ms Marelli let us go home early.

Chapter 4

Rushing home, Kim, Joe, and I cornered mom in the kitchen and begged her to let us go shopping together. Mom was a little hesitant at first. "You're sure this is what you want, Trisha? After all, you have plenty of lingerie in your drawers."

"I know, Mom, but I don't have anything as pretty as the stuff Kimberly's mom bought her," I pleaded. "If you let me go, I promise to go shopping with you this weekend."

I figured that the shopping trip with mom would clinch the deal. She'd been trying to get me to go shopping with her ever since I started wearing girl's clothes around the house last fall. I kept saying no because I didn't think of myself as enough of a girl to be seen in public.

That was all before she sent me to 'girl practice' for a month. I'd spent the last 10 months getting used to curlers, bras, makeup, and shaving my legs and underarms every time I took a bath. Now I felt like a teenage girl and this girl wanted to shop!

"All right, Trisha, I'll let you go on one condition. You'll go to the hairdressers with me this weekend."

Getting my hair done was something else mom pestered me about. I couldn't do it during the last school year since I wasn't to be a girl for another year, but she hounded me daily as soon as summer vacation started. I appeased her by letting her try different hairstyles on me at home, but now she had me. I looked at Joe and Kim and decided that I wanted to stand out. I was tired of being the "Plain Jane" of our group.

"It's a deal," I agreed.

Mom gave me her credit card and drove us to the mall where and the three of us made a beeline for the shop where Kim's mom bought him lingerie. "This is so great!" I said as we passed racks of the sexiest, most beautiful lingerie. I couldn't believe all the different styles in panties alone. There were high cut, French cut, bikinis, and hipsters. They came in all the colors of the rainbow and with as much or as little lace as a woman desires.

"Isn't this cool?" Kim asked as he carefully examined a set of panties, "We never got to wear anything like this before."

"You're being a bimbo again, Kimberly," Joe whispered to keep the other shoppers from hearing. "We were boys and boys don't wear panties."

Kim brushed Joe's remark off with a big smile. "I know that, but we're girls now, and I'm going to be the girliest girl I can be."

Joe looked at Kim and rolled his eyes, "Girliest girl, what are you talking about?"

Kim took a quick look around to make sure no one else could hear. "I'm talking about panties, satin panties, lace panties, panties that will scream 'look at me, I'm a girl and I love it'! I want to wear pretty panties, slips, camisoles, and maybe even garter belts and nylons. I want to look and feel like a pretty girl."

Joe looked puzzled, but I knew exactly how Kim felt. Lately I have felt the same feelings. I wore dresses, pantyhose, and heels around the house when a pair of slacks, slouch socks, and penny loafers would have been fine. Mom didn't seem to mind. In fact, she often told me how pretty I looked, which always perked me up. I had several pairs of girl's cotton PJ's in my drawers, but I quit wearing them, preferring baby doll nighties with matching panties that mom had bought when I first started dressing as a girl.

"That must have been some tape your mom gave you, Kim," Joe exclaimed. "You're more of a girl than my sister. She hates dressing up. It has to be important to get her to wear a dress."

"Your sister's goofy."

Joe turned and looked at me. "Goofy?"

"Look around us, we're surrounded by soft pretty clothes that feel so good to wear. Why wouldn't a girl want to wear them?" I agreed with Kim.

"Beats me," Kim said as he held a lilac colored half-slip against him. "Anyone see a matching bra and panties for this?"

I found several different sets of matching lingerie in ivory, pink, lilac, and mint green. The ivory set came with a garter belt, and the bra had lace across the bottom half of both cups as well as lace detailing around the edges of the cups. The half-slip had two inches of lace at the hem and on both sides of the slit. I couldn't help imagining how wonderful it would be to wear such a fancy slip under my plain uniform skirt.

"How about this for our graduation next week?" Joe was modeling a pretty floral print dress with a full skirt. The dress had lace trim across its crisscrossed front, which was open just low enough to catch a boy's attention, but high enough to keep him from seeing anything. It ended several inches above his knees, but was just the right length for girls our age. I was so involved in shopping for lingerie that I hadn't noticed his leaving.

"It's very pretty, Joanne. The lace trim across the front makes you look so innocent."

"Thanks, Trisha, that's what I thought. I saw it from across the aisle and had to see if they had my size. Where's Kimberly?"

I really felt stupid. I was so involved in finding the right panties that Joe had time to select a dress and try it on and Kim had disappeared without a trace.

"You girls looking for me?" Kim asked. Joe and I turned to see Kim standing in a denim skirt and a very low cut top that revealed the top of Kim's breasts. Kim's breasts? Where in heck did he get breasts?

"Oh my God, Kimberly," I nearly shouted, "You've got boobs!"

"You do!" Joe said after recovering from the shock. "You really do have boobs! How, why...?"

Kim put a delicate finger to his frosted pink lips. "Calm down, you're going to draw attention to us."

"But, but..." I stammered.

"They're not real," he whispered. "They glue on but they feel like the real thing."

"They sure look real enough," Joe couldn't take his eyes off of Kim's bust. "You're lucky to have a mom who'd get you that."

Kim shrugged off the compliments. "She said that if I'm going to be a girl, I'm going to do it right. That means having breasts and wearing pretty clothes. She wants me to be all girl, not a tomboy."

'All girl?' I thought. Kim's mother wants him to be a real girl. That's something I had to talk to mom about. I never realized that being a girl was so competitive, yet I couldn't help feeling jealous of Kim, his pretty clothes, his great mother, and especially his boobs.

Just then I heard a cheerful, "Are you ladies looking for something special?"

I looked at a pretty girl whose nametag said Vicky. I wasn't sure what to do. Here I was, a sixteen-year old boy holding onto several sets of girl's lingerie.

"Oh hi, Vicky," Kim responded, "I didn't know you worked here."

Vicky stared at Kim for a few seconds before answering, "Hi, Kim, I didn't recognize you at first. You look really nice. I take it that you and your friends are new girls at school?"

Kim laughed, "What gave us away?"

"This is the most popular department for new girls. Most of you come here sooner or later. It took me almost three months to work up enough nerve to come here when I was a new girl."

"You were a new girl?" I nearly had to catch my jaw before it hit the ground.

"Yes, I was in the second class of new girls. Joe's brother, Rich and I were in the same class," she said with a smile that

could melt any guy's heart. Vicky ran her hands along the side of her dress. "He went back, I decided to stay."

Joe couldn't take his eyes off of Vicky. He kept looking at her face, her figure, and her great looking legs. "I would never have guessed. You look so natural," Joe finally gasped.

"So do the three of you," Vicky laughed. Then she turned her attention to Kim's bust. "That top's very pretty and very daring. Are you sure you're ready for it?"

"Positive," Kim smiled then arched his back. "My mom wants be to be all girl. She bought these for me."

"You're never going to be thought of as a boy in that top with those breasts," Vicky laughed. "I wish I had the nerve to wear something like that when I was a new girl."

"I'm not sure I've got the nerve to wear these," I told her as I held up the panty sets I'd chosen. "I'm going to do my best though."

"You'll get used it quickly," she assured me. "I bet in a couple of weeks, you'll forget about being a boy."

"We just spent the summer learning how to be girls. Sometimes I forgot while I was in class." I admitted sheepishly. "It was a tough class, but it's been fun."

Kim agreed, "Learning how to do makeup was the really hard part. The part about dating was interesting! I can't see myself on a date with a boy though."

"Neither could Rich at first," Vicky giggled. "Joe, get him to tell you about some of our double dates, or better yet, ask him about the prom."

"Rich went to the prom?" Joe was amazed at the news. "He never mentioned that when we talked about being a new girl."

"Ask him, but don't tell him I told you. Now, let me show you girls some pretty outfits to go with your new lingerie."



“Boys aren’t supposed to shop for lingerie...” Joe grumbled.
“It’s okay if you boys are wearing dresses,” the saleslady interrupted.

"These are really pretty, Trisha," Mom told me as I showed her my new treasures. "Do you have a particular outfit in mind to wear them with?"

"I thought they'd feel really nice under my school uniform. It's very bland, and not very feminine at all."

"I'm sure that they will take care of feeling feminine," mom said as she carefully examined a set of lingerie. "I'm not sure why you felt that you needed them though."

"Kimberly's looked so pretty..."

Mom smiled in a funny sort of way. "Kim and you were always trying to outdo each other. Will it be the same for Kimberly and Trisha?"

I forgot about the friendly rivalry Kim and I had, the contests to see who could ride their bike faster, could climb higher in a tree, and dozens of other contests over the years. "I guess your right, Mom, I shouldn't have bought these. I have enough already."

Mom gave me a quick hug. "You've still have a lot to learn about being a girl, Trisha," she laughed. "Girls can be every bit as competitive as boys, just about different things. Girls compete for boyfriends and whose is the cutest, on clothes and whose outfit is prettiest, and especially on looks. Girls will look at each other much more critically than boys do. They want to have the prettiest hair, the best looking makeup, and even the biggest breasts."

"Speaking of breasts, Mom," I hastily interrupted, fearful of losing a perfect way to bring up the issue. "Did you know that Kim's mother bought him fake boobs that glue on? They look so real! You should have seen how he looked in a low cut top at the mall!"

Mom was silent for several long minutes. Her face told me that she was deep in thought and her stare told me she was

thinking about me. Had I gone too far? She took a deep breath. "Do you want help to be more like a real girl, one with breasts?"

I was afraid to answer. If I said yes, would mom think that there was something wrong with me? If I said no, I'd never be able to wear a low cut top like Kim and he'd win. "Yes, please," I finally answered in a whisper. "I want to look just like a real girl. I just have to..."

"I understand, Trisha," mom told me as she took my hands and held them tight. "I've been preparing you to be a new girl for almost a year now. I expected this to happen. It's nothing to be ashamed of. It's a natural part of becoming a girl, that's all."

"Dad won't mind me having boobs?"

"Breasts, dear," mom corrected me. "I'll talk with him. Why should he mind his daughter getting a little help where nature short-changed her?"

I was so happy that tears were running down my cheeks. "You and daddy are the greatest, Mom!"

I had a tough time getting ready for 'girl practice' the next morning. I was determined to wear something that would catch everyone's eye after seeing how pretty Kim looked. Especially the eyes of the boys I would pass on the way to class, I'd make their tongues hang out.

I went through my closet twice, choosing possible outfits for my final choice. Finally I selected a pink dress with spaghetti straps and a flip skirt. I'd wear a lightweight white jacket, and add white sandals with straps and low heels, a white belt, dangling pearl earrings, and a delicate little pink clutch bag that hung from a long strap. I had put up with sleeping in jumbo curlers to give my hair an extra wavy look. I was up early enough to get my makeup just right even if it took an hour. Too bad I have to stuff my bra with stockings. I tried tissue, but it didn't give the smooth look I wanted.

I carefully pulled silky pantyhose over my lace panties, and then stepped into the matching half-slip. "Kim will never top this," I thought as I carefully lowered my dress over my head to keep from snagging it on my curlers.

It took me twenty minutes of brushing once I took out my curlers, but my hair looked nice and shiny as it curled in loose waves about my ears.

Pink eyeshadow mixed with white at the outer edges opened up my eyes. Light pink blush over foundation and powder gave me that natural look I love. Darker outline to my lips, then pink lipstick completed the innocent, but desirable look I was shooting for.

As added insurance, I slid three white bracelets on my arm, fastened a teardrop shaped pearl necklace around my neck, and then added a gold bracelet about my ankle. I couldn't wait to see the faces of the other girls when I walked into class.

I wasn't disappointed with the reaction of the boys I passed on the way to class. They were thrilled, riding past me several times on their bikes, always slowing down as they passed. They definitely liked what they saw!

Kim was already there when I got to class. He looked great in a blue skirt and top with ruffles along the hem and down the front of his blouse. Of course his makeup was just right, his shoes and purse a perfect match for his outfit, and his ponytail tied with a blue silk scarf.

When he saw me walk through the door, his eyes doubled in size and he hurried over to me. "That outfit is perfect, Trisha. You look fabulous. I knew you couldn't resist."

"Thanks, Kimberly, but what do you mean?"

Kim had a huge grin. "Resist dressing better than me, of course. I knew our contests would continue even when we are girls!"

"You're right," I admitted, "When I saw how pretty you looked yesterday, I just had to try to look better."

"Don't worry about it," he laughed, "I don't mind. At least I'm competing against one of the prettiest girls ever."

"You're getting sweeter by the day, Kimberly," I told him with a smile. "I'm glad to have a girlfriend like you."

"Mind if I join your little mutual admiration society?" Joe asked as he walked to his desk. Like Kim and I, Joe decided to get dolled up like a perfect young lady in a yellow western style skirt, a gauze top that gave a glimpse of his pretty camisole, low heeled boots, and a scarf tied around his neck.

"Please do, Jo," Kim swept his arms as if to admit him. "Looks like we've got a three way tie here, girls. What do you think?"

I looked over Joe's outfit carefully. He looked comfortable and pretty. The skirt was very full and required a petticoat underneath to make it look just right. Obviously Joe's mom knew how to help him feel feminine. "I think that I'd love to borrow that outfit, Jo. It looks so comfortable and it's so pretty too. Your mom sure knows how to pick great outfits."

"I'm sure she does," Joe grinned. "But so does my brother. This is one of his hand me downs. It makes me feel so feminine."

"You're so lucky," I blurted out, "I wish I had hand me downs like that."

"I found some of his old stuff in the attic. Mom must have been saving them for me. His prom gown was there and I talked mom into showing me pictures from his junior prom."

"How did he look?" Kim was on in a flash the question we both wanted answered. Joe's brother had it all, good looks, charm, and quick to crack a joke. What was he like as a girl though? He could be a measuring stick for our time as girls.

Joe reached into his purse and pulled out several pictures. "I managed to sneak a few from the house. See for yourselves."

Kim and I were amazed to see pictures of a happy couple holding hands and smiling for the camera. Rich, the girl in the pictures, wore an off the shoulders peach gown with ruffles extending from his waist to the hem on one side. The gown had a slit, which displayed his smooth, shapely legs from his high-heeled pumps to just above his nylon clad knee. His hair was piled on top of his head with long curls on either side of his perfectly made up face. He was knock down, drop dead gorgeous and he was Joe's older brother, Rich.

"Who's the guy?" I asked as I examined another picture of Rich and his date. Rich had his arms around the guy's neck and was exchanging a kiss. "How'd they get your brother to pose like that?"

"These were taken by my mom before Rich and his date left for the prom. Rich wasn't exactly posing because the guy was his boyfriend."

"Boyfriend?" I was having trouble understanding.

"Boyfriend," Joe nodded. "They were going steady at the time of the prom."

"Your parents didn't mind your brother kissing another guy?" I was just too amazed and shocked to think before I opened my mouth.

"Nah, Rich was Kathy then, their teenage daughter. I told you guys that they're so thrilled with this program that they'd probably let me get married if I wanted to. They told me that it would be entirely up to me if I wanted to continue being a girl when the program ended."

I thought about how nice it felt to be dressed in girl's clothes, the feel of satin and nylon against my skin, how nice I looked in a pretty dress and nylons, the taste of lipstick and the smell of makeup. What about dating? Dancing with a boy wouldn't be too

bad, but what would it be like to have a boy put his arm around me and hold me tight? Would I let him kiss me? Would I kiss him back?

My friends and I are playing a game and it is fun. We're supposed to be girls for at least a year, we're supposed to wear girl's clothes and makeup, we're supposed to talk like girls, act like girls, think like girls, and most important of all, to think of ourselves as girls. No one laughs and points at us, no one thinks we're sissies because we're girls. We can giggle, we can cry, we can hug each other, and do all of the things we couldn't do as boys. We can think other boys are cute or real hunks, and if they want to date us, we can say yes if we want to. If they want to kiss us, we can kiss them. If a girl can do it, we can do it. But what if we decide we like the clothes, the giggling, the makeup, and the boys? Would it be hard to return to being a boy again?

"Please, take your seats, girls," Ms Marelli brought us back to reality the last day of 'girl practice'. "We'll be reviewing the more important topics we've discussed, then I'll discuss plans for the graduation ceremony next Monday."

Mrs. Marelli quickly covered all of the important things we were taught, how to use makeup, how to sit, stand, express ourselves, the right outfits to show off our figures without looking like sluts, and most importantly, dating. We spent most of the class talking about dating, which helped to calm my worries. Mrs. Marelli seemed to know what we were thinking and always had an answer ready to our questions. I just knew that I'd be in tears when we said goodbye at the graduation.

We were given the details for the upcoming graduation, then Mrs. Marelli told us how proud she was of us. "I know that this is a very unusual experience for you young ladies, but you'll be supported in every step of your journey, just as I supported you here. Your parents requested this course to help you learn to look at life from a broader perspective. In one month you've gone from rough, sometimes ill-mannered young men into young ladies any parent would be proud of."

"But now your education has just begun. Soon you'll return to school experiencing everyday life as girls. Your families have been treating you as girls for the last month, but real life is different. You'll be interacting with other kids, your teachers, coworkers, and others as girls. You'll be treated as girls and you'll soon find yourselves responding as girls, smiling, fluffing your hair, wondering how you'd look in another girl's dress. Don't let it bother you. When it's all over and you go back to being boys, if you decide to go back, you'll find life much richer and more interesting than before."

"Your experiences as young ladies will make better young men out of you, both personally and professionally. It's been a pleasure to teach you, girls. If you need any advice or have any questions, please look me up."

With that it was over. One month of learning the difference between A-line and straight skirts, pumps and flats, half-slips and full slips, bikini and French cut panties, and everything in between. I now knew how to apply lipstick, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, blush, and foundation. I could do my hair in several different styles for school, a party, or possibly even a date. I even knew several different ways to attract a boy's attention and what to do with him when I had it. Now I would spend the next two years using all of this wonderful information.

Chapter 5

Mom looked over all of the information about graduation when I got home. "Have you made a choice of which of your dresses you're going to wear? If you need a new one, we'll have to go shopping today, since you're going to be very busy tomorrow at the beauty shop."

"I'm sure I can find a dress that will do," I shrugged. "There are at least twenty of them in my closet."

"That doesn't matter, Trisha," Mom scolded. "I could have a store full of dresses, yet not have just the right one for an upcoming party. That's what's fun about being a girl. You don't

have to make do. You can get something that's just right. I'll bet Kim's going to wear something special."

Mom knew just the right buttons to push. I couldn't let Kim show me up. I had to find the perfect outfit to wear if it took all weekend! "You're right, Mom, I don't think I have anything really pretty enough for graduation. Can we do a little shopping tonight?"

Mom smiled knowingly. "That's my girl."

Mom decided against the department stores at the mall. She figured all of the 'girls' would be buying their dresses there. "I want my daughter's dress to stand out," she told me as we entered an upscale dress shop.

When the shop owner approached us, mom explained that I had an important event coming up and asked if the owner could show us something that would turn heads. She directed us to a rack of dresses that were nothing short of breathtaking! Any of them would be perfect for my graduation and mom was willing to let me have two or three if I wanted them. I tore into the racks like a starving woman at a banquet. There were so many fantastic looking outfits that I didn't know where to begin.

I finally ended up in the dressing room with three outfits and six more waiting outside. I carefully removed my dress and with trembling hands slid the first selection over my head. It had a black top with silver sequins and a full chiffon style skirt. It too had spaghetti straps and the hem was just a little lower than I usually wore. It was still well above the knees though, but mom said that with the right stockings and pumps, my legs would look great.

The next dress was a deceptively simple pink one. It didn't seem like anything special when I first looked at it, but mom pointed out the intricate detail around the keyhole opening, which would give a teasing glimpse of a woman's cleavage. The dress had an empire waist, which meant that it didn't curve into the waist like most dresses did, but would hang from the bust

allowing the hem to swish back and forth against my legs. The keyhole opening would draw a guy's attention to my bust while the swishing skirt pulled their attention to my legs. The end result would be total confusion in the poor guys head. He'd be so busy trying to split his attention that he'd never realize what the woman had done to him until she had him all wrapped up like a Christmas gift. By then it was too late, he would be hers and that would be that.

"That's so sneaky, Mom. Is it something girls do often?"

"Only when we want guys to pay us attention," Mom smiled.

I had two new dresses after two hours of picking a dress, trying it on, returning it to the rack, and picking another. "This is a lot of work, Mom," I told her as she helped zip me up for the last time. No wonder it takes girls so long to shop. There's just so much to consider."

"You're coming along just fine, Trisha," she said as she gave me a hug, "You're going to make a wonderful girl."

That night, instead of my usual baby doll pajamas, I decided to wear a gown mom bought while we shopped for my dress. The gown was pretty beyond mere words, white, the top was white lace flowers over satin with a deep V in the center for maximum display of cleavage, while the bottom half was a sheer fabric over a satin bottom. If the gown alone wasn't enough to remove all thoughts of being a boy, it came with white panties made almost entirely of lace with a very small satin front panel. Its robe was nearly transparent with a six-inch wide lace trim around the collar, the cuffs, and the hem. Just in case I still doubted that I was a girl, it closed with a pink satin sash.

I carefully hung up my dress, tossed my slip, bra, and panties into the special bag mom gave me for my delicates, hand washed my pantyhose, then laid back to relax in nice hot bubble bath to read my latest copy of Seventeen.

It felt so nice to lay in a hot tub of water and check out all of the cute back to school fashions. There were so many different

outfits to choose from, cute dresses, flippy skirts, silky tops, and shoes to die for! If mom hadn't just spent several hundred dollars buying me new dresses and nightgowns, I might have tried to talk her into another shopping trip. I suppose I don't really need anything else right now, I can wear shorts and denim skirts for the rest of the summer and when school starts, I'll have to wear my uniform.

My legs were still smooth from last night's shaving, so I skipped that and used the extra time to change my nail polish after I finish in the tub. My nails looked pretty today, but I decided to dress down a little tomorrow, just a denim skirt and a top, so I don't need anything too flashy. Maybe just a couple of coats of clear polish to keep them pretty.

"Wake up, Trisha," mom called, "Today's a big day for you, remember?"

I was still a little groggy, but my mind gradually cleared and I remembered that mom was taking me to the beauty shop to get my hair done for school. This wasn't going to be a unisex shop like the ones where I got trimmed as a boy. This was an all out woman's beauty shop to which mom had already given instructions to make me look like a beautiful young woman.

Pretty wasn't good enough for mom. I was her daughter for the next two years and she was making sure that I got the full female experience from clothes to skin care to hair. Today I would get my hair done in a style I selected, a complete makeover, leg and bikini waxing, with a manicure and pedicure thrown in for good measure. Mom promised me that when I left that shop, I'd be as close to a real girl as I could possibly get and mom never, ever, went back on her promises.

I pulled on a soft, robin's egg blue top, and a white denim skirt with my pink and white sneakers. I wasn't going to bother with a slip and socks, just more things to take off when I got to the beauty shop. Mom didn't want me to use any makeup since it would all be cleaned off moments after I got to the shop, but I

couldn't resist a little blush, eyeshadow, and lip-gloss to compliment my outfit.

I was surprised to find Kim, Joe and their mothers waiting for us outside the beauty shop. "Hi, Trisha," Kim greeted. "Our mothers felt it would be nice if we got our first beauty treatments together."

Mom and the other mothers said that they had some shopping to do, so they just dropped us off and left us to the mercy of the ladies in the shop. Mom laughed and promised to have a surprise for me if I was a good girl while she was gone.

"Hi, girls, we've been expecting you," a receptionist greeted us as soon as we walked in. "It's going to be a tough job to make you any prettier, but we promised your moms that we'd try."

"Just relax and let the ladies do their job, girls. You're going to love what the ladies do to you." A beautician escorted each of us into separate cubicles.

"Come back, Trisha, I'll get you a gown to keep your outfit from getting ruined, then we'll start on your hair. Do you have a preference on a hairstyle?" Betty asked while handing me a book of hairstyles.

Mom had borrowed the book weeks ago and she and I spent several days going over the styles. I knew exactly the page to go to for the style I wanted. I turned a few pages in the stylebook to a picture of a girl my age. "Could you make me look like this?" I mumbled, my voice taking on sort of a shy little girl tone.

Betty looked carefully at the picture, and then ran her fingers through my hair. "I don't see any problem with that. Your hair will look outstanding with this style. Now change into this smock and we'll get started making you beautiful."

Betty was very friendly, asking me all about myself and the coming school year, but I was too nervous to carry on much of a conversation. For the first time in months, I felt confused and afraid.



Nothing was left as nature intended. No part of our bodies was left untouched. We were washed, dried, tucked, waxed, shaped, plucked, and painted before we left the shop.

It was my first close contact with a stranger as Trisha. Would I be accepted, would they think that there was something wrong with me? I was happy to get my hair done, but I shouldn't show it. A normal boy would be screaming and fighting as he entered the door, not asking for a certain style to make him look prettier.

Betty sensed my nervousness. "Relax, honey, you're not the first boy to have this done and you won't be the last. In a few weeks, I'll have more boys getting perms, hair coloring, and styling than girls. The boys want to look their prettiest for the start of school, the girls wait until prom time."

"You don't see many boys again after school starts?"

"Actually I see more boys coming in for things like coloring touch ups or a change in their style than girls. The boys are new to all of this and are more concerned about looking nice than the girls are," Betty explained as she shampooed my hair.

"I understand," I said as I began to loosen up a little bit. "We have to work harder to fit in with the real girls."

"Not to mention that after a little while, many boys start to enjoy being girls," Betty said with a sly grin.

I wondered what mom had told her about me. Did she know about my rivalry with Kim? Did mom tell her about the shopping trip with Joe and Kim?

"Why would they like being girls?" I figured that my best bet was to play dumb. "What's so great about being a girl?"

"Girls can spend hours being fussed over at a beauty shop like you're going to have done. They are treated much nicer than boys, and girls can wear clothes that make them feel good. Do boy's clothes make you feel good?"

I was thinking about how much I enjoyed mom fixing my hair when I first started dressing like a girl. Maybe I was thinking about how nice people were to us at the mall. Then again, I could have been thinking about how good it felt to wear girl's clothes. Whatever it was, I was totally distracted and answered without

thinking. "No, girl's stuff feels so much nicer." I wanted to grab the words and force them back into my mouth, but of course that's not possible.

"Of course they do," Betty said without missing a beat. "Take slacks for example, girl's slacks are much softer than boy's slacks. They're cut shorter in the legs so that a girl can show off pretty shoes, but that also keeps girl's from walking on them and getting the bottoms all frayed and dirty looking."

Betty seemed so nice and friendly that I found myself pulled right into the conversation. "I haven't worn many slacks, usually denim skirts or something like that."

"I like denim skirts for casual wear," Betty continued as though I was just another girl. "Once in a while though, it feels so nice to get all dolled up."

My mind pictured me getting ready for 'girl practice' the day before. I could almost feel the light, silky panties, the stockings, my bra tight against my chest, and the way my dress felt as I sat in class. "Especially with pretty lingerie," I added dreamily. "Like yesterday, I had on this fabulous outfit with hot lingerie..."

Suddenly I realized what I had just said. My face must have shown the horrible feeling tearing at my stomach at that moment. "It's okay, Trisha," Betty whispered softly, "You're supposed to feel that way. You're a girl now."

"Promise you'll never tell anyone," I begged. "I'd just die if anyone found out."

"But everyone already knows, Trisha," Betty smiled and continued working the fragrant shampoo through my hair. "They all know that you're a girl, right?"

I thought for a second, and I could see where Betty was leading me. "That's right, everyone knows that I'm a girl now."

"And what's wrong with a girl wearing pretty things under her outfit?"

“Nothing, mom says that girls do it all of the time.”

“Did your mom mention that girls enjoy wearing pretty lingerie?”

“Yes, she said it was one of the best things about being a girl.” This was getting more and more logical all the time.

“So why should you be upset about wearing pretty lingerie?” Betty’s smile was contagious; I couldn’t help but relax and smile too.

“I’m sorry,” I said, “I guess that I was just being silly.”

“That’s a girl, Trisha,” Betty said as she handed me a towel to dry my hair. “Now tell me all about the outfit. I want to hear every luscious detail!”

“I have these matching sets of lingerie,” I told her. “My friends Jo, Kimberly, and I got them on Thursday from a little shop in the mall...”

Once I got started, I couldn’t keep anything from Betty. I told her about my lace panties, my satiny bras, how good stockings felt against my legs, how good I looked in my dress, and how much I enjoyed having the boys check me out.

Have you worn heels yet?” Betty asked. “Not regular pumps, but real ‘knock me down and screw my brains out’ heels?”

“No,” I giggled at her less than ladylike description, “Mom hasn’t bought me any of them yet. Do you think I should ask her for that kind?”

“Sure, she’ll know exactly what you’re talking about. Every woman owns at least one pair. A mother owes it to her daughter to buy her first pair of “‘FM’ heels.”

FM heels? I nearly fell out of the chair laughing. “Betty, a lady doesn’t think like that!”

“A lady does when she’s with a really hot guy,” Betty smiled. “Are you going to the prom?”

"I haven't even been asked for a date yet," I laughed at her attempt to lead me off our last subject. I felt so comfortable with Betty. I just knew that I could tell her anything. "I'm not sure what I'd do if a boy asked me out."

"If he's hot, you'd put on your prettiest dress, your sexiest lingerie, and you'd make him forget that there was another girl in this world."

"Should I wear my FM heels?" I joked.

"Not on a first date. You don't want him to think you're easy." Betty advised. "Wait until at least your second date!"

"What's that smelly stuff you put in my hair?" I hated to get off the subject, but I just had to know what was happening.

"That's going to change you from a mousy brunette to a hot, sexy, redhead. We'll let the color set for a little while, then trim you and start your perm. Let's start your waxing while we wait."

Betty led me to a small room where I removed my gown to prepare for my waxing. I hesitated for a second when she asked me to remove my panties. "Don't be shy, Trisha, we're both girls."

A few minutes later, my legs were covered with wax from my ankles to the top of my thighs. The little bit of pubic hair I had was shaved into a neat little triangle and wax was applied all around the edges.

"You're all girl now, Trisha," Betty joked, "Complete with a cute little bush!"

I was blushing so hard that I thought I had sunburn. Mom told me about the leg waxing and even said something about a bikini wax that would let me wear skimpy bathing suits but I didn't remember a thing about having all of my pubic hair trimmed to look like a girls!

“Too bad you’re mom didn’t schedule this earlier in the summer, Trisha. The boys at the pool will love seeing you in a bathing suit.”

“I could never wear a girl’s bathing suit, Betty,” I protested. “Everyone would know that I am a boy.”

“There are boys at the pool right now wearing girl’s suits, some of them are even wearing bikinis. I know most of them and I’ll give you one hundred dollars if you can pick out even half of them.”

“You’ve got to be kidding,” I was no fool. How could you miss a guy in a bikini? “I’d spot the guys in a second,” I insisted.

“I know what you’re thinking, Trisha, but you’re wrong. There are ways of hiding things so they don’t show, even in a tight bathing suit,” Betty said with a wink. “Maybe you should talk to your mom about it.”

“Not even in a bathing suit? You’re absolutely sure about that?” I asked, totally hooked and just waiting to be reeled into the boat. I looked good in a dress, but never even wore slacks because of the bulge that would show in the front.

“Let me show you something.” She breezed out of the room and was back in a minute with a photo album. “All of these young ladies gave me permission to put their pictures into my album. I show it to my favorite customers to illustrate just how much fun being a girl can be.”

There were pictures of majorettes in skimpy little costumes, cheerleaders in short skirts, and page after page of girls in different swimsuits. My eyes nearly fell out at some of the older ones in very skimpy bikinis. A few had nothing but fabric in the front and back with a tiny strip to connect them. These were not little photos; the smallest was five by seven.



Three boys wearing dresses entered the beauty shop— three girls wearing dresses left! ...Or as close to looking like girls as guys can get.

At the bottom of each picture were the girl's real and girl names. They even autographed their pictures for Betty. I couldn't set the book down; I knew some of the girls in the book. They were the older brothers of some of my friends! If I had seen them like this though, I would have been tripping over my tongue trying to get close to them.

I shook my head. "I've got to talk with mom,"

"Make it a long one, Trisha honey," she advised as she gently removed the wax. "Some of these girls never went back. Did you notice the ones in bikinis with the curves in all of the right places? That came from hormones which made their bodies change into girl's bodies."

"It might be worth it if they look this pretty," I told her with a smile. "When you can look this pretty as a girl, why bother being a guy?"

By the time mom returned, I was completely comfortable sitting in my denim skirt with my legs crossed, just one of the girls, gabbing away about clothes and guys. We were discussing hem lengths (we loved miniskirts), swimwear (I wanted something high on my hips, but low on my breasts), and eveningwear (Kim and I thought nylons and garter belts were a must under evening gowns, while Joe held out for pantyhose).

I didn't even notice mom come in to the shop until she was standing next to me. "Trisha, you are gorgeous!" she gushed while giving me a hug.

"Thanks, Mom. Betty did a great job, but couldn't you have mentioned the little trim job that went with the bikini waxing?" I couldn't resist just one teeny little shot at her.

Mom laughed. "I suppose that I could have, but I wanted to surprise you, to let you see for yourself what a girl has to go through to look good at the pool."

Mom paid the bill and we were starting out the door when I turned and winked at Betty. "Speaking of pools, Mom, there's a little something I'd like to buy."

Chapter 6

As we walked to the car, I explained to mom in typical girl fashion of my longing to look like a girl. "Oh please, Mom, I just have to get a really hot looking swimsuit. I'll die if Kim gets one before I do."

Mom squeezed my hand and smiled at me. "I understand, Trisha dear, I was a teenage girl once myself, remember?"

Hearing mom mention being a teenage girl reminded me of something. "Betty mentioned that there are ways to keep anyone from knowing that I'm a boy when I go swimming. Do you suppose..."

"I'm way ahead of you, Trisha. As a matter of fact, I have just what you need. I've just been waiting to see if you'd be girl enough to want it. Let 's make a quick stop back home so we can pick it up. I wasn't expecting you to want to try on bikinis yet."

Dad was surprised to see us home so early. "You look fantastic, Trisha. How does it feel to be a beautiful young lady?"

"It feels wonderful, Daddy," I told him as I rushed over and kissed him on the cheek. "Thanks for being so understanding about my doing this."

"Your dad's not just understanding, Trisha, he's the one who requested your bikini wax and trim job. I would have settled for a leg waxing."

"I thought it might help you feel more like a girl," dad explained. "Guess it shook you up a little, huh?"

"A little, Dad, but it looks so cool!"

"She wants to buy a bathing suit, a hot, sexy, one that will attract boys like flies to be exact," Mom said with a smile

I couldn't believe mom thought I was interested in attracting boys. "Mom, I just want to look cute at the pool. I don't want to attract any boys."

"You don't need to go to the pool to attract boys, sweetheart," dad said as he kissed my forehead. "They'll start camping out on our front lawn when they see you now."

Mom said, "We stopped back for the gift; the one we put away until she needed it."

You'd better not even think about one of those thong bikinis, Trisha. They're out of the question," dad told me firmly. "My daughter's a young lady, and she's going to look like one, not like some cheap slut."

"I'll pick out a good one, Daddy," I promised, making sure I emphasized the word "Daddy" since I knew dad ate it up. "Nothing too sexy," I told him as I gave him a peck on the cheek.

Mom and I hurried to her room where she gave me a small box containing a strange looking jock strap. I couldn't make heads or tails of the thing. It looked like a jock strap, but it couldn't be. There was too much fabric and it was in the wrong place. Also, there was a patch of hair over part of the fabric.

"No dear, not a jock strap, it's called a gaffe, only a very special gaffe. It will keep unwanted bulges from ruining your look," mom explained. "You tuck everything up inside of you as you pull this up. Everything stays inside and you look just like a girl."

"Everything goes inside?"

"Everything, dear," mom reached into the box and handed me a sheet of directions. "It says you'll get used to it. And you'll be able to wear anything a girl wears. Tight jeans, shorts, bikinis, anything you like, and no one will ever believe that you're not really a girl. I brought some of the dye from the beauty parlor. Remove your clothes while I color the gaffe hair to match your new hair color."

I was skeptical, but I went into the bathroom and stepped out of my skirt and panties. After a few minutes, mom handed me the gaffe and I pulled it over my hips. Following the directions, I pushed my male parts into my body then pulled the gaffe to snugly hold them in place. It was incredibly tight at first, but with a few minor adjustments I was able to relax and check myself out in the mirror.

There was nothing, no bulge, and no hint that I was a boy. The gaffe hair exactly matched the color of my pubic hair to give me a realistic looking 'bush'. I checked myself in the mirror one more time, and then rushed out to find mom and dad waiting for me. It seems strange, but I was embarrassed for dad to see me without my panties on.

"Daddy!" I shrieked, "What are you doing here?"

"I wanted to see if that thing worked," dad pointed to my crotch. "It's amazing. You look just like a girl with that on."

Mom noticed my unease. "He's supposed to, dear. Now would you please excuse us so that he can get dressed?"

Dad looked at me kind of strangely, and then left the room. "Put your panties and skirt back on," mom gave me a gentle push towards the bathroom. "We have a lot of shopping to do yet."

As I dressed, mom explained that the gaffe could be worn for months without removal since it breathed to keep the underlying skin healthy. She also said that I would go to the bathroom without removing it, but I had to always sit or squat now.

I dashed back into the bathroom, quickly dressed in my panties and skirt and was back in the blink of an eye. Another quick kiss for dad, another 'thanks for the gift', and we were off to get me a swimsuit.

We pulled up to a small shop whose sign said something about mastectomy supplies. "What are we doing here, Mom?" I asked.

"It's time my little girl started to develop," she smiled. "This store has a large selection of breast forms for women who've need breasts because of cancer or just want to look better. I think we'll be able to find something to fill out your tops in here."

I can't remember how I got into the shop, I was unbelievably happy. My hair looked fantastic, I was going to have breasts, and I could start wearing low cut outfits like Kim wore.

"Good afternoon, ladies," a clerk greeted us, "May I help you?"

"Yes, thank you," mom responded with a smile. "My daughter is in the 'Walk a Mile' program at her school and she needs a little help in the bust line."

What was mom thinking? Mentioning the program all but told the clerk that I was a boy! The woman nodded "Yes, I've heard of that program. I think that it's a wonderful idea." She looked directly at me and said, "Let's go into our private room and determine the best size for you."

She walked towards a small room with Mom and I trailing behind. "This is too weird," I thought. "This woman absolutely, positively, knows that I'm a boy, yet she's acting like there's nothing odd about me getting fake boobs."

As we sat down, the lady closed the door behind us. "You're not the first young lady from the program to want breasts, dear. We've been dealing with girls like you for years now," she said with a smile. "Please remove your top and bra so I can measure you."

I pulled my top over my head. As I was draping it over a chair, mom undid my bra. I removed the old pantyhose I used to pad the bra, slid it off my arms, and placed it with my top.

"You've got a relatively narrow chest. I'd say a 34-B should fill you out nicely without looking too large." The lady reached into a drawer and pulled out a pair of breasts and set them on the table in front of mom and I.



I never realized what one had to endure to get breasts. I bet real girls don't have to work so hard to get theirs!

Mom picked them up and examined them, then handed them to me. Not knowing what to do, I promptly dropped them.

"They won't bite, Trisha," mom laughed. "Pick them up and hold them. Do you think they'll be too heavy?"

Too heavy? Never! I wouldn't have said so if I were holding two anchors! "Um, uh, no, Mom, they feel okay, I guess."

"Would you like to try them on?" the lady asked sweetly. "You're going to be wearing them, so it's best that you see how they feel. They're going to be a little heavier on your chest, but you'll have your bra for support."

"Yeah, sure, I'd like that." I was trying not to appear too anxious, even though I wanted to grab the breasts and stick them on my chest. I might have if I knew how, but I had to wait for help instead.

"Hold your arms straight out, dear," the lady said. "I need to position them just right."

I was in a daze, but managed to straighten my arms out and held them long enough for the lady to decide where to attach my new breasts. She applied a thin layer of glue to the backs, then pressed them to my chest in the correct positions. She had me hold them in place until a timer went off, and then allowed me to remove my hands. To my surprise, I had a pair of very girlish breasts protruding from my chest!

I was guided over to a mirror to view my new bust. "This is so cool," I muttered as I stared into the mirror. Looking back at me was a pretty, topless, teenage girl. My new breasts were perfect matches to my skin color. I had a tough time telling where they started and I left off.

Mom's voice cut into my daydream. "Put your bra back on, Trisha. Let's see how they fit into the cups."

I grabbed my bra from the chair, placed it over my chest, fastened it, and then carefully slid it around so that the cups were in the front.

"Lean forward so that your breasts are centered in the cups, honey," the lady instructed. "Now put your arms through the straps and pull your bra up."

I followed her instructions to the letter and watched in awe as my new breasts settled into the cups of my bra. I was so worked up that I began to cry. "They're beautiful, Mom, just what I always wanted," I sobbed. "Thank you so much."

"Walk around a little bit, dear," the lady instructed. "Keep your shoulders back and show off your pretty breasts."

That was all the encouragement I needed. I threw my shoulders back and made a dozen trips around the room before mom stopped me. "I think you've got the hang of it, dear. Now put your top on again."

"Am I going to keep these?" I asked, "I think they're perfect!"

"Yes, Trisha, I'm sure you do think they're perfect, and yes, you are keeping them."

"You're the best mom in the whole world," I gleefully laughed as I hugged and kissed her. "I can't wait to show these off to Kim. I think he's only an A-cup."

A little makeup around the edges effectively hides their edges. You can wear them constantly for up to a month, then they should be removed for a few hours so your skin beneath can breathe," the saleslady explained.

Chapter 7

We left the shop and drove straight to the mall. I went so quickly through the mall that I had to stop for mom to catch up. When she did, I led her straight to the swimsuits. "How about this one?" I held up a pretty two-piece suit in yellow.

"That's very nice, Trisha, but maybe you'd prefer this one. It would do much more for your figure," mom held out a baby blue suit that was much higher on the thigh and lower than ones I had selected.

"Oh yes, that's exactly what I'm looking for!" I grabbed the swimsuit and hurried to the dressing rooms.

I didn't hesitate entering the dressing room, but this one was a little different. It didn't have individual booths, but it was just a single big room with benches and mirrors. I looked at the other girls trying on swimsuits and outfits. I couldn't be shy now if I wanted to be a hot beach babe.

I slipped out of my skirt and top, then after a deep breath, I reached behind and undid the clasps of my bra, letting it fall free of my new breasts. I looked about me to see if any of the other girls in the room noticed something out of order. A few glanced my way, but their reactions assured me they saw nothing out of the ordinary.

I took my time getting the swimsuit into position to try on. I wanted every girl in the room to get a good look at my breasts. It took me a while to pull up the top since my hands were beginning to shake, but I worked at it and finally managed to get my breasts into the cups and my arms into the straps.

It was worthwhile when I looked in the mirror and saw a pretty girl staring back at me. With her looks and this swimsuit, she'd be a big hit at the pool. I turned from side to side, and I noticed the suit seemed to add shape to my butt and hips, making me look like a really well put together chick.

I wondered what the lifeguards at the pool would think of me, especially the tall one with the blond hair. All of the girls at school talked about how hot he looked and they were always crowding around his chair. I smiled, wondering if I could attract his attention. After all, what better way to experience life as a girl than with a cute boyfriend?

I tugged at the legs of my suit one last time before hurrying to show mom how well the suit fit me. She broke into a gigantic smile. "You are going to be an absolute heartbreaker, young lady," she proudly told me as I modeled the suit. "Wait until the boys at the pool see you."

"Mom, you know I'm not interested in boys." I tried to act indifferent, not wanting mom to know that I was thrilled having guys look at me.

Mom wasn't fooled for an instant. The corners of her mouth turned up into an ever so slight smile. "Whom are you trying to kid?" she asked, "You practically dragged me to the mall to buy a bathing suit, and you loved it when I picked one that would make any boy's eyes bulge. If you're worried about boys being attracted to you, take the suit off and we'll go home. Otherwise, be a good girl and try this on."

For a moment, I forgot to breathe. Mom was holding out a yellow bikini! "A bikini!" I cried out, "I've wanted to wear one for so long. How did you know?"

"For heaven's sake," mom shook her head in dismay. "I wasn't born as your mother. There was a time in my life when I wore bikinis and miniskirts, you know."

I wanted to hear mom tell about her growing up, but the only thing I could concentrate on was that bikini. "Could we talk about it on the way home?" I begged. "I really want to hear about what it was like..."

"But you'd rather try on the bikini, wouldn't you?" mom said as I took the bikini and hurried to change.

In the dressing room, I found to my amazement that mom had chosen a bikini with just enough material to cover my gaffe. The bottoms covered my fleshy butt like a glove and there was absolutely no tell tale bulge in the front. When I put on the top, I just knew I'd have to have it. There was no way mom was getting me out of the store without that bikini!

As I walked from the dressing room, I noticed several girls looking me over. "Oh yeah, girls," I giggled to myself, "There's a new girl in town and she's hot!" I continued walking as though I hadn't noticed, but there was now a little extra sway in my walk.

"It really shows off your girlish figure," mom's voice broke a little as she spoke. "It's perfect and so are you."

I knew that there was nothing I could say. A time like that cried out for a hug and so we did. I can't remember ever feeling closer to my mom than I did at that moment.

Mom and I had a wonderful talk on the way home that night. She told me all about what it was like when she grew up. I thought that it was so amazing that she was thrilled to trade in her nylons and garter belts for pantyhose, but years later, I couldn't wait to throw away my pantyhose and wear nothing but garters and nylons.

"But they're so sexy!" I told her. "I mean the lace garters threaded through panties, that's gotta be hot."

"And a real pain when you're wearing a short skirt," mom countered. "Not to mention the fun of having one of your garters let go, forcing you to make a run for the ladies room"

"Don't you miss wearing them at all?" I asked, wondering how mom could forget what I thought was heaven.

"Who said anything about forgetting them?" mom answered slyly. "I still have a half dozen or so garter belts that I wear on special occasions."

"What kind of occasions?"

Mom looked at me and smiled. "When I want to get your dad's attention."

"His attention? I don't understand."

"It's simple," mom explained. "Guys love nylons; probably because they've never had to wear them. When I wear them, it makes your dad so horny that he can't wait to get me in bed."

"I'm sorry I asked," I muttered, feeling very embarrassed. "I don't think I really needed to know that."

"It's just a little girl talk," mom assured me. "Guys aren't the only ones who have sexual feelings you know. Girls have the same feeling and aren't shy about talking about them either. Things have changed for women and men will just have to get used to it."

"I'm sorry, Mom, it's just that I never thought about you and dad like that." I wasn't real sure I wanted to either!

"We're not swingers or anything like that, but we do have a very good sex life."

Why in the world did mom suddenly start telling me this? I mean who really wants to picture their parents humping like a couple of rabbits?

I decided to test the limits of mom's new openness. "Did you guys go all the way before you got married?"

Mom hesitated for a moment. "No, not all the way," she sighed. "We got awfully close though. Your dad could always turn on the charm. I don't really know why we never went all the way. It sure wasn't because we didn't want to though."

"You both wanted to?" I was amazed. Up until now I thought only guys wanted to go all the way.

"Believe me, there were times I wanted to rip your dad's pants off of him!" mom laughed. "You can't imagine how tough it was to act like a lady when all that I really wanted was to have him screw my brains out!"

"You never mentioned any of this before?" I said puzzled at mom's new openness. "How come?"

"First, you were too young. Second, you were my son, not my daughter," mom shrugged as if it were so obvious.

"Do you really think of me as your daughter now?"

"Absolutely, honey, for the next two years you're the daughter I always wanted," mom gave me an affectionate pat on my leg.

"I'll treat you as a young woman and that's how I expect you to act. We can talk about anything you want to now that you're a girl."

Mom and I seemed to grow so much closer as we drove. We talked about what it was like for her as a little girl, what her favorite baby dolls were, what musical groups she liked, the boys she had crushes on and more. By the time we got back home, she and I were no longer mother and son, but two girlfriends. Mom told me that was how she had always wanted to have it with her daughter. I would feel free to come to her with any problem. Tears were running down my cheeks as I promised her that I would.

I blew my father's mind when I modeled my bathing suit for him. "You look so much like your mom did at that age, Trisha," he grinned. "I just hope you're ready for all the attention you're going to get from boys."

"I think I'll be okay with this, Daddy," I said in the most innocent voice I could manage. "It's not nearly as sexy looking as my bikini is."

Dad's eyes grew to nearly twice their normal size. "A bikini?" he stuttered. "You bought a bikini too?"

"Even I was surprised how good it fits," mom quickly interjected. Patting me on the butt, she said, "Show your father how nice his 'little girl' looks in a new bikini."

"Back in a flash, Daddy," I called as I ran out of the room. "Please close your eyes until I tell you to open them. You are going to be SO surprised!"

"Already am," I heard him mutter as I left. "Believe me, you are surprising me."

I quickly changed into my bikini and dashed back to show dad how great I looked. "You can open your eyes now, Daddy," I said as I stood in front of him, doing my best to strike a sexy pose. "Well? Do you think anyone at the pool will notice?"

"Oh my God," dad gasped, "Kevin, what are you doing?"

"I'm not Kevin, Daddy," I said as I did a slow, sexy, turn to show off my bikini-clad bottom. "I'm Trisha."

"Isn't this just a little much?" My obviously flustered dad asked mom. "I mean a bikini?"

"You said I couldn't have a thong bikini, Daddy," I said sweetly. "This isn't even the sexiest one they had at the store."

"I was just joking, Kevin," Dad insisted. He must have been upset. He hadn't called me anything but Trisha since I started wearing girl's clothes months before. "I never thought you'd *want* to wear a bikini."

"You and mom insisted on putting me into that program at school. I never wanted to be in it, but you two insisted." Tears started to stream down my face. "You made me wear girl's clothes, you sent me to classes to learn how to be a girl, and you've been treating me like a girl."

"Let me explain..." he started to say.

"No, it's just not fair," I sobbed. "I'm just trying to do what I think you want me to do. Don't you think I'm pretty?"

Dad never had a chance. Between my sobs and mom's glares, he had to back down. "I'm sorry," he said as he pulled me onto his lap and held my head tightly against his chest. "I guess I didn't think this whole thing through very well. I never really expected you to take to it so well."

"Then why did you insist on the bikini trim at the beauty shop?" I asked. "I really thought that you wanted me to look like a girl."

"Your father thought it would be funny," mom said coldly, "He didn't expect his little joke to backfire."

"Am I going to have to quit the program?"

Dad looked into my eyes, "Not if you don't want to," he said as he gave me a hug. "It's your choice. You can go back to being Kevin or stay in dresses."

I sort of knew what dad thought, but it wouldn't work. I had worked very hard so that I'd be accepted as a girl and I was having more fun than ever before. I snuggled closer to dad. "I like wearing dresses and make-up, Daddy," I whispered.

I could feel dad sucking in his breath. "Forever?" he finally asked.

"I meant just for now, silly," I giggled and kissed him on his cheek. "I'll have to think about forever."

"Come with me," mom said as she gently pulled me off dad's lap. "While your dad thinks this all out, we'll get ourselves some ice cream and do a little more shopping and girl talk."

While dad sat at home thinking, mom and I went back to the mall for an evening of shopping. We took turns trying on different outfits while the other gave her opinion. Mom kept her word about treating me like a daughter, even taking me to Victoria's Secret for some more lingerie.

"Isn't this gorgeous?" mom asked as she held up what looked like a lace trimmed bathing suit. "Feel how smooth it is. Wouldn't it feel great?" she asked as she handed it to me.

Whatever it was, it was so smooth that it practically flowed out of my hands and it felt about as heavy as a puff of air. I couldn't help but think that it would be so heavenly to wear whatever it was. So pretty, so feminine, what girl could resist it?

Mom must have noticed my confusion. "It's a teddy," she told me. "Sort of like a camisole and panty all in one."

"It's beautiful, Mom," I gushed as I ran my hands across the silky fabric. "Can I..."

Mom finished my thought for me. She smiled, "You can have as many as you want now. They're perfect under a nice

dress, and they can make you feel pretty and sexy under casual outfits too. What do you think?"

"What would dad think about them?" I couldn't help feeling as though I was somehow betraying my dad, you know, not being the kind of son men wanted.

"Your dad's not going to be wearing them," mom said. "He doesn't understand that young girls need to express their femininity."

"No, I guess he wouldn't," I agreed. "I didn't either, once." Of course the look on my face as I kept running my hands over the teddy told mom that I understood now.

"It's okay, Trisha," mom told me as she picked out several more teddies. "You're a girl now, so relax and enjoy all of the special treats that girls have."

I was on the verge of tears thinking about how sweet mom was and how lucky I was to have her. She wanted to pay for my teddies and leave, but I gently put my hand on her arm. "Not yet mom, I want to shop!"

"Atta girl!" she said proudly, "We're going to make a girl out of you yet!" I looked at mom and was about to ask what she meant, but thought better of it. We all knew it was just for two years.

Mom and I shopped until the mall closed. We hit every dress shop and shoe store we could find and ended up with quite a stash of clothes and shoes.

It was a real trip to sit in the food court eating ice cream and watching boys check me out. "Those boys seem to like what they see, Trisha," mom teased. "Which one do you think is the cutest?"

"Mother, please! I don't think any of them are cute."

Mom didn't bother to argue, she simply ignored what I said. "What's wrong with the one in the red shirt?"

"First of all, he's a boy and so am I," I said, "I can't mess around with other boys."

"They don't seem to think that you're a boy." Once again, mom simply continued on her merry way. "I'll bet they think they're looking at a pretty girl."

"I'm not ready yet, Mom," I replied, "Not yet, okay?"

Mom apologized for rushing me and then promised to help me become more comfortable as a girl. Of course, she meant comfortable around boys, but I didn't feel like arguing with her right then.

I asked about how she and dad met, thinking to distract her. She smiled, hesitated for a little bit, and then happily launched into her story. I wasn't fooled though. I knew from her look that she wasn't distracted in the least. Mom had promised to make a girl out of me, and I had promised to let her. I could see by her glances at passing guys that boys would be a big part of my next two years if mom had anything to do with it.

When we finally got home, dad took one look at the bag from Victoria's Secret and went sort of pale. "Hope those are for your mother?" he asked with a shaky voice.

"Some," I smiled and pulled an ivory colored teddy from the bag. Holding it in front of me I asked, "Isn't it pretty?"

"You always told me how much you liked my teddies, honey," mom grinned.

"I still do," dad shot back angrily, "Just not on my son!"

"He's not your son anymore," mom countered. "You signed the papers and now 'she's' my daughter for the next two years."

"I think I'll go to my room and put my things away." I didn't want to see the hurt look on dad's face again.

I was busy modeling my new teddies when mom entered. "How's dad doing?"

"He's a little upset right now, but don't worry, he'll get used to it soon," mom shrugged. "Nothing for you to worry your pretty little head about." I figured mom knew dad better than I did, so I took her advice and forgot about him.

Things were pretty quiet after that weekend. Dad seemed to be doing much better, just like mom said he would. I didn't bother modeling my new teddies for him though. I thought it might be just a little too much.

Chapter 8

I spent Monday with my hair in curlers and cotton between my toes to keep the polish from smearing. I didn't want to take a chance on anything going wrong before my graduation ceremony. I worked very hard to learn about being a girl and I planned on showing off just how much I had learned.

I was standing in my teddy, bra, and stockings, just about to step into my slip when mom came in. "I thought you might need a little help with your dress," she said as I stared open-mouthed at my very proper mother wearing nothing but her slip, bra, and stockings.

"Forget to put your dress on?"

"No, I thought I'd get dressed with you so I could help with your dress." She laid her dress on my bed and set her makeup case on my dresser without batting an eye.

And that was that. Half an hour later, our dresses were on, our makeup was done, and our hair was perfect. "Let's not keep your father waiting too long," she smiled as I stepped into my heels and followed her to the living room.

Dad smiled and let out a whistle as he gave us a thorough look-over. Suddenly I felt very self-conscious. I wanted to look pretty, I had worked very hard to look pretty, but I didn't expect my own father to take such delight in how I looked.

"Daddy, do you have to look at me like that? It makes me feel like you're undressing me with your eyes!"

"Get used to it, Trisha," dad told me, "It's what guys do to sweet little girls, remember?"

Suddenly I remembered how Joe, Kim, and I used to enjoy hanging out at the mall just to gawk at pretty girls. It seemed so long ago. "Oops, I forgot."

Mom flashed dad her best 'I told you so' smile. "Seems like the program is starting to work already, dear."

"Feels different when the shoe's on the other foot, doesn't it?" dad grinned. "I guess your mom was right. Being a girl really is going to make you a better boy."

I stood amazed that it hadn't ever occurred to me that girls wouldn't appreciate being entertainment for boys? "I guess I goofed."

When we got to the school, mom and I hurried to the Ladies' room to check our hair and makeup. A few minutes later, Kim and his mother walked in to freshen up.

"Hey, Trisha, you look terrific!" Kim called as he spotted me primping at the mirror. "That dress looks totally perfect on you. "Wait until the guys at the school dances see you in that!"

"I'd rather not go to any dance if I'm going to be on display for a bunch of leering, panting boys," I shot back.

"When did you become 'Miss Women's Lib'?" Kim asked sarcastically.

"She got a taste of her own medicine," Mom laughed. "Her dad gave her a pretty thorough once over before we left."

"Calm down, Trisha," Kim's mother told me, "He gave you a compliment, didn't he?"

"But the way he was looking at me..."

"...Is exactly what a girl needs? Approval from her father is very important to a girl. If her dad tells her that she's pretty, she gains self-confidence with boys. Otherwise, she might feel that she needs to prove in the wrong way that she's attractive to boys."

"But I felt..."

"I kind of like it when boys look at me," Kim chimed in. "It's different, but in a way, it feels nice!"

"I guess you're right," I told Kim's mom, "It felt good a couple of days ago when I was all dressed up for school."

Kim and I were whispering and giggling about how boys behave when we rejoined our dads. "You look very pretty tonight, Kim," Dad said, standing as we ladies entered the row.

"Thank you, Mr. Hartner," Kim smiled sweetly as he sat down and crossed his smooth legs, "you're sweet for noticing."

"See, that didn't hurt at all," he whispered to me, "and yes, your dad is a sweetie."

"What's so hush, hush, ladies?" Kim's father asked.

I flashed him a bright smile. "Just learning to girl talk, Mr. Michaels. Nothing you'd be interested in."

"Flirting with an older man?" someone asked from behind.

I looked and saw Joe grinning from ear to ear. He looked beautiful in a short white skirt and silky multicolor blouse. "Hi, Jo. Just answering a question for Kimberly's dad. You look luscious in that outfit, by the way."

Joe had certainly been practicing in that skirt, I thought as I watched him sit. He was totally graceful and ladylike, smoothing out his short skirt, carefully crossing his legs, and then ever so delicately tugging down the hem of his skirt. He placed his pink clutch in his lap, and then in a smooth motion brushed a lock of hair out of his face.

"You've been practicing," Kim whispered. "You make me look like a linebacker."

Kim was wearing the cutest, tea-length, white summer dress with eyelet trim, sheer stockings, and a straw hat with a lace scarf. If he was a linebacker, I didn't want to think of what I looked like!

Ms Marelli interrupted our mutual admiration society. "Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen. On behalf of your daughters, I want to welcome you to our graduation ceremony. Your daughters have worked hard to become pretty, well mannered, young ladies, and they appreciate all of the love and support you've given them."

Ms Marelli went on and on for twenty minutes, then finally began calling our names to come on stage and receive our diplomas. One by one, we went to the center of the stage, doing our best to conceal our nervousness and remember our lessons. When we received our diplomas, we each got a kiss on the cheek from Mrs. Marelli, then graciously turned and curtsied to the audience.

After all of the diplomas were given out, we moved to the cafeteria for dinner. While our parents clustered in their own little groups, we girls did the same to compare outfits and talk about the upcoming school year.

"Did you see what they gave us with our diplomas?" a boy named Denise asked. "A certificate for a makeover and one to have our picture taken."

"That would be totally awesome," another boy, Tina, piped in. "My mom just bought me this to-die-for evening gown. I'd love to have pictures of me while I'm all done up!"

"You've got an evening gown?" Kim asked, "Did you get a date for the prom already?"



“The first boy to graduate from ‘girl school’ is Kevin Hartner, henceforth to be known as Trisha Anne Hartner,” Ms Marelli gushed. I daintily traipsed to the stage, accepted my diploma into girlhood, curtsayed, and left so the next boy could be presented. I was blushing.

"No, I wish I did though," Tina giggled. "There's a 'coming out' party at my dad's country club in December and I'm going to be presented as a debutante!"

"Your parents are really getting into this girl stuff in a big way, aren't they?" Denise asked. "Aren't you afraid that they might just like having a daughter?"

Tina tossed his head and laughed. "Mom and dad already told me that they like me better this way. Truthfully, we're getting along so much better, I might just decide that I like being Tina better than being George."

"My mom and I are a whole lot closer too," I said, "but I don't know if I'd like being Trisha forever."

"I didn't want to be Barb for even a second," exclaimed a pretty boy with auburn hair. "I didn't want to be a girl last month and I don't want to be one now. My mom thinks I'm just so cute though, and my dad thinks it's funny watching mom set my hair."

"Your mom has to do your hair?" Tina asked. "It's not tough to learn. I set mine all the time."

"She sets it because I won't," Barb said emphatically. "If she wants a daughter, she's going to have to make me one."

"I've heard of that happening," Joe teased. "Mom told me that one boy was just like you, but then slowly started to like being a girl. By the end of his junior year, they couldn't get him out of dresses."

"That's goofy," Barb sneered. "You can't make a boy want to be a girl. It's impossible."

I looked at Joe and Kim. None of us really wanted to be girls. As far as I knew, none of us ever wore girl's clothes before, not even on Halloween. Now the three of us were all dolled up and having a wonderful time. I figured Barb would change his mind once he got used to wearing silky lingerie and looking pretty.

Chapter 9

The next couple of weeks before school started were pretty boring. Joe, Kim, and I went window-shopping at the mall a couple of times, but we were broke after our last buying spree and our parents thought we had enough clothes. The only bright spot was Joe's sixteenth birthday party.

One day, I found a bright pink envelope addressed to Miss Trisha Ann Hartner in the mail. When I opened it, I squealed in delight. It was an invitation to a 'Sweet Sixteen' party for Joe, to be held at the community pool!

I didn't think long about what I was going to wear or what I could give Joe for a gift. The choices were so easy.

The party would be my chance to show off my bikini. I was too shy to wear it or even tell Joe or Kim about it before, but I just knew that I had to show it off at the party. As for the gift, it would have to be a Teddy in mint green, since it was Joe's favorite color. Of course, it would be loaded with lace!

Two days before the party, I was back in Betty's beauty shop getting another legs and bikini line waxing. Betty was thrilled to see me again and gave me many compliments on how pretty and ladylike I had become. When she heard about my bikini and Joe's gift, she was delighted. "You're well on your way, Trisha," she told me with an odd smile. "I thought so when I first met you, but now I'm sure of it!"

"Well on my way where?" I had no idea of what Betty was talking about. "Sure of what?"

Betty looked at me for a little bit before she answered. "On your way to being a girl, silly. I'm sure you won't go back."

"I'm just going along with mom's idea, that's all," I explained. "I don't really like wearing these clothes. It's just something I have to do."

"You could wear cotton panties, you didn't have to buy those teddies, and you could have passed on the bikini. If you wanted to, that is. Obviously you didn't want to."

"I told you that I'm just going along with mom's idea," I protested. "I'm supposed to wear clothes like that, right?"

Betty seemed to back off slightly. "You're right, Trisha," she told me with a smile. "It's when you get comfortable as a girl that you need to start worrying. When you'd rather wear a pair of jeans than a skirt, when you start wearing cotton panties, or look at a guy and wonder what it would be like to have him screw your brains out, then you're really a girl." Could she possibly know about my wanting to attract the attention of a certain lifeguard?

I spent extra time pampering myself before the party. I carefully ran a razor along my legs, even though there was nothing left after the waxing. Then with my bikini on, I made absolutely sure that there wasn't a hair anywhere but on my head.

I felt so strange walking to the pool. I'm a fifteen-year-old boy wearing a denim jumper, a colorful summer top, cute low-heeled sandals, and underneath it all a bikini that would take a boy's breathe away!

My pool bag, slung over my shoulder next to my purse has suntan lotion, a towel, panties and a bra should I decide to change, and tons of cosmetics! I pass boys my age and even some older guys who stared at me with what is obviously lust. Girls looked me over quickly, unaware of the surprise I have on underneath this plain looking jumper. I'm not a boy, I'm really a cute teenage girl, and I love every second of it!

I met Joe just before going into the dressing room. He was his usual pretty self in a cute one-piece swimsuit that displayed his smooth legs and gave a glimpse of his breasts. "Nice," I thought to myself, "but no match for how I'm going to look."

Luckily the dressing room was empty, so I quickly kicked off my sandals, slid out of my jumper and top, then after a quick hair

and makeup check, I walked out to where Joe and Kim were standing. Joe had his back turned to me, but Kim, who was facing me, seemed stunned.

"Trisha?" he asked in amazement, "Is that really you?"

I put one hand on my hip and bent one leg. "In the flesh," I said, trying to act as though I was wearing a pair of jeans.

Joe whirled around and stared dumbfounded for several seconds. "I've got some serious catching up to do," he said as he rushed to give me a hug. "Didn't anyone ever tell you that you're not supposed to look better than your hostess?"

"I'm sorry, Jo, but mom just bought me these things. I just couldn't resist a chance to strut my stuff!"

As we talked, several girls gathered around to see what all the fuss was about. Carol, a regular girl that we were friends with, was the first to figure out who I was. "As if I don't have enough competition for boyfriends," she groaned while checking me out. "You guys aren't supposed to look this good. You're supposed to look like guys, for heaven's sake."

"That wouldn't be any fun," I laughed and ran my hands along my sides and hips in a feminine gesture. "Now this is fun!"

Kate, one of the prettiest girls in the neighborhood looked at my crotch. "Isn't something missing?"

I saw where she was staring at and blushed uncontrollably. "Everything's still there," I muttered, "just tucked away so I can wear things like this bikini."

"That's so cool," she said in amazement, "You look so much like a girl!"

"Hey, remember me?" Joe teased before I could go into detail about my gaffe, "The birthday girl?"

"Poor baby," Kate laughed as she kissed Joe on his cheek, "We've been ignoring her."

"Just because she's dressed like a slut," Joe pouted in a playful manner, "That's no reason to ignore a sweet girl like me."

"Call me a slut again, you little witch," I joked, "and I swear, I'll scratch your eyes out!"

"All right," Cindy, another new girl called out, "A cat fight!"

"Slut, slut, slut!" Joe laughed.

"Bimbo, bimbo, bimbo," I screeched back.

"If you girls can't behave, I'll have to spank both of you," Cindy threatened. "Now be good kids and play nice."

I rubbed at my eyes as if drying tears. "Jo called me a bad name, mommy."

"Joanne, be a good girl and tell Trisha you're sorry." Joe and I were known for going off on these little impromptu routines and Cindy was doing a great job of following along.

"I won't!" Joe pouted as he stomped his foot. "Trisha is bad and I don't like her anymore."

"Maybe if you're nice to Trisha, she'll let you wear her pretty bikini sometime," Cindy sat down and pulled Joe onto his lap. "Wouldn't mommy's little girl like that?"

"Maybe," Joe answered, "but Joanne wants a bikini of her own, mommy!"

"Then Joanne can go out and buy one!" Cindy suddenly stood up, causing Joe to fall into the pool. "Brat!"

"Bad mommy," I yelled as I pushed Cindy into the pool. Seconds later, all hell broke loose and everyone was being tossed into the pool. Anyone walking by would have figured that we were a bunch of teenage girls doing what girls our age did best, being silly.



I felt so...exposed as I traipsed around the pool in my first bikini. Why was everyone staring at me? Could they tell that I'm really a boy? Not from the bottoms!

We splashed each other and acted like nitwits, but we had a great time. Mom told me that one advantage of being a girl was that I could let myself go. I didn't have to worry that someone might think I was being childish, since that was actually a very attractive trait for a girl.

If I ever wanted to drive a boy wild, all I would have to do is act childish and the guy would do anything for me. Men liked feeling strong and powerful and a weak little girl was just what they needed to feel that way. Who knows, maybe someday I'll give it a shot. For some strange reason, the idea of making some poor boy's motor race did have a certain appeal. After all, I am supposed to experience life as a girl.

The party was girls only, so I had an easy time adjusting to being in public in my bikini, yet I found myself wondering what a boy might think of how I looked. Somehow, I'd just have to work up enough courage to come back to the pool again in my bikini. I simply had to see if boys liked me in a bikini as much as I did!

Joe was thrilled with his gifts, lots of girly type stuff like hair ornaments, a purse, makeup, some jewelry, a bottle of his favorite perfume, but nothing got his attention the way my gift did!

Joe's eyes started to tear up. It was all he could do to keep from bawling. "Trisha, I love you!" he blubbered, "This is so pretty. I just can't wait to see how I look in it. I'll never want to take it off!"

"There's a dance coming up at the end of September," I suggested, "I wasn't going to go, but..."

"But if we did, we could wear our teddies under pretty dresses..." Joe knew exactly what I was leading up to.

The first dance of the year was always a special one. After a full month of wearing a boringly plain skirt with an equally

boring white blouse, the girls always wore their prettiest dresses and for the past couple of years, so did many of the boys.

Kim wandered over and listened to the plans. "Are we going to have to dance with guys?"

"I wasn't planning on it," I was trying to convince myself as well as my friends.

Carol was standing next to me and without warning poked me in the ribs. "You're chic," she laughed as she started to make sounds like a chic.

"Am not!" I retorted, "I just don't feel like it. I may not even bother going to the dance!"

"Trisha is right, Carol," Joe leaped to my defense, "Why should we dance with other guys?"

"Duh, 'cause you're not guys?" Carol asked at the top of her lungs. I was beginning to get worried. Carol's big mouth began to attract attention.

"Pipe down, Carol, please," I begged, "I don't want everyone to know about this."

"Then say that you'll dance with a boy," Carol challenged, "That's all you have to do to make me shut up."

"I can't say that, Carol," I pleaded, "You know I can't. I'm a boy too!"

"Oh right," Carol laughed, "A boy in a hot pink bikini that just gave another boy a sexy little teddy to wear. Just like the one he wears, right?"

"We have to do this," Joe countered, "It's all part of the program."

"Yeah, yeah, I've heard all that before," Carol raised her eyebrows. "The program doesn't require you guys to get your hair done, wear bikinis, or go shopping for lingerie."

My mouth dried up completely probably because all of the moisture had just gone to the palms of my hands. "Lingerie?" I tried to act innocent and find out how much Carol really knew.

You didn't see me in the store that day," she teased, "but I saw three girls buying some very girly type under things."

Kim was the first to get over his shock. "I thought we were friends, Carol?"

"Of course I'm your friend, you moron," she pouted. "I just wish you had invited me on your girly-girl shopping trip."

"I didn't think you'd be interested," I explained. "I'm sorry, Carol, if I had known..."

"You didn't know that girls like to shop?" she asked. "You can't be that dumb."

"We'll make sure that we remember you the next time we go shopping, okay?" Kim stated, "If you don't mind shopping with a couple of guys."

"I won't really be shopping with guys, will I?" There was that knowing little smile of hers again. "After all, boys don't wear bikinis or teddies or the kind of frilly stuff you three bought, do they?"

"I guess not," Joe shrugged, "but we figure that if we have to be girls, we might as well go all out."

"That's the only way to go, ladies," Carol smiled as she walked towards the water. "Ta, ta, girls," she called as she dove in.

"That was really weird, wasn't it?" Joe shook his head, "Maybe we're really in the twilight zone?"

Chapter 10

A couple of weeks after the party, I woke up one Monday morning to realize that this was it. The moment of truth had arrived, the first day of my two years as a schoolgirl. I climbed

out of bed, took off my nightgown, and reached for the clothes I had set out the night before.

My hands were a little shaky as I held the half-slip open to step into. I'd been wearing girl's clothes since last winter, but this was different. Now I had to wear girl's clothes and be a girl too. It was easy and sort of fun with Joe and Kim, but now I had to do it in front of the entire school.

I attached my breasts the night before, so I didn't have to worry about them. After carefully hooking my bra, I slid it around and brought the cups up over my breasts. They were so important to me when I first got them a month ago, but now I was so used to them that I sometimes forgot that they weren't real.

I took my uniform blouse from its hanger and slowly buttoned it up, leaving the top most button open in the style of the girls at school. The blouse was cut in such a way that I could have left another button open without anyone starting to see the top of my bra, but it still felt sort of naughty to leave an extra button open.

I stepped into my pleated skirt and carefully tucked my blouse in before doing the side zipper and button. I slipped on a pair of 2" heels, and then started on my hair and makeup.

As I brushed my hair into its usual loose wave style, I had to admit that the reddish color I chose for my hair really looked great with my green skirt. I hadn't planned this when I had my hair done last summer, then I just thought that the color was pretty. Now I started to consider what color outfits would look best with the shade.

The school doesn't allow girls to wear a lot of makeup, so I had to do my best with a little liquid makeup, blush, and a touch of natural colored lipstick. I was so good at makeup that it's sort of a shame that I couldn't use my skills every day, but the principal is very firm about the difference between school and the Miss Teen USA pageant. Oh well, there are always the school dances if I can get the nerve to go.

Carol still hadn't let up about Kim, Joe, and I going to the dance at the end of the month. She said she had a gorgeous new outfit that she didn't have a chance to wear and she wanted to show it off at the dance. In a way, I'd love to go too the dance. I've got this pink dress in my closet that I look absolutely stunning in. The skirt is just a little longer than most of my skirts, but what makes the dress so special is the way it gives me curves to die for! I mean when I put on that dress, there's just no way I could ever be mistaken for a boy. It draws attention to my breasts, draws your eyes to some knockout curves, then down to my great looking legs.

If you look at me from behind, the dress makes my butt look so round, firm, and cute that boys would go crazy trying to meet me! Couple all of that with pretty white stockings, heels that match the dress color perfectly, a pair of gold hoop earrings, and a diamond pendant necklace, and I just know that I'd be a boy magnet.

I haven't told Joe or Kim about the outfit or how it makes me feel. I guess I'm afraid that they'd think that I really want to be a girl for real, which is exactly how I feel every time I try that dress on. I mean, I know that I'm a boy and that I'm just dressing like this for some silly program at school, but I can't help it. Whenever I put that dress on, Kevin isn't even a distant memory. I'm Trisha, a cute, fifteen-year-old girl on the prowl. Even my bikini doesn't give me that intense of a feeling. But I'm most afraid of how I feel when I combined that dress with one of my teddies.

One day last month, both Joe and Kim were busy, so I had to amuse myself. I was in my room reading "Young Miss" when I thought it would be fun to try mixing and matching outfits in my closet to see what kind of looks I could come up with. I combined several different skirts and tops and just like my magazine article said, I came up with dozens of different looks from just a few pieces. If I added a scarf here or a different belt there, I could really stretch my wardrobe. That wasn't really necessary since

mom had bought me enough outfits for three girls, but still, it was a great way to spend an otherwise quiet day.

I was standing in panties and a bra holding the pink dress when suddenly I remembered what Betty and mom had said about how the right lingerie adds to the prettiest of outfits. Since the pink dress was about the prettiest I had, it only made sense to experiment with it and my sexiest lingerie, right?

I chose my ivory colored teddy to start with, along with a bra from a set in the same shade. I was totally engrossed in checking myself out in the mirror when mom walked into the room. "My little girl is growing up," she whispered proudly as she kissed me on the head. "You're such a lovely young woman, do you know that?"

"Thanks, Mom," I said as I snuggled close to her. "I was sort of bored and thought I'd try something I read about in my magazine."

Mom let me lean on her as I stepped into my slip. "Are you having fun as a girl, Trisha?"

I surprised myself when I didn't even hesitate to answer. "Oh yes, Mom," I blurted out, "It seems kinda weird once in a while, but I'm having a great time."

"Something told me that you'd enjoy this," she nodded. "I wanted to give you an experience that few boys ever have, to let you see how wonderful it is to be a girl."

"Thanks, Mom," my voice cracked just a little and tears began to form. "I never wanted to wear girl's stuff before, but now I wish I had. Girls have it so nice."

"It's not all pretty outfits, Trisha," mom admonished me. "You're going to find out that being a girl can be hard work and sometimes you may wish you were a boy again."

"I don't know, Mom," I smiled as I toyed with the lace on my teddy, "this is going to be tough to beat."

"Remember that when you have a head full of curlers and you're trying to get too sleep," mom joked, "or when some boy gets a little too friendly at the Overlook."

"The Overlook?"

"Yes, dear, the Overlook," mom said with a grin. "You know, the place where guys take their girlfriends to neck."

"There's no way a guy will ever get me there," I said smugly, "I'm not about to date any guys."

"How many girls do you think will go out with you in a dress and teddy?" mom laughed. "I expect that one of these days my daughter's going to come home and tell me that she needs a new outfit for a hot date."

"Don't hold your breath," I told her confidently.

Mom had the same kind of look on her face that Betty did at the beauty shop. "Right, now put some clothes on your cute little butt before your dad sees you like this," she patted me on my silky butt and walked out of the room.

I knew that dad would have a heart attack if he saw me standing in a teddy, so I quickly pulled on my dress and did my makeup. I placed a few drops of perfume behind my ears, between my breasts, and behind my knees, all places described as being erogenous zones in my magazine.

As I put on the perfume, I didn't understand why the magazine had made such a big deal out of the tiny amount to use in each place or why it went in all of those places. I mean, who's going to smell the back of my knees? Not to mention that anyone sticking his nose into my breasts was going to get a black eye.

Once I was done, however, I understood completely. The scent of my perfume was delicate and seemed to create an invisible, thin cloud around me. If a girl I met smelled the way I did, I'd have fallen head over heels in love and followed her like a lost puppy dog. It made me laugh to think of how my friends

and I thought that we pursued girls. We had no way of knowing that the girls had set irresistible bait out to lure us in!

I was floating on a cloud, my dress was perfect, my hair and makeup were the best I had ever done, and the scent of my perfume was making me feel giddy and lightheaded. I twirled around, flipped my skirt back and forth, showing a glimpse of lace from my slip, and a little bit of thigh as my dress crept up high enough.

I smiled, as I looked at myself in the mirror, a pretty girl who may be waiting for her date to arrive. Was she going to a special dance? Was he cute? Would he appreciate the beautiful young woman that was his date?

I certainly had to be going on a special date. I had plenty of dresses in my closet for regular dates, but this was not one of them. This dress fit me like a glove, it would draw a boy's attention to my perky, teen bust, then to my narrow waist, and of course, how could any boy avoid looking at my legs?

I pictured meeting my hunk of a boyfriend downstairs where my dad would tell him in no uncertain terms to have his little girl home by eleven. Mom would slap him playfully and remind him that I was a young lady, not his little girl. She'd tell me how pretty I looked, then with dad's arm around her, she'd give me a quick kiss on the head and say goodbye.

My boyfriend would take my hand with its pretty pink nails in his as we walked towards his car. He'd gallantly open my door and as I slid in, I'd smile up at him to show him how sweet I thought he was.

At the dance, my boyfriend would open my door and hold my hand as I got out of his car. As I stood, he would suddenly pull me towards him and kiss me, telling me how happy he was to have such a beautiful girlfriend. I couldn't let his sweet compliments go unrewarded, so I'd put my arms around his neck and give him a kiss that would tell him how happy I was to have such a sweet, good-looking boyfriend as him!

As we entered the gym where the dance was being held, I could see other kids staring at us. The boys would be envious of my boyfriend, wishing that they were the ones escorting this hot looking girl instead of him. The girls would be staring at me, envious of my gorgeous dress, my figure, and of course, my boyfriend. He was the one they all wanted, but I was his choice. Of the dozens of girls in our grade, I was the only one for him. A couple of my girlfriends are smiling and giving me the thumbs up sign, they knew what a lucky girl I am.

We dance, talk to some of the other kids, and of course when we get a chance, we find a dark corner to neck in. My stomach is filled with butterflies knowing what's about to happen. I've kissed other boys, but none of them ever made me feel the way I do now.

My boyfriend smiles and puts his arm around my waist. I love being his girl, so I cuddle up closer until I'm staring into his beautiful blue eyes. He smiles and holds me even tighter, our faces move together, our eyes close, and I feel his lips against mine. I return his kisses as passionately as I can. I don't ever want him to think that I didn't care about him. I can't imagine losing the sweetest, cutest, boy in the whole world to another girl.

Soon I feel his tongue pressing against my lips. I open them and our tongues meet. I feel a shiver down my spine. I'm not cold, that's not possible in the arms of my boyfriend. I'm just the happiest girl on earth.

We spend close to an hour kissing and telling each other how much in love we are, and then unfortunately we have to get back to the dance. The teachers are starting to patrol the floor, looking for kids like us. We won't spend too long dancing though. There's always Lookout Point, our favorite place to spend time together.

We slip out of the gym, into his car, and soon we're at Lookout Point just before sunset. The sky is a pretty mixture of blue, red, and orange. For some reason, sunset is a romantic time for me. The love of my life senses my contentment and opens his

arm for me to come closer. I slide closer, not caring that my dress has ridden up and a bit of my slip shows. If he wants me to, I'll gladly take everything off and let him have his way with me. All he needs to do is ask!

I sometimes think that my sweetie is not just a hunk and a great kisser. Just my luck, he's also a perfect gentleman and would never think of doing any of the things I'd love to have him do to me. Our tongues meet again and I'm as close to heaven as I'm ever to get.

Suddenly I feel one of his hands move to my breasts and start to gently squeeze. I'm on fire as I try to get closer. The sensations are nothing like I've ever felt before. I want to take this boy to my room and keep him in my closet. When I feel the need, which is often, I'll take him out and let him seduce me, squeezing my breasts, running his hands along my soft skin, and of course, making mad, passionate, love to me until I scream!

I'm disappointed when his hand leaves my breasts. Should I put it back where it belongs? Before I can decide, I feel it at the back of my dress, tugging gently on my zipper. Dear Gawd, he wants to get inside of my dress!

"Is it okay?" he whispers softly into my ear, "I'd love to hold them and squeeze them. I'll be gentle, I promise."

It's dark and we're parked in a very secluded spot with no one else nearby. "Yes, please," I insist as I nibble on his ear. I feel the zipper slide down my back, as my breathing gets heavier. In seconds, he has my zipper undone and my dress off my shoulders. I'm sitting with my breasts covered in satin and lace, praying that he won't stop.

It's my lucky night, I think to myself, as he gently reaches behind me to undo my bra. My breasts are soon free of their lacy confinement, and he gently squeezes one then the other before rolling my nipples between his fingertips. Instinctively, I reach down and undo his zipper. He begins to match my moaning as I

free him from the confinement of his underwear and begin to gently tug.

I feel dampness in my panties. Can he tell how badly I want him? As I tug, he moves closer, lowers his head to my breasts, and sends spasms of delight coursing through my body. He licks and kisses each breast, then without warning he opens his mouth and engulfs my nipple, teasing it unmercifully with his tongue! I start to squeeze him harder and harder, suddenly I feel him stiffen. "Oh...oh," he cries out and a warm liquid oozes onto my hand.

Suddenly I realize that I'm back in my room having a fantasy and have made a mess of my own to clean up. I'm thoroughly embarrassed as I pull down my wet panties, clean myself, and wash out my panties in my bathroom sink. I'm not about to throw them into the bag mom and I use for delicates. I don't want to have to answer questions about how they got this way.

I don't understand what happened. Why was I fantasizing about being a girl with a boyfriend? How could I have thought of those things and why did it feel so good?

I never told anyone about that day. It was just too embarrassing to admit that I had fantasies about being a girl, especially considering what that girl was doing. I determinedly put the memory far to the back of my mind and continued dressing for school.

End of Book One of Two (see tvc66)

IF YOU LIKED THIS BOOK, LET ME KNOW!

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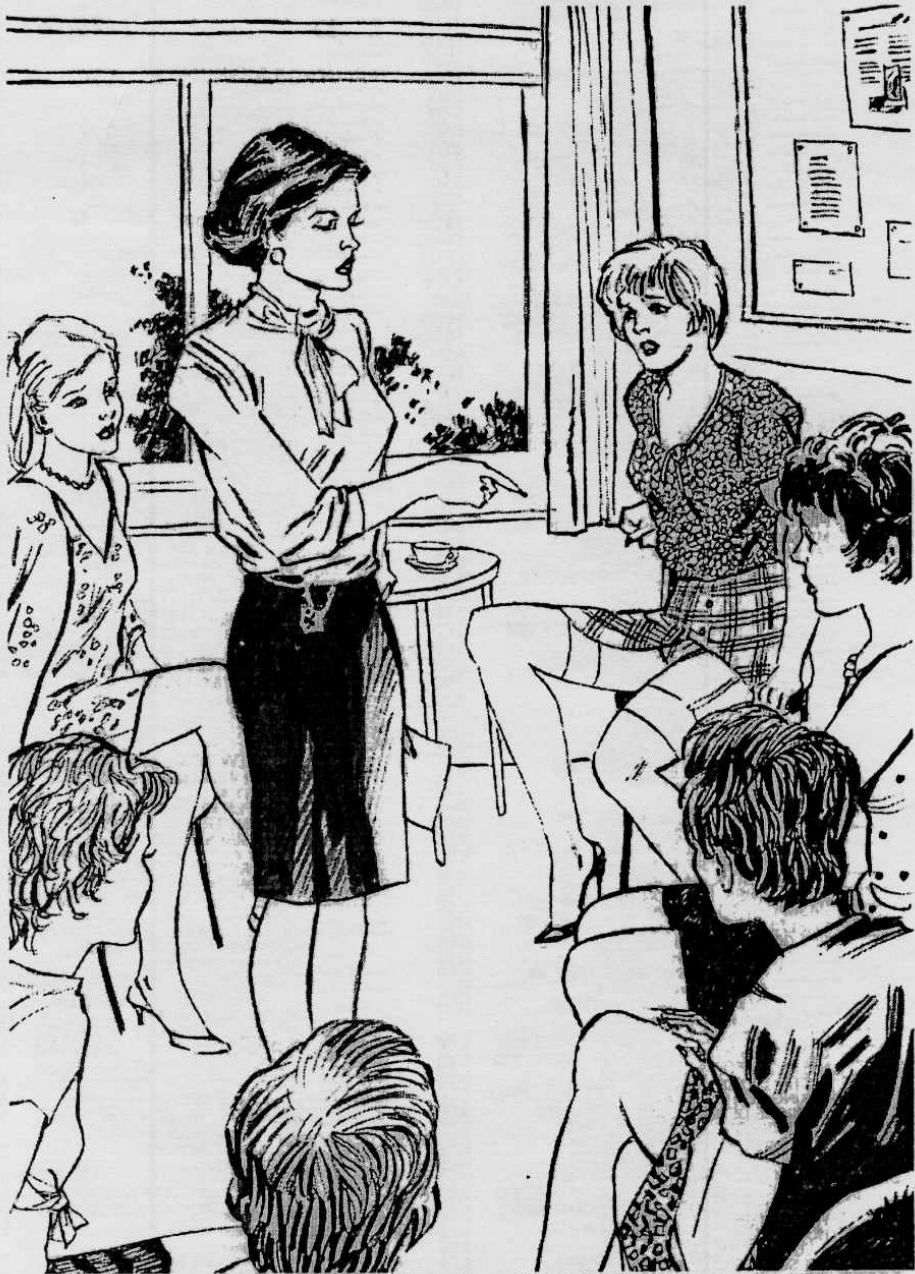


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IN THE PINK



"This is a very good girl's school," Ms Bell stated. "Your mother went here and your grandmother!"

"But I'm a BOY!" Dennis cried.

"Well, we won't let that stop you from getting a good education. Now keep those knees together!"