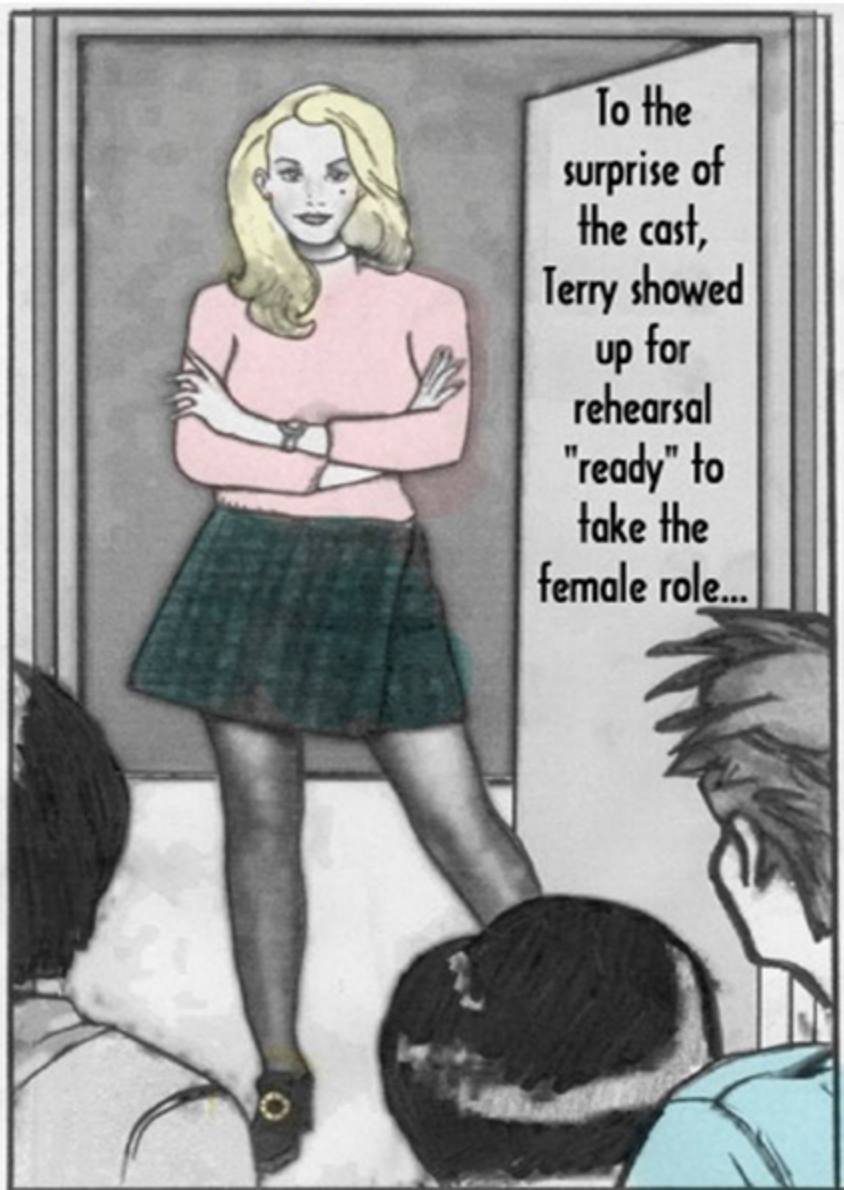


TV FICTION CLASSICS

MY SON, THE ACTRESS



To the surprise of the cast, Terry showed up for rehearsal "ready" to take the female role...

VOLUME 70

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MY SON, THE ACTRESS!

By Dawn Bell



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Contact Sandy Thomas for Information.

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 02624-0309

My E-MAIL ADDRESS IS:

sandythomasbooks@gmail.com

**DESIGN AND EDITORIAL BY:
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QUOTE BOARD

“Everyone seems normal until you get to know them.”

MY SON, THE ACTRESS!

By Dawn Bell & Sandy Thomas

“You're going to ask him what?!”

“Please, Aunt Ellen. He's like the sister I never had.”

“Yes, but to ask your cousin to be your maid of honor? He'll never agree!”

“I think I know Terry. I think he might consider it if I can talk to him.”

Ellen Henderson was stunned by the conversation she was having with her sister Gina's only daughter, Angela. Angela had asked if she could come over and speak to Ellen in private about a “delicate” matter. Never in her wildest dreams had Ellen expected what she was hearing.

“Remember, when I used to babysit Terry?”

“Of course, you were a godsend when I had to work evenings.”

“Well, he kind of liked to play a little game with me. We used to play dress-up. And he would be my, kind of living Barbie doll.”

“Really? Whose idea was it?”

“I can't even remember if it was him asking about dresses one day or what. But after the first time he really enjoyed it. Don't you remember how he kept on about letting his hair grow longer?”

“Well yes, but he said that lots of guys were wearing it long those days.”

“Yeah, that was convenient I guess, but he always wanted me to do his hair when we would play dress up. You might be surprised at how well he can set hair and

do braids and chignons. He used to even sneak over to my house sometimes before I was going on a date so that he could do my hair for me.”

Ellen was amazed at these revelations about her sixteen-year-old son. She felt a little hurt on the inside. Was it because he had been hiding this side of himself from his mother while sharing it with his cousin? Or was it really because Ellen felt short-changed? When Ellen had been pregnant she had prayed hard for a girl. In her mind she visualized her whole life. The little dresses, pigtails, maturing into a teen, starting to date boys, her first prom, planning her wedding...

After Ned died, she knew that she probably wouldn't remarry and so her dream of a daughter faded. And now to learn this!

“Well Angela, I don't know what to say. What did my sister say?”

“Mom is as surprised as you but Cal is having his three brothers as his ushers and I picked two of my girlfriends as bridesmaids...but I really wanted to have someone close to me as the Maid of Honor. The more I thought of who it should be, the more I kept coming up with Terry. When I thought about this big wedding being in Phoenix, far from people we know, and that Cal's family really doesn't know any of mine, my mind started getting this weird idea. Finally, I talked to Mom and I guess she had the same reaction as you. But after a lot of thinking and talking she just told me if I really feel strongly about it I should talk to you. If you say it's okay for me to ask Terry I will, otherwise I won't mention it again.”

Ellen sighed. This was not something she could respond to with a quick yes or no. On the one hand her mind involuntarily toyed with images of dress fittings, makeup experimentation and shoe selections, on the other hand the cold hard fact that Terry was a boy played counter to these fantasies.

“Angela, when do you have to make your final decision?”

“I think that by New Year's at the latest. The wedding is next summer so we're a year away. I wouldn't want to be looking for my Maid of Honor with less than six months to go.”

“Alright then, here is what I propose. I need to get an understanding of how Terry might feel about this idea. Your sharing of your secret dress up games and his apparent love of them is news to me. I want to do some exploring of my own. Give me until Christmas. Don't mention this to anyone else other than your mother and me. By Christmas I'll know if Terry will first of all even consider such an idea, and secondly if he were to do it, could he pull it off without being recognized as a boy in a dress.”

“Oh, thank you Auntie Ellen. That would be great!” Then Angela giggled as she added, “If I think I know what you mean, you'll find that with his slim body and pretty face, he'll be a darling!”

“We'll see....” Ellen smiled.

Angela bid her aunt goodbye. She had flown all the way out to the Midwest from Phoenix to visit her mother and have this conversation with her auntie. Now she was returning to Phoenix where she would start her summer job. Angela was attending college in Phoenix. This was where she met her fiancé, a nice boy from a rich family.

Terry's mother stared at the framed picture of her son. He had such fine features.



After Angela left, Ellen sat lost in her own thoughts. What was she going to do? She looked at the picture of Terry that stood on the mantle in the living room. His golden brown hair framed a handsome, if somewhat delicate featured face. He was not a big boy by any means, taking after her side of the family. Having just turned sixteen, he was small for his age; only about 5' 3" and 105 lbs. Puberty had not really kicked in for him yet so he certainly didn't have any body hair to speak of.

"Hmmm, puberty." Ellen thought. "If that kicks in now he won't be able to even consider pulling this off next summer. Too bad there wasn't a puberty delay pill!" She chuckled at that thought. But then something occurred to her.

Two years ago she had undergone a hysterectomy...she was on an estrogen replacement program. It was replacing the female hormones that her body wasn't producing any more. Would a little bit of female hormones keep Terry from starting puberty? She then remembered reading that estrogen is helpful in treating some men with heart problems.

Ellen rose and went to her bathroom and opened the medicine cabinet. There was a just refilled bottle of her prescription for Estrogen. Should she? Nervously, Ellen took the bottle into the kitchen and found the daily vitamins that Terry took each morning. Luckily there were only two vitamin tablets left in the bottle. Smiling, Ellen took her purse and keys and drove to the pharmacy.

While the pharmacist was refilling her three month prescription of Estrogen to replace the bottle she got yesterday. "I could have kicked my self when I picked up the bottle and it slipped out of my hands right into the open toilet!" Ellen picked out a new jar of multi-vitamins that had a orange colored tablet form that looked amazing like the Estrogen tablets. Once home, the new vitamins, did indeed find the toilet while the empty vitamin

bottle was refilled with 90 Estrogens. This new bottle was placed right behind the first, nearly empty bottle. Three days from now Terry would be popping his new "pills".

That evening when Terry came home from his last day of school, Ellen and her son sat down and reviewed another good year-end report card. As mother looked at her son she now saw him in a new light. She could believe Angela's story about him looking great as a girl. He had long lush eyelashes and a pert nose, full lips and high cheekbones. My goodness, he'd be a dream to put makeup on. Ellen was now glad that he had convinced her that he didn't need a haircut. His hair was about six inches long around the back and sides and just a little shorter at the top and front. He wore it pulled back into a short ponytail at the back.

"These are great grades Terry! Tomorrow I'm going to make your favorite supper to celebrate!"

"Thanks, Mom. You know I like school. Getting good marks is gravy."

A NEW DAY...



**Terry was very
pleased with
his final tests.**

The next morning Ellen hummed a tune to herself as she watched Terry open the kitchen cupboard and take out the near-empty vitamin bottle. As he popped the second to last one in his mouth, his mother said,

“Dear? Could you give me one of those as well? I've been feeling a little tired lately. Maybe I'm not getting enough vitamins.”

“Sure Mom. That's it for this bottle. Oh, is that a new bottle behind it?”

“Yes dear. Those are a new brand. They're supposed to be really great for developing young bodies.” She added with a grin. Tomorrow, Terry would begin to put the brakes on those nasty male puberty changes until at least they could see if Angela's idea was doable.

Mother and son did the usual Saturday chores around the house and Ellen prepared a nice roast for supper. Later in the afternoon Ellen made a suggestion.

“You know Terry, I feel like dressing up a little to celebrate. How about if we set the dining room table with nice china and make an evening of it?”

“Okay, if you like.”

“I'll shower first and start to get ready, you can go next. Want me to pick out some nice clothes from your closet?”

“If you like Mom, I'm not sure there's a lot to chose from. I haven't worn that suit in years and it must be way too small.”

“Leave it to me, I'll find something that will be nice.”

Terry watched some TV while Ellen showered and began getting herself ready. She sat in front of her vanity mirror as she used the blow drier on her hair. Her thoughts were on how she would progress with her son. Surely, she couldn't just say something like, “Oh well Terry, I don't think you have any proper supper clothes that fit...why don't I just loan you my green strapless with the matching Bolero jacket.” Ellen couldn't suppress a nervous giggle at the thought.

Half an hour later as she was just finishing setting her hair on her hot rollers Ellen heard Terry starting his shower. "Hmmm, his hair is just a little shorter than mine..." she thought.

Another idea was spawning. While he showered Ellen went to work looking for some appropriate clothes in his closet. Terry had been right. Besides his jeans and such for school, her son had outgrown his last batch of "nice" clothes for occasions such as this.

Terry emerged from the bathroom with a towel draped around his waist and went into his bedroom. On his bed he saw laid out for him a clean pair of briefs, some black nylon dress socks, and a pair of navy blue slacks and a white, long-sleeved sweater neither of which he recognized. Just then his mother popped her head in his door.

"Terry, you were right, you've outgrown your nice clothes. Try on those slacks and sweater. They should fit I think."

"Where did you get them from?"

"My closet silly. You and I are about the same size you know."

"They're yours?"

"Yes, what's the matter, it's only a pair of pants and a sweater. I've borrowed your sweatshirts at times."

"Yeah...but...they're lady's stuff." He stammered, not taking his eyes off of the clothes laying there.

"Don't be such a ninny. Try them on. Unless you go downtown and announce that your wearing some clothes borrowed from your mother who's going to know?"

The boy seemed to buy that logic reluctantly. However, he was getting a strange tingly feeling that he hadn't had for some years. Not since he used to play with his cousin.

Ten minutes later Ellen called out from her room where she was finishing up her makeup.

"Come in here so that I can see how those items fit."

Terry entered looking somewhat sheepish. The sweater fitted fine. It had a wide v-neck opening in front and it exposed more of his shoulders than his sweaters would have. It was meant to be a semi-off-the-shoulder design. The navy blue pant was made of a gabardine material that was molded around the hips with flaring legs that in Terry's case dragged an inch onto the carpet.

"Hmmm, those pants are a little long. They were hemmed to go with a pair of heels. Are you just in your socks?"

"Yeah."

Ellen bent down and fiddled with the pant legs.

"Just a minute." She said and walked over to her closet. To Terry's dismay she soon returned with a pair of her black, pumps. The shoes were plain in design, with a scalloped instep and 1 1/2 " heels.

"Mom! What are you doing?"

"I want to see if this helps." Ellen said as she kneeled in front of her son and quickly slipped the shoes onto his feet. He had to balance himself with one hand on her shoulder as he put on the second shoe.

"There, problem solved. And they go with those pants as well."

"But Mom...those are women's shoes??"

"What's wrong with them. I've seen the kinds of shoes young men wear these days. They aren't much different."

Terry felt his balance returning as he now stood almost two inches taller. He tried a couple of steps and found the new angle of his feet took some getting used to. It also changed the way that he took steps, that is, smaller... more daintily to maintain his balance. He felt his calf muscles working harder as well.

"These shoes feel tight Mom." Terry complained as his feet felt the squeeze of his weight pushing his toes forward. Ellen looked at his feet.



**Terry descended in
the feminine
outfit his mother
insisted he wear.**

“Of course, it's those socks! These shoes aren't meant to have boys' socks in them. Just a minute.”

Not again, thought Terry realizing she had said those words when she got the idea for the shoes. Sure enough, after rummaging in her dresser drawer, Terry's mother returned with a pair of knee high nylons.

“Sit down here and take off those shoes.”

Obediently, the boy did as he was asked. His heart sped up as he watched his mother remove his socks then roll the gossamer nylons up his legs to the knees.

“Now let's see.”

Ellen replaced the shoes on Terry's feet and he stood once again. The fit was snug but now much more comfortable. The soft tension around his calves felt like a caress. He couldn't help but smile.

“Ummm, yeah. That does feel better.”

“Great, let me look at you again. Those clothes look sharp on you. With the pants covering your shoes mostly I'd never know that those weren't boy's clothes.” Ellen exclaimed. She knew she was lying. Her son's feet looked sooo girlish in those cute pumps with the thin heels. Terry walked over to the large mirror and did a slow pirouette.

“Darn,” he thought to himself, “It's been a long time since I felt like this.”

“Come sit here. Let me blow dry your hair for you.” Ellen said as she pulled the vanity chair out for him.

“Okay, thanks.”

Terry watched in the mirror as his mother combed out his wet, straight locks then proceeded to dispense a white ball of styling mousse in her hand. He had never tried mousse but knew that it was used to help hold a hairstyle. Working the mousse through her son's hair, Ellen began directing a stream of warm air from the dryer over Terry's scalp. Using a hairbrush, Terry's mother pulled and straightened his hair using the brush to roll the ends under as she dried. After fifteen minutes,

the boy's hair fell in a full smooth cascade to just above his shoulders ending in a gentle turned under flip with soft bangs swept to the sides.

"Wow, that's the best my hair has ever looked!" Gasp'd Terry as he looked at his reflection. His hair looked longer and fuller than ever before. He had hadn't realized that his natural wave shortened it up so much.

"It's nice, but you should really try something different with your hair. At least for the summer."

"Different? What do you mean?"

"You should get a perm. Your hair is so thick, it would look great! I'm going next week. It's time for me to go shorter and curly again. Why don't I make you an appointment too?"

"A perm? At your hairdresser's?"

"Yeah, it will look great. I'll even promise to help you take care of it. If you don't like it, you can always get it cut off before school."

The thought of going to a women's hair salon and having his hair worked on by a hairdresser was extremely exciting to Terry. But his male ego was terrified! If he gave in just like that, what would his mother think?

"Uh, I don't know. I'll think I'll pass on a perm. That's girl's stuff."

Ellen could tell from her son's tone of voice and from what Angela had told her that he was putting on a false front. She would back off...for now.

That evening they had a lovely supper and chat. Both enjoyed it so much that they promised that they would try to have a nice supper every Sunday night. Of course Ellen had other reasons for that. There were so many clothes that Terry had yet to experience.

The next evening, as they were sitting watching TV before bedtime, Ellen got up and fetched her manicure kit and some nail polish. As Terry watched, his mother

began to work on her nails in front of him on the coffee table. As he tried to concentrate on the TV program he couldn't help but look at what she was doing. He was fascinated by the process as she cleaned off the old polish then worked on her cuticles.

First soaking then trimming them with special tools. Taking an Emory board she carefully shaped her nails into gently rounded ovals. With the shaping and cleanup complete, his mother began to apply an undercoat of clear polish, followed by two color coats and finally a glossy, clear topcoat. The whole process took nearly an hour with all the intermediate drying steps. Finally, she was finished and Terry thought she was going to clean up her stuff and put it away. But instead, she looked at his hands. Taking one hand in hers she held it up for a closer look.

"Here, let me clean these up for you. They sure are overdue for a trim."

She was right. He hadn't clipped his nails in about two weeks and they had grown out. In fact, he was looking for a clipper that morning, but got distracted.

"Uh, okay. I guess they do need a trim."

"You have such nice hands, you should take better care of your nails. Let me see what I can do."

To Terry's surprise, he watched as his mother began the same soaking process on his hands as she had done on hers. She went to her room and returned with a small brush and proceeded to gently scrub underneath his soapy nails to remove all traces of dirt. Once the water softened his hands, Terry watched in awe as she began to work on his cuticles! Immediately, his already overgrown nails appeared longer, especially since she pushed the remaining cuticles way back with an orange stick. He was sure that she was going to trim his nails with nail clippers but instead Ellen used an Emory board and began to more smooth and shape rather than trim her son's nails. Terry felt a chill as he noticed that his moth-

er was shaping his nails similar to her own. The ends were slightly rounded with an overall gentle taper.

“My god,” he thought, “they look like Mom’s!” Terry’s mind said, “Complain! Don’t let her make your nails look so feminine!” But his other side, his secret side, saw the doors opening again after a long, long period of repression. Terry remained quiet. And when his mother took her clear, “Hard as Nails” polish and proceeded to apply it to her son’s fingernails, he did not protest.

“There you go. That looks elegant,” Ellen smiled as she finished the last coat.

“They look...nice, Mom. Thanks,” Terry replied meekly. Ellen looked at his expression and smiled. She thought that she knew the answer for Angela already, but she wasn’t about to spoil another few months of this fun so soon. Her boy had hidden the “little daughter” she had always wanted too long. She was going to enjoy discovering her.

As that week progressed, Ellen watched in fascination as her son popped his morning “vitamin” every day. She wondered what was going on inside his body as the female hormones invaded his unsuspecting, teen male anatomy. By Tuesday, Terry woke up feeling nauseous. He thought he must be coming down with some bug. That morning, before his Mom came down to breakfast, he had already taken two “vitamin” pills. Vitamins often help overcome some cold and flu bugs. He had read that somewhere.

Since that last Sunday night, Terry had accepted his mother’s offer to blow dry and style his hair each day. It looked so nice and he did enjoy the closeness and luxury of her attention. And each day, Ellen kept up her not so subtle sales pitch.

“A perm would really give you styling options.”

“A perm would make you look taller.”

“Women love curly hair on men.”

“I’d help you look after it every day.”

“You can get away with only washing it every second day.”

“What's the risk, if you don't like it, it will be flat by school time anyway.”

With that constant pressure and the stimulating environment in which it was presented finally Terry gave in on Wednesday morning. “Well. Maybe I will give it a try. But you promise to help me style it each day?” Terry asked assuming the daily blow-drying sessions would continue.

“Absolutely!” Ellen exclaimed in victory, “I'll call Linda right away and set up appointments.”

Once Terry had gone upstairs to finish dressing for the day, Ellen picked up the phone and called her beauty salon.

“Hi Linda? It's Ellen. Listen can you work me in for that perm we discussed tomorrow? You can? Great. First thing? 9:00 am? And could you work in one more for a perm? No not my sister, it's Terry.... yes, my son. No, not a body wave.... a perm. Yes, like mine. In fact, exactly like mine. I know mine needs regular roller setting to maintain...thanks, I think it will be fun too.”

She put the phone down with a smile.

Thursday morning mother and son got up early to make their appointment. Terry was on pins and needles. He was going to a beauty salon! If only his mother knew how excited he was about it. Terry did his best to keep up the skeptical attitude in front of his mother. But to think that he was going to get those little perm rods put in his hair and everything. Sure, there were a few guys who had perms at school. Gave them these wavy, lion's mane styles.

As they grabbed a quick breakfast Terry once again felt a little queasy and for some reason this morning he felt little sharp pangs around his nipples as his t-shirt rubbed against them. He found himself wanting to

scratch there. Ellen suggested that Terry wear shorts since the salon could be very warm.

Breakfast done, they popped their "vitamins" and headed out the door.

Terry hadn't been at Linda's beauty salon in a few years. Not since he became old enough to stay at home by himself. They arrived at nine sharp and were greeted by the owner Linda. She marveled at how he had grown.

"Oh, your hair's beautiful." Linda exclaimed as she felt a piece of Terry's grown out locks. "Well we had better get started. Put on a smock. We have a long morning ahead of us."

Much to Terry's relief the only other client in the salon was a young man, probably 20 years old who was also in the midst of getting his long hair rolled up on perm rods by the other hairdresser, Janet. Now he felt relaxed at being in there and undergoing this normally feminine beauty process.

As Linda took his mother, Terry sat in the waiting area and pretended to be interested in some magazines. He felt funny wearing the smock over his shorts. It was like a dress.

He was watching what Janet was doing to the other male client. She had finished rolling all his hair, and then placed cotton-batting rolls along his hairline. Next, she had used a plastic squeeze bottle of some liquid with which she had saturated each perm rod on his head. There was a strong smell of ammonia or something that wafted across the salon. While this was going on, Linda had washed his mother's hair and was in the process of trimming the length, section by section. Soon, she was done and was rolling her hair up with dozens and dozens of perm rods. As the other guy sat with a clear plastic cap over his saturated perm rods, Linda began doing the cotton and soaking process on Terry's mom.

A timer rang and Janet walked over to the other fellow and had him lean back into the shampoo sink. Re-

moving the plastic cap, Terry watched as she unrolled one perm rod and tested the curl. Satisfied, she took another bottle and began to saturate his rods once again. After a while, she began removing all the rods and then proceeded to shampoo his hair thoroughly. At this time Linda called Terry over to begin his perm process. By the time that Linda had shampooed Terry's hair and was combing it out in preparation for trimming it, Janet was already working the other guy's long wavy hair with a blow dryer. The fellow's hair was a full, mass of soft waves and volume. Cool, thought Terry.

As Linda began to section Terry's hair and wind it into pinned up sections, he turned his attention to the mirror in front of him. He saw her pick up the scissors and free a big section at the nape of his neck.

"You're not going to cut too much off, are you?"

"No, not at all. But I have to get all these mixed lengths trimmed to specific lengths for the final style to work. You had just been growing out a normal haircut right?"

"Yeah, I was."

"Well, now we're going to give you a perm so we need to have the right lengths all over your head to get a good style. Don't worry relax. Your Mom said that she promised to help you take care of it right?"

"That's right. She's good at it."

In about ten minutes, Linda was finished with the trimming, having combed through his hair over and over testing sections for the right lengths. It looked like she had trimmed his hair to about five inches in length all over. Now the fun part began as Terry watched Linda roll a cart over beside him filled with many, many different sized perm rods.

Taking a section right above his forehead she combed it out straight up, then picked up a small rectangle of some kind of paper. This was folded over the

ends of his hair and then that was wrapped carefully around a perm rod. Once the hair was wrapped around twice, Linda took the rod in both hands and proceeded to wind it all the way down to his scalp. An elastic device attached to one end of the rod was stretched the length of the rod and locked in place.

The first rod was now firmly attached to Terry's hair. Totally fascinated, the boy watched as literally dozens and dozens of similar perm rods were wound into his hair in dense, neat rows from his forehead to his nape. He could actually feel the weight of the many curlers as he moved his head. As he looked at his reflection in the mirror he was glad that he had the long, plastic salon cape covering his pants. He was feeling more than a little stirring down there. It had taken a full thirty minutes for the roll up and just as Linda was finishing putting the cotton around Terry's head, a timer sounded again.

"Don't worry about it Linda," Janet said, "I'll test Ellen and start the neutralizer."

"Thanks Janet."

"Okay now Terry, I need you to hold this plastic bowl at your neck for a second while I soak your hair with the perm solution. Don't be surprised that it might feel cold when it touches your scalp."

Terry held the pan behind his head and had to lean back a little. Sure enough as the first cold drip of the strong smelling perm solution touched his scalp he cringed a little. Slowly and carefully, Linda soaked each of the sixty plus curlers with the perm solution. Satisfied, she placed a plastic cap over Terry's hair and had him move over to another styling chair while she set the timer for him. By this time Ellen had been neutralized and shampooed by Janet and was ready for Linda.

As Terry watched, Linda combed through his mother's wet, and now very wavy hair. He realized that his

mother's hair now looked like it was about the same length as his.

"Oh, the perm looks like it took well. You'll love this length. It can be styled either in a nice curly bouffant or even worn up for the evening."

"That's good, I'm ready for a change. Those hot rollers can't really give you much long-lasting curl."

"You know that if you set your hair in big rollers, you can even get a very full, straight style like a page boy. You'll have to play around and experiment."

With that, Linda rolled another cart over next to Ellen. This one was full of various sizes of normal hair rollers. Terry was curious as he watched Linda spray some kind of lotion on his Mom's hair then begin sectioning and rolling her hair on one and half inch rollers. The pattern of rollers wasn't quite the same as she had used for the perm rods with the top rollers sort of angled across the top of her scalp over to one side. Once his mother's head was completely covered in rollers, Linda took a large pink hairnet and draped it over the rollers, tying the ends of the net into a bow at the nape of Ellen's neck.

"Okay, let's put you under the dryer."

Ellen smiled at her son as she walked past him to have a seat under one of a row of clear plastic hooded hair dryers. Soon the steady drone of the dryer filled the salon. Terry sat for another 10 minutes before the timer rang. Linda checked one of his curls and announced that he was ready for the neutralizer. The boy went through the same process that he had seen the boy before him and his mother undergo. Soon he was sitting back in front of the mirror with a towel wrapped turban style around his hair. Linda stepped behind him and removed the towel and proceeded to comb through his hair. It looked just like his mother's had after her shampoo. Same curliness and length.

“So now you blow dry it right?” Terry asked innocently.

“Well, no” Linda replied with a surprised look, “it would look a mess if I just blow dried it.”

“But that's what she did for that other guy's perm.”

“Oh him? His hair was quite long and he only had a body wave. Your's is a curly perm. If I blow dry it, it will look like a fright wig.”

“So what do you do? Let it dry naturally?” Terry asked with a nervous edge in his voice.

“No, you have to set it with rollers.”

“With rollers? Like my mom's?”

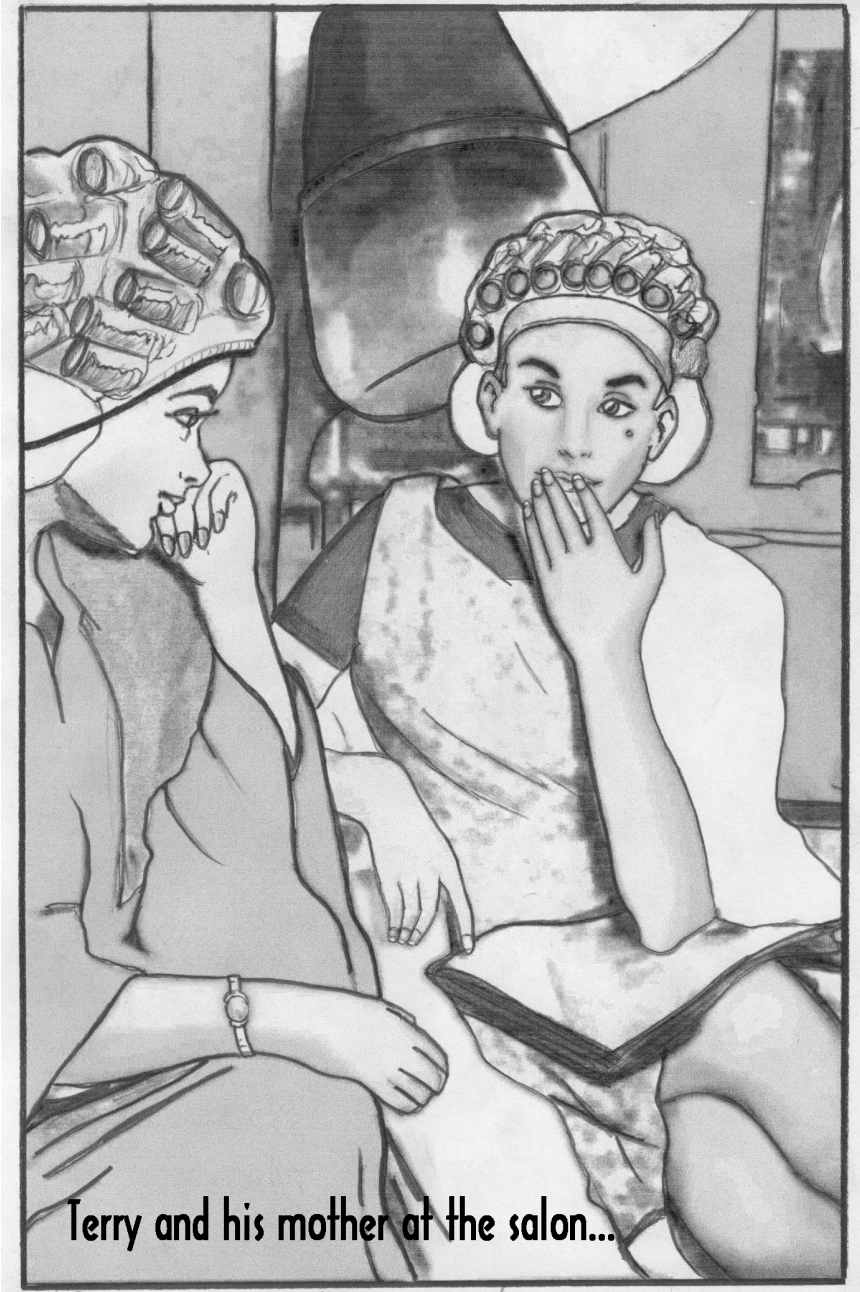
“Yes, exactly like that. Didn't you know? You'll need to set it after each washing for at least three or four weeks. After that, the curl may have relaxed and you can probably get away with blow drying and maybe using hot rollers or a curling iron.”

“Oh, boy.” Terry mumbled as he realized what he had gotten himself into. On the one hand he was scared but on the other he was a little glad that he had “accidentally” fallen into this predicament.

As he watched quietly Linda sprayed the same lotion on his hair as she had on his mother's. Combing out the first section of his hair she wound a large roller in and fastened it with a clip. Roller after roller was quickly wound into Terry's hair. He noticed that the pattern she was following looked exactly like that used on his mom.

When the last of the three dozen rollers were in place, another pink hairnet was placed over his rollers and tied in back. Soon he was sitting next to his mother under a dryer. Sitting in front of his mother was Janet working on Ellen's nails. She had removed the polish and was applying a fresh coat. After her last nail was done, Janet slid her little chair and table over in front of Terry. She picked up his hand. Terry pulled it back in surprise. Lifting his dryer hood, Janet explained.

“We have a special this week. With every full perm, we provide a manicure. It's free.”



Terry and his mother at the salon...

Lowering his hood back down Janet once again took his hand. Terry's mother gave him an "it's okay" nod. He was quite embarrassed, as Janet obviously must be wondering why his nails are so long and shaped the way they are. But she didn't let on. In no time, she had removed his clear polish and reapplied a new polish. Once she had taken her stuff and moved over to complete the second coat on his mother's nails, Terry noticed that the polish she had used on his nails wasn't completely clear! It had a definite pearly sheen, kind of a faint pinkish white appearance. He wasn't going to complain and make a scene. Janet and Linda didn't seem to be making out that it was strange for him to be having his hair set or to be having nail polish applied.

After about 30 or 40 minutes his mother's dryer shut off and Linda took her back to the styling chair. He could see Linda talking to Janet and they were glancing back at him. Linda was explaining something to her with the help of hand gestures around her own head indicating some kind of hairstyle shape or something. Janet seemed to understand and nodded. Sure enough, in a minute or two, Terry's dryer clicked off. Janet came over and lifted his hood.

"Let's see if you're dry." She said as she removed one roller from the back of his head. Terry thought that he felt his hair spring back against his scalp.

"Perfect. Come on, have a seat. I'll do your comb out."

Janet's chair was at the other end of the salon and his view of his mother and Linda was somewhat obscured by a partition. He watched as Janet rolled a roller cart over and began pulling out the hair clips and rollers from his hair starting at the bottom and back of his head. She worked fast and Terry was stunned to see his formerly, at best, wavy hair, snap back against his scalp in tight rolls. When the last roller was removed his hair

still looked like it was in rollers, but the rollers had just become invisible.

“Wow, your hair really takes a perm well. You're lucky. Lots of girls have no luck with perms at all.”

Terry heard the “lots of girls” reference and wondered if it was just an innocent slip of her tongue. Picking up a brush, Janet stepped up close behind Terry and holding one hand just behind the brush she firmly ran it through his curls in the same directions as the set. The many precise rolls smoothed out into a soft pillow of hair. Janet ran the brush through each part of his hair until it almost looked smooth. Then she switched the brush for a long, thin comb. She lifted a section of his hair in front and proceeded to comb down quickly. The result was that his hair stood up in a sort of clump. Janet went section by section just where each roller had been and repeated the process. She must have noticed the puzzled look on his face so she explained.

“This is called backcombing. It's used to build height and form the base for the final style.”

She took a pump bottle of hairspray and began to mist all over the backcombed hair. Janet then began to use the comb to form the ends of sections of teased hair. As she worked, Terry's eyes couldn't believe it. A hairstyle was forming. What looked like a disheveled mess a moment ago, now looked light a precise, curled...hairdo. He had seen these kinds of hairdos before. His mother had them, his aunt...but always women! Terry's heartbeat sounded like it was pounding between his temples. After ten more minutes of playing and primping Janet gave his hair one final overall spray with the hairspray. With a flourish, Janet undid his cape and removed it.

“Ta da! It looks beautiful!” She exclaimed. Terry didn't know what to say. It was beautiful all right, he was mesmerized. He never would have dreamed that he would have such a hairdo, especially done by a woman's beauty salon. What should he do? He realized that his

mother and the two hairdressers seemed to think this was a perfectly normal hair design for a teenage boy. Finally, he decided to play it cool and go along with that tact.

"It's different than anything I've had in the past. Yes, it looks very nice." His comments seemed to please the young woman.

"Come on, let's get your mom's and Linda's opinions." Janet took Terry's hand and helped him stand up. They walked over to the other side where his mother was just paying Linda. When he stood in front of his mother and they looked at each other there was a moment of unusual quiet. The hairdressers looked at one another and smiled, obviously pleased with their work. Without speaking Ellen and Terry turned to face the big mirrors on the wall. Their hairdos were identical, not similar; identical. Beautiful, full curled bouffants that stood a full three inches off the scalp and had precise curls all over covering the ears and tickling down on the neck. The style was a modified side part that was quite stylish. Finally, Ellen spoke.

"Your hair's gorgeous Terry. How do you like it?"

"I like it. Though I thought it was going to be a little more casual....it seems very....."

"Done?"

"Yeah, done...for a guy."

"Linda, has there ever been a new perm that doesn't appear very done for the first week?"

"No, I don't think so." Linda replied and the ladies all laughed, sharing some inside joke that all women know.

"It looks beautiful. You'll see that a good perm will give you some nice styling options. Better than that just wash and blow dry look."

"Just remember, you shouldn't wash your hair for a few days. Wait until Saturday. You can use hairnets at night to keep the style. Then Saturday, you can just

wash and set it at home, or if you like, I can put you down for shampoo and set appointments here.”

“Maybe that's a good idea. Put us down for early morning if possible. I have my sister coming over for supper and we'll need the afternoon to clean and cook.”

Without asking for his okay, the Saturday appointment was made and they were bidding their goodbyes out the door. As Terry stepped out into the street he felt a slight panic attack. There were people walking by. He stared down as they walked the short distance to their parked car. Just as they were opening the car doors a little old lady stopped and looked at them. She smiled,

“Oh that's so cute. Mother and daughter hairdo's.”

Ellen grinned, “Thank you, it's my 'daughters' first perm.”

“Well, I think it looks lovely!”

As they closed the doors Terry gave his mother a dirty look.

“Oh come on Terry, that little old lady probably has poor eyes. It's not a hard mistake to make if you can't see well.”

“Mom, she's right! Don't you think having matching hairdo's is nuts? And making me another appointment for a shampoo and set?!”

“Your hair looks great. A new perm always looks a little bit done at first. I think you like very nice. And who cares anyways. You can fool around with it during the summer, then do what you want before school starts. Besides, didn't you enjoy the pampering at a salon all morning?”

Terry sat silent. As much as his rebellious outburst was necessary he knew his mother was right. This morning's experience getting his hair done was beyond his wildest dreams. Frightening yet enthralling. He decided not to make it appear he was totally opposed to this new trend of fashion sense that his mother had embarked him on.

“Well, yes...that was nice, I guess. I guess I just felt out of place. You know, getting a perm and all in a beauty salon.”

“But there was another young man in there getting a perm as well.”

“Yes, but he didn’t get the roller set and all that backcombing stuff like I did.”

“That's just because his hair was longer and in a different style. You'll see, with your perm, Linda and Janet will be able to try different variations on your current style.”

Terry knew that his mother's arguments were lame but he let the discussion be.

That night Ellen showed her son how to take care of his hair for the night. An elasticized hair net was lowered over his curls and all the hair was carefully tucked underneath. In the morning, after removing the net, Terry's hair was easily combed out into the same salon-fresh look of the day before. Even though her son still gave off the impression that his style was too feminine looking, Ellen caught the boy frequently primping in front of the mirror.

Thursday evening, his Aunt Gina dropped by. She had some excuse but in reality she was dying to see how her nephew's hair had turned out. Gina was fully aware of her sister's plan and wanted to be part of it. When they greeted her at the door she was all gushing praise. She “Loved!” their hair and of course she noticed his manicured nails even though he had tried to keep them hidden from view. His aunt immediately took his hand for a closer look.

“Oh, your nails are beautiful. I love that polish. What's it called, I have to get some.”

Ellen saw Terry's confusion.

"We had our nails done at Linda's. It's one of those new 'invisible' colors. You know with nail polish being 'in' for guys and all they've come out with so many colors. I'll have to ask the next time. I started taking care of Terry's nails this summer. They grow so fast and I've been putting nail hardener on them to protect them."

"That's a good idea, nice hands are such an important grooming item. You are going to grow them longer aren't you Terry?"

"Well, I don't know..."

"I told him to let me have some fun, it's only for the summer anyway. He'll appreciate the effort ladies make to look nice at least."

"I'll say! But it's nice to be pampered like at the beauty salon. Is Terry going to join you for your weekly shampoo and set?"

"We're already scheduled for this Saturday morning."

"Oh, that's nice. I was going to go Saturday as well. Maybe I can get a time close to yours and we can make it a threesome. Maybe go out for lunch afterwards. I'm buying."

"That would be lovely!" Ellen exclaimed.

Things were moving so fast that Terry's head was spinning. Now he was not only going to the beauty salon again, but he was going out to a restaurant for lunch!?

By Friday, Terry had noticed that the nausea that he had been feeling was better. But the sensitivity and slight itching around his chest and nipples was still there. When he examined himself in the mirror in the morning, he could have sworn that his nipples looked swollen! They seemed somewhat puffy and protruding slightly. He wasn't worried but somewhat puzzled. "Must be some reaction to that bug he had the past few days."

As so it was that on Saturday morning, with much convincing from his mother, Terry once again dressed in his hose, slacks, pumps and a white, plain cotton blouse to go to get their hair done. The reason that he agreed to wear these clothes was that he had realized that in them he did look like a girl. Add the hair and nails and maybe anyone who saw him would mistake him for a female and he'd just blend in. As he expected, the beauty salon was quite busy on Saturday morning. Of course, all the customers were women. In fact, he did blend in. Nobody really gave him a second look. Ladies smiled in greeting as they did to his mother and aunt. He felt a little more relaxed.

"Oh, I love your outfit Terry." Linda whispered as she brought him back from the shampoo bowl to her styling chair. "Is it yours?"

"Well, not really. It's my mother's. She loaned me this because I don't have any nice clothes that fit. We're going to a restaurant for lunch after so she wanted me to look nice."

"You're going out? Well then how about if I do an extra special hairstyle today?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I'm not sure yet. But with those clothes and shoes you can get away, shall we say with a lot more. I'll do a more youthful style than the one we did last time. How about that?"

The idea sounded good. He didn't want to look like a forty-year-old woman. Linda explained to Terry's mom what she wanted to try.

"That sounds like a wonderful idea. Maybe something dressy?"

"I think I have the perfect style." Linda said as she smiled.

Terry watched in the mirror as Linda sectioned and rolled his hair onto the rollers. He could see his mother and aunt sitting in the chairs to the left of him also hav-

ing their hair set, watching Linda roll his hair and smiling. He also noticed that his hairdresser was using different size hair rollers than the last time. The top was covered in larger rollers while all around the sides of his head; Linda was using much smaller rollers.

Once again as Terry sat under the dryer a young woman came by to do his nails. She was working on a number of the customers and had a paper list of who was next and what they wanted done. Terry realized that his mother must have arranged it. The boy was fascinated with some of the quite attractive young women that were being worked on in the salon that morning and didn't even pay attention to what the manicurist was doing. Finally, she moved her stuff over to another woman seated at the dryer to Terry's right. Only then did he glance down at his nails and realized, to his dismay, that the manicurist had redid his nails in a solid, pink shade of nail polish!

At first he seethed at his mother's little trick but gradually realized that in his present attire, plus with his hair up in rollers, he was in no position to complain about his nails being lacquered in a totally feminine shade of polish.

When his hair was finally dry and Linda was able to get around to him, he moved back to her styling chair and she removed his rollers. The sensation of the firmly curled hair snapping back into shape along his scalp as each of the rollers were unpinned and removed caused a shiver of excitement to course through Terry's body. The smaller rollers along the back and sides created very tight curls that sprung back against Terry's head.

Linda brushed and backcombed the hair on the top of his scalp into a tall smooth cloud sweeping back off of his forehead and then plunging down along the sides and back into a froth of fluffy curls that, with their mass, stood out at least four inches from his cheeks and neck. The hairdresser spent at least ten minutes on detailed

primping and spraying of the young man's hair as he watched disbelievingly in the mirror. Where his hair had been a woman's style the last time, now it was a very feminine teen girl's style.

"There, that looks very sweet!" gushed Linda as she held a mirror so that Terry could survey his hairdo from all sides. He put his hand up to feel the mass of curls tickling his cheek. Even though in the mirror the hair appeared as a delicate cloud of soft curls his fingers sensed the firmness in the hairdo created by the miracles of backcombing and hard-to-hold hairspray, which was so liberally applied by his hairdresser. His long pink nails just added to the very girlish image reflected back in the mirror. Yes, he did look sweet. Why didn't that bother him? He felt a little confused as he thought about his reactions. Sure his mother seemed to be very accepting...heck...even encouraging about him getting all dolled up...this wasn't right was it?!

That afternoon, Terry, his mom and aunt went out to a nice restaurant and to no one's surprise, Terry was treated like a young lady. "Have you decided Miss?"

"Was everything in order ladies?"

And so it went on for the next two weeks. Terry got used to having his hair put up on rollers three or four nights during the week and going in to the beauty salon with his mom for a weekly shampoo and set at Linda's. All things considered, he was having a ball! If only Angela could see him now!

Little did Terry know that his secret dress-up games with his cousin were now well known by both his mother and his aunt. While he thought that this recent interest in his grooming by his mother was a pleasant coincidence, little did he realize that with each passing day his mother's "interest" was becoming an obsession.

And then there was the problem with his chest. His itching nipples were not getting any better. In fact, Terry was sure that his nipples were getting wider and darker. Whenever he played with himself at night, as all teen boys do, he was surprised at how his nipples would react and grow erect and sensitive to his touch. Just the other day he had brought himself off just by fingering a nipple. Terry was more than a little concerned. What was happening to him? Being a very bright boy he decided to do some research? After school one day he decided to visit the public library.

Where to look? He was good at library research but he didn't know what to look under. Breast growth on boys? Male mammaries? What was happening to his chest? As he thought about his situation he realized that maybe puberty had something to do with it. He looked up stack indexes that targeted Puberty - adolescence. This path turned out to be fruitful. Within a half hour he had struck pay dirt. In one recent textbook there was an index entry on "breasts - male, growth during puberty". Quickly he turned to the page referenced and read:

Breast Enlargement and Tenderness in Boys

During puberty, as many as 75% of adolescent boys experience an enlargement of their breasts very similar to that which girls experience during this same period of growth into maturity. This worrisome, disturbing and often embarrassing condition is medically known as gynecomastia and is caused by stimulation of female hormones on the breast tissue. Boys may notice changes in the size of one or both breasts, usually in the region under the nipple. The breast may also be sensitive to touch, and even a loose-fitting shirt can be uncomfortable. In these cases it usually recommended that the boy wear a support garment, i.e. brassiere, to minimize discomfort and avoid the pain often associated with breast movement. Some boys are so embarrassed by the problem that they frequently avoid taking their shirts off in front of their

friends or worry that they have breast cancer. Gynecomastia is fortunately not a serious medical problem and is likely to correct itself within a year or two, even in cases where the breasts have enlarged extensively, even to full female size and shape. In rare cases where the breasts do not diminish in size naturally, surgical correction is usually recommended.

Immediately, Terry felt a mixed wave of relief and terror. Relief, because they said that in most cases the problem corrected itself. Terror, because the one absolute phobia that Terry had had since early childhood was a fear of doctors and hospitals. He took the book over to one of the photocopier machines and popped a dime in to take a copy of that page. For some reason it gave him comfort to have those reassuring words at hand where he could reread them.

It was not long thereafter that Terry's mother noticed her son's development.

"Terry, has your chest been bothering you lately?" She said as she looked at Terry who had just walked out of the bathroom with a towel tied around his waist.

"Uh, well, not really. I mean it's been a little itchy and stuff, but I'm okay."

"Let me see." Ellen gently felt her son's chest. As her fingers touched his enlarged nipples and she gently felt for the swelling beneath them, to Terry's dismay, they started to react and one after another stiffened so that the nipples now protruded from his chest like two pencil erasers.

"They're overly sensitive, aren't they? Do they hurt when you move around?"

"Not really.... well, a little, when I run or go up the stairs."

"Hmmm, maybe we should have you see Dr. Edwards."

Terry's face dropped at those words.

"Uhhmm.... no! I'm fine...it's just puberty!"

“Really? How do you know?”

Terry had reacted at the mention of a doctor. Quickly he retrieved the photocopy of the article from the library and thrust it out for his mother to read.

“Here, see? It says that this is nothing abnormal.”

Ellen read the article with interest. She wasn't aware of the prevalence of gynecomastia in pubescent boys. A smile crept across her lips as she considered the possibilities.

“Isn't that interesting.” She exclaimed. “I'm glad you found this. It puts my mind at ease somewhat. But if your breasts hurt when you run you really should consider using some support like the book said. I didn't have any brothers so I never realized that so many boys go through this. But having grown up with a sister I remember your grandma stressing the importance of giving our growing...uh...chests support. If you don't, besides hurting, it pulls at the tissues and you get saggy. That means, your chest could get stretched out and saggy looking. I think that even when your chest returns to normal later, as that book says, if it was allowed to get saggy, you'd need some kind of surgery to fix the loose skin.”

Terry shivered at the mention of surgery. Never, he thought! But he realized that what his mother said made sense. Terry was old enough to have seen magazines, like the National Geographic, which showed pictures of naked women, and he remembered well how old women compared to the young.

The former with long saggy breasts, the young with firm uplifted ones. When he had first read about the fact that boys with this condition should wear a bra he had almost panicked. Now he realized that there was a good reason for such an embarrassing need. It probably avoided the need for surgery! Something he would avoid at any cost.

“I definitely don't want surgery Mom! Is that the reason they say some boys need it, I mean to fix up stretched out chests?”

“Exactly, it says that this growth is just the same as what girls go through in puberty. And I know what happens if girls don't take the right steps and start giving some support.”

“So you think I should start wearing a support garment.”

“A support garment?” he asked.

“A brassiere, my dear. Well, maybe more like a cotton sports bra,” she said slowly, eyeing her son's swollen nipples. To reassure him, she added, “It's really more like a small tank top than a bra. I'll get you one today and you can try it out.”

After Terry went back to his room and was dressing for the day he thought back and remembered well the first time Angie had dressed him up in all the feminine undergarments including a lacy brassiere. He was probably only thirteen years old and she was just seventeen. The feel of the silky lingerie had triggered the most unfeminine of reactions from his male member.

Angie was obviously surprised by his physical reaction and at the same time very intrigued. Terry didn't know that his cousin had been into reading “adult” ladies' romance books at that time and the very explicit details of those books had been most interesting to a young woman who had yet to experience a real boyfriend. Terry was embarrassed even though he was just reacting like a male.

All that the boy remembered was that his older cousin teased him that “it wasn't very girlish”. They were both laughed even though Terry felt ashamed.

The dressing and “experience” happened again several times over the next year but finally Angie decided that they had crossed the line. The dress-up Barbie Doll

game had been outgrown between the two cousins. Little did Terry know of the plot that was afoot between Angie and his Mom.

SOMETHING NEW...

“Terry dear, please come to my room. I bought you some things and I want you to try them on,” Ellen said as she walked up the stairs with a couple of store bags in hand. He knew what she was talking about and couldn't help feel a little excited.

“Take you shirt off dear.”

Terry unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off. His mother noticed that his nipples were once again standing out perhaps reflecting his inner excitement.

“Let's try this one first. It's a sports bra that I think will be very good for school.” She opened a bag and pulled out a white cotton garment that when held up looked almost like a shortie crop top that many girls wore out in summer.

It had a wide elastic band around the bottom and then two stretch cups that flowed up to inch wide shoulder sections. Since it was of the stretch material it could be pulled on over the head like a t-shirt. Ellen held it out for him so he had to put his arms up and bend over so that she could slip it on.

As he bent over, Ellen noticed that his breasts actually had grown enough so that they formed two small cones on his chest that hung down with gravity. The bra was pulled down and Ellen pulled and tugged the cups over his chest. She had purposely bought a size too small for two reasons. First, she wanted the tightness of the garment to keep his growing breasts masked for school as much as possible, but secondly she wanted it to feel somewhat uncomfortable after being worn all day and he would appreciate some relief in one of the other bras that she had purchased.

Terry stood up and looked at himself in the mirror.

“Hmmm, not bad. It kind of pushes things down doesn't it.”

“Yes dear, but you'll also notice that the cups hold your chest firmly in a natural shape so it kind of shrinks them without squashing things. You might find the compression of a sports bra a little uncomfortable after an entire day so I want you to try one of these others,” she said as she pulled another bra out of a bag.

This one was a plain white bra. The package said 32 AA. It was quite plain except that it had a little bit of lace around the edges and a small pink flower decoration sewn right in between the seamless cups made of a super soft, feather light micro fiber.

“Gee, that looks like the kind of bras that you wear?”

“It's the same brand. Now, slip that one off and let's try it.”

Terry pulled the sports bra off and apprehensively slipped his arms into the two slim stretch shoulder straps that his mother was holding out for him. She stepped around behind him and adjusted the length on the shoulder straps then fastened the hooks and eyes in back.

The cups felt cool and soft against his sensitive nipples.

Turning Terry around again, Ellen adjusted the cups massaging some more of her son's flesh into the garment. Whereas the sports bra compressed his breasts, this bra had gentle under wiring that actually shaped the boy's small mounds outward and gave them some upward lift.

“There, how does that feel. It must fit right.”

Terry was temporarily speechless. It did feel comfortable. Too comfortable. He noticed that the small cups were perfectly filled! Angela had used tissues to pad out the bras that he had worn when they were playing dress up, but now this bra needed no additional padding.

“Yeah...it feels good...I mean fine.”

Ellen knew that a bra must fit properly or her son would be uncomfortable and couldn't get used to wearing one.

She checked to make sure his flesh didn't creep out beneath the bottom of the front band. Having him lift his arms, she checked under his arms for any excess flesh. These were good bras and all excess tissue had been pressed forward into the cup.

Ellen's trained eyes could see that her son's flesh was being supported and held in the cup where it belonged. She said, "That's a good fit. Why don't you try running up and down the stairs a couple of times, see if it does the job it's supposed to."

"Okay." He went out into the hall and quickly went up and down the stairs twice. He returned beaming, "Wow, these work great. Not a single twinge or anything."

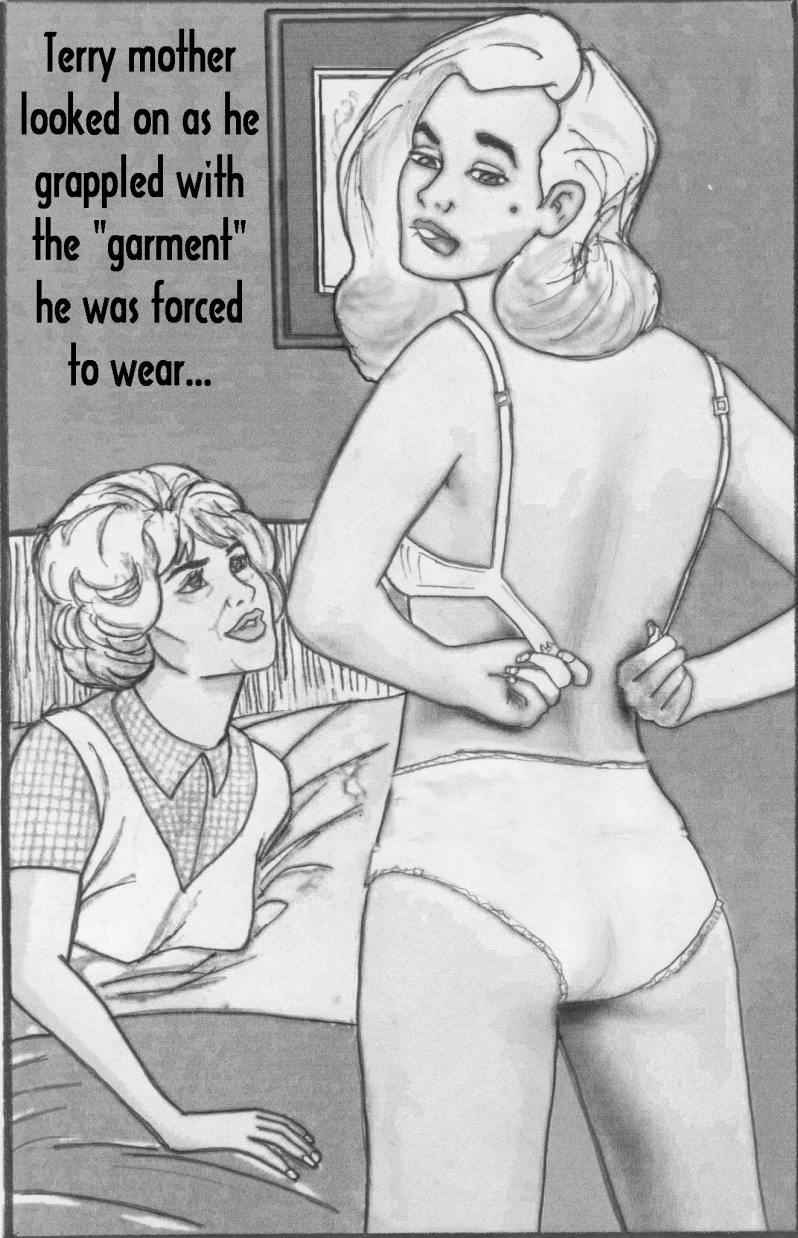
"Excellent! Problem solved. You don't have to try all the other's I bought. They're all the same size," Ellen said pouring countless bras on the bed. A mischievous smile crept across her face, as she said, "They had a great sale going. I lucked out. You can put your shirt back on now."

Terry started to take off the fancy bra but his mother said, "Let's save the sport's bras for school."

Terry slipped back on his shirt. While comfortable, his shirt bulged outward in two unmistakable little mounds. "Why so many?" he asked.

Ellen laughed, "Dear boy, you need one to wear, one to wash, and one to spare...in each style! You can't feel your best in dirty underwear, right?"

Terry mother
looked on as he
grappled with
the "garment"
he was forced
to wear...



The days of summer went quickly and soon it was mid-August. Terry's hair was growing faster than ever and as Linda had predicted, the perm he had received over a month ago was appearing more relaxed.

After the first couple weeks of his mother setting Terry's hair she offered to show him how to do it. True to Angela's claim, the boy was a fast learner and by the end of July was easily putting his own hair up whenever it needed it. Mother and son would often roll each other's hair enjoying the special closeness.

One Saturday evening, Terry was sitting watching TV while applying a coat of clear polish to his long nails. As they grew and grew and he had them manicured at their weekly salon visits he had not said anything or commented that they were too long. Ellen encouraged this.

"Oh, your nails are so lovely. I'm jealous; you could be a hand model. Make sure you put on at least two coats of clear hardener."

Terry heard his mother finish speaking to someone on the phone in the kitchen.

"Terry, that was Aunt Gina. I invited her over for supper tomorrow. I told her it was about time we had a pleasant dinner together again. We'll dress nice so would you mind helping me put my hair up tonight? I'll do yours for you."

"Sure Mom, no problem."

Soon Terry was sitting in his mother's bedroom while she rolled his hair on bigger rollers. Hers were already neatly set under a hairnet.

"I want to try a little different style on you tomorrow Terry, okay?"

"Sure Mom, it's getting straighter and smoother anyway. I have to figure out what I'm going to do for school in the next couple of weeks."

“Why don't you let Linda give you a soft body perm. That way you can wear it in a smooth ponytail or just loose.”

“Yea, that's not a bad idea.” He liked the fact that she wasn't saying anything about cutting it. Lately, Terry was finding that he was enjoying experimenting with his hairdos in private and there were some styles based on longer hair that he was dying to try.

Sunday, mother and son did housework and cooking all day with their hair still up in rollers. Terry had to wear one of his front buttoning shirts to avoid trying to pull a t-shirt over his hair rollers. At around four o'clock Ellen suggested that they start getting ready.

“Dear, why don't we go upstairs and start getting dressed. I think we should find some clothes for you then do our nails. After we're dressed, we can do each other's hair.”

“But Mom, I just did my nails last night.”

“Yeah, but that's just clear polish. Let's dress up tonight. I think you should show off those beauties with some color. Let's pick a top for you and then we'll color coordinate, okay?”

It only took a few seconds of consideration before Terry nodded his agreement. The thought of painting his long, luscious nails in some bright color was very exciting. Aunt Gina had seen him with feminine nails and hairdo that time they had gone out to lunch so he was quite comfortable with the situation. And anyway, he knew that summer was almost over and his indulgences would have to be brought under control before school started in a few weeks. This was sort of a last fling. His mother walked over to her large closet and began looking through the contents. Finally she pulled out a dark red, silk blouse with full billowing sleeves ending in buttoned cuffs, a small, ruffled, stand-up collar and a long row of cloth-covered buttons running down the back.

"I think this would be nice dear. What do you think?"

He stared at the very feminine blouse.

"For you?"

"No, for you silly," Ellen laughed.

"But it buttons down the back?"

"Yes, is that a problem? Lots of the most elegant blouses do."

"Well no, but I've never worn anything like that. "

"Come on, it's just me and Aunt Gina. She's seen you when you've been.... well, dressed nice. Remember our Saturday at the salon and restaurant together?"

"Yeah, you're right," Terry said as he took the soft, silk blouse in his hands. It felt like butter and he knew he had to have it. As he looked at the feminine top he asked softly, "Do you have a polish that matches this color?"

Ellen smiled with satisfaction. "I sure do. Come here and sit down, I'll do your nails for you."

What a scene it was. Ellen's son sat quietly, watching intently as his mother lovingly applied smooth coats of a dark red polish to his nails. They were longer than hers, reaching at least a full quarter inch past the ends of his fingers. A nail polish dryer was placed on the table and Terry placed his red tipped hands under the gentle stream of air to dry his nails. While his polish dried, Ellen applied polish to her own nails. Finally, after the clear topcoat was done, Terry gazed down at his fingers amazed at the very glossy sheen coating the dark red color base. They were a young woman's hands!

"Let's go in your room and I'll help you dress first." Ellen said as she pulled another darker garment from her closet, then some smaller items from a dresser drawer. Terry walked down the hall with his hands held out from his body waiting for his nail polish to dry completely. When it was dry, his mother handed him a

plum-colored pair of panties and told him to put them on while she turned her back.

“Mom, these are panties!”

“Really?” Ellen laughed, “I know dear. Remember that sale I mentioned when I bought you those bras? Well there were several bra and panty sets that I got for a great price. This panty has a matching bra.”

Terry stared in surprise. The panties looked beautiful, soft shiny and trimmed with matching colored lace. His mother held up the matching bra. It was a perfect match for the panties. It had shiny cups decorated with dark red lace and thin straps. Very feminine. He felt he should resist, but one look at the sensuous lingerie and his protests melted on his lips.

“It's no use wasting the panties. Nobody sees what's under your clothes anyway.”

While his mother turned her back Terry slipped off all his clothes and pulled the flimsy panties up over his hips. After quickly adjusting his small manhood down between his legs, he was pleased by the smooth front that was presented.

“Here, let me help you with your bra dear.” Ellen said as she held out the lacy garment. Terry didn't see the package that this bra and panty set came in, but had he seen it and had he been knowledgeable about some of the more well known name brands he would have been aware of what “the Wonderbra” was famous for. Ellen looked at her son's breasts and noticed that they had grown even more in the past few weeks.

His aureoles were now darker and wider than any boy's should be and they sat up upon twin jellylike mounds that protruded a full inch and a half from Terry's chest. Because he was a skinny boy, the soft fat at his chest was especially noticeable. It no longer just looked like a boy's flabby chest. There were two distinct, shaped conical mounds forming.

Ellen smiled as she remembered how she looked at Terry's age. He had the same kind of development that she had back then. It made her wonder if his genes would follow in her footsteps. Ellen, her sister and even Angie were all full C-cups!

"Now bend right over at the waist dear. I'll show you how to put this bra on for the best effect."

Terry did as she requested wondering what she meant by 'best effect'. But as he bent over and slipped his arms through the bra straps in delightful anticipation of the caressing hug of the new bra he realized that, bent over as he was, his growing flesh hung away from his chest a full two inches. He definitely had two distinct mounds so that the plural of breasts rather than the singular term of chest was the appropriate name for that part of his body. As the bra was pulled over his arms towards his breasts Terry watched as his "breasts" slipped into the firmly under wired cups.

"Now stand up slowly." Ellen instructed as she brought the straps together behind his back. Terry noticed the different feel of this bra. As his mother fastened the hooks and eyes in back, the cups pulled inwards and upwards on his chest firmly. His flesh filled the rounded cups fully and he was shocked at how he now stood out! His chest... or breasts... stood out a full two inches from his body in twin-rounded globes.

"Mom? This bra is making me look...big!"

"It's just a larger size cup Terry and it has some underwiring. Anyway, it's just for private dress up occasions like this, right?"

Terry said nothing but he felt an uninvited tightness beginning in his panties. He hoped that his mother wouldn't notice. Now standing in matching bra and panties with his hair up in large rollers, his nails lacquered in a glossy red polish, Terry felt exquisitely feminine.

"I don't have any knee highs for you today. That old pair didn't make it through the last wash, but I found something else." Ellen made him sit on the edge of the bed. She had begun to unroll a dark, smoky colored stocking up over his foot. Then she unrolled the rest of it up his calf. To Terry's surprise, the stocking didn't stop at the knee but kept unrolling more and more. Finally, his mother finished unrolling its entire length and he found that the top of the stocking firmly hugged his upper thigh holding the entire length taut and smooth.

"These are called 'stay ups'. Really handy actually. The look of nylon stockings without the need for a garter belt." She smiled at his surprised look. Ellen guessed that he wasn't expecting to be wearing nylons up his legs. She couldn't resist adding, "But then again, there are times when a garter belt and stockings are quite fun."

Terry didn't say anything as the other nylon was pulled up his leg. He was concentrating on controlling his physical reaction to the sensuous pull of the nylons now encasing his legs.

"Now let's try the blouse."

The boy slipped his arms through the billowy sleeves of the red silk blouse as his mother held it out for him. Turning with his back to her, Terry felt the blouse closing around his body and snuggling down over his bra as his mum fastened a dozen or so buttons up the back.

"My that looks nice," she exclaimed as she fastened the three buttons at the end of each sleeve. "Let's try these pants, shall we?"

Terry hadn't seen the pants that his Mom was giving him before. They appeared very full and bell-bottomed or something. He stepped into them and pulled the elastic waistband up over his hips. The cut of the pants seemed to be very tight in the ass. He hadn't realized how much his backside had grown since the start of summer.

Looking down his body he definitely saw that with this bra the front of his blouse flowed over the contours of two well-defined and instantly recognizable breasts! Further down his pants hugged his narrow waist then flared out into two very full and softly flowing pants that came to just above his ankles. They were so full in fact, and the black cloth so soft, that it looked like he was wearing a full-length evening skirt!

“Oh, that looks wonderful dear!” Ellen exclaimed excitedly. She was enjoying this tremendously. There was absolutely no boy evident in the room.

“Let me run and get you some shoes.”

While she was gone, Terry ran his hands down over his blouse, loving the look of his long dark red nails against the similar colored silk. One hand went up to touch the rollers on his head and he realized that he was now anxious for his hairdo to be completed. He wished someone would take a picture. Angela really should see how nice he could look.

Ellen returned a moment later with some shoes in her hand. Terry's heart skipped a beat as he saw the black lacquered high heels with a very pointy toe that she was carrying.

“I can't wear those...I'd fall over.”

“Nonsense dear. You've walked on shoes with a heel before.”

“Yeah, an inch, maybe an inch and a half, what are those six inches high??”

“Don't be silly, they're only three inches.”

“But the heel is so narrow! It looks like a pencil! It will break for sure.”

“Oh sure, once in a while we all break a heel, but you'll get used to it. Sit down on this chair please.”

As Terry complied, his mother slipped the shoes onto his stocking clad feet. The shoes were snug but not too bad.

“If we had painted your toes, I have a beautiful open toe evening slipper we could try. But maybe next time. Now hold my hand and stand up.”

Cautiously, Terry stood up on wobbly legs. Slowly, carefully he took a few steps. It felt like he was walking on tip toes. His calves and legs were all tensed up with the tension placed on them.

“Keep them on and get some practice. Give me a few minutes to dress and then we'll do our hair and makeup.”

Did she say “makeup”? As Ellen left the room, her son was left to practice walking on the new high heels. Finally, he heard her call him in. The few minutes of practice helped and Terry's mother smiled as she watched her young boy mince gracefully into the room. The height of the heels made him take shorter, more dainty steps and as a result he didn't have that male arm swing, but instead carried his hands more demurely at his sides.

She showed him the seat at her vanity. He assumed that she was going to start removing his hair rollers but instead she began looking through her lipstick tubes.

“I thought we'd try a little lipstick...I think I have one that will match your nails?”

“Lipstick? You want ME to wear lipstick?”

“Why not? Your blouse matches your nails, as does your bra and panties. No use in stopping there, right?”

“Okay. I hope Aunt Gina doesn't laugh too much.”

“Laugh? Are you kidding? In fact, she was the one who suggested we all get dressed up. She's dying to see you looking so cute. Don't worry, nobody's laughing at you. Not many boys could look so pretty. I wish I could show you off to the world.”

“Whoa! Let's not get nuts here Mom,” Terry chuckled as he felt some of his nervous anxiety ebb away. “Well,” he added, “If Aunt Gina wants to see her 'pretty' nephew again, I guess we shouldn't disappoint her.”

Ellen smiled at his acceptance. Finding the tube she was looking for, she picked up a small lip brush and dabbed the end on the lipstick.

“Now hold still, I'm going to outline your lips with this brush first.”

Doing as he was told, Terry tilted his head back and tried to look at the mirror as his mother began to stroke the lipstick slowly and precisely on the edges of his lips. He could feel the tickle of the small brush as he watched the thin line of color take shape around his mouth in the mirror.

“Oh, you have such a nice shaped mouth and such full lips!” Ellen exclaimed, “You must get it from that good looking chick you have for a Mom.”

Terry couldn't help but laugh at the comment.

“Hey now, I said hold still--unless you want lipstick on your nose.”

He held still until she was finished with the brush.

“Now for the fill in.” Ellen took the lipstick and began to glide it across her son's lips filling in the outline she had drawn. Terry loved the sensuous feel as the creamy lip color coated his mouth. His nose and taste buds could now clearly sense the cosmetic with its faint aroma and subtle flavor.

“This is one of those new lipsticks that's supposed to stay on your lips and not kiss off, as they say. You've seen those Cindy Crawford commercials for it on the TV haven't you?” Terry just nodded his head.

“Here, blot your lips very gently on this tissue to pick up any excess.”

That done, Ellen stepped back for a second and let them both take a look at the effect.

“Wow, I sure look different!” Terry gasped.

“Different? You mean gorgeous! If I let you out of the house, you be giving young men walking by whiplash trying to get a second look at you.”

As Terry blushed at the compliment, his mother was once again going through her cosmetics. She found a small rectangular plastic box and opened it.

“Aha, I even have some eye shadow that goes with the lipstick.” She said and without asking began brushing it onto Terry eyelids. Having seen his mother and other women put on eye shadow he automatically tilted his head back and closed his eyes. The soft brush tickled his skin but he didn't complain. He was too far along to try and fake a bout of masculine opposition to what was being done to him. Of course, eye shadow “just had to” be followed by a little eyebrow pencil and of course blush and, “oh, why not”, mascara. When she was done, Terry was gone and a very pretty Teresa stared back from the mirror.

“Do you think Aunt Gina will be surprised?” his mother giggled.

“I hope so. I'm surprised. Are you sure you never worked in the movies as a makeup artist...you know doing Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde stuff?”

“You mean Miss Hyde don't you?”

They laughed at the jokes but the laughter was really just meant to camouflage the high level of mutual excitement mother and son were feeling at the undeniable success that they achieved in Terry's “makeover”.

“Well my dear, I still have to do my makeup, then we can finish each other's hair. Here why don't you take these things back to your room and give me about fifteen minutes. Maybe you can start setting the dining room table too.” Ellen picked up the lipstick, blush, eye shadow and mascara and handed them to Terry.

“Why should I take them to my room?”

“Because you'll need to touch up your makeup throughout the night and besides, those colors don't work nearly as well on me as they do on you. You can keep them.”

“Where?”

"We'll make a place for them," his mother said. "That lipstick is very good for your lips."

Terry stood stunned for a second grasping the fact that his Mom was giving him makeup to keep.... and use? But she was already sitting and busy applying her own makeup so he didn't argue, but turned around and did as he was asked.

Maneuvering down the stairs in his high heels was tricky to say the least. But with a lot of care and a strong grip on the railing he made it. As he walked across the ceramic tile of the main hallway Terry was surprised at the distinctive clicking that his heels made. He had often heard that sound coming down a hall and knew without seeing that some woman in high heels was approaching. It thrilled him to realize that now that's what a listener would think if they heard him approaching. As he walked through the house he couldn't help but glance in every mirror or even large window to see his reflection.

The high heels made him walk very erect which just emphasized the two perfectly sassy-looking contours on his chest. The knowledge that there was no padding in his bra amazed him.

In a bra, it looked like he was getting a nice pair of "tits"! The length of Terry's pants exposed a couple of inches of his stockinged ankles perched atop the stiletto heels of his gleaming black pumps. He enjoyed the look as he could see the faint color of his skin only slightly tinted by the dark color of the transparent hose.

After some time Ellen called downstairs.

"Terry, come up please. I want to finish your hair."

Once again the boy negotiated the stairs and entered his mother's room. She was sitting at the vanity.

"Would you do mine first dear?"

"Sure, same as usual?"

“Yes, but I'm going to put the back up with a barrette tonight.”

Ellen watched as her pretty boy slid bobby pins out smoothly and removed the hair rollers from her hair. He did it with such casual skill that she couldn't help but remark on it.

“Dear, you really are getting good at that. Have you been practicing a lot?”

“Uh, not really. Just what I've been doing when I do my hair. It's not that hard.”

“How many teenage boys do you think can put up a woman's hair.... or for that matter, their own hair on rollers as well as you?”

Terry blushed at the thought. She was right, probably no teenaged BOYS.

“You'll make some woman a dream husband someday. Does hair, manicures, even knows all about women's fashion.”

“Aw c'mon Mom, you're teasing me.”

Ellen smiled. She liked teasing him and watching his cheeks redden. She felt it was important that he accept praise for his girlish actions gracefully.

Terry picked up a brush and was soon brushing through his mother's curls. With comb and hairspray the boy began to backcomb and form the style. After fifteen minutes of silent work he stepped back and surveyed his efforts.

“My, oh my! That's better than Linda!” Ellen exclaimed. “Really, this is perfect.” She stood up and gave Terry a big hug. “I'd kiss you but I don't want to smear our makeup. Sit down, it's your turn.”

Terry readily complied. He was dying to have his hair completed so that he could see the total look. Before his mother began removing his hair rollers she opened a drawer and looked around in it for something. After a few seconds she took out a large, dark red silk hair bow that was attached to a big barrette. Terry didn't ask

what it was for but the fact that it was made of the same red silk as his blouse said it all. He sat quietly tingling with anticipation.

As usual, when the rollers were removed the big curls sprung back against his scalp. With the perm losing its tightness his hair could be blown dry to almost its natural straightness, but with setting lotion and rollers, the perm still could pack a punch. Rather than brush through his curls as usual, Ellen took a large hair pick and began to gently comb through the curls doing some teasing with a fine toothcomb.

The result was a soft halo of curls standing up several inches away from his scalp all over his head. The teasing and spraying formed the curls into a gentle upward sweep of hair at the sides. Then Terry's mother took a hairbrush and pushing her son's head a little forward she pulled the brush up from the nape of his neck pulling all his back hair up to the crown. Placing the palm of her hand on the back of his head to hold the hair tight, she ran the brush up each side at the back to add that hair to the upward held sweep.

"Dear, take that bow, pop the clasp open and pass it to me please."

Terry picked up the bow from the top of the vanity without moving his head. He looked at the broad closed clasp and tried to figure out how to open it."

"Just squeeze those two tabs at one end."

He saw the tabs and squeezed. A chrome bar popped open. Terry passed the bow over his shoulder. Holding her hand firmly against the back of her son's head, Ellen slid the open bar under the hair right against the scalp where her hand was. Then in one motion she moved her hand and flipped the barrette over and snapped it shut with a click capturing all of her son's back hair tightly near the crown. Stepping back, she used the pick and more spray to finish the hairstyle.

“Beautiful! That looks great with that outfit. Here take a look and tell me what you think.”

Ellen picked up a large hand mirror and indicated that Terry should turn around. Taking the hand mirror Terry could look back at the reflection behind him in the big vanity mirror. His eyes widened. From the back he saw a fancy girl's up do with the back hair pulled up sleekly against the skin topped by a big, dark red, silk hair bow and all the top hair massing above the bow in big fluffy curls.

“Oh, Mom, it's so girlish!” was all he could muster. It was a statement of awe.

“I like it, do you?”

“It's unbelievable. It's so sophisticated,” Terry gasped, still looking in the mirror. “It makes me feel funny.”

“Well thank you, that was my objective. Since you have such pretty, long hair; why not try some of the more dressy looks? Were you watching how I put the bow in?”

Terry nodded.

“You might have a little problem getting it like this by yourself but if you practice...” Ellen took another decorative barrette and expertly swept her own hair up and fastened in place. “Well, mine's not nearly as dressy as yours, but I guess an older woman can't compete with a beautiful teenager can she? Let's get supper ready, Aunt Gina will be here any minute.”

Terry brushed out his long blonde hair while preparing for his Aunt's visit...



Taking another look at himself in the mirror, Terry reveled in his totally feminine look. Rather than feel too nervous about appearing in front of his aunt dressed this way, he was actually looking forward to it.

Ellen took a bib style apron and put it on herself as she began working in the kitchen.

“How can I help Mom?”

“You can start washing that Romaine lettuce, that would be a help. But wait a minute; you can't work in the kitchen without covering that silk blouse. Let me get you something.”

Ellen opened a drawer that was full of dishtowels and some folded aprons. Finding what she was looking for she walked over to Terry with a smile.

“Bend over so I can put this over your head without disturbing your coiffure.”

Terry stared at the white bib apron she held. It was not your average clothing cover worn by those television chefs. This one was of an almost see-through white material with lace ruffles all around the edges and shoulder straps. His mother slipped it over his head and quickly had the ends tied in a big bow behind his back.

“Gee Mom, this is a little much isn't it?”

“I think it's very cute. But I better be careful or you'll be begging me for one of those little French Maid outfits.”

They both laughed and got on with making supper.

When the doorbell rang Ellen motioned for Terry to go answer it. “You look wonderful?”

He minced over to the front door, took a deep breath and opened it.

Gina squealed when she saw her nephew, “My gawd! Ellen didn't tell me she had a daughter living with her now! Turn around and let me have a good look.”

She stepped into the hallway and Terry closed the door. Barely able to keep his excitement contained he

took a few steps and did his best imitation of a runway model's pirouette.

"Your hair! Talk about chic. And those nails and makeup!"

"Please, please compliments will get you everywhere."

Ellen joined them and they chattered on about the amazing nephew who could have come off the cover of Vogue magazine.

They had a wonderful evening and to Terry's delight his aunt had brought her camera and proceeded to shoot a whole role of film with Terry posing with each of them and many poses alone.

"Would you let me send some pictures to Angela. She would love to see you like this."

"Oh no, don't Gina. I promised that Terry that only you and I would see him like this. I don't want to embarrass the boy."

"Uh...it's okay Mom," Terry said. "I don't mind if Angie sees them. I mean, she's almost like my sister. I'm sure she'll keep them to herself."

"Well, okay. You're the boss," she replied and smiled at her little piece of acting.

Ellen was beaming; Terry's consent was an important sign of his support. She winked at Gina.

"OH!" Gina said, "I brought over a few of Angela's old things. They are in the car. Ellen will you come help me bring them in?"

It took the two of them, two trips to bring in the boxes and bags. Gina said, "It's few things I thought you might wear to get your hair done." She reached into one of the bags and pulled out a lovely floral print dress; similar to the one's his mother usually wore to the beauty shop.

"That's a dress!" Terry gasped.

“Of course,” Gina said. “I thought the idea was to help you blend into the salon?”

“Yeah but...”

Ellen interrupted him and said, “Don’t be rude to your Aunt. At least try it on?”

Terry managed a weak nod. Before he could go into shock, the ladies had him in the dress.

“I knew it would fit perfectly,” Gina said. “In THAT, he’ll blend in.”

Terry picked at the soft fabric, his hands nervously holding down the sides of his dress like it might fly up at any time.

He had such a vulnerable look in his eyes. The ladies asked him to walk across the room. Gina dug into a bag and pulled out a half-slip. “You’ll need this with that dress. It’s a bit sheer.”

Feeling a nylon slip move against his panties and nyloned thighs was stimulating as he tried to get used to being in a dress.

Ellen said to Gina, “He’ll need some practice with those skirts.”

“That’s why I brought over so much,” Gina said, pulling out another print housedress. “Getting used to skirts may be difficult at first, dear, but I think if you’ll listen to your mother, you’ll do just fine.”

The vision of her son learning how to sit down in the short, stylish dress delighted Ellen. The bags were emptied and arranged into piles of dresses, shirts, tops, sweaters, shorts, slips and panties. Terry was so adorable as he went about trying on dress after dress.

“He’ll need a purse,” Gina said, pulling out a basic black shoulder bag. “This was Angie’s favorite. Get your make up and your mom and I will get you set up.”

Terry remembered Angie carrying that handbag and was thrilled but dazed that it was now his. He ran quickly to get his makeup.

Thirty minutes later, Terry showed what he'd learned. He delicately reached into his handbag, pulled out a gold tube and began to apply lipstick to his lips.

His mother and Aunt clapped and encouraged him. Gina gushed, "Wonderful! It's like he's been a girl for all of his life."

Ellen was beaming and Terry managed a weak smile; unsure how he should feel. It was becoming obvious that with his delicate facial features and small frame, dresses worked for him. This eliminated whatever was left of the two women's guilt.

Gina said, "He needs to get used to handling skirts." She pulled a pretty nightgown out of a bag and held it up to Terry. It was pink nylon, its bodice trimmed with little white ribbons and bows, the hem edged with lace and ruffles. "Maybe if he slept in them?"

Ellen said, "Oh honey! You are just going to love sleeping in that."

That night Terry, with his hair in rollers, slipped the beautiful, frilly nightgown over his head and climbed into bed. His room was a mess. Bags and boxes were scattered everywhere, as were their contents. Terry had a beautiful wardrobe of girl's clothes now and his mother expected him to make use of it.

Next to the closet was a box of shoes with nice high heels. Gina had said to him, "Always walk like a lady, we'll have no tramps in our family." Terry didn't know what she meant but figured he'd find out.

At the women's next beauty appointment, Terry didn't even try to put up resistance. In the most feminine lingerie and one of Angie's cutest dresses, Terry followed his Mother and Aunt into Linda's shop.

Linda didn't make a fuss, it was almost like she expected the boy to be wearing a dress and heels. The only comment was a whispered, "Now that's how I wish all

the girls came to my shop. Most look like they've been working under a car!"

Everything was becoming routine except for an added attention to his eyebrows. The plucking of his eyebrows was annoying, but as Linda explained they would soon be trained into shape and then a harmless hair remover would be applied to avoid continual plucking.

Terry wanted to complain but there was a woman next to him having the same process. Occasionally as Linda worked, Terry couldn't hold back a squeaky "ouch," at which Linda laughed.

Terry's heart was pounding as he looked at the towel covered with his eyebrow hair. "That really hurts," he moaned.

Linda giggled, "Most guys have no idea what we girls have to go through to make ourselves attractive. "If you want to scream, scream away, darling."

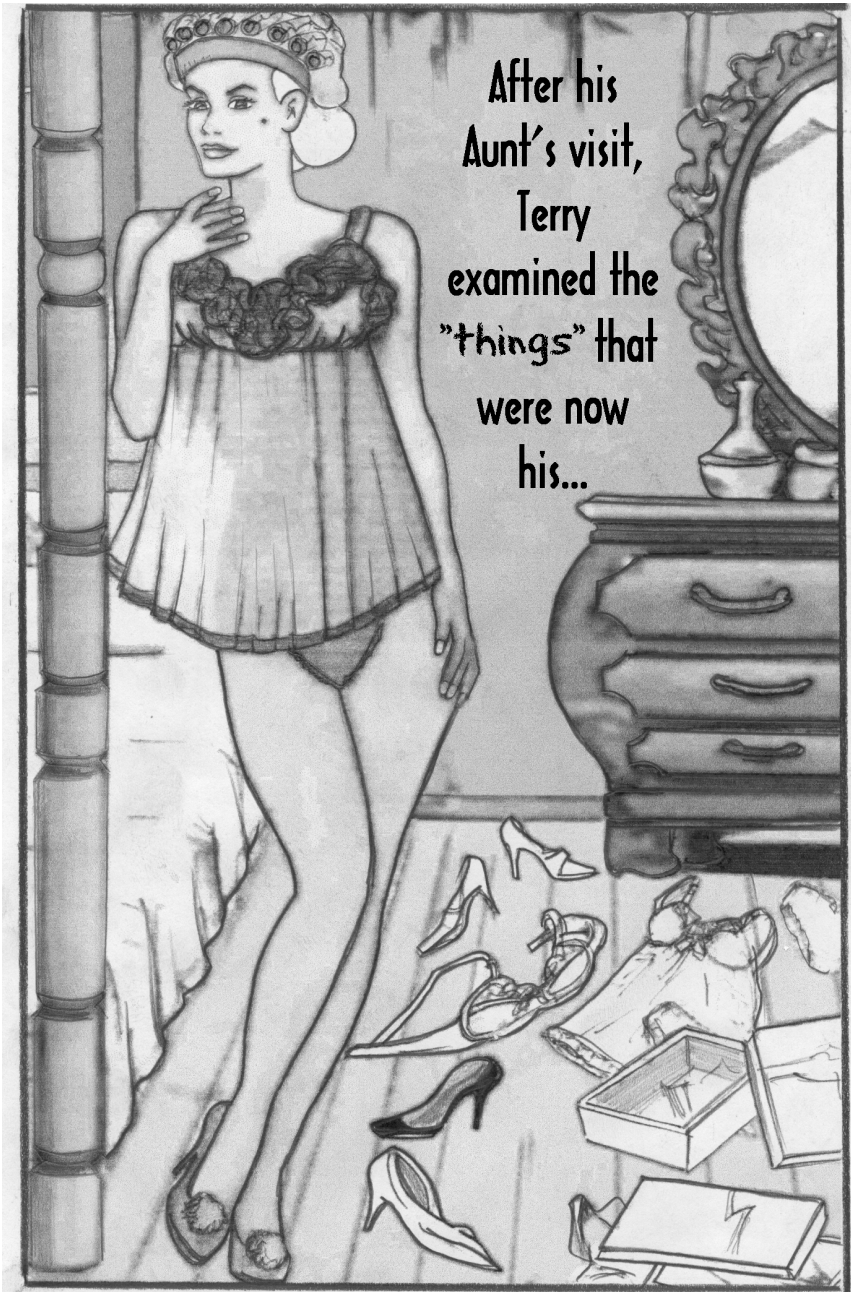
Terry remained silent for the rest of the treatment. When he gazed at the finished eyebrows in the mirror, he felt a shudder go through his body. His reflection was smiling, with bright, sparkling eyes and a saucy impish expression. The delicately arched eyebrows gave a new and more feminine expression that was heightened as Linda suggested a new shade of rouge and lipstick.

Linda admired her handiwork. "How do you like yourself?"

"Oh Linda...it's wonderful," the young boy sighed. "It's so..."

"Girlish?" Linda giggled as she sprayed his hair with perfumed hair spray.

Terry busied himself admiring his reflection in the mirror and worrying what they would look like tomorrow. He found himself gazing in amazement at the way his eyes looked. He said, "My goodness, they make me look different, don't they?"



After his
Aunt's visit,
Terry
examined the
"things" that
were now
his...

"I know it hurts a bit...but think how attractive it will be when it's finished."

Linda smiled, "Your mother and Aunt are almost finished in the nail room. Let's go show them."

Terry swayed gracefully on his little high heels into the nail room, stopping to check out his fresh new lip color. He felt a rush of excitement as his skirt moved about his shaky nyloned knees.

Entering the nail salon, Terry flushed a little as he caught his Aunt's gaze. She reached over and touched his mother's arm and motioned towards Terry.

A proud smile came to his mother's face. Her son made a beautiful, fair-skinned girl. His figure was just beginning to show that chubby but girlish roundness at his hips.

Terry's face was blushing so innocently as he walked, his pretty dress stopped well above his knees to display his smooth legs in their sheer nylon and medium heels.

After lunch and some shopping, the "ladies" went back to the house. After a full day of playing dress up, Terry was ready to change but his aunt wouldn't hear of it. "Let's teach you how to bake some of your mom's famous chocolate chip cookies!" she suggested.

"I'm trying to watch my weight," Terry moaned, running his hands down over his hips. He loved his mother's cookies.

The smile on Ellen's face said it all. She was so proud seeing her son in his attractive dress and new hairdo find an interest in cooking.

"You don't have to eat them dear, only know how to make them," Gina giggled, "It's how your mother hooked your father!"

The women put on their aprons, insisting that Terry wear the frilliest one. At the mention of his father, Gina

saw his hesitation and said, "Honey, these cookies also got Angie her future husband!"

Terry sighed. He was feeling very girlish from the day so he put on the frilly white apron without a lot of reflection.

He wished his father were alive--he was surrounded by only women. Small wonder he had grown to like what they like.

As the women showed Terry who to make the "best darn cookies", they chatted about women things and the fall holiday dresses. Gina laughed, "I hope that Terry will find out this Christmas what we girl's are always fussing about."

Terry blushed but asked, "Is Angie coming home for Christmas?"

"I think so," his Aunt mused.

Terry was suddenly lost in the thought of standing next to Angie in a full-skirted red and green holiday dress with a red Christmas ribbon in his hair.

Gina added, "She might bring her fiancé."

He said, "Oh no! I wouldn't want him to see me."



Terry examined his
effeminate image
in the vanity
mirror...

Two weeks later ...

Terry got a long distance phone call from his excited cousin.

Angie squealed, "Terry! You little sneak! I saw your pictures today and almost died. I couldn't believe it was you. You're a knockout! Does this mean that my little Barbie doll is back?"

The boy blushed as the memories of their little Barbie doll dress up game flooded back. He knew that she would realize that somehow he talked his mother into dressing him up.

"I'm not sure Angie. Mom seems to be enjoying it."

"Why not, you really are a pretty doll. You know, my mom told me more than once that your mom always wanted to have a second child. She had hoped for a little girl. I think you're giving her a chance to fantasize. So what are you going to do for school? You start next week don't you?"

"Yes. Mom and I have talked about it a lot. I was going to cut my hair, but she and Linda, our hairdresser, talked me out of it."

"Mom told me you wore one of my dresses to the salon?"

Terry's face was bright red as he stammered, "They said I'd blend in better..."

"I bet you do!" Angie laughed. "Your hair looks almost as long as mine? Don't cut it!"

Terry tried to change the subject slightly. "Linda told me to just trim the ends in back and then wear it in a ponytail for school. But I will have to trim my nails back obviously."

"Too bad about the nails, but you can always get extensions done for holidays and special occasions. I'm glad you're growing your hair more. Please promise me you won't cut it before I see you at Christmas."

"I promise, unless they threaten to expel me from school if I don't."

“Come on, Bridgeport Academy? All you guys are straight A students and future leaders of our society. As long as you keep your uniform neat nobody cares.” Angie was referring to the small, private boys' school that Terry went to. It was very hard to get in. First, you needed an academic record in the top 5 percentile in the country, and second, you needed to have money. Terry's dad's life insurance was very substantial and allowed him and his mother to live well and afford this quality of schooling.

“So you're not coming home until Christmas?”

“Yeah, I start classes next week, and I can't take any time off until then. But I'm looking forward to it more than ever now. Boy, am I going to have fun Christmas shopping for you! What size bra do you wear?”

Once again, Terry blushed thinking about what Angie was implying.

“Is your fiancé coming with you?” Terry asked.

“Maybe,” Angie said.

“Oh,” Terry sighed.

Angie laughed, “If you are worried about him, forget it. I already showed him the pictures.”

“What?”

“I showed him the pictures of my cousin 'Terry.' It's not my problem that he thinks you are a girl just because you were wearing a pretty dress.”

“He thinks I'm a girl?”

“You have to promise me that for Christmas, you're going to really outdo yourself. If he finds out I made a fool of him, he'd never marry me...”

“I promise.” Terry readily replied. Wow, to think about what that meant, made him doubly excited.

BACK TO SCHOOL...

And so the following week, Terry started school. His nails were trimmed to a comfortable length, just clearing the ends of his fingers. But the excellent care that they

had received over the summer still made them look quite feminine. Terry's hair was the longest at school but there were several other boys whose hair was pretty close.

His mother had blown it dry for him using a large round brush and then pulled it all back into a smooth ponytail. Ponytails were not that uncommon on boys these days, but the thickness of Terry's hair and the fine condition it was in still gave him the appearance of a girl's hairstyle when seen from behind.

He wore the tight sports bra and an undershirt to hide his very girlish chest. All in all, his appearance didn't cause a stir at school. The 150 boys who attended Bridgeport were bright and very mature. They knew that everyone was a little different and if Terry was a little effeminate, who cares? He was a great guy who always had a sense of humor.

For one person at Bridgeport, Terry's appearance did make an impression. Miss Foster was the English Literature teacher and director of the school's small but ambitious drama club. Every term they would put on one play for students, families and friends. It was a nice little fundraiser and everyone had fun; everyone but Miss Foster.

Sure, she loved the drama club and was something of an amateur playwright. But it was frustrating too, year after year, to have to come up with plays with all male characters. She had tried casting some of the younger lads in female character roles, but they always looked like 'a boy in a dress'. But when she saw young Terry this year she was astounded. How he had changed!

He had been in the club the last year and was quite good at acting, but something about him this year was different. A lot of Terry's classmates had returned from the summer holidays obviously showing signs of male puberty. They had grown and were starting to show

bigger muscles and deeper voices. Some even had some facial hair. But when Miss Foster looked at Terry, it almost looked to her as if he had gotten younger! He looked.... softer? His hair certainly had a new lushness, and it wasn't just the length. His hands and nails were certainly showing signs of much care. A boy caring for his nails? And his face, the some skin and soft features.

The woman felt a new sense of joy. She finally had a chance to put on a play using her own beloved script! The play that she had worked on for over a year. It required one female character, and Miss Foster knew she had found an "actress."

During his first English class with Miss Foster she had asked if he could meet her at the end of the day. She wanted to discuss something with him.

"Hello, Miss Foster, you wanted to see me?"

"Oh, Terry, yes, come in." She said as she ushered him into her office and closed the door.

"How was your summer Terry? Do anything exciting?"

"Oh.... uh, just this and that. You know help around the house."

After the obligatory small talk, Miss Foster came to the point of their meeting.

"Terry, I assume that you will be in the Drama Club this year?"

"Yes, I thought that it would be fun."

"Excellent! I really liked your work last year and this year I'm putting on a new play and I have a character that I'd really like you to play."

"Oh great! What is it?"

"It's called, 'Kidnapping at Baker Street'. Have you read any Arthur Conan Doyle? Sherlock Holmes?"

"You bet! I love Sherlock Holmes! Is it a Sherlock Holmes story?"

"Yes, in fact Holmes and Watson are two of the main characters."

“Wow, you mean you want me to play one of them?”

“Ummm.... no, not really. There is a third key character that I'd like you to take.”

“Okay, what's his name?”

“Actually...her name is Miss Elizabeth Doyle, sleuth extraordinaire.”

“Miss Elizabeth Doyle? You want me to play a girl?”

His surprise was not so much shock or revulsion but astonishment at another 'coincidence' in his life.

“I think you would be excellent. As you know we have had to use boys to play any girl's roles we may have had.”

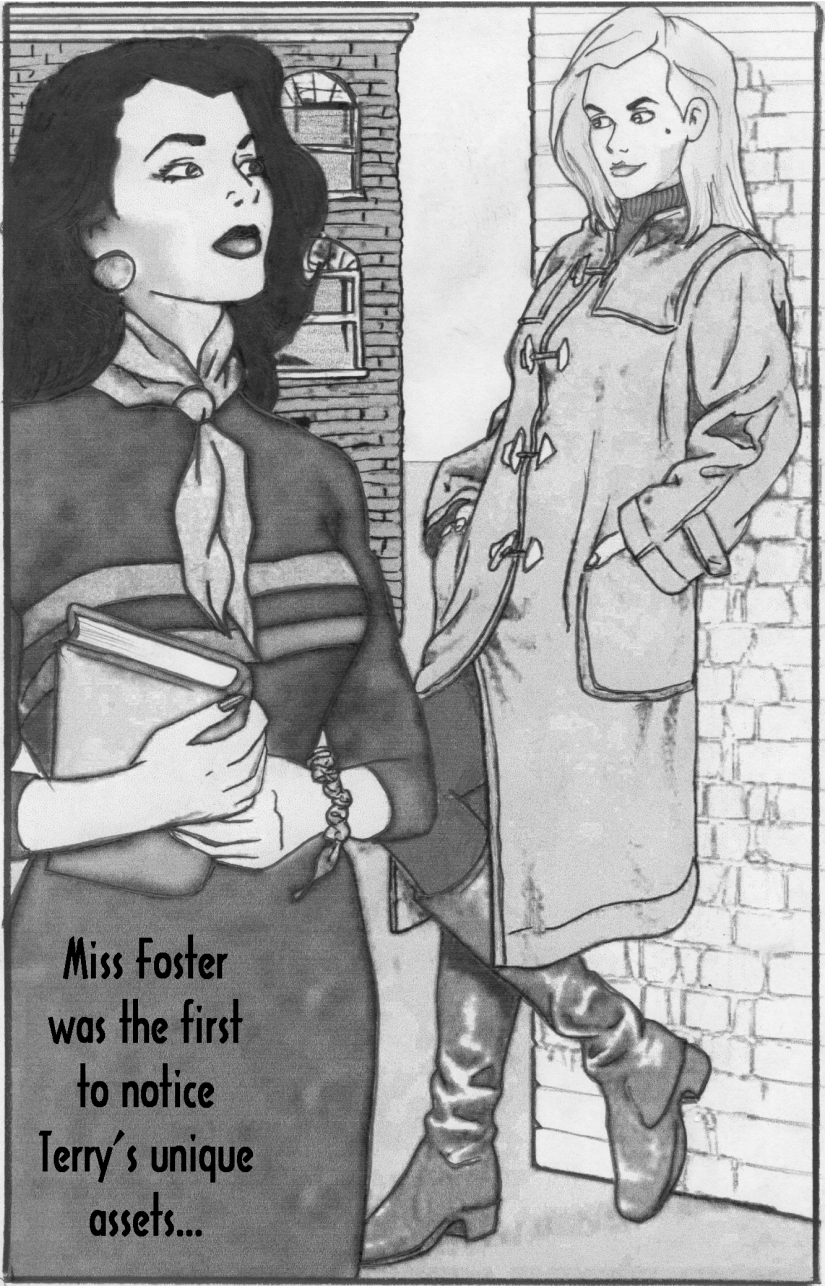
“Yes, I know. Do you think I'd be okay in it?”

“Terry, I'm sure you would. I'd like to start working with the cast next week so here is a copy of the script. Take it with you and read it. Maybe check with your mother to see if it's okay.”

“Sure, Miss Foster. No problem.” Terry had a sneaky feeling that it would be no problem for his mother at all.

Of course Ellen was ecstatic.

“That's wonderful! And to think you almost cut your hair.”



Miss Foster
was the first
to notice
Terry's unique
assets...

That evening they read through the script together. Ellen relished the descriptions of Miss Elizabeth Doyle in the script. The clothing of women in Sherlock Holmes' days was not like today. There were silk vests, then corsets with suspenders, silk drawers, stockings, layers of petticoats, button-up boots, long full skirts, elaborate hairdos and striking hats. She was going to have so much fun with this.

"I'm going to call Miss Foster and see how I can help." She said after they were finished reading. It was a rollicking good story about a feisty woman detective that helps the great Holmes solve his toughest case. There was even a background romance between Terry's character and a young lawyer. She saw Terry wriggle uncomfortably when they read the final scene where the young lawyer and Miss Doyle are locked in a passionate kiss as the final curtain comes down.

That week Ellen had a chat with Joann Foster at the school.

"I'm glad that Terry has agreed to take the roll."

"He's quite excited at the prospect of having a major role in your play."

"Oh, that's nice. I was a little worried that he might be nervous about it being a female part."

"Good heavens no. He's not like that."

"Wonderful, I knew he would be just right as soon as I saw him in school after the holidays."

"Yes, I guess he does have the right physical features for the job."

Joann was relieved that Ellen had come right out and said it.

"I agree. He hasn't...well, you know, seemed to have started through the changes a boy's body goes through at that age, has he?"

"No, he hasn't." Ellen smiled. "How can I help with your project Joann?"

“Actually, if you could help and work with Terry on his lines at home that would be great. There is one other thing you can help with, that is if you agree.”

“Certainly, what is it?”

“Given the nature of the role and the need for him and the other actors to react naturally I was thinking of suggesting that for our weekly, full-cast rehearsals on Saturday afternoons maybe we could make them partial dress rehearsals.”

“Partial dress rehearsals?”

“Terry's character is supposed to be a feisty woman. The other actors have to interact with this female character. In the past, I've asked the boys playing the female roles to at least wear a dress or some casual female clothing to set the mood. It seems to help.”

“Why that's a perfectly sound idea! And it would help Terry get ready for the part as well.”

“You agree? Excellent. So you'll help him maybe find a dress or something?”

“If I understand correctly, he should wear something that a teenage girl would wear to such a rehearsal. That is to look like casual but female?”

“Exactly! In the past, the boys haven't gone to any effort. Sometimes they would just pull a large dress over some gym shorts. It kind of loses its value. But what you said hits the nail on the head. In fact, it will make him fit into the casual rehearsal even better!”

“I understand, on Saturdays you will have a part time student of Bridgeport present. She's in grade eleven and her name is Teresa. I just ask you for one thing. Please speak to the other boys so that they don't tease him.”

“Oh thank you Ellen. I assure you that there will be absolutely no teasing. Terry will be made quite comfortable.”

“Oh, and one more thing Joann. What about costuming, etc.?”

“We have my good friend at the theater center who will be providing the cast complete head to toe period costumes for the play. They are very authentic made to original specifications and from the correct cloth. Terry will have to go in for a full measuring and subsequent fittings at the center in the next week. My friends name is Mrs. Evelyn Beryl. She will be calling you shortly.”

“I assume Terry won't need any wigs?”

“Well, given the circumstances that he has such nice hair and certainly long enough...”

“And it will be longer by opening night in December.”

“You're right. I guess it's up to you. If he wants to use a wig he can, though natural hair looks much more real.”

“Oh, I agree. If you have some photos of period hairstyles I'll work with my hairdresser on experimenting with what works best.”

“Certainly!” Joann turned in her chair and pulled out two old books from her bookshelf. They were sixty-year-old volumes on period costume from the last century. Turning to some of the drawings she pointed out a few women's styles.

“Women always wore their hair up in quite elaborate arrangements. I hope you can manage something similar with Terry's hair.”

“Don't worry.... practice makes perfect.”

When Terry was informed later that day of Miss Foster's and his mother's discussions it made him nervous. He would have to appear as a girl every week for rehearsals? Miss Foster assured him that the rest of the cast would be spoken to and there would be no embarrassment for him. After all, that was the way they always worked the female roles. That Friday afternoon, Geoff (“the young lawyer”) and Colin (“Sherlock”) ran in to him as school let out.

“Hey Terry, see you tomorrow afternoon for the first rehearsal. And we just wanted to let you know that eve-

ryone thinks its cool that you're taking this Miss Elizabeth role. It's a fun script and we wouldn't have been able to do it otherwise."

"Yeah!" Colin added, "We'd be doing another Shakespearean piece...yawn!"

Terry was encouraged by the good-natured words of his co-actors.

"Thanks guys, but you won't be seeing Terry tomorrow."

"Huh? Aren't you coming?"

"No. Didn't Miss Foster tell you? Miss Elizabeth Doyle will be attending the rehearsals."

"Oh yeah, she did! Cool, you got us that time." The two boys laughed as they waved bye.

When Terry got home he found that his mother had been shopping that afternoon. There were a number of bags from various clothing stores on his bed and his mother was just opening them.

"Hi Mom? What's all this?"

"I did some shopping for you. You need some clothes for rehearsals."

"Clothes? I thought I could just borrow some of yours."

"Don't be silly. If you're dressing up for something formal then you can wear my clothes, But if you're going to be 'acting' the role of a high school girl you need to dress like one. Do you think if there was a real girl in the cast she would come to regular rehearsals in fine silk blouses and dress slacks or evening skirts?"

"Hmmm, I guess not."

Ellen began showing her son all the things she had bought for him. There was a jean skirt, a pleated plaid skirt, a sleeveless blouse, a knit dress, two pairs of girls' jeans, some tops and sweaters, shoes, pantyhose and an assortment of hair accessories like scrunches, barrettes and hair ribbons.

Ellen added, "And your Aunt Gina is bringing over several more boxes of your cousin's clothes."

"Wow, looks like I'm set for clothes until I graduate!" Terry kidded. "I'll never wear them all?"

"Should I tell her not to bring them?" she teased.

"NO!" he gasped, and then realized his mother was joking.

"I'm sure you'll get good use of them," his mother fired back with a knowing wink.

Saturday morning Terry found himself sitting in front of the vanity passing his mother the new larger hair rollers she had bought as she sectioned and set his hair. Later, he stood in the bathtub wearing just a bathing suit as his mother used a razor to shave his legs smooth. The same was done under his arms.

She complained, "I can't continue doing this for you. Next time, I want you to try yourself." Actually, she liked helping her son shave his legs. It was important at first, that her son have smooth, "nick-less experience."

"After all, you can't wear Angie's sleeveless tops with even a little hair under your arms. You know how you like those?"

Bathing Like A Woman:

Ellen wasn't sure if it was her training or the female hormones but Terry's easily took to his new daily bathing routine. He would take off his clothing and place it in sectioned laundry hamper according to lights and darks.

He was suddenly "shy" about his body and went to the bathroom wearing a long dressing gown. Once in the bathroom, she'd catch him looking at his effeminate physique in the mirror and had begun to whine about getting fat.

His shower now contained a facecloth, arm-cloth, leg-cloth, loofah, and a pumice stone. He washed his hair once with Cucumber and Lavender shampoo with 57 added vitamins then conditioned his hair with Cucumber and Lavender conditioner enhanced with 57 natural oils and left it on his hair for 15 minutes.

Gone was just soap. Terry now used crushed oatmeal facial scrub and body wash before shaving his armpits and legs.

Once out of the shower, Terry dried with a big fluffy towel and wrapped his hair in a super absorbent second towel until he put it up in rollers.

Nightly, he checked his eyebrows for remotest sign of an errant hair and plucked it away.

THE REHEARSAL...

When Terry arrived at the rehearsal most everyone else was already there. His heart was pounding as he took the last few steps through the door. The talking and general commotion that was going on suddenly stopped as if some huge suction had pulled all the sound out of the air.

Everyone, including Miss Foster stared in amazement. They saw a pretty young woman with shining waves and curls tumbling to just touch her shoulders. Long, curled lashes blinked over doe-like brown eyes. The full lips were subtly enhanced with a reddish brown lipstick that matched gleaming nail polish. A beige turtleneck sweater that flowed over a nicely rounded bust line was complimented with a knee-length denim skirt, which covered smooth legs encased in sheer pantyhose. On her feet was a pair of brown pumps with a one-inch heel. Terry broke the deafening silence.



“Am I in the right place? Is this the Drama Club? I'm here to read for the Miss Elizabeth Doyle part?” His dry, deadpan delivery was priceless.

Smiles began to grow and it was Colin who began it. First he, then several others, then the whole room was filled with applause. They were clapping! Terry's mother had tears in her eyes as she watched the scene from behind. Quietly, she slipped out the door thrilled that her child had been so positively accepted.

The rehearsals were a great success. Terry was the talk of the whole school. Because the rehearsals were closed to all but Drama Club members there were many students who were lining up to buy their tickets for the play still months away. Word spread from the students to their parents and from them to friends, school alumni and others who had heard of this amazing student who took his acting so seriously.

Could it be the start of another Hoffman or DeNiro? The three planned performances had sold out and Miss Foster was scrambling to arrange for one or two more dates leading right into the beginning of the Christmas break.

About a month into the rehearsals, the time had come when Miss Foster wanted to start rehearsing the final scene. In light of the nature of the scene she felt it best to work with her two leads alone in private. So that Saturday, she dismissed the rest of the cast early and asked Terry and Geoff to stay behind to work the scene.

“I know that this will be a little unusual for you two so I wanted to work with you in private and help you get comfortable. The first thing I want you to concentrate on is your character. Geoff, you are young lawyer. A bachelor who has vowed that he would never get married and yet he has found an undeniable attraction in Elizabeth. She's beautiful, bright, witty and independent. Terry,

you know that he is interested in you and you in him. The case has been solved and there is a chance that you may never see him again, never again unless you show your feelings for him now. You are an independent woman and one who takes initiatives in such situations that normally only a man of that time might dare. You move closer to him, look up into his eyes, then down. He lifts your chin and cannot resist. You melt into his embrace and your lips touch in a passionate kiss.” As she finished she looked at her two actors. Joann was thankful that Terry looked as realistic as he did.

Terry wore a dark maroon knit dress and two inch heels. The matching lipstick, eye shadow and nail polish was perfect. To top it off, Terry had his hair precisely woven into a French Braid from his forehead to his neck and then finished off in a loose ponytail held with a maroon scrunchie.

“Are you ready to try it?”

Geoff looked at his partner. His eyes were registering “attractive girl” but his brain was trying to tell him this is a boy! He would love to date a girl as good looking as Miss Elizabeth Doyle. Finally, he decided that he could do this. ‘She’ looked great and he could definitely kiss her. For Terry however, he was looking at his classmate Geoff, a boy. He felt his pulse begin to race. He closed his eyes then reopened them. Behind Geoff was a large mirror and he could see himself. The image gave him great pleasure. Terry loved this dress and he loved what his mother had done with his hair. It was such an attractive braid. Breathing deeply, he concentrated and looked at Geoff. Elizabeth was ready. “I’ll try my best, Miss Foster,” he said.

“Me too.”

“Alright, remember the staging I just outlined. Terry, move closer to Geoff slowly, you’re being drawn.”

Terry took a step forward and was now inches from the taller boy.

“Terry, you look up soulfully into Geoff’s eyes, Geoff, you look down into this beautiful woman’s face.”

The two boys followed the direction. Geoff could now smell the scent of the perfume that Ellen had dabbed on her son. Terry’s eyes were beautiful and his lips looked so moist. Terry looked down. Geoff, without thinking, took his hand and lifted Terry chin.

“Excellent Geoff,” praised Miss Foster, not aware that Geoff had forgotten the directions but was working on instinct. “Now, Terry, you melt into his arms and.... kiss.”

Terry, with heart pounding so loud he thought everyone could hear it followed the instructions and closed his eyes. He felt lips touch his, then respond. First slowly, then more firmly.

“Good, now hold the kiss to a slow ten count while the lights dim, the curtain begins to descend and the music plays.”

Joann watched as her duo continued the kiss. She could see their lips together and their mouths slightly apart. Hmmm, very good acting, she thought. The kiss was concentrated, moist, warm and well placed.

“And....ten.” She was surprised when the kiss did not break for another full second. Both boys looked a little flustered.

“Good job! Do you think that you’ll be able to do that scene with the whole cast next week?”

There was silence but finally both of them nodded.

“Thanks, that’s a wrap for today.”

As they headed out the door Geoff asked Terry a little nervously.

“Do you need an escort home? I mean, you know I go by your place.”

“Thanks Geoff, but my mother is coming to pick me up.”

Geoff smiled a little awkwardly and said, “Sure, I’ll see you Monday.”

On the drive home, Terry sat quietly. His stomach was queasy and there was an odd taste in his mouth. The taste was unsettling. When Terry realized it was the aftertaste of Geoff's kiss and that accidental little flick of his tongue--a thrill ran through him. It tasted strange and salty but not entirely unpleasant. Terry licked his pink lips and renewed the flavor.

"You're quiet?" his mother asked. "Tough rehears-al?"

"Yeah." Terry's red tipped fingers played delicately with the hem of his skirt.

THE COSTUMER...

Another adventure that Terry had was his visits with Mrs. Beryl, the costumer. She was a woman in her late fifties and had been a costumer for more than thirty-five of those years. She went to work on Terry with the all-business attitude of a boot camp drill sergeant. He had to strip down to his underwear for measurement. Of course, Terry panicked at that request because of his sports bra. Ellen took over and asked if she could have a word in private with the other woman. Terry watched as they spoke and he saw them both looking at him. He knew what they were discussing. Finally, they returned.

"I explained your medical condition to Mrs. Beryl Terry so it's okay."

"Nothing to be concerned about. I've been doing this so long I've seen a lot. I had six brothers and two of them had your condition. It's a safe secret with me."

Terry relaxed and since they were in a private room he took off his t-shirt, then his sports bra. When his breasts were released from the sports bra, his dark, prominent nipples expanded outward from semispherical mounds of soft flesh. Mrs. Beryl was visibly surprised. She had seen little budding mounds on chubby

boys before but never such large, bloated, dark pink nipples...but she quickly recovered her professional demeanor.

“My boy, you've done a good job at hiding your...ah, baby fat, but believe me they will be an advantage for your costume.”

“That's what I thought,” added Terry's mother. “Hopefully, they will begin to recede any month now.”

“Well, if you don't mind me saying, I think that his development is excellent for his age...had he been a female. You'll find that the corsets of the period will greatly enhance what nature's given him.”

And so they proved weeks later when Terry came in for a fitting. He was given a thin silk vest to put on, and then a long, boned corset was wrapped around his abdomen. Mrs. Beryl positioned it so that the top of the corset, which had half cups that Terry's breasts would sit in, and the bottom of the corset that came to just to the tops of Terry's buttocks was just right. A long series of hooks and eyes were closed up the front, then the task of lacing the back began. Slowly but surely, the laces were pulled in and tightened. Terry had to hold onto a railing of the low stand he was on as his waist was pulled in. Ellen gave Mrs. Beryl a hand in pulling more and more.

“I can't breath.”

“Just relax. You'll get used to it.”

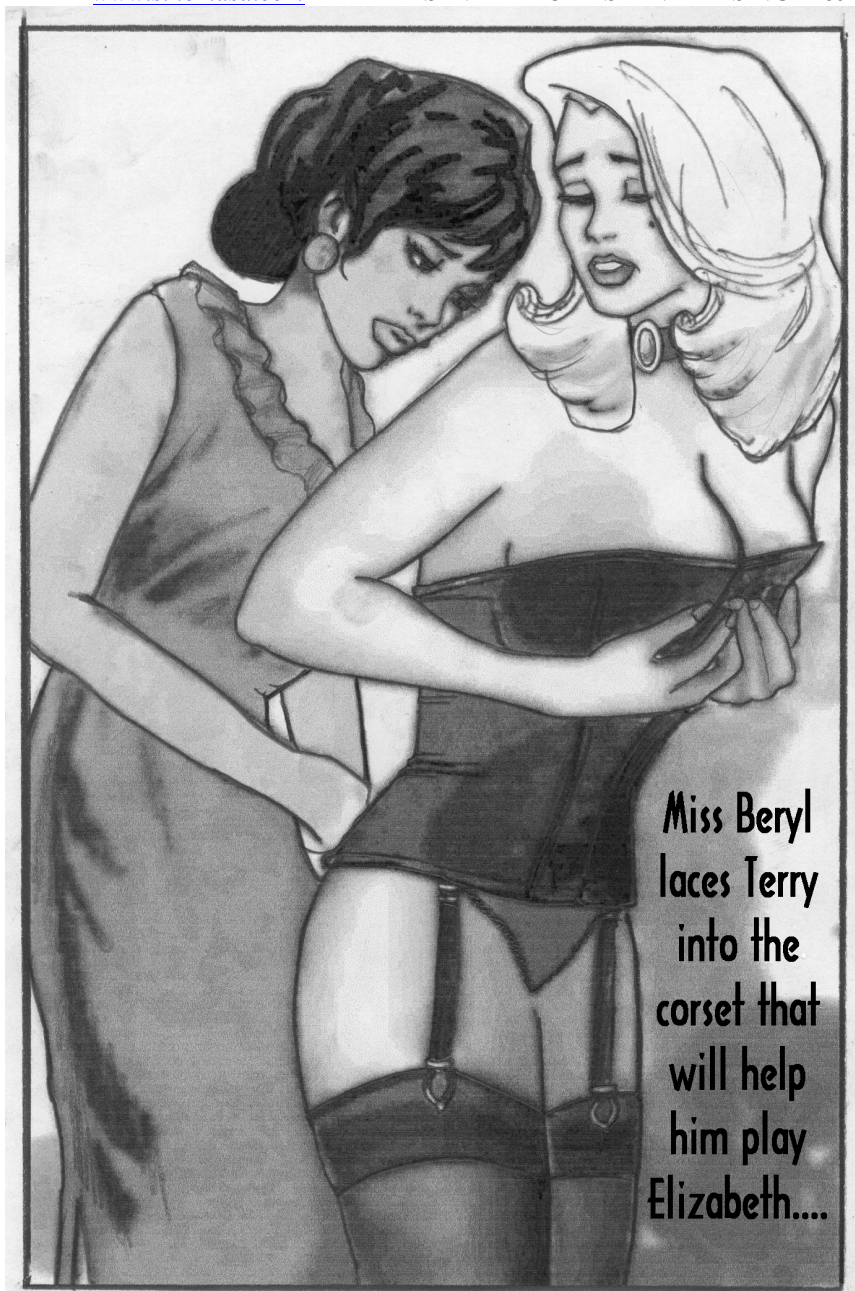
Terry closed his eyes and breathed slowly. She was right, he was able to breath once he got used to the tension. Because he was struggling for breath his mind was not on observing how he looked. However, his mother was stunned. Above her son's corset, full, womanly, round breasts crowded and nearly spilled over the cups that held them. Because of the constriction below his breasts he appeared to be a full C-cup! A deep valley of cleavage had been formed from the constriction.

Terry's waist was now waspish. It was at least ten inches smaller than his chest or hips! And his buttocks, which had been getting larger over the past months, positively stuck out. He had the fleshy hips and behind of a woman whose hips were designed for penetration and childbirth.

“Boy, that really does something to a figure, doesn't it?” she said to Mrs. Beryl.

“I'd say that was an understatement in Terry's case,” the older woman replied, amazed at how easily they had molded luscious curves on the teen boy.

Rehearsals continued week after week and soon the cast was used to seeing the two leads in their hot finale-kissing scene.



Miss Beryl
laces Terry
into the
corset that
will help
him play
Elizabeth....

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One night after practice, Geoff came up to Terry and stammered, “Miss Foster gave me these tickets for that new play at the Forum. And I was wondering, if you’re not doing anything this Saturday....maybe you’d want to come along?”

Terry noticed an unusual nervousness in the boy’s voice. There was this strange electricity between the two. Terry couldn’t help but recall those stage kisses that they had exchanged.

“Sure, that sounds like fun.”

“I was thinking maybe we could grab a pizza after the show. I can borrow my dad’s car. So why don’t I pick you up around 6:30?”

Terry had an odd feeling—like he was being asked out on a date! What a silly thought!

Ellen too sensed the controlled excitement that her son displayed as he told her about the plans for that Saturday night.

“Oh, the theatre? What a treat. We’ll have to find something appropriate for you to wear.”

On Saturday morning Ellen noticed Terry’s unusually nervous behavior. She caught him in front of the mirror brushing his long hair this way and that. She took the opportunity to push her boy in the direction she wanted him to go.

“Terry, I think you should set your hair today. It looks so much nicer with some body and waves.”

It didn’t take any much prodding and soon Terry was standing in the shower. After he had shampooed and conditioned his hair he took a pink women’s shaver and cleaned up his legs and underarms. The tingling spray from the shower tickled his nipples and he felt them getting hard. The gynecomastia wasn’t going away.

Terry's boyish chest was now sported two very obvious cone-shaped mounds that bounced and jiggled as he walked. At night, he found that if he gently touched his nipples, it felt very nice.

Half an hour later Terry was sitting at his mother's vanity as she finished putting up his hair in large rollers. She made sure that she used a good number of smaller diameter rollers so that Terry would have lots of sexy curls at the ends.

"I'll tie this hairnet over your rollers so that they won't get loose during the day. Want me to do your nails?"

"My nails? You mean just with clear polish? I think that Geoff is expecting me to be dressed as a boy."

"Okay dear. Clear polish."

Terry nodded a sheepish yes. He watched as his mother worked on his nails like she had many times before. Using an emery board she shaped the tips into a oval shape that made the length more obvious.

True to her word she used only clear polish, BUT, she had done his nails in what was called a French Manicure. Underneath his nail tips she applied a white polish that made the tips gleam white above the shiny pink of his natural nail bed. It was a manicure fit for an elegant bride-to-be.

Terry wore pants that night—expensive and sleek, black flat-front stretch pants that were tightly fitted at the hips, tapering to a nicely trimly tailored split at the bottom hem.

Terry's old pants no longer fit. Ellen had to laugh to herself as she saw Terry struggling to get the pants over his fleshy, panty-clad hips—once on, he had to tug the zipper up an inch and one breath intake at a time.

Somehow, his mother talked him into wearing a soft sweater that did more to accent Terry's curves than hide

them. He had tried on two of his own shirts but those shirts were simply not bra-friendly.

Terry's "chest" strained gently against his sweater, pushing its V-neck a bit away from his body.

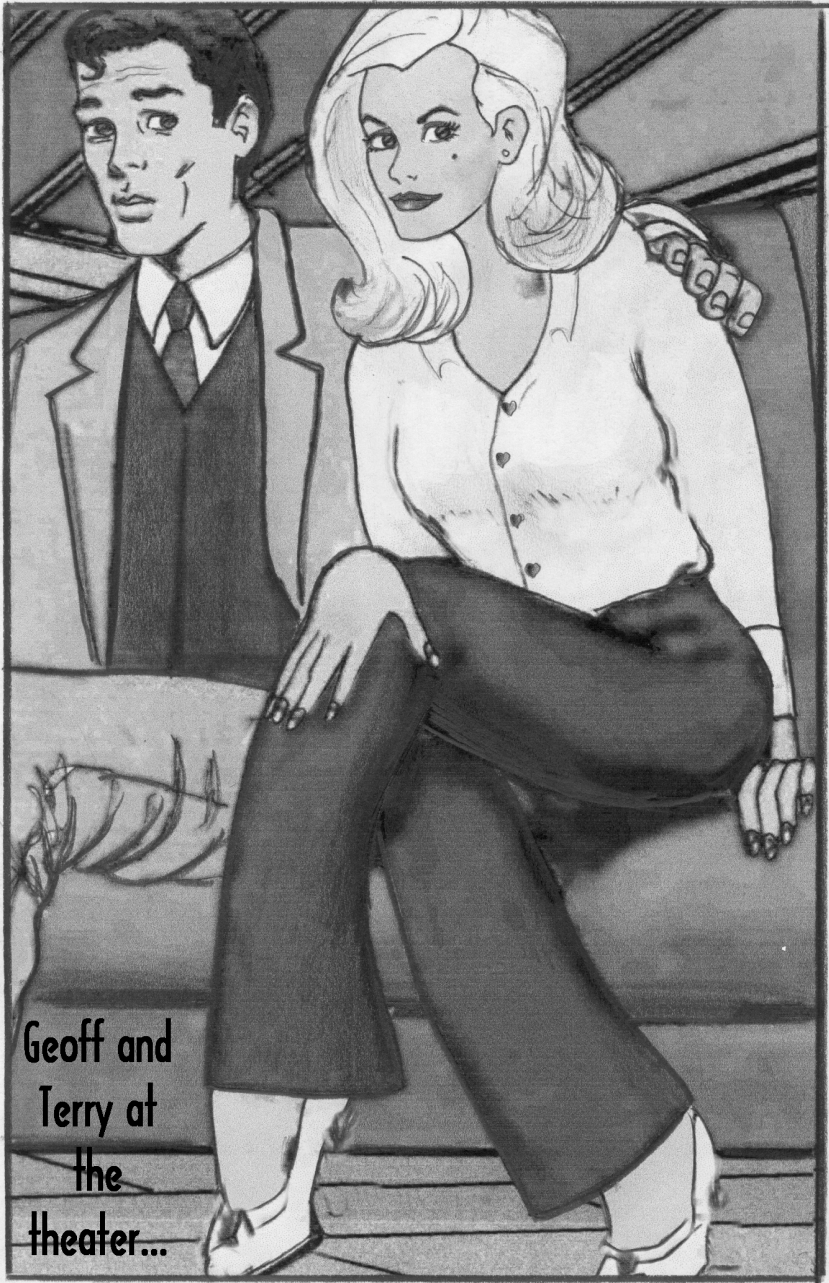
"Oh my?" he said as he checked himself out in the mirror. Even a firm, tight sport's bra could not hold back those mischievous mounds. "Too many cookies?" he asked himself.

Ellen smiled when she saw her son leaving with Geoff. His full fleshy bottom looked so different. Before they even opened the car door, the wind had given Terry's hair that softly tousled, "big hair" look that girls pay a fortune to achieve.

THE SHOW MUST GO ON...

Terry had two costume changes during the play, which basically consisted of his outer garments. Once he was all laced in and decked out in the many layers of undergarments there would be no time for changes there. Linda had a standing weekly evening appointment with the young boy where she was practicing doing the period hairdo's.

Ellen used a Polaroid camera to snap pictures and review them with Miss Foster so that they could decide on the final ones. In the end they picked two hairdos' that would be interchanged over the five nights of performances. Finally, the day drew near when the premiere performance was imminent.



Geoff and
Terry at
the
theater...

HOLIDAYS....

The Christmas holidays were just a week away and excitement was in the air.

“Terry, Aunt Gina just called and said that Angela has a flight home that will get her here just in time to catch the last performance of your play. Isn't that great?”

“Yeah! That is. Are they coming over here for Christmas dinner this year?”

“Actually, no. We're going over there.” Ellen replied and smiled as she added, “Have you thought about what you'll wear?”

It was opening night and the activity backstage at the theatre was hectic. The last rehearsals had been calm and by the numbers. But with the pressures of opening night, Miss Foster and all the cast and crew were on pins and needles. As Miss Foster shouted last minute directions to the stage and lighting crews actors scrambled in their cramped dressing room area to get dressed and made-up.

Terry was the exception. He had a separate room that was actually a vacant office. Linda, Mrs. Beryl and his mother worked on “Miss Elizabeth Doyle”. Terry stood holding onto a doorframe as Mrs. Beryl pulled the laces on his corset tighter and tighter. He felt his breasts rising into the cups and his backside squeezing outwards. Terry's “medical condition” made the private room a necessity.

To preserve his modesty, the boy wore one of his white bikini panties under the corset. After the lacing was done, white silk stockings were unrolled up his legs. Their delicate clockwork patterns allowed Terry's smooth, shaven legs to show through. Of course, the stockings were really only there for historical authenticity as nobody would see what Miss Elizabeth wore beneath her dress.



Before the performance, Terry's long hair and figure are teased into a victorian style...

The tops of Terry's stockings were fastened to the eight dangling, lace-edged, garter tabs, attached to the bottom of the corset. When all garters were attached to Terry's stockings, he loved the feeling of stockings being pulled upwards while his vise-like corset tugged downwards. The next garment the ladies helped the young man into was a pair of old-fashioned bloomers. Bloomers were basically a baggy, shorts-like garment with the prerequisite lace trim that women of that time wore in lieu of panties.

To further "protect a lady's modesty" there were ties that were closed at the bottom of each bloomer around the lady's thigh. Something that given the corset, no lady would be able to bend over and manage herself. Next, three layers of starched petticoats were pulled up around Terry's waist one at a time. The first two were fairly plain, starched cotton, but the last was heavily decorated with lace trim that would peak out from underneath his skirt.

The starch on the inner petticoats caused the sibilant rustle that could be heard as a lady walked. They also contributed to billowy look of the skirt on the dress. Over his corset, Mrs. Beryl lowered an elaborately decorated chemise. It had rows and rows of exquisite lace trim that covered Terry's full breasts.

To complete the boy's upper covering, a Victorian, back-buttoned blouse was drawn over his arms. This blouse was recreated from original period sketches and had the full fifty small buttons down the back and ten down each cuff. Terry felt like he was being sealed into the clothes. He couldn't take off the blouse himself, and he certainly couldn't remove the corset.

Once his petticoats were tied in place, a dark blue, ankle-length skirt was pulled up over Terry's waist and buttoned securely. The costume was completed with a short jacket that matched the skirt. This too, buttoned up demurely all the way up the front. Finally, it was

time for the young boy to sit down and have his hair rollers and pins removed.

Certainly hair rollers were not around in the period of these clothes but they were a modern tool that helped Linda achieve the look they wanted. An extra firm setting gel had been used with jumbo rollers to create lots of body.

Once removed, Linda did a brush out as usual. Then the fun began. Ellen stood beside Linda and passed her the hairspray as the hairdresser backcombed the base to give the boy's hairdo height. After the first stage Terry's head looked something like Alfalfa's from the Little Rascals. Then with a comb, Linda began to literally sculpt a design. Ellen stood with a fistful of hairpins and passed them to Linda as she formed large tubular-shaped rolls at the top and back of the boy's head. Each large barrel curl was pinned with several pins then heavily sprayed to hold its shape.

After a half hour Linda was done and Terry looked like he had stepped out of a history book. The elaborate up do was the absolute opposite of the carefree or wash 'n wear look of contemporary women. Terry stared in the mirror and cautiously touched the top of his hair. It felt foreign and detached, almost like some headpiece.

While the hairdressing was going on Mrs. Beryl had placed the boy's shoes on his feet and buttoned them up.

“Miss Elizabeth, you are ready for your makeup.”

Linda used a minimum of cosmetics focusing mostly on blush and eyebrow pencil. Terry had his own brows “cleaned up” previously in preparations for opening night. They were now elegantly arched though not too thin. Clear nail polish glinted from his fingernails, which were neatly shaped into oval tips.



The audience gasped when they saw Terry as Miss Elizabeth Doyle. Many checked their programs to see if it was really a boy student.

Finally, the house lights were dimmed and the opening night performance began. As the actors stepped onto the stage for their first scenes there was polite applause from the audience. When Terry stepped onto stage in the middle of act I, there was a hush and then much whispering as many people glanced at their programs. They couldn't believe that "Miss Elizabeth" was actually a boy! Surely, Terry must be short for Teresa!

By the end of the performance, enough talk had passed amongst the audience to comprehend that "Miss Elizabeth" was indeed played by a boy from the school. When the two leads clasped each other in the final scene for the romantic kiss there was a hush over the audience.

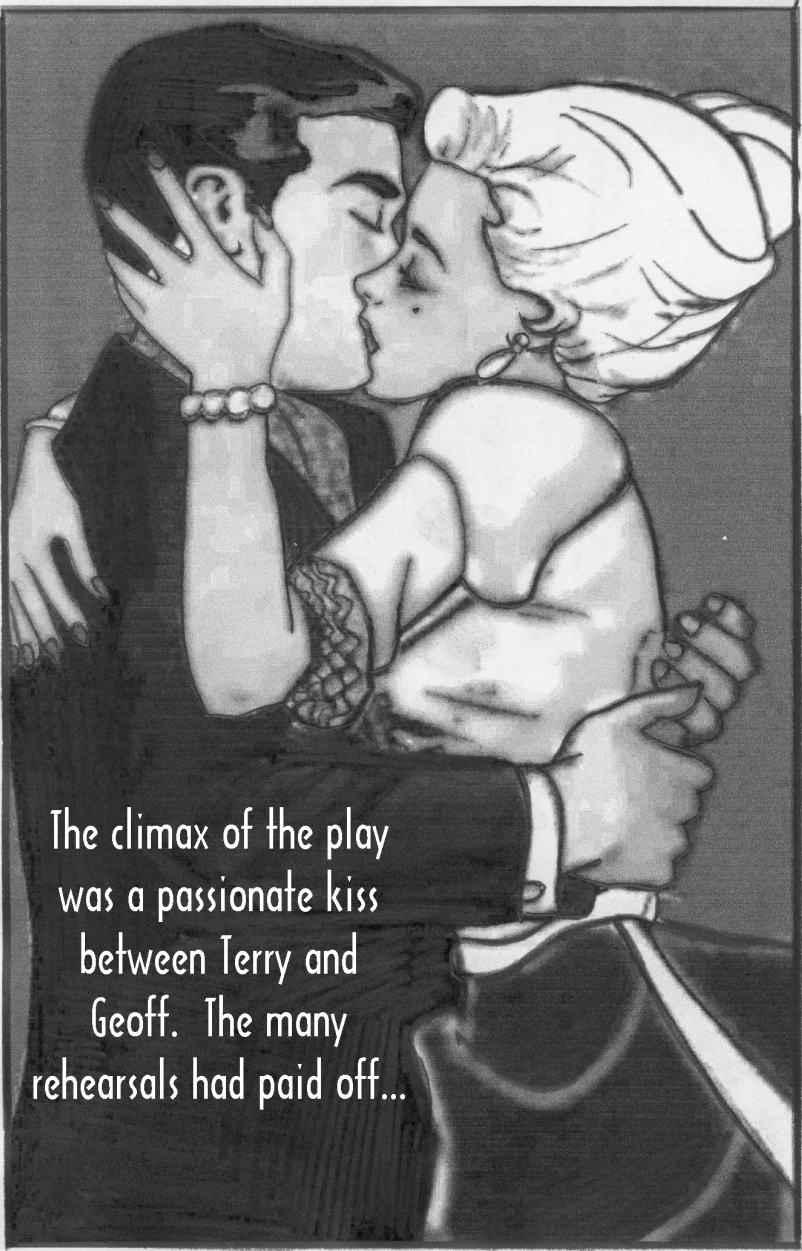
The "boy" was forgotten and the beautiful young woman in the arms of her man was all people saw. Even with the large crowd watching him, Terry was absorbed in the moment. It had become the scene he looked forward to the most. His lips and mouth moved sensuously against Geoff's.

He would have been pleasantly surprised had he known the thrill his dashing male partner was experiencing at that moment.

As the curtain dropped the standing ovation was thunderous. The principals and cast bowed repeatedly basking in the adoration. The applause grew even louder as one of the younger schoolboys appeared on stage with a bouquet of red roses for the "female" star.

As they took their bows, Geoff whispered, "Maybe we could go out next weekend to celebrate?"

"What should I wear this time?" Terry teased.



The climax of the play
was a passionate kiss
between Terry and
Geoff. The many
rehearsals had paid off...

THE END

If you would like to hear more of Terry's story,
write to me!

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