



Reluctant Press presents:

Unwanted Changes

Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATIONS BY COLLETTE ZASTROW

A 'YOUNG ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Unwanted Changes

By Cheryl Lynn

This is a work of the author's imagination. All characters, places, or events are figments of a wild imagination and fictional. The author does not condone the events taking place in this story and vehemently would oppose any such actions taken by real individuals. In other words don't do this at home.

Our story begins in the early summer of 1958 when Chris turned sixteen. His parents managed to get a long weekend off and decided to take an overdue second honeymoon to Acapulco. This was Chris' dad's second marriage and he wanted to make sure this one worked. His real mother had been unable to cope with a newborn and left them when Chris was not yet two years old.

Chris's dad was determined that his second marriage would not end like his first. His second wife, Connie, was a soft, sweet feminine woman. Her parents had passed away and her only living relative was a sister who lived in San Francisco. Since she had had "female surgery," as they called it back then, Connie would not be able to provide him any more children. He was both glad and disappointed when she told him. Glad that he wouldn't have to face another woman with post-partum depression and sad that he would not be able to provide Chris with a little brother or sister to play with.

The wedding was at City Hall with no formality and only a few friends in attendance. Due to his work commitments, he could not take a honeymoon. So he promised her a really great second honeymoon as soon as possible. He had to build his company first. Finally that day came, many years later and he made plans for a long weekend in Acapulco.

"Look Chris, I really would like to take you along, but this is important to me and Connie. I talked to your best friend, Robert Fulton's parents and they have agreed to let you

stay with them for the weekend. Look, we'll only be gone till Sunday afternoon and you get to sleep over at your buddy's place. Is that okay with you?"

What else could he say but okay? *Besides*, he thought, *spending the weekend with Robert will be a lot more fun than staying around the house*. Connie was the only mother he ever really knew and he was happy that they would get to spend some time together. Thursday afternoon, they dropped him off at Robert's - and with grateful appreciation and some sadness, they left for the airport.

"Come on, Chris," Robert's mother said to him. "Let's get you settled in Robert's room and then we'll all go to the club pool first thing tomorrow morning. How does that sound to you?"

"Great!" he responded and, picking up his bag, he followed them into the house.

"Now boys," she said as she entered Robert's room the next morning, "why don't you go ahead and change into your suits? Then meet me in the kitchen for breakfast. After that, we'll go spend the day at the club. Robert, your father wants to play a round of golf and I have a bridge tournament, so I want you two to be especially good today. I don't want to hear any complaints from the lifeguards. Robbie dear, just sign the chit for anything you all want. Okay, honey?"

Robert hated being called Robbie, but nodded his head and said "okay."

Robert and Chris were soon poolside enjoying the water and looking at the girls. Robert and Chris were about the same age and had been good friends all their lives. Chris, olive-complected with brown hair and sparkling blue eyes, was still developing slowly for his age. He was about five foot one in height and maybe 85 pounds. He was somewhat shy but possessed a good sense of humor.

Robert was about three inches taller, weighed more, had freckles and bright red hair, and was more outgoing than Chris. About the only thing Chris disliked about Robert was the fact that Robert was beginning to sprout a beard. Well, Chris *called* it a beard, but in reality it was just a few dark red hairs sprouting from the corners of his upper lips and on his chin. Chris cringed every time Robert bragged about his dad telling him that he would be shaving soon. Chris's cheeks were still as smooth as a baby's butt.

"Man, Chris, this is so cool! Like, wait till you see Rebecca at the pool. She's here almost every day and when I say she is hot in a bikini, man, you can bet on it."

"Yeah," Chris responded. "She's real pretty, but she's stuck up, you know. Besides, we're only sophomores and you know that she dates seniors. We're nothing but fly specks to her."

"Well Chris," Robert replied, "she may be out of our league but that don't mean we can't use her as eye candy, now does it?" Chris blushed at the thought. He was just becoming aware of what girls did to boys and was embarrassed by his feelings.

Rebecca was the school heartthrob and just about every boy in her class would do anything just to get her to smile at them. The only real problem with Rebecca was that she knew it. She was only sixteen but looked eighteen. When she showed up at the pool, she was wearing a really skimpy outfit that really didn't hide a thing. It was a yellow bikini and daringly cut, meaning that her naval was exposed. She casually strutted her stuff

around the pool, stopping at each lifeguard station and talking briefly with the lifeguard before moving on. She finally settled down between two of her girl friends and began to apply baby oil mixed with iodine to her body.

Chris and Robert couldn't take their eyes off the scene. Chris finally had enough and, standing, said to Robert, "Come on! Let's go swimming. It's getting hot." He needed to get his inferiority complex and emotions bathed in cold water.

After their swim, they got some cold drinks and popcorn. As they settled back in their lounge chairs, Rebecca came up the poolside ladder, wearing a white bathing cap, right in front of them. She was smiling, and then it happened. She emerged from the pool. Robert's drink fell from his hand and his jaw dropped. Chris dropped both his soft drink and popcorn to the ground and had to rub his eyes. Rebecca did not notice either the boys or the fact that her new yellow bikini had turned almost completely transparent. The mass of pubic hairs could almost be counted and the nipples on her full breasts stood out in their entire splendor. She started walking to the nearest lifeguard stand and her firm round ass floated before the boy's enraptured eyes. Then Samantha ran up to her friend and told her what was going on.

"Man! Why did Sam have to do that?" Robert muttered as Rebecca ran all the way into the girls changing room. "Man that was sooooo cool!" Needless to say, that event made the boys' day and was a topic of conversation long into the night.

On Saturday, they were back at the pool, but Rebecca didn't show. "Probably won't ever come back here anytime soon," Chris said as they were leaving to go home.

"Yeah!" Robert replied, "I am going to miss seeing her though. Get it? Seeing her!!!"

Robert's snappy reply sent both boys into convulsions of delighted laughter. Finally, as Chris managed to get back some control, he said in a more serious tone, "Did she look great or what yesterday? Oh well, I guess we'll just have to settle for something less from now on."

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They spent Saturday evening watching television. By late Sunday evening, Chris and the Fulton family were getting worried. Chris's parents were due back by 2:00 PM. The airline said that they missed their plane and were not scheduled on a later flight. Around midnight, the Fulton phone rang.

On Monday morning, Chris and Robert entered the kitchen for breakfast but only found a very sad greeting. Robert's mother, looking like she had been up all night and had been crying, ushered Chris into the living room and sat him down beside her on the couch.

"Chris, I want you to be very brave and listen carefully to what I have to say. "Your parents...your parents are dead. I'm sorry, but there is no easier way to say it, dear. Apparently, Saturday night, they decided to take a midnight swim and didn't see the dangerous undertow and No Swimming signs. They...they were swept out to sea and drowned. I'm so sorry, dear." Mrs. Fulton broke down in sobbing while Chris just sat there, a grimace on his face and tears in his eyes.

Chris had never met his stepmother's only living relative, Aunt Margaret. Her name was seldom mentioned in the household and there were no pictures of her. All he knew about her was that she was "an eccentric bitch" which he had overheard his father say. Now here she was, standing at the Fulton's front door.

Chris was staying with the Fultons until something could be done about him. Mrs. Fulton did not want him staying alone in his house and had insisted he stay until some relative or the State could figure out what to do. The Fultons were an enormous help to Chris as he prepared for the funeral.

The bodies had been flown back on Wednesday. If it had not been for the Fultons making all the arrangements and stepping in to bring order out of the chaos that filled Chris's mind, he was certain that he would have gone bananas. They had accompanied him back to his house to get his best suit; it had been hard very hard going into the house that was no longer a home.

While Robert went to Chris' room with him and helped him pack his clothing, Mr. and Mrs. Fulton rummaged around the house, trying to find an address and phone number for Aunt Margaret. They found it in Connie's address book and called when they got back to their house. Aunt Margaret told them that she could not get there until Friday of next week and to go ahead with the funeral. She also asked them to set up the probate and estate formalities for that week as she had to get back to work as soon as possible.

Chris later over heard Mr. Fulton say to his wife, "She certainly sounded put out and it's just not right that she would not make an effort to attend her only sister's funeral. I know darn well that *I* would!"

The funeral services were held that weekend. Chris was still reeling from the loss of his family, but with the help of the Fultons, he was making progress in dealing with his loss. The rest of that week went by in a haze and he forgot all about what Mr. Fulton had said about his Aunt. In his mind he assumed that he would just stay with them. So it came as something of a shock when Mrs. Fulton called him into the living room to meet his Aunt Margaret and told him that he was going to live with her.

When he first saw Aunt Margaret, he was stunned. She did not look anything like the feminine Connie. She was five-foot eight and big-boned with short cropped black hair. Some would call her fat and squat. She was wearing a starched white cotton blouse and navy skirt with practical navy flats on her feet. Her face was strong-featured and she wore red lipstick as her only make up.

"So you're my step-nephew, are you?" she said as he walked into the room. "Turn around and let me get a good look at you. Okay, go on about your business while we adults talk some business. We'll get to know one another soon enough."

No hello, no hug, nothing, Chris thought as he left the room. *Well, I hope she leaves soon. I don't think that I want to get to know her anyway. I'll go ask Robert if he wants to go bike riding.*

When they returned from their bike ride, Aunt Margaret was gone and Chris sighed with relief. He spent that night with the Fultons, but was told that he would be going back to his house tomorrow. The next morning, he sadly began to pack his belongings. After lunch, he asked Mrs. Fulton if he really had to go back to his place and live with Aunt Margaret.

“Oh, my darling, I wish that we could keep you here, but I’m afraid it is quite impossible. Your Aunt Margaret has been named your guardian by the Court. Since your parent’s will did not stipulate who would care for you, the judge had to make the decision. We tried, of course, to get custody. I even begged the judge to let us keep you, but since your Aunt is legally a relative...well, there was nothing we could do. I am so sorry for that but we will remain friends and even come visit.”

“What do you mean come visit? You live just a block away,” Chris said with tears filling his eyes hoping that he had heard her incorrectly.

“Oh, we didn’t tell you with all the rush but you know that your Aunt lives in San Francisco. You’ll be living with her now, dear. I understand that, once she has gotten the house on the market and settled with the probate, that you will be leaving us. Just remember that you will always be welcome at our home and that we really care about what happens to you. Write and let us know how you are doing. I know it will just break Robert’s heart to see you go. You are such great friends. Now go get your suitcase and be ready for when your Aunt shows up.”

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Aunt Margaret showed up around 4:00 PM to pick Chris up. She thanked the Fultons for all their help and assistance. She told the Fultons that everything had been taken care of and that they were leaving now to go to California. “It’s a long tedious drive back and I really would like to get a head start,” she said. “Chrissy, baby, why don’t you go on and get into the car while I have a quick private chat with the Fultons?”

After Chris left, Aunt Margaret told the Fultons that she didn’t think it would be a good idea for them to try and contact Chris. “Look,” she explained, “Chris is shaken up by all this and the move to my place. I think it would be best if he forgets about this tragedy as soon as possible. Hearing from you, while I’m sure it would be welcome, would only bring back bad memories. I’ll call when I think he has had enough time to readjust and forget the worst. Till then, I know you will respect my wishes. Well, thank you and good bye.”

It wasn’t until the car drove off and turned the corner that the Fultons realized that Aunt Margaret had forgotten to get Chris’ suitcase. As Mr. Fulton picked the case up to take to the attic, he commented, “You know dear, there is something just not right about that woman. She’s as cold as a fish. Remember when she first showed up? I thought for sure that she would let us raise the boy. Wonder what changed her mind? I hope we did the right thing by letting him go. I’m worried about that poor boy.”

Mrs. Fulton nodded her head in full agreement. “I agree, darling, but the court decided. Guess there is no point worrying any more about it now.”

It wasn’t until Aunt Margaret turned onto highway 90 that Chris realized that they were not going back to the house. “Aunt Margaret,” he said, “aren’t we going to the house?”

“No Chrissy, we’re headed back to California. We have a lot to do in a short period of time and I think it best to get started now. The house and all of its contents will be put on auction. I’ve made all the necessary arrangements. Now sit back and enjoy the ride.”

“But....but what about all my stuff? I thought we were going back to the house. And my bike...I left it at Robert’s and I got to use the bathroom.”

“Chrissy! I said that every thing has been taken care of! Besides, I don’t have room in my car for all your stuff and your bike. We’ll get you all new stuff very soon. Now sit back and hush up. I want to hear the radio and your ninety questions will just have to wait!” she said roughly.

Chris was upset and tears began to form in his eyes. He wanted to ask her some more questions, but his Aunt scared him. Choking back his tears, he sat back and did as she said. Although like most teenagers he had to have the last shot and said, “I still gotta use the bathroom.” He did not pick up on the “Chrissy” part yet.

They were driving through a small town about an hour later when Aunt Margaret spotted a general store near a gas station. She pulled into the station and told the attendant to fill it up and check the oil. Looking over at Chris, she said, “Here’s your chance. Go do your business while I check out the shop next door. I’ll be back shortly and I expect to see you sitting in your seat.”

The store was still open and Aunt Margaret began her shopping. She came out with three large shopping bags and put them in the trunk. “Do you want a Coke?” she asked Chris. “Okay, let me pay the attendant and I’ll get us one. Just sit there and be quiet.”

It was getting dark and they were still driving down the highway in the middle of nowhere when Chris said that he had to go to the bathroom again. His Aunt told him to hold it in as she wanted to drive for another hour or two. When he complained that he couldn’t hold it that long, she gave an exasperated sigh and pulled the car over.

“Well, if you are determined to be difficult, Chrissy, then I have the solution for it right here in the car. Get in the back seat. Now!” she commanded.

Not knowing what else to do, he got out, opened the passenger side back door and got in. Aunt Margaret pulled out two of the shopping bags and came around to his side of the car. “Strip!” was all she said. When he did not respond, she slapped him hard across the face. With tears streaming down his face, he started to comply.

“Now Chrissy, I did not want to do that. However if you do not follow my commands immediately, you will get more of the same or worse. I’ll not hesitate for one second to pull down your pants and give you a bare bottom spanking right here alongside the road. So don’t push me! Understand? Now strip, and I mean everything off!” she ordered, almost shouting at the sniveling boy.

Confused and dazed, Chris started to comply, but pausing, he looked at his Aunt and said, “My name isn’t Chrissy! It’s Chris.” That earned him another hard slap which sent him to the floor boards. Then he was being pulled back onto the seat and his remaining clothing was pulled off. Before he knew it, he was being put into a cloth diaper. Aunt Margaret pinned it tight with two pink plastic-tipped diaper pins. Next she pulled a pale violet plastic panty with purple ruffles arrayed in six rows across the bottom up his legs.

She roughly pulled him up into a sitting position, placed a tissue to his nose and told him to blow. Wiping his cheeks to remove the tears, she then told him to not say a word and to raise his hands. When he complied, she pulled a white nylon slip over his head and adjusted the straps so that the lace ruffling draped his bust line. From the second bag, she removed a white and yellow girl's dress which had several net petticoats sewn in. It had white chiffon puff sleeves with yellow satin ribbons threaded through the lacy cuffs and a full skirt. She quickly pulled that over his head and, twisting him around, fastened the small pearl buttons up the back and tied the yellow satin sash into a big fluffy bow. White ankle socks with yellow lace trim were put on his feet and a pair of white strapped sandals completed his outfit. As a final indignity, she used an inexpensive page boy-style blonde wig to cover his flat top hair.

"Now Chrissy!" she sternly said, "You will stop this senseless crying and behave yourself like a proper little sissy or I will turn you over my knees and blister that pretty little hinny of yours. Get used to it! Now that I am in charge, you will find that when I say something you will listen and do everything that you are told or you will be severely punished. From now on, you will answer only to Chrissy and you will behave yourself like a proper young sissy. Otherwise, you will be kept in diapers until the day you die. Or..." she paused while forcing him to look into her eyes, "I can leave you here just as you are. Maybe you'd like that. Me leaving you here. You might like it if some pervert came along and found a little boy in a dress. No? Okay then, as long as you understand the ground rules." Seeing him nodding his head, sniffing and trying to hold back the tears, she released her hold on him and told him to get back in the front seat.

As Chris did his best to slide out of the back seat, he could not help cringing at the sound the plastic panties made or the scratching of the net petticoats across his legs. Blushing bright pink, he made his way to the front door while trying frantically to keep his skirt from flying up and exposing his panties to the world. Getting in, his Aunt told him to brush his skirts back underneath his hinny, to sit up straight with his knees pressed firmly together and his hands in his lap.

Aunt Margaret put her '56 Chevy Impala into gear, checked to make sure the way was clear and stomped it. Margaret loved her cherry red and white car with rolled and pleated white leather seats almost more than anything else, especially its speed. As she quickly reached 60, she smiled and looked over at a very uncomfortable Chris which made her smile even more. *Such things I can do with him, she thought. In no time he'll be the sweetest sissy anyone could ever want.*

After awhile, Chris spoke up. "Aunt Margaret, I really need to use the bathroom. Please stop at the next gas station, please."

"Now Chrissy, don't be a silly little sissy. You know perfectly well that you are wearing a diaper. If you have to go, then just go, dear. We'll be stopping in about another hour and then I will change you. While I am thinking of it, call me Auntie from now on, understand?"

"Y...yes...auntie," said the embarrassed youth.

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Chris had been sitting in a soggy diaper for almost an hour before Aunt Margaret pulled into a motel. She checked them in and, getting back into the car, drove to a room in the back. Chris was relieved to see no one about as he got out of the car and during the two trips it took to get all the luggage and bags.

The room wasn't very big but it did have twin beds and a television set. As soon as Aunt Margaret locked the door, she told Chris to strip and get in the tub. She had to help him by unbuttoning and untying the sash.

"Aunt Margaret," he began as the dress fell to the floor. "Can I please have my boy clothing back? I'll be real good, I promise."

"I told you to call me Auntie and, no, you cannot have your boy clothing back. Besides, you forgot to put your bag in the car and you don't have any clean boy clothing. So until I decide otherwise, you will be wearing dresses and diapers! You've been a little prissy sissy ever since I met you so now I am treating you like one. Now, unless you want a spanking, get into the bathroom. It's time to take a bath and get you squeaky clean."

As the water was running in the tub, she poured a pink liquid into it, immediately filling it with a flowery smell and lots of bubbles. "Now get in and soak for awhile, I'll be back in a few minutes to help you."

Despite the smell and the bubbles, Chris was beginning to relax for the first time that day. The questions running through his mind during the ride were beginning to fade as he laid back and enjoyed the warmth of the water.

As he soaked in the hot suds, his mind was filling with questions, Why is she doing this to me? I'm all boy, not some dumb girl. I like sports and girls. She's treating me like a girl...a baby girl at that. Why? I didn't do nothing to her. She must be crazy. I've got to find some way to get away from her, but I can't do it dressed like this.

His moment of peace ended all too soon as Auntie came back into the bathroom. Kneeling down beside the tub, she reached out and pulled his right leg out of the water. She coated it with shaving cream and began shaving it. Chris lay in the water, his mouth agape, but he didn't say a word as she quickly shaved the right leg clean of all hair, then started on the left. Finished the legs, she demanded that he stand and when he did, she proceeded to shave away all vestige of his growing pubic hair. He started crying when she wiped his groin with a washcloth and it was as bare as a baby's. Arm pits and what there was on his chest followed the rest of his dawning masculinity down the drain.

"There, that is so much better, don't you think? Well, finish up and join me on the bed and I will help paint your nails for you. Hot pink, don't you agree, would be a nice sissy color? Maybe you would be more responsive if I just took that wig away when we leave in the morning. I'm sure that folks seeing you in that crew cut and a dress would enjoy the sight. Now, I asked you a question and I expect an answer!"

Chris got a frightened look in his eyes as Margaret threatened to take the wig away. At first it had been a nuisance tickling his ears and such, but at least it made him look more like a real girl. "Please Auntie," he begged, "don't take the wig. I'll be good."

"I'll think about it, but I asked you a question about your nail polish and I am still waiting for your answer."

"Yes...pink would be nice, Auntie."

"I'm glad that you agree. Now, don't you agree that getting rid of all that ugly hair was nice too?"

"Yes, Auntie."

"Yes what?"

"Errr, yes Auntie getting rid of all that ugly hair was nice too."

"Good! Now get out of the tub and dry off. I have some other hygiene practices I want to show you. Don't forget to wrap the towel around your chest and tuck it in between your breasts. Here, let me show you how to do that. Don't want it falling off, now do we? Can't be immodest even if it is just us girls here. Hahahaha."

He felt stupid wrapping the towel around his none existent breasts, but he didn't want a spanking. She watched him brush his teeth, then she ed him a jar of body lotion and one of night cream, telling him how to apply them. Satisfied that he did that right, she gave him a woman's deodorant, then had him follow her to the bedside where she proceeded to file and polish his finger and toe nails a bright hot pink, instructing him as she performed this task so that he could do it on his own. Finally, she showed him how to cock his wrists and spread his fingers so that he could wave them dry and admire and examine the finish the way a woman would.

When his nails were dry, she had him lie down on the bed and put him into another fresh diaper. As she pulled the plastic panties up his legs, he dared to ask her, "Auntie, please I promise to be good. Let me have my underwear back, please?"

"Well," she replied, "since you asked nicely, I'll tell you something. If you behave yourself for the rest of the trip, I just might let you out of your diapers. However, until we get to my home, diapers it will be! Now let me put this nightie on you and you'll be all set for bed."

She pulled a heavily-frilled red chiffon baby doll nightie out of the bag at the foot of the bed and draped it over his body. It had short puff sleeves with bright red satin ribbons threaded through them that tied off in pretty bows and the streamers fluttered down to his elbows. The full skirting barely reached his bottom exposing his plastic panties.

"Now get to bed! It's late and I've got to get something to eat."

"But Auntie, I haven't eaten since lunch and I'm hungry too," he ventured.

"Chrissy, a sissy needs to be constantly aware of her weight and you could do without several meals by the look of you. Tell you what, just this time, here's some Saltines and I'll bring you a glass of milk. It will have to do until breakfast."

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After spending a very uncomfortable night in which he did not get much sleep, Chris was nudged awake by his Aunt. "Come on lazy bones, it's time to get up. We have a long day ahead of us and I want an early start."

It seemed like he had just fallen asleep when she woke him. He pushed the covers back and for a few moments was confused. The red nightie had bunched up around his waist during the night and the first thought he had was "these aren't my pajamas." Then he remembered. "It wasn't just a nightmare!"

"Hurry up," his aunt commanded. "I have another lesson for you this morning."

He did as he was told. To his horror, she told him to sit to do his morning business and she stayed to watch. "From now on, once I let you out of diapers, you will sit to do all your bodily functions. Understood?" Embarrassed, he finished up and flushed the toilet after wiping both his front and back sides with tissue.

"Instead of using soap on your face, you will use this cold cream. Just put a little on your fingertip and touch it to your face. Now, massage it in, using circling strokes moving outward from the center. Okay, keep putting little dots of the cream on your face and massage it in until you have covered your entire face. When you finish, rinse your face with cold water and pat your face dry. That will hydrate your skin and leave your face soft and smooth. Brush your teeth and use your deodorant, then come into the room to get dressed."

She reapplied his diaper, plastic panties, and the rest of the clothing she had put him in previously. The only difference was that she parted the wig and created two pigtails on the side of his head. She tied them off with yellow satin ribbons, then, holding his chin firmly, painted his lips in a hot pink lipstick. Auntie showed him how to blot, then, handing him a white rattan box purse with pearl handle and told him to put the lipstick and tissues into the purse.

While Aunt Margaret was finishing dressing, Chris looked into a full-length mirror on the back of the bathroom door. He couldn't believe that the girl reflected in the mirror was him. A kinda rough-looking girl but a young girl nevertheless. When he looked real close, he could tell it was still a boy in a little girl's dress. His eyebrows were too bushy and his wig looked like a wig, not real hair. That plus he was too big to be wearing diapers which clearly showed when he bent even slightly. Blushing, he left the bathroom to help his aunt pack the car. Fortunately it was still dark out.

Aunt Margaret made him get out of the car and get back in several times before she was satisfied that he did it like a girl. She also reminded him to sit with his back straight, knees primly pressed together, and his hands neatly folded in his lap. Finally, she started the engine and they were off, heading west. For the first hour or so, she kept reminding him to sit straight and keep his knees together like a proper lady. After the tenth or so warning, she sighed in exasperation and said that first chance she got, she was going to remedy that problem.

Miserable and hungry, Chris was glad to see his aunt pull into a parking space in a small town near a café. It wasn't until she told him to get out that fear raced through his veins. "B...but Auntie, I can't get out looking like this in public. Please..."

"Don't be ridiculous, Chrissy. If you behave like a young lady, no one will pay you any attention. Besides, I'm famished and want to get something to eat. Now get out and come along or I'll pull that wig off and give everybody there a thrill."

Reluctantly, he got out of the car and followed her into the café. The café was not crowded and they sat in a remote booth. When the waitress came over to take their order, she didn't seem to pay much attention to him. His auntie ordered for them with Chris getting a bowl of oatmeal and glass of orange juice while she got the full breakfast and coffee.

"Please Auntie, may I please have a cup of coffee? My folks use to let me have a cup every morning."

"No dear. Young ladies should not drink coffee. Maybe if you're good and become a big girl, I'll reconsider."

After they finished the meal, Chris reluctantly followed his aunt into the ladies room where he was allowed to pull down his diaper and pee. While it was a great relief to be able to pee, being in the ladies room made him nervous. Leaving the café, she gave him the keys to the car and told him to go and wait for her as she had a little shopping to do. She didn't take long and after loading two bags into the trunk, she got in and they left.

They made another stop in the early afternoon for lunch and again he was allowed to use the ladies room instead of his diaper. Lunch for him was a chef salad and four Saltines with a glass of water. He couldn't figure out why she had him on a diet; after all, he was practically skin and bones as it was. He made it through the meal without blushing too much. He was nervous that someone would recognize him as a boy in a dress and make fun of him...or worse.

After night fell, she made another stop for dinner and he was allowed to have a grilled chicken plate, minus the fries and a glass of water. This time he was not allowed to use the bathroom as she wanted to get a few more miles under her belt before calling it quits for the night.

At last they stopped at another cheap motel and his diaper was soggy. After his bath, Aunt Margaret had him sit on the bed with his red baby doll on. Making him look up to the ceiling, she began the painful process of plucking out his eyebrows, creating fine arched lines.

"You are going to have to do this yourself, but I have the shape that I want, so just pluck out any stray hairs outside the lines I've made. Check your nails to make sure you do not have any chips. Hold your hands out like I showed you. Now let me see. Okay. Now get to bed, we have an early morning once again."

The sun still hadn't risen when his aunt woke him up. Groggy, he got out of bed and performed his morning toilet as instructed and supervised by his aunt. He stood before her bed totally naked and beet red with embarrassment; she fitted him with his diaper and plastic panties. She surprised him by reaching into the bag at her side, pulling out a padded training bra. It was pale yellow satin with a small rose attached to the center.

He cringed as another strictly feminine garment was added to his attire, but that was surpassed by the next item she pulled from the bag. It was a white satin corset. When she put it on him, it reached from just below his new bra all the way down to his hips. It closed in the front with hook and eye fasteners and laced up the back. Auntie Margaret pulled the laces until they met and tied them off in a knot. By the time she had finished, he was huffing and puffing just trying to catch his breath.

“There, that should prevent you from slouching. Get used to it, sissy. You are going to be wearing a corset for a long time to come. Just remember to bend at the knees and take shallow breaths, breathing from your upper chest. It will make it easier. Now, let’s finish dressing you and get the car packed. I’m anxious to get home,” she said as she pulled a new pale blue with white polka dot sundress from another bag. Three white net petticoats and a pale blue half-slip with three inches of floral white lace at the hem were pulled out of the bag as well.

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It was just after sunset when Aunt Margaret turned off the main highway and drove into a secluded community just outside of San Francisco. The house was smaller than the houses he was used to but it was nice. The outside had been done in an earth-colored stucco with an attached garage. There were about 10 other similar houses spaced a respectable distance from one another within the area; the rest was wooded hills. The house was well-furnished and had three bedrooms, one of which was completely unfurnished, two baths, and a nice sized kitchen. The washing machine and dryer were located in the garage.

He was tired and his diaper was soaked, but he helped unload the car. In a way, he was happy the trip was finally over. This leg of the drive had been his most uncomfortable and embarrassing. Uncomfortable because the corset was like a living thing, trying its best to dig inside his skin and held him like a vise. He had to sit erect the whole time with his knees tightly together, his hands folded neatly in his lap when he was not reading from the ladies magazines she had given him. She had purchased several from the café where they had stopped for breakfast and demanded that he read them from cover to cover.

When they had stopped for lunch, his sides were hurting so much from the corset that he got a little careless and let the wind blow his skirt up, revealing his diapered condition to two people who were walking by. Later, as they left the restaurant, he bumped into the doorway leading out and managed to twist his wig sideways on his head. Both incidents earned Aunt Margaret’s disapproval and she said that she would take care of that when they got home. What “that” was worried him.

Aunt Margaret put him in the second bedroom, telling him that he could sleep there until she could get the spare bedroom furnished to suit him. This room had a nice double bed, chest of drawers, vanity, and large closet. Under the direction of his aunt, Chris placed what little clothing he had, a few clean diapers, another bra, and the other slip he had worn in the chest of drawers and his other dress in the closet. She told him they would go shopping first thing in the morning to get a complete wardrobe suitable for him. Then

she told him to get ready for bed and to meet her in the kitchen so they could have a light dinner before turning in.

After a tuna salad and crackers for dinner, Aunt Margaret led him back to his bedroom. After his bath, dressed in his red baby doll nightie, she handed him a white jar and told him to apply the cream to his breasts. She watched as he removed his baby doll top and applied the cream to his breasts. Next, he picked up the cold cream and moisturized his face and then removed his nail polish. As he reached for the baby doll top, she stopped him.

“Chrissy, until I am satisfied with the shape of your body, you will be wearing a corset all the time except when you bathe and I think the same should apply to your bra. You need to get used to wearing them both and the sooner you do that, the less it will bother you.”

Chris groaned and decided he had had enough pain and humiliation for one day. His frustration had been building to the point of boiling over during the entire trip, but now he couldn't stand it any more. “No Auntie! I won't do it!” he almost screamed. “It hurts too much and besides...besides I am a boy and boys do not wear this stuff! No, please, I won't...”

He managed to get to his last “I won't” before Margaret slapped him hard across the face, drawing a slight trickle of blood from his nose. Grabbing his out flung arm, she pulled him to her as she sat on the bed and began spanking his panty covered bottom. She spanked him until her arm grew tired which, took quite some time. When she finally finished and pushed him off her lap, his hiney was crimson and burning like it was on fire. Tears mixed with the blood from his nose and he had the hiccups. She allowed him to lie on the floor for several minutes before she roughly pulled him up by his arm and turned him to face her.

“You have been asking for that all damn day long, Chrissy!” she almost shouted. “Now get this through your silly little head! You are who I say you are! You will dress just like I tell you! You will obey me in all things! If you fail to obey me or cooperate fully with me, this is just a taste of what you'll get in the way of punishment. Push me too far and I will drop your sorry little ass off at the orphanage dressed just like you are! Now, wouldn't all your new friends at the orphanage just love to see you wearing diapers, corset, bra, and baby doll nightie!”

Chris stood sniveling with shock on his face. He momentarily forgot the pain as he heard what she was saying. There was no way he could go to an orphanage dressed like that. He'd be dead meat for sure.

“And another thing, missy, I will expect to see a complete change in attitude from you! Little sissies like you always smile. From now on, I want to see a happy smile on your face at all times. Understood? Now you apologize to me for this outburst of yours and tell me that you will obey and cooperate fully with me, or it's straight to the orphanage right this minute!”

Through his hiccups and tears, Chris apologized and said that he would do anything she said. Then he begged her not to hit him any more before collapsing to his knees in tears.

Aunt Margaret let him cry himself out before gently pulling him to his feet and, with a warm wash cloth, she wiped away the tears and blood from his face. "There, there, that is much better," she said to him. "Sissies are expected to throw a tantrum every once and awhile. Now stop the tears and let's get you into your bra and corset. I think a good night's sleep will help tremendously. If you meant what you said about obeying me in all things and with a pretty smile on your face, I might reconsider making you wear diapers. You sleep on what I've said and remember, an obedient child is a good child."

Chris was momentarily pleased when he heard her say no more diapers, but the slight smile on his face disappeared once the corset was tightly laced. It felt like his ribs were cracking under the pressure, but he didn't complain, fearing worse punishment. Forcing a grin on his face, he let auntie tuck him in for the night and was surprised when she kissed him on the forehead.

If Chris had known what permanent changes would be wrought on his still developing body, he probably would have run away. They didn't call corsets figure-training devices without good reason. His youthful rib cage would quickly assimilate to its constant binding as would his feet to the tight shoes Aunt Margaret forced him to wear.

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Chris was allowed to sleep in that next morning until almost 8:30 when Aunt Margaret woke him up. "Come along, Chrissy, I have your bath ready. I laid out a fresh razor in case you need to shave your legs and body parts like I want them. Get your top off so I can get you out of this corset. There, that's a good girl. Now say 'Good morning, Auntie' with a nice big smile. There may be hope yet for you. Scoot to the bathroom and don't spend all morning in there, we have a lot to do today."

Chris couldn't help but smile as the corset came free and he was able to massage the indentations it had made into his skin. She made him take his bra off by himself, providing instructions as he did so. It took him a couple of minutes to get it off, but he managed. Again, he took a second or two to rub the red ring surrounding his chest where the strap bit into his flesh.

Auntie saw the impressions on his smooth skin and said, "That bra may be a little too small for you. We'll get you properly fitted this morning. A well-fitted bra should never leave those kind of marks on your skin. Now, scoot along. I expect you back here in 45 minutes."

In the relaxing tub, Chris ran his finger up his legs and decided that there was enough roughness that he had better shave his body once again. The very thought of doing this task repulsed him but he was still tender from last night's spanking and there was no defiance left in him.

Getting out of the tub, he dried himself off and powdered his body with the fragrant talc that she insisted he use after every bath. He brushed his teeth, used the feminine deodorant, and wrapped the towel around his chest before going back to his bedroom. Auntie came in just as he got there. Quickly, she fastened him into the corset and handed him a white satin bra to put on. Next she gave him the outfit and helped him get fully

dressed. Chris found himself thinking that he would have rather worn the dress from yesterday than this frilly confection as it made him look more mature. When he realized what he was thinking, he shuddered.

After a quick breakfast of oatmeal and a glass of milk, they left the house to go shopping. "Go shopping" was a vague term to Chris's way of thinking. He had absolutely no idea of what going shopping meant to a woman, much less to a girl. By the time they returned home, he had a much better understanding of the concept and was completely exhausted in both body and mind.

The first stop was a shop called the *Petite Intimates* and it contained nothing but young girls' lingerie and clothing. Margaret ushered him into the shop with great fanfare, exclaiming in a loud voice, "Madeleine darling, are you here? I have someone in desperate need of your services. It's my new ward, Chrissy. She needs absolutely everything."

A middle-aged woman, nice looking if you were into older women, came from somewhere in the back of the store to greet Margaret. "Why, Margie darling!" she said, "I haven't seen you in years. Not since Darlene brought her little flower into the store. How have you been? Oh, is this your...your ward? Why, he is just precious."

At Madeleine's outburst, Chris just hung his head in shame and blushed for all he was worth. She recognized him immediately as a boy in a dress. Up until now, no one had seemed to notice or at least no one had said anything out loud where he could hear it.

"Say hello to Ms. Madeleine, Chrissy," his aunt ordered. "She is an old friend and has fitted more than one boy in pretty lacy lingerie."

Still not raising his head, Chris whispered a hello and turned even redder in the face. He felt his hand being grabbed and followed along beside Madeleine as she ushered him to the back of the store. At least there was no one else in the shop. He soon found himself stripped down completely. Having left the house with nothing on underneath. Aunt Margaret had decided, at the last moment, not to put diapers on him and simply said he would have to do without until later. He had left the house feeling both ashamed and happy.

How can I feel happy wearing nothing under my dress? he thought. *All it would take is a breeze and my skirt will fly up and everyone will know that I am naked under it. Well, at least I am not wearing diapers,* he thought, but he still felt very uncomfortable.

Ms. Madeleine took a cloth measuring tape and began to quickly take measurements, writing them down on a piece of paper. Finished with her task, she told him to wait in the dressing room until she and his aunt returned.

As the two women searched through the piles of clothing to find just the right things for Chris, Margaret asked Madeleine about Darlene's precious son.

"Marge, you would just not believe how little Steffie turned out," Madeleine said. "You remember how much of a fight he put up over all this? Well, you would have to see her to believe that it is the same person. He's in dresses all the time and even goes to school as a girl. A girl's school at that, hahahaha. Darlene says that by making him go to that school reinforces his girlish mannerisms and, more importantly, makes him think like a girl all the time. Why, he even dates boys now just to keep in character."

"He says he hates it, but I'm not so sure. Ever since they moved to San Francisco, I don't get to see them that much anymore. Darlene says that in her neighborhood the boys are much more accepting of Steffie as she really is. Oh, this would be absolutely darling on your Chrissy. Ready for him to try all this nice lingerie?"

"Madeleine, that's wonderful to hear," Margaret replied. "I think that you just gave me a great idea, although I am not so sure about an all girl school. Yes, I think we have enough clothing for now. Let's go see how it fits."

All too soon they were back in the room, carrying armloads of delicate lacy and wildly colored pieces of cloth. Madeleine first pulled a bright white satin training bra across his chest and hooked the back and adjusted the straps. As she asked how it felt while she ran her finger under the bandeaux, he replied, "Okay, I guess."

"Good," she replied. "Your Auntie has been most generous with you, Chrissy. She has picked out a dozen pretty bras, twice as many pretty nylon panties, seven very pretty full-length slips and half-slips and panty girdles, and four corsets. That's not to mention the dozens of nylon and taffeta petticoats. You are *such* a lucky girl."

He blushed even redder than he thought possible as she held up a bright pink satin sheath frilled with white lace. "She even purchased a dozen of these precious looking modesty sheaths for you," she commented as she quickly tied it in place.

Smiling from ear to ear while Chris stood crying, she said, "Now, let's try on some of these other pretties to see how they fit. Too bad you're not an older girl; then, I could fit you into a bullet bra. It's all the rage with teens and young women right now."

Chris was flabbergasted by the time he was finished trying on all the various intimate apparel items they had brought in. There were pinks, yellows, pale blues, orange, lavender, and tans. Besides the bras, slips, and panty girdles, there were four flowing chiffon negligees. He left the store carrying all the packages his arms could handle, wearing a new white bra, lace-frilled nylon panties, rubber lined panty girdle, and matching corset under his little girl dress.

The next stop was a shoe store. There, Margaret purchased a pair of heeled sandals, three pair of saddle back shoes in navy, black, and brown. She also had him pick out three pumps with two-inch heels in white, navy and black, a pair of white tennis shoes, two pair of flats, and a pair of slippers with one-inch heels. The slippers had a big fluffy white fur ball attached to the toe strap.

From there, they went to a dress shop where again stripped to his corset, bra, and panty girdle he was forced to endure, having to try on one dress after another. Another friend of Margaret's ran this shop and was more than eager to assist them in picking out the most feminine of outfits. He tried on everything from casual wear to fancy party dresses. At least they were designed for a girl closer to his own real age. Skirts and blouses followed. All were on the more feminine side with lots of frills and lace, especially the blouses. Some were almost transparent, revealing his under things much to his embarrassment. Once his aunt selected his basic wardrobe, she had him try on a number of different sweaters, jackets, and even hats and gloves.

They had spent almost four hours in that dress shop the last half hour, picking out coordinating accessories such as handbags, belts, and scarves. He left that shop wearing a

new gray poodle skirt with four net petticoats one pink, two white, and one yellow which Auntie went out to the car to get. The petticoats were needed to give the skirt its proper fullness, she had told him. After the petticoats were pulled up his legs, the pink first, then the two white, lastly the yellow and the skirt fluffed out over them, the hem was at knee length. The bright pink French poodle embroidery stood out over his left thigh. He was also wearing an almost transparent polyester long puffed-sleeved blouse with a ruffled jabot. His aunt then undid the pigtails and combed out the pageboy style and tied a bright pink satin ribbon on top in a pretty bow. Taking an unbuttoned gray cashmere sweater, she put it behind his back and tied the arms under his jabot in a loose square knot. Putting on his new black flats and grabbing the matching sling purse, they finally left the shop.

They stopped for a quick lunch before continuing their shopping spree. The next stop was a jewelry store where Chris had his ears pierced and a selection of appropriate earrings selected. A charm bracelet, various rings, a small girl's watch and several chains were purchased. Aunt Margaret also purchased him a heart-shaped locket with "Chrissy" engraved upon it. She told him that, when they got home, she would cut out a picture of her face so Chrissy could put it in the locket as a keepsake.

From there, they went to a wig shop which was probably the hardest on him, to purchase a better quality wig. Auntie Margaret decided on a shoulder-length blonde wig made from real human hair. It was expensive and Chris almost gasped when he saw the clerk ring it up. Margaret quickly combed the wig into a flowing ponytail and tied it off with the pink ribbon.

"Now, don't you look the perfect pre-teenage girl, Chrissy," she told him with a big smile on her face. "If you want to stay this way instead of wearing baby diapers and clothing, you had better do exactly as I say with a big smile on your face. Understood?"

"Yes, Auntie," he replied. He definitely did not want to be forced back into diapers.

The last stop of the day was a drug store. Aunt Margaret led Chris directly to the cosmetics counter where a young girl not much older than himself picked out the latest colors and cosmetic that he would need. It was extremely hard for him to hold his hand still while the clerk marked his palm with the various shades of lipstick trying to match his coloring. Lotions, moisturizer, foundations, masks, eye shadows, one light blue and the other a darker blue, to bring out his eyes, eyeliner, mascara, eyelash curler, lip gloss, and cleansing creams, not to mention hand and nail care items soon filled their cart. His aunt picked out a perfume called "Tabu" for him, as well as the matching talc and body lotion.

From the cosmetic counter, they went into the hygiene department where Margaret explained all the feminine articles found there. He watched in horror as she picked out a fancy lace-embroidered sanitary belt and held it to his waist. "Oh, this is just the most! Chrissy, while this is just a bit elaborate, I think since you are just entering womanhood, such a feminine garment is necessary," she said as she placed it in the cart.

Chris was blushing a bright shade of pink as Margaret moved along the aisle and picked out a feminine hygiene syringe for his use. He couldn't believe that she was doing this right in the middle of the drug store. After picking up a few more items such as hair curlers, bobby pins, and such, they were ready to check out. Chris left the store wearing

blue eye shadow bright hot pink lipstick and a blush so bright you'd have thought that he was wearing rouge.

Once home, he spent the majority of the evening removing tags and neatly folding and putting away his new wardrobe. Aunt Margaret went to great length explaining how each item of lingerie had to be folded and in which drawer it should be placed in and which items needed to be hung on the padded hangers. She didn't leave the room until she was satisfied that he was doing everything to her specifications.

When he was finished that task, Margaret had him spend the next hour learning how to walk, sit, and stoop in a very feminine manner. It wasn't easy learning how to cope with petticoats when walking around knick-knacks and figurines adorning the living room tables. It was especially hard for him to coordinate his skirt with his hands while swishing his hips as he walked heel and toe around the room. The petticoats were especially annoying and distracting as they flowed around his legs tickling and itching them as well. He felt clumsy when he had to sit trying to coordinate his petticoats while smoothing his skirt underneath.

Aunt Margaret was not pleased with his attempts and lashed out with a belt swat to his exposed legs on numerous occasions. She had solved his long stride by tying a 12-inch length of ribbon around his ankles and putting him in the two-inch heels, but his hand movements were awkward and clumsy. At least with the corset she didn't have to tell him to keep his back straight and his chest out. Finally, she had enough and told him to follow her into the kitchen where she was going to teach him how to cook.

By the time Chris sat down to eat his meager dinner, he was almost too exhausted to eat. Even then the instruction did not end as Auntie kept up a running commentary on his dining habits. After he hand washed and dried all the dishes and cleaned up the kitchen, Chris was totally exhausted and his calf muscles were killing him from standing in heels most of the evening.

His bath that night helped to ease the many aches and pains racking his body but it also made him sleepy. As he sat at the vanity removing his make up with cold cream, he almost fell asleep and would have if Auntie didn't nudge him awake. He was too tired to argue when Auntie told him that he would also be wearing the panty girdle to bed from now on. The last thing Chris remembered was auntie kissing him on the forehead as she tucked him in for the night.

For the next three days Margaret worked on making Chrissy more convincing. From the time he got up at 5:30 in the morning until 8:30 in the evening, she worked on his every movement. She stood at his side almost every minute of the day correcting him every time he did something not feminine enough to suit her standards. She watched everything, from how he moved his hands when he bathed to his speech patterns and tone. She made him do everything for himself except the lacing of his corset. He picked out his own outfits and, if he made a mistake in coordinating the outfit, he received a lecture on what he had done wrong, how to correct it, and a swift swat with the ever-present belt. By the end of the evening, the back of his thighs were red and stinging.

The only rest periods allowed were for eating and one hour in the morning, afternoon, and evening to read selected texts. The first assignment was a book on feminine hygiene.

He was given a pad and pen to take notes and was told he would be given an exam on its contents. That afternoon he was given a how to book on cosmetics, hair, and skin care and again informed that he would be tested on its contents. She told him that she would grade his penmanship as well and that it had better be flowing and feminine or else.

He did all right on the female anatomy part of the test, the function and purpose of fallopian tubes, ovaries, uterus, and vagina but he failed the part on problems encountered with the female menstrual cycle. He totally missed the answers to clumping, spotting, and yeast infections. Those parts of the text were too yucky and stomach churning for him to absorb.

As punishment, he received a bare bottom spanking with a hairbrush; ten strokes for failing the test and five more for not writing his answers in a feminine hand with lots of loops and hearts for dots. To help him understand the menstrual cycle better, beginning that night he would not only douche on a regular basis but create his own 28-day cycle calendar and begin wearing the required sanitary belt and pad. By the end of the night, he was mentally and physically exhausted. His aunt followed him up to the bathroom after she told him it was bath time.

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As Chris was cleaning the dishes after breakfast, someone knocked on the front door. Auntie answered it and there was some talking, then some noise. Chris couldn't figure it out and was becoming curious when his aunt walked in. She told him that the decorators had arrived and that he would soon have his own new room.

"But Auntie," he said, "I'm happy with my current room. You don't have to do anything special for me." He was scared that she had something up her sleeves and while his current room was somewhat feminine, he could live with that. Besides, he was getting to the point where he did not like changes. The shopping trip was one thing he would love to have missed as those changes had put him in a worse fix than he had been.

"Don't be ridiculous, my dear Chrissy. You'll just absolutely love your new room. You are currently staying in my guest room and you are not a guest in my house. You are here permanently unless you really upset me! If you upset me, then I may decide to send you to an orphanage. While the workmen are here, I want you to stay out of the way. Here is some reading material. Go into the garage, do the laundry and ironing. While you are doing that, you can study these books. I will come and get you when your surprise is finished."

Chris looked at the books, "The French Twist and Braids," "Beginner Ballet," "Dating and You." He dropped them on the counter in disgust and went to do the laundry.

Margaret finally called him from the garage to have dinner. She had brought him a nice salad for lunch several hours earlier. "Well you had time to read all the books that I left you," she said at the dinner table as they ate. "Did you finish them all?"

"Er.....er yes Auntie," he replied.

"Now let's go see your new room."



Chris stood in total shock when he entered his new room. It was bright with both lights and paint. The walls were all a soft pink and the trim was done in a floral pattern wallpaper. Bright pink chiffon drapes hung from the windows. The furniture was all French Provincial, white with gold trim. The bed was a four-poster with a bright pink satin comforter. The bed's skirting was white floral lace hanging almost to the floor. Two large pillows stuffed into bright white satin pillow slips with pink lace frills and a Victorian doll were at the headboard. Next to the bed was a table with a similar porcelain doll lamp and alarm clock sitting on a lace dolly. Against one wall was a lighted vanity with pink satin and white lace drapery with matching padded stool. On the other side was a dresser and at the foot of the bed was a hope chest. The floor was covered in a plush white carpet. On the wall was a picture of a ballerina in a pink frame and on the other wall was a picture of white kittens playing with a ball of yarn.

"Now go and get your things out of my guest room. Don't you think that such a precious room as this deserves not only a big smile from you but a hug as well? You might want to say thank you first though."

Reluctantly, Chris did as he was instructed, hating every minute of it and the room even more. It was an insult to his dignity, but what choice did he have?

When he had put everything in its place and was getting ready for bed, Auntie came over to him and told him to go over to the picture on the wall. He reluctantly did as instructed but kept his eyes lowered, staring at the floor.

She placed Tabu fragrance sachets into all of his drawers and spayed the perfume around the room to give it “that real girly smell” she said. When he pulled the comforter down as he was getting into bed, he discovered white satin sheets. He was also wearing a face mask to protect his sheets from the oils and unguents he used during his night toilette along with white cotton gloves for the same reason. Before auntie turned out the lights and left him to his solitude she told him to have sweet dreams. When she finally left him alone, he cried himself to sleep.

After Margaret turned off his lights she went to her room and called her best friend Janet. “Hello Janet, yes, it’s me my darling. I am so sorry for not calling sooner, but I have been breaking in my step-nephew to his new life. Yes, just like we planned. He is adapting fairly well all things considered and now I need your help to finish him for good. Why don’t you move back in tomorrow? I have missed you so much. Yes, I’ve been going at it twenty-four seven ever since we started back here. Seems like a lifetime, but it’s only been a little over a week now.

“Yes, like I told you way back when, I have complete legal control over him and his money. It is quite a bit and he can’t inherit it until he is twenty-five. The judge wanted to make it twenty-one but I tried to get him to go to thirty as it was such a large sum. So we split the difference and he gets it at twenty-five unless he is proven incompetent. If he is declared incompetent, then I get to keep control. If we can’t get him declared incompetent in nine years then we don’t deserve to keep it, now do we? Okay, I’m bushed, see you tomorrow. Bye.”

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That next morning, Margaret dressed him in her favorite outfit. Matching lingerie consisting of lavender brief styled panties with a white floral lace inset and three rows of lace covering the back, satin and lace corset, a padded shelf demi-bra, camisole with delicate white lace décolletage and hem and it’s matching half-slip. This was followed by three white net petticoats and bright white ankle socks with turn down lavender lace ruffles and two-inch white pumps.

Chris was embarrassed when he pulled the panties into place and, for once, wished that he was going to wear his panty girdle.

Next, she sat him at his vanity, put a makeup cape across his shoulders and watched as he applied his own makeup. She watched him like a hawk and corrected every mistake that he made. Foundation, powder, black eyeliner and mascara. His eyelids were dusted in light blue eye shadow and his lips painted a bright pink. He finished this process off with a liberal spraying of Tabu.

When he finished with his makeup, she went to the closet and returned with the dress. It would make him look like an eighteen year-old trying to look ten. Bad enough on a young woman but totally humiliating on a sixteen year-old boy. It was a lavender and bright white lace princess cut dress made of satin and chiffon, chiffon puff sleeves sewn through with bright satin lavender ribbon that trailed to the elbow, a chiffon overlay which tied in a pretty ruffle with a bright lavender satin ribbon threaded through it at the

throat. It buttoned up the back with very small pearl buttons and tied at the waist with a broad lavender satin ribbon with streamers hanging to the hem of the dress.

Chris groaned as she slipped it over his head, being careful not to muss his makeup in the process. After fluffing out the bow and his petticoats, she walked him over to the full-length mirror and had him stand before it.

"Now precious, doesn't this dress look positively divine? My, you make a beautiful sissy, but once your hair grows and you develop some, you will make a beautiful girl. I want you to imagine that you're older and you have an admiring boyfriend named Todd. Talk to him."

Reluctantly Chris did as he was told, but he couldn't think of a thing to say other than "I look dorky in this thing."

"Chrissy!" she almost shouted. "You look divine and your Todd would think so too. Now let me hear you tell Todd just how handsome he is and don't forget to use his name or something more familiar like 'darling' or 'honey'. Tell him how good he looks; then he will tell you how pretty you are. Make an effort or you will feel the belt."

"But Auntie...." he started to reply when she told him she did not want to hear any "buts" and to get on with it. Faltering at first, Chris began, "He....hello, Todd. My, you look handsome today with those strong muscles and rippling chest. You have a pretty smile too a...an...and I want you to be my boy...boy friend."

"You can speak more enthusiastically and watch your tone. Now, let me hear what you think he would say to you," Margaret demanded.

"Chrissy, you look pretty and I like your dress."

Aunt Margaret walked over to him and said "Oh, how sweet. Let's get this wig attached and then we can finish up." She placed the wig on his head and pinned it securely. It was done in a high ponytail with a lavender chiffon bow holding it in place. He was then led back over to his vanity where she put his gold locket around his neck, the gold charm bracelet on his left wrist, and gold studs with purple stones through his ears. She handed him a white patent leather clutch purse to put his make up, spare pads, and tissues into. To complete the outfit, she handed him a pair of white satin gloves with white lace ruffles at the wrist to put on.

"Janet will be here shortly and I want you to be on your best behavior. She's a very dear friend of mine and will be moving into the guest room. She's a nurse and very professional and you should call her Miss Janet when I introduce the two of you. I am sure that you will become very close friends. Now let's go and get a quick bite for breakfast and later we'll all go out for a nice lunch."

"Yes, Auntie, but must we go out with me looking like this? Everyone will make fun of me."

"How absurd, Chrissy. For the last time, what did you just see in that mirror? Did you see anyone that looked like a boy, much less a man reflected? The only male in that entire room was your precious boyfriend. Now, I do not want to ever hear you say something so stupid again. You are Chrissy, a little missy, and that's that!"

While Auntie sat drinking her coffee with toast and jam, Chris was nibbling on a plain piece of toast with the crusts removed and drinking a glass of milk. He sat silently, staring at the lip imprint on his glass and the enamel on his fingernails.

Oh man! He thought, how could this have happened to me. I don't want to be some silly girl much less one so....sissy looking. If I could only get away from here, but I don't have any boy cloths or money. If I could just get a pair of shorts and T-shirt, I'd be outta here so fast. I don't even care if I am a million miles from home. I wonder what this Janet is like? Surely she can't be as bad and mean as Auntie, can she? His thoughts were interrupted when he heard a car enter the driveway.

"Here she is now," Aunt Margaret said getting up from the table. "Freshen your lipstick quick now and follow me out to meet her when you've finished. Be quick!"

He followed Auntie out of the front door to greet their visitor. He was surprised when Auntie rushed up to the young good-looking woman who exited the car and gave her a passionate kiss right on the lips. None of that girly kissy kissy stuff he had seen so often back home. As the two women broke their embrace, Chris lowered his eyes and stood shuffling his feet as they came over to him.

Unlike Auntie, Janet was very good-looking and appeared to be about ten years younger than Auntie. She was wearing a pale yellow sundress with several white petticoats and two-inch heeled white strappy sandals. She was also wearing makeup which Chris seldom ever saw his aunt wear. Her black hair was fashioned into a beehive cut and covered in a bright yellow silk scarf. Of the three people present, Margaret looked the least feminine. She was wearing no makeup and was dressed in a pair of khaki slacks and a man-cut starched long sleeved white dress shirt. On her feet were white cotton socks and a pair of brown loafers. From even a short distance, Margaret looked like a man.

"So this must be the beautiful little Chrissy you have told me so much about. She is absolutely beautiful. Oh Precious, come here and give me a great big hug," the pretty woman said as she reached him.

Reluctantly, he did as instructed, then stepped back as his auntie introduced them. He was blushing bright pink as he dipped into the curtsey Auntie had taught him, saying, "Hello Miss Janet".

After the bags had been unloaded from the car and deposited in the guest room, Chris was sent to the living room to read his books. The two women fell into another deep embrace and kissed passionately. Finally, Margaret pushed herself away from Janet and said, "My darling, we had better stop before this gets out of hand. I do so want to talk to you about Chrissy and how you can help make this transition smoother. Come, sit on the bed beside me and let's discuss this first, then later we can have some much needed private time together."

"So, as I understand it," Janet said after Margaret had finished talking, "you want to make our little puppy dog tail into a sugar plum, but I don't understand how that's going to give you control of all that money. Turning him into a girl doesn't make him demented or incompetent. All he is going to have to do is tell some judge that you forced him into this and you'll be on your way to jail. I just don't get it."

“Listen dearest, he needs to be broken completely then rebuilt in our image. I’ve been pretty strict on him and if you take on the kindly mother image, he should begin listening to your advice. You have experience with brainwashing and psychiatry from when you served as a nurse during Korea. We have two major advantages; one is his inexperience and the other is that we have a long time to work on him. Do you think you can help me in this? Once we get the money, we can move the hell away from this place and find a country more tolerant of our life style. What do you say?”

“Well, I do have some experience but I don’t know if it is even possible. There are some things that I think we can accomplish, but the first thing we are going to have to do is change his body’s chemical balance if it isn’t already too late.”

“What do you mean ‘change his chemical balance’?”

“Right now he has male hormones, mainly testosterone coursing throughout his body. What makes a man a man, besides his chromosomes, is his testosterone levels. Testosterone is what makes boys into men. Just like estrogen makes a girl blossom into a woman; we have to alter that chemical make-up. Now there have been some remarkable strides made in hormone therapies lately. There is a new one just on the market that, if you can believe all the literature, will keep a woman from getting pregnant. Can you believe that? Can you even imagine the freedom that will give all women? But better yet, it is a pill crammed full of female hormones. Somehow it tricks the woman’s body into thinking it is already pregnant so that the male sperm is rejected. Now if I can get some and we start giving it to Chrissy right away, we may solve some of our problems. Changing his hormonal balance may change the way he thinks and definitely make his body conform to that of a woman.”

She paused to let Margaret think about what she had just said, then continued, “We have to do something before his secondary sex characteristics come into full play. In either case, there could be some serious complications and we need to think about them.”

“I don’t care about complications from the pills that much. We can always stop giving him those, Janet darling, but I agree that we can’t wait much longer. I personally would not like to take a chance on some quack messing this up for us either by botching the surgery or going to the police. So, when can you get your hands on those pills?”

“Oh, that is easy enough. A sales representative dropped off a box of samples I can access with no trouble. I can get them anytime.”

“Great! Let’s do it! Now we had better go get our little Chrissy. I want you two to get to know each other a lot better. As we said earlier, I’ll keep to my bad cop role and you can be the good cop. Besides talking about all this has given me an appetite and I wanna get some lunch. How does that sound to you? You remember that quaint Italian place on Maple Drive?”

The restaurant was about half full when they got there. As they were shown to their seats, no one paid particular attention to them except for one lady who remarked as they passed, “Oh what a lovely dress on that young girl.” Chrissy heard it and blushed slightly at the compliment and Janet patted him on the shoulder while smiling approval at him. Chrissy, surprisingly, did not feel overly self-conscious as he sat and ate his meal.

While the two women had veal Parmesan, he was given a Chief's salad. The two women spent most of the meal talking amongst themselves, but every now and then Janet would include Chrissy in the conversation. It wasn't until they had finished eating and decided to stop in the ladies room that he became nervous. Fortune smiled upon him once again as there were no other women present. He went to a stall, quickly did his business and freshened his make up as Auntie expected. On the way home, they stopped at Janet's clinic and she went in for a few minutes, returning with a brown bag and a book in her hand.

Back at the house, Chrissy was told to keep reading and making notes while the two ladies went about their business. Several hours later, Margaret stuck her head out of her bedroom and told Chrissy to start preparing dinner. As Chrissy started dinner, the two women were huddled over the book Janet had brought home.

"See," Janet said pointing to a sentence in the book. "This new pill will revolutionize how women live. Can you imagine having sex and not worry about getting pregnant? Oh, don't be silly! I'm talking about our sisters out there that do not share our particular passion. Look, here is another reference we need to look at. It provides some herbal teas that contain estrogen and other female hormone products. Probably won't hurt to get him used to drinking tea. Here's one, Black Cohosh, and here are some more. What do you think?"

"I have always thought that the more the merrier. Oh, look at the time! We better get dressed for dinner. I'm sure Chrissy has a start, but she still has a long way to go in learning how to cook. Perhaps you will teach her?"

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After dinner, Margaret escorted Chrissy back to his room where she began testing him on what he had read. He did fine putting his wig into a French Twist and braided two pig tails to her satisfaction. He even got the ballet questions right. He did all right on imitating girlish flirting methods by successfully tucking a stray hair behind his ear, licking his lips, putting on a sexy pout while applying lipstick and batting his eyelashes. He stumbled over a few other fine points, though.

"Chrissy," Auntie told him, "I am ashamed of you. Now, go back over your dating book and when you are finished, call me and I will come back and administer your punishment. Ten swats tonight for failing the test and another five for your sloppy writing. Afterwards, you may get ready for bed."

Chris was in bed when his door opened and Janet came in. "Hello Chrissy, I hope you don't mind my intrusion, but I heard Margie giving you a spanking earlier and thought I might be able to help."

Chris didn't say anything as she came over and sat on the edge of the bed close to his head.

"Look sweetie, I am sorry she is so mean to you and would stop it if I could. You're such a darling," she began as she removed his sleep mask and began stroking his forehead. "Look, if you want to talk about any thing, any thing at all, I just want you to know that I am here for you. I might be able to get her to ease up a bit, but you are going to have

to cooperate with her more. Believe me when I say she can be a stubborn old mule. I know what I am talking about. She is determined to make you into her image of a perfect human being and, like the old saying, you can lead a stubborn mule with a carrot easier than a whip. Perhaps if you would try harder to accommodate her, it would go a lot easier on you."

"But I don't want to be a girl. She's trying to make me into a stupid sissy girl and I don't want to!" Chris cried out his eyes filling with tears once again.

"It's okay to cry, Chrissy. Here, hold me in your arms and have a good cry," she offered while patting him on the back as he complied.

Chris rose up and grasped her close. It felt so good to hug someone who seemed to care. Not since before his parents death had he had a good hug. Even if tears poured out of his eyes like rain, it felt so comfortable. "Please make her stop. I don't want to be a girl and I am so hungry."

"That's it, precious, hold me tight. I know you don't think so at the moment, but in time you will realize that she has the best, the very best, intentions regarding your welfare. You have seen yourself in the mirror and there is no way you can tell me that you do not make a very beautiful young lady. Perhaps she sees something that you don't or refuse to see. Give it some time, darling, and try to cooperate with her. Just maybe those awful spankings will stop and she'll let you wear more grownup clothing. Wouldn't it be much better to dress more like a girl your age? I'll see what I can do about that and get you a better diet.

"As far as changing you into a girl, well, that's not possible unless your own body really wants to be a girl. I bet you didn't know that, now did you? That's right! Only your own body can develop into that of a young woman. Margie just can't snap her fingers and make you one. In time, your body will tell you the truth. You know that I am a nurse; believe me no one can change a person's body unless the body itself wants to change. You're entering into puberty now which means your body is changing from a child to that of an adult. So trust your body. When you are older, you will still be the person that you are. Now try to get some sleep. Let me retie this mask for you and think about what I said. Good night, precious."

Chris slept fitfully and strange dreams came to him in which he really changed into a girl and the words 'your body will tell you what it wants to be' kept playing over and over in his mind. He felt tired and listless when Margaret came to wake him that morning. He performed his morning ritual. It still made him very uncomfortable to perform these very basic feminine tasks, but the threat of a severe spanking prevented any reluctance on his part.

After fastening him in his corset for the day, a pretty pale yellow and white lace satin one, Margaret let him select his own clothing. She stood by, watching his selections and was satisfied. He managed to match his lingerie with yellow panties, training bra, panty girdle, and half-slip. Three white net petticoats followed by a bright yellow sun dress and white two-inch heeled sandals completed his dressing. At the vanity, he applied all the necessary makeup and brushed out his wig into a high ponytail tied with a yellow satin ribbon. He put on his locket, a ring, and charm bracelet. Dressed, he was led into the

kitchen by his auntie to help prepare breakfast. He was actually surprised when Margaret complimented him on the way he dressed and performed his morning ritual.

Even more surprising and enjoyable that morning, Janet talked Margaret into giving him some of the eggs and bacon that he had fried instead of his usual cereal. As the first bit of egg touched his tongue, Chris became almost ecstatic. It was the first real food he'd had in ages. *Oh, Janet how can I ever thank you enough?* he thought as he finished his meal. He did not realize that he was falling into the trap set by the women. Once he fully trusted Janet, he would be forever changed.

"Well, Chrissy had better show a lot of improvement in her studies and writing today or she will be eating mush for the next month," Margaret said as she agreed to Janet's request.

"Here, Chrissy," Janet said. "I know you are probably tired of milk in the morning, why don't you share some of my tea with me. It's not coffee, but it does have some caffeine and does take some getting used to, but I like it."

Chris had to agree that it was bitter, but at least it made him feel older. *Some how Janet has made Auntie treat me as more grown up*, he thought. *No, not an adult, but at least older and she did it so quick. I'm glad Janet is here now. Maybe she can actually get me out of this mess.*

He almost declined a second cup, however he decided that it would be better if Auntie got used to him drinking something besides milk and asked for a refill.. As he was taking a sip, Auntie handed him a small white pill and told him he needed some vitamins and that Janet thought that the diet she had him on did not supply enough vital nutrients.

Seeing that Janet was already influencing Auntie, Chris did not complain about the pill and swallowed it down. He looked over at Janet and smiled his thanks. He did not notice the smirk on Margaret's face as she turned away from him. For the rest of the morning, Chris sat at the kitchen table studying his makeup and hair care books, taking careful notes, making sure that his letters flowed in a feminine script with curly-cues and little hearts over the "i's."

Just before lunch, Margaret tested him on what he had reviewed and, to his surprise, he passed with no punishment being handed down. He then helped prepare lunch for the both of them as Janet left for work. He was surprised once again when Auntie offered to make him a cup of tea, which he gladly accepted.

After cleaning the kitchen, Margaret supervised his deportment lessons and used the belt on the back of his thighs whenever he did not perform a maneuver correctly or to her satisfaction. Chris tried hard and the swats from that hateful belt did not fall as frequently as they had the other day. He did not hurt nearly as bad when he was dismissed to go back to read several fashion magazines.

During the remainder of the week, he was taught how to do the wash, iron, vacuum, dust, and the other household chores expected of a young woman. His cooking lessons advanced as well, with him planning and preparing whole meals from recipes he picked out of "Ladies Home Journal" and other magazines. By the end of the week, he did not even seem to notice the frilly white bib aprons and scarves he had to wear while cleaning or cooking.

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Saturday morning, all three of them went shopping. Again, the first stop was *Petite Intimates* and Madeleine welcomed them into her store. They were there, Janet explained, to obtain some more mature lingerie for Chrissy. Madeleine gushed her happiness to be of service and ushered them over to a table laden with bullet bras.

"These bras are the absolute rage amongst the teenage girls now. Here, let me show them to you. See the stitching and material circles around the outside of the cup and this nice soft lining. This style created a nice firm cone that won't collapse easily and maintains the shape necessary to push out that sweater or blouse just like the movie stars. Yes, I know it is very rough on the outside, but the lining keeps the breast from becoming irritated. It's all the rage."

"Oh, yes!" Janet said, "I've been wanting to get a few of these for myself. As a matter of fact, I think I will. Chrissy and I can try them on together. Won't that be fun, Chrissy? Here, let's pick out four, no, *six* each. We'll even get the same colors so that we can match just like sisters. How does three white, one yellow, one pale blue, and one black sound? No, young girls shouldn't wear black till they are older, so you can have another white one. Come on, I have our sizes, let's go change."

Chris did not know what to think as his hand was grabbed and hauled to the dressing rooms. He was even more thunderstruck as Janet did not hesitate to remove her blouse and bra right in front of him. He just stood there open-mouthed, staring at Janet's breasts.

He stood there watching as Janet pulled a white bullet bra around her chest and fastened the back closure. He finally became aware of his surrounding when Janet pulled a smaller version of the bra around his chest and hooked it. Unlike hers, the cups on his bra sagged.

"We'll have to do something about that," was all she said as she removed it and handed him the blue one to try on. It was a very confusing twenty minutes while they tried on the bras in the dressing room and he was still a little dazed as they left it, both wearing the white bra. The most obvious difference was that Janet's blouse stuck out firmly against the fabric of her blouse while his sagged. Madeleine soon resolved Chris' little problem with two satin covered pads that fit nicely into the sagging cups of his bra, giving him a chest similar to Janet's.

He was shoved in front of a mirror and asked what he thought as Janet said "Wow! He, I mean she, looks simply divine." His chest stuck out, forming a sharp crease across the front of his white blouse. When he dropped his eyes to keep from looking at his reflection, all he saw was the front of his blouse; he couldn't see his feet. As this hit him, he almost fainted. He looked just like a teenage girl.

When Margaret began questioning Janet's judgment, saying that it made Chrissy look entirely too old and perhaps she should be put back into her training bras, Chris said that he liked the look. The words had barely come out of his mouth when he realized what he had said and regretted it. It was too late to back out and he found himself stuck wearing a bra that made his chest look humongous, something he definitely did not want to look like, but if it got Margaret to let him dress a little older, then maybe he could live with it.

He was not anxious to get back into that juvenile lavender party dress she had gotten him earlier.

Margaret let the matter drop seeing the look on Janet's face and nodded to Madeleine. While Janet and Chris were fitting bras, Margaret talked Madeleine into hiring Chrissy part-time. She had to go back to work and wanted to make sure Chris' feminization continued unabated while she was working. Smiling, Margaret looked over to Madeleine and asked her if Chrissy looked old enough to get a part-time job.

"Look, Maddie," Margaret had said while the others were in the changing room, "I miss the little girl look, but Janet is right about letting him make decisions about what he will wear. That should make him more accepting of what I am doing. But I do miss my little girl. Chrissy doesn't know it yet, but I have enrolled him in Madam Pomador's studio. She is a mean bitch, but she certainly can change my little pig's ear into a silk purse if anyone can. Here they come. When they get here, I'll ask you to hire Chrissy for the summer, okay?"

"Absolutely Margie! You can be assured that you will have your little girl back. At least in pictures. Just trust me." Madeleine whispered. "Oh yes, I would love to have some help here in the shop for the summer, Margie darling, and Chrissy would be prefect for the job. She can start first thing Monday morning," she replied enthusiastically.

Madeleine examined Chrissy closely, then smiling, said, "Margie, I need a temporary girl to help me here in the shop. I think that Chrissy would fit in perfectly. I know that you have to go back to work and while I don't need Chrissy full-time...I know! I could drop her off at the ballet studio around two when I take my lunch break. How does that sound?"

"You'd do that?" Margaret said in a questioning tone. "How could I possibly ignore such a great offer? That would be a real big relief, knowing that my Chrissy was well taken care of while I was at work. I was planning on hiring a nanny. Unless...Chrissy, would you rather work here or sit at home most of the day with a nanny? You know a nanny can teach you a lot about being a proper young lady. Ms. Penny is a very strict disciplinarian and would punish you for any failure on your part. I fear that she will probably be more strict than I have been, but I am sure that you can handle it. In either case, at two, you will go to ballet lessons where I will pick you up after work. So I will leave the choice to you. Which shall it be?"

Chris was stunned by everything that was happening. So much all at once. He didn't have much time to think everything through. The idea of working in a woman's lingerie shop was so foreign, yet having to stay home with a nanny who would be forcing him further into girlhood did not appeal to him either. The fact that Auntie mentioned punishment with the nanny made his decision for him. "Auntie, I...I would like to work here, if I could," he finally stammered.

"Then it is done," Margaret said with finality. "Starting Monday morning, I will drop you off here on my way to work and then, at two, Madeleine will take you to Madam Pomador's School of Ballet. I have already enrolled you and all we have to do is pick up your dancing supplies. Madeleine, I really do appreciate all this, but we have a lot to do today, so would you be so kind as to ring up all our purchases?"

From the *Petite Intimates*, they went to the dress shop where Janet purchased for Chris four fuzzy angora sweaters in pink, pale blue, white, and lavender as a gift to go with the bras. Margaret bought him three more poodle skirts, one in pink with a white poodle done in pearl sequins, one charcoal with a bright pink sequined poodle, and one white with a pink sequined poodle.

The final stop was the *World of Dance* store. Margaret picked out four leotards, two long-sleeved and two short capped-sleeved styles, all in pink with matching transparent white nylon skirts, white tights, and black ballet shoes. In addition, she selected several pairs of dancing briefs, which were very similar to his panty girdles, all in a white rubberized fabric. To check the fit, she had him go into the dressing room and put on one of the long-sleeved leotards and dancing brief. Janet went with him to help as needed. He stripped to his panties with Janet removing the corset and bra for him. He quickly pulled up the white tights, again following Janet's instructions so that they wouldn't run, then stepped into the dancing brief. It was bright white satin, treated on the inside with rubber to provide a tight, secure fit. He squirmed and wiggled in order to get the very tight garment up and over his butt. Janet told him that when he got home, he should dust some powder into his dancing briefs and they would go on easier. Once on, his groin was as flat as a girl's after Janet told him to push his little thing down between his legs. He stepped into the leotard and pulled it up his body. It was a tight fit but comfortable and he had to put the little string hanging from the upper hem of each sleeve around his middle finger.

"That will keep the sleeves from riding up," Janet told him. "Now let's tie the skirt around your waist and see how that looks. Give us a turn, precious. Oh my, you look so cute I could just kiss you and I think I will." With that, Janet pulled him close and gave him a kiss right on his lips. He was stunned by her actions, but it pleased him as well, for reasons he couldn't name. Finally, she tied his ballet shoes on his feet and led him out of the dressing room for Margaret to see.

He stood before the full-length mirrors, examining his reflection. There, standing before him, was a girl, a flat-chested girl, but girl nonetheless. The scoop neck of the leotard revealed the slight puffiness of his chest created by the center darting sewn into the leotard; with the sassy little skirt around his hips it made his hips look bigger too. *Oh, this can't be me!* Chris wailed inwardly, *I look just like a little girl.*

Aunt Margaret paid the bill after first taking the pads out of his bra and placing them inside the leotard to make it look better. "I think you should keep your training bras to wear with these outfits dear," Auntie told him. "And you should wear your dancing briefs as well when you dress in the mornings. It will be easier than having to change at the shop." Then she decided that a couple of tutus in white would add a nice difference to the dance ensemble. "Well, I don't know about you two, but I've had enough shopping for one day. Let's go home," Auntie said as they gathered all the packages and headed to the car.

Chris was more than glad to get home. For the remainder of the week, Margaret kept at developing Chris' feminine skills. On more than one occasion she turned his thighs a bright pink with her infamous belt. Janet, for her part, visited him in his room. She massaged soothing lotions into his inflamed skin and talked about getting Auntie to ease up,

provided Chris put forth the effort. Chris liked Janet and said he would keep trying but he hated being forced to dress and act like a girl.

"I'm a boy and I like doing things and dressing like a boy, Janet! I'm no girl! She's so mean and nasty," he cried out through his tears Sunday night after he had received a particularly hard spanking from Margaret.

Janet empathized with him and, hugging him deeply into her breasts, tried to soften the trauma. Again, knowing the long-term effects of the birth control pills, she told him that Margaret couldn't turn him into a girl but his own body would determine his future. She felt sure that once he started developing breasts that all his opposition would collapse.

On Monday morning, dressed in his charcoal poodle skirt and three pink net petticoats and bright white angora sweater, bobby socks and navy saddle shoes, Margaret dropped him off for his first day at *Petite Intimates*. He stowed his pink carryall containing his newly acquired dancing costume where Madeleine told him to. As he started to go back into the store, she told him he would have to change into his new store uniform. Chris was puzzled at first and then became very frightened as she handed him his store uniform. It was a little girl's party dress and under things.

His eyes got as big as saucers as he removed first a pair of bright white very frilly lace trimmed and beribboned pantaloons style under pants, lacy white vest and half slip, training bra, four white petticoats in net and taffeta, frilled white nylon socks, and a satin party dress. The dress had soft white chiffon puffed sleeves and overlay that reached to the waist covering a bright royal blue satin underdress that flared out to just above his thighs. Everywhere he looked there were bright blue satin bows and lots and lots of lace. A six year-old girl's dream dress.

Reluctantly, under threat of being put in diapers, he removed his more adult attire and donned the sugar and spice confection. Dressed, he was even more distraught than he could have imagined. The dress was so short that no matter how he moved, his delicate pantaloons would be on display for every one to see. He looked so juvenile and when Madeleine put his wig into two pigtails tied off with bright blue satin ribbons he looked to be at best 8 years old.

"Now, my darling," Madeleine said, "you look the part I wish you to play today, I am promoting my little darling outfits and this is one of my featured ensembles. I expect you to smile and tell everyone who asks that you simply love this outfit. I don't care whether or not you like it! But you will smile and happily greet all my customers today. You will tell them how much you love your dress and under things especially the pantalets. Don't be afraid to raise your skirts to let the ladies examine your underthings either. I am overstocked and need to move them, you understand? If I have any problems in this regard I will not hesitate to give you a sound trashing and put you in diapers. Understand! Now, put on these white ankle socks and patent leather maryjanes and we'll get out to the store. It is time I opened."

The day dragged on for what seemed like an eternity for Chris. He felt both foolish and very insecure as he minced about the store taking the short heel and toe steps Madeleine required while swinging his hips. Even when there was no one in the store, he had to maintain the appropriate posture elbows tucked into his sides, elbows bent with wrists

lax as he moved around the store. He felt like a total idiot. Finally at 1:30, he was told to go and change into his ballerina costume and get ready to go to his dance class.

He was almost glad to change into his bright pink leotard and white tights. *Anything has to be better than that little sugar plum dress I've been wearing all day* he thought to himself. Dressed in his leotard, he wrapped the almost transparent white nylon skirt around his waist and tied it off in a neat bow. He put his saddle shoes back on as he did not know how to tie his ballerina slippers yet. Next he undid his hair and retied it into a neat bun high on the back of his head. He tied that off with a small pink nylon scarf. Checking his make up, tucking a stray hair back over his ear, he was more than ready to meet his next humiliation. *Even Ballet has to be better than this morning's experience*, he told himself as Madeleine led him to her car.



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Madam Pomador was a shriveled-up skinny corpse of a woman. She was about five foot ten and you could count the ribs under her black leotard. She had graying black hair tied in a tight bun and a nose and chin that rivaled the *Wicked Witch of the West*. Her most prominent feature was a large wart on the tip of her long beak-like nose. She was a woman you did not intentionally give any sass to.

“Well! So, you are my new protégé, are you?” she said to him as he told her who he was. “I’ve seen a lot worse, I guess, but you will be a challenge. Take off those shoes and put on your slippers so we can get started. You are my only student for now, but later you will join my regular class. Come, come, we don’t have all day! What? You don’t know

how to properly tie your slippers? Your aunt told me you had read the beginners manual. Here, let me show you. Good! Now don't forget. I will not hesitate to use my switch on your plump little bottom if you fail to pay attention or forget your lessons. Now, go on point. Sloppy, sloppy! Like this! Yes, better. Position two, three. I can see you did not pay a whole lot of attention to your reading and I will have to tell your aunt. Now, pick it up from the beginning."

It was a horrible three hours for Chris. By the time his aunt came to get him, his thighs were burning from the strokes of Madam Pomador's switch and the soreness of his muscles. He stretched and moved his body in such a way that it seemed like every muscle was protesting. He positively hurt all over, including the hairs on his head. The splits were the worse and Madam Pomador had to literally put her hands on top of his shoulders and press him into his first split. He thought his groin was going to split and the pain was almost unbearable. He barely made it to his aunt's car, his legs were wobbling so bad. Fortunately, Margaret took mercy on him and allowed him to soak in a hot bath once they got home.

That night, after another hot soak in the tub, Janet massaged every square inch of his aching body with fragrant oils and crèmes. By the time Janet had finished, Chris was sleeping. She didn't even wake him when she put his bra, corset, and panty girdle on.

The next morning, every muscle in his body protested; even his slightest move as he rolled out of bed, but Janet gave him a pain pill. After another hot bath, he was almost moving naturally, only his groin area still hurt with a dull ache. Margaret laced up his pale blue satin corset and told him to hurry up getting dressed as she needed to get to work a little earlier this morning. On the bed she had left out his pale blue panties, dancing brief, bra and half-slip, navy skirt and white poly blouse with four rows of lacy ruffles running up the center, forming a high collar that framed his chin. A pair of two-inch navy pumps and matching purse completed his outfit.

Chris, on seeing what Auntie had laid out for him to wear today, actually smiled. *At least I will be dressed like other girls my age today*, he thought as he began dressing. Seeing his reflection in the mirror, Chris was pleased to see that there was no way anyone could mistake him for some toddler.

Madeleine was waiting for him as he was dropped off at the store. "Hurry up, you need to change into today's special promotion," she said as she opened the door to the shop. "I have everything ready in the office. Oh dear! I can't wait to see you in it. It will look so precious on you."

Chris wasn't as eager as Madeleine to get into his new ensemble, especially after yesterday's sissy little girl dress. Sure enough, as he walked through the office door, he balked and tried to turn around and run away. Only Madeleine's strong grip on his arm prevented him from escaping. On the desk were piled several stacks of clothing. One was a thick white diaper with a bright pink plastic panty covered in white rumba lace. The next pile was a froth of white net petticoats, and the third pile was a pale pink satin and chiffon little girl's tea dress. The puff sleeves were of white chiffon with bright pink satin ribbons threaded through them forming pink bows at the lace-frilled cuffs. The satin dress had a rounded white lace collar and full skirt. The hem was draped in white chiffon with bright

pink satin bows at each of the scalloped high points. *A dress fit for a two or three year-old at best*, Chris thought.

Madeleine was right behind him and blocked any chance of escape. She grabbed him roughly behind the neck and forced him through the doorway. "Let's get all those clothes off except your corset, my dear. You won't need your bra as this dress is designed for flat-chested little girls and your chest is just fine for a perfect fit. Now, if you do not cooperate with me fully today, you will find yourself going potty in your diapers.

"Remember, short mincing steps and, here, take this little white purse with the pink kitty on it and before I forget, let me put these darling white lace gloves on your hands. Yes! Now you make a precious toddler girl. Come along, we have work to do and, remember, smile and at least act like you are enjoying yourself or you won't get to use the restroom! Understand?"

Chris understood all too well and, forcing a smile on his face, he followed her out into the store proper. His day went from bad to worse and he had to really concentrate to keep the tears from flowing. It was really embarrassing when just about every woman that came into the shop had to lift his skirt and petticoats to check his diaper and ask if he needed changing. It was mortifying when the little girls that came into the shop lifted his skirts and asked him why did such a big girl have to wear diapers? After what seemed a lifetime, he was told to change back into his regular clothing.

Chris was so glad to get back into his "regular" clothing, even if it was girl's clothing. It was so much better than having to wear that baby outfit. Now all he wanted to do was get back home and forget about everything that had happened to him today. His hopes for going home were dashed when Madeleine told him it was time he got back to Madam Pomador's studio. When he said that he had ballet only on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, he was informed that he was going there for deportment lessons every Tuesday and Thursday.

Madam Pomador was dressed the same as yesterday and was swishing her cane as he entered her studio. "You're late!" she said as she walked over to him. "And is this any way to greet an older woman?" The cane came down quickly and left a red streak across his left thigh.

As he automatically reached down to rub his stinging thigh, the cane came down on his other leg. "I expect an answer and a proper greeting," she barked at him.

"I...I am sorry, Madam Pomador, but...but Miss Madeleine kept me late and er, hello, Madam Pomador," he managed to say while rubbing his other leg.

"Quiet, you little idiot!" she screamed at him. Chris cringed, fearing another blow from her cane, but she just stared at him for a few moments before telling him that it was customary for young ladies to curtsy to their elders.

He performed what he thought of as a good curtsy based on what Auntie had taught him, but Madam Pomador just flashed the cane across the back of his leg. "You call that a curtsy?" she screamed at him.

Chris had no idea of what she was talking about and told her that he didn't know any better. She looked a little startled at that and commented under her breath but loud

enough for him to hear, "Doesn't even know what a proper curtsey is! I've got a lot of work to do on this one." Then speaking louder, she announced, "Well, since you are so backward, I guess I am just going to have to start you off from scratch. You will do well to listen carefully to my instruction and perform even better. Now let's begin."

For the next thirty minutes he practiced his curtsey until Madam Pomador was satisfied he had the basics down, then she started him practicing his walk. Heel and toe with a gentle sway to the hips, back straight, elbows in, wrists slightly limp and loose. He was still not used to wearing high heels and felt the sting of the cane more than once. After almost an hour of just walking, she began teaching him how to sit in a graceful manner. He got up, he sat down, he got up, he sat down until he thought that he was going to faint. At last she told him to just sit while she lectured him on the finer points of walking, sitting, standing and how to be graceful at all times. After about twenty minutes, she had him get up, curtsey and begin walking, then sitting. She repeated this cycle until it was time for Margaret to pick him up. Again, his muscles hurt and he had a slight wobble in his walk. His legs were killing him and he hoped that Margaret would let him take off his horrid shoes.

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Auntie did not give him any choice once they arrived back at the house. She handed him a cookbook and told him he would be responsible for making dinner that night. "Any of the chicken recipes will do just fine. Nothing fancy though. I need a beer and a chance to relax. Call me if you need any help."

Janet came in as he was browning the chicken. "Hello darling, how are you doing? Need some help? Why don't you sit down for a moment. You look exhausted; let me finish that up for you."

That was the sweetest thing he had heard in a very long time and he gladly let her take over as he went and sat down at the kitchen table. He made sure his dress was properly tucked underneath and he sat with his knees together and dared to slip his heels loose on his feet. He was not quite brave enough to just kick them completely off. *Janet is such a nice person*, he thought. *Why can't Auntie be as nice and thoughtful?*

Janet fixed him a cup of tea and came over to sit at the table with him as the dinner finished cooking. He made a face as she placed the tea in front of him. "What's the matter, darling?" She asked as she sat down next to him. "You don't like the tea?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Janet, but it tastes really bitter. I'll get used to it I guess," he told her.

She asked him about his day and listened as he told her of his horrible day. After he finished, she sympathized with him and told him that there were a lot of things she didn't like about her job requirements but she had to do them anyway.

"Maybe if you change your attitude about how you handle your job responsibilities they won't be so bad," she said. "Like, for example, I do not care to change bed pans. Now, if I went to the patient's bedside with a sour attitude, then the patient would notice and that would make him feel bad. So I always have a happy face and pretend that I just love helping my patients. It makes them feel better and so do I. Understand? As for Madam

Pomador, well, she is just trying her best to make you do your best. That is what she is being paid to do and you must understand that. Granted, she may be using her cane more than necessary, but you have to admit it does get your attention and makes you concentrate all the harder. Oops! There goes the timer. Why don't you get everything on the table while I get freshened up and tell Margaret dinner's ready."

After dinner and the kitchen was cleaned and everything put away, Margaret handed Chris two new magazines to read. One was the latest teen idol featuring a picture of Fabian on the cover and another teen girl magazine that featured a close up of a pretty teenage girl wearing a tight sweater pushed out by what was obviously a bullet bra.

That night as he was finishing up at his vanity prior to going to bed, Margaret quizzed him on the two magazines. To his surprise, Auntie told him that she was satisfied with his progress, but that she expected better. He thought for sure she would be dissatisfied with the answer he gave to her question about which teen idol he would like to meet. He had said, "Fabian because he looked cute."

"That was better, Chrissy. Now get your beauty sleep," she told Chris as she tucked him in for the night. He was so tired from the day's activity that he fell into a quick and deep sleep. He was so tired, he did not dream.

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It had been a horrible two months but Chris was managing to keep his sanity. He still did not like what was happening to him, but could not discover and alternative. Running away was still his best alternative, but he would have to do it dress like a girl. He had heard entirely too much about what happened to young girls who ran away from home. Madeleine, for her part, mentioned on numerous occasions exactly what happened to such daring young ladies. Chris did not want anything like that to happen to him, even if he wasn't a real girl. Janet was a big help in easing his plight and it seemed like life was getting a little better for him. He was still trying to figure out a way to get himself out of this mess. He even managed to get a short letter off to Robert without anyone else knowing about it. He did not say anything about having to dress and act like a girl, but he did bemoan his current circumstances.

Chris was in the store cleaning up before his next class with Madame Pomador when Madeleine asked him if his bra was too tight. Chris paused, not expecting that question, then looking at her, nodded his head. He still had trouble saying things like "my bra, my dress, my slip." It just made it all sound too permanent when he had to acknowledge that indeed these were his personal items.

"I've noticed over the past week that you were constantly pulling and tugging at your bra band. Come over here and take off your blouse and bra. I want to measure your chest, dear."

He reluctantly went to the back of the store where she was standing and slowly removed the clothing. Blushing, he stood silently as she took a cloth measuring tape and placed it across his nipples, then under them, making notes in the little pocket book she always carried with her.

“Emm, looks like you have matured some over the past three months sweetie. You’ve gone from a twenty-eight to a thirty and your cup size is definitely a solid A now. Stay here while I get you some new bullet bras in your correct size. Oh, don’t look like that, darling, these are on me. A girl’s first real bra without the padding is always a special treat. I’ll tell Margaret about the change and I’m sure she will be almost as thrilled as you are. I’ll just be a minute or two.”

Thrilled is not the half of it, he thought as she walked away. He was down right scared to death. The changes taking place in his body over the past several weeks had been bothering him, but he shucked it off as being just his imagination, but Madeleine’s observation and measuring tape brought the reality of it into sharp focus.

Am I changing into a girl? his mind screamed at him. *It can’t be! I am a boy! Boys don’t have breasts!* Yes, he noticed that his nipples had grown almost double in size and that they had gotten darker as well as the immediate area around them. His thoughts were running wild and he was becoming weak-kneed as his mind tried to justify why his body was changing..

Then another more horrible thought entered his mind. *Maybe Janet was right, after all, maybe my body is telling me that I am really a girl! But that can’t be...I remember in biology class something about gen...genetics. What did that teacher say about not being able to change because of simple association? Oh, I wish I had studied harder in that class. Still, I’ve got boobs! Boobs! Just because I have to wear a bra all the time? I don’t see how, but...but I’m getting a new bra... A bigger bra! Oh...I want to die!*

He was shivering when Madeleine came back carrying four new bras, two white, one pale blue, and one pale yellow. “Oh, you poor dear, you are shivering. You should have put your blouse back on if you were that cold. Well, here, let me put this bra on you so you can cover up again. There! Now doesn’t that feel much more comfortable? I’ll put these in a bag for you and then drive you over to Madam Pomador’s for your ballet class. Alright? Now what’s the matter? The cat got your tongue? I think a nice ‘thank you’ is in order here or a hug.”

He was numb as he said “thank you” and began checking his dance clothing to make sure he had every thing. Pink leotard, white tights, pink nylon over skirt, slippers, leg warmers in bright pink and white satin paneled dancing brief. He had forgotten his leg warmers two weeks ago and his thighs still ached where Madam Pomador had thrashed them with her cane. This was going to be his last individual dancing lesson. She promised him that the following week, he would join her regular girls class every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. He hated his leotard as it made his breasts look even bigger due to the gathered stitching that separated them. He also was not sure if he wanted to join in her regular class.

Being surrounded by real girls for almost two hours bothered him as he was deathly afraid that real girls would discover his secret immediately. Going out in public dressed as a girl did not bother him as much as it had due to his constant exposure at the store and when Auntie or Janet took him out shopping. Being out in public was one thing, as he wasn’t being exposed to other people for any length of time. Being with a group of girls his own age for two straight hours, however, was a completely different story and it worried him. He put his thoughts to rest as Madeleine drove him to Madam Pomador’s studio.

Chris was always antsy around Madam Pomador as he didn't know when she would pop him on the thigh with her thin cane that she always carried. He made sure that he was properly dressed and that his makeup was done to her standards as he came out of the dressing room. Without instruction, he went over to the bar making sure that his back was straight, arms loose at his side with his wrists slightly bent, head up, chest out, heel and toe walk. He got through with his stretching exercises and waited for his final class to start. He stood with his heels together, feet pointing in opposite directions, knees slightly bent, head bowed, and hands clasped in front. The music started and Madam began the count, position one, two, three, and so it went throughout the lesson. At last he was dismissed and, to his surprise, Madam told him that he performed very well and that she expected to see more improvement once he was with her troupe.

When he got into the car with Margaret, she noticed the bag from Petite Intimates and asked him about it. Blushing, he admitted that he had gotten some new bras as the others were too small. She smiled and told him how proud she was of him. "Oh, that is simply marvelous news, Chrissy," she said. "I'm so proud to hear that my little sissy is growing up at last. I guess we will just have to go shopping Saturday and get you a whole new wardrobe."

"A whole new wardrobe?" Chris asked in disbelief. "Just because I need a bigger bra?"

"Oh no, sweetie! We have to get your school uniforms and such. Now that you are developing, we can start getting you some really nice things. After all, you don't want to be a fading violet at Saint Catherine's. Haven't you been paying attention to those reading assignments about how girls interact? Chrissy dear, girls your age can be horribly cruel and very competitive amongst themselves. Especially when boys are involved. It is very important that you make a good first impression. Don't you think?"

"School? But Auntie, I can't go to school looking like this. All my transcripts say I am a boy. They won't let me attend as a girl. They just can't!" Chris almost wailed.

"Don't be silly, Chrissy, I just made a few changes to your records. It was easy really, Chris to Christine. I just had to add 'tine' and change M to F with an ink eraser and typewriter; anyone could do it. You did want me to do that, didn't you? If they think that you are a girl from the beginning, it will help you get settled in so much easier. Now if you'd rather, I could go back and change every thing to the way it was, but you will be attending Saint Catherine's dressed like a proper young lady.

"So, what will it be? Chris or Christine, Chrissy for short? That choice is yours. Christine? Well, I thought you would see it my way. Now, put on a happy smile, we're almost home. Janet said she would have dinner on the table by the time we get there and I don't want a spoilsport sitting at the table."

That night after his bath, Chris stood before the bathroom mirror, cupping the flesh on his chest. He had to admit that, indeed, he was growing breasts. His hands went from his chest to his face as he began to cry. As he stood there crying, Janet walked in on him.

"Chrissy, what's the matter? Why are you crying?" Janet asked as she walked up behind him.

"Oh, Janet! I'm growing breasts," he sobbed. "What am I going to do? I don't want breasts! I'm a boy! Boys don't have breasts! Boy's don't go to girl's schools, don't take

ballet. You've got to help me Janet, please," he wailed torrents of tears flooding down his face.

"Come on, darling, put your nightie on and we'll go into your bedroom and talk about this. I may have something that will help you adjust to all this. Go on, get dressed and I'll meet you in your room."

She came back and handed him a glass of water and a small pill. "Here, take this. It will calm you down. It's a tranquilizer. Go on, swallow it down."

Chris sat up in bed and examined his breasts after Janet left. They felt fuller than. Shrugging, he went to his vanity where he began his nightly regiment. He did not have to think about what he was doing after doing it for so long. His mind was filled with mixed thoughts about his breast development.

That night, as he slept, wild and nightmarish dreams kept him from sleeping well. In one dream his entire field of vision was filled with two humongous breasts and in another, he was encircled by a bunch of school kids pointing and laughing at him as he stood there completely naked, exposed as a boy with breasts.

Good to her word, Aunty and Janet took Chris on a shopping spree. First they stopped at a uniform store where he was fitted with the school uniform. Traditional pleated green and black tartan skirt in wool for the colder weather and polyester for warmer days. White cotton dress shirts with both long and short sleeves with the school emblem on the left breast. Accessorized with a dark green beret, matching nylon neck scarf and a green book bag emblazoned with the school emblem.

Chris had to wear the six skirts while the sales lady marked the hem to the correct one-inch-below-the-knee length and he tried on one of the shirts to make sure that it fit. Otherwise this stop was not too embarrassing for him. They also picked out a nice winter jacket and three school sweaters for him to wear.

From the uniform shop, they went to *Sears*. There they picked out two formal gowns and an assortment of dresses, skirts and blouses for the informal events at school. He was a little more embarrassed shopping at *Sears* than the uniform store because he had to try on just about every formal gown in the store. Some of the dresses revealed more cleavage than Chris could stand and when Janet selected one of those, he almost broke down in tears.

It was a very pretty strapless lavender satin and chiffon overlay dress. The bodice was designed with chiffon draped cups and stiff reinforcement to force his budding breasts up close together while pushing them up. The reinforcement and draped cloth combined to make his breasts look humongous to his eyes. When he complained to Janet about her choice, she told him that showing his cleavage was one of the best ways to protect his secret.

The final stop was *Petite Intimates* where, according to Janet, he needed new and fancier undies to off set his plain-looking uniform. He was more comfortable shopping there, even though it was for lingerie, as he had worked there most of the summer.

It was with great trepidation that he went to his first regular ballet class. Janet had to talk to him at great length just to ease his nerves. She had argued that all he had to do was

be himself and the other girls would never know unless he stripped naked in front of them. "Just make sure you have your dancing brief on before you get there and no one will ever know, precious," she said. "Trust me. Let them start the conversation and you just follow along. Girls that age only talk about boys, clothes, music, and boys. Most of that you can hold your own on and as far as boy talk goes, just fake it and tell them your Aunt won't allow you to date yet. If anything does happen and you are revealed, I promise to take you out of that class."

At first when he saw the fourteen other girls in the room, he was almost petrified. As he went to sit down to tie his ballet slippers, he noticed that no one paid him any special attention. Oh, he noticed the quick glances, but realized that it was nothing more than someone checking out the new kid in class. By the end of class, he had even made a couple of new friends, or at least left on friendly terms with the other girls.

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Chris stood with his back straight, heels together with toes pointed at a 45-degree angle, and his hands clasped in front. Auntie was sitting in a chair, off slightly to one side, while Sister Mary Agnes sat behind her huge wooden desk. "Chrissy, since you are new here, I will overlook the overdone makeup you are wearing. However, by tomorrow, I expect you to be thoroughly familiar with our rules," Sister Mary Agnes said. "Our girls pride themselves on their modesty. Unlike most Catholic schools, this facility is co-ed but follows a strict separation of children by gender. Lip gloss, powder and mascara are allowed but no lipstick or eye shadow is permitted. Be so good as to take a tissue and remove your lipstick and eye shadow, dear."

As an embarrassed Chris pulled his compact and tissue out of his purse to do as he was told, Sister Mary Agnes turned her attention to Aunt Margaret, "Now Margaret, as you see, we offer a broad range of subjects fitted for young ladies. The math, history, and English literature courses are mandatory, but the four other classes are elective and it's up to you to decide which would be better for your ward."

"Thank you, Sister. You do have some excellent choices here, but I think home economics, library sciences, business administration, and poetry will do nicely since Chrissy cannot take physical education. The business administration course is secretarial studies, am I right? Chrissy is such a frilly girly-girl that her schooling should concentrate on making her a good wife and mother. Don't you think? Sister, I have no problem with keeping the children separate by gender while in classes. However, I am concerned about them developing a well-rounded social life? I personally feel that teenagers should interact in a positive surrounding. It builds on how they will interact later in life. You do provide sanctioned social mixing during the school year, don't you? Chrissy is an only child and has no one of similar background to play with. I want her to become socially active."

"Let me address your questions in order, Margaret," Sister replied. "Your first question was in regard to our educational system. You would think that being a good wife and mother didn't matter any more from what some mothers want their girls to take. Why, I have several mothers who enrolled their girls in advanced mathematics and the sciences. Well, Chrissy will get a good education here at Saint Catherine's. I agree with you that su-

pervised social events can only enrich the educational aspects. We have social events scheduled each month during the course of the school year. We have two formal proms and monthly dances, which are more informal. During the football and basketball seasons, we have weekly sock hops and at the end of each semester we have formal dances. Of course, for these formal occasions, we allow the girls to wear full makeup. Does that satisfy you? Perhaps Chrissy would like to become a member of our pep squad, it is an extra curricular activity and we could always use a good worker. The pep squad's job is to come up with the themes for the dances and decorating the gym. Good, now that all the paperwork is complete Chrissy can go to her first class. I'll just get one of the girls to escort her. It will be just a moment."

Chris was given his course schedule and the necessary books, which he placed in his book bag. Then he went with a pretty girl, Patty, to his first class of the day. He did not say very much to her as his mind was filled with what had just transpired in the principal's office. He was going to be on the pep squad and there would be regularly scheduled dances. Auntie had volunteered him and one of the last things he wanted to do was attend dances where he would be expected to participate as a girl. That would mean that he would have to dance with boys.

Patty opened the door to a classroom and handed the teacher Chrissy's paperwork. The instructor told him to take a seat on the girl's side of the room after Chris stood in front of the class to introduce himself. He felt foolish standing there in front of a bunch of strangers telling them that his name was Chrissy and that he was fourteen and new to the city.

With his doctored records, Chris did not have any choice in "losing" two years of his life. It was that or face discovery of his real identity. At least he blended in with the other girls. They all wore the same outfits: pleated skirt reaching to just past the knees, starched white cotton blouse with a green silk scarf tied under the chin, white bobby socks and saddle back navy and white shoes.

Some of his classes such as English Literature were interesting, but on the whole he was left unfulfilled. While he did enjoy cooking to some degree, he had absolutely no interest in sewing. The home economics subject was the best of the electives Auntie had selected for him. Library Sciences and Business Administration where he learned to file, type and take dictation were almost as boring as watching flies and who cared about love sonnets by the romantic poets?

It being a Monday, Janet picked him up at school during her afternoon break and took him to his ballet class. She asked him about school and the day's events. She sounded sympathetic to his complaints about his stupid studies and bemoaning the fact that he would never go to college with that resume. Grabbing his dancing kit from the back seat, he begged Janet to talk to Auntie about enrolling him in college prep courses. As he walked into *Madam Pomador's* studio, the only good thing about recent events was the fact that he could at least dress like a normal teenager.

His routine was set: Monday, Wednesday, and Friday he had ballet, on Tuesdays and Thursdays he attended the pep squad's meetings to help plan the first sock hop of the season. He was surprised by how accepted he was by all the girls there. Paula and Jeanne were actually in his ballet class. It was stressful at first for him to intermix with all these

teenage girls. What surprised him the most was the fact that he had seen some of these girls.

He did not think about that for some time, but when he did, it struck him as odd very odd indeed. *Was his body really turning into a girl like Janet hinted?* he wondered. Chris was becoming quite confused by it all and, most of all, he was just plain scared.

The first few weeks of school, Chris tried to keep to himself, but despite his shyness he did managed to make some new friends. Paula and Jeanne he already knew from ballet and had two classes together, so it was easier for him. They introduced him to Cindy, Sharon, and Betty and they formed a clique. Then there were the girls in the prep squad and by the third week, Chris was almost comfortable surrounded by his new friends. During school and extracurricular activities, they socialized as any teenage girls would, talking about fashions, music, make up, what was going on at school and, of course, boys.

When the conversation turned to boys and who was going with whom and who wanted to date which cute boy, Chris did his best to stay out of the conversation. If it hadn't been for Betty, he probably would never have started talking about boys or who the other girls were interested in. Betty noticed that he was not participating in that kind of girl talk and asked him outright in front of all the others if he was a lezzy.

When he looked at her with a question on his face, she said, "You know, lezzy, a lesbian? Like you know, you like other girls, yuck! I think that's sick myself, but if you are that way, it's okay by me. So are you?"

Chris did not know what to say, but seeing the expressions of the other girls, he quickly realized that it was not to their liking. Susan was making a gagging sound while sticking her finger in her mouth. Cindy just looked aghast at the mere thought that Chrissy would be queer. Sizing up the group's attitude, Chris had to respond, "Of course I'm not like that! I...I like boys. It's just...it's just that I don't have a boy friend. My Aunt won't let me date any boys, at least not yet anyway...."

With that "confession," Chris was accepted by the group, although Betty still harbored some doubts. From that point on, he made sure that he showed an interest in each girl's comments on the various boys at school and joined in when necessary. He even proclaimed that he liked Jimmy Johnson, one of the coolest boys in school.

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The plans for the first sock hop of the school year were coming along nicely. The girls had all agreed that the theme for the hop would be "Blue on Blue" from the Bobby Vinton hit and all the girls would wear a blue-on-blue outfit and they would decorate the gym in white clouds and blue streamers hanging like rain. Chris and two other girls would be responsible for blowing up a couple hundred dark blue, pale blue and white balloons that would also be used in the decorations.

As they finalized the plans the week before, Paula came over to Chrissy and said, "Guess what, Chrissy? Jimmy wants to go to the hop with you. Can you believe it! He broke up with Sally and since I know his sister Beverly, well, I just dropped a few hints. She just told me that he was going to ask you out. Isn't that the grooviest!"

Chris didn't know what too stunned to say anything. Since Paula announced the impending date in a voice that could be heard across the entire gym, there wasn't any choice when all his girl friends began screaming and shouting in joy. All he could do was stand there and blush a bright red as they huddled in a great big group hug. He managed to get out an "Oh wow! Are you sure?"

As he was performing his nightly toilet, he told Janet everything. He told her how to cover up his being a boy with his girlfriends, he had lied and told them that he liked boys. He even broke out in a few soft sobs as he confessed that he told them that he wanted to date Jimmy Johnson. He said that he had no choice as none of the girls liked queers. After what Betty had said, if he got that label, he would have no friends at all. So he lied and told them about Robert and then how one thing led to another and so on. By the time he got to the part about Jimmy asking him to the sock hop, he was in tears. He had absolutely no desire to go out with Jimmy, much less any boy, he told her amid his flowing tears.

She was sympathetic and held his head to her breasts as she consoled him. All the while she smiled and was filled with joy at this turn of events. She would have to tell Margaret that her plan was working and that their little boy-girl was going to grow up. She would have to maintain her "good cop" attitude but Margaret would have to step up her "bad cop" behavior. Janet wanted to see her little Chrissy became a woman.

"Well, my darling," she said, "I don't like the idea of you dating, but being a social outcast would be even worse. I think that you should look on this as a learning experience. Like I have told you in the past, your body will tell you what you really are regardless of what you have between your legs. You must remember at all costs that when you are with



this Jimmy, to act like a real girl otherwise your cover will be blown.”

“Chrissy! Relax. You don’t have to get up tight about any of this.”

What Janet was saying to him made a kind of distorted logic and he decided that he would have to watch his back. If it ever came out that he was really a boy in a dress or that he was a lesbian, his life at school would be impossible.

Why can't they just allow me to go back to my boy clothing and forget all about trying to make me into something I'm not...a girl? he thought. That would solve all my problems, but Auntie Margaret insists on this stupid charade for some reason. I've got to stop this somehow before things get just too complicated.

After Janet left, he completed his nightly toilet and was preparing himself to confront Margaret. He was prepared to put his foot down even if it meant a good strapping. Instead, when she came into his room, he was filled with fear. There was something about her attitude that scared him.

“So I hear that you got yourself a date for the sock hop. Janet told me she gave you the Mother-daughter lecture,” she said as she came over to him. “Well! I am certainly glad to see that you are finally fitting into your new school. I did some checking and your little Jimmy has quite the reputation. Seems if you get to be his girl, then you move into high society. His dad owns a very big company and whatever his little Jimmy wants, he gets. I’d like to think that my little darling Chrissy will have such benefits. Spending some time mixing with high society will do you a world of good. Those kind of folks will teach you the proper social skills that you sadly lack.”

In the fifties and sixties there was no such thing as gays. You were either a queer or not. If you were labeled a queer, you got the shit beat out of you, especially the boys. You were also a social outcast. There was no recourse to the judicial system or lawsuits. It was a time of hiding for homosexuals, be they male or female. The queer connotation was the worst insult and the worst possible life style at the time, even in California. Chris knew this and was deeply afraid of what was happening to him. He was not queer nor was he a woman, but his crazy aunt was bound and determined to make him just that. Gay women had it easier than gay men simply because they could hide the fact so much easier than men could. Still the lifestyle was not an easy life. Add to Aunt Margaret’s lifestyle, the incentive of obtaining all of Chris’ money for herself; she was more than determined to remake him into her image of what Chris should be. A gay she male the courts would find mentally incompetent.

She also explained by dating on a regular basis, he would remove any rumors that he was a lesbian and he wouldn’t have to worry about Betty any more.

When he tried to protest, she informed him that it was not too late to send him to an orphanage and what kind of life he would have there, dressed like he was. That shut him up and, reluctantly, he began his litany before going to bed. As he slept, he dreamed of all kinds of things. Mostly he dreamed of dancing with a boy and being discovered as a boy in a dress. To say that he did not sleep well would be an understatement.

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That next day at school, during the lunch break, Jimmy came over to where they were sitting and asked Chris to go with him to the dance. Blushing, Chris said that she would be glad to go to the dance with him. With that, Jimmy left with a smug smile on his face and the girls surrounding Chris were all smiles and grins, wishing him the best. Betty looked a little put out by it all, but smiled her encouragement. Later in the girl's bathroom, Betty cornered. "Look, I know a lezzy when I see one and you dating Jimmy doesn't change a thing. I've seen how you look at the girls and you can't fool me."

Surprised at first, Chris flatly told her she was full of snot and that *she* was the lezzy. Stomping out of the restroom, Chris didn't really know what to think. In a way, he was attracted to Betty and would love to explore her body, but at the same time he was repulsed. *Why does she have to persist in trying to reveal my secret?* he asked himself. *Does she really care for me and is she really a lezzy as well? Why couldn't she leave well enough alone?* He was near tears as he walked into his next class.

For the rest of the week, all that the girls could talk about was the upcoming dance. They all had dates except Betty and they worried about that, much to Betty's embarrassment. Chris, for his part, did not mind rubbing it in with Betty that he had a date and she didn't. Chrissy felt good to get a little payback for her treatment of him in the restroom, but at the same time he did feel a little guilty about hurting her feelings. He felt sorry for her, when he stopped to think about it. Betty was just trying to fit in with their little clique. However Betty was like a round peg trying to fit a square hole; she just didn't quite fit in.

Friday came and, to the relief of most of his friends, Betty did get asked out to the dance even if it was the school nerd who asked. They planned on where they were going to sit and what they were going to wear that night in such boring detail that Chris thought he was going crazy. He never before would have thought that girls took such delight in planning such events. When he was a guy, such things never entered his mind; all he had to sweat was asking a girl to go with him. Now the extent that girls went to assure that a pecking order was established surprised him.

As he gave more thought to it, he was even more surprised to learn that he agreed with their approach. There would be safety in numbers, yet the girls could let themselves go without fear of unwanted outcomes. That was smart thinking and he was amazed at how these girls could outthink the boys. No wonder he never got to third base with any of his dates before Margaret entered his life.

Chris began his Friday night preparations at five o'clock, though Jimmy was not scheduled to pick him up until 7:30. He had a bath filled with lilac bath beads, shaved and shampooed, his hair up in rollers, he sat at his vanity. Janet was there to help and soon his makeup was complete. Nighttime make up was heavier than daytime and his lips were painted a vibrant lustrous red, his eye shadow went from Persian blue to blue, his hair was piled up in a French twist and lacquered with hair spray. A liberal dose of Tabu perfume in all the right places finished off his toilet. Now it was time to dress.

He wore baby blue nylon brief style panties with satin bows running down each side and a lacy front panel, waist cinch, bullet bra, camisole in baby blue with scalloped lace

edging, half slip with at least three inches of white lace on the hem, three white net petticoats, a pale blue cotton long sleeved blouse with lace cuffs, navy poodle skirt, white bobby socks with a frill of blue lace and white and navy saddle back shoes.

About his right wrist was a charm bracelet and on his fingers were several feminine rings. Pendant earrings in bright gold hung from his ear lobes and the locket Margaret had gotten him hung from his neck. His navy sling purse was filled with the necessary cosmetics and a sanitary napkin just in case he might need something to keep his panties dry, according to Margaret.

As he sat waiting for Janet to tell him that his date had arrived, Margaret kept going over what she wanted him to do that night. When Chris expressed his doubts, Margaret assured him that if he did not do everything she had instructed him to do his ass would be so sore that he wouldn't sit down for a week.

It was with some trepidation that Chris went to meet his date when Janet called him. Jimmy looked nice in a tight-fitting white T-shirt and black leather jacket and jeans. The James Dean look was in and he personified that look with his blonde ducktail and look. He handed Chrissy a corsage of blue orchids surrounding a white mum. Margaret insisted that he do the honors. He awkwardly pinned it to Chrissy's left breast.

Auntie began taking a full roll of pictures with her Kodak which left both Jimmy and Chris embarrassed. As they left for the dance, Chris could only sigh at the thought of more pictures being added to his scrapbook. *At least these photos won't be as bad as the ones Madeline took of me while I worked at her store this summer or the ones with Madam Pomador*, he thought.

Like a gentleman, Jimmy opened the passenger side door for Chris but leered as he slid into the front seat. Chris, remembering his instructions, made sure to let a little too much leg show as he got into the car. Chris scooted over to the center of the seat and opened the door latch for Jimmy. Jimmy got in and immediately put his right arm across Chrissy's shoulders. Smiling broadly as he did so, Chrissy inwardly shuddered at what he knew was to come. He handed her a small silver flask and told her to take a sip. Too afraid not to, Chris took a sip. It burned all the way down into his tummy. Jimmy just smiled as he took the flask and took a healthy swig himself.

At the dance, Chris managed to steer him over to the table that his girl friends had taken. Jimmy soon left to join his buddies who were sitting alone at another table. Surprised at being left just sitting there, all Chris could do was chat with the girls, which he didn't mind in the least. It seemed no surprise to Cindy, Paula, Jeanne, and the other girls that the boys left them sitting at the table. That is, all except Ralph, Betty's nerdy date.

Halfway into the party, Jimmy came back over and taking Chris' hand marched him out to the dance floor. With Chris in a tight embrace, they began to dance to a slow number. Chris, remembering his instructions, lay his head on Jimmy's shoulder. It was embarrassing, but if it would keep the talk down, he was willing to do it. Even when Jimmy let his hands drop down and caress his bottom cheeks, Chris did not stop him but clung even more desperately to him. If Jimmy did not ask him out for another date, Margaret would have his ass and that was more intimidating than having his ass clutched by Jimmy's wandering hands.

Jimmy took full advantage of the darkness on the dance floor and massaged Chrissy's ass and even stole several kisses from his partner as the music continued. Chris bore it well and kept glancing over at the other girls sitting at the table. He saw smiles and nods of approval from them and, in some cases, as his gaze fell on other tables, he saw looks of disapproval from the girls sitting there. He chalked that up to them being jealous.

What mattered was that his friends approved and that Jimmy was happy. He was letting his mind drift as he didn't want to really think about what was happening to him in front of everybody. Much to his relief, a Sister walked up to them and told Jimmy in no uncertain terms to loosen his grip and separate. The look Chris got from the Sister was none too kind and certainly one of disapproval. He was certain that he was going to hear from Sister Agnes on Monday. The nuns frowned on such public displays of emotion and un-ladylike behavior.

Chris danced several more dances with Jimmy. All were slow tunes and Chris spent most of his time just chatting with his girl friends at the table. They all wanted to know what it was like having a man like Jimmy squeezing his butt and how he kissed. It was mostly embarrassing for him to say anything, but he had no choice but to act just like he appeared a teenage girl in love. Fortunately, his girl friends showed a little restraint because Ralph was still sitting with them.

While some of his friends looked shocked at what he allowed Jimmy to do on the dance floor, he could tell that they were envious and would just love to be in his position. Yet it bothered him and he was not so sure that he could follow up on what his aunt expected from him. He had to admit to himself that he was actually enjoying the dance. He was feeling things that he did not expect; especially, when Jimmy kissed him.

Strange, he thought. I shouldn't be feeling this way about a man kissing me.

The girls decided to go to the bathroom where they could gossip more easily and Chris followed along. Inside the crowded bathroom, he was surprised to face a real inquisition from not only his friends but other several girls that he didn't really know. One of them, Sadie, even questioned his morality, insinuating that he was nothing but a hussy. That came as a shock, but Jeanne stepped up and defended him by accusing the girl of being a jealous bitch who couldn't get Jimmy to give her a second thought.

As Chris sat in the stall, he couldn't understand what was happening. On one hand, girls could be so mean-spirited and, on the other, so defensive. When he had been just one of the guys, such cattiness never came into play. If a boy had a problem with another, they just duked it out and that was that, but girls were really weird. What made his confusion even worse, he overheard Betty tell some other girl that she thought Chrissy was being too easy. Betty was sort of his friend and here she was backstabbing him again. Only this time insinuating that he was easy. He finally concluded that girls were really vicious and that he had better learn how they really were or his pretense would be discovered.

Exiting the stall, he smiled at Betty and said, "Sweetie, I am not easy and I just happen to like Jimmy. A kiss is all he is going to get. What did you have to pay for Ralph to take you out? More than a kiss, I bet!"

Betty's mouth dropped and the silence that ensued in the bathroom was almost deafening in its roar. Cindy and Sharon came over to him while he was repairing his make up

and smiling from ear to ear said "Way to go girl!" in unison. Then Cindy added, "Betty can be such a bitch when she wants to be. Hell, if I had her date, I'd be bitchy too." Laughing, the five girls left the restroom, leaving a still stunned Betty behind.

The rest of the night was pretty much the same; the boys would stroll over to where the girls were sitting and danced a few slow songs with them then went back to their table. It was obvious to the girls that the boys were drinking more than just punch. When the final dance of the night was announced, a nice slow number "I Can't Help Falling In Love With You," they were all on the dance floor. This time, Chrissy made sure that Jimmy kept his hands in their proper place.

After the dance, Jimmy wanted to go to Lookout Point, but Chris refused, telling Jimmy that he had a lot to do the next day and had to get home. In recompense, Chrissy gave Jimmy a deep French kiss, which surprised even him. Chrissy was home by midnight none the worse for wear for his first date with a boy. "Confused and pleased" could describe his attitude when he finally went to bed after telling Margaret and Janet everything that had transpired that night.

He was pleased to report that Jimmy wanted to take him out again that next Saturday to see a movie. Margaret was happy at that, but glared at him when he told her that he did not commit to it. "Auntie," seeing the sour look on her face, he explained, "If I accepted at once, then he would have thought that I was too anxious. I got that out of *Teen Rage* magazine that you got for me. It said a girl should not seem too eager to date a guy 'cause they'll figure you'd be easy and I wouldn't get any respect. This way, I let him stew for a few days, then reluctantly accept. That way he is happy, I get my date, and he won't think I'm easy."

Janet smiled her approval and said, "Chrissy, you are developing into one devious young lady and I fully approve of your actions. Now Margie, don't you agree? You are raising one smart young lady."

Margaret had to agree that Chrissy had done well, even though Chris could tell that she wasn't really happy about it.

The sock hop had been a revelation for him. He learned that women could be vicious and mean while at the same time protective and supportive. Second, he learned that kissing a boy would not lead to damnation and hell. While he couldn't explain, even to himself, exactly how he felt over what had happened that night, he wasn't deathly ill like he had thought he would be. *Maybe*, he thought as sleep began to overcome him, *Maybe I was meant to be a girl.*

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The holidays were approaching and it was time for the big Homecoming Dance to be held just before Christmas break. It was all the girls could talk about and Chris was getting tired of hearing all the banter. Even though he was becoming more feminine and his breasts were getting bigger, he was still a boy deep inside. He was very troubled about the recent changes to his body, especially his breasts. They were a cup size larger and his nipples seemed to protrude from them like pink erasers. Not only were his nipples twice the

size of what they were just two months ago, they were *so* sensitive. Other changes to his butt and hips didn't concern him quite as much as his developing breasts did, but they were bigger too.

Another concern was his developing relationship with Jimmy. Chris was still not comfortable dating a boy, but with both Auntie and Janet pressuring him, he had little choice. Chris had managed to keep from going to Lookout Point. He had had to make up several stories to avoid it, but he managed to keep Jimmy from taking him there, although it was obvious that Jimmy wasn't very happy about it.

Chris was saved once again that Saturday when they ran into Jeanne and her boyfriend David who was a good friend of Jimmy's at the movies. After the movie, it was decided that they would all go over to the country club for dinner. There they met up with Jimmy's parents, again by accident, much to Jimmy's consternation. Instead of the intimate dinner in a far corner which the boys wanted, they were all invited to sit with the family. Mr. James Marston and Mrs. Ellen Marston, Jimmy's father and mother, were both very friendly and happy to see them.

Mr. Marston looked just like an older Jimmy except he was much more refined in his dark suit and maroon tie while Mrs. Marston or Ellen as she wanted the girls to call her, was simply beautiful. She was almost as tall as her husband and very elegant looking. She looked just like Donna Reed from the way she dressed to her hairstyle. To celebrate their encounter, Mr. Marston ordered wine for everybody during the dinner and champagne with dessert.

Other than the time Jimmy passed him his flask on that first date, Chris had never drank spirits. He liked the taste of the wine, but only sipped at it; however, Jimmy kept a steady pace with his drinking, as did David. With the meal over, they retired to the lounge where a three-piece combo was playing soft music. While the men ordered drinks, the ladies had another glass of champagne and began chatting.

"Chrissy," Ellen said, "Jimmy has told us hardly anything about you, but I can tell that he really likes you. You're not from here, are you?"

Chris told her as much as he dared about his past and that he liked Jimmy too. When Ellen asked him why he had moved to California, he became uncomfortable. He didn't want to tell her about his parents' death or about Auntie, but Ellen was staring at him, waiting for an answer. After he told her about his parents' death and having to live with his mother's sister, the two women offered their sympathies. Fortunately, he was saved from having to reveal more about himself by the men. They asked the ladies to dance. Mr. Marston asked Chrissy, David took Mrs. Marston and Jimmy danced with Jeanne. As Mr. Marston took Chrissy's hand and led him to the dance floor, Chris wasn't sure whether or not he had just jumped from the frying pan into the fire.

Mr. Marston, or Jim as he preferred to be called, was a fine dancer and Chris, thanks to Madam Pomador's training, glided with ease across the dance floor. They talked as they danced, mostly inane little nothings, but Chris could tell by the way he was being held and the way Jim's hands moved across his back that there was a lot of Jimmy in his father.

At the end of the dance, they switched partners for the next and Jimmy was pressing his body into Chrissy's. Jimmy's dancing was like a Nash Rambler compared to the Cadil-

lac that his father was, but Chris pretended to enjoy it. During the breaks, they sat at the table and chatted, or rather the guys talked to the guys and the girls chatted amongst themselves. Chris was relieved when Ellen paid more attention to Jeanne and the Homecoming dance. Chris held his own with Ellen when it came to discussions of fashion, which was prompted by talking about Homecoming.

Then Chris got the surprise of his life when Jeanne let it out that he had been nominated for Homecoming Queen. Jeanne was on the selection committee and had the inside scoop. Shocked as he was, Chris managed to let out a dignified little scream of delight once what Jeanne had said hit him. He, with blushing cheeks, said that he was not worthy of such an honor. Chris never thought he would thank Madam Pomador, but her feminine deportment lessons made him act just like a real girl in a similar situation.

Chris was startled again when Ellen volunteered to help ensure "her" lection to the court and that she would arrange an appointment at her salon and clothier. Chris tried to protest Ellen's generosity and argued that she hadn't won anything yet, but Ellen would hear nothing of it.

"Now Chrissy," she said, "I want this to be my special treat for my son's girl friend. Jeanne I want you to come and we'll make a ladies day of it. Let's see, the dance is three weeks from today, so I'll set up everything for this Saturday with the clothier and the morning of the dance for the salon. Chrissy and Jeanne, let me have your telephone numbers so I can get all this cleared with your parents and we can stay in touch."

By the time everything was settled, it was almost midnight. On the one hand, it was too late to go to Lookout Point and on the other, a new and more threatening problem had arisen. How was Chris going to fool a woman like Mrs. Marston, much less her clothier and salon professionals. It was all he could do to keep from crying on the way home. When Jimmy questioned him about the teary look, Chris just said they were tears of joy. What else could he say?

When Chris walked through the door, he found Margaret and Janet snuggled on the couch watching television. "What's wrong?" Auntie asked as soon as she saw him. "You didn't break up with Jimmy, did you?"

"No, Jimmy did not break up with me and yes there is plenty wrong," Chris replied.

"Come over here and sit between us and you can tell us all about it," Janet told him as she moved over to make room.

Chris sat primly between the two women, smoothing the skirt under him as he did so. His skirt and petticoats floated up, spilling over to partially cover the legs of the two women beside him. Knees firmly together, ankles crossed and hands in his lap, he began relating all that had happened.

"Oh, that is just wonderful, Chrissy," Margaret said. "Didn't I tell you that Jimmy's parents would do anything for him and that it would get you into society?"

"Bu...but Auntie!" Chris exclaimed, "I...I can't fool some one like her, much less her clothier and salon people. They'll discover my secret in no time and ...and I'll be..." He couldn't finish as he broke down sobbing.

"Now, now Chrissy," Janet soothed. "I'm sure that it is not as bad as you may think.

“Come on, Chrissy,” she said as he stood before the sink washing his hands. “It is really late and I think that for one night you can forget about performing your nightly toilet. Here, let me help you get your nightie, then it’s straight to bed with you. Tomorrow night, I’ll show you some nice things a girl can do for herself, but you need your rest.”

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Ellen Marston picked Chrissy up in her new cotton candy pink Cadillac with white leather upholstery. She already had Jeanne in the car with her. When she rang the doorbell, Janet answered it, saying as she did so, “You must be Mrs. Marston. I’m Janet, Chrissy’s Aunt. Chrissy has told me all about you, won’t you please come in?”

Margaret, Janet and Chrissy spent most of the morning working on their story. Janet would meet Mrs. Marston and pretend to be Chrissy’s aunt while Margaret stayed out of sight. The two women decided it would be best that way as Mrs. Marston might not approve of the way Margaret dressed. Plus, they certainly did not want to give her the wrong idea about their living arrangements.

It was also decided that Chrissy had had a scalp infection and had to have all her hair shaved off in order to cure it. When Chris said that did not sound like a good enough excuse to be believable, Janet told him that the boys coming back from the Korean War had brought it back with them. The scalp infection was very serious when it was first noticed but better treatments had come along and it was easily cured. Still, you had to have your hair cut off in order for the medicine to work effectively. It was true that American soldiers returning from Korea had brought back a scalp disease and the outbreak had made the national news.

They went into the living room for tea, which Chris was making. With all the “hello’s” and introductions made, they sat while Chris served the tea. He drew praise from Mrs. Marston for his performance, saying, “Chrissy, you served wonderfully. It’s not often you see young ladies of your generation who know how to properly serve tea.” Tea finished, Chris started to clean up, but Janet stopped him and told him that she would finish up as Mrs. Marston was probably ready to go.

“Yes, Chrissy, we must really be off,” Mrs. Marston said. “Please, Janet, everyone just calls me Ellen and Janet, thank you for letting me do this and for your hospitality. I’m sure we’ll get to know each other a lot better. Come along, girls! We have some serious shopping to do. There will be no wallflowers around here when I get finished with you. Not that you’d be otherwise. Bye, Janet, I’ll have Chrissy home before five.”

All three of them sat in the spacious front seat of the Cadillac as they went to the clothier. All three were dressed for the occasion. Ellen wore a gray linen tailored suit with white silk blouse, black hose and pumps, black pillbox hat, and black gloves. She also had a short mink coat laying in the backseat along with the girls’ jackets. Chrissy wore a full A-line dress in a pretty blue with white accents, three white petticoats, beige nylons, blue three inch spiked heeled pumps, navy gloves, and navy straw hat and carried a matching leather purse. Jeanne was dressed like Chrissy except hers was a dark yellow and the required matching hat and gloves for the season.

As they arrived at *The Parisian*, the younger girls were surprised to see a man in a bright red overcoat with gold braid step over and open the door for them while another man opened the door for Ellen. "When the weather gets this cold," Ellen said, "I certainly do enjoy valet parking. Girls, I think we can safely leave our jackets in the car. It's not that far to the door."

The girls were impressed. All the girls in the area knew about *The Parisian*, but, like most, they would never have gone there as it was very expensive and exclusive. It was rumored that only certain people were let into the store. Like two little ducklings, they followed Ellen into the store wide eyed in wonder. The inside was plush and ornate. Large comfortable leather chairs and couches were placed at strategic areas on very thick and thick carpeting facing large gold-framed mirrors. Crystal chandeliers hung from the Art Deco ceiling and unobtrusive but bright track lighting surrounded each viewing area. Mahogany wall paneling with bunches of flowers carved into each panel went from the floor about three feet up the walls where bright pinkish marble paneling had been placed up to the ceiling. Several well-dressed women stood off to the side and there was even a French Maid in full costume standing nearby. Chris and Jeanne had never seen such a place, much less imagined one like it. It positively reeked of high class. Soft classical music played in the background and there was a tinkling fountain in the foyer.

What they did not see, to their surprise, were racks and racks of dresses. Instead there were just three chromed racks off to the side of the store and four large lighted lingerie counters on the other. As the two girls stood with their mouths hanging open, one of the women from the group stepped up and said, "Mrs. Marston, how good to see you again. Would you like a glass of champagne and perhaps a cup of tea for your two lovely companions?"

"Hello Mildred," Ellen replied, "I think a nice cup of tea all around would be nice. I have brought two lovely friends of mine. This is Chrissy and Jeanne to be fitted for Homecoming gowns. I am sorry about the short notice, but I do hope that you can fit them in."

"Oh don't worry, Mrs. Marston, I'm sure that we can come up with something appropriate for your young debutantes that will meet your expectations. Please follow me over to Booth Three where we can get started."

As they followed her, Ellen told the girls that it wasn't very ladylike to walk around with their mouths open. Blushing, both girls did as instructed. When they got to Booth Three, each girl was taken in hand by a woman wearing a crisp white aproned gray uniform dress, cloth tape measurer draped around their necks, and pin cushions over their left wrist who led them into separate draped cubicles.

Seeing that he was wearing a corset, the seamstress gasped, "Oh dear! I didn't realize that young ladies of your generation still wore those. I still wear mine of course, but yours is so much prettier. Do you intend to wear a corset to the dance? If so, just leave it on, dearie."

Chris didn't think that the seamstress missed a single spot on his body as she methodologically measured him. He was very uncomfortable, but the seamstress did not seem to notice anything unusual. Finally finished, she told him to get dressed and left him alone in the changing area. He still had a slight blush to his cheeks as he rejoined Ellen who was

sitting comfortably in one of the chairs. Jeanne joined them soon after and to Chris' relief saw that she had a slight blush to her face as well. Ellen just smiled at them and indicated that they should sit on the couch. As the girls sat, Marie came over with a tea trolley, served them a cup and offered a choice of tea cookies as well.

Hesitantly, Chris spoke up, "Ellen, are we going to try on any dresses? I didn't see any and I...er...I was wondering..."

"Oh no Chrissy, today was just a measuring and style selection day, next Saturday we come back for the fittings. All the dresses sold here at *The Parisian* are handmade to order. Mildred will be here any second now with the style books. You go through the books, decide on the style that you like and select a material, that's all. A rough cut will be done during the week and, like I said, next Saturday, we come back for a preliminary fitting. The following week will be the final fitting and then we take them home for the dance that night."

"But...but Ellen," Jeanne asked, "isn't this awful expensive?"

Ellen gave a little chuckle and told them not to worry about it and to consider it a present from her. "Besides," she said, "I believe that all young ladies should experience this kind of treatment at least once in their lives. All I ask is that you enjoy the experience to the fullest, okay?"

Mildred soon returned, carrying several large scrapbooks under her arms. "I am sorry to be late, but I had to pick through several catalogs before I thought that I had the right ones for your review. Please look at these samples and when you see something that you like, just let me know and we can discuss it further," she said as she dropped them on the table in front of the couch.

Ellen picked up one of the books and handed the other to Jeanne. "Jeanne, you look through this one and Chrissy and I will check *this* one out."

As they turned the pages depicting various prom gown patterns, Chrissy did not know what to think. All his experience revolved around actually seeing the dresses and, while the patterns gave him a general idea, it could not replace actually seeing the garment itself. He knew that he wanted something on the conservative side, but each time he pointed out a pattern, Ellen shooed him and told him to keep looking. On page thirty-seven, Ellen made him pause as she pointed out an elaborate pattern. "Chrissy, this is you, my dear," she said. "I think that this pattern would look lovely on you. What do you think?"

"Err...Ellen, I really don't know. While I am taking homemaking this pattern looks awful complicated but I can't really tell," he said trying to get her to move on to something less elaborate and dainty-looking.

The pattern Ellen picked out was number 327. It had a very full skirt with overskirt falling below the knee, low-cut sweetheart neckline, scooped back and capped sleeves. Loretta Young would have been proud to wear this dress on her television show.

"Trust me! This is you, Chrissy. So feminine, yet so stylish. It will be the hit of the dance. Trust me on this! I think you must get this one!"

Since Ellen was buying, Chris could not deny her wishes, especially with her being so insistent. Screwing up his courage, he finally agreed with her on the choice of style. Then

the decision of what material to create the dress from came up for discussion. Ellen decided on chiffon with an underskirting of satin with at least two taffeta and two net petticoats. With his startling blue eyes, the only choice in color had to be baby blue for the chiffon outer layer and a darker blue for the satin underskirt. The petticoats would be in pristine white. The decision made, Mildred took down all the necessary details and told them that the dress would be ready for next Saturday's preliminary fitting.

Jeanne picked out a simple satin hobble skirt with cowl neckline, low-cut back, spaghetti straps with a flared hem accented with chiffon. All in a pink satin and accessorized with a white net shawl.

With the dress selections finished, they left the store and went to have lunch at Ellen's private club. It was an afternoon the two girls would not soon forget. The first class treatment was beyond their experience and it delighted them to the core. Chris was just as enthusiastic about the day's events as Jeanne had been. Something he found hard to believe for himself, but he could not deny that he had felt just like a princess. They thanked Mrs. Marston profusely and looked forward to next Saturday's fittings.

As soon as he walked into the house, he was besieged by Margaret and Janet wanting to know all the details. He spent the next hour detailing every thing that happened during his outing with Mrs. Marston. A lot of the time was spent just describing *The Parisian* and the dress Ellen had picked out for him. When he finished and answered all their questions, he was sent to his room to change.

"Janet, I am not sure I like this!" Margaret stated as Chris left. "I wanted him to stay a little sissy girl and now just look at her! That Mrs. Marston is going to make him look like a woman grown. I'm not sure that is what I really wanted.. If he becomes too convincing, we may have trouble. If she stays looking and acting like a sissy, I just know that we will not have any problems with that probate judge."

"Well, you only have yourself to blame for it, Margaret," Janet replied. "It was you that wanted Chrissy to get introduced into society and experience everything that goes with it. Having all these riches piled onto her will make it that much harder for Chrissy to refuse Jimmy's advances. Since Jimmy's mother is financing all this glitter, then Jimmy will be emboldened all the more. He thinks that he owns her now. The same goes for Chrissy; she'll feel that she owes him as well. Now isn't that exactly what you want? We'll have to find some way to withdraw her from school. Once Chrissy is out of school, then you can do whatever you want. Hell, make her a baby for all I care!"

"Oh, alright. You do have a valid point there! I suppose I can wait a few more months, but I am telling you now that no one will ever mistake Chrissy for a woman again after this is over."

"I don't have a problem with that, dear, but you had better consider what you are going to do. If it is as extreme as I believe, you will have to consider moving away from here. Too many people know Chrissy as she is now and if you make any drastic changes, everyone will know. That, my darling, will lead to major problems for us. So think it over very carefully," Janet finished.

"You know, I was thinking about moving into the city. Maybe I should start looking around for a new place. I really don't like living in San Francisco, but we would be well

hidden there...and...there are advantages to living in certain parts of the city that we don't have here. Oh, well, let's see what we can get Chrissy to scramble up for dinner. I hear her coming back," Margaret said with a pleased expression.

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That night, as Chris was brushing out his own hair, which now reached the nape of his neck, Janet was chatting about his shopping trip. With his nightly toilet completed, Janet handed him his jar of cream, "Here dear, I have some new cups for you to use. Here, let me position the right one for you."

Hopefully this new breast cream will work as advertised, she thought, I had to get it from Mexico and it is suppose to be made from hormones extracted from pregnant animals. Damn expensive, but if it works, so much the better.

She made Chris use the cup on each breast for thirty minutes.

"You will wear this bra all the time for now," she told him. "Except when you go to your fittings or on a date. Okay? Good, now give me a kiss good night and Margaret will be here shortly to tuck you in."

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The morning of the Homecoming dance, Chris was ready to go to the salon with Ellen and Jeanne and from there to their final fittings. He was dressed for the first time in a week in a regular blue bra, corset, panties, and panty girdle, dark hose, dark blue three-inch pumps. He wore a long-sleeved white angora sweater and his blue poodle skirt. He put on a little makeup, bright pink lipstick, eyeliner and mascara, as Ellen had told him that the salon would do it for him. Janet had talked with Ellen for a long time on the telephone the night before explaining Chris's hair problems. By the time she had hung up, every thing was taken care of. Chrissy would not be embarrassed, she told him, as the salon would discreetly take care of him.

Again, he was impressed at Ellen's fancy salon. A doorman wearing a heavy gray top-coat opened the door for them and, once inside, Chris and Jeanne both were amazed. The floor was Italian Marble with gold accents everywhere, it had beautiful red oak molding, and the walls were painted a soft pink. There was a comfortable waiting area. It contained two white leather couches and several matching leather chairs. A receptionist desk, with a very pretty young woman seated behind it, stood off to their immediate right.

"Welcome ladies," she said as they entered the building. "Mrs. Marston, Madam Clair will be with you momentarily. Would you like to sit while I get you some coffee or tea."

They had just gotten their tea when a middle-aged woman wearing a smart gray business suit and white silk blouse came and greeted them. "Mrs. Marston, so good to see you again. Here for your regular treatment?"

“Hello, Madam Clair. No! I have brought these two lovely young ladies for the complete beauty treatment. You know the ones I talked to you about yesterday when I made the appointments?”

“Oh, yes of course. Well, if you ladies will follow me, we’ll get started.”

Jeanne was dropped off first in the care of a young woman named Lilly and Chris placed under the care of another older woman named Gina. Gina and Ellen huddled in conference for a few minutes, then Ellen walked over to Chris and told him that everything would be okay and to enjoy his session.

“Chrissy, you girls will be here for about four hours so I am going to run some errands and pick you up later. We’ll get lunch, then off we go to your final fittings. Chrissy, I don’t want you worrying. I told Gina about your problem and she will fix your real hair as nicely as its length will allow. She will also make that wig of yours into something spectacular. Ta ta! I’m off.”

Gina pulled a privacy curtain around her workstation and asked Chris to take off his wig. After taking the wig and placing it on a wig stand, she had Chris lean back so she could shampoo his short hair. Noticing that his hair was a mousy brown, she went ahead per Mrs. Marston’s orders to do whatever she thought best and bleached it to match the wig. With his hair still damp, she trimmed it to remove the split ends and even it up.

“Dear, I think it is just long enough for a permanent wave,” Gina said as she moved a strange contraption beside the chair. “It will be nice enough for you to go without the wig if you want. Now, don’t let this fancy machine scare you, it is designed to make beautiful waves in your hair. I’m going to hook this machine up to your head once I have all the curlers in place. It will use an electrical current to fix the perm in place and it will feel a little hot so don’t let it bother you.” With that, she began winding strands of his hair around the metal cylinders after wrapping them in tissue. Soon, Chris had a head full of curlers with wires running up into the top of the machine. He was told to sit still while the machine did its work.

“Chrissy, while you sit there, I am going to call in Claudia who will give you a manicure and pedicure. While she is doing that, I am going to get started on your wig. Is that all right with you? Once Claudia has finished with your nails, she’ll take you back to have your wax treatment and facial. By the time she is done, I’ll have your wig finished. Now just enjoy this spa treatment.” Gina said.

Claudia came in and did his nails painting them a bright fire engine red after adding half-inch extensions. While she was doing his fingernails, his feet were bathed in perfumed warm water. The pedicure felt marvelous as she massaged his feet before starting out. Soon his toenails shined with the same bright red polish. She checked his hair and, finding everything satisfactory, removed the wires leading to the curlers.

Refreshed and dressed once again, Chris was led back to Gina. There she removed the curlers and brushed out his now very springy curls. Holding a hand mirror up so he could see the results, Chris was amazed at the results. He was reminded of a doll with springy curls that he had seen in *Petite Intimates* when he worked there. Chris didn’t know whether or not he was pleased with the results, but now if his wig ever came off, he would look like a real girl. A sissy little girl perhaps but a girl nonetheless and that eased some of his old

fears. He smiled at Gina and said thank you. Anything else would have been inappropriate. Gina then placed the wig back on his head. Turning him to face the mirror, she asked him what he thought of it.

It was in a Gibson Girl style with a dark blue satin ribbon running through it. "Oh My!" he uttered as he gazed at the mirror. He was surprised at how it brought out his face and made him look so much older. Compared to his little girl perm, this style was absolutely stunning and adult.

Seeing his beaming face, Gina smiled and told him, "I had to use some extenders to give your wig more volume. To make that perfect roll, I used some tissue to make it look just right. You need to remember that, before you wash it again, make sure that you take it down first. Now let me turn you around and I will fix your face for you. These cosmetics are going to have to be sealed, but I think you will like the final product."

She thinned out his eyebrows some more and carefully began his transformation. When she had finished, Chris looked like a totally different woman. As a matter of fact, he looked like a woman, not a teenager at all. His lips were a deep fire engine red, his eyes stood boldly out from his face with dark blue shadow fading into a lighter blue fading into silver. Black mascara, liner and brows made them look bigger as well. His complexion looked perfectly flawless.

"Oh my!" he managed to say after gazing at his reflection. "I look older...and beautiful."

She gave him a bag of the cosmetics she had used and helped him from the chair and led him back to reception. Mrs. Marston and Jeanne were already there when he approached; they stood and looked amazed. "Why Chrissy! You make a very beautiful woman," Ellen stated. She was followed quickly by Jeanne, saying, "Oh my God! You are beautiful. I wish I looked that good."

From that point on, everything went by in a daze for Chris. He did not remember eating lunch. When he was taken back into the fitting room to put on his gown, he came awake. The gown was beautiful and fit him like a glove. Back in his street clothes, Ellen marched them over to the lingerie section and selected some very frilly and feminine under things for the two girls. "Just something extra from me to make you ladies feel as pretty on the inside as you look on the outside," she said.

Margaret hit the roof when she finally saw Chrissy all made-up and wearing her dress. "What the hell does that woman think she is doing to my little girl!" she stormed. "Trying to make her look like a hussy! That hair and all that makeup! It's a crime and I will not have a painted hussy in my house. Now you get all that crap off your face and fix your hair back to the way it was, Missy!"

"Margaret!" Janet said as she jumped between Chrissy and Margaret. "Margaret! Calm yourself! It seems that whether or not we like it, our little Chrissy has grown up! Chrissy, you just sit at your vanity and wait for me. I'll take Margaret and have a talk with her. It's all right! You look absolutely stunning. Don't do a thing. Let me talk to her. She'll come around."

Chris felt crushed at his aunt's comments. He did look gorgeous and older, like the teenage girl he should be and he was very pleased with the way he now looked. As those

thoughts struck him, he became dismayed realizing that he really was a boy and boys did not look or feel like that.

Janet forced Margaret out of the room and into the kitchen. "Damn it, Margaret! Calm down! This is what we have been waiting for!"

While this was going on, Chris was looking at himself in the full-length mirror. The dark blue push-up bra and matching panties that Ellen had purchased for him were made of silk, highlighted with fancy silver floral embroidery that caressed his body. It felt so sensuous that he actually became a little dizzy. He also had on a matching Persian blue corset trimmed in white lace, but he barely noticed its restriction. The gown filled his vision as it moved around his hips with a soft frou frou and crinkle of taffeta. The stiffness of the Persian blue satin under skirting was hushed by the softness of the pale blue chiffon overlay.

His legs were covered in sheer white hose with delicate roses rising up from the heel made his legs look sexy and the Persian blue patent leather three inch spiked heels gave them form. What got his attention and a slight blush to his cheeks was the way his breasts stood out against the blue of the dress. The neckline revealed more of his cleavage than he liked, but in all honesty, he had to admit he was beautiful. Even more importantly, it made him look like a woman, not a little girl.

He was feeling things he knew that he shouldn't be feeling, but he justified that by asking himself what could he do to stop it? Plus, he couldn't understand Auntie's reaction. He had thought that she would have been pleased. Instead she ranted and raved telling him to change. He was only doing what she wanted him to do, wasn't he?

Maybe I am really turning into a girl like Janet says, he thought. What kind of man would sit here



dressed like this, wearing make up much less feeling so absolutely feminine? Do I really want to feel this way and be like this? I even have real breasts! I know because I've seen my girl friends and that woman at the spa certainly did not suspect anything. I even remember when I saw Rebecca's breast through her bathing suite, I got all flustered, but now, when I see boobs, they don't really do a thing for me. I must be a girl now. I just don't know if I really like this or not, but what can I do?

Janet came in after awhile and told him that Jimmy was there to get him. She also told him that Margaret was just shocked at seeing him so mature-looking and that everything was just fine. "Chrissy," she said as she walked him to the door. "Just remember, tonight you have to act like you look. You understand what I am saying. don't you? Now put on a happy smile and greet your date with a nice lingering kiss. I'll get the camera. Now go to your young man."

It was with great trepidation that Chris went out to meet his date. What Janet told him had him shaking in his heels. He did not know if he could do what Janet told him to do. If Jimmy discovered his secret, he would be sent to an orphanage. An orphanage was the one place he did not want to go. *Well*, he thought as he put a big smile on his face and walked into the living room to meet Jimmy, *I can only hope that he wont want to kiss me.*

Jimmy had another beautiful corsage for him and Janet took plenty of pictures as he pinned it to her dress. Chris noticed how Jimmy couldn't keep his eyes off his breasts as he attempted several times to pin the flowers correctly. With that accomplished, they were off to the dance.

As soon as they got in the car, Jimmy tried to kiss Chris, but he managed to turn his cheek saying, "Jimmy darling, you'll smear my lipstick. You'll just have to wait until later."

"Okay babe, but I'm warning you that we'll be doing plenty of kissing later."

The dance was being held at the largest and finest hotel's grand ballroom and it was packed when they got there. Fortunately for Chris, Jeanne was waiting near the door and told them they had a table saved off to the side but near the dance floor. Jeanne looked wonderful in her pink satin formal and the two girls hugged and gave each other air kisses as if they hadn't seen one another earlier that day. As soon as Jimmy saw David, they hooked up and went looking for the punch bowl, telling their dates that they would be back soon.

When they got to the table, Chris blushing accepted the compliments about his dress from the other girls and told them about his experiences at both the clothiers and salon. Both Chris and Jeanne enjoyed the obvious envy on all the other girl's faces as they gave detailed highlights of their experiences. Chris, remembering what he had recently so painfully been taught by Madam Pomador in feminine etiquette, complimented each of the other girls on how fabulous they looked.

Jimmy and David rejoined the group when the lights came up and Mrs. Reynolds came to the podium. "Ladies and Gentlemen, may I have your attention. We are about to announce the winners of this years Homecoming court. If you would, please hold your applause until the King and Queen are announced. Thank you. Now for our Ladies In Waiting, fourth place is Miss. Nancy Gregory, third place is Miss. Louisa DaVan, and our first runner up Miss. Christine Mathews..."

With that announcement, the table where Chrissy was sitting sent up an uproar of noise loud enough to make Mrs. Reynolds pause in her announcement. Chrissy sat in stunned silence as all those around her were jumping up in down and screaming loudly and congratulating her. Chris was brought out of his shock when Jimmy bent down and kissed her firmly on the lips and began helping her up. "Go on babe, they want you on the stage."

"Now as I was saying," Mrs. Reynolds said, as the noise quieted, "The Esquires for this year are, in forth place, Mr. John Sharp, third place is Mr. George Edwards, and our first runner-up is Mr. James Marston..." Again she had to pause at the uproar caused by Jimmy's table as he gave the victory sign as he walked up to the platform. "Please, ladies and gentlemen, hold your applause until after I announce our King and Queen. This years Homecoming Queen is Miss. Stacy Lawrence and our King is Mr. Samuel Davenport. Let's hear a rousing cheer for your new Homecoming Court!"

After the ceremonies and pictures were over, Jimmy led Chrissy to the dance floor. It was a slow number and Jimmy held Chrissy in a tight embrace. "You know, babe, you should have been the queen of this here shindig. You are absolutely beautiful. As a matter of fact, I think you are the prettiest girl in school. I can't wait until this is over and we can be by ourselves," Jimmy said as he nuzzled Chris' neck.

"Oh Jimmy, thank you, but I think you are exaggerating. Stacy is much prettier than I am and besides she is the head cheerleader. I must admit this dress your mother bought for me is absolutely gorgeous, but I am still me inside of it. I'm having such a good time, please don't spoil it by leaving too soon," Chris told him.

"Okay babe, this is really your night. So, if you give me a great big kiss right now, we can stay until it is over," he said into her ear as he probed his tongue into it.

Chris felt Jimmy's tongue go into his ear and it sent goose bumps up and down his spine. "Ooooh, you bad boy, stop that! If I kiss you, you will stay until the dance is over? Okay, kiss me."

In the ladies room shortly after, Chris had a chance to reflect on all that was happening. I can't believe that I was elected to the Court, he thought, I'm not a real girl. I'm a boy. This can't be happening, but it is. Maybe Janet was right, maybe I am turning into a girl. There is no denying that I have breasts and that can't be just because I wear a bra all the time and these feelings I get when Jimmy kisses me aren't right either. I'm so confused! I wish I were back at my real home playing with Robbie. Robbie...I haven't thought about him in ages and I always called him Robert. Not Robbie. What's happening to me? I must be really turning into a girl.

"Hey Chrissy! You going to be in there all night?" Jeanne yelled at him from the other side of the stall.

"Oh sorry, Jeanne. I'm just finishing up. I have to be extra careful with this dress. If I get it dirty, Mrs. Marston will probably kill me."

As they stood before the mirror touching up their faces, Jeanne leaned over and whispered, "Chrissy, you would never believe how jealous the other girls are of you. I heard more than one wishing that they were you. I'm so happy for you. Come on, let's get back to our guys."

Chris didn't have the chance to continue as the other girls from their table came out of the restroom. Jeanne said, "Here are the others. We'd best be getting back to our guys before some one else gets to them."

The rest of the night passed as if it was a dream. At some point, Jeanne and David peeled off from the rest and went off somewhere or other. It was all that Chris could do to keep Jimmy from getting "fresh" but he managed by telling him that he wasn't quite ready for "that" yet. Jimmy was clearly disappointed but he didn't press the issue too much.

Chris' lies turned out to be a good thing. While "she" had managed to forestall her boyfriend, some of the other girls had had a very different post-dance experience. Acting on a premonition, Chris asked Jimmy to take him to Jeanne's house. With Jimmy sitting in the car with the engine idling, he went into Jeanne's house and found her sobbing quietly in the living room.

When Jeanne was finally able to talk about it, Chris found out that David was not the nice guy they thought he was. No sooner had the bedroom door shut, David was pulling off Jeanne's clothing. He was tossing it everywhere in a crazed sexual frenzy. Jeanne had been too frightened to yell or scream for help. The shock of David's hastiness left her speechless. "That was not the way it was supposed to happen," she cried into Chris' shoulder. "It was supposed to be slow and romantic, but it didn't turn out at all like I expected it to...and it hurt. None of the girls told me it was going to hurt like that." Jeanne's parents had foolishly gone away for the weekend, leaving their house free for Jeanne and her date to come back to. It being the 1950's, they never dreamed that their little girl would do "it."

Chris comforted her as best he could, going so far as to creep into the bedroom to retrieve Jeanne's clothing. David was nowhere to be found. He had obviously left, after having his way with Jeanne.

The stockings were a total loss. Other than a small ripped area on the dress, everything else was still usable. Chris had to bend the hooks on Jeanne's bra back down so that they would clasp with the eyes but that was the extent of Jeanne's wardrobe damages. Chris took Jeanne into the bathroom, helped her clean up and dress. Seeing his beautiful friend standing there naked wiping blood and semen from her body with a washcloth brought feelings of both indignation and pity. *How could anyone do something like that to anyone else?* Chris thought. *David didn't give a single thought to how Jeanne would feel.*

"Look Jeanne," Chris told her, "Get some sleep and try not to fret over it. David is just a louse and it probably is better that you know it now rather than later. Like my mother use to say, 'no sense crying over spilt milk'. I'll call you when I get home. I'm not going to tell anybody what happened, but if you need me to say anything later, just let me know, okay? Bye."

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The end to Chris' evening was considerably less nasty. Jimmy dropped Chris off at his house without even bothering to get out of the car to walk her to the door. He just pulled her face to his and gave Chris a big kiss and told him that he would call later. Chris was running on automatic as he opened the door. His mind kept replaying over and over again

everything that had happened that night. He was too tired to really care about anything else at the moment.

When he stepped through the door, both Janet and Auntie were waiting for him, a million questions on their faces. To their surprise and shock, Chris ignored them completely and went to his room. There he quickly stripped, tossing the expensive dress and fancy underwear in a pile in the corner and walked into the bathroom, locking the door behind him. It was the first time that he dared to lock the door, but at this point he did not care.

He drew a bath and did his best to scrub all the memories away. He completely ignored the pounding and threats coming from the other side of the locked door. He did not notice the tears flowing freely down his cheeks. *Are all men so insensitive to women and is it all about sex and nothing else for them?* he kept asking himself. *And why am I even thinking this? I'm a guy! It should have been me jumping Jeanne's bod! Oh, shit, what have they done to me? What is my body doing to me?*

Finally, after the water had gotten cold and his fingers shriveled, he forced himself out of the tub. He patted himself dry and powdered his body in the scented talc. He brushed his teeth until his arm got tired, then after wrapping a turban around his wet hair and a towel around his breasts, he left the bathroom. Janet and Margaret were sitting on his bed talking softly as he entered his room.

"My, my," Auntie said as he walked over to his vanity. "So how does it feel to be a woman? Bet you'd give anything to be my little girl again, wouldn't you? So tell us what happened and don't leave out any of the details."

"Margaret, be nice," Janet piped up. "Can't you see she's been through enough for one night. We can talk about this later after she has had some rest."

"Yeah, I guess you are right, Janet. Let our woman sleep on it for a few hours, then I will want some answers. Chrissy after you have put your hair in curlers and moisturized get some rest. You sleep on what I just said," Auntie instructed. Then, getting up, she and Janet left Chris alone.

Well they think they know what happened, he thought. *For some reason, Auntie really wants me to lose my virginity and I certainly don't want that. I'm so tired.*

Dazed and confused, Chris took a long hot bath and did his best to forget what had happened before going to the kitchen, wearing just his nightie and negligee. His hair was covered by his frilled and lace-covered nylon hair bonnet. There sat Janet and Margaret deep in conversation. A plate of food and a cup of steaming tea sat by a nearby seat. They stopped talking as he entered and sat by the food. He wasn't hungry, but the tea for once smelled inviting.

They let him finish his tea and Janet refilled it. When he had finished telling them what had happened to Jeanne, he begged them not to make him go out with Jimmy ever again. Janet got him another cup of tea. They let him cry himself out. At last, he managed to get some control over his emotions and just sat silently, his head bowed, his eyes puffy and red, with a pile of discarded tissues sitting in front of him.

"Well, young lady," Auntie began, "now you know what it is like to be a woman. Get used to it! That's what we women do! When you go to classes Monday, you will have a

smile on your face and you will tell your Jimmy what a great time you had at the dance. From what you told us, that will be partly true."

Back in his room, Chris removed his night clothes and stepped into a pair of bright lime green full-cut panties with dark green satin bows at each hip, a matching bra, and his green corset. With all his experience, he easily laced up the back of the corset by himself. A dark green starched cotton short-sleeved blouse with white lace at the collar, white short shorts with flared legs, bobby socks with green trim, and his tennis shoes. Brushing out his real hair, he pinned a green satin bow to the back and with a minimum of makeup, he went back into the kitchen.

"Chris," Janet said as he walked into the kitchen, "Oh, I really like your hair." It was the first time that either of them had a chance to see what they had done to his real hair at the salon.

"Oh, my yes," Auntie broke in, "just like a dolly's."

Before Margaret could continue, Janet resumed what she had intended to say, "I know this has been hard on you, but if you want to keep your secret safe you must do as your Aunt says. Look, you only have one more week of school and then who knows what can happen? You have to think like any other girl your age and you should know that the main thing girls think about is boys. So put a smile on your face and get dinner ready. Later we can talk some more, okay?"

By the time they had finished dinner, Chris was feeling much better, but he still dreaded going back to school on Monday. That night as he was performing his nightly rituals, Janet came into his room.

"Hi sweetie, you feeling better?"

"About what?" he asked sullenly.

"About what your Aunt Margaret said, of course. That is unless you are ready to discuss this afternoon in an adult fashion."

"No, I really don't want to talk about that yet, but I wish that Auntie would let me finish the semester without having to date Jimmy again. I...I really do not feel comfortable. I'm afraid he'll want more the next time we go out."

"I think you can make it through a few more weeks. As a nurse, I must insist that you think very carefully about what you did and I can tell just by looking at you, that you are more girl than you ever were a boy. Didn't I tell you that your own body would let you know who you truly are?"

She waited until he indicated that he understood before going on, "Now I have gotten you a larger breast cup for your pump. If this doesn't work by the end of the holidays, then I am afraid that your breasts are for real. You will have to accept the fact that you are a woman now."

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The last week of school was for final exams. Chris used these as an excuse not to go out with Jimmy, but Aunt Margaret was very upset with her. Fortunately, Janet took Chrissy's side and, getting a promise to be dating Jimmy after the exams, Margaret let the subject drop.

Now it was the Christmas holiday break and Chris didn't have to be back at school until January 7. There would be no reprieve and he accepted a date with Jimmy for that Saturday night. Chris wore his white angora sweater with the pink pearl trimmed collars and his pink poodle skirt. They went out to dinner at his parent's club and then to Lookout Point. When he got home around midnight, he had several hickeys on his neck but his virginity was still intact. He also had another date planned for the following Friday and dinner with Jimmy's parents on Saturday. It would be only a matter of time before Chris knew that he could delay no longer the fate his aunt had in mind for him. He did not want to think about it, but the more he tried to forget it, the more he thought about it.

Friday's date was a repeat of the previous Saturday except they went to a movie first. Again, he returned home with only a few hickeys for his night's troubles.

Saturday morning arrived and Chris was no closer to resolving his problems.

Chris was in the kitchen cooking lunch, wearing a pale lavender angora three-quarter length sleeved sweater with turtle neck collar, navy wool pleated skirt, white bobby socks and white and navy saddle back shoes when the door bell rang. Margaret and Janet were in the master bedroom. Chris went to answer the bell after removing his pale blue chiffon apron and hanging it on the back of a chair. He checked his appearance in the hallway mirror, fluffing up a few stray curls before answering the door.

I hope it isn't Jimmy coming over early. I really don't want to see him yet, he thought as he opened the door.

Standing in front of the door was a tall freckled red haired boy with his parents standing behind him.

Chris, in total surprise and astonishment gasped, "Robbie...Mr. and Mrs. Fulton! Ohhh noooooo! You can't see me like this!"

For their part, the Fulton family was just as astonished and taken aback as Chrissy was. It wasn't until Chris spoke that they realized who the beautiful young lady was standing in the doorway.

"Chris! Is that you?" Robert managed to say as Chris fainted dead on the spot.

Chris came to with Mrs. Fulton gently patting his cheeks. His eyes fluttered for a few seconds and then reality zoomed in a rush. The range of emotions running through Chris at that moment filled an entire spectrum and he almost fainted again.

"Chris...Chris...Chris," he heard as if from a distance. "What's happened to you? Oh, you poor dear!"

"Mrs. Fulton," he finally whispered, "This can't be? Ohhhhh...you shouldn't see me like this."

“Oh, you poor baby! What have they done to you? You’re...you’re a girl now? Oh, silly me, of course you can’t be? Tell me what’s happened to you? No...wait. Let’s get you out of here and then you can tell us every thing. Howard, get over here and help this poor baby up and let’s get out of here right now! I want to get to the bottom of this!”

Much later, at the Fulton’s motel room, Chris related everything that had happened to him since he left home. He was acutely embarrassed and it did not help that Robert was standing not far off, until Mrs. Fulton realized what was happening and chased the men folk out of the room. After that, between a cascaded of tears, Chris revealed everything that had happened. Mrs. Fulton was very sympathetic and cradled him into her ample bosom, listening carefully to every word. The story finished and his tears dried, Mrs. Fulton, in full righteous indignation, called the social welfare office.

It was very traumatic for Chris but he retold his story to a plump lady and an officer from the social welfare office. Something was said about a warrant and other official stuff, but Chris was so distraught that Mrs. Fulton cleared everyone out of the room. She gave Chris a tranquilizer that she had with her to give him some relief. Once she was satisfied that he was asleep, she went out to talk with the authorities and her family.

It was decided to apprehend Margaret and Janet, but to do it quietly. It would do no one any good to have Chris’s situation broadcast in the media. Robert was taken aside by his mother and comforted as he was very distraught over the entire situation. He had expected to see his old running mate and found a beautiful young lady instead and he couldn’t figure out what had happened.

While Mrs. Fulton comforted both Chris and her son, Margaret, Janet and Madeleine were arrested by the police. Chris would have been comforted somewhat by the embarrassing situation Margaret and Janet found themselves in when the cuffs were snapped on their wrists. It seems that they never noticed that the front door was open and were engaged in some heavy sex as the officers walked into their bedroom. Madeleine was just surprised when the police entered her establishment and, in front of several customers, was handcuffed.

Mrs. Fulton was a great comfort to Chris and he accepted her advice to stay dressed as he was for the time being. It was very awkward being seen by Robert dressed that way, but he had to agree that going back to boy’s clothing was not an option at this point. Many visits to physicians and other professionals quickly followed and the final answers were that he had been chemically castrated and his breasts could only be removed by surgery.

According to the doctors, Chris, except for his groin, was more female than male; they knew of no way to undo the harm that had been done. Sexual reassignment surgery was a very remote alternative, but that was still extremely experimental. It was not recommended by the doctors. What they did recommend was that Chris continue with hormone treatments and spend the rest of his life as a female. Chris, resigned to his fate, reluctantly agreed with the doctors after a very long discussion with Mrs. Fulton.

The good news was that the State awarded his custody to the Fulton family. His aunt and cohorts received 20 to 30 years in jail without parole for their actions. Even in a women’s prison, life was definitely not easy for child molesters. Margaret had an accident while in prison that required major surgery on her genital region, resulting in a total loss

of feeling in that region. Janet somehow managed to injure her breasts so badly that they had to be removed. Madeleine somehow became incontinent while incarcerated. Additionally, as they had all pleaded no contest, Chris never had to testify and his identity was kept out of the newspapers.

The bad news was that Chris had a very tearful parting with Jeanne and his girl friends. His secret was never disclosed for fear of the trauma it might cause his girl friends. It was just another move out of state as far as they were concerned, but it was still a sad and painful departure. Chris also found himself in a very strange relationship with Robert. Robert had been his very best boyhood friend; now he found Robert looking at him strangely and with a look that could only be described as puppy dog-like.

Chris knew that he was changed and permanently so. He no longer thought like a boy, rather more like a mix of the two sexes. He had to admit that he was attracted to Robert; yet he couldn't picture himself having sex with Robert. He enjoyed the company of his many girl friends; yet, couldn't picture himself having sex with them either. He was in a dilemma for several years afterwards, but in the end discovered something great and rewarding. He found true love and acceptance.

The End