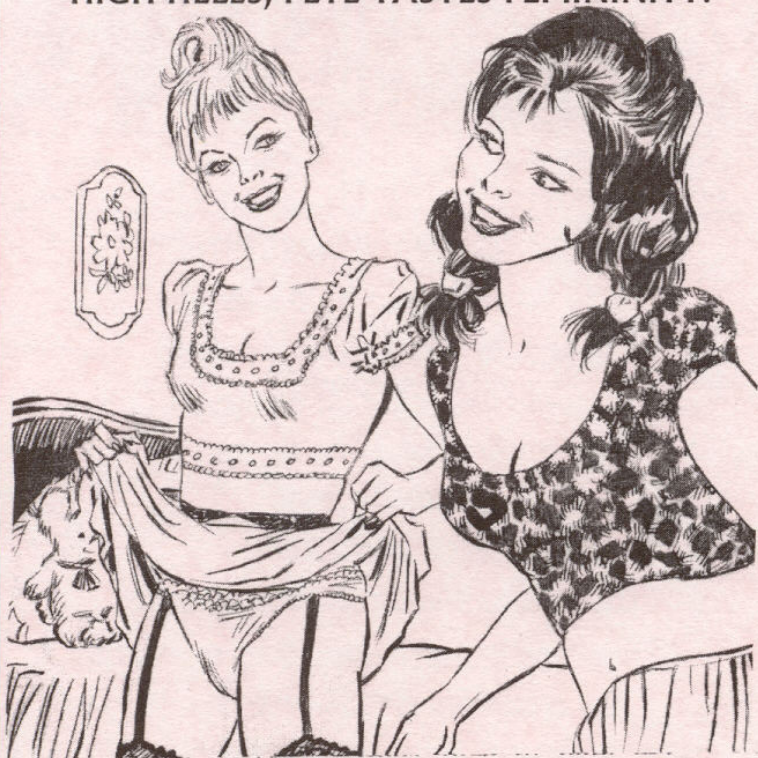


# TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

## "WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO"

FOLLOWING IN HIS BROTHER'S  
HIGH HEELS, PETE TASTES FEMININITY!



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**WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO**

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## “WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO”

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### QUOTE BOARD

“A MAN’S REACH SHOULD EXCEED HIS GRASP...  
A WOMAN’S REACH SHOULD NOT EXCEED HER HUSBAND’S GRASP.”

Apologies to Robert Browning



### REWARD!!

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## WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO!

### PART TWO of Two

Three days later, on a Saturday morning, I showed up to fast start Pete to becoming Melissa. I just had time to put down my purse and packages when a pretty young girl in a blue and yellow floral print shift dress ran over, threw her arms around me, and said how happy she was to see me.

“Pete?” I asked as I looked over the smartly dressed young woman. Her short hair was curled, her eyeshadow enhanced her pretty blue eyes, and her blush and lipstick were light pink, giving her an innocent look. She wore just a hint of flowery cologne, and her fingernails were painted in a light pink that perfectly matched her lipstick and blush.

I couldn't believe my eyes. “Pete?”

“Pete won't return until Monday,” he was as bubbly as a little girl. “I'm Missy now. How do you like my dress? Daddy thinks that I look really pretty.”

“You are so sweet looking, Missy,” I complimented as I looked over this innocent little doll that was my brother.

“Thank you, Lynn. Did you bring the CD's?” he hopefully asked. “I can't wait to listen to them. I must be perfect in just two weeks.”

“I don't think that will be a problem,” I smiled. “You don't act this way at school, do you?”

“Only at home when I'm with Mom and Daddy or shopping with my girlfriends,” he held his hands in front as he swayed on his heels. I noticed a necklace hanging

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from a gold chain. I nearly died when I read 'Daddy's Girl' on it!

"Daddy's Girl"? Since when?" I asked trying to believe that I once had a nasty, rotten little brother. I don't know what happened to him. I could really grow to love this cutie pie that took his place!

"A week ago," his smile brightened up the whole room. "I was wearing this really, really, cute PJ set that had 'Daddy's Girl' written across it. Daddy saw it, liked it, and the next day he gave me the necklace. Pretty isn't it?"

"You are so spoiled," I laughed, "he never called me that."

"That's nothing," Pete gloated, "let me show you my bedroom!"

Pete grabbed my hand and dragged me to a room I didn't recognize. Floral patterned pink and lilac wallpaper had replaced blue walls. Pete's prized baseball trophies were gone, replaced by dresser dolls in elegant Victorian and bridal outfits. A four-poster bed with a pink canopy had replaced his Captain's bed with pull out drawers. The model cars were missing from his dresser. He must have needed room for the makeup kit that looked large enough to beautify a small group of women. Even his nightstand had changed. Instead of Car magazines, it was now littered with 'Young Miss', 'Tiger Beat', and 'Seventeen'!

"Now I'm really mad. I never had such a pretty room when I was your age."

Pete stuck his tongue out and laughed, "You weren't daddy's girl!"



*"No more scratchy jockey shorts for me," Pete giggled, "Only lacy, silky panties from 'Victoria's Secret' are in my lingerie drawers now!"*

*"I know how you feel!" Lynnette gushed.*

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I laughed, grabbed him by his arm and quickly threw him onto his bed. "I should turn you over my knee and tan your pretty little hide."

"Try it," Pete dared, "and I'll call my daddy!"

I looked at my brother sprawled out on the bed, his skirt and slip around his waist. "Does daddy know that his darling little girl is wearing her sister's lace panties and garter belt?"

"They're not yours, they're mine," Pete stuck his tongue out again. "You were there when I got the garter belt and mom bought me the panties. So there!"

"Aren't you a little young for lace panties?"

Pete smiled shyly, "Maybe, but they feel so nice!"

"Tell me something new," I laughed as I undid my jeans to show off my lace panties.

Pete jumped up and threw his arms around my neck. "I'm still not sure this is a good thing to do, but I feel so nice when I'm wearing something pretty."

"I'm glad to hear that, Missy, cause in two weeks you'll be wearing pretty things day and night!"

Pete smiled, "I can hardly wait!"

He gave me a quick tour of his room. Skirts, dresses, blouses, and slacks had replaced his pants and shirts. His underwear drawer contained nothing but panties, bras, slips, and assorted lingerie.

"I don't need boy's underwear anymore," Pete announced with a big smile as he pulled up his skirt to show me his pink satin panties. "Mom gets me Victoria's Secret's now! Just like the one's she wears."

I found it hard to believe that the same boy who once threw a fit when mom accidentally dyed his jockey's a

light blue was now proudly showing off pink satin panties!

“Check this out,” he said, holding up a matching panty, slip and bra in pale pink, just dripping with lace.

“Mom has these too. Pretty huh?”

Before I could answer, he grabbed one of the CD's from me and started to read the jacket. “*The girl you were meant to be?* What's this one do?”

“This one will help you to act like a girl. All the girlish gestures you have to think about now will become automatic,” I explained. “Listen to it a few minutes a night until you start school as Missy, and you'll have no problems fitting in. It'll be as if you've always been a girl.”

“Neat,” Pete said as he grabbed another, unlabelled CD. “What about this one?”

“That one will help you think as a girl, not a boy in girl's clothes. It will make it easier for you to adjust to living as a girl.”

Pete stared at the discs in his hand as if trying to see what was inside of them. “How long does it take?”

“You'll be ready by the time Missy shows up at school.”

He gently inserted a disc into his stereo CD player. “You don't have to listen to them, Pete,” I said, giving him an opportunity to stop his headlong flight into femininity

Pete set the headphones on the bed between us. “My name is Melissa. Pete had to go away for awhile,” he smiled sweetly. “Don't worry about me,” he said as he placed the headphones on his head, hit the play button, and lay back on his pillow. “I'll quit long before it's permanent.”

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I went into the kitchen where mom waited with a cup of coffee. "It's done," I said sadly. "Pete's gone. Eventually that girl in the bedroom will permanently emerge."

Mom smiled and held my hand. "Thank you for your help, Lynnette. I know it wasn't an easy thing to do."

"If only he had stayed the rotten, snotty, good for nothing S.O.B. that he was, I would be proud of what I did to him. He just didn't understand, mom," I sobbed. "It was all a mistake. We didn't have to do this. He didn't have to become a girl!"

"Sex doesn't matter, Lynn," Mom wiped away my tears. "He'll grow up and enjoy life as a female just as much as if he had remained a male. He'll be convinced that it was his choice and he'll never regret it."

"I hope so, mom," I sniffed. "I couldn't stand it if I was responsible for him being unhappy. I never realized how much he meant to me."

"You'll be even closer now as sisters," Mom assured me. "She'll need someone to guide her through puberty into womanhood."

"I promise that I'll be there for her, mom," I vowed. "If she can ever have children, I'll hold her hand in the delivery room. She's the sweetest kid anyone could hope to know."

-----

The Saturday before Missy was to start school, I stopped by the house to spring the surprise that I had arranged for my kid sister. "Are you going to sleep all day?" I yelled as I pulled off his covers. "Get up and dressed, we have things to do!"

Pete looked so adorable in his cute little "Daddy's Girl" nightie. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes and

smiled when he saw me standing at the foot of his bed. “Hi, Lynnette, what’s all the yelling about?” He was the picture of an innocent young girl lying there in his pink nightie with his hands to his eyes.

“It’s about my lazy sister,” I said with a smile. “Get dressed, Missy, I have a surprise that you’re going to love!”

I sat on the edge of the bed while he got ready. He pulled on a denim skirt, a white bra with a darling little flower where the cups met, then slipped a white turtle-neck over his head. “You look pretty, but you’re going to look even better,” I told him. “You’re scheduled for an eight thirty appointment at Betty’s beauty shop.”

“Betty’s?” he said as he brushed on his lipstick. “I don’t know. I mean it seems so final. I won’t look like a boy anymore when she’s done, will I?”

“That’s the whole idea! When they are finished, you won’t be able to look like a boy even if you try. You’re getting a facial, a massage, a manicure and pedicure. She’s going to give you a perm and color job, plus a makeover. I’m turning you into a girl. What do you think of that?”

The thoroughness of his pending makeover dazed him. “I guess it’s a good idea,” he said.

“It’s a great idea, Missy. You’re going to school as a girl and you’re going to look your best. From now until you either graduate or quit the program, you and I have a standing monthly appointment at Betty’s.”

“That’s pretty much gonna keep me looking like a girl, huh?”

“That’s the idea, little one. I told you that you were going to be a girl. Didn’t you believe me, did you?”

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Pete seemed concerned, but then he abruptly threw his arms around my neck. "You're the greatest sister a girl could hope for."

I held my sister tight. "No I'm not, Missy. That has to be you. I hope you don't get upset, but sometimes I wish you had been born a girl. We could have had so much fun growing up together."

Missy looked at me strangely. "Why would I get upset, Lynn? I'll love being your little sister. It is too bad that I wasn't a girl, we could have had fun."

"We're going to make up for lost time now, Missy," I said. "Starting today, I'm going to teach you everything a girl needs to know and make sure you get to do everything a girl can do!"

We each had a piece of toast and a glass of juice for breakfast, and then it was off to Betty's for a day of pampering.

Betty rushed to Pete as soon as we walked in. "You must be Missy. I've heard so much about you. Your sister said to give you the works, but I don't see why. You're one hell of a heartbreaker now!"

Betty made a very good income by combining flattery with skill. It took seconds before flattery overcame Pete, and he was chatting as if he and Betty were old friends. I nearly had to buy a crowbar to separate them so we could prepare.

"Take everything off but your panties, Missy," I instructed him. "Slip on a robe and we will be ready to become beautiful."

It felt so good to see how well Pete had adjusted to being a girl. He lay in his panties chatting away about fash-

ions, movies, and even his conversion from boy to girl. He laughed, giggled, and carried on just like any girl his age.

He told Betty about the little fashion show he had put on for mom and daddy. "Lynnette made me wear this awful looking skirt and blouse. I'm sure it was probably the height of fashion when she was young, but you'd never catch me wearing it," he laughed. "A girl has to have some pride."

"Don't be too harsh on your sister, Missy," Betty argued. "She meant well."

"Oh, I'm not trying to be mean to her. After all, I really love her so much. Of course, at the time, I wanted to wring her little neck!" he giggled. "Did she tell you about the little girl outfit she made me wear?"

"That cute costume you wore that one Halloween?" Betty laughed as I gave a lame shrug. "I didn't know you still had it."

I can put up with a lot, but attacking my favorite Halloween costume can be hazardous to your health. "It is cute, so I bought it. She's just jealous because I look better in it than she does!"

"Says who?" Pete challenged.

"Me!" I shot right back.

"We know you don't have any taste after that skirt. Name one other person who likes the way you look in that silly costume."

"Dave thinks I look cute in it!" I replied smugly. "He loves when I wear that outfit and sit on his lap."

"You let your boyfriend see you in that outfit?" Missy laughed. "Have you no shame?"

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"You didn't have any when you sat on daddy's lap while wearing that outfit. I have plenty of shame, but I also get lots of fantastic sex when I wear it!"

"She's got you, Missy," Betty laughed. "It's good enough for me if she can get her brains screwed out by wearing that outfit!"

"That's not fair," Pete objected. "She has a boyfriend and I don't!"

"What about all of the guys from the necking pit?" I asked with a sweet smile. "If you can't find a boyfriend from all of the guys you sucked face with..."

Pete's expression was absolutely priceless. "You know about the pit?"

"Lots of my friends are chaperones at the dances. How do you think you got away with it for so long?"

"Does daddy know?" he asked in horror. "Please tell me he doesn't."

"Of course not," I managed to sound offended that he would even think that I'd tell dad. "A girl doesn't rat on her sister, especially to their dad!"

Pete actually began to cry. "Thanks, Lynnette, I owe you a big one!"

"Don't worry. I know that you'll pay me back someday."

Betty was never one to be shy about her talents. "Don't worry, Missy. After I get done with you, you'll have more boys in the pit than you'll know what to do with!"

"Forget it! My baby sister is going to be a lady, not some bimbo who goes from guy to guy."

Pete's eyes lit up as he thought that over. "Now that would be fun! Of course, I'll share them with my girlfriends, once I'm done with them. Lynnette," Pete asked softly. "Do you think that I might actually fall in love with a boy?"

"It's happened before," I said with a smile.

"I hope that it doesn't happen to me," Missy stated. "I want to have fun, but when it's over, I'm going to be Pete again. A boy could ever interest me enough to change my mind about that."

"I heard another boy say those same words ten years ago. It must run in the family," Betty said with a knowing smile.

"You wanted to be Ted again?" Missy asked, "but I thought..."

I nodded. "I know what you thought, but you were wrong. Did mom ever tell you how I cried when I realized that I was falling in love with Dave?"

"No, but I never asked. I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry, Missy, it wasn't your fault. You were only seven years old then. How could you have known that your big brother was falling in love with another boy?"

"It must have been tough on you."

"You can't begin to imagine," I said recalling how upset I had been. "I was only a kid myself, but I had to make a decision that would affect the rest of my life."

"But if I don't date. I'll never have to worry about that."

"That's what I thought too," I laughed, "but two years as a girl was a long, lonely, time. I heard girls talking about guys and dating, how sweet this guy was, how cute

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that one was, before long I was joining in with them. I even went on dates with a couple of guys. When I met Dave Hawkins, I didn't really think of him as a potential boyfriend. We started spending time together. I thought of him as a friend, another boy, you know? One day we were alone together and I started to look at him in another way. Suddenly he wasn't another boy, he was a very cute boy, and I was a girl. He was so funny and so nice to me that I accepted when he asked me to go out with him. One thing led to another and I found that I liked being treated as special. I enjoyed how he took care of me, and I even liked it when he held and kissed me."

"That had to be scary," Missy said as Barbara prepared his hair for the light blonde shade he had selected. "Did you feel funny when he kissed you for the first time?"

"Yeah, sort of," confessed. "I'd kissed guys before, so it wasn't new, but somehow it felt different, much better than any of the other guys. Did you feel funny the first time, Missy?"

"That's what's really weird," he said softly. "I wanted to be kissed. I was dancing with this guy and he looked kinda cute. I felt funny, like there was something I should be doing, and suddenly I wanted to kiss him."

"Yeah, I felt that way too!" I lied through my teeth. My first kiss had been my date's idea. It was a surprise, a pleasant one, but a surprise. Pete's first kiss was a direct result of his training. He was supposed to want to kiss boys.

"What did you do when you realized you were falling in love?"

"I cried for several days, I refused to talk to him when he called, and I even avoided him in school. Finally, after

a long talk with mom, I realized that I was more miserable without him.”

“Daddy took it pretty badly, didn’t he?”

“Let’s just say he wasn’t thrilled about my dating. He nearly went nuts when Dave and I started going steady.”

Pete asked softly, “I wonder what it would be like to spend the rest of my life in girl’s clothes? Would I like being a woman? How would it feel to marry a guy?”

“That’s up you, Missy. Only you can decide if it is right for you.”

“At least you’ll have Lynn,” Betty said as she colored his hair. “She’ll understand any problems you may have.”

Pete admired his newly attached nail extensions. “I’m lucky to have a sister like you, Lynn, but I’m never going to date!”

“Good luck,” Betty laughed as she rolled his hair onto curlers. “There are some awfully cute guys out there!”

A look crossed his face. Was he thinking of the boys from the pit? How long would he be able to hold out? His looks, personality, and those CD’s had already generated considerable male interest in my little brother.

It took several hours, but when we were done, even Pete had to admit that we were two hot looking girls. His hair was a light blonde that bounced about his neck while showing off the pretty new earrings I bought for his newly pierced ears. My little brother had silky smooth legs, perfect makeup, and looked like a cute girl. He had sway to his walk that no boy should ever have and a smile on his pretty face that said he was thrilled to look so good.

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I drove him to school on Monday and watched as he hurried to a group of kids as though there was nothing unusual about his wearing a girl's uniform to school. The kids seemed to be expecting him, and quickly gathered around to admire the new addition to their little group. It was all so familiar. I had once been the new girl surrounded by friends who welcomed me.

The similarities ended there though. Where I had been shy, withdrawn, and upset to be wearing a skirt and blouse, my little brother was acting as though he had been a girl all his life and there was nothing in the least unusual about his attire. He carried his books against his chest, his skirt swayed as he walked, and he seemed more than comfortable as a girl. My little brother had successfully made the transition to being a girl without realizing it.

Mom kept me up to date on how Pete was handling his new life at home while some of my teacher friends kept me informed on how his school life was going. All agreed that there was no resemblance to Pete, the sometimes abrupt, always argumentative boy. Missy was a very sweet, considerate girl who was always willing to lend a hand to anyone in need.

He volunteered to visit a local senior citizens center where he was a big hit with the residents who loved the sweet girl who wheeled them around, and was always willing to listen to stories about their youth. The women in the center had only one problem with Missy: try as they might, they couldn't interest her in their grandsons.

Pete seemed happy enough and certainly enjoyed our sessions at the beauty shop, but the subject of boys just never came up again. It didn't matter to mom though; she was simply ecstatic with the girl who helped with housework, did her hair and nails, and was always ready to help with a stuck zipper.

The months passed and Pete kept plugging along, a great kid, popular with students and teachers alike. His parent thought that the sun rose and set on their darling daughter, while his big sister did her best to spoil him. Boys came on to Pete, but even if they spent time in the pit with him, he never allowed them be more than one of his many friends. He could always be found in the middle of a pack of laughing boys and girls, but never alone with a boy. He had a very active social life, trips to the mall, football and basketball games, school dances, you name it and he was there. Like always though, only as part of a group.

Mom and I threw Pete a Sweet Sixteen party just before Christmas and invited so many of his friends that we had to rent a hall for the afternoon. Pete chose a pretty red silk blouse and a cream colored skirt along with a pair of red pumps. With a red ribbon tied in his hair, he was the perfect picture of the young girl on the verge of womanhood. I was sure that any boy who saw him would make an extra effort to get him alone in the pit at the next dance. Pete was simply too cute to resist!

Once again, Pete was a much sought after dance partner, but by then, with months of femininity training and the necking pit, he smiled graciously and accepted the advances of several boys who gave him a kiss during their turn on the dance floor. When Pete saw me watching him, he didn't make any attempt to hide. He smiled and let the boy do his best to suck his stockings off!

By Christmas, my family hadn't mentioned a boy named Pete for months. The charming young lady, Melissa, had captured his family's hearts along with everyone he met. Christmas cards with pictures poured in from the senior citizens center where he volunteered several days a week. Although some of the pictures were from the residents, most were pictures of their grand-

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sons, or other male relatives or friends Pete's age. Even the men who lived at the center sent pictures. Everyone he met was anxious to pair off with someone the sweet young girl they loved!

Christmas was a wonderful time. Dave and I had a big announcement to make, so we invited his family to dinner at my house. We ladies had planned our outfits to match the occasion. Mrs. Hawkins wore a knee length, green velvet dress. I wore a beautiful long green velvet skirt with a white blouse and a red ribbon in my hair. Mom wore a long, green velvet gown, and Pete wore a similar gown in red with a green ribbon in his hair. Pete was so cute in his outfit that I couldn't resist taking a few pictures of him, some of which found their way to her friends at the senior center and distributed to their favorite grandsons. I wasn't doing it to be mean to my little sister, I had completely fallen in love with the little sweetheart. I just wanted to keep him from being lonely.

After dinner, Dave, Daddy, and Dave's father went off to the living room for a football game or some other silly sports show while the women cleaned up. Pete, who used to hate helping to clean, jumped right in, chatting away, and had a great time with the rest of us women.

Mrs. Hawkins complimented him several times on his outfit and told him that she heard from friends about this wonderful girl at the senior center. His face turned to the color of his gown when she told him that he would make a wonderful wife some day. "Any girl who cared that much for others is going to make some man a fine catch," she smiled.

"I don't think so," Pete politely answered. "I won't be a girl much longer. I'll probably return to being a boy this summer."

“Oh, that would be such a shame, Missy,” Mrs. Hawkins replied. “You are the sweetest young lady I know. What would your friends at the senior center think if Missy quit visiting them? What about all of your friends at school?”

Pete looked confused. “I love those ladies. Why can’t I visit my friends at the center? What problem would I have with my friends? They’ve accepted me as Missy, they’ll still be my friends when I return as Pete.”

“As Pete you wanted nothing to do with the folks at the senior center,” Mrs. Hawkins observed. “Do you really think those ladies would open up to some boy who didn’t care?”

“I never thought of it that way,” Missy admitted. “I guess it didn’t seem right to me as a boy.”

I couldn’t let a comment like that pass if I was to continue running the program. “Why? Were those people any less lonely because you were a boy? That’s the whole idea of the program, Missy, to show boys that it doesn’t hurt to care about others! That’s the secret to the boys who succeed. They learn to care. Becoming girls for a little while helps them to learn to care.”

I could see a look of understanding in Pete’s face. “It makes sense,” he said softly. “I was so stupid. I just didn’t understand.”

“It’s okay, Missy,” Mrs. Hawkins said softly, “Most boys don’t. That’s what gives WAM graduates the edge.”

“I don’t understand why I would have a problem with my friends?”

I took him by the hand and looked in his eyes. “You’ve worked hard to fit in as a girl. The girls have accepted you as one of their own and have opened up to you about their loves, hates, and other things they’d never tell a

boy. If you were to go back to being a boy, how would they feel about the secrets they've confided to you? As for the boys, some of them have probably had fantasies about you, what they'd do if they ever got you to Lookout Point, and how sexy you are."

Pete's face turned white. "Oh my God," he whispered in shock. "Do you think they'd remember the pit?"

"How could they forget?"

"I have another reason for you to stick around, Missy," I said with a smile. "Let's all go to the other room with the guys."

With our families gathered around, Dave came to my side and put his arm around me. "It's no secret that Lynnette and I love each other very much," he smiled and pulled me close. "We want to make it official though." Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a diamond engagement ring. "Lynnette, will you marry me?" he asked holding out the ring.

I had a nice response rehearsed, but I was overcome with emotion and barely squeaked a reply. "Yes!" I stammered through my tears.

Dave placed the ring on my outstretched finger, and then lifted my face to his. He gave me a gentle kiss as our families looked on in delight. When I finally quit kissing Dave, I turned to Pete, "I need a Maid of Honor, Missy. I want you to be her."

"Me?" Pete couldn't believe his ears. "You want me to be your Maid of Honor? Shouldn't that be your best friend?"

"Yes, it certainly should be, and if you agree, it will be"

All eyes focused on him, waiting his answer. Suddenly he burst into tears, "I'd be thrilled, Lynn," he sobbed.

Dave and I filled everyone in on our plans. We had everything planned out, but were waiting until Pete accepted as my Maid of Honor. As Pete had said, the position had to go to my best friend and I couldn't imagine another girl that fit that description better than my kid sister. My dream wedding could now go on.

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Pete still insisted that he wouldn't be a girl forever even after agreeing to be part of my wedding party. I couldn't imagine how he resisted the messages on the CD's. I felt bad that being my Maid of Honor meant that he'd have to spend another year in dresses. Mom insisted that he'd be Missy forever though, so what was another year?

He continued to deny that he wanted to do more as a girl, dating in particular, but during the Christmas party, I noticed a look in his eyes as Dave and I kissed under the Mistletoe. He could deny it all he wanted, but I know the look a girl gets when she wishes that a guy would want her like Dave wanted me. My little brother had it.

I saw a few changes in Pete after the party. He was a touch secretive about where he was going and with whom. If mom or I asked what he was up to, we'd get a standard, "Just out with my friends." No names were ever mentioned, just his "friends".

He suddenly started wearing nicer clothes to meet his friends. Dressy slacks replaced jeans and even skirts. Sweaters or blouses replaced sweatshirts, sneakers were out; heels were in. There is only one reason for a girl to act like that; my little sister had discovered boys! Mom and I kept quiet about it, but there wasn't any doubt,

Pete was clearly interested in boys, and wanted them to notice him.

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By the time spring came, Pete was really showing interest in what he wore. Suddenly he needed the latest fashions from Seventeen Magazine, pretty, colorful skirts that showed plenty of leg, and low cut tops. Whenever he left the house, he was perfect, not a hair out of place, his outfits were carefully chosen, and his prettily made up face was just crying to be kissed.

One afternoon, I took Pete shopping and bluntly put it to him. "You've been going out with boys, haven't you?"

He was so naïve. "How do you know?"

"That's what all the pretty outfits are for? To impress boys?"

"I got tired of staying home or going to the senior center," he admitted. "I wondered what it would be like to go on a date with a boy. The pit is a blast, some of the guys are such great kissers, and they keep asking me for dates. One day I decided to see how pretty I could look and find out if the guys would notice," he said shyly. "It felt great to have the guys in class watch me as I walked by. A couple of them worked up enough nerve to ask me out, and I said yes. It was so cool to have a guy buy me something to eat or take me to a movie. All I had to do was smile at him and give him a kiss now and then, and he was happy.

"Only a kiss?" I prodded, wondering just how far my brother had gone with a boy.

"A few hand jobs too," he admitted, "but nothing more."

“Why didn’t you tell me what was going on? Don’t you trust me?”

“I trust you, Lynn. I was afraid. I told everyone that I’d never date, but before I knew what was happening, I was sitting in a car at Lookout Point kissing a boy and trying to make him climax.”

“You poor baby,” I held Pete close to prevent his seeing my smile at the thought of him stroking some boy who had his tongue in his mouth. “You can come to me with any problem. I promise not to laugh at you. Just ask me if you ever have any questions.”

“Anything?” he asked grinning.

“Shoot,” I wondered what was coming.

“Have you and Dave ever, you know?” Pete asked hesitantly.

“Made love? Don’t be shy, Missy. As my sister, you can ask me anything.”

“Okay,” Pete grinned, “Have you and Dave gone all the way yet, or are you saving it for your honeymoon?”

“For your information, young lady, Dave and I go all the way and back again several times a week. It gets lonely in my apartment, and since I have this big bed, it seems a shame to waste it.”

“Unbelievable!” Pete muttered. “You really are a girl.”

“I told you so,” I smiled and kissed him on the cheek.

I convinced Pete to let mom and dad know about his dating. Mom, of course, quickly approved, but dad insisted that any boy dating his little girl had to pick Pete up at the house, meet dad, and observe Pete’s curfew.

That settled, Pete settled into the same dating routine as any other girl his age, which of course helped smooth

the way to his final transition. Dad imposed one other condition on Pete. He was allowed to date, but not to go steady. Dad thought that he was still too young to be serious with one boy. Pete quickly agreed to dad's conditions saying that he didn't plan on going steady, but I knew from my sources at school that this wasn't quite true.

I have to give him credit though. He found a unique way to show his love for his boyfriend in front of several hundred people without most of them realizing what was going on. He signed up for the drama club and put his heart and soul into getting the female lead in the spring play. My sources told me that Pete worked so hard because the male lead was his secret boyfriend. I made sure that mom knew all about it, so under the pretense of being proud family, we bought tickets to every show!

Pete was very good. He never missed a line and delivered each line perfectly. There were several scenes where he and his boyfriend were required to hold hands and pledge their love, and the big kiss took place in the final act.

He knew that mom and I had tickets, but he didn't know they were front row seats for the final show. When the big scene finally arrived, he was facing us. The script called for him to throw his arms around his boyfriend's neck and exchange a deep kiss. Mom, a few of his girlfriends, and I knew it was real. To the rest of the audience, he was simply a very good actress.

On the drive home after the show, I commented, "That was some kiss. I thought you were coming right out of your heels."

"It was in the script," Pete shrugged as he started to change into some comfortable clothes. I had brought a

change of clothes too, so I joined him while mom sat to the side.

“Are you nuts?” Mom laughed. “Any guy that can suck the polish off your toenails when he kisses you is worth keeping!”

“Mom, please,” he exclaimed, trying to put some outrage into his voice. “It was all part of the play!”

“I understand you two have had a lot of practice. Was that all for the play too?” Mom snickered.

“What practice?” he stammered.

“In the scenery room after every rehearsal,” I calmly told him. “In his car when he drops you off after rehearsals before you walk two blocks home to make it look good.”

“You know?” was all he could say. “How?”

“I told you a long time ago, Missy, I’ll know about it if it happens at school.”

“We need to talk, young lady,” Mom said. “We’re going to straighten this out as soon as we get home.”

“I didn’t mean to do anything, mom,” Missy cried. “Please don’t ground me, please!”

“Calm down, dear. I’m not going to punish you for having a boyfriend. I just want to know all about him.”

“Me too!” I added laughing. “Can he really suck the polish from your toenails when you kiss?”

“Does he reach your tonsils with his tongue?” Mom asked.

“Don’t you even want to know who he is, where he lives, what grade he’s in, anything like that?” Pete was stunned.

"I know all that," I giggled, "I want to know the good stuff."

We girls had a long chat over hot chocolate and pastry while we changed into comfortable clothes after arriving home. Pete explained that he avoided boys who wanted to go steady with him. He was sure that he'd eventually return to being a boy, and didn't want confusion from his friends when he did.

"I wanted the guys to think of me as one of them when I switched back. I mean, how could I hang out with a guy if I used to be his steady girlfriend?"

Mom and I sipped our drinks and let Pete talk. It wasn't as if we could stop him. "I really tried hard to not date. I went out with two guys, but we were just friends. I started seeing Rick Fortner in a different way just before Christmas. I knew him from before I became Missy, but we weren't close friends."

"One day I looked at him and felt all funny inside. I almost wet my panties when he smiled and said hello. I waited him to ask me out, but he didn't seem interested. That's when I got involved in the Drama club to be near him. He mentioned to another girl that I had nice legs, so I started to wear skirts, dresses, and heels."

"I couldn't believe I was doing those things just to impress a boy, but I just had to. I started to think of him as cute. Can you believe cute? I joined the drama club to be near him, I sat next to him at basketball games, and I don't even like basketball!"

"How long did it take for him to catch you?" I joked.

"Three months of hard work!" he laughed. "Three months of being wherever he was, at basketball, drama club, hallways at school. I was ready to give up when he

finally asked me out. I would've asked him if I had known that he was that shy!"

"Is he worth it?" Mom asked quietly.

"He's wonderful, mom," Missy sighed. "He treats me so nicely when we go on dates. All of the other girls are so jealous! He always tells me how pretty I look, how sexy I am, and he keeps telling me what he'd like to do to my boobs."

"That's enough of that, young lady, or I'll have to speak to your father about this boy," Mom interrupted.

"It's okay, mom. I wouldn't let him, even if they were real," Missy sighed as he glanced sadly at his chest.

"When can we meet him?" I asked, anxious to meet the guy who turned my little brother into a boy toy.

"What about Daddy?" Pete asked. "How will he take it?"

"Bring him around as if he were just another date," Mom advised. "Your father will approve if he's as sweet as you say he is."

Pete took mom's advice and invited Rick over for dinner. Pete chose a simple denim miniskirt and a cropped pink top for his boyfriend's big debut. Dad wrote her outfit off to typical teenage girl style, but mom and I recognized the skirt as just a little tight, and the top just a little lower cut than usual. Pete planned to focus his boyfriend's attention on himself, not wanting to chance that Rick would take an interest in me.

Rick was cute. If I were ten years younger, I might have flirted a little with him, but I didn't need a boy, I had a real man for a boyfriend. I wouldn't have stood a chance for his attention anyway. Pete never left his side

except to refresh his cola or bring him more cookies, which mom had helped him bake.

It was an amazing transition, from rough and tumble boy to sweet, demure, girl who only lived to please her boyfriend. I'd have to straighten that out later. No way would I allow my sister to become a boy's slave! Guys are supposed to pamper girls. That was the natural order as far as I was concerned. My boyfriends had always spoiled me, now my brother's would spoil him!

Rick soon became another of Pete's boyfriends as far as dad was concerned. Rick seemed nice enough. He was Pete's age with a quick smile, very polite, and clean cut, exactly the type of guy Pete could wrap around his finger, just as he'd done to daddy.

By the time Pete started wearing a cute little diamond friendship ring from Rick, dad was expecting it, and welcomed Rick as Pete's steady without a problem.

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A few months later, Pete asked if mom would help him with dad. Why do you need mom? You're his little girl, remember?" I mentioned. "His baby gets anything she wants."

"I hope you're right, Lynn," Missy giggled, "cause I want something big. It means so much to me, but I'm afraid to ask daddy for it."

"Honestly, Missy," I told him, "I can't imagine you asking daddy for something and not getting it. He spoils you rotten."



*Now out in the open, Missy and Rick's budding romance blossomed. He wanted to be soft and pretty for Rick.*

*Never had Pete imagined snuggling into another boy's arms and allowing him to feel him up. Now it was all he thought of.*

Mom brushed Missy's bangs from her eyes "I'll ask him if you'd like, but you know he'll give you anything."

Missy drew a very deep breath. Tears began to trickle down his cheeks. "I want to be a girl," he sobbed. "I don't want to get muscles and hair all over my face. I want to be soft and pretty for Rick, just like Lynn did for Dave."

Mom and I looked at each other quickly. It had taken some time, but Pete was begging to be transformed into a girl. I was a little sad, but he was nothing like a boy anymore. He took so good care of his skin that he made me jealous. His hair was always styled, and his skills with makeup were beyond compare. I felt that he could take two burlap sacks and a piece of tissue and put together an outfit that I'd kill to own. Mom wanted a second daughter, now she was getting one.

"Do you understand that you won't just look like a girl?" I asked, wondering if I could talk him out of it. "You'll turn out a girl just like me if mom and daddy take you to that doctor."

He shuffled his feet and stared down at the floor. "That's okay," he meekly said. "I would be your sister for real, instead of pretending. Don't you want me to be your sister?"

I looked at the shy girl in front of me. How could anyone not love this person? She was so sweet and vulnerable. You couldn't help but to fall in love with her.

"Are you asking this because of Rick?" I asked. "You don't have to become a real girl. Lots of guys in the program date, then return to being boys."

"I wouldn't do anything that serious just for a guy, not even for Rick. I want to do it for me. I feel different then when I was Pete. I like the way I feel. My grades prove that I can think much clearer now. If I was Pete and you

asked me to be in your wedding, even as a boy, I probably would say no. I didn't like you when I was Pete, but it's different now. You made me so happy when you asked me to be your Maid of Honor. I've never been this happy in all of my life. Please let me be your sister."

I hugged my brother so tight I thought I'd hurt him. "I'll personally take you to see Doctor Karts if mom gets daddy to agree,. He was very sweet when I went to him, and in no time at all, we'll give the boys something to droll over!"

"You're the coolest, most wonderful sister in the world," Pete bubbled over with enthusiasm. "I can't wait to be a girl like you! Will I have boobs as large as yours?"

"I'm not sure how big your breasts will get. The doctor will talk to you about that," I kissed his cheek, "but you're going to love having them."

Pete smiled, "I'll let you know the first time a boy plays with them."

"It's going to take time before you'll have anything worth playing with," I explained. "I was a thirty-two double-A for the longest time. Then again, Dave didn't seem to mind. He managed to get me all hot and bothered!"

"Do you think I could ever give birth to kids?"

Mom smiled at her new daughter to be. "Someday it may be possible. It would be wonderful if you girls gave me grandkids."

"Aren't you getting a little bit ahead of yourselves?" I asked. "You haven't even started taking hormones yet, and you're already planning a family!"

Pete waited until mom left the room to speak with daddy. "I can't wait to feel a guy inside of me, Lynnette,"

he whispered. "I've dreamed about making love with Rick since our second date."

"Believe me, Missy, you'll never forget it when you're laying there with the guy you love inside of you. It's the most wonderful feeling in the universe."

Missy made sure mom was not in sight. "I've already had him inside of me," he giggled. "We were making out in his car one night, and he got so worked up that I just had to make it better."

I was shocked! I never imagined the CD's Pete had listened to would affect him in that way. I expected him to want to be a girl, but to actually do that to a boy?

"Oh my God, Missy," I exclaimed in dismay. "Tell me that you didn't do what I think you did."

Pete gave me a quick smile, then ran his tongue along his lips. "I licked Ricky's lollipop."

"You didn't!" I cried.

"Of course I did," Pete said firmly. "He's my boyfriend and we love each other. I didn't do anything that other girls haven't done before. Tell me that you never licked Dave's lollipop?"

I stood in silence staring at my pretty brother. How could I judge him for something I did on my second date with Dave? "You can't tell me, can you," Pete taunted me. "How long did you wait?"

"Our second date," I said sheepishly.

"To think I put it off until we'd had at least ten dates!" he laughed. "It was so freaky. We were making out, and I opened his pants to play with him. I had an overwhelming urge to suck on it once I had it out. I was so afraid he'd think I was a slut."

"Me too," I admitted, "but they're both still with us."

He laughed, "It was fantastic! I teased him by calling it his lollipop. He said that if I thought it was a lollipop, I should lick it. He went crazy when I found a chocolate bar in my purse and rubbed it all over him."

"That wasn't nice. He must have freaked!"

"He didn't seem to mind when I licked it all off again!" Pete shrugged. "You should have seen his face when I took it all in my mouth! He never expected it."

"Did he...?"

Missy smiled, licked her lips, "Good to the last drop!"

Mom called for Pete and me to come into the room moments later. "Here goes nothing," Pete exclaimed.

I put my arm around him. "We're sisters! We'll go through it together."

Dad was sitting in his favorite chair with mom behind him as Pete and I walked into the room. He wasn't showing any emotion, but I could feel him tensing up. "I understand that you want to become a girl permanently," Dad asked. "Is that right?"

"Yes, daddy, that's right," said Pete quietly. "I don't feel like a boy any longer."

"I understand that you're pretty hot on Rick. Is that right?"

"I'm sorry if I have disappointed you, daddy. You know that I never meant to hurt you. Rick loves me and I love him. Someday I'll be his wife."

"I'm not hurt, Missy," Dad sighed, "Just a little confused."

"I'm in love, Daddy," Missy told him. "Rick is the guy that I'll spend the rest of my life with."

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"You're sixteen," Daddy reminded him. "At sixteen you still have a long road to travel before you can talk about love."

Pete was adamant, "I don't care, daddy. I only know that I love Ricky and he loves me."

Just when things were looking bleak, mom rode to the rescue. "You let Lynn start hormones when she was sixteen."

Dad knew that once mom weighed in on Pete's side, the decision was made and asking his opinion was merely a courtesy. "Do you understand that once you start taking hormones, you'll be a female forever?" Dad asked.

"Not necessarily, daddy," Pete offered, "it's all reversible until the final surgery."

"No," Dad said in a voice that ended all arguments. "In this house it's final on the day you begin taking hormones. You can take a day to make up your mind, but once you do, it's final. You will be a girl or you will be a boy. You cannot make changes to your body, and then decide to reverse them. It's too dangerous."

Pete squeezed my hand. "A girl!" he said in a firm voice. "I don't need to think about it. I want to be a girl for the rest of my life."

Dad stared hard at Missy for several minutes before breaking into a smile. "I don't understand, but why argue when I'll have three beautiful women in my life? How many men can say that?"

Missy, mom, and I all jumped at Daddy all at once, smothering him with kisses. "Thank you, daddy," Pete cried. "I love you so much!"

"I know, honey," Dad whispers softly, "I love you too."

Pete's school records could not be changed until he was under a doctor's care. That wouldn't be any problem though. He had an appointment with Dr. Karts in two weeks. After that my little brother would cease to exist.

-----

The waiting was tough on Pete, but the day of the appointment finally arrived. He looked adorable in one-piece rayon shorts and top set. Dad whistled appreciatively at the pretty young girl who carefully slid into the back seat to avoid ruining her stockings.

"When are you going to clean out this car, daddy?" he teased. "I'm afraid something will bite me back here."

It had better not be Rick or he's in serious trouble," Daddy teased back. It was so cute to watch him and his baby girl exchange barbs. Their love for each other shone like a searchlight.

"He won't bite, Daddy," Pete chuckled.

"I still don't get it. I thought you liked being a boy?" he asked.

"It was okay, daddy," Pete said in a little-girl voice that he knew melted Daddy's heart, "but I feel right as a girl." That line would have led to hours of discussion had I said it. Now, dad just smiled and said that he was glad his baby felt right.

Dr. Karts welcomed us into his office and reviewed results of psychological testing that he had ordered for Pete. "No doubt about it," he smiled. "You firmly believe that you are a girl. I can't figure out how you came to think this way. Was it your sister's influence?"

"She was definitely my role model," Pete said proudly, "but I always had a feeling that something wasn't right

in my life. That's why I was so mean to Lynn at first. She got what I wanted."

"You mention that you've always wanted to wear girl's clothes," the doctor read from his report. "Why did you argue about joining the WAM program? It was a perfect opportunity for you to dress, even live like a girl."

Pete shuffled in his seat. "I was afraid people would notice how much I enjoyed it," he said softly. "I didn't want anyone to know how I felt. I was scared of what they'd think."

The doctor asked him, mom, dad, and I a wide range of question about how he came to want to change his sex. We all gave honest answers. Answers that Pete and dad were programmed to give by the CD's, and that mom and I had memorized from the script she sent to be included in Pete's CD's.

The answers were perfect, and soon Pete stood with his panties pulled down and a hypodermic filled with testosterone blockers emptied into him. "That shot will keep your body from producing the normal amount of male hormones for a boy your age. Soon you'll notice that your features will soften and you may gain a little weight, especially in your hips and butt. It will take a few weeks for the full effect. At that point, your male puberty will end, your voice will not change, your beard will never grow, you'll never experience male sexual arousal, and you'll have the body of a twelve-year-old girl. When you reach that point, I'll prescribe a course of female hormones that will push your body into female puberty. Your breasts will begin to develop and you'll experience mood swings just as any young woman your age does during her fertile and non-fertile periods. Don't be too surprised if during you're fertile periods, you experience strong female sexual desires. They're perfectly normal. You may wish to act on them, but be advised, although

you cannot become pregnant, you can easily contract sexual diseases and the effects can be catastrophic. I'm not going to preach to you, Melissa, but be careful if you do engage in intercourse. Talk to your mom and sister before you do anything stupid. Okay?"

"Excuse me," Dad interrupted, as confused as the rest of us. "How can she possibly engage in sex? Wouldn't she need a complete sex change?"

Dr. Karts smiled, "There is a new procedure available to help boys like Melissa adjust. The male genitals are temporarily reconfigured to give the impression of female genitals. The patient can then totally interact with genetic females without fear of exposure as a male. The pseudo vagina will even have enough sensitivity to allow for sexual stimulation, and of course orgasm. It's recommended, but it's your decision."

"Please say yes, daddy," Pete pleaded, "I could shower with the girls and I wouldn't have to wear that tight belt to hide my boy equipment."

"You could also get into trouble with boys," Daddy pointed out. "You don't want to start your new life with the reputation."

"I'd never be that kind of girl, daddy. I'm Rick's girl. He's the only guy I'll ever be with," Pete begged. "Please let me have that done, pretty please?"

Of course, Daddy's Girl won again. Pete would soon have female emotions and desires along with the equipment to fulfill them. As promised, his body began to change and soon he was sporting the soft contours of a young girl entering puberty. His slacks and skirts fit better without the need for his padded girdles, and you could make out swellings that would soon sprout into breasts.

Mom told me that he spent hours standing in front of his bedroom mirror in just his bra and panties marveling at the changes to his body. Dr. Karts wrote a prescription for female hormones. Pete took them religiously, and was soon thrilled to see his body change even more than it had. Instead of being a little girl, Pete was developing into quite a lovely young woman. His voice settled into a very sweet mid-range that he could add a breathy quality to whenever he wanted to drive his boyfriend mad. He had the legs of a model, and although his breasts were still just budding, he couldn't believe the increased sensitivity they had when he showered or went parking with Rick.

"It was so great," Pete's excited voice spilled out from my phone one afternoon. "Ricky and I went to Lookout Point last night and I let him suck my boobs!"

"I thought you promised daddy that you were going to be a good little girl?" I teased. "How would he feel if he found out that his little girl was nursing her boyfriend?"

"What Daddy doesn't know can't hurt me!" Pete giggled. "You won't tell on me, will you?"

"Don't worry, Missy, I won't say anything," I laughed. "Daddy wouldn't understand anyhow, not unless he had someone sucking on his breasts."

"I was in heaven," he gushed. "Rick and I went out for a burger, then he suggested a trip to Lookout Point. He couldn't keep his eyes off my boobs and kept telling me all that he was going to do to them when we got to the Point. I got so excited that I screamed at him to hurry."

"Did you let him unbutton your top like I suggested?" I had given Pete explicit instructions on seducing his boyfriend. Now I wanted to know if he followed them.

“Oh yeah,” he giggled. “You were right. It was so exciting! I would have had a huge hard on if I had any sensations left down there!”

“Forget that, Missy, you’ll never have another. What you will have is going to be so great that you’ll never miss them! You’ll actually feel sorry for Rick stuck with being a boy.”

“How could I ever feel sorry that he’s a boy? He’s got a wonderful girlfriend who loves him so much.”

“What more could a guy ask for?”

“He’s got quite a wish list,” Pete chuckled, “and I’m going to grant his biggest wish just as soon as I can. I can’t wait to feel his magic wand in my wishing well!”

I could have advised Pete to hold out, to save it for the right boy, but Ricky had been by his side throughout it all. They’d fallen in love while Pete was still a boy, and Rick had once confided to me that he was going to marry Missy once they finished college. Why shouldn’t this sweet boy be the one to introduce Missy to the joys of womanhood?

Pete entered the hospital one week after the start of summer vacation. The nurses prepped him, gave him a shot to relax him, and then started the IV solution, which would put him into a deep sleep. I held his hand as he stated to fall asleep. He smiled up at me and told me that he loved me, and then closed his eyes. They wheeled him off to the operating room where his body would be molded to match his mind.

It had been almost a year since mom insisted on turning my brother into my sister, Melissa. As I watched him wheeled away, I knew that I could never think of him as my little brother anymore. After this operation, only a thorough physical exam could determine his real sex. He

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had thought of himself as a girl for many months now, he even had a boyfriend with whom he was intimate as a female. It was time to get used to having a little sister.

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Months later, Missy was thrilled when an invitation for my friend Trisha's wedding arrived, addressed to 'Miss Melissa Malen and Escort'.

"It's addressed to Melissa, so Trisha thinks that I'm a girl. She wants me to bring a date, right?" she asked giddily.

"Absolutely! Trisha knows that you're a young woman in a relationship with a guy. You and Rick are officially a couple!"

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*Giggling and laughing, who would have guessed that we, the loveliest of sisters, were once backbitting brothers?*

*"Look, Lynn," Missy gushed, "My breasts are coming in so quickly...and they are sore!"*

*"Wait until your boyfriend, Rick, discovers them?" Lynn laughed. "THAT'S sore!"*

"This means so much to me," she cried. "I really want everyone to accept Rick as my boyfriend. You've got to help me shop for a dress. I've never worn one to a wedding before."

"I'd be happy to, Melissa dear," I laughed. "I could use a new one myself. Dave's seen all that I have."

"Dresses?" Missy asked with a grin.

"Them too!" I whispered to keep mom from hearing. She still thought I was a good girl.

Missy and I had a ball shopping for outfits. She found an absolutely adorable white shift that fit like she grew up in it. "With some pearls and the right accessories, you'll have Rick drooling."

"I hope so. He's never seen me all dolled up. This will be my first time in a real girly outfit."

"He'll love you no matter what you wear, Missy," I told her.

"All my girlfriends think so, not that I ever doubted it," she nodded, "but do you think we'll last?"

"I believe that he's the one for you, Missy. I can't imagine you with another guy."

"Sometimes I wonder if I'm doing the right thing. Wearing dresses and stuff was one thing, but now I'm becoming a real girl forever."

"I though that's what you wanted?" I asked anxiously, worried that perhaps there was a flaw in the programming that would allow Pete to resurface.

"I do, really I do," she answered quickly, "but it was such a big step. Didn't you ever have doubts when you became a girl?"

"There were a few times," I assured her, "but then I'd look at all of my pretty outfits and think of how much Dave meant to me, and I knew that I never really wanted to be a boy again. I want to be Dave's wife. That's what's right for me."

"That's pretty much the way I think too. I miss playing baseball and not having to curl my hair or shave my legs, but I'd miss wearing my pretty dresses and lingerie. I like being pretty and having Rick tell me how much he loves me. I've only had my breasts for a little while now, but I go nuts every time Rick puts them in his mouth!"

"Have you gone all the way yet?"

"No," she sighed, "but not because we don't want to. Sometimes I'm the strong one, other times I depend on him. I have let him place his fingers in me though," she said with a smile

"Do you really think there's a better guy than Rick?"

Missy took her time to think before answering. "I really don't. If you and Dave weren't engaged and I wasn't ten years younger than him, I still wouldn't be interested. He's a sweet guy, really a doll, but he's not my type."

"You don't have to explain, Missy. I understand. I dated a lot of guys before Dave, but when I met him, I knew he was the guy I wanted to spend the rest of my life with." That was a fantastic shopping trip, not just for the outfits we bought, but also for our bonding as sisters.

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Mom, Missy, and I dressed at home on the day of the wedding. Missy was reluctant at first to be seen running around in her bra and panties, but mom assured her that we were all ladies with nothing to hide from each other. "It seems so strange," Missy laughed. "I shower with the

girls at the pool and see them in their underwear, but I never thought I'd see my mom like this."

"You never would have before your change!" Mom laughed. "But you were a boy then. Now you're not only a young woman, you're my youngest daughter. There's nothing wrong with a daughter seeing her mom like this. You have the same body as I do now."

Mom wore a pretty white embroidered dress with a side slit. I was a bridesmaid, so I struggled into a long, pale yellow gown with spaghetti straps and a side slit. Missy would be the standout of the Malen women though in her mid-thigh length dress. She looked so sexy in a pair of white lace panties with a matching slip, bra, and garter belt. I didn't know how Rick could keep his hands off her.

Missy slipped the dress over her head and held perfectly still while I did the zipper and catch at the top. With sheer nylons, white pumps, pearl earrings, and a necklace, she was a boy's dream come true. She looked nothing at all like the sixteen year old girl she was, rather like a woman in her early twenties with a sense of style and grace that men would remember forever.

"Look at me," she cried as she looked in the mirror, "I could never be a boy again,"

"But I thought you were happy this way," Mom rushed to her side.

"Oh mom, I could never be happier," she cried as she fell into mom's arms. "I'm so glad you put me into the WAM program at school. I can never thank you and daddy enough for letting me become a girl."

"Trisha is going to be jealous tonight," I teased as I helped to dry her tears, "and Rick is going to think he

died and went straight to heaven. You're not a little kid anymore, you're one hot looking lady, little sister!"

Rick's face lit up the second he caught sight of Missy. There was no one else in the world at that moment, just him and his knockout girlfriend. He rushed across the room, grabbed Missy in his arms, and gave her a kiss that made me want to attack Dave.

"God, Missy, you are beautiful," he gushed.

Missy was oblivious of mom, dad, and I. She threw her arms around Rick's neck and gave him a kiss that he'd have wet dreams about. No doubt about it, Missy was thoroughly female.

Rick couldn't have been more delighted as he walked into the church with her on his arm. This was his girl, and he'd do anything to please her.

Missy and Rick were inseparable throughout the reception. I was surprised that he didn't follow her into the ladies room! Rick's devotion to Missy was total. If she had asked him to marry her, no doubt he would have. Rick was clearly the right guy for Missy. I'd disown her if she mistreated him.

I had no reason to worry about Missy mistreating Rick. She was madly, deeply in love with him. She'd bake cakes, pies, and cookies for him, she learned to cook his favorite foods, and she waited on him hand and foot when he came to visit. When Rick would stop by the house, Missy would suddenly kick into what I jokingly called 'Girl Mode'. She'd spend hours before his arrival doing her hair, her makeup, her nails, selecting the right outfit (typically a dress or skirt, rarely slacks), then making sure there were enough munchies and cola available for her honey.

When Rick arrived, she'd greet him with a long kiss, and then lead him to the living room to make him comfortable with his head in her lap. They'd watch a movie or sometimes a ball game, but throughout it all, Missy sat there blissfully running her fingers through Rick's hair, kissing him, and telling him just how much she loved him.

A year ago, Pete wouldn't have crossed the street to spit on someone who was on fire, now Melissa is a kind, considerate, person who goes out of her way to help anyone and everyone, especially her sweetie. I teased her about her behavior, but she didn't mind. "He's my guy and I love him," she'd say with conviction, "and I don't care what anyone else thinks. I'm going to take care of him!"

"It's so exciting," she confided one day before she started back to school. "I do everything with the other girls now, no more showering with the new girls."

"No need to keep you separate, Missy," I told her. "With all the female hormones running through your body, you couldn't possibly be a threat to the girls, even without your operation."

"Still," she said with a far away smile, "I want to fit in with the other girls. I had a great time swimming this summer. It was so cool to change with the girls and to look just like they do!"

Missy had changed considerably over the summer. She was no longer shy about her femininity; instead she wore short shorts and cropped tops to show off her sexy little body just like any girl her age. Many guys came on to her at the pool where she lay sunbathing in her skimpy little bikini, but she was Rick's girl and the best any other guy could get from her was a smile.

I ran into her on the first day of school. "I hate these uniforms," she moaned. "They are totally ugly. Why can't I wear my regular clothes to class instead?"

"Because if you wore that leather skirt that barely covers your cute little ass, there wouldn't be a boy within miles who could concentrate, not to mention the red dress that looks like it was painted on you!"

Missy blushed, "But I only wear those for Rick. I'm not interested in other guys."

"I believe you, but there isn't a guy who has ever met you that isn't interested in you. Half the guys in your class would kill for a chance to screw your pretty little brains out."

"Only half of them?" Missy pouted. "What am I doing wrong?"

My sister can be such a pain at times. Imagine, playing a heartbreaking, man-eating, sexpot, when in reality she is just a sweet little girl who is hopelessly in love.

One evening after work, I decided to stop at Frank's restaurant for dinner. Dave was out of town and I didn't feel like cooking. As I walked in, I noticed a new hostess with her back towards me. She looked familiar, and as I got closer, she turned around, broke into a huge grin and screamed my name, "Hi, Lynnette. Imagine meeting you here!"

I looked at Missy in her pink gingham dress with its full skirt and petticoats. This was the same person who couldn't believe another boy in the program would wear such an outfit, yet here she was, swishing her skirt back and forth to show off a little lace.

"I thought you didn't like sissy outfits," I remarked pointing to her dress.

"Can't a girl change her mind?" Missy smiled mischievously. She took a break and sat to talk. "Rick thinks I look cute in this outfit," she confided.

"I told you guys get turned on by the little girl look, so sweet and innocent, a real challenge to their egos. They feel protective of the little girl, but the real girl makes them so horny!"

"It's great!" Missy laughed. "I model it for Rick sometimes when mom and daddy aren't home. He made my boobs sore the first time!"

"You better behave yourself, young lady, or daddy will lock you up until you're thirty," I warned. "Being Daddy's girl means you have to live up to his image of you or else."

"We're behaving," Missy leaned forward to avoid being overheard, "honestly, we are. We haven't gone all the way yet."

I rolled my eyes. "Yet? Give me a break, Missy. I know Rick wants in your panties as much as you want him in them. It's written all over your faces. The only thing that's saving you is that dad, being a guy, can't see it."

"Seriously, Lynnette," Missy promised, "I told Rick that the only way he's getting into my pants is by marrying me. I'm not that kind of girl."

"Keep it that way, Missy, or you'll break daddy's heart," I told her as she returned to work. "And you do look adorable."

Missy smiled and swished her skirt. "Sure do!" she laughed and walked away.

-----

Dave returned home a couple of days later. As usual, after dinner we hurried off to the bedroom to make love. Dave was doing his best to get me worked up, but somehow I couldn't get in the mood for love. My thoughts kept going back to Missy in that frilly little uniform. The more I thought about it, the more excited I got. "I have an idea to spice things up a little," I whispered as I stroked him. "I want to try something different tonight?"

"Later," he gasped.

"Please, for me?" I pleaded. "Let's just try something new for a change, please?"

Dave was out of his mind with lust. I was determined to have my way. "Pretty please?"

It became very clear that unless I got my way, he wasn't going to get his. "All right," he conceded.

I went to my closet and returned carrying the little girl costume. Dave's face brightened up. "All right! You know how much I like it when you wear that!"

I smiled and leaned over him. Taking his rigid member in my hand, I began to stroke him again. "I want you to wear it this time," I whispered in his ear, "I want you to be the little girl. I'll be you!"

"No, please, not that. Didn't you do enough damage with Pete? What's gotten into you?"

"Wear it and I'll have my way with you," I whispered. I gave a few more gentle tugs to reinforce the message.

"Is that what you told Pete?" he asked, getting quite upset. "He trusted you and now he's a girl."

"It was mom's idea, not mine! I begged him to not listen to that CD," I began to cry, "but he's happier as a girl, so it worked out for the best."

"I suppose!" Dave grumbled. "Now, let's make love."

I held the dress out to him. "Please, for me?"

Pete hesitated briefly, and then took the dress from me. "I don't know why I do the things I do for you."

"Because you're a sweetheart and you love me," I replied cheerfully as he pulled on the ruffled panties.

"Let me help." I eased the petticoat over his head.

I looked down and saw the petticoat being pushed out from his body. "Someone's having fun," I teased as I buttoned up the back and tied the sash into a big bow.

"These panties feel great," Dave moaned, "So soft."

"There's plenty more if you like them, sweetheart." He pulled on the lace-trimmed socks. "Whatever mommy's little girl likes."

I placed the wig on his head, and then gave him a long kiss before pushing him onto the bed. I started to stroke him through the panties, and soon his breathing became labored. "I can't hold on," he shouted.

"Not yet! No point in wasting it," I said as I pulled his panties down and impaled myself on him.

"What's it like?" I asked as I repeatedly raised and lowered myself.

He grabbed me, pulled me down, and shoved his tongue into my waiting mouth. "Wonderful!" he cried out as he climaxed.

We made love one more time before Dave needed a rest. I helped him out of the dress and petticoat, then handed him a pair of my panties and a short nylon nightgown. Dave looked at the nightgown and panties for several seconds. "Don't ever say a word about this," he warned as he pulled on the panties.

"Our little secret!" I whispered as I lowered the nightgown over his head. We snuggled together, and then fell asleep. Dave wore his regular clothes the next day, but didn't seem to mind if once in a while I asked him to wear a little something of mine to bed. It made me incredibly horny to see my guy in a pair of panties, and I made certain to reward him for his kindness.

-----

I came home from work one afternoon to smell delicious cooking. Dave was off for a few days and promised to cook me a great dinner with a little excitement thrown in. As I lifted the lid of a pot, a soft voice from behind me asked, "How do I look?"

I turned to see a well-dressed, attractive lady standing in the doorway wearing a short leather skirt, white sleeveless top, stockings, and pumps. I was stunned! I never thought I'd see my hunk of a boyfriend looking like an attractive woman, yet there he was. This woman looked nothing like my boyfriend.

"Oh my God, Dave!" I was in shock, "What are you doing?"

He wore a curly brown wig that fell softly to his shoulders; his face was made up perfectly with eye-shadow, mascara, blush, and his luscious red lips that begged to be kissed. Dave brushed his hair back in a typical feminine gesture. "I'm getting in touch with my feminine side."

I was aghast. I was the one who started this, yet it was so strange to see my boyfriend in a pretty dress. "Oh Lord, what have I done?"

"Everything's all right, Lynnette," Dave said softly as he put his arms around me. He pulled me in close to his chest and I could immediately tell that he was wearing

breast forms. I caught a whiff of my favorite perfume; He hadn't missed a thing.

"I'm sorry, Dave!" I sobbed, "I didn't want it to go this far."

"Yes, you did," Dave corrected, "otherwise you wouldn't have started. You wanted to see what I would look like if I went through the same thing you went through."

I buried my face in Dave's chest, hoping to find solace, but his breasts and perfume held any comfort at bay. He lifted my chin with his polished nails and gently kissed me, our lips gliding over each other's lipstick.

"It's okay, Lynnette," he said softly. "I'm just having a little fun. Nothing's changed."

"I don't want to lose you, Dave!" I sobbed. I had happily given up so much to be where I was and it was all threatened by my stupidity. A little game to spice up our sex life was going to ruin my life. What would I do without Dave?

"You're not losing me, Lynnette," he comforted me. "This is just a game between us. I still love you and plan to marry you."

Hearing those words lifted my spirits immeasurably. I looked at his pretty face. "You won't leave me? You're not going to become a woman?"

"Never!" he whispered as he drew me close. His lipstick and perfume were no longer important. This was still the man I loved with all my heart. We shared a kiss that renewed our pledge to love each other forever.

"Let's eat," he said softly. "Have a seat and I'll serve."

“You look fantastic,” I told him as he effortlessly moved about in his heels, “but where did you get those clothes, and when did you learn how to do your makeup?”

“I had a little help,” Dave confessed. “Your sister’s been good enough to help me with a few things.”

“She didn’t give you any CD’s or computer programs, did she?” I asked fearing the worst. This would be the perfect revenge if Missy had somehow found out what I’d help do to her.

“Relax, honey,” he laughed. “I asked her for help, and no she isn’t trying to make a woman out of me. She promised to leave that up to you”

I watched my pretty boyfriend smooth out his skirt, and then carefully lay a napkin in his lap. His motions were so smooth and ladylike that I had a tough time believing that the lovely woman sitting across from me was my boyfriend.

After dinner, Dave and I had a long talk about his little surprise. After the first couple of times wearing panties and a nightgown, he found them to very comfortable and loved how I became the aggressor when we made love.

“It was a side of you that I’ve never seen, Lynn,” he said with a smile. “You’ve always been a very quiet and gentle lady. It was a fun to have you come on to me. I had a great time being the submissive woman in a delicate nightgown and panties while you had your way with me. It was such a kick.”

Dave said that he thought it would be fun to surprise me like this, but he didn’t know where to begin. He got in touch with Missy and explained our little game to her, and she agreed to help make him over into a woman. She helped him select several outfits, lingerie, did his hair

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and makeup, and gave him pointers on how to act like a woman.

I snuggled close and started to rub his chest. "You look so pretty that I can't help myself."

"Sorry, but that just doesn't do anything for me. This does, though," he laughed as he started to caress my breasts. "Yes, definitely better."

"If that doesn't do anything for you, then maybe this will," I giggled as I reached under his skirt.

"Nylons! You sexy little thing," I sighed as I undid his nylons.

Dave laughed and slapped my hand away. He stood, hiked up his skirt, and began to reattach the nylons to his garters. "I'm not that kind of girl!" he said in a huff.

I pushed him backward onto the couch and began to kiss him while I reached under his skirt again. A few minutes of stroking and he most certainly was that kind of girl!

I had his skirt off him in a minute, and then carefully removed his top to prevent his wig from coming off. He lay there in pretty yellow lingerie just waiting to be taken. "This looks out of place," I pointed to the tent pole pushing at his slip. "It's got to go!" I lifted his slip, pulled down his panties, and proceeded to give him a lollipop licking that he wouldn't soon forget!

I had just finished when Missy called. "How do you like your new girlfriend?" she giggled. "Isn't she a doll?"

I smiled at my pretty boyfriend lying helpless on the couch. "She's beautiful, Missy. Thanks for the help. She told me that she was a good girl, but she's showing off in her bra and panties."

"Is she all worked up?"

“Not any more!” I giggled.

Our games continued through the evening. I was about to get an extra nightgown for Dave when he reached into a drawer and pulled out a sheer pink baby doll nightie set. “I brought my own,” he said with a coy smile. “I hope I look pretty enough in them.”

I was on him in a flash kissing him wherever I found exposed flesh, then exposing the rest. Two hours later, we took off our makeup and snuggled close to get what sleep we could.

Dave and I had so much fun, and since he happened to have enough outfits for several days, we decided to have Michelle, as he called himself, spend the rest of the week with us.

The next morning, I smelled cooking, and found Michelle padding around the kitchen in his cute little nightie and fuzzy pink slippers. He didn't hear me come in, so I snuck up behind and began to kiss his neck.

“You are such a pretty little thing. I can't keep my hands off you,” I giggled. “After breakfast I'm going to take you back to bed and have my way with you!”

“That would be great, but you have to work today remember?” he pouted, “and I'm stuck home all alone.”

“Why not call, Missy?” I suggested. “You girls can spend the day at the mall.”

“Would it bother you if I picked up a few more things?” he asked nervously. “I sort of like dressing up like this.”

I gave my lover a deep kiss while rubbing his crotch. “I don't mind if you wear the gown when we get married just as long as you keep me happy.”

Missy was only too happy to go spend a day shopping with her new friend, Michelle, and hurried over to help Dave get ready. I soon realized that it was going to be tough getting used to having another woman around. Dave had put his lingerie into my drawer, causing some overcrowding, and was constantly in my way when we both tried to use the same bathroom mirror to do our makeup.

By the time I was ready to leave though, Missy had done an excellent job of changing Dave into an eye catching lady in a short yellow sundress, his pink toenails flashing through his open toed sandals. It would be a good day for girl watching at the mall with Missy and he strutting their stuff!

-----

Our wedding day finally arrived and I was a bundle of nervous energy, running everywhere, and praying that all went well. Mom, Missy, and I had our hair done at Betty's, and then met Trisha and Kim at my place to get dressed.

It was a little strange to remember that except for mom, all the girls in my wedding party had been guys at one time in their lives, including me, the bride-to-be. Of course, Missy was still technically a boy, but no one thought of her that way anymore.

She became my sister last year, she'll always be my sister, and neither of us would have it any other way. She was the only single girl in the group, but I knew Rick was going to change that in a few years. None of us were sorry that we became women and Missy was looking forward to the day when she became a blushing bride too. She'll make a beautiful bride, since as a teenager she turns heads and sets male hearts pounding wherever she goes.

All the girls looked stunning in their gowns. I chose a light peach colored gown with spaghetti straps and a matching chiffon jacket. The gowns fit perfectly, emphasizing our breasts and curves. There were no complaints once the girls saw how great they looked in them.

The girls, mom, and I busily ran around in various stages of undress, putting on makeup, touching up hairdos, or swapping stories about our transitions from boys to women. Missy said to everyone, "After years of wishing I was a girl, my dreams are coming true. There wasn't anything anyone could say to convince her that she was mistaken. She was only too happy to join in our stories about our husbands and boyfriends, sharing stories of her and Rick, but only when mom wasn't around. After all, she had her reputation as a 'good little girl.'

We're finally dressed and off to church. Years ago, I wondered what the girl I would marry. Would she be blonde, short, or tall? Would we have known each other for years and suddenly fall in love? I never, ever, thought that I'd be wearing the gown and marrying the guy.

But here I am walking up the aisle in the most beautiful gown that a woman could ask for, and the man I'm about to marry is waiting for me at the end. My stomach is tied up in knots, but not because I'm afraid. I love Dave with all my heart and can't wait to become his wife. I'm just nervous because I'm not used to having my family and friends stare at me like they're doing.

The women in my family are smiling even as tears run down their faces. My friends are smiling, happy that I've found a man who will love me and care for me for the rest of our lives. Missy is smiling, leering actually, but I'm the only one who notices. After the reception, my husband and I are off for two-weeks of sightseeing and lovemaking, not necessarily in that order!



*I felt deliciously feminine as I made my entrance for my wedding. I was a woman, and Missy was my Bride's Maid.*

*Few in the audience knew that all the women in the wedding party, including bride, bride's maid, and bride's attendants were once boys.*

I finally made it through the wedding and the reception, and Dave and I are alone in our condo. The noise of the waves lapping at the beach is so romantic. We shared a kiss, and then I slip into my negligee.

Dave is gone when I return to the bedroom. Michelle has taken his place and is lying on the bed in a breathtaking red bustier trimmed in black lace. He took the few moments while I was gone to apply makeup and put on his shoulder length wig.

“I never expected to see you here, Shelly,” I said as tears formed in my eyes. “It’s the sweetest thing you could do for me,” I said as I gently pushed him back on the bed.

We kissed and explored each other’s silk clad bodies until we could wait no more. Slowly and gently he removed my nightgown leaving only my white lace panties. I gently slid his red silk panties off his legs, and then waited impatiently as he removed mine. Once he had removed my panties, I quickly forced him onto his back and mounted him.

“A husband and a girlfriend in one package,” I squealed in glee as I slowly lowered myself on his rigid organ. “Please don’t ever change.”

“I can’t imagine ever wanting to,” he locked his nylon clad legs around my waist and gasped as I rapidly increased both my pace and the pressure I put on him with my vaginal muscles. “I never imagined you’d be such a sex crazed maniac!”

“I don’t understand it either,” I smiled as he shot his load into me. “Seeing you as a sexy lady drives me wild.”

“Being one drives me wild,” he laughed as he licked me. “I never considered wearing women’s clothes before, but I’ll wear anything you like for this kind of sex!”

"You might regret that," I smiled. "I took the liberty of picking out a few things for you to wear during our vacation."

After several hours of lovemaking, we finally decided to call it quits. I helped Dave out of his nylons and bustier, and then watched as he pulled on a pair of white satin panties, and a nightgown and peignoir set identical to mine. We fell fast asleep locked in each other's arms.

Dave and I had a fabulous honeymoon. We spent days at the beach, evenings at fine restaurants, and our nights were dedicated to seeing how often we could make love. We alternated taking the aggressive approach in our lovemaking, much to Dave's delight. We would return from dinner and I'd insist that he immediately remove all of his male clothes and become Michelle, or he'd simply sweep me up in his arms and carry me off to the bed. Either way was wonderful!

After our honeymoon, Dave took a new job without the traveling so that we could spend more time together. Many men lose that special something when they marry. Since they no longer have to compete for their wives, they become lax in the way they treat her. Dave was never like that. He was as sweet and considerate a husband as he was a boyfriend. He held doors, and treated me with kindness and love while seeking my opinion on important matters.

Of course, there were times when Dave took a vacation and Michelle came for a visit. Dave's skills were rusty at first. His earlier triumphs at passing were due to Missy's skill with makeup and clothing. One evening after work, I presented him with a special gift, a set of CD's that would help him refine his feminine skills. Dave's face registered extreme confusion as he opened my gift. "I thought you wanted a husband?"

“I do, sweetie,” I assured him with a kiss. “It was your idea to be Michelle. These will help you feel more comfortable.”

He seemed a little less tense, but still worried. “It’s not what you gave, Missy?”

“Sweetheart, I’d never do that to you. I love you just the way you are,” I held him close to reassure him. “I’m a woman and you’re a man. I don’t want anything different. These will just give you more confidence so that you’ll be able to pass as a woman in public. It’s okay if you’d rather stay at home and be my girl. Of course, if I ever found out that you’ve been cheating on me, you could just wake up hustling your little ass on a street corner and wondering how you got there.”

Dave drew me into his arms and held me tightly. “You’ll never have to worry about my straying, Lynnette,” he kissed me. “You’re the only one woman in the world that I could love.”

I knew I married this guy for a reason. He made me so damn hot when he looked at me and told me how much he loved me. When he reached down and scooped me up in his arms, all pretense of being a strong woman were lost. Dave could do anything he wanted to me. I was a woman in love and he was my guy!

Dave was my guy, but once we got into the bedroom, he quickly changed into my girl. He was out of his shirt and slacks in a flash and into sexy white negligee. He applied his lipstick with a practiced hand, and then joined me on the bed. To my surprise and pleasure, there was no all out lovemaking that night, just a sweet and tender sharing of passion that made me feel even closer than ever to Davie.

---

Missy was soon to graduate and headed off to college to major in Engineering. When I asked why she chose such a male dominated field, she smiled and said that being a girl didn't make her any less intelligent, and that she could do anything a man could do. My concern of Rick's dominating her faded at that instant. No one would control this girl. She would willingly give herself to Rick, but he'd never control her.

The end of Missy's senior year brought with it the "Senior Follies", a show the seniors put on every year as a farewell to school. The seniors could sing, recite poetry, or put on skits with others if they so chose. It was all in fun, and was always well received by friends, families, and other students.

Missy called me a month before the show to ask if Davie and I would be willing to join her and Rick in a song. Davie didn't mind. He was always the ham in our little group in High School, telling jokes or acting like a nut, so I told Missy to count us in. I couldn't wait to see what Missy had in mind. She refused to tell me over the phone, saying that I'd love it once I saw it.

We all got together one evening at my house for our first rehearsal. Missy showed me the song she had selected; an old vaudeville tune called "Sisters". It was a sweet song about two sisters devotion for each other, but what was going to make it special was that the guys would be playing the part of the sisters while Missy and I would play the men in their lives!

Davie and Rick stared at each other wordlessly for a few seconds after Missy announced her plans. Finally, Missy broke the silence. "Please do it, Rachael. I'll let you wear my prom gown."

Rick's face turned bright red. "Missy, you promised!"

"It's okay, Rachael," I smiled. "Michelle might like to try it on too."

Rick looked at Davie who smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "I won't look as pretty in it as Missy did, but I'd love to try."

"You dress up too?" an astonished Rick asked Dave.

"Her idea at first," he laughed and nodded towards me. "I liked how the clothes felt and decided to keep wearing them. I'm wearing panties right now."

"I accidentally caught Rick wearing a pair of my panties," Missy said with a smile. "It was his way of getting into my panties before we were married. He was afraid I'd leave him, so you should have seen his face when I gave him a matching satin panty, slip, and bra set as a gift!"

The embarrassment over with, the guys happily worked on learning their dance steps. Missy laid out the steps for the dance a few times, then with the stereo playing the song, the four of us started our rehearsing. We rehearsed the dance steps for a couple of nights before Missy announced a dress rehearsal

The next Saturday, we all got together at my place again to prepare the guys for their shopping trip. Davie wore his leather skirt with a sleeveless white shell, while Rick wore Missy's blue and yellow flowered shift dress. Luckily it was still prom time, so we had a large selection of outfits to choose from at the mall. We finally decided on a strapless, full-skirted gown with a chiffon scarf that looked just perfect on both of the guys. Rick wanted his in royal blue while Davie chose a light pink.

The guys were thrilled when we bought them the necessary lingerie to wear with their outfits, including stra-

pleas bras, half slips with petticoat style flared skirts, satin panties, garter belts, and sheer nylons.

We had to hunt through several shoe stores to find shoes to match the gowns, but the guys didn't care. They were having a wonderful time shopping as girls. Weeks later, we had everything perfect. All we had to do was swallow our fears and join Missy on stage.

The big night arrived and our little group assembled backstage awaiting our call. We were scheduled to go on last, so the guys just had to endure the looks and whistles of the senior boys involved in earlier skits. They did well though; instead of getting upset they would smile and blow kisses to their admirers.

It was finally our turn. Missy and I in tuxes with our hair pulled up and fake mustaches joined our pretty boy-friends in their wigs and makeup on stage to the opening bars of "Sisters". The guys had the lip synching perfect, and when the song said, "such adoring sisters" they hugged and gazed adoringly at each other. When the part came for "God help the mister who gets between me and my sister" they gently shoved Missy and I away and hugged again.

The final line of the song was, "God help the sister who gets between me and my man", and the guys pulled Missy and I close. We bent them over and planted searing kisses on their colored lips. The audience roared approval and gave us a standing ovation! Missy and I took a bow while the guys curtsied.

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*"I caught Rick wearing a pair of my panties," Missy giggled. "He was so embarrassed, but I was so turned on that I immediately bought him several sets of his own."*

That was years ago. Missy graduated high school and college with high honors and was her class Valedictorian. She gave a moving speech at her college graduation ceremony and left me in tears when she told the crowd that she owed all she was to her wonderful sister. Today, she's an engineer and a Rick's wife. They married a year after her graduation from college. She had her final operation on her twenty-first birthday. We were all there for her at the hospital, but I was the one allowed to accompany her into the operating room when she became a woman.

I was Matron-of-honor at her wedding and cried my eyes out. It was difficult to imagine that my sister and closest friend was my obnoxious brother. She was marrying a man she fell in love with as a teenager after mom and I had switched a nasty, sullen, teenage boy into a sweet, lovable, caring young girl. I had regrets at the time, but Missy and I are now so very close that other families envy us. We shop together, talk over our problems, and even take vacations together with Rachael and Michelle who have become important parts of our families.

We've both adopted sweet little girls who are loved and adored by their grandparents. Our daughters learned early that sitting on my dad's lap and giving him kisses would melt his heart and provide them with treats from his special stash of candy. Missy never totally gave up her position as 'Daddy's Girl', but now she has serious competition from our daughters. She doesn't mind. Being Rick's girl can be a very filling job!

**The End**

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