

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"WOMANHOOD"



"Darwin checking his vegies. He looked girlish in his shorts and fluffed up hair."

TWINS, DARWIN & MARLON ARE FORCED INTO DRESSES!

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By

by Alice Trail

& Kristi Love

Illustrations-- TEBBY

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**ONE MAN'S POISON IS ANOTHER MAN'S
PERFUME.**

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WOMAN-HOOD

by Alice Trail & Kristy Love

CHAPTER I

Judge Harris' words boomed throughout the courtroom. "Marlon and Darwin O'Shea, you have been found guilty of organizing and operating a youth gang, grand theft, assault, and possession of controlled substances with intent to distribute. In this state, these activities are a serious matter and are punishable under the racketeering statutes. Now that you are eighteen years old and no longer considered juveniles by the law, I have no choice but to sentence you each to serve ten years in the State Penitentiary."



"My Brothers- Marlon (left) and Darwin (right)."

“In the past, out of respect for your sister Katie and the valuable service she has given to the Juvenile Courts of this county, and due to the fact that you were under age, this court has been very lenient with you. Still, in spite of her loving guidance and this court's indulgence, you have refused to mend your ways, and now you will pay the penalty.”

“Please Katie,” Marlon cried as the bailiff led them from the courtroom, “Don't let them do this to us. Ten years is forever! We don't deserve this.”

I ached in my soul, but my hands were tied. The finality of the judge's order removed all hope. I had prayed for my brothers to receive a suspended sentence, but that was not to be. In reality, the judge's words were expected, but I was devastated just the same. With one bold stroke of his gavel, Judge Harris had sealed my brother's fate for the foreseeable future. I was dismal and I wondered how much of this was my fault?

Tearfully, I left the courtroom with thoughts of my brothers and our past family life dominating my mind. Our childhood had been so normal and so happy. What had gone wrong?

My twin brothers best reflected our family's Irish descent. Although Mother did her best to hide their being twins, it was impossible to hide their looks. They looked like two peas in a pod. Both were 5'8" tall, thin with tight angular bodies, and that famous Irish face. They were fair with small straight noses that slightly curved up at the tip. They had a faint sprinkling of freckles across their nose and cheeks. The twins had brilliant red hair with a natural curl, and to say they were handsome lads would be an understatement. Girls would swoon and have erotic daydreams just looking at them.

Unfortunately, the boys knew they had this effect on girls and they were not above taking advantage of it. Darwin, especially, was prone to use a girl and drop her. He would reel her in like a fish, but once she was caught and he had his way with her, his eye would wander to the next prey.

My thoughts drifted to our mother, who had been a twin herself. She had a matching name with her sister, and Grandmother insisted they always dress and wear their hair alike. Mother hated not being allowed her individuality, so when her twins were born, she insisted on giving them non-rhyming names and never, I mean never, dressed them alike. She always dressed them neatly, but never even remotely alike. Being a child of the sixties, she preferred long hair on boys, and even though modern styles dictated that it be shorter, she encouraged us to wear our hair at or below shoulder length. She loved to brush our long tresses and encouraged us to always keep our hair clean and neat. We all loved her very much, and none of us would defy her. To do so would risk hurting her feelings and that was unthinkable. Thus, we lived happily until she died suddenly when I was seventeen. That was the beginning of our troubles.

After her death Father threw himself into his work and never remarried. He was as affectionate as was possible for him, but the boys didn't receive the direction or discipline they required. To make matters worse, he died unexpectedly from a heart attack three years ago when I was a senior in college.

To my chagrin, he named me executrix of his estate and guardian of my brothers. I was only twenty-two at the time and much more interested in finishing college and starting a career than having the responsibility of caring for two teenage boys. There was ample money in Father's estate to comfortably care for my brothers, so I provided them with generous allowances and fairly well left them to their own devices.

That proved to be a monumental mistake! I guess I should have seen the rebellion and resentment festering within Marlon after Mother's death, but I guess I was just too close to the situation to notice. As the dominant member and leader of the pair, he had them in one minor predicament after the other.

Father had understood, having been an orphan himself, and he kept them more or less in line. However, immediately after his death, minor difficulties and childish pranks became

major in a hurry. I tried, but I was unable to control Darwin, much less the tenacious Marlon.

Everything Marlon did, or had others do, was in some way defiant. They wore dirty torn jeans, tee shirts with obscene phrases, worn out tennis shoes, and an ear decoration in their pierced left ear. They continued to wear their hair long, but they never appeared to wash, comb, or brush it. One thing led to another, and in no time at all, Marlon had them in difficulty with the authorities.

My college degree was in youth psychology, so in an effort to help my brothers, I accepted employment as a youth counselor for the juvenile court system in a rural county about an hour away from the city. I reasoned that removing them from the temptations of the city would improve their comportment, but I was dead wrong. If anything, they got worse after our move to the country. Because I worked for the court and had a small amount of influence, I was able to sweep many of their troubles under the rug, but now that they were adults, the whole thing had collapsed around us.

The day after their trial, I went to Judge Harris' chambers to enter one last plea for my brothers well-being. He was sympathetic, but he offered little encouragement, saying the situation was out of his hands. However, he said that since he appreciated my efforts with the local youth program over the past two years, he would look into some form of alternative sentencing. Still, he was very pessimistic, and I left with a heavy heart.

Three days later, Judge Harris called and said, "Katie, look up a five year old case on a Lisa Gates, familiarize yourself with it, and meet me in my chambers at four o'clock. If things work out, I may be able to help your brothers after all."

I didn't know what possible connection this five year old case involving some girl had to do with my brothers, but if Judge Harris thought it would help them, who was I to argue? I hurried to the archives, pulled the file, and nonchalantly scanned the material within the folder.

The case involved a teenage girl who got caught dealing drugs. Her family was influential in the community, so they pulled a few strings and had her remanded to their custody for the term of her sentence. The result was that she was completely rehabilitated, had since married, lived in the community with her husband, and currently ran a music store downtown.

What did all this have to do with my brothers? I asked some of the older employees in the probation office if they remembered anything about the case. Everyone I asked had a strange, almost amused expression in their eyes, but about all I got was that Mrs. Gates, a former youth counselor herself, had done a thorough job of rehabilitating her wayward child. Also, none of them would admit knowing of a connection between that case and my brothers'.

“Come in Katie, come in,” Judge Harris said happily when I knocked at his door. “Come in and have a seat!”

When I was seated and we had exchanged pleasantries, he asked, “Have you read the Gates file?”

“Yes sir I have, but I don't see what her case has in common with,”

He cut me off saying “Don't be impatient young lady. I'll lay it out for you. Now, because of your past service to the county, and because of our current budget crunch, I may have found an alternative to prison that the Department of Corrections will buy.”

“As you know from reading the case file, Mrs. Gates changed her child from a delinquent into an asset to the community in the space of only one year. I have spoken with her about accepting responsibility for your brothers, working with them at her home, using her methods on them, and attempting to accomplish the same results as with her daughter. She believes in training...comprehensive training.”

As I listened to his words, a sense of excitement began to grow within me. Having them live in a family atmosphere on a farm near home for one year would be much more preferable

than spending ten years in prison with a bunch of hardened criminals and sex offenders. A little training was most likely in order. "What did she say," I asked enthusiastically.

"She was definitely interested, to say the least," he replied, "and the cost is encouraging as well. In fact, her salary and the estimated expenses for training, housing, feeding, and clothing your brothers are about half the state's usual expense for housing inmates. In addition, if she is as successful with your brothers as she was with Lisa, the state will save nine years of these expenses. That's why I think I can sell it to the Board."

"Since the twins are adults, they will have to agree in writing not to escape and to adhere to all rules and regulations established by the Gates family. This will have to be done with the understanding that any significant violations will land them back in prison for the remainder of their sentences. Oh well, I'm sure you get the idea. What do you think?"

I jumped out of my chair and gave him a huge hug of thanks. I couldn't believe our good fortune.

The following Monday, I sat in Judge Harris' chambers alongside my brothers to sign the papers that would change the location of their confinement from the state penitentiary to a sedate rural farm. "Katie O'Shea," Judge Harris asked after beginning the proceedings and instructing the court recorder to begin, "Have you thoroughly read the Lisa Gates file?"

"Yes, Your Honor," I answered. I honestly had only skimmed the huge file.

"And, you have advised your brothers to commit themselves to the custody of Mrs. Gates to allow her to use the same innovative techniques to rehabilitate them that she employed on her own daughter Lisa?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"And you, Marlon O'Shea agree to these provisions?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Darwin O'Shea?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

He pounded his gavel and said, "Then it is so ordered by this court." Over the next half hour, Judge Harris admonished the twins, set out a strict regimen of rules for them to follow, and clearly impressed upon them that they would be immediately returned to prison if they violated any of the rules or tried to escape.

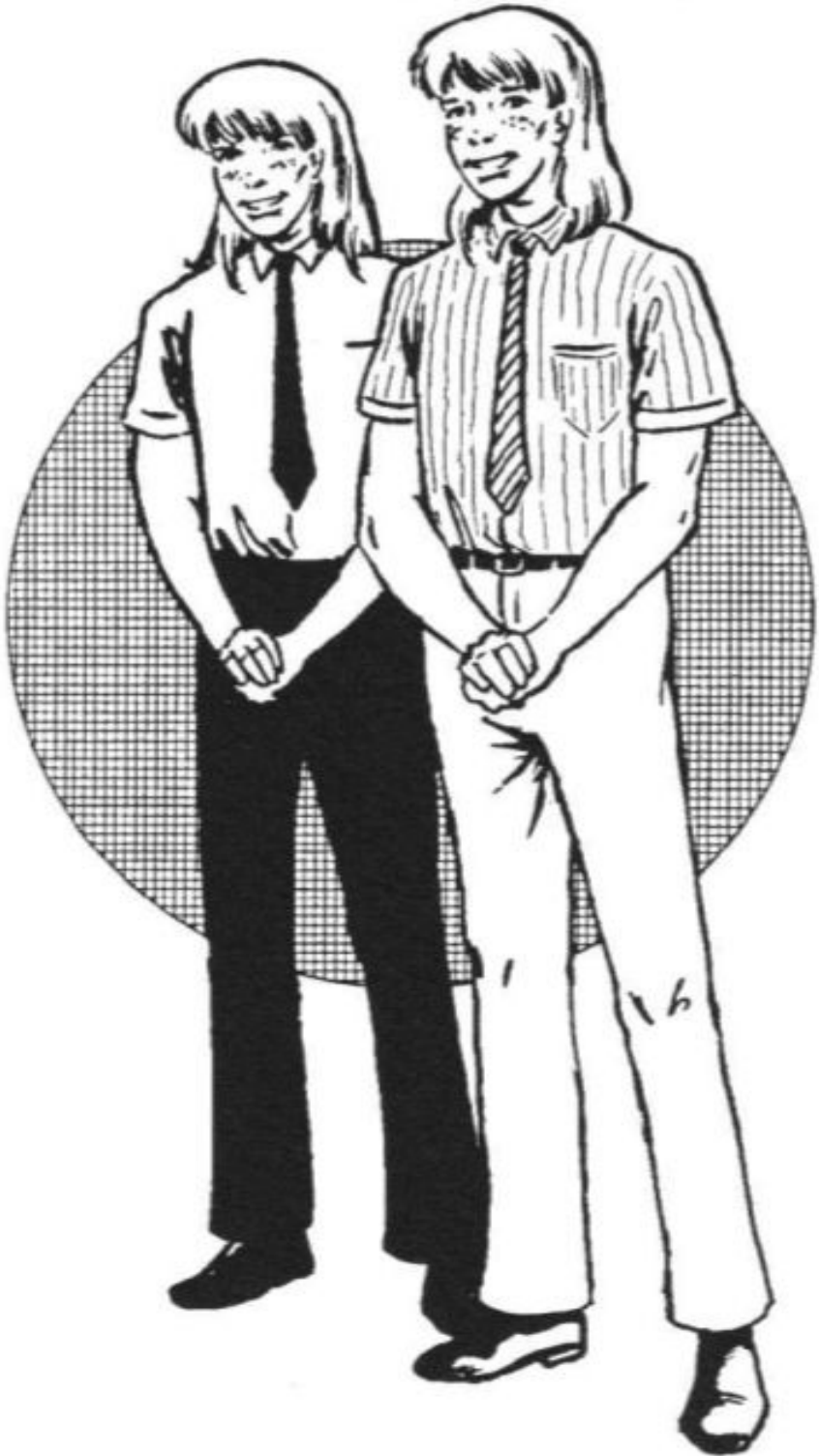
When he was finished, Marlon and Darwin readily agreed to Judge Harris' terms, and they were bound over to the Gates' family for at least one year and until they were deemed rehabilitated by the Court. Before ending the proceedings, Judge Harris asked Mrs. Gates to set reasonable times for me to visit my brothers at her home. Since they were still essentially in prison, I was not allowed to visit them whenever I wanted. Mr. and Mrs. Gates, as the 'jailers' were allowed to set reasonable visitation times.

She said, "Since today is June 3, how about the first Saturday of each month? If that proves unsatisfactory or disrupts their training regimen, we can make revisions later."

"So ordered," Judge Harris said banging his gavel. "This hearing is dismissed."

Things happened fast after that, and a few days later my two bedraggled brothers became "guests" of the Gates family.

The first month of their stay was agonizing for me. I often found myself wondering how they were getting along with Mr. and Mrs. Gates. I heard nothing, and Mrs. Gates had cautioned me about making phone calls and unauthorized visits. I could do little but wait and hope 'no news was good news'. On the plus side, I knew they hadn't been sent back to prison, nor had they escaped. If so, I would have been notified by the sheriff and the judge.



I was fearful Mrs. Gates would have an adverse reaction to keeping my unruly brothers that would doom them to prison. With this prospect on my mind, I spent a restless night on the eve of my first visit. After tossing and turning most of the night, I got up an hour earlier than planned and pattered around my apartment to kill time. I was ready long before my appointment, and I still arrived at the Gates' residence ten minutes early.

When I knocked at the door, I heard a scurrying of bodies and the sound of hushed voices. My curiosity ran wild as I tried to envision what was taking place inside the house.

"I'm sorry if I'm early," I apologized to Mrs. Gates as she answered my knock, "I'm just anxious to find out how you and my brothers are getting along."

"Don't be silly," she responded with a happy smile, "The children will be happy to see you, although I must admit that they are truly a hand full. I didn't realize how much more trouble working with two would be than just with Lisa. I'm not getting any younger either, you know. Over all though, we're getting on well enough for starters. Come on in, and see for yourself."

My first reaction, upon seeing my brothers for the first time in a month, was utter shock. They were standing shoulder to shoulder with their hands folded in front of them, each had a broad smile on his face. Their long previously dirty and tangled hair was clean, shiny, and neatly brushed, their faces were scrubbed clean and showed virtually no blemishes, their fingernails were clean and neatly clipped, and they were neatly dressed in the sport shirts, slacks, ties, and loafers I had bought for their court appearance. No filthy tee shirts, faded jeans, ear decorations, or scruffy tennis shoes for this pair.

How had Mrs. Gates effected such dramatic changes in them in only one month? Heaven knows I couldn't have done it. I had tried desperately to get them to conform to society's rules, but to no avail. And yet, here they were standing before me, looking and acting like perfect gentlemen, just as if Mother were still here.

In the past, they would have barely acknowledged my entrance, if at all, but now both of them rushed to gently embrace me and give me a light kiss on the cheek while saying something like, "Oh Katie, I'm so happy to see you."

"Come into the parlor, and let's have a nice cup of tea while we talk," Mrs. Gates offered cordially. Then, in a stern voice, she said, "Marlon, you may serve the tea and cookies."

A look of anxiety filled his eyes, and a protest appeared on the tip of his tongue. He obviously wanted to object to what he considered a feminine task, but he apparently reconsidered, meekly lowered his head, and said, "Yes Mrs. Gates."

Darwin followed Mrs. Gates and myself into the parlor and politely waited until we were seated before sitting down on the sofa. We made small talk and shortly Marlon entered carrying a tray with the teapot, cream, sugar, cups and saucers. This was not surprising, since he had been sent to perform this chore, but, he now wore a pinafore style apron with a neat bow tied in the back, and that definitely was shocking!

"Why the apron?" I gasped.

"Well," she began. "My husband is reluctant for the children to help him in the fields because he's afraid they might try to run away. He says he can't watch them and get his work done. From the start, that eliminated them from doing farm work, so to provide meaningful work for them, I started requiring them to help with the housework. At the present, they are learning cooking, cleaning, sewing, washing, ironing, and so forth. I'm a neat, orderly person, and since the children are around me most of the time, I insist they be clean and well groomed at all times. To accomplish that goal, I require them to dress neatly and wear a pinafore to protect their clothing. I know aprons are considered to be quite feminine by some, but I think wearing one will help diminish their delinquent aggressiveness and eventually help make them into better citizens. After all, that is my job isn't it?"

When he finished serving the tea, Marlon went back into the kitchen and returned with a tray of cookies. After passing them around, he took a seat with Darwin. Out of the corner of

my eye, I noticed him carefully smooth the skirt of his pinafore over his lap as he sat.

“The children made these cookies themselves in anticipation of your visit Katie,” Mrs. Gates said proudly.

“Are they from a mix,” I asked casually.

“Heavens no!” she responded, as if insulted, “Nothing from my kitchen comes from a box.”

My brothers were red faced as I turned to them and said, “The cookies are delicious boys. Apparently, you are learning your lessons quite well.”

About that time, I heard a noise outside. As I looked out the window, I saw a well built young man get out of an old pickup truck and head for the barn.

“Who's that?” I asked politely, not really caring.

“Oh, that's Johnny Thornton,” she answered. “He inherited the old Bainbridge farm down the road.” The poor dear recently lost his wife and was left with a two year old daughter. He has been having a very difficult time raising her and caring for the farm too. I'm afraid the little girl has seen more of her baby sitters than she has of her father.

“Inherited a farm, you say?”

“Yes,” she answered. “Old man Bainbridge willed his entire farm to him after he graduated from State University with a degree in Agriculture. Until he can get his finances in order to farm the whole place, he rents most of it out and helps the Mister several days a week. The word is that with his knowledge of the latest farming techniques and his love for growing things, Johnny will be a very successful and prominent farmer in the near future.”

To make conversation, and to hide the fact that I wasn't at all interested in Johnny, or any other farmer for that matter, I said, “It certainly sounds that way. At least, he doesn't have to make mortgage payments on his land.”

“That's right.” she stated, “The only problem is that he and your brothers don't get along very well. Marlon, especially, has had difficulties with him.”

I knew from experience that Marlon was always trying to bully others and force his will upon them. If verbal abuse didn't serve his purpose, he would inevitably resort to violence. Therefore, I wasn't even slightly surprised to learn of his confrontation with the Gates' field hand. “What kind of difficulties?” I asked in an effort to learn the details.

“Oh, nothing unexpected given the circumstances,” she answered. “Marlon is accustomed to giving orders and having others carry them out without question, but when he tried his tactics on Johnny, they backfired. Johnny refused to be intimidated, and before I knew what was happening, they got into an awful fight. Marlon was definitely the better fighter, but Johnny is much larger, and in the end, he won.”

“When did that happen?” I asked.

“The first time was only a few days after they arrived, I'm afraid,” she responded.

“The first time?” I gasped. “This happened more than once?”

“I'm afraid so,” she answered. “The same thing happened about a week later when Johnny saw Marlon in his pinafore hanging out the wash. Unable to resist a verbal taunt, he called Marlon a sissy. Apparently, that was more than Marlon's masculine ego could endure, and he attacked Johnny with a vengeance. I don't believe I've ever seen anyone so angry or so intent on inflicting bodily harm on another as Marlon was that day. He put up a tremendous fight, but in the end, Johnny sent him running toward the house bruised, battered, and with tears streaming down his cheeks.”

“After Johnny beat you up before, why did you attack him again?” I asked Marlon.

He was either unable or unwilling to respond or even to make eye contact with me. His face became red as fire as he looked down into his lap, but he remained silent.

“Answer your sister Marlon!” Mrs. Gates admonished, glaring at him with an intense expression on her face. “She asked a reasonable question, and you owe her the courtesy of an answer.”

Marlon looked up at me, and for the first time in many years, I saw tears forming in his blue-green eyes. “I...I” He started to speak, but his voice broke in a sob. After a long pause, he glanced anxiously over at Mrs. Gates, and seeing her frown, he tried again. “Of all things, I was hanging lingerie on the clothesline when Johnny saw me. He...he came over where I was and started teasing me by walking around in an exaggerated feminine walk with a limp wrist and calling me a sissy. He said I...I was wearing a woman's apron and...and doing woman's work...and that I must be a sissy. I was already angry with Mrs. Gates for making me wear my apron outside where Johnny could see me, and when he started heckling me, I really saw red. I knew from our first fight that I couldn't beat him, so I held back and tried to ignore him...that is, until he...he asked if I had lace on my...my panties...like...like the ones I was hanging out.”

I shook my head as he continued. “I was furious and frustrated about my conviction, being taken away from my former life, and having to live with Mrs. Gates and follow her instructions so completely. When Johnny made that remark questioning my manhood, I couldn't stand any more. I lost all my composure and attacked him with a vengeance. I just couldn't control myself. I wanted to beat him to a pulp, to destroy him, and I would have too...if he hadn't been so big...and so strong.”

“Even so, I was putting up a good fight. I was holding my own until...until he...he tried to pull my pants down to see whether I really did have lace on my pan...uh... my underwear. That's when I broke away from him and ran back to the house. I could hear him laughing loudly and calling me a sissy as I ran. I've never been so humiliated in my life.” He was weeping uncontrollably and dabbing his eyes with a small hanky when he finished telling of this shameful ordeal.

“Have you had any more fights with him since then?” I asked.

“No,” Mrs. Gates said with an amused smile. “Things have pretty well calmed down since Johnny established his superiority over these two. He still calls them sissies and teases them quite a lot about their aprons and their duties, but there haven't been any more fights.”

While she was talking, I watched Marlon sitting on the sofa beside Darwin. His face was fire engine red, and tears still streaked down his cheeks. He was obviously very ashamed of his apron and even more ashamed for me to learn the details of his beatings. He tried to avoid making direct eye contact with me, but once, our eyes did meet for just an instant. In that brief flash, I saw a spark of his famous fiery Irish rebellion flare up. Just as quickly though, he looked away, and the moment passed.

I glanced over at Darwin, who was sitting erect with his hands in his lap, not slumped over in his usual poor posture. He, like Marlon, blushed and averted his eyes when he saw me looking his way. Mrs. Gates' account of their duties made it clear that he wore aprons as well.

While we chatted and enjoyed our tea and cookies, I closely observed my brothers as they sat quietly together. They only spoke to politely answer questions, and they never interrupted either Mrs. Gates or myself. Other than a forlorn expression in their eyes that I couldn't identify and the spark of rebellion in Marlon's eyes that one time, they appeared to be happy and adjusting satisfactorily to their new surroundings.

“Darwin, why don't you take your sister upstairs and show her your room,” Mrs. Gates suggested as Marlon was gathering the dishes for their return to the kitchen. “And, you can join them when you finish washing and putting away these few things, dear,” she said to Marlon.

Their rooms were on the second floor across the hall from each other and had private baths. The upstairs also contained a large recreation room with a television, VCR, a very high tech CD player, and a sophisticated sound system. I noticed several

romance and fashion magazines neatly arranged on one of the tables and assumed they belonged to Mrs Gates.

While Marlon put the dishes away, Darwin showed me his room. As soon as we were inside, he said, "You've got to get us out of here Katie. That woman is a monster!" His eyes still reflected that "look" I couldn't quite identify. Was it anxiety? Dread? Apprehension? I didn't know.

"Why?" I asked. "From what I saw and heard in the parlor, I thought you were getting along nicely here with Mrs. Gates."

"We couldn't talk in there in front of her," he said with a tone of urgency in his voice. "You wouldn't believe all the things she makes us do."

I looked around his room and was surprised to see a very neat room with nothing out of place. His pants and shirts were ironed and neatly hung in his closet. His shoes were neatly arranged on the floor, and his bed was neatly and correctly made.

My brothers had always complained and run out whenever I asked them to help out around the house. Therefore, I assumed Darwin was about to gripe about doing housework now. I cut him off saying, "Don't start on me! I tried to tell you where your antics were leading you, but you wouldn't listen. So now, you'll just have to suffer the consequences. Besides, I agree with Mrs. Gates. Doing a bit of housework will do you a world of good."

Darwin appeared disappointed by my attitude and my rebuke, and he said little as I looked around his room. I was absolutely amazed that everything was in such perfect order. Even the clothes in his drawers were folded and neatly arranged. He seemed pleased by my compliments of his neatness, but when I reached for the top drawer to have a look, he moved quickly to hold it shut. With a look of alarm in his eyes and the sound of panic in his voice, he said, "Don't look in there! Please! It's a mess. I haven't had time to straighten it out yet."

What was he trying so desperately to hide? Could this delinquent really be embarrassed by a messy drawer, or was he ashamed of its contents? Whichever, I respected his wishes and moved on.

I found Marlon's room much the same, and like Darwin, he had one drawer he didn't want me to see. I have to admit I was shocked and amazed upon seeing their rooms. Neither of them had ever picked up a single thing at home, and now, their rooms were neat as a pin. What kind of magic did Mrs. Gates weave to accomplish such a thing in only four weeks, and what could she achieve in a year?

That aside, I tried to get them to tell me about their stay at the Gates residence, but they would only say that it was marginally better than going back to jail. Marlon, in particular, yelled at me and insisted that I help them as I had in the past. "Listen, Sis, you've got to get us out of here! I can't put up with this bull shit much longer. You're our sister, and you've got to find a way to help us!"

I remained firm in my stand reminding them that they had agreed to serve their time in the Gates residence and there was nothing I could do for them even if I wanted, which I didn't.

Following polite farewells, I departed feeling pretty good about my brothers' situation. The boys' attitudes appeared to be improving even though they were a bit embarrassed by having to wear aprons and do housework. Mrs. Gates was making remarkable progress because they really jumped when she gave an order. She never raised her voice either. The only thing that bothered me was that strange expression in their eyes.

CHAPTER II

Satisfied that they were now in a safe and permanent situation, I threw myself into my work and became more relaxed than I had since Father's death. I guess my new attitude made me more pleasant to be around, because I got my first date in months. Ted Kelly, a law associate in an

established local firm, asked me to dinner and a movie. As I let my hair down and relaxed, I really enjoyed myself. Ted seemed to have fun as well, and we went out a couple of times a week after that. I enjoyed his company and hoped a relationship would blossom.

On the afternoon prior to my impending visit to the Gates farm, Mrs. Gates called and asked if I could come for dinner instead of during the morning. She said the "children" had made excellent progress in their cooking lessons, and they wanted to show off their new skills by preparing a meal for me. I was to come by about four o'clock to give us some time to chat before dinner.

Being curious about how much they had learned about cooking and other housekeeping arts, I readily agreed. I was also very interested in how they were getting on under the tutelage of Mrs. Gates. Still, I had difficulty imagining those two wanting to demonstrate their skill in this activity in which they had never exhibited the slightest interest. Perhaps Mrs. Gates had some kind of magic powers over wayward teenagers after all.

Since I was anxious to see my brothers again, I arrived on time the following day. Again, a smiling Mrs. Gates welcomed me at the door and led me into the parlor where they were waiting.

However, my happy mood quickly turned to shock and confusion when I saw my brothers. They were dressed like...and looked like...like...girls!

I couldn't believe my eyes as I stared at the scene before me. For some reason, Mrs. Gates had my macho brothers wearing feminine clothes, and their embarrassment was obvious! They were blushing for all they were worth and looking down to avoid meeting my eyes.

My brothers, and especially Marlon, had always been menacing, arrogant, and intimidating where I was concerned. Now, even he acted meek and passive. Not since their childhood had I seen them so ashamed or so humiliated! Certainly, I had never been able to accomplish anything

approaching the extent of this defeat to their egos. Perhaps my lack of control was why they had gotten into so much trouble since Father's death.

Why were they dressed this way, and did she get them to do it were only a few of the many questions that raced through my baffled mind. I opened my mouth to ask what was going on, but no sound emitted. I was speechless! I could only stare in disbelief and open-mouthed stupor as I observed them more closely.

They were also dressed exactly alike, something they never did on their own because of Mother's teaching. They wore white tennis shoes, white turned down socks with a light blue fringe around the top, white girls shorts and robin's egg blue tank tops. And, that was only the beginning!

Their long red hair had been colored with bright highlights to add brilliance and to give the ends an aura of bright flames, and it was curled about their faces and hung to their shoulders to give them a very feminine appearance. Their eyebrows had been plucked into thin, neat, arched lines, their eyes were decorated with eyeliner, eyeshadow, and mascara, their faces were adorned with blush, and their lips were coated with a soft coral lipstick. Polish to match their lipstick emphasized oval, well shaped and manicured fingernails, and as was obvious beneath their shorts, their legs had been smoothly shaved!

Why were they dressed this way, and how did she get them to do it? These were only a few of the questions that raced through my baffled mind. I opened my mouth to ask what was going on, but no sound emitted. I was speechless! I could only stare in open-mouthed stupor and disbelief.

“Don't just stand there like dummies!” Mrs. Gates admonished them to break the heavy silence, “Greet your sister, and then run along and tend to your cooking while we chat. We have a lot to discuss, and you have a lot to do.”



"Darwin checking his vegies. He looked girlish in his shorts and fluffed up hair."

With the same curious expression in their eyes, each of them gave me a polite embrace, kissed me gently on the cheek, and greeted me much the same as they had done the month before. Only this time, their voices seemed somehow softer and of a higher pitch. As they came close, I detected the faint aroma of an inexpensive, yet distinctly feminine, perfume.

“And Darwin,” Mrs. Gates said as they turned silently and shamefully away, “after you’ve checked your vegetables, please bring us a nice cup of tea.”

“Yes Mrs. Gates,” he answered in a voice not much louder than a whisper.

When their backs came into view, I observed what appeared to be the outline of powder blue panties through the thin material of their thin white cotton shorts. I wondered if they were aware of my observation as that knowledge would only add to their humiliation.

When they were gone, I opened my mouth to ask the first of many questions, but as sound was slow to emerge from my lips, Mrs. Gates said, “I believe I can anticipate most of your concerns. First, let me explain. Then, I’ll gladly answer any remaining questions you may have.”

Finding myself still at a loss for words, I nodded my head in agreement.

“As you know, I was very successful in rehabilitating my own child, Lisa. Since that time, I have made extensive studies into why young people get into trouble, and I believe I have a handle on your brother’s situation. In an attempt not to oversimplify this complex problem, I’ll put it this way. The main reason they have rebelled is jealousy and an attempt gain attention.”

“First, the jealousy. They are envious of your status as head of the family. You see, they resent having to take orders from you, a girl, and depend on you for their finances. They desperately crave more affection than you have been able, or willing, to give them. Therefore, with Marlon acting as leader, they learned that if they acted overtly masculine and defiant, I

believe it is called macho, and get into trouble, they will somehow get even with you and gain your attention as well.”

“You mean...you mean I'm...I'm to blame for their obsessive behavior?” I stammered.

“Oh no,” she answered. “You're not to blame, but you aren't exactly innocent either. That's the way they see it anyway. They also see that whenever they get into trouble, you are right there to bail them out. This then led them to the conclusion that the only time you paid attention to them was when they were in trouble.”

Just then Darwin came into the room carrying a tray containing the tea pitcher, cups, and saucers. I was again surprised, as he was wearing a pinafore similar to the one Marlon had worn a month earlier. This one had a ruffle sewn along the straps, and the hem fell to mid thigh, covering his shorts. The result was that, with his smooth hairless legs, he appeared to be wearing a skirt!

I knew he sensed my thoughts, for his cheeks were fiery red beneath his makeup. He was so nervous he dropped a napkin, but he served our tea without further mishap.

Darwin poured our tea in silence and left the room. Not knowing if I was imagining, he appeared to swing his hips as he hurriedly walked away.

“Now, where was I?” she mused. “Oh yes, macho. The more macho they became, the more trouble they got into. The more trouble they got into, the more attention they got from you. So, you see, they were in a revolving door going nowhere except into deeper trouble with the law. Do you understand dear?”

As a youth counselor myself, I had seen the condition she described many times. That is, I had seen it in others, but I guess I had failed to recognize the problem within my own family. “Yes,” I answered, speaking for the first time, “Please go on.”

“Then, you should understand that the only way to get your brothers off their self imposed carousel was to deprive

them of their ultra-masculine lifestyle. I decided the most efficient way to accomplish that goal was to forcefully impose feminine chores, activities, and style of dress upon them. To train them in the finer things in life. Certainly, they will be embarrassed at first, but over time, these things will become habit. By the end of their sentence, they will have certain ingrained feminine traits and therefore be unable to return to their former illegal ventures, contrary to the course of most criminals who are released today. Are you beginning to understand my approach?"

"Sort of," I answered uncertainly, "but your methods are so...so...unusual...to say the least."

"Innovative!" she said. "I like to think of my methods as innovative, not unusual. Didn't Judge Harris tell you I used original and imaginative techniques to successfully rehabilitate my daughter Lisa?"

"Yes, but how ever did you get them to dress like that, shave their legs, and wear makeup?" I asked. "I could never have gotten them to do that, and certainly not in just a month!"

"I've had two months actually."

"But," I countered, "last month, they were still wearing boy's clothes."

"They were outwardly dressed as boys, yes. But if you remember, their hair was styled, and unknown to you, they were wearing girl's panties underneath those manly pants."

"Panties? Then I did detect panties underneath their shorts just now! And, Marlon did have lace on his panties when he fought with Johnny. Of course! That's why he fought so hard and fled when Johnny tried to pull his pants down. How on earth did you get them to wear panties?"

"You're very perceptive," she said nonchalantly, "and you're absolutely correct about Marlon. "But actually, they're wearing teddies today. To answer your question, I get them to obey me by threats of sending them back to jail; at least, it was that way in the beginning. I even called the sheriff several times to reinforce my authority. Your brothers were always

very brave until the deputies arrived, then they would have a change of heart and beg me not to send them to jail where they knew their panties would surely be discovered by the other inmates. Anyway, you would have known about their lingerie last month if you had insisted on looking in their `secret' drawer."

"They did have a drawer they didn't want me to inspect, now that you mention it!" I said as the truth dawned on me. "I thought it was kind of peculiar, them not wanting me to see a messy drawer."

"Well, they weren't concerned about the mess, I can assure you," she smiled. Their concern was the contents!"

"The contents?" I asked curiously. "What did the drawers contain?"

"Depending on what was in the wash, maybe a half dozen pairs of panties and a nylon nightie," she answered with a broad grin.

"You don't mean it!" I responded as we both broke into laughter. "You make them wear panties and sleep in nightgowns too?"

"Why not?" she asked. "It's in keeping with the other feminine touches I've imposed on them to quell their delinquent spirits. Training remember?"

"I suppose you're right," I answered through my laughter, "but I never would have thought of it."

I assumed they could hear our hysterics in the kitchen and were doubtlessly embarrassed beyond words. They knew I was being advised of their most closely guarded secret. I almost felt sorry for them for a moment, but then I remembered the pain and suffering they had caused me since Father's death. Maybe they were getting what they deserved for a change. Besides, what harm could come from a few feminine touches and a little training in womanly arts? They certainly were much more polite and obedient than ever before.

As I sat thinking, I noticed a strange catalog on the end table beside me. The title read UNDER CONTROL, and it appeared to have been well used. I was curious about its contents, but since I was so concerned about my brothers' quandary, I didn't pursue the matter.

Mrs. Gates interrupted my thoughts saying, "The children can show you their rooms after dinner, and this time, I'll go along to make sure they show you everything. In view of their past behavior, I'm sure you can appreciate their reluctance and their embarrassment for you to see them dressed this way. You should have heard how they begged for a reprieve when they learned how I intended them to dress for your visit."

"Knowing how humiliated they would be, why did you make them?" I asked. "Except for their hair, I wouldn't have noticed anything out of the ordinary. Certainly, I would never have suspected anything like...like...this!"

"I insisted they dress this way for your visit because this is now their normal manner of dress," she said in a determined voice. "Since your last visit, they have dressed in similar fashion on a daily basis. They put on their own makeup and style their own hair, except when they do each others for practice. I simply saw no reason to change their training routine just to save them a little embarrassment. After all, you're their sister. Enough talk for now, let's see how they're getting on in the kitchen."

When we entered the kitchen, we were greeted by a myriad of savory fragrances from seasoned food being cooked. I couldn't believe these former inconsiderate hellions could be responsible for creating such an appetizing bouquet.

Once inside, I received another surprise. Both of them were wearing pinafores like the one Darwin had worn into the parlor, and they looked extremely girlish, as they appeared to be wearing dresses. Seeing Marlon's apron had the same ruffle along the shoulder straps and hem as Darwin's, and not remembering this frill from my first visit, I asked, "Is that a new pinafore?"

He blushed fire engine red, looked down to avoid my eyes, and answered in a soft whisper. "It's the same one as before. Mrs. Gates has been giving us sewing lessons, and I sewed on the ruffles and pockets as a project."

In addition to the softness of his soft voice, I had the feeling it was an octave or so higher as well. However, I didn't mention it because he was embarrassed enough already.

"Marlon is preparing a roast for the entree and baking the bread," Mrs. Gates informed me with a proud smile. "Darwin is taking care of the vegetables, drinks, and dessert. They are both making remarkable progress, and I'm sure you will be pleasantly surprised with the finished product. When they first arrived, they constantly argued among themselves and couldn't cooperate on anything, but look at how well they work together now."

She walked to the window, peered out, and said, "Mr. Gates is putting the tractor away children. You know what a grouch he can be if dinner is late, so I trust everything is on schedule."

"Yes Mrs. Gates," they said softly and in unison as they scurried about making sure dinner was in fact on time and that the table was properly set. I couldn't get over how much they looked and acted like a pair of young girls in their frilly pinafores and with their feminine hairstyles and makeup as they made sure everything was perfect. Marlon grabbed the coffee pot, hurried to the table, and poured Mr. Gates a cup of the hot beverage just as he came through the door.

While my two brothers brought the steaming, aromatic food to the dining room table, Mrs. Gates seated herself and motioned for me to do the same. "Don't discuss the children's training around the Mister," she warned. "He appreciates all the little things they do to gain his approval, but he still has far too much machismo in him to outwardly condone their increasing femininity and docile behavior."

Sure enough, as we enjoyed an excellent meal. Mr. Gates talked about the farm, the animals, and the fields without so much as acknowledging my brother's presence.

“Johnny joins us for lunch and dinner when he helps out on the farm,” Mrs. Gates said as we sat in the parlor enjoying our coffee while my brothers cleared the table and did the dishes. “I’m sure you would enjoy meeting him, if you don’t have a steady young man in your life.”

It was my turn to blush. “I...I’ve been seeing Ted Kelly of late,” I stuttered. “Perhaps you know him?”

“Oh yes,” she bubbled. “Isn’t he that young attorney? He’s very handsome, and he’ll be a fine catch for some lucky young woman. With the experience he’s getting, I suspect he has a brilliant future. I commend you on your taste.”

As we chatted, I noticed the UNDER CONTROL catalog again. On the cover was a most attractive blonde in a sexy bathing suit climbing out of a swimming pool. The headline said, ALTERNATES TO MASCULINITY. I was about to inquire about its contents; my brothers came in to join us. They had removed their aprons and appeared to have brushed their hair and freshened their makeup.

“Come in and have a seat children,” Mrs. Gates greeted them. “We have been talking about you and the progress you have made during your stay in our home.”

In obedience to her request, the two moved silently, and with their eyes lowered, to the sofa and seated themselves. They didn’t just flop down as was their habit in the past, they lowered themselves slowly and sat with their backs straight and their hands folded in their laps. Their meek downward gaze added to their feminine illusion and made the mascara on their lashes quite apparent.

Mrs. Gates looked them over and let them squirm in anticipation of coming events for a long moment before saying, “Children, Katie is curious about the circumstances that led up to your current manner of dress. As your sister, she says she is entitled to this information, and I agree. Marlon, since you raised such a ruckus when I imposed this manner of dress upon you, I think you should tell her.”

UNDER CONTROL



Alternatives
to
Masculinity

EVERYTHING
HE
NEEDS
TO
CHANGE

ROBIN

The Chrissy Institute

Marlon hesitated for a moment, glanced over at Mrs. Gates, and then at me. "It all started the Monday following your last visit," he finally stated. "Mrs. Gates called us into the den and severely chastised us for not losing our anger and hostility fast enough. She said to expedite our progress, she had decided that we should dress outwardly in a more feminine manner. To our horror, she demanded that we shave our legs and start wearing girl's shorts and blouses. By that time, we had more or less reconciled ourselves to wearing panties and sleeping in baby doll nighties, but even as embarrassing as that was, nobody knew about them. We knew full well that if she forced us to shave our legs and wear girl's shorts, everyone would see what we were wearing and call us sissies, or worse."

"How did you feel about that?"

Marlon continued, "I was embarrassed beyond words, and I felt horrible! You see, I was accustomed to being in charge and having my own way. I knew being forced to shave my legs and wear girl's clothes would be the ultimate humiliation for someone like me. I begged and pleaded with Mrs. Gates to change her mind, but she was totally inflexible. I even promised to obey her and stop causing trouble if she would reconsider this unreasonable mandate, but again and again, she was firm in her resolve. She gave us a booklet published by UNDER CONTROL called, 'SHAVING YOUR LEGS--a boy's guide to smooth attractive legs.' It showed how to shave legs and how to keep them smooth and soft. It showed boys learning to shave their legs and the correct way to slip on nylons. I hated this feminine grooming that was added to our training but in the end, as you can see, I reluctantly shaved my legs, and went along with her. Still, I was not ready to surrender! In a desperate attempt to show my displeasure and somehow coerce her into changing her mind, I continuously ranted and raved about how it wasn't right to make us dress like girls."

"Before long, she said she was tired of my complaining and called the deputies to come and take me back to jail. When they cuffed my hands behind my back to haul me away, I had a change of heart. I ran over to Mrs. Gates and cried to be allowed to stay with her. I promised to stop complaining if only

she wouldn't let them take me away. I learned a lesson from my experience that day. Now, I don't dare cross her. In fact, both Darwin and I both do whatever we're told with no questions asked."

"Very nicely told Marlon," Mrs. Gates praised, "but still, everything isn't peaches and cream. Your sister is quite impressed with your progress to date, but she is distressed by your dishonesty during her last visit. She is beside herself trying to understand why you would want to deceive her about the contents of a certain drawer in your rooms. After all, she is your sister. This time, to prevent any such thing from happening, I will accompany you on Katie's tour of your rooms. Darwin, since you started this deception, we'll inspect your room first. Let's go!"

Marlon went into his own room to wait while a thoroughly embarrassed Darwin led Mrs. Gates and myself into his room.

Not surprisingly, I found his bed neatly made and his room clean and immaculate as before. I was again impressed by the effectiveness of Mrs. Gates' training methods as I looked further. Several colorful blouses and shorts, similar to the ones he was wearing, were hanging neatly in his closet, and the absence of the shirt and trousers he had worn during my last visit was obvious. On his vanity was a variety of neatly arranged feminine cosmetics and hair care products. On his night stand were several booklets--obviously part of a series by UNDER CONTROL. One was titled, "A BOY'S GUIDE TO PRETTY EYES." There was one on plucking eyebrows and another on lipstick. Having satisfied my curiosity to a certain extent, I said, "May I look into the drawer I was forbidden to see before?"

"Of course Katie," Darwin said, speaking in that soft quiet voice I had noticed before and hurrying to his chest, "and please accept my apology for not being candid with you before. I was wrong to deceive you, and I have been duly punished for my misdeed." He blushed again as he opened the drawer without hesitation.

"Punished? How?"

The blood pounded in his temples, and I could see he was filled with a deep sense of shame as he silently reached into the previously taboo drawer and withdrew a beautiful full length pink nylon nightgown and held it to himself. "I had to go to the boutique by myself to buy this nightgown, and it was horrible! Mary Sue, a girl I used to date, works there. She waited on me, and I was embarrassed beyond belief," he answered as he held the humiliating gown against himself for me to see.

I watched the gown's soft skirt gently caress his smooth hairless thighs, and I had to know more. "What was her reaction when you told her you wanted to buy a ladies' nightgown?"

"She wanted to know who it was for."

"What did you say?"

His hands were shaking as he neatly folded the gown and placed it back in his drawer next to a booklet called, "A BOY'S GUIDE TO LINGERIE CARE.". Darwin was far too ashamed and humiliated to meet my eyes, and he choked back a tear before speaking again in his soft voice. "I told her it was for me. Mrs. Gates warned me to be truthful or my punishment would be worse next time."

"What did Mary Sue say when she heard that?"

"She laughed and teased me until I wished I would die. I took advantage of her when we went together, and I wasn't very nice to her when we broke up. This was her chance for revenge, and she wasn't about to let it pass."

"Start from the beginning and tell me the whole story!" I eagerly requested finding myself strangely intrigued by the thought of my macho brother having to buy a silky nightgown for himself from a jilted girlfriend.

"Apparently, you mentioned to Judge Harris that I showed you everything in my room except the contents of one particular drawer, and that you were curious about my reluctance. Your concern raised his curiosity as well, and he called Mrs. Gates to inquire into the incident. Upon hearing the judge's concerns, she wasted no time before calling me in to

explain why I had disobeyed her instructions to show you everything in my room.”

“I understand that you refused to let Katie see your lingerie drawer last week,' she inquired. `Is that true?’“

Caught off guard, I stammered, “Yes Ma'am, I..I guess so, but”

“Well, my dear, you know such utter impertinence is not permitted,' she stated flatly. `I'm afraid you'll have to be punished for disobeying my expressed instruction that you show her everything in your room.’“

“But Mrs. Gates,” I begged. “I was just too embarrassed to show Katie,”

“No matter!' she said, cutting me off. `This is no less than direct disobedience! You will be punished for this serious disregard of my expressed instructions. Your punishment will be to go to the Northward Mall and purchase a feminine nightgown for yourself. Yes, I think that will just about fit your crime.’“

“When I asked where my trousers and shirt were, she said all those clothes had been given to charity and that I was to wear the clothes I had on. Upon hearing that, all the blood drained from my face and I stammered, `Y..you..you can't be serious. I can't go outside the house dressed like this!' I plucked my feminine shorts in my fingers displaying myself before her. At the time, I was wearing a pair of purple shorts with yellow embroidery decorations on the fake pockets, a lavender blouse with white chantille lace down the front to cover the buttons, and white sandals without socks. Marlon had styled my hair that morning and it flowed down in ringlets about my shoulders, bangs covered my forehead, and curls framed my face. There was no doubt that I would be totally mortified to go out in public dressed as I was, and she knew it.”

“Of course you can, my dear,' she stated, with that no nonsense look in her eyes, `and you will! I'll take you to the Mall, but you'll have to go in by yourself to buy your nightie. Hurry and get ready. We leave in half an hour.’“

"I was dismissed, and she turned to other matters. Trying to get her to change her mind, I stuttered and stammered for another few seconds, but she utterly ignored me. As I slowly exited the room, I found Marlon standing just outside the door. He had heard the entire conversation. 'Surely you aren't going,' he stated with fire in his eyes, 'She's gone too far with this time.'"

"'I sure don't want to go,' I cried, 'but if I refuse, she'll call the deputies on me like she did to you the other day. I sure don't want to go back to jail.' We both knew his primary concern was whether he would have to do the same because he also had a drawer he didn't show you."

"I followed Mrs Gates out the front door half an hour later carrying a small white purse. She drove to the mall as promised, and told me to get out. I know I looked like a frightened puppy, but she was adamant. 'P..please, Mrs. Gates,' I pleaded. 'Don't make me do this. I promise to do everything you say from now on, but pleeease don't make me go into the mall dressed like this. There are hundreds of people in there!' Try as I might, my words fell on deaf ears."

"Before I exited the car, she handed me \$50 and told me to go to Stella's Style Shoppe on the second level and purchase a nice pink nightie. She said I already had a baby doll, so I should select a full length style, and it had to be made from satin or nylon and have lots of lace."

"'You are to be courteous and cooperative with the sales ladies,' she admonished me. 'If you dare create a disturbance or a scene, I promise that your next punishment will be ten times more embarrassing.'"

"I didn't know how that was possible, but I took her at her word. As I walked away from the car, I looked nervously around the parking area to see if anyone was paying attention to me. No one seemed to take special notice, and like a doomed man going to the gallows, I slowly walked to the mall entrance. My only hope was that I would be mistaken for a girl and I would not be recognized. My hair style and clothes said 'girl',

but my facial features were still quite masculine, as that was before I started wearing makeup.”

“I walked undetected into the mall, although a few people did give me a cursory glance. Apparently they thought I was a rather plain girl, because they walked on. I was extremely self-conscious as I rode the escalator to the second floor to Stella's shop. To avoid drawing undue attention to myself, I looked down and walked as fast as possible. As I walked along, I remembered the times I had cruised through this same mall with Marlon and various members of our gang. Back then, we were a very intimidating sight, and we made the shopkeepers nervous. But, at that moment, alone and dressed as like a girl, I was timid, meek, and extremely frightened. ‘Quite a contrast from the old me,’ I thought.”

“Anyway, I reached the shop without being recognized or laughed at, but when I walked inside the boutique, I saw Mary Sue. Despite my unusual clothing and styled hair, she recognized me immediately, and she was astounded by my appearance! ‘Darwin? Darwin O'Shea?’ she giggled. ‘Is that you? Why in the world are you dressed like that?’”

“I...I.. have to dress like this now. It...it's part of the punishment set aside in my alternative sentence,’ I stammered.”

“That's right!’ she said snapping her fingers. ‘You and Marlon were convicted of some kind of drug and gang charge, weren't you? Soooo, tell me, how is your conviction related to those simply lovely clothes you have on?’”

“I related a shortened version of what had happened, and the more I told her, the more her face lit up with glee. ‘You mean both of the bad ass O'Shea brothers are running around the mall in prissy girl's shorts and blouses with shaved legs?’”

“No, Marlon is at the Gates farm.’ I answered, blushing for all I was worth.”

“Is he dressed like you?’ she persisted.”

“For the most part, yes,’ I nodded.”

“Great!’ she shrieked. ‘You two deserve everything you’re getting. Good for Mrs Gates! All that aside though sweetie, what brings you to my mother’s boutique?’“

“I...I.. have to buy a...a nightgown,’ I stammered.”

“And who might this nightie be for?’ she inquired with a teasing lilt in her voice as if she knew full well who the nightie was for.”

“F..for myself,’ I whispered.”

“Mary Sue broke down in laughter, then said in a heckling voice, ‘Really? Well come to think of it, I’ll bet any number of the frilly styles we carry would look lovely on you. Do you have a particular fashion in mind?’“

“We both knew I was at her mercy, and she wasn’t inclined to show any. She was content to play with me like a kitten toying with a mouse. ‘P..please, Mary Sue,’ I pleaded. ‘I need your help. Don’t make fun of me.’“

“Why shouldn’t I, you twerp,’ she tormented, ‘The way you dropped me hurt. You were a wicked little boy, Darwin, and now, it’s my turn.’“

“She loudly announced to everyone in the store I was there to buy a nightgown for myself. She even insisted I try on several to make sure I got the right size. When I removed my shorts to try on the gowns and she saw I was wearing panties, she really let me have it. She pranced around with a limp wrist and...and...told everyone I wanted a sexy nightgown to excite my boyfriend.”

Darwin’s whole body shivered as he re-lived those horrible events in his mind. I tried to imagine how deeply humiliated he had been in the store with his ex-girlfriend, who was bent on revenge, assisting him to select, try on, and purchase this beautiful, exclusively feminine, garment. His shame was understandable and undeniable.

He glanced over at Mrs. Gates, who was glaring back at him through condemning eyes. When he looked back at me, the mystery expression became woefully apparent. It was fear! My brothers were genuinely afraid of Mrs. Gates, and I was

beginning to understand their reasons. Through threats of sending them back to prison, making them wear feminine garments, and exposing them in public when they defied her, she had made them deathly afraid to disobey or even displease her.

All of a sudden, a feeling of compassion swept over me, and I couldn't bring myself to tease him further as I had planned.

"Now do you see the error of your ways?" Mrs. Gates asked.

"Yes Mrs. Gates," he responded sheepishly.

"And, you realize that if you had followed my instructions in the first place and showed your frillies to Katie, you would have been much less embarrassed than you have been as a result of your deceit. Isn't that right?"

He lowered his head and answered in total defeat. "Yes Mrs. Gates."

I noticed three large speakers around the walls of his room, and in an attempt to lessen his embarrassment, I changed the subject saying, "Does Mrs. Gates let you play your music loud like you did at home?"

"No," he answered softly. "Out of respect for others, we always keep the volume at pleasant levels. Anyway, Mrs. Gates doesn't approve of rock and roll. To give us variety and to help us develop an appreciation for quality, we mostly listen to classical compositions, big band music, and pop tunes."

On one of the speakers was a booklet titled, "DANCING LIKE A GIRL."

Realizing my question about music hadn't helped, I didn't say much after that. I even neglected to ask why they were talking in such quiet voices.

I was basically silent during my inspection of Marlon's room, although by showing me a pretty yellow full-length nylon nightgown, I knew he had experienced an embarrassing tour much like Darwin's. I could see the relief in his eyes as I nonchalantly watched him hold the pretty soft nightgown to his body. Appreciating his humiliation, I looked through his

lingerie drawer without embarrassing questions or asking him to describe his shopping trip as I had with Darwin.

Marlon's room was also filled with booklets. In his lingerie drawer was one titled, "A BOY'S GUIDE TO WEARING BRASSIERES." Another was "LEARNING TO THROW LIKE A GIRL."



"Marlon now loved to shop. He couldn't seem to get enough of trying on the new fashions. Not only did he know how to put together an outfit—his trained figure accented them."

When we went downstairs, I asked if I could speak to my brothers alone, but Mrs. Gates strictly prohibited it saying, "Such a meeting would be counterproductive to their training at this time. Perhaps you can speak privately with them during your next visit. We'll see."

With that, I said my goodbyes and, in a confused frame of mind, departed the Gates home. On one hand, I was delighted by the changes in attitude and behavior Mrs. Gates was produced in my brothers, yet on the other, I was disturbed by the apparent femininity she was subjecting on them and the fact that she hadn't let me speak with them privately? Still it was better than prison.

CHAPTER III

During the next month, I thought a lot about my brothers' quandary. At night, I often found myself wondering if they were sleeping in the pretty nightgowns they purchased at the mall or a soft babydoll style, and I wondered how all this would effect them.

My work and my love life with Ted were the only things that could divert my attention for any appreciable time. Ah yes, Ted. I was falling for him in a big way. My past problems with my brothers had handicapped my personal life to the point that Ted was my first intimate relationship in over two years. Now that my brothers were out of the way, I was all for making up lost time.

Ted felt the same way, at least, that's what he said. To prove his commitment, he invited me to his time share condo at the beach for the Labor Day weekend. He said we would have the whole three days to forget our troubles, lounge on the beach, dine at great restaurants, visit all the popular night spots, and make passionate love day and night.

What could be better? Three whole days away from worry. I was ecstatic, and I immediately accepted his invitation. However, my joy lasted about two minutes until I realized the

trip would conflict with my scheduled visit with my brothers at the Gates' farm.

“What's wrong?” Ted asked, seeing my gloom.

He knew my brothers were staying at the Gates residence for rehabilitation, but I hadn't told him of their imposed femininity nor of my related concerns. “I'm supposed to visit my brothers that weekend,” I said trying not to sound too apprehensive.

“That shouldn't be a problem. Simply call Mrs. Gates and ask for a rain check. I'm sure she's a reasonable person.”

Mrs. Gates, being aware of my relationship with Ted, was very congenial upon hearing my reason for asking for a postponement of my visit. “That's no problem my dear,” she said, “Go with your young man, have fun, and don't worry about a thing. The children are in good hands, and they are doing superbly.”

I have to admit I was surprised by her attitude, as I hadn't expected her to so understand. Still, there was something about her tone that bothered me. Was something wrong, or was I just feeling guilty about missing a visit? After worrying for a short time, I decided to take Mrs. Gates at her word and have fun at the beach.

Have fun at the beach, I did! I left all my troubles and concerns behind and had the most glorious time of my entire life. Ted was wonderful, and I fell deeply in love with him! But alas, all good things must end. All too quickly, the wonderful weekend ended, and I had to return to work.

During my morning break, I called Mrs. Gates to ask if I could visit my brothers on Saturday since I had missed the previous one. Based on our last conversation, I expected her to readily agree, but was I ever wrong!

“Don't be absurd!” she snapped abruptly. “You know your visits are scheduled on the first Saturday of each month. Don't think for one minute that I'll adjust my calendar just because you miss a visit. I'm afraid you'll just have to wait until next month.

I was shocked by her words, her abrasive tone, and her apparent change of attitude. "But Mrs. Gates, I thought we agreed to...to"

"We agreed to nothing!" she spat, impolitely interrupting. "You merely informed me that you were going away for the weekend with some man and wouldn't be here as scheduled. Now, I'm very busy with my duties, so if that's all you have on your mind, I'll see you at your next scheduled visitation. Goodbye!"

Disgusted by her attitude, I cradled the phone. How could she have had such a change of perspective? She was all peaches and cream a few days before, but now...WOW!!!

Over the next week and a half, I worried about her tirade and whether it would affect her dealings with my brothers, but I didn't discuss my anguish with Ted. Things were going so well between us, I didn't want to chance anything interfering with our still young and fragile love affair.

When the first Saturday in October finally arrived, I was a mass of nerves. Until our phone conversation, my arrangement with Mrs. Gates had been very cordial, but now I was curious as to how her outburst would affect our future association. I was extremely anxious as I rang the doorbell at ten o'clock as scheduled.

Mrs. Gates answered the door as usual but showed no fallout from our prior telephone confrontation. She smilingly invited me into the parlor.

With that, we went inside where I received the shock of my life! When she greeted me at the door, Mrs. Gates had given me no premonition of what I was about to see, and the spectacle before me took my breath away. My brothers weren't just wearing girl's shorts, makeup, and femininely styled hair. This time, they were wearing dresses. My brothers were actually wearing DRESSES!

They were again dressed alike, only this time, they wore blue, yellow, and green plaid, tunic style, above the knee length

dresses over long sleeved, navy blue, turtle neck sweaters, and they had obvious figures, as their bosoms were prominently padded.

Their jewelry consisted of triple strand gold necklaces, gold bracelets, and gold hoop earrings that hung from undeniably pierced ears to caress their cheeks with every movement. Their makeup with red lipstick was tasteful and matched their hair that was like a mass of flames topped by navy bows with long streamers. Their fingernails were tastefully manicured and polished to match their lips, stylish nude nylons flattered their rather nicely shaped legs, and their feet were encased in navy pumps with modest, yet practical, two inch heels.

As I was trying to find my voice, Mrs. Gates broke the silence. "Katie, as you can see, we have made quite a few changes around here since your last visit, and I know from your expression that you are anxious to learn the circumstances that brought them about. Let's all have a seat and see if we can bring you up to date."

She motioned me to an armchair while she likewise seated herself. Silently, and without instructions, my femininely clad brothers sat beside each other on the sofa. They properly smoothed their skirts beneath them and did not wait for us to sit as they had done when they wore pants.

"Before we start Katie," Mrs. Gates continued, "I want you to meet Marla and Darla. For as long as they remain here, this is the way they will dress, and these will be their names. Therefore, in the future, I must ask you to use these new names to remind them of their new roles and enforce their training."

I looked over at my deeply humiliated brothers sitting with their smooth knees together and their hands folded. Darwin looked down, while his cheeks burned with embarrassment, but Marlon met my gaze. Only now, the fire of rebellion that had always burned in his eyes was absent.

When Mrs. Gates first added a few items of feminine attire to their wardrobes and made them do "women's work", I thought it was amusing, and maybe they may have had it

coming. But now that she had given them girl's names and had them wearing dresses, I felt a sudden burst of sympathy and jumped to my feet to defend them. "Mrs. Gates, this is an outrage!" I demanded angrily. "You have no right...."

"Don't get hostile with me young lady!" she snapped, cutting me off and rising to meet my glare. "I have every right, and you had better learn the facts before you launch into such a tirade. I have graciously agreed to accept your socially unfit brothers into my home to try and reform them into functional citizens. While they have been here, I have worked hard to override their masculine attitudes and aggression, and I have bent over backwards to keep you informed of their progress. Now this is the thanks I get! If you had bothered to meet your obligation to visit them last month instead of running off to roll around on the beach with some man, you would have seen them in their skirts and learned of the events that brought on their punishment."

Her verbal tirade put me on the defensive, but I knew I had to stand up to her for my brothers' sake. Moving toward the door, I said, "Come on boys. I've seen and heard enough! Let's get out of here!"

Darwin rose and slowly eased over to my side, but Marlon leaped from the sofa and rushed to Mrs. Gates. With panic accompanying the tears in his eyes he pleaded in a soprano voice, "Please don't let her take me to prison Mrs. Gates. You promised I could stay here if I was good. You know you did! Please, I'll try hard to be a good girl. Honest I will!"

I couldn't believe my eyes! My most rebellious brother was wearing a dress and makeup, and he was pleading to be allowed to stay with Mrs. Gates and continue to do so in the future. What was going on?

She pulled him into her lap, took him in her arms, pulled his head onto her shoulder, gently kissed him on the forehead, and soothingly said, "Of course you can stay darling. I told you I wouldn't let anyone harm you." She then looked over at us. "Darla!" she demanded, "You agreed to stay here with the penalty of prison as a deterrent. If you leave, I'll simply call

the sheriff like when Marla ran away. If you don't want to risk having your spirit broken like her's, I would think again before running.”

Darwin had fear and regret in his eyes as he reluctantly pulled away, leaving me standing alone. Slowly, he moved to the sofa, smoothed his skirt, and took his seat. He shivered with the knowledge of what would happen if she carried out her threat.

“Katie, I'll have you arrested for abetting an escape unless you sit down this minute,” she said calmly.

As if in a trance, I resumed my seat.

She comforted Marlon as his whole body shook with sobs. “Now that order is restored,” she stated calmly with the knowledge that she had won, “I'll attempt to bring you up to date. A few days after your last visit, Marlon wasn't paying attention to what he was doing, and he scorched his nightgown with the iron. I scolded him, told him it was ruined because of his negligence and that he would have to go back to the boutique and purchase a new one. He screamed that he would do no such thing and further, that he was through wearing girl's clothes. With that, he stormed out of the house and ran away.”

“I called the sheriff, and an hour later he was in custody, still wearing his pink shorts and sleeveless cotton top with his shaved legs and the traces of makeup he hadn't been able to remove. When I was informed of his capture, Mr. Gates was in the fields, and I had no one to supervise Darwin, so I told the Sheriff to lock him up and I would be in the following morning to sign the necessary papers to relinquish custody and send him to prison.”

“When I arrived at the jail, I was informed that Marlon was begging to see me, and because I very much cared for him, I agreed. I was led into a room and waited while they went for him. A short time later when they brought him in, he rushed over to me and pleaded with me to take him back. He promised to obey me in all things and to never run away again. As I examined him, I saw that all the buttons were ripped from his

blouse, his shorts were torn, his panties were missing, and he was battered and bruised on his face and body. He wouldn't talk about the ordeal no matter how hard I tried to get him to open up. Every time I brought up the subject, he bursts into tears. I can only speculate about what happened."

"While we were in that room, we did reach an accord. He agreed to stop his defiance, to fully accept my authority and to obey me at all times. Our conversation went something like this."

"I'll do anything you say and wear whatever you want if you will only take me back Mrs. Gates,' he cried."

"You know you'll have to be severely punished for your disobedience if I agree to that, don't you?" I asked."

"Yes Mrs. Gates,' he sobbed. 'I'll gladly accept any punishment you impose!"

"I'll also have to punish you further as an example to Darwin. You realize that as well, right?"

"Whatever you say,' he pleaded. 'I'll do whatever you say. Only, please...please take me back!"

"Alright,' I answered, 'I'll take you back on the condition that you to agree to wear girl's clothes, including dresses and skirts, until I decide otherwise."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Gates,' he said without hesitation or apparent regret. 'I'll wear dresses and skirts if that's what you want. Just don't send me back in...in there!"

"Very well,' I agreed. 'In return for your promise, I'll agree to protect you and keep you from being sent back to prison. But, be assured of this young man, this was your last chance. If I have one minute's trouble with you in the future, I'll call the sheriff and back to jail you go! There will be no further reprieves for you. Do you understand?"

"He eagerly accepted my terms, and since he had run away without his makeup, he willingly put on some of mine. I had some pins in my purse, so I pinned his blouse shut. Then, without reluctance or misgivings, he walked out of the jail with

me holding his hand like a small child. To prove his commitment was sincere, we went directly to a boutique where he tried on and bought a lot more than just the nightgown he was reluctant to buy the day before. He bought a new dress, a skirt and blouse combination, two bras, the necessary padding, a teddy, a camisole, a full and half slip, several pairs of pantyhose, an assortment of panties, and two pairs of high heels. He didn't argue, hesitate, or complain when I told him he should wear the skirt outfit home since his blouse and shorts were ruined. Since that day, he has been happy and content, and he wouldn't think of displeasing me."

"What happened when you brought him home dressed like that?" I asked.

"Very little happened actually," she answered proudly. "Marlon virtually ignored Darwin, who teased him no end about wearing dresses while he was still allowed to wear girl's shorts. About a week later though, when I was ready for the next step, I called Darwin in and told him that since Marlon was showing so much progress in skirts, I thought it best if he wore them in the future as well."

"How did he react to that?" I asked.

"He fell down on his knees and begged me not to make him wear dresses like Marlon," she related. "He pledged to stop complaining and gladly wear his panties, girl's shorts, and blouses and to obey my orders like Marlon. His plea was heart rendering, but I had already decided on a course of action, so his antics served only to solidify my resolve."

"Get up!" I demanded. "I won't tolerate tantrums every time I give you a directive. You are forcing me to do this the hard way. That little scene just earned you a trip to Stella's to purchase your new wardrobe. It's just as well because Mary Sue has excellent taste, and I'm sure she'll delight in helping you choose some very chic styles since you are old friends. Now, unless you want to make the trip in one of your brother's skirts, I advise you to go to your room, brush your hair, and freshen your makeup. Be back here in fifteen minutes. I have something to show you before we leave."

“Darwin left the room with the knowledge that by being required to wear dresses like Marlon, he was losing the last bastion of his masculinity. Because of the changes in attitude and behavior he had noticed in Marlon since he started wearing skirts, I'm sure Darwin wanted very much to run away at that moment. The only thing that deterred him was Marlon's experiences in jail dressed as he was. He simply could find no acceptable alternative to escape his own inevitable destiny.”

“‘You should get ready too Marlon,’ I said. ‘You will accompany us because you need some additional things to finish out your own wardrobe. We'll also get some identical outfits for the two of you so you can dress as twins from time to time.’”

“‘Take off your blouses,’ I said when they returned. ‘I have something to show you.’ When their blouses were removed and Marlon's slip top was bunched at his skirt waist, I showed them something that made their eyes pop out. ‘These are a new item called Perty Breasts. They are made of a space age material, and they are shaped and weighted to appear, bounce, jiggle, and feel like the real thing. You can even give the illusion of cleavage, if you choose to wear a low cut top. They attach to your chest by means of this adhesive, and when you wish to remove them, they peel right off. Come here Marlon, and I'll show you.’”

“‘I...I...I'll wear them if you insist Mrs. Gates,’ he stammered, being hesitant to wear anything so feminine but being afraid to disobey me with the threat of jail hanging over his head, ‘but don't you think this is going a bit too far?’”

“‘Of course not silly!’ I answered. ‘Your flat chests are a direct contradiction to the otherwise feminine images you now project and will project in the future. Look at them as a natural addition to your new appearance. Now, come here, and I'll show you how to put them on.’”

“Darwin started to object as well, but I assured him that he would wear whatever I dictated to the mall, or he would wear

his current attire, a floral blouse and bright orange shorts, to jail.

“When they settled down, I showed them how to apply the adhesive, attach the Perty Breasts to their pectorals, and blend the color into their skin with makeup. Five minutes later, no one would have considered them to be other than two young women naked from the waist up. They had trouble putting on and fastening their bras, so I promised them plenty of practice during the days to come. You should have seen their eyes as they reviewed their new projections in the mirror when they had replaced their blouses. A few minutes later, with breasts jiggling and purses in hand, they followed me out to the car.”

“They were very apprehensive about the many penetrating glances we received as we walked toward Stella's, but to their relief, no one showed any awareness that they were boys. Darwin was still taking long steps and walking like a boy, but apparently he didn't draw any undue attention. We would soon start to remedy that with a tight, knee length skirt and high heels.”

“Marlon moved quite daintily in his blue pleated skirt that swished back and forth as he walked beside me. The flimsy white lacy blouse he wore showed his new breasts to nice advantage, as his bra and slip could be clearly seen beneath the light, airy garment. At my directive, Marlon had started wearing pantyhose at all times now, and the dark color and glossy sheen set his slim legs off wonderfully as he confidently walked along in his white sandals with two inch heels.”

We entered Stella's boutique and found Mary Sue was waiting for us. I had called while the girls were getting ready to make sure she would be around when we arrived. She greeted the three of us with a bright smile on her pretty face.

“Oh, Mrs. Gates, there must be a mistake. This can't be my old boyfriend Darwin O'Shea, the hoodlum!" she teased while looking over a completely mortified Darwin from head to toe.”

“He had advanced to wearing makeup since she had seen him some weeks earlier, and his hairdo was now completely feminine.”

“No mistakes Mary Sue,' I answered, `but you can see a lot of changes have been made since those hoodlum days. By the way, do you know his brother Marlon?”

“Marlon?" she asked. `Oh yes, I remember Marlon. He was the gang leader until they got caught. Where is he?”

“Now, it was Marlon's turn to cringe and turn red. `Why, he's right here,' I said, indicating the red faced person standing slightly behind me. `He was very naughty, and for the past week, he has been wearing dresses as punishment and to teach him a lesson.”

“Ah...Oh,... what a unique idea Mrs. Gates,' she said with a smile. `From what I can see, he will have a hard time ever being taken for a boy again in this town once word gets out about how he looks now.”

“Yes, I agree with you completely,' I stated, `but for the immediate future, Marlon will dress as a girl. I've also decided that Darwin should join him in wearing dresses and skirts. That's why we've come here today. We need to purchase some proper clothing for Darwin and some additional things for Marlon. I want them to be stylishly dressed at all times.”

“You mean Darwin is going to be wearing skirts like...like...Marlon?" Mary Sue giggled.”

“That's correct, dear,' I answered, `and based on your comments, I feel sure you will be more than happy to help us with the selection of his first dresses.”

“Oh.....YES!!!! I surely will Mrs. Gates! In fact, nothing in the world would please me more! After the way Darwin used and abused me, I can't wait to help make him into a pretty girl,' Mary Sue enthused. `When we're through with him today, I'm sure he won't be breaking any more girl's hearts. Boy's maybe, but definitely not girl's!!!! Follow me, please.”

“We walked to the back of the store through the racks of frilly, feminine clothing. Darwin walked with his head hung low knowing, like Marlon, he would soon be clad in these very garments. There would no longer be just the illusion of femininity caused by his shorts, only the reality of his dresses and skirts.”

“Where should we start?’ Mary Sue asked.”

“Why don't we start from the skin out,’ I suggested. ‘In fact, I'm sure you will make a very nice commission today, my dear.’“

“I'm looking forward to it,’ Mary Sue stated, ‘but I'm much more interested in seeing my former two-timing boyfriend walk out of here wearing a pretty dress.’“

“Well, you will certainly get your wish,’ I promised. ‘Both of these thugs will be wearing dresses and skirts for some time to come. These clothes cost too much to wear a few times and throw away, you know. At any rate, they have worn their last pants for quite a while.’“

“Mary Sue burst out in laughter at this revelation. She was also deeply fascinated with the realistic cleavage they exhibited in their bras when they first removed their blouses. I explained about the Perty Breasts, and said, ‘They will be required to wear them at all times from now on, even while sleeping.’“

“The next three hours were spent selecting every garment imaginable. Darling panties, bras, teddies, camisoles, slips, nylons, garter belts, nightgowns, negligees, dresses, skirts, blouses, tops, and a variety of shoes were purchased. I made both Marlon and Darwin select many of their own garments themselves, and Mary Sue insisted they try on each article to insure proper fit. Thus, embarrassing them even more deeply.”

“Darwin's choices were more basic. For instance, his choice of brassiere was not the ‘icky sweet, dainty kind’ that Marlon picked. Almost eagerly he accepted Mary Sue's offering. Turned towards the mirror he looked on as the “tear drop shaped, white satin molded cupped brassiere, was fitted around

his chest. He accepted the "satin bow" between the cups, and a border of delicate lace edging the entire bra that added a 'feminine touch'. Marlon picked frilly full lace brassieres and other 'ruffly, lacy' things."

"As we talked, she measured them carefully and conferred with me concerning projected size changes. Only then did she start filling their wardrobes. When she finished, both Darwin and Marlon were dressed as twins in white flouncy dresses that tightly caressed their bodies to their hips, then flared out to a fullness supported by two stiff petticoats. The dresses were the epitome of femininity with pink lace around the hems, neck and sleeves. The tight fit emphasized their now feminine bosom, and their legs were nicely displayed in dark, smokey nylons that were held up by the straps of white garter belts that encircled their hips."

"They hung their heads as Mary Sue and I gave them a final once over. Their makeup had been freshened and their hair neatly brushed. Both looked exactly like the lovely Irish lasses they were now considered."

"I glanced over at Mary Sue for her reaction and found her with a concerned expression. 'What's wrong dear?' I asked."

"Mrs. Gates, I certainly don't want to interfere in your affairs,' she said, 'but you don't seriously plan to continue calling these beauties Marlon and Darwin, do you?'"

"Actually, I hadn't given the subject any thought, dear. What do you have in mind?'"

"I was thinking of something sweet,' she purred, 'like maybe...Marla and Darla. After all, they are twins, and they do appear to be girls.'"

"That's precious Mary Sue, utterly precious!' I exclaimed, looking at my shocked charges. 'And, you're right! They should have girl's names. From now on, they will be Marla and Darla! Thank you for the wonderful suggestion.'"

"Mary Sue beamed with pride and satisfaction at my compliment. Then, being unable to resist one last jab at

Darwin, she looked into his eyes, brushed his chin with her forefinger, and said, 'Gotcha again sweetie!'"

"Come along girls' I said. 'We've still got some things to do before going home.'" I handed some of the many purchases to each of them, and we headed for the exit."

"I'll have the rest delivered tomorrow, Mrs. Gates,' Mary Sue said with a snicker as she watched the two thoroughly embarrassed O'Shea brothers follow me from the boutique, their dresses swaying with each step. 'Bye, bye, Darla. I'm sure I've seen the last of my former boyfriend, Darwin. You make such a lovely girl, I'll have to be sure to keep my new boyfriend away from you. I certainly don't need that kind of competition.'" "

"Our next stop was Madam Belle's jewelry store where I led the two directly to the earring counter. 'I would like to purchase some nice earrings for my nieces,' I told the woman at the counter."

"Yes, Ma'am. What type would you like?' she asked."

"Oh... the girl's want long dangling ones and large gold hoops. You know how young girls are these days,' I answered."

"Very well," the clerk responded. "We have a lovely selection that is sure to please them, but Ma'am, they only have one ear pierced. You know, like boys. The heavy earrings you described just wouldn't stay on. They would fall off, and the girls would surely lose them. That wouldn't be very prudent considering the high cost of gold these days."

"Oh... I'm sorry. I forgot to tell you. Both girls want their ears double pierced so they can wear the heavy hoops and pretty studs as well. I've agreed with their request, but I insist they wait until their ears heal before they wear them."

"Both Marla and Darla looked at each other, and fear returned to their eyes. 'P..Pierced ears, Mrs. Gates?' Darla whispered quietly so the clerk couldn't hear. 'Isn't that permanent?'" "

"Why yes it is dear,' I answered politely, 'but every pretty girl today has pierced ears. How else would you be able to

wear those lovely hoops you've been pestering me about?' My eyes warned that further objection would surely tip off the salesgirl to their true gender."

"Half an hour later, both boys exited the store with double pierced ears and bright red faces. Each hole had a gold stud inserted to insure proper healing. One earring in each ear had a gold ball while the other adorned a small diamond."

"Your nieces are very lovely, Ma'am,' the girl gushed as we prepared to leave, 'and their new earrings really enhance their beauty."

"Yes, and they will become even more lovely with time,' I predicted while leading them away."

"I'm sure you are full of questions for your 'sisters'," Mrs. Gates said, diverting my attention for a moment, "and I know you would like to have a talk with them in private. If your conduct remains within my guidelines, I see no reason why you can't have a nice long talk with them. I'll tell you what. Since the weather is so nice, why don't you go for a stroll in the countryside and enjoy the fresh air while you talk? However, I must insist that you use the girls' new names. They are getting used to being called them and it's important to their training. Failure to comply with my rules will result in fewer and shorter visits with them in the future. Is that clear?"

Now, she was exerting authority over me as well, but after a quick glance at my brothers for their reaction to her proposal and seeing them nod, I said, "Alright, Mrs. Gates. I will make every effort to comply with your wishes where my brothers .. uh .. sisters are concerned. And thank you, a walk in the countryside would be very pleasant."

Shortly, the three of us were walking down a path beside a golden autumn grain field. I felt strange in my slacks and flats while my brothers wore stylish dresses. They walked confidently in their moderate heels, and I suspected from past observations and Mrs. Gates' account of past events that they had been given considerable training and practice. Darwin

blushed a vivid scarlet under my curious scrutiny while Marlon appeared quite at ease. Still, no one spoke until we were out of hearing range of the house.

“Now that you have seen how she makes us dress, you've got to get us out of here Katie,” Darwin .. uh .. Darla suddenly burst out.

Despite the way they were dressed, I was having difficulty adapting to their new feminine names, but I knew I had to adjust, at least for the short term.

“Please help us, he continued. “We're sorry for the way we acted and all the trouble we got into before, but we've learned our lesson since then. If you get us away from here, we'll do anything you ask to make amends. We'll get jobs to help with expenses, and we'll help you around the house. God knows we know how to do that now! We'll never get into any more trouble. We promise! Please, just get us out of here!”

I had heard explanations from Mrs. Gates about the reasons for her methods, but I was anxious to hear my brothers (sisters?) side of their unusual situation. “What's going on around here?” I asked.

“She makes us wear dresses and use each other's feminine names all the time, and it's not right!” Darwin insisted. “She says our training is not over until we totally accept that being a girl. It's just not right! We're boys, and boys aren't supposed to wear dresses. You can see this has gone way too far, can't you? That's why we need your help.”

In the past, Marlon would have been screaming at the top of his lungs and demanding that I help them, but for some reason, in the guise of Marla, he was curiously silent. His interest seemed to be directed across the golden field to where the grain was being harvested. I had witnessed his performance in the presence of Mrs. Gates, but now that we were alone, I had to find out if he was sincere in his desire to stay at the Gates' farm. “Marlon,” I asked, “do you really want to stay here and dress like a girl, or were you just talking for Mrs. Gates' benefit?”

His eyes became thoughtful, like he had never considered such a thing. He clasped his hands behind his back and twisted from side to side to twirl his skirt in the fresh air. Finally he spoke. "I agree with Darla. Boys aren't supposed to wear dresses, but, we were bad and have to accept what the court ordered...maybe we can't consider ourselves boys any longer. We must think of ourselves as girls or we won't be able to bear the humiliation. If we're girls, it's okay for us to wear dresses, so we must be girls. As for being serious about staying here, I can't tell you how serious I am Katie. I simply can't go back to jail, I just can't! I would like nothing better than to get out of here and return to being a boy, but as long as the only choices are prison or here, I'll gladly stay here and dress any way Mrs. Gates demands."

That question asked and answered, I prodded farther. "Why are you still speaking in your soft voices? Mrs. Gates can't hear you now."

"This is the only way we can speak now," Darwin answered, blushing and looking down. "That darn Soprano Speak stuff she makes us gargle has done something to our voices. We not only look like girls now, we sound like them as well."

"Soprano Speak?" I gasped. "What's that?"

"Something she ordered from that damned Under Control catalog," Darwin answered in an exasperated voice. "Almost every time the doorbell rings, a delivery man is bringing something else from that place...books, clothes, vitamins...."

"I saw the catalog on the table, but I didn't know what it was," I responded. "What kind of things does she get from there?"

They both blushed, as revealing intimate details of their ordeal was obviously very embarrassing to them. "Well," Darwin answered, remaining the spokes person, "there are several kinds of pills, the elevator music cassettes we have to listen to all the time, our Perty breasts, and these awful garments that pull our...our...oh you know...up...up between our legs. You can't imagine how uncomfortable they are. The

pressure makes us swing our hips when we walk, sit with our knees together, and prevents us from...from"

"Touching ourselves," interrupted a red faced Marlon. "That's disgusting and we shouldn't be doing it in the first place. Anyway, we've gotten used to them now, and they aren't too bad. Besides, don't you just adore the way they make our panties fit?"

He may say that he wanted to get away from here and go back to being a boy, but he sure didn't sound like he did. "Does Mrs. Gates always make you dress alike?" I asked, trying to avoid that sensitive subject.

"No," Darwin answered, "We have to dress as twins four days a week usually, with each of us selecting our ensembles two days each. The other days, she lets us choose our own outfits, if you can imagine us choosing a dress or a skirt and blouse that we want to wear. I don't think it's fair, but 'Marlon' doesn't seem to mind."

"Don't call me that when we're away from Mrs. Gates!" Marlon demanded with a flush. "Anyway, I really don't mind, except when I have to wear those outrageously short skirts you choose."

"Why shouldn't we wear short skirts?" Darwin shot back. "We have nice legs, and they are a lot more functional and stylish than those frilly house dresses you select to attract Johnny." Then turning to me, he said, "You should see the way Johnny looks at him in those lacy dresses! That's right Katie, 'Marla' has developed a gigantic crush on Johnny, his former nemesis."

"I have not!" Marlon turned a deep shade of red. "Johnny's a friend and I don't wear those dresses for him. I...I just think they're better than being nearly 'naked' in a miniskirt."

A boyfriend? Wearing dresses was affecting them more than I could have imagined, Marlon especially! As additional proof, they appeared to have accepted that they would wear dresses, and they were quarreling like girls about which styles they preferred. This behavior was strange in another way as

well. As boys, they always did what Marlon wanted and never argued, but now, that was apparently a thing of the past.

“Okay, okay you two! No arguing,” I injected, playing the peacemaker. “Now Marlon, what's this about you and this Johnny? I thought the two of you were adversaries.”

At that time, a tractor driven by a sandy haired young man with a tanned muscular body and a broad smile approached us, waved then turned down another row. Marlon smiled, waved, and watched wistfully as the tractor slowly disappeared over the hill.

“Who was that?” I asked.

“How obvious can one get?” Darwin asked in a sarcastic voice. “That was Johnny!!! Marla falls all over himself every time he comes near.”

“NO I DON'T!” Marlon shrieked. “Anyway, you're jealous! Johnny is just nice to me, and he thinks you're stuck up. We are just friends.”

Johnny and Marlon had started off as enemies, but Marlon's apparent affection for Johnny proved that something had happened to change their relationship. “You two didn't get along in the beginning,” I asked again. “What happened?”

Marlon looked down at the ground and shuffled his feet before speaking. “When Mrs. Gates made us shave our legs and wear girl's shorts and blouses,” he said, continuing to look down, “Johnny changed all of a sudden. HE couldn't call us the obvious--sissies so almost over night, he became real shy. After a while he started treating us like we were real girls. I guess Mrs. Gates said something.”



Darwin chided, "To get Johnny to leave her alone, Marla started looking after him like a devoted housewife! She fixed Johnny's food the way he liked it and took him snacks and drinks in the fields. Then, when we had to start wearing dresses, she made sure to wear her frilliest, most domestic outfits when her precious Johnny was around."

"Mrs. Gates made me do that smarty!" Marlon snapped in his defense. "We are learning that we have to prepare and season the food to the men's tastes. You know that!"

Marlon had unconsciously referred to Johnny and Mr. Gates as "the men". If they were the men, what did they consider themselves to be? Judging by the way they now dressed and acted, they certainly didn't portray the image of men.

"Maybe it started out that way," Darwin continued to needle, "but before long, you developed this thing for Johnny. You know you did! You may as well admit it!"

They were like children again, and I could see I wasn't about to settle the bickering between them during this short visit. I changed the subject saying, "I'll talk with Judge Harris and apprise him of your situation. Once he's aware of how Mrs. Gates is treating you, I'm sure he'll do whatever he can to help." With that, we headed back toward the house.

"Darla! I've decided that you should receive three demerits for your act of disobedience--your walking steps are too big and ungraceful," Mrs. Gates stated when we entered the house after our walk. "I want you to re-read the "WALKING IN SKIRTS" booklet. Don't you think that's fair?"

"Yes Mrs. Gates," he answered softly. "I'll put the demerits on my chart right away."

"Demerits?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered. "To give them added incentive to heed my lessons, I give them demerits for any number of errors, both large and small. When they have accumulated ten, they receive a punishment designed to direct their attention and to encourage them to concentrate harder."

"Punishment?" I asked. "What kind of punishment?"

"Oh, they can be quite elaborate, as I have a vivid imagination, or, they can be as simple as a sound spanking."

“Sp...spanking?” I sputtered, trying to picture those former ruffians getting spanked like little children.

“Oh yes!” she said with a pleased smile. “You can't imagine how humiliated they are lying across my lap with their skirt and slip at their waist while I warm the seat of their pretty panties with a wooden hairbrush. Nor, can you imagine the lengths they'll go to avoid a repeat performance in the future. To escape these demerits, they must obey all my instructions willingly and without hesitation or back talk. They also must be mindful of a thousand little details that serve to make them more feminine, despite all their efforts to resist.”

She had really sparked my interest now! “What kind of details,” I asked.

“Ohhh, they include making sure their makeup is always fresh and neat, that they sit with their knees modestly together, to always speak in a soft high voice, to walk with dainty short steps and swing their hips, and even minor things like making sure their slip isn't showing, to name a few. You would be surprised how paying attention to such minute facets of femininity in the meticulous detail I demand will take their minds off their former antics. This is a most effective way of denying them time to dwell on their past.”

“I can well imagine,” I gasped. “Is that why they act so natural in their skirts after wearing them for such a short time?”

“Absolutely!” she exclaimed. “Over simplified, my methods are a formula for redirecting their thoughts. Before they came here, all they thought about was selling drugs and other criminal activities. With assurances of punishment, I've given them strong incentives to think of more immediate matters. Concentrating on the finer aspects of femininity also serves to divert their minds from the costumes they are compelled to wear. Very shortly, I fully expect them to accept dresses and skirts as their normal attire and instinctively adopt the feminine mannerisms I've drilled into them. Thus, when they are returned to society, they'll have forgotten their old ways

and become useful citizens. As a trained counsellor, I'm sure you understand the principles involved."

"Yes," I gasped, "but is it really working?"

"Without question!" she exclaimed proudly. "See for yourself. As a matter of fact, I have to look harder and harder every passing day to find reasons to give them demerits."

All I could say was, "Wow!!!!"

CHAPTER IV

The following week, I arranged a conference with the judge to discuss my brothers' predicament. We met over lunch, and I gave him a rundown on the whole scene. He said he had a full calendar for the week, but he would look in on them over the weekend. When we parted, I felt as if I was making progress, and my mood improved dramatically.

Ted and I had a wonderful weekend. We went to the football game at State, had a tailgate picnic lunch, dinner at a nice restaurant, and we spent the night in a downtown hotel. The fun and excitement took my mind off my brothers' quandary, and despite my intentions, I neglected to tell Ted about their strange plight. I guess I was too embarrassed.

Early the following week, Judge Harris called me into his chambers for a conference about my brothers. "Katie," he said as I entered and sat down, "I spent Saturday afternoon and evening at the Gates' residence observing your brothers. I watched them efficiently go about a variety of house cleaning duties, and they prepared a delicious meal for dinner. I agree that requiring boys to dress as girls and do housework is extremely unusual, but in this case, it seems to be working. You have to admit that they are much less of a threat to society than before, and I don't see how they can come to any worst harm from this activity."

"But Your Honor," I objected. "There's something inherently wrong in making boys wear dresses. Isn't there something you can do?"

“I could send them to prison, if that's what you want. That's what they earned. I really am against this lollypop treatment of criminals, and that's what they are, you know.”

Marlon wanted to stay if the alternative was prison. He had been adamant about that, and Darwin had obeyed Mrs. Gates when he was threatened with the same fate. After considering the judge's offer, I declined and sadly went away.

I thought often of my brothers during the next month, and I was anxious to see them again. My biggest worry where they were concerned was how much they had changed. Would Darwin become docile like Marlon? Was being obedient okay? Why was I fighting the idea of my brothers being controllable? At least they weren't in jail.

The answer to these questions, however, was to be delayed. A few days before my scheduled November visit, Mrs. Gates called and said, “Katie, I'm sorry to inform you that your sisters have been obstinate and slow to learn their lessons of late. As punishment, and as incentive for them to concentrate harder, I have denied them your visit. If things improve, perhaps we can have a nice visit next month.”

“Haven't learned their lessons?” I asked. “What kind of lessons?”

“Oh, I'm teaching them to coordinate outfits, the differences between casual, day, and evening wear, and how to use accessories and makeup to best advantage. Things every girl should know.”

My balloon burst! I was so looking forward to seeing them, and now, I would have to wait another whole month. I knew I had no recourse because she set the schedules and dispensed the punishment. Judge Harris would back her all the way. I brooded the entire month because I felt as if I were being punished, and I had done nothing wrong.

There is little wonder that I jumped on the defensive and was ready to explode when Mrs. Gates called a week before my next visitation day. “Don't tell me you're not letting me visit again this month!” I spat into the telephone.

“Calm down,” she said in a composed voice. “It's true that Darla has been very obstinate and uncooperative of late, and she hasn't earned the right to have visitors. However, I see no reason to punish you and Marla for her actions, and I have an alternate plan to suggest. Would you be receptive to spending the afternoon and evening with Marla, without Darla?”

“Where?” I asked, not fully trusting her motives.

“In town, if you wish,” she answered. “I think Marla is overdue to spend some time away from here.”

“What do you have in mind?”

“You could pick him up around three, and the two of you could go shopping, to a movie, or whatever. Later, you could have a nice dinner or just chat and catch up on things. Of course, I expect him home at a decent hour.”

I was so elated; I could hardly control my emotions. Certainly, I would miss Darwin, but at least, I would get to spend considerable time with Marlon. I eagerly accepted her offer, as I would now have something exciting to look forward to. Waiting for the first Saturday afternoon in December would be difficult.

The weather was exceptionally warm for a late autumn day, and I knew we would be out in public shopping and having dinner. Assuming Marlon would be wearing a nice dress, I chose a square necked, black, above the knee length designer cocktail dress decorated with pink, green, purple, and gold, conservative gold hoop earrings, a gold bracelet, and three inch black pumps.

Upon arriving as scheduled, I was greeted at the door by Mrs. Gates' smiling face. She looked me over and beamed, “My, don't you look nice! Come in. Marla has been ready for quite some time. He is really looking forward to his outing with you.” She opened the door and there was Marlon.

I was shocked! Marlon was beautiful, and I was right about his being in a dress! The little navy blue dress he wore was simple, yet elegant. It had a modest V-neck, a platter style collar edged in white, and long sleeves with white cuffs. The

dress hugged his feminine curves over his obviously padded breasts to several inches below his waist where the skirt burst into a swirl of dainty, girlish, feminine, vertical knife pleats and fell no lower than mid thigh. White two inch pumps and a small matching purse perfectly coordinated his ensemble.

“Is that your dress?” I asked.

He nodded, blushing at my inquiry. Even his physical characteristics were feminine and would draw the attention of any man. The rawboned masculine angles in his face had given way, filling to feminine roundness with high, exotic cheekbones and full red lips. He had lost several inches in his slim waist, his derriere had swelled noticeably, and it tapered into long, well shaped thighs. His makeup was tastefully done, and his long, bright auburn tresses fell gracefully over his shoulders.

Marlon's image took my breath away. Who would believe that only a few months ago, the beautiful creature standing before me was my brother and the leader of a tough youth gang. I searched for some clue as to his true sex... there was none. “How is Mrs. Gates accomplishing this drastic transformation in so short a time?” I asked myself.

As we started for the door, he picked up a shopping bag and asked if he could put it in the trunk of my car. When I asked its contents, he said, “An evening purse, satin shoes, and jewelry for this evening. If we go out to dinner, I want to look a bit dressier.”

I was completely surprised by his answer, but I was too happy to see him to squabble over his outfit. Having not seen Darwin, I inquired as to his whereabouts, only to be told that he was in his room studying and practicing his lessons.

“What would you like to do,” I asked Marlon when we were on our way.

“Oh,” he answered excitedly, “if you don't mind, I would like to shop. When I go shopping with Mrs. Gates, she knows exactly what she wants, and that's all we look at. I never have time to just stroll and browse. Would you mind terribly if we

just relax and look around? We wouldn't have to buy anything."

I assumed that maybe he wanted to buy some male clothes. I told him that I didn't think Mrs. Gates would like that.

"Oh," he answered, "It's okay. I wasn't thinking of that."

His answer was far from masculine, and was far beyond my expectations. The old Marlon would have never asked to do anything, much less shop. He would have made certain demands, but he would never have asked anything, especially to go shopping. Apparently, his attitude was undergoing changes while under the care of Mrs. Gates.

Marlon was so feminine in action and appearance that I almost forgot he was my brother! I could never have had such fun before shopping with one of my brothers in the past, but now, we were like two sisters or girlfriends looking at and trying on clothes and accessories all up and down the mall. And, like Marlon suggested, we didn't spend a dime! Also, I was very aware of the attention he (and I) were getting from the males in the mall.

I looked into his eyes deeply only to see only bright radiant expressions of vivacious effervesce. I knew right away that he was happy...happy he's a lady...my little brother "a lady".

Seven o'clock, and time for dinner, arrived much too soon, and we returned to my car to drive to the restaurant. While I drove, Marlon changed into the items he had brought along for the occasion. There were the dark blue, satin four inch, spike heeled shoes, long, dangling earrings, and a navy blue, sequined clutch purse.

I occasionally glanced over at my brother and observed his preparations. The first thing he did was reach down to his left foot and remove his conservative two inch pump and place it in his bag. I couldn't help but notice the lovely curve of his leg and the trim ankle that ended in nicely manicured toenails painted to match his fingernails. His skirt was hiked up to his thighs showing the lace of his blue satin slip and the lacy fringe

of his blue panties. With a smile I asked, "Would you show as much thigh if there were a man in the car?"

Looking to where I was indicating, a flush came to his cheeks and he hastily drew his skirt down to mid-thigh and answered, "Oh sorry, Katie. I'd be embarrassed to death if that happened with a man around. I'm still getting used to short skirts...but, it's alright now since we're both girls, right?"

I nodded, then shook my head at his comments.

Marlon then slipped the four inch heel over his left foot and moved his ankle from side to side to make sure the shoe was on without wrinkling his nylon. He proceeded to do the same with his right shoe. Once both shoes were on, he ran both hands up his nylon encased calves to smooth out imaginary wrinkles in his nylons. We both could see that his legs were flawlessly smooth, but I could tell by his facial expression that he enjoyed feeling the silkiness of his nylons against his skin.

He then proceeded to his earrings. He lowered the passenger side sunshade and opened the lighted mirror. Examining himself in the mirror for a second, he brushed a bright auburn curl from his right ear and expertly removed the pearl stud earring. He did the same with the right ear. After storing this pair, he removed the two large gold hoop he planned to wear for the evening. Without a second thought, he inserted one earring into his right ear and secured it, then he did the left ear. Holding back his hair from both ears, he surveyed his image in the mirror. When he was satisfied that the earrings properly enhanced his image, he allowed his hair to fall back to its natural position. The shiny earrings could be seen through his hair as they gently swayed from side to side as he moved his head back and forth.

Removing his makeup from his purse, he wiped the coral lipstick away and reapplied a darker cherry color for the evening. This was followed with lip gloss to make his lips shiny and enticing. He lightly powdered his nose and cheeks, added some color to his upper eyelids and applied some blush to his cheeks. Finally satisfied with his looks, he returned the

mirror to its stored condition, returned his makeup to his purse, and applied some lotion to his hands.

As he rubbed the lotion on, I stated, "You've become quite accomplished at applying makeup."

"Hours of training. The skill with makeup goes with my new clothes Katie. When I wear a dress, I'd rather everyone think I'm a girl...I'm more comfortable that way. It's terribly embarrassing to be recognized as a boy in girl's clothes."

"That, I can believe!" I stated. "By the way, I don't see any sign of a beard. "You must have had a particularly close shave this morning."

"I don't need to shave any longer," he commiserated. "In fact, I haven't shaved in over a month now."

"Oh? What happened?"

"Electrolysis," Marlon replied in his sultry soprano voice. "Mrs. Gates performed extensive electrolysis on both Darla and me. Now neither of us has any facial hair."

"I'm sorry to hear that because you had the beginnings of a most handsome red mustache. It made you look so....so princely," I replied.

"I know, Katie, but I'm quite sure a red mustache would look totally out of place on me dressed like this," he answered with a high pitched giggle.

"Oh! Well you look like a very grown up and sophisticated young woman now," I said when he finished.

"Thank you," he added happily. "Would you like me to spruce you up a little when we stop?"

"Yes, that would be very nice. I'm not very good with the exotic makeup. I think that would be a lot of fun, and we'll knock 'em dead at the restaurant!"

I was right! We did have fun and every eye, both male and female, was on us. We enjoyed a light, but nourishing meal, I found an opportunity to ask about a subject that had weighed heavily on my mind since our last meeting. "By the way, I've

been quite concerned about you and Johnny. How have the two of you been getting along?"

At the mention of Johnny's name, Marlon turned a deep red. He didn't seem at all embarrassed about wearing panties and dresses but the mention of 'Johnny' turned him scarlet. He shyly defended, "He's just a friend, but I think Darla is jealous. Every time Johnny and I are together, she makes some crack. She thinks I'm falling in love with Johnny, but we're just friends. He likes me, and I like him. We talk and stuff."

Darla? She? Her? Marlon was speaking of Darwin as if he were a girl, and he was speaking of being "just friends" with another man like he was a girl as well! He not only looked like a woman, he was talking as if he considered himself to be one! What was happening? "Friends?" I asked, having the feeling that he was holding something back. "Does Johnny treat you like a boy or girl?"

"A friend...a girl...I guess," Marlon said hesitantly, "but I think Mrs. Gates told him to treat me that way..."

I knew Marlon had a close rapport with Johnny, but I never expected anything like this! I just had to find out the extent of his involvement. "Treat you what way?" I asked.

Marlon blushed again. "Oh, he tells me I'm pretty, helps me into his truck, and sometimes takes my hand on walks."

"Holds your hand? Do you like that?"

"It's nice having a friend, and he's nice to me. He says that since I look so pretty, he should treat me with respect like he would a young girl."

Marlon obviously knew he shouldn't be having a man relate to him like a girl, but for some reason, he wasn't bothered nearly as much as I thought he should be.

I was determined to find out as much as possible on this sensitive subject. "Given the way you look now, I'm not surprised that Johnny's hanging around. Has he given you any indication that he's attracted to you as a girl?"

“Oh...he's...he's terribly shy,” Marlon answered hesitantly, “and getting any feelings out of him is a slow and tedious process.”

Sensing that I was on the threshold of getting him to admit more than he had planned, I pressed on. “Tell me the truth Marla. Have the two of you had any romantic escapades?”

He reddened, darker than ever. I could see the reluctance building in his eyes, but he didn't answer except for a, “Not really.”

As he remained silent, I pressed the issue. “You have, haven't you?” I said accusingly. I was overcome with curiosity, and I had to learn more. “What's going on here...are the two of you romantically involved? You must tell me about it. As your sister, I have a right to know.”

His scarlet face reflected a variety of emotions. Still, he remained silent looking for the words..

I was now over run with curiosity and on the edge of my seat. I had to know more! Believing he needed only a bit more prodding, I said, “Come on Marla, tell me what's going on.”

He hesitated, then began to stammer, “It...it happened three weeks ago tonight, and...and I'll never forget one single detail, Katie! Something was wrong with the tractor, and Johnny was out in the shed working late to get it fixed so they could use it the next day.”

“Mrs. Gates was concerned for him when he didn't come in for dinner so she had me carry out a couple of tacos I made from leftovers, a slice of the apple pie I'd baked, and a thermos of hot coffee.”

The concerned, considerate person telling this story was nothing like my ungracious brother.

Marlon continued, “I was happy with the chance to see Johnny because I was wearing my swirling Gypsy skirt and off the shoulder peasant blouse in an effort to look Spanish for our Mexican dinner. He always makes comments on what I wear and how they look on me.”

"I'll bet he was glad to see that food since he skipped dinner," I ventured in an effort to reinforce his disclosure and to keep him on the subject. I desperately wanted to know where all this was leading.

"Oh, he was!" Marlon said, his breath caught in his throat. He looked embarrassed as he bubbled over with animation. This was probably the first time he told this story. "Johnny had grease all over his hands, face, and clothes, and his bushy hair was all over the place. His hands were so slippery that he dropped the cup when he tried to drink, and he spilled hot coffee all over his shirt. I grabbed a napkin and started wiping it off, and that's when...when it happened!"

"What happened?" I asked.

"I was standing very close to him wiping his shirt when he surprised me...he ran his hands through my hair, petting my head like one would a cat. He said, 'I like your hair like that.' I had a big ribbon in it and I knew I must look silly to such a macho man, and I blushed at his comment."

"Was he teasing you," I asked?

"Oh no! He was serious. He suddenly took me in his arms, held me tight, and kissed me. Neither of us knew quite how to react after that. I was unable to speak, barely able to breathe for a moment. He started to apologize, saying that he got carried away with my beauty, but I cut him off saying it was okay. After that, we kind of settled down and he ate his dinner quietly."

"How...how did you feel when Johnny kissed you?"

"I was startled and scared. I felt a weird tingling start at my toes and rise through my body. My whole face flushed. I was so embarrassed, and I wondered what all this meant. My heart was pounding so hard that I just knew he could hear it. Afterward, I didn't know whether to slug him or kiss him again or...or what."

"Sounds like he's treating you like you are a girl," I said, adding, "And from seeing you tonight, I'm not surprised. What did he do next?"

"He whispered, 'You really do look nice in that dress.' 'Nice' in a dress? I couldn't believe my ears. That's when his lips brushed mine again. Only this time, the tip of his tongue slid between my trembling lips. I stiffened and pulled back. 'Why did you pull back? Doesn't it make you feel more like a girl?' he whispered."

"I was speechless. My breasts were against his chest, and I felt his closeness. His hips were pressed against mine, and I felt so odd...so mysterious...so strange! Oh and yes, more like a girl than ever." Marlon confessed, his dark eyelashes sweeping downward.

"Wow!" I gasped. "Did you get greasy?"

"You wouldn't believe the grease I got on my skirt and blouse. Not to mention on my skin and in my hair! The clothes will never be the same, and I'm just now getting my hair clean. I'll bet I washed that skirt and blouse two dozen times since then. Now, whenever I wear them and see the stains, I remember how they got there."

"Have you had any encounters since then?"

"Minor ones," he purred, his natural color coming back to his face. "We go for moonlight walks, and we sit together in the backyard swing several nights a week. Nothing serious has happened since that first night. I'm still confused about the whole scene. Johnny is still awfully shy, but he's gradually getting bolder and more affectionate. He finally admitted that he likes to hold, kiss, and caress me. He tells me I'm beautiful and that the moon is shining just for me. He wants to help me explore my femininity but I'm scared."

I couldn't stop asking questions. "Kiss you? Do you let him kiss you now?"

"Sometimes, but I'm still very confused when he does. I know I should push him away and run, but something holds me back. I've never felt this way before, not even with a girl. I can't really explain my feelings. I just melt into those strong arms. When I'm with Johnny, I trust him. I'm content to follow his lead and let him be the aggressor. Am I crazy?"

“Gosh, when you put it that way, I don't know,” I answered as if in a daze, “but you must be very careful. I don't know what's making you change, but be extremely cautious. I don't want you to get hurt.”

Most of our conversation, for the remainder of the evening, centered around Marlon's confused feelings for Johnny and being related to as a girl. “I've gotten used to being looked at by men,” he said, fluffing his hair in a sultry manner, “But I could never BE what they want...I pretty sure of that.”

I was startled that my brother could have such intense feelings around men...but I was less surprised that men would respond to this delicate, innocent maiden. Everything about him was feminine, his long painted nails, his perfume, his beautiful curled hair. He really made me aware of the difference between boys and girls.

Mrs. Gates was waiting up for us and met us at the driveway when we returned home around eleven. I told her we had a very enjoyable evening, and we looked forward to another such adventure in the future. She was all smiles as we said our farewells.

As Marlon walked to the house, I noticed again that there was an obvious change in the way that he moved. His hips seemed to roll in a girlish sort of way, and his steps were much more dainty...no, graceful...no, it was provocative. What a “loathsome” sensation" for a young boy to emit....

CHAPTER V

My relationship with Ted became much more serious and during the next month, I moved in with him. Working to solidify my new commitment severely limited my time to think about my brothers' ordeal. I wasn't concerned about Marlon anyway because I knew he wasn't going to get into any trouble. Short of freedom, he was now content to stay with Mrs. Gates as a girl.

However, since I hadn't seen him for going on three months, I wasn't too sure about Darwin. Needless to say, when Mrs. Gates called to invite me for Christmas dinner and to stay

overnight at her home and all the next day, I was overjoyed! Adding to my delight was her assurance that I would be allowed to spend time alone with both of them during my stay. This visit would make up for my missing Darwin and would be in lieu of my January visit.

I arrived at the Gates' home to find the house lavishly decorated in the spirit of the season. A beautifully trimmed tree stood in the family room. Boughs of greenery, bows, bells, and decorations of every description accentuated the entire house.

"They did the decorations themselves," beamed a proud Mrs. Gates. "I just supervised and offered a few suggestions along the way. They're in the kitchen preparing dinner, and I'm sure you'd like to see them.

Again, I was surprised. My lazy, uncaring brothers had never lifted a finger to decorate anything. And now, look at this! In the kitchen, I found them wearing dresses covered by crisp pinafores, more or less as I expected. Marlon's pinafore was attractively decorated with lace instead of the ruffles adorning Darwin's, and both of them were busy with their cooking duties.

In keeping with the colors of the season, the twins were dressed alike in sleeveless red and green dresses with knee length full skirts, held out by several petticoats. Underneath their dresses, they wore white silk blouses with long billowing sleeves. These attractive dresses were obviously designed to accentuate their protruding breasts and small waists. Their legs were showcased in sheer nylons, and they moved about effortlessly atop red, three inch heels. Their hair had been recently styled and was a mass of glowing red curls that framed their faces and fell to their shoulders.

My brothers evidently considered themselves to be appropriately dressed and their duties in keeping with their station. Without hesitation or embarrassment about the way they were dressed, they both exhibited sincere smiles of happiness. With brilliant red lips surrounding gleaming white

teeth, they rushed over to greet me cheerfully with affectionate hugs and kisses.

“Everything smells delicious,” I said as soon as they released me, “and I'm really looking forward to my long visit.” I tried to avoid the cliché, “Let me look at you!” for obvious reasons.

“Johnny is in the den with Mr. Gates!” Marlon proclaimed with obvious excitement. Elation shone in his eyes, and his features became animated as he grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the door. “Come on! I can't wait for you to meet him.”

I wondered why Marlon was so kinetic and so anxious for me to meet Johnny. “I told Mrs. Gates that I'm going with Ted now, but aren't you afraid I'll steal him away from you?” I joked, hoping that all his confusion had disappeared.

“Oh no!” he said, shaking his head, “He's not your type.”

Despite the femininity he had exhibited during our outing, I was still totally confused by my erstwhile brother's exhilaration over a friend...a man. I glanced over at Darwin, who promptly raised his eyes toward the ceiling in a silent expression of resignation.

Upon first laying eyes on Johnny, I instantly knew why any 'woman' would be taken by this strong, handsome hunk. He was well over six feet tall, had broad shoulders, powerful hands and arms, scattered freckles on his rugged sun bronzed face, and his medium length, reddish blonde hair tousled aimlessly about, adding to his boyish charm. In obvious embarrassment, his face flushed a bright red, and he couldn't quite meet my gaze. Was shy or hiding something? That was his flaw! Or was that why Marlon was so enamored with him?

“Have a drink of Christmas Cheer with us while the boys finish dinner,” said Mr. Gates as he handed me a cup. He was drinking a hot cider concoction with Johnny and was in a jovial mood.

“Are you...you like...like them?” Johnny asked as he turned red all over again.

“What do you mean?”

“A boy? I mean, were you a boy too?”

“Oh no,” I laughed, sensing the reason for his hesitation. “I’ve always been a girl.”

That somehow seemed to add to his embarrassment, and if anything, he became shyer afterwards. He never would look me in the eye.

The cider was quite good, but it was obviously laced heavily with rum as I was becoming light headed after only one cup. Mrs. Gates joined us before the crackling fire, and we laughed and became acquainted--the alcohol making us more relaxed.

We enjoyed a delicious dinner with Marlon looking after us, but Johnny got uncustomary devotion. No one seemed to notice anything unusual except me.

I wondered how my brothers ever got used to being dressed as ‘sissies’ around such a robust young man. Johnny took Marlon’s attention with the manner expected of a servant...asking for seconds, being served, etc. Marlon obeyed every request willingly and with a smile. Johnny never missed looking up to see Marlon leave the dining room. Yes his walk was more suggestive than ever. Marlon had relaxed his hips and let them roll. His small, dainty steps, his head up, his chest out made his walk so girlishly. Johnny didn’t miss a second of Marlon’s hips swaying saucily with each dainty, little step he took.

After dessert, Mr. and Mrs. Gates, Johnny, and I returned to the den to continue our conversation and to renew our assault on the jug of “Christmas Cheer”, while my brothers did the dishes and cleaned the kitchen. When they joined us, Mrs. Gates said, “Katie, why don’t you join the girls upstairs for a nice chat? I’m sure you would like to spend some time together.”

I eagerly accepted her offer, as I hadn’t been alone with them together for quite some time. “Let’s go to our bedrooms,” Marlon suggested. “I want to show you the skirt and sweater

Mr. and Mrs. Gates gave me for Christmas. It's the latest style, and it fits perfectly.”

Darwin's eyes rolled.

“That's a good idea,” Mrs. Gates agreed with a smile. “You can both show your sister all your new things while you get reacquainted.”

As Marlon ascended the stairs, Darwin took my arm, pulled me aside, and whispered in my ear, “Be careful what you say around Marlon. He tells Mrs. Gates everything. Just follow my lead, and I'll explain as I get the chance.”

Giving Darwin a silent nod, I followed him up the steps.

“We made our Christmas dresses ourselves and saved a lot of money,” Marlon said proudly as we entered Darwin's bedroom. “Mrs. Gates bought the patterns and the material, and we did the rest. They're fully lined too!” Without embarrassment, he raised and reversed his skirt hem to show me the shiny red rayon petticoat lining.

As Marlon bragged about his abilities as seamstress, Darwin was busy removing his dress and blouse. Momentarily, he stood before us in a snow white nylon slip and said, “Marla, why don't you put on that nice house dress you wore last Saturday when Johnny came to dinner? I'm sure Katie would love to see you in it. I'll step into my new outfit and keep her company while you're gone.”

“Great idea!” Marlon exclaimed. His eyes lit up brightly at the thought of showing off his new dress, and he ran to his bedroom.

This story is continued in TV FICTION CLASSICS # 27, WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED.

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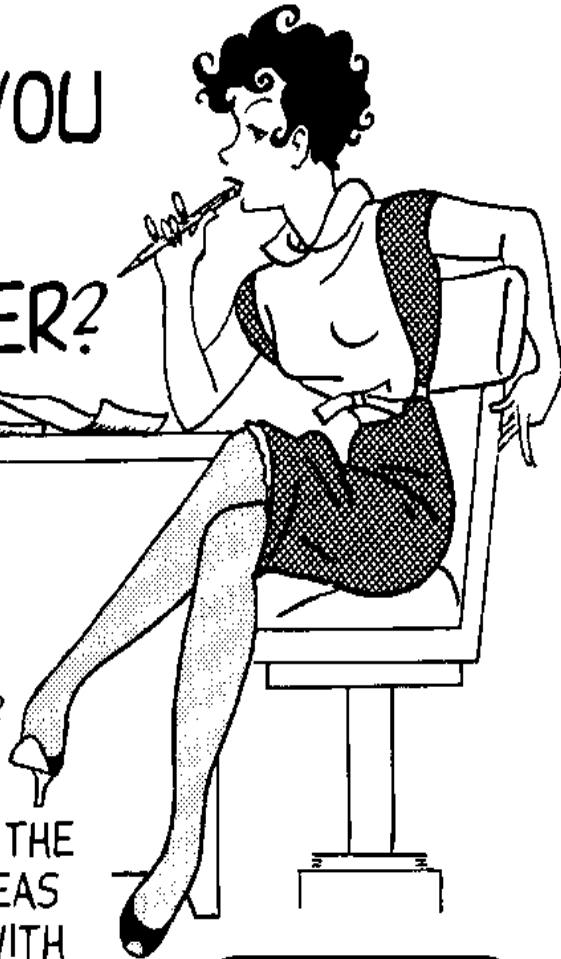


tvc65cv

ARE YOU A WRITER?

ARTIST?
OR JUST A
"GAL" WITH
SOME IDEAS
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE
BEST IDEAS
START WITH
SOMEONE JUST
SCRIBBLING
DOWN A FEW
SCENES TO A
FANTASY?
I'D LOVE TO SEE
THOSE AND
MAYBE EXPAND
UPON THEM.



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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD **1-10**

THE ADVANTAGES
OF BEING A
CROSSDRESSER.
PART FOUR

"Yes, Mrs. James.
I understand. . .
I can spend the
night with Sally
but 'NO BOYS'
are allow in the
house."

