

THE SWEET COMPULSION

By Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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by: Patricia Smith

I grew up under my mother's thumb. She was a strict disciplinarian and her rules were not to be disobeyed. I suppose I feared her more than anything else in life. I never knew my father though I did have a string of stepfathers as I grew up, some of whom were nothing more than Mom's latest boyfriends. But I towed the line with all of them, seldom getting into trouble, never wanting any trouble and avoiding it when it came looking for me.

School was no different for me than my life at home. I obeyed my teachers, stayed out of trouble and never made any friends at all. My homework was always done, my assignments were all turned-in on time and my grades were satisfactory. I wasn't a scholarly kid by any stretch of the imagination. I just tried my best at everything. English was my favorite subject.

I graduated high school, without any honors, without any fuss and without attending any of the many graduation parties. I got my diploma and left school without looking back.

Work was the next phase in my life and I looked upon it as just another chore to be accomplished. I found a job as a proofreader in a publishing house. I was the only one of the two dozen applicants who could tell the publisher what was wrong with a prepared statement. My job was to proofread all the copy from certain writers before it went to the presses. I had to find and correct spelling mistakes, grammatical errors and punctuation errors, too. There was a lot for me to do, but it was all brain work.

The heaviest thing I had to lift at work was the cover from my keyboard. That was good for me since I wasn't what you could call big. At five foot-two and about ninety pounds, most of the girls were taller and heavier than I was. I did very well in my first month and got my first paycheck. They held back two weeks pay, so they weren't rushing to collect everyone's hours and get them paid up to date every two weeks.

Having my own income now, I moved out of Mom's apartment and into one of my own. I found one closer to work on the other side of town so I didn't have as far to commute everyday. Mom had her own life and a new boyfriend so they didn't need me around any of the time. Mom named me Randy because she said that's what my father was, randy. She figured "Like father, like son" which is probably why she kept such a tight rein on me while I grew up. I don't think I was "randy" at all, except in name.

Never having any friends at all growing up, I wasn't looking to make any now that I was working for a living. That was just fine with most everyone at work too. All except for Beverly Thomlinson. She was a pretty, young woman who worked in the graphic arts department. She was quite popular with everyone, I might add. She always

seemed to find me sitting alone during coffee breaks and at lunch time, so she began to come and sit with me. As luck would have it, Bev and I didn't live all that far apart either. Once she began sitting with me during breaks at work, she started looking for me on the bus when we traveled to and from work.

Bev and I were fast becoming friends and it made me feel like the luckiest guy on the planet. But we could never be anything more than just friends. She had a boyfriend she was in love with and hoped to marry someday; she just liked to spend time with me too. On weekends, when we weren't at work together, she took to phoning me at home to talk to me for hours at a time. I guess I was a good listener. But I liked her and I liked having her friendship as well as her confidence.

Some afternoons, after we had finished work, she took me out shopping with her, just to have a friend along for a second opinion before she bought something. Naturally, I was more than a bit hesitant about entering the dress shops she wanted to shop in and sat there nervously as she tried on dress after dress after outfit. Ever so slowly, I came to realize there was nothing to be so nervous about and was able to give her an objective opinion about the things she was trying on. Then she took me into the lingerie boutiques with her and it was damned lucky for me that she could not try on the things she was buying in there. I don't know what my reaction would have been to seeing her in the panties or bras or the tiny garter belts she picked out. She merely asked my opinion on colors or if something was too plain for her, or too fancy.

Bev and I quite often went out to dinner together after work. Neither of us cared to go to our separate homes and cook a meal just for one. She never allowed me to pay for her meals, so there was no way I could look upon it as a "date". The same went for weekends when she and I went to the movies. She insisted upon paying her own way into the theater and for her share of the popcorn and her drink. It wasn't a date! I merely accompanied her to movies that her boyfriend had no intention of ever taking her to see. Movies that she liked but that he hated.

Apparently, Chris was a macho man. He liked the *Rambo* style of action movie and had a great disdain for dramas or romance movies. He liked drinking with his buddies, riding his motorcycle cross-country, surfing in the ocean or going up to the mountains to ski. He was a jock among jocks and liked to have his woman at home when he was ready for her. Bev was in love with him, so she pretty much put up with his behavior. Chris was also extremely jealous. Bev told me that he would get really mad at both of us if he ever found out we were friends.

"You aren't allowed to have friends?" I asked her as we went out together one night.

"Sure. All the friends I want. Just so long as they're all girls. I just hope he never catches us going out together."

"Is he violent?"

"Not usually, but I'm sure he could be if he got mad enough. I've never seen him mad enough and I hope I never do."

I hoped I never met him. I was certain that Bev liked me because I was non-threatening to her. I was a guy, sure, but I had opinions and liked some of the same things she did. Spending time with me meant that other guys wouldn't be hitting on

her all of the time, so I was a safety blanket in that regard. Being with me kept the other guys away. I didn't mind at all. I was just happy to have her as a friend.

Bev and I were talking on the phone to each other; I had a recipe for a dessert she wanted to make. I was halfway through giving it to her when who should arrive at her apartment, but her boyfriend, Chris. There was trouble brewing, I could tell.

"Who are you talking to?" I heard him demand, probably just a couple of feet away from her.

"Randy," was her stronger reply. "I'm getting a recipe."

"Who is Randy?" I heard him yelling now.

"Relax, Chris. Randy is a girl from work. She told me about a recipe she had and I wanted it, so I called her when I got home." No response from him.

"So I'm a girl now, huh?" I asked her over the phone.

"Yes, that's right," she said to me.

"Do I *sound* like a girl to you?" I asked her.

"A bit," was the reply I got. Then, quieter, "Sorry, Randy. I *had* to tell him that. But your voice on the phone does sound a bit like a girl. I know you aren't a girl, but Chris can never know that. Please? I'm begging you! Please, play along?"

"If it'll keep you out of trouble, I guess I can pretend to be a girl on the phone."

"Thanks, Randy. He's in the bathroom now, but you can expect him to pick up the extension in the bedroom at any time."

I finished giving Bev the recipe she wanted and she kept me on the line to talk about one of the dresses she had picked out a few days before when I had been with her. I heard the click so I knew that Chris was listening in. "No, no, Bev," I said. "I told you before. That dress is all wrong for you. Your figure is too nice for the high collar, long sleeves and a mid-calf hemline. You need a looser neck, three-quarter-length sleeves at the most and a hemline above the knee. A dress like that pink one would be better suited to a girl like me. Someone without such a gorgeous figure."

"Listen to her, Bev. She knows what she's talking about," he interrupted.

"Get off the line, Chris," Bev shouted into my ear. "This is a private conversation."

"Nice talking to you, Randy," he said. "Maybe I'll get to meet you sometime?"

"Off!" Bev demanded. I heard him hang up, but I knew that he was somewhere nearby.

"Sorry about that, Randy." Bev apologized to me. "You know what boyfriends are like."

"Nope. I don't know anything about them. I've never had one, don't want one either."

She laughed. "Of course you do. *All* girls should have a boyfriend. Someday, you'll meet the right man. Then you'll want to wear prettier dresses, too, to look the best you can when he takes you out."

“I kind of doubt that, Bev.” I said and laughed along with her. We hung up then and she went to spend time with her boyfriend. I had a book to read and was going to bed early and alone. I wouldn’t mind having a girlfriend to go to bed with, but never a *boyfriend!*

* * * * *

It was a Saturday, the day after I had pretended to be a girl on the phone with Bev and her boyfriend. Bev called me right after she’d had a good cry. “What’s the matter?” I asked her.

“What makes you think anything’s the matter?” She was trying to sound braver than she felt.

“It sounds to me like you were crying. Talk to me, Bev. That’s what friends are for.”

“I can’t fool you, can I Randy?”

“Not with something like that, no,” I said.

“It’s Chris. He’s going camping with the guys. In for one night and we never went out at all. Now he’s going out with the guys again.”

“Fair is fair, Bev. He’s going out with the guys, so you call up your girlfriends and go out with them.”

“I have a better idea than that. I’ll call up my girlfriends all right, but I’ll invite them here for a pajama party! I haven’t had one of those since I was in high school.”

“Okay. Have a pajama party then.”

“Want to come to my pajama party, Randy?”

“Ha!” I laughed. “I may sound a bit like a girl on the phone Bev, but you and I both know I don’t look like one in person. No way!”

“Aw, come on, Randy! Where’s your spirit of adventure? Just think of it! You and five girls, alone in a locked apartment! With Chris not in town.”

“You make it sound very appealing, Bev. But don’t you think the other girls would object to having a guy at their pajama party?”

“They wouldn’t object at all if they thought that you were a girl, too,” she said.

“Say what?!” I gasped out.

“Sure! Why not? I have a little sister about your size. We can go over to my parents’ house and get you all dolled up to look just like a real girl. No one would ever know the difference, I promise. I’m going to call four of my friends and set up the party. Then I’m going to come over to your place to get you and take you to my parents’ place.”

“You can call your friends, Bev, but you can forget about coming here. I’m not going to your parents’ house and I’m not going to dress up as a girl.” She hung up on me so I put down the phone and got to work on my weekend chores.

Half an hour later there was a knock on the door so I dried my hands and went to see who it was. I opened the door and there stood Bev with a huge smile on her face. "Hey!" she said to me. "You're not ready to go!"

"I told you on the phone, Bev, I'm not going to your parents' house and I'm not going to dress up as a girl! Don't you listen to me?"

"All the time, Randy. But this can be a lot of fun for both of us." She walked in and closed the door behind her to put an arm around my shoulders. "Listen, Randy, I know why you don't want to do this and I'm here to tell you that it's okay to be scared. I'm scared of a lot of things and it's perfectly natural for you to be scared, too."

"I'm not scared, Bev."

"Sure you are, and I know why. I see the way you look at me and at every girl there is. I know that you like girls and I know that you want to have a girlfriend the way I have a boyfriend. But I also know that you are scared to dress up as a girl because you might like it!"

"I am not!"

"Yes you are. All boys are afraid to dress up as girls because of the fact that one time might lead to a second time, then a third and so on. You want to have a girlfriend, not dress up as one. That's okay. I understand it. But let me make myself very clear to you. I have always thought of you AS a girlfriend. I describe you to Chris as my best girlfriend. All the things we do together are done the way I would do them with another girl. Even my arm around you now is what I would do with another girl. But I also want you to know that it's okay for you to like dressing up as a girl. I love doing it myself."

"Bev! You're a girl so you *should* dress up as one. I'm a guy and that's how I should be dressed. Halloween is the only time that it's okay for a guy to dress as a girl and I've never done it for then, either. I'm not scared, I just don't want to do it."

"Okay. Now, give me one real good reason why you won't do it."

"I just did! Weren't you listening to me?"

"I said a *real good* reason. Conventional morality isn't a real good reason."

"Sure it is. But I'll give you another reason. It isn't fair to your other friends for me to be at an all-girls party even if I *could* do it. They would know as soon as they saw me that I'm not a real girl."

"They already know. I told them. And they're as eager for you to do it as I am."

"I'm not a clown, Bev. I never have been. I don't want to start now."

"That's not a good reason either. Me and the other girls don't want you to do this so we can laugh at you. You've met all of them already and they want the same thing from you that I already have. Your friendship. They all have boyfriends and they envy me because I have one friend who is a boy, other than my boyfriend. The way you differ from other guys, Randy, is the fact that you can be friends with a girl without having to be macho about it. That is what I value the most about you. The fact that we

have a lot in common is just a bonus to me. My friends want to be *your* friends, too and all you have to do is accept them.”

“That, and dress up like a girl?”

“Two days and one night! Big deal! Don’t be afraid to like being with girls, Randy.”

“I’m *not* afraid to like being with girls!”

“Then you shouldn’t be afraid to like dressing up as one either.”

“I don’t follow your logic, Bev. The two aren’t related.”

“Of course they are! If you can dress up to look like a girl, we can teach you how to act like a girl, too. Then we can have you over to visit all of us, attend our parties with us, go to the bars with us, even meet our boyfriends! We all want your friendship, but we need to have your willing participation in the deception or we may not be able to be your friends.”

I wanted friends, especially girlfriends. I wasn’t afraid of dressing up as a girl. I was afraid of being laughed at. Being thought of as a clown was about the worst thing I could think of happening to me. “You want to know what I am afraid of, Bev? Of being laughed at. Of being picked on and being the brunt of snide remarks. I’ve had it all my life so far and I don’t like it or want it. I’m afraid that if I do what you want that I’ll be setting myself up for a fall and that is something I don’t want.”

“You have nothing to be afraid of from me, from my friends or from my family. My father is getting ready to go on a business trip and he may even be gone by the time we get there. He will never know about what we plan to do. My mother and sister think the same was about this as I do or I would never take you over there. I’m not trying to embarrass you, Randy. All I’m trying to do is improve the friendship we already have. There are so many place we can’t go together, so many things we can’t do together, and all because you look and act like a guy. That’s not a bad thing. But there is so much more we could do if you would agree to play the part of a girl with me and my friends.”

I knew I was setting myself up for a fall, but I agreed to it. “Okay Bev. You win. I’ll try it this one time. I can’t say I’ll do it again, but I will do it this one time.” Having discovered what it was like to have one friend, I wanted more of them. And I didn’t want to risk losing the one I already had. It was a huge gamble for me, but then again, so was life.

I tossed the towel into the kitchen and put on my shoes to leave my apartment with Bev. I felt really good walking down to the bus stop with her holding my hand. The bus got there at the same time we did. She held my hand all the way to her parents’ house and only let go of me when we were inside the front door.

It was there, in the Thomlinson household, that I saw something for the first time that I had always thought was a myth. I saw it on television and in the movies but there it was all acting and no one can believe everything in those mediums. It was love! Pure, unrestrained love! Real caring emotion between family members. The father hugging his daughter, then the mother and the sister too. I had never seen that in person before so it was a bit bewildering to me.

Bev introduced me to her family. I shook hands with each of them, then her father had to make a comment. “What happened to Chris? I thought you were going out with him?”

“I am, Dad.” she replied. “Randy and I are just friends. The way you and Mrs. Cross are just friends. But Chris has gone camping with his buddies for a week, so Randy and I are having some fun together. No, it’s not a sexual thing for either of us! Get your mind out of the gutter.”

“I didn’t say a word!” Mr. Thomlinson defended himself. “Look, I have to get moving or I’ll miss my plane. I’ll see you next month.”

They all saw him out the door, then Bev led me into the kitchen where her mother made us some tea. The four of us sat around the kitchen table. “So, how did you two meet?” Bev’s mother asked her daughter.

“We work together, Mom.” was the immediate response.

“Does Chris know you and Randy are friends?” was the next question.

“Sort of, but not really. He would freak right out if he knew the truth, so I never want him to know, okay?”

“It’s not our place to tell him anything, Beverly. So what does he think?”

“He thinks Randy is a girl,” Bev said.

“How can he think that? It’s obvious that Randy is a young man!”

“Chris and Randy have never met, except over the phone. Randy sounds quite passably feminine on the phone with his natural voice.”

“Thanks for telling us,” Mrs. Thomlinson said. “If Chris ever asks us, yes, we have met Randy and she is a wonderful girlfriend of yours. Okay?”

“Thanks Mom. Just one more favor, from Cindy.”

“What’s up Sis?” Cindy asked her sister.

“I want Randy to meet Chris, but to do that, he has to look the part of the girl that Chris already thinks he is. You and Randy are about the same size. Can we borrow some of your things for him?”

I was nervous about this now. I expected Cindy and her mother to break out laughing any second now. But they didn’t and it caught me by surprise.

“Oh sure. No problem, Bev. Randy can borrow anything she wants, except for my newest things. I want to keep them to myself.” Cindy said quite matter-of-factly. No one was laughing.

Mrs. Thomlinson began eyeing me rather closely then. “I think that Randy would make a very lovely young girl.” she said earnestly. There wasn’t even a hint of humor in the way she said it, so I felt less uneasy than I might have otherwise. They were so matter-of-fact about it!

Cindy was eager to help and to get started, too. She ran to her room to begin the job of picking out some of her things for me to try on while the three of us stayed to finish our tea.

“I think it’s really wonderful that you would do this for your friend, Randy.” Bev’s mother said to me. “Not many young men would agree to it.”

“Randy’s not like other guys, Mom.” Bev said quickly. “He’s really special and the best friend I have.”

I felt a bit awkward about their praises. “Bev is the best friend I have, too.” I said. I didn’t think I should mention the fact that she was the only friend I had.

With the tea gone, there was no way to stall any further. Mrs. Thomlinson stayed in the kitchen to clean up while Bev took my hand to lead me to her sister’s bedroom. I dreaded what was about to happen to me but I knew there was no way to avoid it either. I had agreed to it.

Cindy had all but cleaned out her dresser drawers and closet and had everything laid out on her bed and stacked on her desk and the chairs too. “Anything that’s laid out.” she said proudly. “The rest is for me.”

“Thanks, Cindy,” Bev said as she hugged her sister. “Can you leave us alone now?”

“I want to help,” she complained.

“You’ve helped a lot already and it will help Randy more if you aren’t here to witness what’s about to happen. Please, Cindy?”

“Cindy,” her mother called. “Give them some privacy please.”

Cindy left the room and closed the door behind her, clearly disappointed about it.

“Okay, Randy.” Bev said to me now. “Time to strip.”

“All the way?” I asked nervously.

“All the way.” she replied and held up a pair of her sister’s bright yellow panties for me to see. “I’ll give you three minutes to get them on, then I’ll be back with Cindy to help you with the rest.” She gave me a little hug and a kiss on the cheek before leaving me alone with the door closed behind her. Three minutes wasn’t a lot of time.

I stripped all of my clothes off, then picked up the delicate little yellow panties with the white lace trim and stepped into them. I pulled them up my legs easily and got them in place about my hips to find out that they were a perfect fit on me. Cindy and I were the same size! I had two minutes to spare so I opened the door a crack and called for Bev to return. I wanted to get on with this and get it over with as soon as possible. All three of the Thomlinson females came into the room together to inspect my appearance in the most feminine of all items of personal clothing.

“Looks like a perfect fit,” Mrs. Thomlinson said. Bev came right up to me to check me out herself and agreed with her mother.

“The matching bra should be next,” Cindy said and burst forward to search for it.

“I think that if Randy is going to do this right,” Bev interrupted, “we should help her to shave her legs and underarms. She doesn’t have much hair but what there is masculine. It should go.”

The others agreed and I didn’t feel as though I had any choice in the matter so I went to the bathroom with them to stand in the empty tub to allow the sisters to shave

my legs while their mother got to work shaving my underarms. They each used their own razors with new blades in them and it wasn't long 'til I was denuded of my hair in those places. No nicks and no cuts to show for their work. It was hair that no one but me ever saw anyway.

Back we went to Cindy's bedroom. It was her clothes that I was trying, on so Bev allowed her sister the honor of helping me into the bra that matched the panties I had on. I felt quite ashamed of myself having two women watch while the young girl pulled the bra up my arms to stand behind me and fasten the ends of the backband together.

"Hmm." Mrs. Thomlinson mused aloud. "The cups are sagging too much. Falsies were a fashion trend before my time but I think I have a pair my mother left behind. Let me look." She went to see if she had them so Bev and Cindy helped me get on the matching garter belt. Bev held it about my waist while her sister fastened it behind my back. Then both of them fed the garter tabs into the waistband of the panties I had on and pulled them out the leg openings. Their mother returned with a pair of foam rubber falsies which she separated. She slipped one into each of the sagging bra cups. "Perfect!" she exclaimed.

"A little small for an eighteen-year-old girl, aren't they?" Cindy questioned.

"Not at all," Bev replied. "Randy is a small girl, so she doesn't need big tits. Your bra fit you and it fits her, so why should she be any larger than you are?"

"I'm only fifteen. I haven't finished growing yet," she answered.

"It could be that you have," their mother spoke up. "Not all girls develop large breasts. I know women older than me who have smaller breasts than you do, Cindy. It's not the cup size that makes a woman a woman."

"I know. Sorry." Cindy got out a brand new package of nylon stockings and opened it so she and Bev could help me put them on. I stood there, keeping the tops of the stockings from falling down as both girls smoothed them up my legs and attached them to the dangling garter tabs. "Feel pretty good, don't they, Randy?" Cindy asked me.

I didn't know what to say then. "Hold your questions 'til later." her mother said. "This is all new and different to Randy so she will need some time to get used to it." They were all using the feminine pronouns when they referred to me now. What's worse, I didn't mind it.

Cindy helped me into a lace-trimmed yellow camisole while Bev held the matching half-slip at the ready. With the camisole on, she helped me into the slip. Then it was hair and makeup time and they planned to do it for me in their dining room. There, all three of them could work on me at the same time without bumping into each other.

I was feeling more than a little foolish as I sat on the chair and allowed these three females to transform me into more of a realistic-looking female. Bev was a year older than I was while her sister was three years younger. They agreed that my eyebrows could stay as they were which was a huge relief to me. I still had to go to work and I didn't need obvious feminine changes in my face. I had longish hair but Mrs. Thomlinson was able to style it for me to look more feminine without doing any cutting on it. That, too, was good.

Bev and Cindy worked together from both sides of me to get the makeup onto my face. I didn't see what they did but I did hear them talk as they did it. Eyeshadow first, then eyeliner. I cooperated with them as they curled my eyelashes and applied the mascara. Lipliner, lipstick, then two shades of blusher were blended onto my high cheekbones. Pressed powder from the compact finished the job. They were gushing with pride at how I looked though they refused to let me look in a mirror yet. I played along with them since they were enjoying it.

"I think Randy would be more comfortable in culottes and a blouse," the elder of the Thomlinson trio said.

"Skirt and blouse!" Cindy countered.

"Dress!" Bev over-rode them. "Nothing but the prettiest dress Cindy has!"

"I have a brand new dress in my closet that would look adorable on her," Cindy said. "I'll get it."

"I thought you wanted to keep the new ones for yourself?" Bev questioned her sister.

"I did. But seeing how pretty Randy is now, I just know she would look better in this dress than *I* ever would. I'll be right back." She ran off to get the dress for me.

It turned out to be a very pretty party dress. Short puffed sleeves trimmed with eyelet lace, flat collar with the same lace trim, back zipper closing so there was no hint of the cleavage I didn't have to display in front, full skirt with sewn-in crinolines and a wide sash that would tie into a bow in the back. She had brought a pair of flat-heeled pumps for me to wear with her dress. I felt that the dress was too pretty and too young for me to wear and I really didn't want to put it on, but I didn't voice my objections when they helped me into it. The zipper closed up my back and the sash got tied into its bow; then I sat so they could put the shoes onto my feet.

The shoes didn't fit at all. My feet were a lot bigger than Cindy's. Bev slipped off her shoes and tried them on my feet and they fit almost perfectly. She took them back from me then as she needed to wear them home and Mrs. Thomlinson went to her closet to find a pair for me to wear. She and Bev wore the same size shoes.

The shoes that Mrs. Thomlinson found for me to wear were white high-heeled pumps. The heels were two inches high and very narrow. But the shoes fit my feet as well as Bev's had, so I had to learn to stand and walk in them. Both Cindy and Bev helped me until I was able to walk a few paces by myself. Mrs. Thomlinson found some old clip-on earrings for me and several pieces of cosmetic jewelry that I could borrow as well. Perfume was the final touch and it made me smell just like a real girl.

I was taken to Mrs. Thomlinson's bedroom then since it contained the only full-length folding dressing mirrors in the house. With my eyes closed, I was placed before it, then told to open my eyes and see for myself. I was stunned! I couldn't believe what an utterly beautiful little girl they had turned me into! Hairstyle, makeup, clothes, shoes! Everything I saw before me told me that I was looking at a beautiful girl, even though I knew I was looking at myself. In the wings of the folding mirrors I was able to see myself from every angle. I had to admit that I did, indeed, make a very beautiful girl.

"I look a little young, don't I?" I asked no one in particular.

"That's just the style of the dress," Bev said. "But you are one gorgeous girl in it! Even *you* have to admit that, Randy."

"Yeah, I admit it. You all did a great job on me."

"Can Randy borrow those shoes, Mom?" Bev asked.

"Sure. Are you going to pick out another outfit for her for tomorrow? I may have shoes to go with that one, too."

"Actually, if Cindy doesn't object, I was planning on helping Randy try on a few other dresses. I'd like to have her look more her own age. Two dresses, two sets of lingerie and maybe even one little nightie, too?"

"Sure, so long as I can help!" came the quick reply.

"Why a nightie?" Mrs. Thomlinson asked.

"To sleep in." Cindy piped up.

"To wear at my pajama party tonight," Bev replied. "Me, Randy and four more girls."

"Are these girls going to get a surprise?"

"Nope. They all know about Randy and they're looking forward to meeting her."

* * * * *

Having seen just how beautiful I looked as a girl now helped to lower my inhibitions so Bev and Cindy could help me try on a few more dresses. Every time I got another one on, I just had to see how I looked in it. I got a lot of practice walking back and forth to and from the master bedroom in the high-heeled shoes. It surprised all of us to learn that some of Cindy's older dresses made me look more my age than her new ones did. She not only let me borrow them, she said I could *have* them. She didn't wear them anymore herself and was planning to give them away anyway. She gave me the lingerie I had on since it was her older stuff and she picked out two more sets she didn't want anymore. One in pink, the other in black. And it was to my surprise and Bev's delight that she gave me a choice of three nighties.

I chose her older one. It was a set of cotton pajamas with short bottoms and a long top but Bev vetoed that idea. "As pretty as Randy is now, I would rather buy her a pretty nightie than have her wear that at my party."

"I think she should borrow my white one then," Cindy said.

"I have a better idea," their mother said from the doorway. She left to go to her room and was back in a few minutes with a box from a lingerie store. "I got this as a present a year ago, but it's too small for me. It's not returnable, so I had to keep it. It's too old for Cindy just yet, but I think that Randy can make use of it." She opened the box to show all of us a gorgeous pink babydoll nightie set.

There were gasps all around as she pulled out all three pieces for us to see. "It's perfect!" Bev sighed. "It's just what I would have bought for her."

"I'd love to have it myself," Cindy said.

"Not for at least five more years," her mother replied. "It's too small for Beverly already and I am certain Cindy will outgrow it before she gets a chance to wear it. I think that Randy can have it if she is willing to wear it."

"She's willing," Bev volunteered for me. I was stunned by it.

Cindy was sad that she wouldn't get it but cheered by the thought that I would wear it tonight. She went to clean out her closet even more. She felt that I should be as properly prepared to be a girl as was possible. That meant old sweaters and old dresses and her old skirts and blouses, too. Bev didn't want me to have Cindy's old jeans or slacks and her mother agreed. There was no point to my taking things that weren't absolutely feminine-looking on me. With that in mind, all of the plainer blouses had to stay behind. Mrs. Thomlinson had some old purses I could have and some of them might go with the outfits I already had stacked up and the shoes she had loaned me. I had to return the shoes I borrowed along with the jewelry. Bev promised to get them back as soon as she could. They lent me an overnight bag to pack it all into. My own male clothes got packed in there, too, since I had to travel as a girl now.

Mrs. Thomlinson gave us all a ride to my apartment since I had more than we had ever anticipated I would get. I emptied the bag of its contents, then Bev helped me pack it once more for the trip to her place. We had to walk there now.

Talk about being self-conscious! I was certain that everyone who saw me was secretly laughing at me as I walked down the street with Bev beside me. "Smile," she told me. "People smile at pretty girls and that is what we are. I'm even a bit envious since you're a lot prettier than I am."

"No way, Bev! I could *never* be as pretty as you are."

"You're underestimating your natural beauty and our talents. You are every bit as pretty as I am, if not more." I don't know why, but I felt really good when she told me that.

We got to her apartment without incident and stowed the overnight bag in her bedroom. That left me wearing a pretty blue dress with short sleeves and a V front, back zipper and an above-the-knee hemline. The white shoes went nicely with this dress and I carried a white purse to go with them.

"We have about four hours before the other girls get here, Randy," she told me. "You have any money?"

"Some. What do I need?"

"What can you spare?"

"If you need a loan I can spare a couple of hundred I have in the bank."

“I don’t need a loan. But if you can afford it, I’d love to take you out shopping and get you your own pair of shoes. Then, when I take Mom’s back to her, you’ll have shoes to wear with the outfits you have at home.”

“This may be a one-time thing, Bev. I don’t think I should be investing in a feminine future I may not have. Besides, if I do dress up for you again, won’t your shoes fit me?”

“Yeah, but that’s lesson number one. Girls don’t like to lend their shoes. Mom did it, but only because you looked so pretty and because you had to have shoes to leave her house. We don’t like to lend our jewelry either, so you should have some of your own. If you can afford it, why not get it? If you never use it again, I promise I’ll buy it from you. Deal?”

She was bound and determined to make it impossible for me to refuse her. Besides, I could go out again and see just how well I could pull off being a girl in a more public place.

Bev was as giddy as a schoolgirl as she and I rode the bus downtown together. She took me to several shoe stores. I had to try shoes on in every one of them. Then she picked out what I thought was pretty close to the first two pair I had tried on and had me buy them. She took me to the jewelry department of a department store and helped me pick out some cheap jewelry to wear. Next, she helped me pick out some inexpensive cosmetics since I would need it for the party tonight. That’s what girls did at pajama parties, apparently: fix each other’s hair, work on each other’s makeup and tell stories about boys. In some ways I was looking forward to tonight, in others I wasn’t. I wore one of my new pairs of shoes back to her apartment.

We were laughing over how easily I had passed for a girl both on the bus and in the stores as we entered her apartment only to find Chris sitting there, watching television. “What are you doing here?” Bev shouted at him.

“What’s it *look* like I’m doing? I’m watching television.”

“You were going camping!”

“Mike’s car broke down and he’s getting it fixed. Relax. I’ll be out of here in a couple of hours or so. Who’s this?”

“You’ll be out of here in five minutes,” Bev said. “I’m having the girls over for a pajama party and no boys are allowed.”

“Christ! I’m leaving right now! Who’s your friend though? I never met her before.”

“No, but you spoke to her on the phone. This is Randy. Randy, meet Chris and say good-bye to him. He’s leaving right now!”

“Hello and good-bye,” I said.

“Right. See ya.” He grabbed his things and was out the door as fast as he could move. The last thing a macho man like Chris wanted was to be around when an all-girl party was about to get underway. I know it shouldn’t have, but it made me feel so feminine and pretty to have passed inspection by a macho man like him. I felt really good about the way I was all done up like a girl now.

Bev had a good laugh about it. She wasn't laughing at me, she was laughing *with* me. She knew her boyfriend's eye for women and she knew he couldn't detect my true sex from the brief meeting I'd just had with him. Looking in a mirror, *I* had trouble detecting my true sex, too. There wasn't enough of my masculinity left to show through.

One at a time, the girls arrived. Julie and Susan and Jacqueline and Marilyn. I got to meet them all again and one after the other they just had to tell me what a beautiful girl that I was and how happy they were that I was there with them. Susan helped Bev and they served some wine and cheese and various other tidbits for us to sample. The compliments kept coming as the girls all got together to teach me to do everything they did. There was a lot to learn all at once.

It was at about eight o'clock that Julie suggested we all get comfy in our nighties. She had rented a romantic movie and figured we could watch it together before we got to playing with our hair and makeup. Bev took me and Julie into her bedroom so the three of us could get changed first. I hadn't counted on us changing together.

Bev unzipped my dress for me, then she and Julie began to undress themselves. I was down to just my bra and panties when Bev was completely naked, pulling on a sexy little nightie. She helped me out of the yellow bra I had on, then into the pink one that was in the bag with the falsies in the cups. Julie was naked then and putting her clothes away, in no hurry to get her nightie on. I had to strip off my panties to put on the sheer pink panty of my nightie set. Now I had an erection to get in my way. I still managed to get the panty on, though it hid nothing at all. The babydoll nightie was next and it didn't help matters any, either. Then came the sheer peignoir and I got no help at all.

Julie and Bev were ready at the same time I was and they stood there shaking their heads at me. "That's not very ladylike," Bev said pointing to my erection.

"I can't help it," I said in my own defense.

"What do we do about it?" Julie asked.

"Nothing. Randy is a girl, just like us. We leave it alone and she does, too."

I had to walk out in front of the other three girls with my erection in full view of them. They did their best to ignore my discomfort as they took their bags and went to get changed. A few minutes later there were six of us sitting in the living room in our nighties, all talking at once about the movie we were about to see. With my hard-on totally ignored and my mind on other things, it soon went away on its own. I tucked it down into the crotch of my panty and hoped it would stay there.

It was a good movie and we enjoyed it until half-past ten. Then the television went off as we set up to do each other's hair. There really wasn't anything I knew how to do with someone else's hair, so they ganged up on mine. It was longish and it was blonde; since Marilyn was a hair stylist anyway, she helped me go through her magazines and pointed out the various styles she felt she could do on me. It was a lot of fun for me to be one of the "girls" and get their expert opinions on what would look nice on me. Finally, we all agreed on one hair style and I had three girls working on me at a time. The other three went through the makeup Bev had helped me buy and they figured out ways to apply it for me.

With my damp hair in curlers and a net holding it all in place, Jacqueline got to work redoing my makeup. She showed me what she was doing in a mirror so I could learn to do it myself later. I was the only who didn't think that I needed to have my eyebrows trimmed down a bit, so I was outvoted. Jacqueline plucked them over my objections. Thankfully, all she did was clean them up a bit.

The clip-on earrings came off my lobes since they were "wrong" for me now. The ones Bev had helped me to buy were for pierced ears, so Jacqueline took care of that for me too. It didn't hurt and I knew they would heal shut once I took the earrings out the next day. I sure couldn't wear them to work. When my hair was dry, out came the curlers and I was given a blow-dry styling. A bit of hair spray and they promised me I would have the hairstyle until I showered the next morning. The other girls got new hairstyles, too and we all played with our makeup into the wee hours of the morning. It was past two when we prepared the sleeping arrangements.

Bev's couch was a hide-a-bed and she pulled it out for three girls to share. The other two could fit into her bed with her. We drew straws to see who would get the more comfortable bed with Bev and who would end up on the hide-a-bed. I got the hide-a-bed with Jacqueline and Susan. Julie and Marilyn got the bed with Bev. I had to try and sleep sandwiched between two luscious young women, their lush bodies pressing right up against my own. Sleep was impossible for me under those circumstances. Shaved legs intertwined with my own shaved legs and I had ample breasts pushing against me front and back. The heady scent of musk was in the air as I tried my best to keep my hands to myself, close my eyes and get some rest in the darkened room. Maybe I got some rest, but I sure as hell didn't get any *sleep*.

* * * * *

The sun came up on Sunday morning and Bev was the first one to stagger out of her room, wiping the sleep from her eyes. I slipped out the top of the covers and stepped over Jacqueline to join her in the kitchen. "Mornin', girlfriend," she greeted me. "How'd you sleep?"

"I didn't get any at all."

She smiled. "Yeah. I don't think I slept a wink on *my* first pajama party. Well, lets have some coffee. If that doesn't wake them up, we'll make some pancakes. The combined aromas should get them moving again."

Susan was up with the smell of the coffee wafting through the small apartment. We made pancakes then and that got Jacqueline and Julie going. A couple of the girls had to go in to bounce Marilyn out of bed. Once we were all fed, Marilyn and I took care of the dishes while the other girls took care of the bedding.

Then it was shower time. Bev was first since it was her place and she walked out of her bedroom completely naked to walk into the bathroom. With the water running for a couple of minutes, Julie went into the bedroom and emerged totally naked, too. When Bev came out of the bathroom, Susan went to strip for her shower and so on. I

was the second last to have a shower and stepped into the tub with Jacqueline. I washed her back for her, then she got out to let me wash all over. Marilyn stepped in right behind Jacqueline to wash my hair for me, then she washed me all over. We traded places and I washed her hair, then the rest of her body.

Yes, I had a raging erection, but I was one of the girls right now, so it was ignored. She turned off the water and we dried each other, then walked out of the bathroom together. Marilyn was getting dressed and Bev showed up to help me get dressed.



I was wearing my pink undies today and hurried to get my panties on. Bev helped me learn how to put on my own bra and fit the falsies into the cups properly. She taught me how to put on my garter belt and let me thread the tabs through my panties. Marilyn was all dressed by then, so Bev helped me into my full slip. That's all I was allowed to put on for now.

I was taken into the living room like that and put into the center of three prearranged chairs. Marilyn stood behind me then to begin the process of putting the curlers back into my hair while two girls sat on the floor in front of me to take my feet into their laps. The other two girls sat on the chairs to take my hands onto their laps. I was getting a pedicure on both feet and a manicure on both hands, all at the same time. My toenails were trimmed and filed, then painted with a new bottle of pink nail polish. My fingernails were filed and shaped and likewise painted, too. All the talk this morning was about boys!

Most boys, I learned, were only good at satisfying their own lusty needs. Few, if any, had consideration for the needs of their girlfriends. Julie often faked orgasm to make her boyfriend happy. Susan said that if she had to fake it, she needed a new

boyfriend. Some of the guys, like Chris, were too self-centered to think much about the girls they dated.

With my nails all done and my hair in the net again, Bev took me back to her bedroom where she had me put on my own stockings but she did help me attach them to the garter tabs. She helped me into the pink dress I had brought along, then into the white pumps. In the living room again and Jacqueline supervised me as I put on my own makeup. I was finished off by Marilyn who removed the curlers and blow-dried my hair back into the style of the night before. Bev came up with a pair of clear plastic “keepers” so she and Jacqueline removed the earrings from the new holes in my lobes and they added them to the posts before they put the studs back in for me. I could take my studs out to go to work and the keepers would keep the holes from closing up on me.

I got a couple more hours of instruction on how to be a proper girl, then my friends began to leave. Each one gave all of the others a little hug and a kiss on the cheek with a special thank-you before they left. Bev had written out four copies of my name, address and phone number and gave them to each of her friends. She had written out a copy of their names and numbers for me. One by one, the girls all thanked me for being there and for being a girl with them. They thanked Bev for a wonderful party, too.

Finally it was just me and Bev once more. “Ooh, it was a wonderful party, wasn’t it Randy?” she asked me.

“Yeah, it was,” I agreed. “I’m so happy you talked me into it Bev. I had fun.”

“Me too. I knew this party was going to be a great idea. We all had fun but we couldn’t have had as much fun without you here too. Think you’ll want to dress up again?”

“Yeah, I think so. One time leads to another, right?”

“Only if you enjoyed yourself. We did! We’re real girls and there is nothing we enjoy more than dressing up and looking as pretty and feminine as we can. None of us is really tall or heavy, so it’s fun for us to be the best girls we can be. It’s not wrong for any man to enjoy the same things that we do.”

“How do you know that, Bev? Sure, your mother, sister and all of your friends seemed to enjoy seeing me as a girl, but how do you *know* that it’s not wrong for me to enjoy it, too?”

“Did I ever tell you about my Aunt Joanna? No? She comes to visit for a few weeks at a time when Dad is away on his business trips. She and Dad are one and the same person. Dad has loved dressing up as a girl since his sister helped him do it as a boy. When he married Mom, she took over helping him to be a woman about six times a year. Aunt Joanna is a very lovely and feminine lady, nothing like Dad.”

“So why don’t you suggest dressing up to Chris, then?”

“I have, several times. But he’s too insecure with his masculinity to ever try something like that. He has to play the role of a macho man to build up his own self-esteem. I’m going to love having you as a girlfriend, Randy. So are the other girls.”

“I don’t understand it, Bev. You have a lot of girlfriends already. Why me?”

“That’s simple, Randy. It’s all a part of being a real girl. You see, girls who are as pretty as all of us are can’t be *really* close friends because there is too much competition between us. We can only be close friends with girls who don’t look as good as we do. Other than that, I don’t really understand it myself and I’ve lived with it all my life. Suffice to say, we can be friends with a girl like *you* even though you are prettier than all of us put together. We need to have a very beautiful girlfriend that we don’t have to compete with. Can you understand that?”

“I’ll have to think about it, Bev.”

“Sure. I’ve thought about it for years and it makes sense to me only now that we’ve spent the time together. C’mon, I’ll walk you home. We can leave Mom’s shoes and jewelry here and I’ll get the bag from you at your place.”

Bev helped me pack up my new shoes and my nightie and she walked me home. There, she helped me unpack and find places for all of my new girl clothes and accessories. She set the overnight bag by the door. “Can you do me a big favor, Randy?” she asked me as she got ready to leave me at home alone.

“What’s that?” I asked her.

“I would really appreciate it if you could stay dressed as a girl for the whole day, then wear your nightie for bed tonight.”

“Why?” I had to ask. “If I’m home and alone, what difference does it make?”

“You’ll see. Please, Randy?”

“I can’t promise anything, Bev. But I will try if it will make you happy.”

“It will. Thanks, Randy. I’ll see you on the bus tomorrow.”

She left and I got right back to work on my household chores which had been interrupted the day before. I was tempted several times to go and change into my boy things, but I could never lie to Bev and she was sure to ask me how I did. I managed to stay dressed as a girl for the entire day, then changed into my nightie about seven. I was in bed by eight since I hadn’t had any sleep the night before and I was exhausted. I got up at six and had my morning coffee in just my nightie. Then I showered and dressed for my day at work.

I actually hated putting my shorts back on after my shower since they were nowhere near as sensual as my panties had been. I put on my sleeveless T-shirt and felt a longing inside myself for the prettier camisole. Even my nylon dress socks were too rough on my hairless ankles, though they did cover my still pink-painted toenails. My shirt was crisp and rough in comparison to the blouses Cindy had given to me. My pants were a poor substitute for a skirt or a dress, even though my shaved legs felt quite sensual in them. My shoes had flat heels and I missed the high heels that hurt my feet so much. I knotted my tie in front of my mirror and saw the pink-painted fingernails I still had. I spent ten minutes getting rid of every trace of that nail polish before I put on my suit jacket. Then I checked my appearance once more before leaving my apartment. It was a good thing I checked since I still had my studs in my ears. I took them out and left them in my bedroom though I could still feel that the invisible keepers were still in place. At least my holes wouldn’t heal shut on me now.