



THE PINK SATIN RIBBON

BY JAMIE MATHES

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By Jamie Mathes

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CHAPTER ONE

“How could you do this to me? How could you?” I said to my mother who was standing beside me while I looked at myself in the hall mirror. What I was looking at was a rather large pretty pink satin ribbon with a big bow high up on my head. It was different than the usual narrow cloth that tied my long hair in a ponytail..

“Oh, don’t be upset. I like it,” she replied with a smile. “You do have such lovely hair and it goes with your pretty face too.”

“Dam it mother” I said “it makes me look like a girl and I bet people were looking at me.”

I then noticed that she had the same type ribbon except hers was red and her hair was blonde and mine was brown.

“For goodness sake. We only went to the movies. Now don’t you worry your pretty little head about it—we didn’t see anyone we knew. Besides, I think it looks becoming on you. You look lovely.”

As I continued to look at myself, I patted my hair and thought that it really didn’t look that bad “I guess the next thing you’ll be doing will be putting lipstick and a dress on me.”

I don’t know why I said that and I felt my face get flushed.

“You know my pretty one, that’s not a bad idea.”

“Please don’t call me pretty. You don’t call boys pretty.”

“Why not? You are pretty she replied in a kind tone and gently stroked my long brown hair.

I kept looking in the mirror and had to agree. I did

have pretty hair and there was a clean clear look about me. I then looked at mother in the mirror and saw the loving look she had on her face. I then pointed out that she had the same type ribbon in her hair.

Her reply was “Yes we’re like sisters.

“Oh mother, were you thinking about Linda again?”

She acknowledged that and I saw the hurt and sad look on her face. She missed Linda who passed on in an auto accident, some two years ago. They were very close and did almost everything together. How she loved those times.

Jimmy was Liz’s only child and she got pregnant with him when she just turned 17. The father was a multi-millionaire who provided her and his son Jimmy with a very nice monthly income and trust fund. This allowed her and Jimmy to live in a comfortable lifestyle.

Jimmy was a loner. He disliked his classmates, especially the boys who teased him. While they didn’t know who his father was, they knew he didn’t have a father and called him a bastard and other unmentionables.

Due to his small frame he didn’t play any sports. No doubt this gave him a low self-esteem and this allowed him to stay in the house studying or helping his mother who he dearly loved.

It was getting late so off to bed they went, but not without their good night kiss on the cheek.

“Good night mother.”

And a good night to you pretty one,” she replied.

“Oh mother, stop teasing.”

“Who said I’m teasing?” She replied with a smile.

In my room I looked at myself in the full-length mirror and noticed that I still had the pink satin ribbon in my hair. *Why didn’t I take it off*, I asked myself. I then looked at it from every angle and thought that it did look nice and decided to leave it on.

That night Liz had wonderful thoughts of Jenny taking the place of her sister June and thought, I'm still young—I need to enjoy life before I get too old. Then her thoughts went to her pretty son in a lovely red dress with proper lingerie and makeup. They were in a shopping mall and saw two handsome young men looking at them, who obviously had sexual thoughts on their minds.

The next morning while brushing my teeth, I noticed that I didn't need to shave. I ran my hand across my face and it felt so smooth. I then noticed the ribbon in my hair and smiled. Rather than remove it, I straightened it out and redid the large bow.

I wondered if mother would notice it and say anything. For some strange reason I thought it looked pretty and it made me feel girlish. Of course I wouldn't tell mother that—or how nice it made me feel.

Liz looked him over and told him that the gown looked about one inch too long and that he should take it off.

“Of course if you were wearing heels it would fit perfectly. Do you want to wear heels or should I alter it?”

“I think I'd better not wear heels for graduation,” I replied with a red face

When I walked in the kitchen, I saw that she did look at my hair and smiled.

“Good morning precious, did you have a nice sleep?”

I told her I did and then mentioned as she gave me my new vitamin pills that it might be a good idea to see if the graduation gown needed any altering.

“Great idea. After you've had your cereal go put it on and we'll check it out. By the way, I see that you still

have the ribbon in your hair. It looks quite lovely and very becoming on you. I like how you redid the bow.”

I didn't reply at first and I felt my face get red, but I did manage to finally say, “Thank you.”

A few minutes later, I was walking down the stairs in my navy blue graduation gown. All I wore under it was my boxer shorts. For some strange reason it felt like I was wearing a dress and enjoyed how the material brushed against my bare skin. I didn't button it all the way down which gave the appearance that I was wearing a long dress that had a slit up the middle to just above my knees.

Mother checked me over and told me that the gown was about one inch too long and I should take it off.

“Of course if you were to wear heels, it would be a perfect fit. Would you like to wear heels?”

“No,” I replied. “I don't think that would go over too well and I would really get a teasing.”

I couldn't understand why I didn't just say no and why was I thinking of wanting to wear heels lately?

“Well OK, we'll save the heels for some other time. Now take the gown off so I can hem it.”

“But what'll I wear?”

She seemed ready and handed me a soft pastel pink cotton housecoat with ruffles and lace around the collar as well as the sleeve cuffs.

“Here wear this to keep the chill off...and look, it matches your pretty ribbon in your hair.”

Liz wanted to use the words like pretty, beautiful, adorable, precious, stunning, and the like, as much as possible—wanting him to think in those feminine adjectives.

I put up a mild protest saying it looks so girlish and that it looks like a ‘dress’. She assured me not to worry and that no one will come by and if they did that she would protect me and that I would never, repeat never, see you

shamed or harmed in any way.”

That made me feel a whole lot better and I turned my back to her so she wouldn't see the new mounds on my chest—then stepped into the housedress and sat at the table with my legs crossed at the knee. I mentioned that the *dress* felt strange.

She looked at me, smiled lovingly, took my hand in hers saying softly “I bet the *dress* does feel different, but may I say I think it looks adorable on you. And may I add that I think you have sexy legs. I would love to fix you up all pretty. Why I bet you'd wow the men.”

I noticed that her smile was different and with a red face said “Oh mother, stop that. You're the beautiful one and may I add that I do believe that not only are you beautiful but very-very sexy. Why look at you in your nightgown. If a male were to come in now, he'd fall all over himself trying to get to you. No mother I couldn't wow anyone.” And felt my face get red.

Liz noticed this, smiled, thanked me for the compliment saying, “That's the nicest thing you said to me in a long, long time,” and gave me a kiss on the cheek. She then got up and gave me three of the new ‘vitamin’ pills and a glass of water.

“Do *you* take these?”

She lied and told me that she did and I replied “Well if they're good enough for you then they're good enough for me. Right?”

“You bet and I was thinking, do you want to do something devilish tomorrow?”

I told her I would not, knowing what she had in mind. She smiled and said, “Wouldn't it be a trip if tomorrow everyone was in their Sunday best and you in yours but with one exception and that would be you would be wearing a pair of my finest panties.”

That’s outrageous!” I exclaimed, but then after looking at the smile on her face I told her that it would be devilish and added, “But will they fit?” Amazed at what I just said.

She assured me that they would, saying that we were almost the same size and weight and added, “You may even like how they feel on you that you may not want to take them off. You know... like your pretty pink ribbon in your hair.”

I tried to act shocked, but knew I couldn’t fool her and just sat there in silence thinking of what she just said.

“Go up now and take a nice hot shower and use that nice conditioner of mine. Then come back down—I want to do your hair”

While Jimmy was in the shower Liz thought that the estrogen powder she had been putting in his morning juice might be working. She started this about a month ago and it was the idea of her friend Mamie who owned a very stylish and upscale ladies boutique. Liz went to Mamie’s store one day to purchase some lingerie and for some unknown reason confided in Mamie of her wishing that Jimmy was a female. Mamie knew Jimmy and said that in her opinion she thought that Jimmy would make a beautiful young lady.

“You do!” Liz exclaimed “But what can I do? He wouldn’t volunteer to change.”

“No he wouldn’t, but we can change his thought process. You see my dear there are now various vitamins that he could take to—how can I say—to make his physical appearance like that of a female. Then I have tapes with subliminal messages that will give him thoughts of wanting to be a female, wanting to wear dresses and other pretty and

dainty things.

“These tapes will give him a desire to have thoughts and desires of a female. To date a male and to kiss a man and then there’s a tape on the joys of oral and anal sex. It’s a series of four tapes. Then if you wish I could also recommend a lovely doctor to give Jimmy some ‘booster’ shots and be sure he stays in good health.”

All this excited Liz. “When can we start?”

“Now Liz honey, are you sure?”

“Oh yes—yes. Why I’d be so happy and I know he would be too. The way he is now, he has no friends and he enjoys helping around the house and I know he likes my lingerie and my skirts and blouses. He always wants to wash my things and iron my blouses He doesn’t just handle my dainties, he caresses them. When can we start?”

Mamie told Liz that she had the tapes and estrogen powder and pills in her store and confided that she knew of several boys who are now enjoying new and exciting lives as females. “Some have had operations and some haven’t. I also have a very large male clientele who love to dress in feminine attire”

All this amazed Liz and as she was leaving the store she had the four tapes, powdered estrogen, estrogen pills, as well as a two-months’ supply of new profem hormone tablets that enhances the breasts as well as give him a smaller waist and larger hips. But before leaving Mamie introduced her to one of her very attractive salesgirls.

She confided that Rhonda was once Rodney. She told Rhonda that Liz was going to give her son Jimmy the entire ‘profem’ treatment.

This excited Rhonda, so she told Liz that she would be honored to give any assistance she could with clothing, and if Liz wanted, she would also talk with Jimmy.

Liz looked at Rhonda from head to toe and back up again and saw how truly beautiful Rhonda was and said

“Mamie... Rhonda, if you can make my dreams come true, I’ll be most grateful”

“All we can do is help. It will be mostly up to you and of course Jimmy, for if his body has too many male hormones in it, I’m afraid it may not work. But from what I know of Jimmy and from what you told me, I don’t think you’ll have a problem.”

Liz knew she had to change Jimmy ‘for his own good’ as he often went through stages of deep depression. She also knew she was being selfish, for she wanted someone to shop with and shop for. Maybe, even go out dancing with and find a couple of males to dance with and maybe even do a little more...

It would be so much easier talking with a daughter than to a son about her feelings as well as her need and desire for sex. She had nothing in common with her male son Jimmy.