

ALTERED



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By Jeri Ellen

I was not supposed to be born. I was an unplanned pregnancy. My parents had two daughters five and three. They didn't want any more kids. It was one of those things that just happened I guess. Mom wasn't about to get an abortion and of course dad took a lot of ribbing at work.

My oldest sister Trudy was tall for her age and quite athletic. Like my dad she had a strong jaw line and more masculine features while my next oldest sister Marsha was a combination of both parent's features. She was quiet and studious. I, on the other hand, had none of my dad's features. I was the spitting image of my mother. I would later find out this was not a good thing for a male child to be.

My dad made good money as a welder in a metal fabrication shop while mom worked in the laundry at the hospital. Her wages were much less but the hospital provided very good fringe benefits. All in all they had managed to build a good life for themselves.

My parents had always been thrifty. Mom saw no point in buying new baby clothes for me. My sisters' baby clothes would do just fine even though most of them were pink. Babies of course don't know the difference. I wouldn't need male clothing until I started school. Except for a few items I was in dresses until I reached school age. We lived in the country so no one saw me toddling around in pink dresses.

I started school. Like everyone else I was in jeans and sneakers. Despite my young age I missed those soft panties and dresses. I wasn't exactly uncomfortable in cotton underpants and a tee shirt but I had grown to like my girl clothes. I never said anything of course as by that age everyone knows there is two separate and distinct groups of people: male and female.

I made good grades in school as did my sisters. My life was going along smoothly as they say. Occasionally I would sneak into my sisters' or my mothers' room and feel their

lingerie. There was something about those soft things that I had the deep desire for. I wanted desperately to try them on but I knew I couldn't. Boys weren't supposed to wear girls' clothes.

For my twelfth birthday my dad gave me a .22 caliber rifle. I knew my dad hunted every fall but I had never thought about guns one way or the other. That afternoon he took me out in the woods behind our house. After setting some beer cans on a stump he showed me how to hold the rifle and squeeze but not jerk the trigger.

I was very nervous but I followed his instructions. Several times I "snapped" in as he called it. After getting a site picture I took up the trigger slack, exhaled, then reset and squeezed the trigger. I opened the bolt and inserted the single cartridge he gave me.

The loaded gun seemed much heavier and I shook a little bit as I snugged it up against my shoulder. I exhaled, tried to reset but in my nervousness I jerked the trigger. The gun made a loud crack and my dad laughed out loud. None of the cans had moved. I opened the bolt and put another cartridge in. This time I tried harder and managed to knock one of the cans off of the stump. Dad put his hand on my shoulder.

"Now you're doing it right. Remember. Relax. Hold the rifle firmly but not tightly. Get your sight picture and take up the trigger slack. Exhale, reset and then squeeze, don't jerk the trigger."

I nodded and took a deep breath. I wasn't as nervous as before but I still didn't like guns. I continued to shoot one cartridge at a time until we had shot up half the box of shells. The cans were jumping all over the place and my dad was very pleased.

Back home he showed me how to clean and oil the rifle before putting it away. It would be four years before I would be allowed to get a hunting license. I didn't want to disappoint my father but I wasn't sure I could actually kill anything. I would have much preferred doing something else but I was a male child and it was expected of me.

We did this several more times over the summer though I dreaded it. I never said anything about my dislike for it to my dad or mom. I just went along with it. It was supposed to be a guy thing and I was a guy so I just did it to get it over with. Despite my expertise with knocking those beer cans around I wondered if I was ever going to be able to actually point that rifle at an animal and squeeze the trigger.

Something else happened that summer that had an effect of me too. My parents and sisters had gone into town to shop. I stayed behind as there was a roast in the oven. I watched as they drove down the frontage road then went into my parents' bedroom. It would be several hours before they returned.

I opened the top drawer of my mother's dresser. I picked up the bar of perfumed soap and held it to my nostrils. It smelled so sweet and so good. I set it aside and picked up her slip. I held the soft fabric to my face. I loved the feel of the soft nylon tricot against my skin. I put the slip on the bed and went back to my room and undressed. When I came back I put the slip on. I felt my penis get hard as I walked to the closet and stood in front of the full-length mirror on the closet door.

As I stood there looking at myself I remembered a friend of my mothers' who had come over to see her and made the remark about me saying, "Oh my! He is so pretty he

should have been a girl." I did have a pretty face. I knew I was prettier than either of my sisters. I looked nothing like my father, just my mom.

Maybe she was right. But if I should have been a girl why did I have a penis and why was it getting hard? I took off the slip and laid it on the bed. I went into the bathroom and slid down my underpants. I closed my eyes and imagined myself in that slip as I stroked my penis to a climax. I ejaculated into the toilet. After wiping myself clean with some toilet paper I flushed the toilet and pulled up my underpants.

Returning to my mother's bedroom I carefully folded the slip and put it back exactly the way I found it. After replacing the bar of perfumed soap on the top I went into my sisters' room. My heart was pounding as I examined their lingerie too. I wanted to try on the soft panties but thought better of it. Maybe next time they were all gone. I shut the drawers and went down stairs.

I drank a can of pop as I read one of my dads' magazines. I couldn't seem to get that image of me in my mothers' slip out of my mind. A short while later I went into the bathroom to urinate. When I finished I thought about her slip and my sister's panties. My penis got hard again and I masturbated myself to a climax. I cleaned myself up and flushed the toilet.

I went to the kitchen and checked the beef roast. I added some water and then put it back in the oven. Back in the living room I picked up the magazine again but couldn't get interested in it. I looked down at my jeans and sneakers. What would it be like to be dressed in girls' clothes all the time? Would I have that strong erotic feeling continually?

My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of my dads' car coming up the gravel road. I put the magazine aside and drank the last of my pop from the glass. I went quickly into both my parents' and my sisters' bedrooms to be sure everything was exactly as they had left it, then I returned to the living room where I turned on the TV.

At school I did not participate in any extracurricular activities. With both mom and dad working, sometimes twelve hour shifts, it was impossible. Dad wanted me to be in good shape for hunting season so in addition to a healthy diet both my sisters and myself spent time on a stationary bike and a treadmill we had in the basement. Dad had purchased both at an auction for a fraction of what they cost new.

I was disappointed that I was not getting much taller. Trudy was almost six feet tall, like my dad. Marsha was about five ten while I could barely manage five foot six, just a little taller than my mom. It hadn't been a problem at home of course but a couple of times at school I felt I was jostled unnecessarily by some of the older and taller kids.

I was athletic enough to hold my own in gym class for touch football, basketball and softball despite the fact that I didn't care for them at all. In addition to the equipment in the basement I also jogged along the dirt road from the highway to the house. My sisters and I were probably three of the healthiest kids in school and we were all proud of the fact that none of us had missed any days due to illness.

Both Trudy and Marsha sang with a chorale group. They performed at nursing homes, school functions, and hospitals. I had no interest in music so I stayed away from it. Trudy asked me to join in their practice when I had a free period one afternoon. I did so only to humor her.

I had never sung before. The director asked me to sing a few bars of happy birthday before we got started to see my vocal range. She was quite surprised and to be honest I kind of surprised myself. I sounded better than my sisters did. My voice was soft and melodic, just like one of the girls. I left after the practice and declined to join the group. Much later I overheard one of the girls say "he is not only as pretty as a girl he sings like one too!" followed by their giggles.

That night when I finished my shower I stood naked in front of the full length mirror on my closet door. I was a short, thin boy with small hands and feet. I had almost no body hair. I imagined my pretty face with lipstick and rouge. If I let my hair grow to shoulder length and was wearing a dress you wouldn't know I wasn't a girl. It made me think about those comments women and girls had made about me. If I should have been a girl just what was I going to do about it?

During my last year of middle school the chorale was putting on a Christmas concert at a nursing home. Trudy, Marsha and another girl named Holly had formed a separate group called "The Candy Canes." They sang at weddings and other civic functions as well. I never thought they were very good but it was a chance for them to make a few dollars in addition to doing some volunteer work.

Just before the holidays Trudy and Marsha cornered me after supper. Holly had fallen while skiing and suffered a broken collarbone and fractured jaw. They had one last gig before Christmas and asked me to fill in. I wasn't too crazy about it but to help them out I agreed.

"That would be great!" exclaimed Trudy. "Take off your clothes and I will take your measurements. I'm sure one of the other dresses in the chorale's wardrobe will fit you."

"Wait a minute!" I yelled. "I'm willing to fill in for one night to sing with you but I'm wearing a suit and tie. I am not wearing a dress in public!"

"Oh come on, it's just for one night"

"No way, no how," I answered and went upstairs to my room.

That night I could hear my sisters arguing with my mother. Shortly there was a soft rap on my bedroom door. I opened it to see my mom standing there with a rather pensive look on her face.

She walked in and then turned around to face me.

"Look I know you don't want to do this. The girls are in a jam and it would only be for one night. Think of how much joy you will bring the people in that nursing home singing for them. No one will have to know you're not Holly. I won't even tell your father. Now why don't you help your sisters out?"

I thought about it for a minute and then reluctantly agreed.

"No one will know, not even dad right?" I asked.

"Nobody," answered mom.

She left the room and shortly Trudy returned. I undressed and she took my measurements with a tape. After writing them down she looked inside my sneakers and wrote

down my shoe size. The next night after the supper dishes were done and my dad was in his big chair reading the paper I went down the hall to my sisters' bedroom.

I could hear them all giggling and laughing but they stopped when I reached the open door. Mom closed it behind me and told me to undress. I did so and put my clothes on the bed. Trudy held out her first training bra and I put my arms thru the straps. She secured the hooks in the back. After placing two ping pong balls in the small cups she adjusted the straps. Next Marsha held up a petticoat. I took it from her and stepped into it, then brought it up to my waist.

Mom unzipped the bright red taffeta mini dress and held it up by the hem. I put my arms thru the puff sleeves and Marsha pulled the hem over the petticoat, then she zipped me up. Mom pinned it in several places. There were several pairs of black patent leather pumps on the floor. I tried on one after the other and found the second pair to fit fairly well.

"Why can't I wear flat shoes," I asked. "I don't think I can walk in these," I lamented.

"Just relax, all it takes is a little practice," said mom. "The concert isn't until next week anyway. School is out and dad is working twelve hour shifts this week."

The black wig was last. I looked in the mirror at the pretty girl in the red dress and couldn't believe my eyes. I took everything off and got dressed. I went to my own bedroom and shut the door. I had hoped they hadn't seen my erection. I guessed they were concentrating on how well the dress and wig fit me then looking at my shorts.

The next day when dad was at work Trudy gave me a pair of knee high nylons to put on. I slipped on the high heel pumps and listened to mom's instructions as I walked around the living room. I went down the basement and back up again.

"Remember to take smaller steps. Walk slowly and carefully, just like your sisters do."

Several times that day and for the rest of the week I practiced my walk until I have everything down the way they wanted it. In addition I memorized the Christmas carols we were going to sing and we practiced all of them several times until we had them down pat. I tried the dress on again and it fit me perfectly, almost like it was made for me.

After an early lunch mom took me to her bedroom. She told me to put on the lingerie and come out when I was ready. Dad was at work but I still felt a pang of fear as I walked to her bedroom. What if there was a car accident? What if someone recognized me?

The what-ifs kept my pulse rate going as I took off my clothes and set them on the chair. I wasn't quite prepared for what was on the bed but my die was cast so to speak and there were no other choices.

I took off my clothes and placed them on a chair. I put on the bra first and managed to get the back hooks closed. A pair of white tricot panties with little red hearts was next followed by a pair of sheer panty hose. I put the balls in the bra cups and stepped into the petticoat. Walking to the door I wondered what I was going to do if my dad, for some reason, would come home early. I opened the door. Mom smiled at me as she came back in and helped me into the dress. She zipped me up and adjusted the hem around the petticoats.

"Take a seat at the vanity please," she said.

She took the black wig off the foam head and placed it on mine, then pinned a red bow at the top.

"Close your eyes, tilt your head back, and open your mouth real wide," she ordered.

I didn't know what was next but I did so without question.

She pressed a tube of red lipstick on my mouth and after filling in my lips pushed the tube against each cheek, then smoothed the makeup around my face for a rouge look.

"Press your lips together. Good, now get your shoes on and we will go."

I looked in the mirror. I was very surprised at just how much I looked like a girl. The red lipstick and rouged cheeks gave me a very feminine appearance. If you didn't know who I was you would never know to look at me that I was a boy not a girl.

I got up and mom slipped one of Marsha's older coats over me. We went out to the car. Trudy and Marsha said nothing as we rode to the nursing home. I was still afraid of being in a car accident or something else that might go wrong and I would be found out.

Once we arrived we went in a side door and put our coats in a back room closet. We were introduced and we walked out to the assembled crowd. Taking our place to one side of the piano player we began. As nervous as I was everything went off without a hitch. We got our coats and left. Back home mom used cold cream to remove the make up. I undressed and put my male clothing back on.

Later that night I thought about that image I had seen in the mirror. I looked as pretty as my two sisters or any girl for that matter. I felt ecstatic as I walked confidently in my high heel pumps and heard the rustling sound of the petticoat under my taffeta dress. The panties and panty hose felt so good against my nearly hair free skin. I wanted to do that again and just thinking about it made me hard again.

That Sunday's paper had a picture of us and though Holly's name was listed in the credits I wondered how many people knew it had been me that had taken her place. I was torn between the fear of someone finding out it was me and a deep desire to dress up again. I slept fit fully that night.

Later that week as I was studying in my bedroom I overheard my dad yelling at my mother.

"Don't ever do that to him again," he bellowed. The kids' got a girly look as it is and I won't have you turning him into a flaming faggot!"

I was surprised at his outburst as he seldom got angry. There was no further conversation that evening.

Trudy moved out to attend the University of Minnesota. She had packed up most of her clothes except for some things that were to be donated to a local thrift store and others which were to be thrown out.

The day mom and dad took Trudy to her dorm room Marsha was gone with some friends. I went down the basement and cut open the boxes containing the clothes Trudy wanted thrown out or given away. I salvaged a half slip and a pair of panties. In addition there were some old lipsticks and perfume bottles but I left them there. I took the lingerie up to my room where I undressed and put them on.

Once again I was overcome with that warm, wonderful, feminine feeling. I stood in front of the mirror and looked at myself. The elastic waistband of the panties was worn and they barely stayed up. The half slip was way too big also and I couldn't get it to stay around my waist.

I went over to the bed and lay down. I felt myself getting hard as I slid back and forth. I was erect in no time. I slid the garments down to my ankles and stepped out of them. I walked into the bathroom and expelled myself into the toilet once again. Afterwards I put the lingerie back in the boxes and resealed them.

I would have liked to have kept them in my room for these times when I was alone. It was so enjoyable to fantasize about being a girl, totally feminine in every way, but what if mom would have found them and asked me why I kept them? I couldn't take that chance. It was better to continue my fantasizing without them than run the risk of getting caught.

Marsha graduated high school and had been accepted by a nursing school in Rochester, Minnesota. I was now alone in the house with just my parents who, because of their work schedules, were gone most of the time.

I thought about buying some things. I had a small allowance but with no job, hence no real spending money or credit cards I would just have to wait. I printed some nice pictures off the internet and kept them under my mattress between two thin sheets of cardboard. Between that and the catalogs my mom got in the mail I had enough pictures to feed my fantasies.

When I turned sixteen my dad bought me a used .30 caliber rifle and mom bought me an orange coverall and stocking cap so I could hunt deer that fall. We went out back to shoot it and I was surprised at the recoil of the larger caliber compared to the .22 I had been shooting. I wasn't looking forward to it nor was I the least bit interested in hunting but it was a male rite of passage I guess.

I found myself daydreaming about dressing up more and more. I would see an advertisement in a magazine or on television and imagine myself in that dress or using that makeup or hair product.

When I closed my eyes I could also see my reflection in the mirror when I was wearing that black wig, red taffeta dress and bright red lipstick. My feelings appeared to be getting stronger as I got older. Despite trying to stay busy and continuing my workouts in the basement I began masturbating more often. It was a pleasurable release that I couldn't get any other way.

I wanted to find out why I felt this way. I knew I couldn't discuss it with my parents or a school counselor. There was nobody in my life that I felt I could really trust enough to reveal my secret to. I had to keep it to myself for now.

I knew I wasn't crazy but it did bother me to be somehow between being a man and a woman. My biology was male but my love for all things feminine was obviously female. Could I really be two people in one body? I asked myself. That certainly didn't seem possible.

If I wasn't why did I have these strong feelings? Would they continue or perhaps in time go away? At this juncture I wasn't sure about that or anything else for that matter.

My only option seemed to be to suffer in silence until I could find a way to resolve this on my own.

School began again. I was happy to be busier with less time on my hands. I continued to make good grades. Time flies when you are busy and it wasn't long before the Thanksgiving Holiday was just around the corner.

The deer hunting season began the weekend before Thanksgiving and ended the weekend after it. I was getting a little apprehensive as it got closer. Finally it was Saturday morning and I rode with dad on his ATV out to my deer stand. It was a bitter cold morning and my hands shook a little as I loaded my rifle.

I was hoping I would never see a deer.

I would have much rather been at the beauty salon getting my hair and nails done. Afterwards I would touch up my lipstick and head for the woman's department stores to try on party dresses and high heels.

The first two days of the season had passed and neither one of us had seen anything. Three more days of school and we were back in the woods again. We came back early on Thanksgiving day. The last three days of the season passed with nothing to show for it. I was quite relieved to say the least. The entire state had one of its' worst seasons on record with a nearly thirty percent drop in the deer kill.

It was a short month of school and then came the Christmas break. Both Trudy and Marsha came home from school. It was good to have the family together for the holidays. We all spent a couple of days at the mall comparing bargains. I would finish Drivers' Ed in January and my parents would help me find a cheap car for my Christmas present.

While they were shopping I filled out an application for part-time work at a large book store. After turning it in I sat on a bench in the middle of the mall to wait for my family to finish their shopping.

The bookstore was directly across from a formal apparel store. There were several prom dresses on display in the left window as well as some bridesmaids' dresses on display in the right window. Beneath the mannequins were several pairs of high heel shoes and a couple of clutch purses in colors matching the dresses that were on display.

I closed my eyes and saw myself at a wedding. The sleek sheath dress fit my feminine curves like a glove. I walked easily in the four inch stiletto heels with my arm thru my faceless escorts' arm. I blinked again and saw myself in the pink chiffon party dress. I had pink cheeks and creamy pink lipstick to match the pink bow in my blonde hair. My open toed four inch stiletto high heels showed off my bright pink toenails as I walked into the gym on the arm of another faceless escort. I blinked again as the noise of the crowded mall brought me back to reality.

I saw my parents and sisters approaching. I took one long last look at the feminine finery on display in the window. I stood up and joined them as we walked to the car. I was lost in my thoughts of femininity as we drove out of the mall parking lot. I suddenly became aware of laughter.

"Earth to Donald, Earth to Donald, Do you or don't you want to stop for pizza?"

"Sure," I answered as I came back to Earth.

I was embarrassed at having been lost in my day dreams without listening to the conversation going on around me in the car.

The holidays passed and school resumed. My sisters were gone and the house was quiet again. I was busy but often when I was alone I looked at the pictures I kept hidden. I felt sad that I was not able to either resolve my feelings or by some means get dressed up like the women in the photos.

At the school cafeteria one day I overheard one of the guys in my computer class say he had found a way to get around the parental controls on his parents home computer. I approached him several days later. He smiled and said "Twenty bucks". I didn't have that much with me but several days later I paid him and stuffed several pages of instructions in my notebook.

That weekend I followed those instructions and was amazed what I found when I typed in "cross dress" or "sissy dresses" My stash consisted of few pictures from formal apparel sites. Now I had access to sites that provided me with images of some very "girly", very feminine dresses and other apparel including French Maid costumes, frilly panties, petticoats and of course high heel shoes in larger or men's sizes. Soon my stash was an inch thick and I had to replace the color ink cartridge in the printer.

With the parental controls circumvented I was also able to investigate my feelings. I found many support sites as well as advertisements for feminization products and lists of professional people who specialized in helping males like me as well as women who wanted to be or dress like men.

Because of my age I knew I couldn't contact a therapist yet without my parents knowing and there was no money to pay for the appointment anyway. It was comforting to know that there was help out there as well as the fact that I was not the only one who felt like I did. Exactly what I was going to do about those feelings of course was still up in the air.

A month before school was up I got a call from the bookstore to come in for an interview. Over the previous several months dad and I had looked at some used cars but didn't find anything that was both reasonably priced and in good condition.

Mom drove me to the mall for the interview. It was brief and the assistant manager said to call as soon as I had a set of wheels. The following week dad found a used Honda Civic and they both signed the loan for me. I called the bookstore and was told to report for work as soon as school was out.

The school year ended and my work at the bookstore began. I picked things up quickly and in thirty days I got a raise. I always went to the café court to get a sub sandwich or slice or pizza for lunch. I ate quickly so I could come back and sit on the bench in front of the formal apparel store. The prom dresses were gone and had been replaced by several cocktail dresses. The bright colored high heels had been replaced by black and brown leather pumps with matching clutch purses.

It was a very pleasant way to spend my lunch hour. Between daydreaming on my break and the stash of prints at home I had plenty to fantasize about. It kept me going though I still longed for the time when I could sit down and talk to somebody about this "thing" I had for feminine apparel. I had hopes that maybe it was just a "phase" or some-

thing that would pass but it wasn't. I seemed to have "periods" when the feelings were stronger than at other times.

I worked forty hours a week over the summer and was meeting my car and insurance payments. I was able to get some overtime but with school approaching I knew my hours would be cut back so I grabbed all the hours I could get. On a few occasions I would surf the net gazing wistfully at those gloriously feminine images that were smiling back at me.

My senior year began and I was cut back to Saturday and Sunday hours with an occasional five to nine shift one or two nights a week. I was glad to be keeping busy as it kept me from thinking too much about my situation which at this point I had no solution for.

I was happy about my last year of high school. I didn't know what I wanted to do afterwards. Trudy had her business degree and was working for a company in Edina. Marsha was in her third year of the four year RN program. I didn't want to work with my hands like my dad. Fortunately I still had time to think about it as well as what I was going to do about my penchant for cross dressing.

I continued to work weekends at the bookstore. I told my dad I was going to work as much as I could over the holidays to pay for my car so I wouldn't be hunting with him this year. The hunting season turned out to be another bust anyway with the deer kill down sharply as it had been the year before. As usual I spent most of my lunch hour sitting across from the formal apparel store and dreaming of the time when I could wear some of those pretty party dresses.

We had another wonderful family Christmas. I put in more hours at work and had managed to save most of what I earned above my car payment and expenses. The holiday season ended and my hours were cut back as school started up again.

I would have to make some career decision in about four months. My counselor wanted me to fill out applications for either a trade school or college but I declined citing the need to work for awhile yet to save up some money. The counselor just shrugged and let it go at that. My parents weren't too pleased either but it was my decision to make and they didn't try to change my mind.

The first weekend in February I was sitting in my usual spot looking at a bright red satin dress in the window of the formal apparel store. It was strapless with a shirred skirt. Beneath it was a pair of red patent leather stiletto heels and a matching purse. I had just put out the prom guide magazines before I went on my lunch break. My mind was full of the images of a dizzying array of dresses as well as the one in the store window so I didn't notice the woman who sat down next to me.

"That's a beautiful dress isn't it?" she asked in a soft voice.

I was startled by her question and turned to face her. She was tall with shoulder length brown hair. She wore a black pantsuit and black boots. Her black overcoat was draped over her shoulders. She wore no makeup on her extraordinarily beautiful face and it had no expression as she spoke again.

"I've seen you here before staring at the window displays. You were putting out the prom guides just before you took your lunch break. Have you had a chance to look at all those beautiful gowns too?"

I was startled at what she said. How did she know what I was interested in or thinking about? Was there something written on my forehead? I was about to get up to go back to work when she put her hand on my arm.

"It's ok. Don't be afraid. I'm not going to hurt you. I won't say anything to anybody. I know lots of young boys and men like you. You have felt this way all of your life and don't know why. You wish there was a way to end these feelings of yours but you don't know how and you can't talk to anybody about them either. Believe me I understand and I can help. Do you work next Saturday or Sunday?"

My heart was pounding as I sat back on the bench. It was like this woman had read my mind. How was it possible for her to know exactly how I felt? Her facial expression did not change as she waited for my answer. Something in her made me feel that I could trust her.

"Yes. I work both days," I answered.

"Good. I will see you next weekend and we'll talk more."

She got up and walked away. I sat there for several minutes, more stunned than anything else. I had no idea how she had "read" me the way she did. I got up and went back to work. I finished my shift but couldn't get my mind off that woman.

Later that night as I lay awake in bed I saw her face again. She had looked straight at me, her eyes locking into mine, as she spoke. I wasn't sure what our next meeting was going to be like but if she could read me like that maybe she could help me.

The week dragged by. I had difficulty concentrating on my school work. I pushed myself beyond my usual exercise routine to get out some of my frustrations. Near the end of the week mom took my aside after supper.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked.

Her question surprised me. Once again it was as if she had "read" me and knew something was different.

"No," I lied. "I have had a lot of stuff on my mind this week that's all. I have a couple of projects for school that I need to get started on and of course we have been busy at work."

"Okay, well you know you can always talk to one of us if you need help."

"Thanks mom, but I am ok."

She left and I went to my room feeling relieved. I looked at myself in the mirror and couldn't see anything different. I wondered how I was "telegraphing" something to two women without my dad seeing it and saying something too.

Saturday morning a shipment had arrived and I spent most of the morning getting it unboxed and put out on the floor. I took lunch a little late and when I came back from the café court she was already there sitting on the bench. I sat down next to her. She looked up at me and without expression began.

"I am Sharon Anderson, the administrator of the Hamilton clinic just outside of Rochester. We specialize in treating women with an all female staff but a small division helps people like you. Here is my card. On the back is a phone number for you to call. Identify

yourself and give them my name. Tell them we met here today and that you would like an appointment. You will be given a date, time, and place to have an interview. Call back if something comes up and you can't make it. When you come for the interview answer all the questions they ask as honestly as you can. You will be given detailed information about our program and its' procedures. All your questions will be answered at that time as well. Thank you for agreeing to meet with me and have a nice day."

She got up and left. I looked at the standard white business card listing her name and the clinic's name with a phone, fax number and an address. Everybody knew about the Mayo Clinic in Rochester. There were many branches of the clinic as well as many other non related medical clinics throughout the state. I put the card in my wallet and went back to work.

The next day on my lunch break I called the number. I identified myself and mentioned the meeting with Ms. Anderson. The female voice on the other end said:

"One moment please."

I waited less than a minute before she came back on the line.

"Donald we have an appointment for you at the clinic in room 107 this Friday at five thirty pm. Please be on time and if for whatever reason you can't be there let us know right away so we can schedule someone else and reschedule you. Thank you for calling and have a good day."

At home later that night I went to the computer and typed in "Hamilton Clinic" in a search engine. There were many clinics by that name but only one in Minnesota. It was a clinic that dealt only with women's medical problems. There was nothing on the website about treating people like me. I had a little trouble getting to sleep wondering just what I was getting myself into. Who knows, maybe they could help me.

That Friday I drove to the clinic. I arrived a little after five. I sat in the car for a few minutes thinking about what the interview was going to be like. A man came out of the clinic and got in the car next to me with the logo of the Rochester Tribune. I recognized him as John Watt an investigative reporter who also had a website "Watts Online." I wondered why an investigative reporter would have come out here in the sticks to do a story on this women's clinic.

At five fifteen I walked inside and checked the directory. I went down the hallway and found room 107. The door was open and a short grey haired lady in a white nurses' uniform was sitting behind the desk. She looked up at me and smiled as I approached.

"Donald?" she asked.

"Yes ma'm," I answered.

"Please close the door and have a seat."

I sat across from her as she spread some papers out in front of her

"Now then, before we begin we have to have an understanding. What we discuss here to today MUST be kept TOTALLY confidential and must not be repeated to anyone, anywhere, and that includes your parents. Is that clear?"

I was a bit surprised at the sharpness in her tone but nodded my head in assertion.

"Good. In addition to being a specialty clinic for women's medical issues the Hamilton Clinic, thru extensive research, has found a way to assist both men and women with conditions like yours as well as others. Ms. Anderson stated you have a penchant for cross dressing is that correct?"

"Yes."

"The procedures, equipment, drugs and materials we employ here are the result of extensive research in the DNA field and are covered by foreign patents. Because of the controversial nature of any DNA work we operate without FDA or government approval so you will be required to sign a waiver of liability. We are proud of the fact that we have a 95 percent success rate but sometimes we are not able to help everyone or because results may vary from person to person we cannot positively guarantee perfect results every time. If you decide to undergo treatment here you will be required to pay cash up front. If you are unable to pay we do have some funds available to assist you. Some of our patients have made substantial donations to the clinic after undergoing successful treatment here for their particular problem. Following the treatment you will spend the night here and go home the next day so plan accordingly. Now I know you have some questions so go ahead."

"Well just exactly what does this treatment involve?" I asked.

"Without getting into the science and specifics it is a very complex procedure but essentially you will under go a sort of regression, back to when your body and mind was just beginning to grow in your mothers' womb. We locate that particular strand of your DNA that has, shall we say a "kink" in it, and then using a chemical procedure we remove that strand and replace it with a normal strand."

"I see. When I come out of this procedure as you call it, then I will no longer feel the desire or compulsion to cross dress?"

"Exactly. You will behave as if it was never there in the first place. You can continue to live your life any way you choose without that urge to dress up and playact the role of a woman."

"You mentioned that this required cash up front. How much does it cost?"

"The clinic charges ten thousand dollars, payable in cash up front, thirty days prior to being scheduled for the procedure. If you decide to back out a two thousand dollar registration fee is retained and only eight thousand is returned to you."

"Well I don't have that kind of money. You said there were donations to help those who can't pay?"

"Yes. I will be happy to put you in for that but it would cover only five of the ten thousand. When do you think you could come up with the balance?"

"I don't really know. I am living at home so I have no expenses other than my car. It would probably another year or so I guess."

"Alright. Are you eighteen yet?"

"No. May 17th."

“Ok. Look, continue to work and save your money. Call the clinic when you have the five thousand and you will be given an appointment. For now I just need you to do two more things.”

She handed me a specimen cup.

“Step into the adjoining room. When you come out I will take a blood sample too.”

I took the cup into the next room and filled it half full. I came back in and set it on her desk.

“Roll up your sleeve please.”

I did so. She inserted the needle and drew out a small sample of my blood, then placed a band aid over the prick.

“That’s all you need to do for now. You are in our system. Remember to call as soon as you have the money. You will be given further instructions and an appointment. Remember, you are not to discuss this with anyone, and I want to be very clear about that. Do you understand Donald?”

“Yes I do,” I answered. “I was wondering though about the five percent that you can’t help. Are there any lingering effects? I mean if it doesn’t work I’m not going to die am I?”

“Of course not. The procedure is done by highly skilled professionals. You’ll be as safe here as you would be in a hospital or even your own bed at home. There is nothing for you to worry about. Anything else?”

“No,” I answered. “I just want this “thing” out of my system. I want to be normal you know?”

“I understand completely and your fears are quite normal. Let remind you again that ninety five percent of our patients lead normal, healthy, happy lives. Gays and Bi’s, and transgender people become straight. Those involved with some type of fetish behavior, like your self, never have the compulsion to do that again. Thank you for coming Donald, have yourself a good evening.”

“Thank you I will.”

I left the room and walked back down the hallway thinking about the things she had said. It sounded almost too good to be true. I had very little savings and it probably would be a year before I could save up that much money even living at home. Never the less it would provide me with the ability to lead a normal life.

The only thing I was really concerned about was that old saying, “If it sounds too good to be true, it probably isn’t”. Maybe I should have asked more questions about that other five percent. A teacher had once said something about human nature. When you wish for something so badly the possibility of there being consequences sometimes pushes the need for caution out of ones thoughts. Seeing that investigative reporter leaving the clinic as I arrived was a little puzzling as well. I had mixed emotions as I drove home.

I continued working and going to school. The clinic wasn’t far from my mind. I never saw Ms. Anderson again though I spent some enjoyable lunch hours looking at the dresses

on display in the store window across from the bookstore. I wondered what it would feel like without those erotic and emotional feelings.

The cold of February was just about gone. There were more days of sunshine which made everybody feel better. I would be graduating a week after my eighteenth birthday. I was glad to be getting out of school and was in no hurry to get right back in to a college or tech curriculum.

I liked my job at the bookstore and received another raise. My lunch hours were of course enjoyable too as it gave me some daydreaming time with plenty of dresses and high heel shoes in the window to look at. More people were venturing out with the warmer weather and we got a little busier.

The Sunday paper had a front page article about a single car accident not far from the Hamilton Clinic. A computer technician had finished his last day at the clinic. While driving home had lost control of his car and wound up in the ditch. His cell phone was found next to him leaving the sheriff's department to theorize that he had been paying more attention to his call than his driving. He died at the hospital. His picture was next to the picture of the wreck. That night John Watt had a short article in his "Watts on Line" about texting or talking on a cell phone while driving.

Once again a thought crossed my mind about the Hamilton Clinic. Was there a possible connection between John Watts looking into the clinic's operations and this accident that killed computer technician who had just resigned from the clinic? I was not a paranoid person by any means. Maybe it was just a coincidence. At the interview she did say their methods were not under government or FDA guidelines.

I was almost certain there was nothing illegal going on. It was a medical clinic conforming to all state standards except for this subsidiary that was for good reason under the radar helping people like me.

Reporter John Watt stood in the open doorway to his editor's office. He saw the editor was on the phone so he knocked politely. Editor George Sanford looked up at him over his half glasses. Putting his hand over the phone he waved him in and said:

"Close the door."

John closed the office door and took a seat in front of the editor's desk. After hanging up the phone the editor folded his hands on the desk and looked straight at him.

"Are you still looking into the Hamilton Clinic?" he asked.

"Yes. I got an interview there with the administrator, Sharon Anderson. She gave me a run down on the clinic's operations. Everything seems to be on the up and up. I don't know what your source may have told you."

"Well keep digging, discreetly please, because there may be something else."

"There was one other thing. Maybe it isn't even related to the clinic's operation."

"What's that?"

"I was at the hospital ER Sunday when they brought in an accident victim. When he was wheeled in he kept saying something like: "They have to stop this, somebody has to

stop this". He lapsed into unconsciousness and later died in surgery. He had recently resigned from the clinic and Sunday was his last day at work."

The editor thought for a moment.

"Their might be a link there. Keep snooping around. Also head out to the airport. One of Mayo's choppers had just dropped a patient off and was headed to the airport for some maintenance and refueling. They developed engine trouble and barely made it there. There have been a number of crashes in recent months all involving medical choppers. See what you can find out."

Reporter John Watt got up from his chair and walked out to his car. After a short drive to the airport he found the maintenance hangar and walked into the office.

After getting some preliminary information he walked out to the shop. Two mechanics were working on the chopper. One was on a platform looking at the tail rotor and the other was looking at the engine.

"What happened?" he asked the nearest mechanic.

The man shrugged. "Don't know yet. Crew is in the cafeteria." Then he went back to his work.

John walked into the cafeteria where the pilot and co-pilot were sipping coffee.

"John Watt, Rochester Tribune," said John introducing himself. "Any idea what happened?"

The pilot and co-pilot had no expression on their faces as each one took another sip of coffee.

"We had some engine trouble and those guys are trying to diagnose it now," said the pilot.

John nodded and left the room. No story here until they find out he thought as he walked to his car.

The spring warmth was welcomed by everyone. There wasn't much left of the snow. I was happy in my work at the store. Between my lunch hours looking in the store window at the newest bridal fashions and my stash at home I continued my fantasy dreams.

I had saved a little over three thousand dollars and would have the rest by fall. I had mixed emotions about it all. How would I feel afterwards? Would these desires ever come back again to haunt me?

I hadn't dated much in high school. There was always the question of what kind of a man I would be following my treatment. Sometimes I thought maybe I shouldn't be a man at all. There were plenty of therapists at various clinics in the area. Maybe I should make an appointment to see one of them first.

The Hamilton Clinic seemed the best way out. Why bother with months or maybe even years of therapy when in twenty four hours these deep rooted feelings for feminine apparel and wanting to be feminine would simply be gone. I was pretty sure I was not a woman trapped in a man's body I just simply enjoyed dressing and behaving like one. When I imagined myself dressed and made up it had always given me a sensual and erotic but short lived feeling of femininity.