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# COUNTERFEIT BRIDE

**BY JERI ELLEN**

9/11 scared the crap out of everybody. It was quite awhile before things got back to anything close to what might be described as “normal”. The city had become a much different place. Even months afterwards there hadn’t been many clear cut answers and people wondered if there were going to be even more attacks. If so when and where would they be?

My parents were both tenured professors. Mom taught English and literature while on the side she had several creative writing workshops off campus. Dad taught economics and history. Both had put off marriage and kids to advance their careers. My twin sister and I were born on September 11, 1991. It had become a real easy date to remember.

In the spring of 2002 my parents announced that we would be moving. They both would be teaching at a satellite campus near Albany, New York. They felt we would be safer and it would be less stressful than life in the big city.

At ten years of age we had come to know the hustle and bustle of New York City. The quiet suburb near Albany was quite a change to be sure. The air seemed to smell different. It was cleaner, fresher. The pace of living there was slower as well. People weren’t in such a hurry to get someplace.

My parents had always been renters so there wasn’t the hassle of juggling the sale of one house while trying to find another. We had a wonderful summer enjoying the parks and other outdoor activities we didn’t have living in the big city.

The first year of school was a bit intimidating. We made new friends in due time. In addition to good grades both my sister and I enjoyed playing soccer. Our family had always been very health conscious. My parents were non-smokers and meat was only an occasional item on our table. In addition to playing soccer we jogged near the park. We also made good use of the treadmill and stationary bike at home.

Entering that pubescent stage Marcie began menstruating. I began feeling different too and masturbated for the first time. For some inexplicable reason I was more excited about the clothing women wore in the mail order catalogs we received. Some of the pictures in the newspaper and magazine ads had the same effect.

I would imagine myself being dressed like they were and shortly I would become very stimulated. I was a little bit scared as this wasn't something a male child was supposed to feel. Of course I kept my feelings secret.

I cut out the pictures I liked from the older publications and kept them in a manila folder hidden way under my mattress. When no one was around I would take them out to look at them while fantasizing that I was dressed and made up the way they were.

It happened six years almost to the day of our move. My parents were gone grocery shopping and Marcie had biked to a nearby mall with some of her friends. I knew it would be awhile before either of them would get back so I undressed and walked into my mother's bedroom.

After putting on her half slip I tried on a pair of her shoes. They had three inch heels and were a close fit. I walked into my sister's bedroom the way I thought a girl would walk. I stood looking at myself in her vanity mirror as I held up a lipstick.

Marcie had just started wearing make up. Dad wasn't too happy about it as he thought she should wait until high school but mom prevailed. She had purchased an initial supply for her and taught her how to apply it. I tried to imagine what I would look like if I were wearing it when I voice behind me said:

"Oh my, aren't you just the cutest thing! Go ahead, put some on I can't wait to see how you will look."

I froze. Standing in the doorway was Marcie with a big grin on her face.

"I thought you would be at the mall," I squeaked in a terrified voice as I put the lipstick back.

"I'm sure you did," she laughed again. "Just how long has this been going on?"

I said nothing and brushed past her to my parents' room. She followed me as I tried to move quickly in my mother's high heels.

"Not as easy as it looks is it?" she teased as I slipped them off and replaced them in mom's shoe rack.

I took off the half slip and put it back in mom's dresser. As I turned to face her she was standing in the doorway with a mischievous grin on her face. I wasn't sure what to expect from her.

"Please don't say anything to mom and dad I was just...."

"Oh don't worry about that," she interrupted me. "I am not going to tell mom and dad you are a cross dresser as long as you agree to certain conditions."

"What conditions?" I asked in a pleading voice.

"Well as you know I have always wanted a sister. Nothing personal against you as a brother, but girls need someone they can confide in, share secrets with, gossip and go shopping with."

"What are you driving at?" I asked.

"Look, why don't you and I kill two birds with one stone. I will help you with clothes and makeup. We will go out as sisters. I'll be Marcie and you can be, oh, how about Marilyn? We will shop at the mall, have lunch, and maybe even take in a movie. We'll be back before mom and dad get home. I think you would pass very easily. I mean you are not very masculine to begin with. You are shorter than I am, with a small frame, and you have the same girly face that I do. Who would ever guess we were brother and sister and not two sisters?"

"I couldn't do that! What if someone would see us? How would I explain?"

"How would you explain it to mom and dad when they get home tonight?"

"It would be my word against yours."

I went back to my bedroom and started to get dressed.

"And just how would you explain this?" she leered holding up a small camera.

My heart sank as she came towards me waving the little device.

"Maybe I should put these two pictures up for bids on e-bay: My brother the cross dresser, bids starting at one hundred dollars. On second thought maybe I'll just upload these to My Space or You Tube and let everyone in the world know you are a sissy."

I was stunned that my own sister would do such a thing, but her face was impassive. She had made up her mind and I knew an atom bomb wasn't going to change it.

"Ok," I said softly.

"COOL!" she exclaimed. "I will get started with your new wardrobe."

She left the room. I wasn't sure what she had in mind but whatever it was it was better than having to confront my parents about this "thing" I had for women's apparel.

My parents came home and we ate supper. Marcie acted as if nothing had happened. Several weeks went by. She never mentioned it to me when we were alone and I never brought it up. I looked on the computer but the photos weren't in her "My Pictures" file.

I was no longer cross dressing when I was alone in the house but the urges seemed to be getting stronger that ever. The pictures I had in the folder were giving some release but I would have much preferred to wearing moms' half slip and heels. I really wanted to see myself in makeup too.

The Fourth of July was next weekend. Dad would be going up north to fish trout for three days while mom would be in the city conducting a writers' workshop. Both of them would not be back until late Monday night. We were given our allowances on Friday morning before they both left.

Marcie was giggling with anticipation as she looked at me with a grin.

Several hours after they had left I was watching the noon news on TV. Marcie came into the living room, grabbed the remote and shut off the TV.

"Come with me. I have some things for you to try on," she smirked.

I followed her to her bedroom. She reached under her bed and handed me a pink box.

"Go into your room, put these on, then get back here with your allowance," she ordered.

In my room I undressed and placed my clothes on the bed. I opened the box to find a pink bra and panty set. I put them on. The satin material felt so good against my skin. I took my allowance from my top dresser drawer and walked back to her bedroom. When I entered her face brightened.

"Wow, do you ever look good sissy boy!" she exclaimed as she took the money from my hand.

After counting out forty of the fifty dollars she gave me ten back. From under her bed she removed a cardboard box. The first item she handed me was a pink, puff sleeve cotton blouse. I put it on and she giggled as I fumbled with the buttons which for me of course were on the wrong side. Then she handed me a short, pink pleated skirt. I stepped into it, closed the side zipper and button. A pair of pink socks with white lace was next. The last items were a pink purse and a pair of pink shoes. The shoes were flats with a strap across the instep and a pink bow on the toe. They were a perfect fit.

"Let's go out to the living room," she said as she slipped the purse strap over my shoulder.

My heart was pounding as I followed her. I felt so good in the pink outfit I could hardly stand it but I wasn't about to say anything. In the living room she sat on the davenport and looked up at me.

"Pay attention to what I am going to tell you. If you don't you are going to be "read" when we go out. When you walk, walk slower. Don't be in a hurry. Walk in a normal gait. Hold your purse in your left hand and keep your right arm at your side. Now walk around the room for me and then sit in the big chair, remember to smooth your skirt with your right hand, like a girl would."

I took a deep breath and began walking around the room. I stopped at the chair, turned around, smoothed my skirt and sat down. She smiled at me.

"That's exactly right girly boy. Now do that a couple of more times for me. Practice makes perfect."

I performed the routine several more times as she watched me closely. I felt completely natural, like it was the way I should be walking and sitting. She seemed genuinely pleased at my actions.

"Remember to always behave in a ladylike fashion. When you get in a car, smooth your skirt and sit down, then swing your legs in. Do the reverse when you get out. Where ever you go you will be watched by men as well as women. If someone is suspicious they might call the cops and you don't want that do you?"

I shook my head no.

“Walk into my bedroom and sit at the vanity.”

When I was seated she brushed my hair over my forehead to simulate bangs. From the box on the floor she retrieved a small pink bow, a tube of pink lipstick and a compact. After she pinned the bow in my hair she handed me the lipstick.

“Open your mouth wide. Press the tube to your lips and cover them.”

I took the cap off the lipstick and turned the base. I looked into the mirror as I pressed the tube to my lips and covered them with a generous coat.

“Good, now press your lips together.”

I re-capped the lipstick and she handed me the compact.

“Brush a little of the powder on each cheek and smooth it around.”

I opened the compact and applied the powder as she instructed. When I finished I was surprised at the feminine image I saw in the mirror. I really did look like a girl. It was hard to take my eyes off my reflection since I had no idea I would look that good.

“Put the make up in your purse, leave it on the vanity, and come with me.”

I unzipped the purse and put the make up items inside. In the living room she handed me mom’s pink ruffled apron.

“Put this on and you can get started cleaning.”

I said nothing as I slipped the apron over my head and she tied the pink strings behind me in a large bow. I was feeling more feminine than I had ever felt masculine as a boy. I was enjoying this but I could not admit it to her of course.

We went into the kitchen where she handed me a pair of pink latex gloves. Under her watchful eye I washed and dried a few dishes that were left over from lunch. When I finished she handed me a dust cloth and a can of spray. Upon finishing that I vacuumed the carpets.

“Remember every move you make must be feminine no matter what you are doing,” she admonished.

I put the vacuum away and then I scrubbed the tub, toilet and bathroom sink. She inspected everything when I finished.

“You did a good job. I see I’ll have to get you a maid costume too!” she laughed. “Put away the cleaning stuff and take off your apron. Get your purse and come down to the basement.”

When I went down to the basement she was standing next to the treadmill. She held a package of knee high nylon stockings in one hand and a pair of black high heel pumps in the other.

“Take off your shoes and socks. Put on the stockings, then the pumps,” she said.

I stood up when I had them both on to find the high heels to fit quite well.

“Mom’s shoes were a little big so I got you a smaller but wider pair. Get on the treadmill and let’s see you walk in them.”

She started it up and I began walking. She corrected me several times before I finally mastered what she called a "ladylike" walk. She speeded up the treadmill just a little and then watched me until I had clocked a couple of miles. I was beginning to tire but didn't want to say anything as I was enjoying myself too. For the first time I was totally en femme, clothes, make up and heels. It was a thrill.

"That's enough for now," she announced as she shut the machine off. "I think you are ready for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" I asked.

She just grinned as she answered me.

"Yes girly boy, tomorrow. Now let's get you back upstairs."

At the vanity she removed my hair bow and brushed my hair backwards, then showed me how to remove my makeup. She left the room and I undressed placing all my girl clothes in the box. After pushing it back under her bed I returned to my own room and got dressed.

We ate supper without her mentioning anything about that afternoon's activities. Afterwards I donned mother's pink apron and gloves to do the dishes. Later that night as I was getting ready to shower she handed me a can of ladies shaving gel and a disposable razor.

"You don't have much body hair or a beard so to help you achieve a more girly look I want you to shave your legs, arms, underarms and face after about a five minute soak in the tub. Be very careful as you don't want to have any nicks or cuts to be visible."

I took the items from her and began running my bath water. I scrubbed my self and then sat in the warm soapy water a few extra minutes, wishing it were a perfumed bubble bath, before applying the gel to my legs. I shaved them very carefully and then did my arms and underarms. I showered the residue off as the water ran out of the tub.

After toweling myself dry I shaved my neck and face. Back in the bedroom Marcie was waiting for me. She handed me a jar of face cream.

"Smooth the cream over your body. It will ease the sting of razor burn," she said with a grin.

When I finished I stood naked in front of the full length mirror marveling at the hair free girly body I saw. My skin felt wonderful and I loved the delightful feminine scent the face cream had left.

I put on my cotton briefs and got into bed. I immediately wished I could have left on the satin panties or had a filmy girl's nightgown to wear. I did not go to sleep right away wondering what Marcie had planned for the next day as well as how much longer this could continue before one or both of my parents found out about this little charade.

Marcie woke me up early. After breakfast I dressed in my girly clothes. She helped me put on a set of pink press on nails. Sitting at the vanity I was applying my lipstick when I heard the doorbell ring. Marcie left to answer it. There was some girlish laughter as I applied some pink powder to my cheeks. Shortly Marcie entered the bedroom holding a box.

"Your own hair isn't quite long enough yet to look right so my friend Pat is going to loan you her mom's wig for the day. Wasn't that sweet of her?" she giggled.

I didn't answer as Marcie opened the box and placed a nylon wig cap on my head. After adjusting the wig she attached the pink bow to the top and we walked out to the living room where Marcie introduced me to Pat. She had a big smile on her face as she got up from the davenport and looked me over.

"I don't believe it," she squealed. "He looks just like you Marcie!"

"I know, but remember today he is my cousin Marilyn."

Both girls laughed as we left the house. Marcie held the car door open for me as I smoothed my skirt before sitting down and then swinging my legs in. Pat started the car and backed out of the driveway.

I was more than a little nervous. I didn't know where we were going and what's more I thought Marcie wasn't going to tell anybody about this. At the same time I felt very comfortable in my feminine apparel. I knew I looked good, as good as any girl for sure. I just wasn't happy to be out in public even if I was in the company of a relative and her friend.

We arrived at the mall and got out of the car. The stores hadn't opened yet so we walked down the mall and did some window shopping. Promptly at nine the stores began unlocking their front gates.

Our first stop was a major woman's department store. The girls got me acquainted with the lingerie department first followed by the clothing and shoe departments. With my education complete we by passed the cosmetic kiosk and walked further down the mall.

Marjorie's Boutique was the next stop. Marjorie's specialized in party dresses, shoes with very high heels and their matching purses. The girls as well as the sales clerk had a great time watching me wobble in a pair of five inch stilettos while modeling a green satin dress with a black satin ruffled hem.

I wanted to object as Marcie took several pictures but I knew it would do no good. Besides I felt so delicious in that satin party dress I didn't really want to take it off. I changed into my pink outfit and we stopped at a jewelry kiosk.

"Pierced earrings are very feminine Marilyn, why don't you get your ears pierced while we are here?"

"No I don't think so," I answered politely. "I don't like needles for any reason."

Both girls were giggling as we made our way to the café court. After a soft drink and pizza Marcie insisted I touch up my make up.

"In front of everyone?" I asked.

"Of course. Relax, today you are a girl and no one will be looking at you twice when you do it."

I took the make up items out of my purse and proceeded to touch up my lipstick and blusher. When the girls seemed satisfied we left the mall and came home.



In a sense I was relieved to be back at home yet I had enjoyed the outing en femme. I had been a girl for half a day. I loved the feel of that green satin dress and the thrill of walking in five inch stiletto heels. I was conflicted to say the least.

In Marcie's bedroom I sat at the vanity. I removed the bow from the top of the wig and Marcie placed the wig and wig cap back in the box. She handed it back to Pat.

"We girls should do this again sometime," she said as she left.

I took off my makeup and Marcie helped me remove the press on nails. I undressed and put on my male clothing. For some reason they didn't feel right on me. Maybe it was because my freshly shaven arms and legs were now girly soft and smooth which accentuated the feeling of my feminine apparel. What ever it was I was now looking forward to my next trip en femme more than I ever thought I would.

That night Marcie spent considerable time in the basement. I was on the computer but she hadn't downloaded those pictures she had taken at the mall yet. We watched a movie and the late news before we both went to bed. She made no attempt at conversation.

The next morning after she finished the Sunday paper she went down the basement again. I wondered what she was up too but was afraid to ask. She came up holding two flesh colored globs in her hands.

"Dad ties his own flies to use trout fishing. He bought a bunch of baits and some other stuff at a thrift sale a week before he left. When I saw him throwing some of it out I asked him what it was. He explained that other fisherman mix these two chemicals up with water and pour it into molds. Hooks and a connecting loop are added and when the stuff solidifies they become artificial worms. I took it out of the garbage when he wasn't around. Last night I mixed up a batch and poured it into two shallow coffee cups. I scooped it out this morning. Go put on your bra and we will see how they look."

I went into her bedroom. I took off my shirt and slipped the bra on. Back in the living room I stood still while she inserted the flesh colored jelly-like slabs in the bra cups and adjusted the straps. The weight made a difference in the way the bra felt.

"Walk around the room," she ordered.

I did so and when I came back in front of her she had that big smile on her face.

"Now you have the closest thing to real boobs a sissy like you can get. When we go out again the weighted bra will give you a girly jiggle and your blouse will fill out better. I can't wait to see that," she laughed again.

The rest of the holiday weekend was uneventful. My parents returned and things got back to normal. By the end of the month I got a much needed haircut. Marcie was furious.

"You should have let your hair grow out. Lot's of boys have longer hair these days and I don't think mom or dad would have said anything. It would have made you look even more feminine," she groused.

I wasn't about to start an argument with her so I didn't say anything. Whenever I got upset I always took it out on the treadmill or stationary bike. It gave me a release as well as kept me in good shape. That night I had a real good workout.

The last Friday of the month mom and dad announced they would be gone at a joint teaching conference most of the weekend. They would be leaving early each morning and returning very late Saturday and Sunday night. We got our August allowance in advance before they left. That night Marcie took another forty dollars of mine so I knew that I would be wearing something different this weekend.

“Don’t forget to shave your self again tonight,” she admonished with a grin.

As soon as our parents left that morning she had me don the pink apron and gloves to do the dishes. When I finished I took them off and saw that she was standing in the kitchen doorway with that smirk on her face.

“Time to get ready for our shopping trip,” she said with a laugh.

I followed her into her bedroom.

“Your new stuff is on the bed. Get dressed, Pat will be here at nine thirty,” she ordered.

She left the room and I began to undress. On the bed was a white bra, the flesh colored inserts, a white girdle, a pair of stockings, a white half slip with matching camisole, a white frilly blouse and a black slim skirt. On the floor was the pair of black leather pumps.

I put on the girdle and then attached the stockings. The nylon hose felt good on my hair free skin. The girdle had side panels to give me the appearance of girlish hips that I didn’t have. The bra and inserts were next. I stepped into the half slip and brought it up to my waist. The soft fabric of the camisole and half slip gave me a wonderful feeling of femininity.

Sitting at the vanity I applied my makeup with care and then attached my press on nails. I loved the reflection in the mirror. I was a very pretty girl. I held up the frilly blouse. It was made of a soft filmy material and I shuddered with delight as I slipped it on. I had just stepped into the black skirt when I heard the doorbell ring. Quickly I tucked in the blouse, zipped the skirt up, and stepped into the pumps. I grabbed my purse and walked into the living room.

Pat eyes grew wide as she saw me. She opened the box and put the wig cap and wig on my head. Marcie dashed into the bedroom and came back with the pink hair bow. After afixing it to the top of the wig we left the house.

This time we went to a different mall. We walked in and out of a couple of stores looking at a variety of clothes and shoes. We had lunch and then took in a movie. It was after four when we finally got home. I became Mark once again. I was just zipping up my jeans when my parent’s car pulled in the driveway.

Sunday they were gone again but Marcie had nothing planned. When I mentioned we had cut it pretty close the other day she just smiled.

By the third week in August everybody was gearing up for school. Marcie and I finished our Drivers’ Education classes and passed our tests to become licensed drivers. Marcie thought I should have two licenses so I could drive while cross dressed too.

Once school started there wasn’t much time for her little game. Both of us got part time jobs on the weekends. Marcie worked at Sears in the mall while I worked at a pizza place

in the café court. With a down payment from our parents we shared driving, insurance, and payments on a used Civic.

"I can't wait to finish my probation so I can outfit you with some more skirts and dresses," she teased one morning on the way to work. "No more thrift sale or bargain basement clothes for you sissy boy!"

I couldn't wait either. I missed being able to cross dress in the worst way. I wasn't sure what was wrong with me but I would often day dream about that pink outfit or my skirt and blouse combination. I was in what seemed like a hopeless situation.

We worked longer hours over the holidays. With school closed we were both putting in forty hours a week. Living at home most of what we earned was banked. We still got our monthly allowance. Marcie hadn't bought me anything yet so she wasn't able to pilfer any of my earnings.

The mall was a real zoo the week of Christmas. Everybody was busier than ever. Christmas was on a Monday so we both worked twelve hour shifts Saturday and Sunday. At home we exchanged gifts Sunday night even though the both of us were real tired. After we had gone to bed Marcie came to my bedroom as I was just getting into bed. She was holding a red package topped with a large bow.

"I didn't think you wanted this under the tree," she giggled as she handed it to me.

I opened the box to find the green satin party dress I had tried on at Marjorie's boutique. The five inch stiletto heels were there too with a matching clutch purse. I felt my pulse jump as I held up the dress.

"Why don't you slip it on real quick and see how it fits?" she asked.

I unzipped the dress and put it on. Marcie grabbed the ruffled hem and pulled it down. I turned around and she zipped me up.

"Now the heels," she giggled again.

With a rapid heartbeat I stepped into them.

"Perfectly feminine in every way girly boy," she announced. "Please hold your purse in one hand and put the other on your hip while you turn one leg sideways, you know like the models do."

I followed her instructions as she removed her mini camera from her back jean pocket and snapped a couple of pictures.

"You will look much better with a wig and makeup but I wanted these just for my collection. You know, kind of like the "before" and "after" pictures in those ads?"

I said nothing as she unzipped me and helped me out of the dress. I put it back in the box with the purse and heels. I was certain I wouldn't have long to wait for a chance to wear my new outfit.

"I'll keep this in my room under the bed with the rest of your girly wardrobe. There is bound to be a New Years' Eve party somewhere so I can show you off," she said as she left my room giggling.

She was right. Mom and Dad were going into the city that weekend to be in Times Square with some friends. They were leaving Saturday morning and would be coming back Monday afternoon. At the supper table Marcie grinned in anticipation when my folks had announced their plans.

As soon as the car was out of the driveway Marcie was on the phone. A short while later as I was doing the dishes in my pink apron and gloves she bounded into the kitchen to announce we were going to Pat's house for a private party. Her parents were going to be gone that weekend too.

That night I was reminded to shave my body once again for the next night's party. By this time I had become rather adept at keeping my self smooth. I still longed for a time when I could try a perfumed bubble bath and use perfumed dusting powder. I wasn't about to tell Marcie that though.

We skipped supper and about six thirty I went with Marcie into her bedroom. I dressed in a new panty brief and fishnet panty hose. Marcie insisted on eye shadow, eyeliner and mascara in addition to bright red lipstick, blusher and press on nails. The jelly inserts in my bra thrust the front of the dress out nicely. Pat had left a shoulder length black wig with Marcie on Saturday afternoon. With the addition of long clip on earrings and a large green satin sissy bow pinned to the top I really looked fabulous.

She insisted I walk around the living room a couple of times to be sure I could manage the five inch heel stilettos. I think she did it because she just enjoyed seeing me mince around like a girl. Satisfied she went back to her bedroom to get dressed.

When she came back she was wearing an identical outfit. You could hardly tell us apart. I mean to look at us, without knowing who we were, you would swear we were identical twins. She laughed at the surprised look on my face. She stood next to me with her camera in hand and took our picture.

At seven thirty I slipped on one of mom's older coats and a pair of gloves. Marcie drove us to Pat's. We arrived about eight o'clock. There were only a few guests there. There were no other males. The other girls were dressed in identical outfits but none of them in feminine apparel. There were two girls in thirties style suits and ties. Pat and her sister were two sailors. A little later four more girls arrived, two dressed like cops and two in leather like biker chicks.

After a few drinks we had some sandwiches. Both Marcie and I seemed to be the center of attention. The background music was soft, romantic stuff. I danced with all the girls. I had never danced backwards before let alone in five inch stilettos yet I managed quite well. It had turned into a very enjoyable evening. We had a few more drinks and the New Year was rung in with everyone feeling pretty good. We all posed for pictures though more were taken of Marcie and me than of the other girls.

When we got back home I had to become Mark again. I had loved playing a girl for the evening. It felt so right to be wearing makeup, a glamorous dress and heels. I honestly hated to take it all off. That night as I lay in bed I couldn't help but think what it would be like to live in feminine clothing and wear makeup all the time. I closed my eyes and dreamed I was modeling party dresses and high heels.



The next day when I got up I double checked myself in the mirror to be sure I had all the makeup off. I was more concerned about the eye make up than the red rouge and lipstick. Marcie saw me looking in the bathroom mirror.

"It's all off. I bought you the cheap stuff. The good stuff really stays on and it would be noticeable. We certainly wouldn't want that would we now, girly boy?" she laughed as she walked away.

I didn't answer her. Later when my parents returned everything was back to normal. They had a good time in the city and were pleased that we did too. If they only knew, I thought to myself, if they only knew.

School started up again and once more we were both kept very busy. The first Saturday in February we finished an afternoon shift. Marcie always insisted on doing the driving when we had the same shift.

"Sissies shouldn't drive anyway," she said with a smirk.

We went in the house and at my bedroom door she handed me a paper bag.

"Some reading material for you," she said with a grin.

Inside the bag were several prom guide magazines. I closed the door and began paging thru them. There were paper clips on certain pages. The dresses on the pages she clipped were mostly pink and either chiffon or satin. I felt myself getting hard as I closed my eyes and saw myself dressed in those beautiful clothes and sexy high heels. I placed the magazines under my mattress with my collection in the folder.

Sunday morning as we got in the car for our nine to five jobs at the mall she looked at me with that smirk of hers.

"Find anything you like?" she asked.

"There all very nice," I answered.

"I thought you might say that. Sissies love pretty dresses no matter what color they are. Of course I knew pink would be your favorite color though I would love to dress you up in all of them."

There was no further conversation as went to work. I had a hunch I would be wearing one of those dresses soon whether at a post prom party or not. I hoped Marcie hadn't planned on me actually going to the prom with one of the girls we had met at the New Years' Eve party. At our own high school prom the kids would probably think I was her with a date anyway.

The months flew by. Except for doing the dishes, laundry and housecleaning in my pink apron and gloves when my parents were gone I hadn't cross dressed or used makeup. I had to admit I missed it.

I continued to fantasize while looking at the pictures in my folder and the prom guide magazines.

Prom time came. When Marcie's date came to pick her up I was just leaving my bedroom. She looked stunning in her powder blue chiffon dress and heels.

"Jealous sissy boy?" she cooed as she passed me in the hallway with an exaggerated effeminate walk.

I was jealous too. I remembered the party where we had dressed alike. I knew that if I were wearing that identical blue dress you would not be able to tell us apart.

The school year ended and we both passed our exams. We began working full time at the mall again. My parents continued teaching as the college year had another week to go. The weekend before Memorial Day weekend they both attended faculty meetings on Friday and Saturday.

I had just finished my cleaning Saturday morning when Pat showed up with a wig box.

"Did you get the dress?" she asked my sister.

Marcie nodded. "Fifty percent off, shoes and bag at cost!" she exclaimed with a grin.

"Super!," said Marcie. "Okay girlie boy, go to my room and put on your foundation garments."

I took off the pink apron and gloves. I went to her bedroom and undressed. I put on the white bra with inserts and the panty briefs. I opened the door and let them in. Marcie went to her closet and took out the dress bag. After unzipping the bag she removed the dress and held it up in front of me.

"Pink is his favorite color of course," she said with a grin as she held the satin sheath against me.

After unzipping it I stepped inside and put my arms thru the puff sleeves. Pat closed the zipper and pinned the dress in several places. Marcie put a pair of pink four inch stiletto heel sandals at my feet.

"Step into these so we can pin the hem," she ordered.

I put on the shoes wishing I could see pink toenails while Pat pinned up the hem. Both girls stood back and looked me over.

"Turn around sissy boy so we can see the front, said Marcie.

I did so.

"Looks perfect to me," smiled Pat.

"I agree," added Marcie.

I turned around again and Pat unzipped me as I stepped out of the heels. Marcie put the dress back in the bag. She placed the shoes and purse under her bed. The girls left the room and I got dressed. I could hardly wait to be told the date of the next party. The dress was absolutely gorgeous and of course I knew I would be too.

Friday night dad left for another three day weekend of fishing up north and earlier that morning mom had left for the city to conduct a two day writer's workshop. Before going to bed that night I shaved my body and slathered on the cold cream. I felt so good when I went to bed. I slept soundly dreaming of that pink satin sheath.

Saturday morning I watched some TV while Marcie did some grocery shopping. That afternoon she picked up the dress at Pat's and I tried it on. The dress fit perfectly and I couldn't wait to wear it. Never had a Saturday afternoon gone so slowly. We ate supper and after I did the dishes we watched the news. At six thirty Marcie got up from the couch.

"Time to get you dressed sissy boy," she said with a grin.

I went into her bedroom and put on my foundation garments and sheer panty hose. I sat at the vanity and under her watchful eye applied pink blusher, lipstick. After securing the matching press on nails she placed the wig cap and brown wig on my head. The pink hair bow was next. Finally she placed a single strand pearl necklace around my neck and a dainty pearl bracelet around my left wrist.

"Its' inexpensive costume jewelry I got at the thrift store but good enough for a sissy boy like you."

We walked over to the closet. She removed the dress from the bag and unzipped it. I shivered with delight as I stepped into it. Marcie zipped me up and closed the small hook at the top. I remembered to smooth the dress with one hand as I sat back down in the vanity chair to put on the shoes. After securing the ankle straps I placed my makeup in the clutch bag and stood up for her approval. The big smile on her face said it all.

"Watch some TV while I get dressed," she ordered.

In just a few minutes she returned wearing a tuxedo with a red cummerbund and black flats.

"Before we go I want you to walk for me. This is your first time with a long dress and I wouldn't want you to trip because of the longer hem."

I stood up, smoothed out the slack in my dress and walked around the living room several times without tripping. She seemed very pleased.

"That's very good sissy boy. You have adapted quite well to dresses and heels, just like a real girl." She laughed and then checked her watch.

"Time to go," she said.

She opened the front door as I picked up the slack in the dress and we walked to the car. She opened the car door and I was careful about sitting down and then swinging my legs in. I was feeling just wonderful and quite feminine in my pink satin enclosure as we rode to Pat's house.

We entered Pat's house and I found the same girls were there as the last time. Tonight half the girls were in tuxes like Marcie and the other half in pink dresses like me. Each of us got a cup of the punch and then Pat made the introductions.

The room was dimly lit and there was soft music coming from the stereo. We exchanged dancing partners through out the evening. I thoroughly enjoyed being led around the room and was now accustomed to dancing backwards in what would normally be the female position.

I especially liked the way one of the girls, a tall broad shouldered girl named Deidre, held me close as she moved us around the living room. I felt safe and secure in her strong arms.

At midnight Pat turned the lights up and we all posed for pictures. I hated to leave but as much as I felt like Cinderella I knew we had to go home so I could become Mark again. Pat dimmed the lights once more and announced: "Last dance, gentlemen's choice."

Deidre grabbed me and we danced very close. When the music stopped the lights went out and Deidre kissed me hard on the mouth. It took me by surprise so for a moment I resisted but then relented and she forced my lips open to explore my mouth with her tongue. I closed my eyes as I wrapped my arms around her neck and pulled her close. The lights came back on and we broke apart. As I turned to rejoin Marcie Deidre caressed my buttocks with the palm of her hand.

Back in the car Marcie was giggling as she started the engine.

"I'd ask you to fix your lipstick girly but we are going home anyway," she giggled again.

I took out my compact and checked my face. The kiss had mangled my lipstick alright. I took out a tissue and cleaned up the smudges anyway. It seemed like the natural, girlish, feminine thing to do even if the evening was over.

Back at home Marcie helped me undress and remove my makeup. Mark appeared once again.

"You know I hate this and I have no doubt you do too" she began.

I didn't answer her. Essentially I felt the same way only worse. I not only enjoyed my femininity but I had also enjoyed being submissive to Deidre and her authoritative French kiss. It had made me feel so warm and delightfully feminine. It was almost as if I were glowing inside and out.

"Maybe you should think about being feminine all the time since you enjoy it so much," she said as I went into the bathroom to shower.