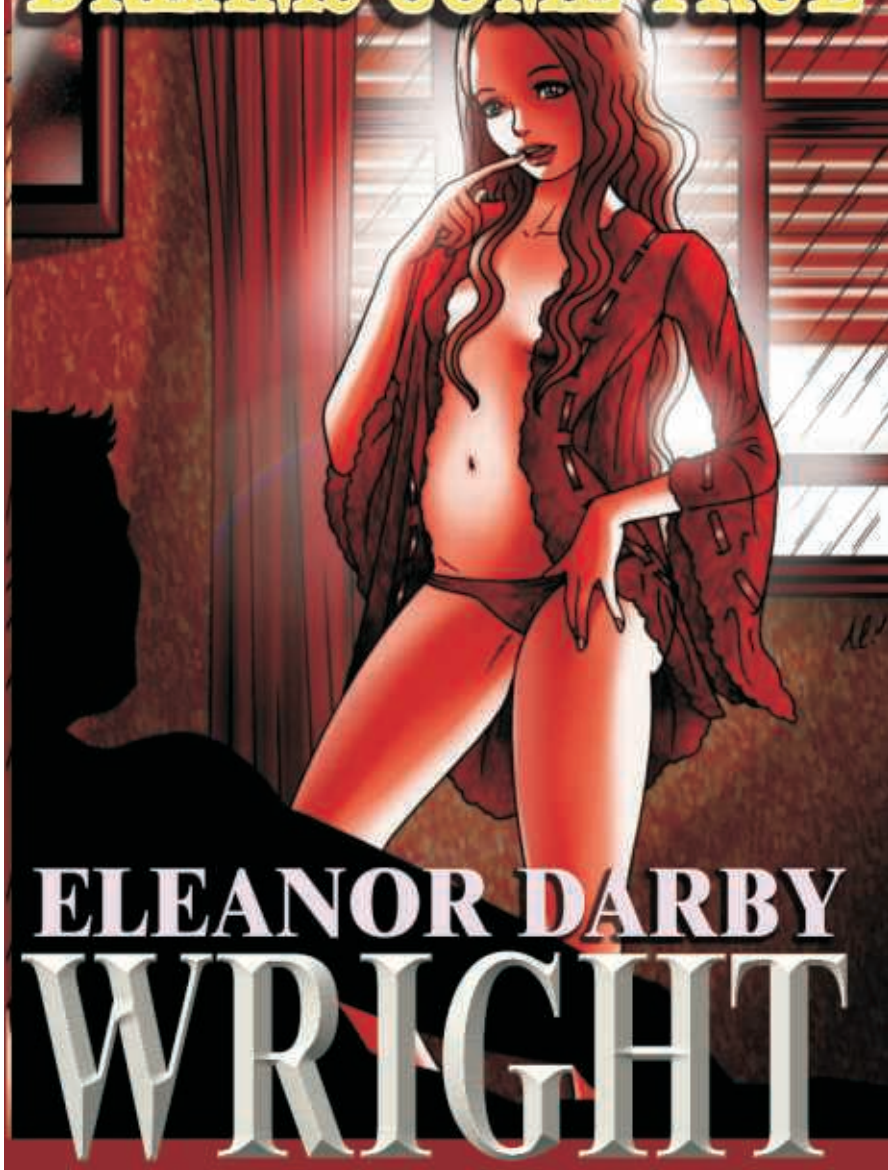


IMAGINING THAT  
**DREAMS COME TRUE**



**ELEANOR DARBY  
WRIGHT**

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# IMAGINING THAT DREAMS COME TRUE

**by Eleanor Darby Wright**

## **I. MARCIE SHEPHERD GOES TO SCHOOL**

Penny, of course, wasn't answering my calls. I sat in my front room and didn't even change into a skirt and a blouse as I always did when I got home. I went and looked at myself as Sean had looked at me and shuddered at what I saw. I had been moisturizing my face now for some time and it was beginning to show. I had used so many creams and lotions on my skin as Penny and Melinda had directed me that I did have a feminine fragrance and a sort of female glow about me that didn't seem to want to wash off.

It was my skin that was so clean and clear and, well, feminine, that made me shiver with a little thrill. My lips seemed so much fuller as well as I was so used to pursing them or pouting with them like a girl. Now it was second nature and it seemed that my lips were fuller and female looking. Instinctively, I reached for my purse and my makeup to enhance my girlish features with some lovely makeup

My eyebrows were too thin and with the slightest touch of an eyebrow pencil, I knew, I could arch them and make them even more feminine. I hated not tweezing back a few of the stragglers that I'd let grow too fuzzy up the line that was so feminine. My hands itched to do gently etch my eyebrows and eyelashes again, yes, they were sort of staying curled now all the time, and to make Marcie, me, appear as she ought to. It was a struggle but I

kept my twitching hands from opening my purse and making me into the girl I so longed to be.

I must have my hair cut very soon or I wasn't going to need anything else to give me away as a boy who wanted to be a girl at Hillside High School. I couldn't have gone out in the last week to school anyway even if I had wanted to desperately not after the way that Cecilia and Denise had curled and waved my hair. They had dyed it and added hair extensions. I had loved it, of course, since I hadn't had to have a wig on my head. But I had been among people who didn't know me at all, not like the crowd at school.

I wasn't well known at Hillside High School but I wasn't invisible, either. What a sensation it would be if anyone realized that Marcie Shepherd was really me, John Martin Green, in girl's clothing. I would never live that one down. I would have to pack up and move, possibly to Chicago, where I could contact my father, Melinda Lamaitresse. She had been so kind to me, assisting me to be the belle of the ball at the strange Halloween party at her house where all the men were dressed as women.

No, that wasn't right. All of the cross-dressers were dressed as women and any woman who had attended the party, including Penny, had had to be dressed as a male. There were also a large number of gay males there, many from a basketball league, who had seemed delighted to cavort with the 'ladies' in their beautiful dresses, including me. Those men had been paid to be our partners at the wonderful Halloween party that my, no, I can't call her my father, not all of the time, that Melinda, my Mistress Melinda, had put on. That's what I should call the person who had fathered me, I thought to myself.

I shivered as I thought of all the men who had propositioned me that evening, seeing only the gorgeous young woman I had become, the Halloween Queen, as selected by the male judges, no doubt influenced by Melinda. I wished that I could have been in my most wonderful, princess dress there in my living room then. I could almost feel the light skirts swirling about me. I could feel the tight bodice and my arms so loosely wrapped in gossamer. I could feel myself dancing with someone strong and masculine like Kevin who hugged me and kept his arms about me.

Kevin had wanted me to go with him, he had pleaded with me to, and I had been on the point of saying 'yes' when Mistress Melinda had smilingly intervened and taken me in to enjoy the evening's displays and contests that had led to me being applauded so wonderfully by everyone there as I was crowned the Queen of the Halloween. I had been hugged and kissed by so many feminine creatures, not one of them really female, of course, but I hadn't cared. I had felt then so much a girl as Mistress Melinda had intended me to feel and she had succeeded.

I would have gone out and shared a swing on the cold patio with Kevin. He had promised to keep me warm if I would go with him. We had looked down on the male Musketeers from the second floor windows of Melinda's house. Being a Musketeer was the costume of the gay basketball players. There, on the patio, they were doing so many boy to girl things with so many beautifully dressed, big-haired, girlish figures. They did all kinds of wild and wonderful things to keep the girlish figures warm.

Most of the exercises had involved very tight clinching and a great deal of kissing. I wouldn't have minded letting Kevin do any of those things to me. Yes, I would have loved

him kissing me as I saw so many men doing to so many 'women'. If he had kissed me like I saw Snow White doing with her Musketeer hero, I would be ruining my makeup for sure, just as 'she' was. But after I became Queen, I was far too busy being hugged and danced with by every male costumed figure at the dance to get back and find Kevin again. I'm sure he found a receptive 'female', however, for his ardor.

Just recalling what I had seen and almost done in Mistress Melinda's house made me warm and excited. I wanted to go into my bedroom and transform myself into Princess Marcella again. Oh, it was so hard to resist that temptation and try to contact Penny to find out what she had done with the papers that Melinda had had made for me.

I had thought that the automobile license of me as 'Marcie Shepherd' must be a forgery but Melinda had said that it wasn't. She had said that the documents about me, my birth certificate, for goodness's sake, were real, courtesy of people she knew who were friendly to people like her in various government departments. I shuddered as I thought of how I could disappear and 'Marcie' could take my place. Was that what Penny was trying to do to me? I tried Penny's number again and again, not expecting anything but the continual message that she was outside the phone's area but, suddenly, she answered me.

"Penny, is that you?" I asked her in what I hoped were my deepest, most manly tones.

"Marcie?" asked Penny, immediately referring to me by the female name she had hung on me so long ago. "My goodness, girl, you sound awful."

"Penny," I gasped returning to my 'normal', feminine voice. "We have to talk."

"What about?" asked Penny lightheartedly. "Look, Marcie, I'm over at Shirley's and we're just hanging out. Why don't you slip into something nice and girlie and come on over? Lyle and some of the guys are coming over to a welcome home from prison party."

A large part of the football team, not Sean who had avoided it, had been arrested at the Hubbards' Halloween Party. Penny. I had gone to Chicago and Melinda's party deliberately to avoid that though I hadn't known that Melinda would be having her own parties over those days anyway.

I would have been extravagantly dressed as girl wherever I was. Sean had rented the Mae West costume that I had tried on at Mimi's Masquerade one night and that's what I would have been in, I thought with a shiver, as I recalled how sexy it had been. All the assistants, and Penny, had said that about it and how sexy I looked as well as I did a little sa-shay in a red-faced impression of Mae. Instead, I had been Princess Marcella at Mistress Melinda's Crossdressers' Ball. I had been crowned Queen by my Mistress, herself so pretty as Morticia Addams. I would have loved wearing that costume as well and maybe some year in the future, I would.

"Are you there, Marcie?" asked Penny. "Put on a fresh pair of unused, black lace panties," she just had to be crude and knew what message I would get out of that, that I should be seeking to get laid by a boy, "and come on over and join us."

I shuddered. Yes, Penny must be friends with Shirley again. Shirley was loud and devastatingly rude in her comments and Penny was tending that way as well the last few weeks. I should have guessed that Penny would have run back to her on-again, off-again

friendship with Shirley as soon as she could. She had been doing that since I had started being friends with Penny at about six years of age.

Penny had so much to tell Shirley about the party where I had been a princess and then the Queen as well. I shuddered as I thought about Penny letting slip a tale about me. But I didn't think that she would as she had plenty of other stories that she could tell about Melinda's house. It had been both fascinating and nerve-shattering for both of us to be in a professional dominatrix's house, especially when we had to be her sissy daughters.

Yes, my father, let me call Melinda that once, was a dominatrix, or dominatrice, I'm not sure which form of the word I should use about 'her'. At her party, with her long black hair, black evening dress and exquisite makeup, she had been Morticia, the real Queen of Halloween, but she had made sure that I had won the contest to be Queen. The other cross-dressers knew that I was Mistress Melinda's daughter but, nevertheless, they all seemed to think that I really deserved to win and so many said so. They also said that they had been convinced at the start that I was a real girl as well.

"Oh, but I'm not!" I'd said in such embarrassment. Then, I saw the funny side of me in my lovely dress, makeup and ringlets being embarrassed that other men like me couldn't see right away that I was a boy like them. I was told over and over again never to admit to that, not in a place like Melinda's house.

"I can't join you," I protested to Penny over the phone, trying to push away the wonderful thoughts that kept intruding on me. "I, I went over to school today and Sean wouldn't let me go in. He showed me some bulletin that shows that Marcie Shepherd is registered now at Hillside and is expected to start there on Monday."

I should have expected it. Penny let loose with a great peal of laughter. "So, it worked!" she exulted. "It went through! I wasn't sure that it would but it did! Oh, girl, this is priceless! Did you see the schedule they've assigned to you? Did you get Abercrombie, Morton and Dires?"

The names seemed vaguely familiar. "Fantastic!" enthused Penny over the phone. "You and me are in all the same classes! It's going to be so wonderful, Marcie. Are we ever going to fry the brains of the puny males we'll get to meet after class! You're going to love being in all-girl classes!"

One of Penny's classes was Fashion and Design. I knew that. I shuddered as I thought about what she was saying. "But Penny," I told her, my voice sort of drifting more and more into Marcie tones even though I tried to check myself. "I already go to Hillside as John Green."

I wanted to tell her that I had to go to school and get good marks because I had to get a scholarship. Well, with my mother's life insurance money, perhaps that wasn't so important, but I still did have to qualify for State and I wasn't going to get marks onto my transcripts if I didn't start going to class. The 'grief counselling' excuse for missing classes like Phys Ed, I didn't want anyone to see my hairless body or the marks of my bra or corset upon my fair skin, was not going to work for too much longer to account for my, John Martin Green's, spotty attendance record.

"Now, you can go as Marcie as well," said an excited Penny. "You don't know this, Marcie, but, on Monday, all of us girls are going to school dressed in the same way, in red,

tartan skirts, maryjane shoes and white socks, blouses and braces. You have to be one of us! We have to wear white panties, and white ribbons in our hair, as we're all still such cute, little virgins. It's going to blow the away the school, you wait and see! Betty Hubbard, Shirley and the Swann twins are planning it all now, and phoning all their friends. Oh, Marcie, you don't want to miss being part of this day! It's as if it was all planned to welcome you into Hillside!"

I gulped as I thought about Penny as I had seen her one day in a school uniform just like the one she had described. It was a constant topic of conversation at Hillside where there was a strong group of opinion makers who wanted the school to get away from jeans and tee-shirts and have both boys and girls wear uniforms. I gulped as I recalled myself in an outfit of Penny's just like the one she described.

I gulped for too long. Penny told me that she was coming over the following afternoon and that the two of us, she meant me as Marcie of course, were going to go out and buy sexy blouses and bras for ourselves, proper stockings and white pantyhose for winter, white garter belts and white panties 'so that we don't run out'. I had to be ready for her, Penny, properly dressed as Marcie for a real shopping expedition for shoes and skirts as short as we could get away with them with the dragon, McGowan, on the prowl to turn us all into proper young ladies.

I should have been strong enough to say 'No' to Penny. But I never had been strong enough. From the start of our dressing up in the basement of the house, I had always said 'Yes' to her in all the wild games that we played. When she said she would come over and help me dress like a girl for Halloween, I had said, "Oh, would you?" and so it was obvious now why she treated me as she did.

Melinda was right when she said that Penny could be a dominatrix like her. Penny did already dominate me and I had liked it up to date. Even now, all I could think of was the fun and excitement I would have to be among the smartest girls in school, the cream of the social set, and I would be one of them, all the leading boys in school circling around us in admiration of what we were, such pretty and attractive girls.

## II. THE NEW GIRL

"I don't know if I should do this," I said to Penny as I clicked after her into the Livingston Mall, my ash-blonde wig firmly pinned in place, pink barettes in my hair. I was in a tan skirt and sheer stockings, shuddering at the bounce of my chest as the falsies that Cecilia and Denise had had me wear to the Halloween Party at Mistress Melinda's were now a part of me. It was so thrilling for me with the girlish shape that they gave to my chest and so to me. "It will be my first day. Sh-Shouldn't I show up in jeans or ..."

Penny snorted and hugged my arm tightly as we minced in through the mall doors and the noise hit us. The mall was really crowded with young girls and their mothers. Some teenaged girl rock star was supposed to be performing in the rotunda below the eating area. That part of the mall was packed but there was almost no-one in the boutiques or shops that we headed for. Of course, we met a lot of other girls on the same shopping excursion as us and it became a real giggle as our group got bigger and bigger.

We cleaned out several stores of attractive, white blouses. Well, we all had to have more than one if we were going to keep up the uniform code for the week. I felt shivers of excitement pass through me as I bought panties with Shirley, two skirts with Natalie, the last on the rack, and shoes, grimacing at how blocky they were, at Glenda's Shoes for Women. I behaved just like one of the girls and no-one could have told the difference between me and my giggly friends, I thought. I was so happy at the thought of being a girl in school then.

"Is this a fad or is it really going to be the uniform for Hillside High?" several of the store owners wanted to know as we girls flowed through their stores, giggling over lots of things, like the transparent bras that wouldn't have stopped the boys seeing our nipples if we had to change a soiled blouse. Fiona was the one who pointed that out as she should. She had much bigger titties and nips than the rest of us.

Some shopkeepers thought it a fad but some took Betty Hubbard's earnest words for real that it would be voluntary till Christmas and enforced as a uniform for girls after that. "We'll have to order a lot more of these," said a sales clerk of the short skirt I was buying. "This will only come to mid-thigh on you," she smiled at me. "Is the school going to let you get away with wearing something that short?"

"Definitely," said Penny confidently. "A few of us already have been wearing skirts like this and we've got by McGowan for a month now. Besides, if she sends one of us home, she'll have to suspend almost all of the Senior Class, won't she?"

The older woman clerk shook her head and smiled at me as I shivered under her scrutiny of my makeup and shimmering earrings. "I don't know what the high school is coming to this year," she said to me. "I really don't. And all you pretty girls seem to be leading the boys into the troubles they are getting into."

"Old busybody," snorted Penny as we left Glenda's and worked our way down the mall. We joined the screaming, little girls and mimicked them, jumping up and down as this pop idol and her band did a bunch of little known songs. The mothers sniffed at us older girls. So we moved on and ran into a huge group of guys from Hillside who insisted that we had to go to the football game that night. It was the last one of the season as hopes for a playoff game were only mathematical.

"Sure! We'll come," said Penny. "I can show my cousin, Marcie, all the coolest guys in school that she has to get to know. These guys, Marcie," she added, her eyes twinkling, "are the losers."

That, of course, sparked up the boys and got me a lot of attention that I didn't really want.

"Marcie Shepherd?" asked Ken Lewis, whom I had been in class with off and on. The way he was staring at me sent waves of panic through me, making me quiver, my skirt touching my stockings and reminding me how I was dressed in front of him.

"Aren't you Sean Unger's girl friend?" asked Ken then with a smile.

I stared at him and didn't know what to say. How could I say 'Yes' and then he would say something that Sean had said about me? My heart sank as I remembered the threats Sean had made to 'out' me for not going out with him over Halloween.

"Marcie isn't anyone's girl friend," said Penny then, putting her arm about me and rescuing me as we drifted along the mall away from the cheering teeny-boppers and their mothers. "You don't see Sean around, do you?"

"Well, he's playing tonight," said Ken with a grin. "But when we kid with him about Betty or one of the Swanns, he always laughs it off and says Marcie is his real girl friend. But he always says that you don't go to Hillside."

It was on the tip of my tongue to say, "I don't!" but Penny intervened again. "Marcie is transferring in on Monday," she said, hugging my shoulder and I smiled nervously at her as Ken and another guy with him started giving me the once over that boys do to pretty girls all the time. It made me feel so warm and yet so odd to be checked out once more as if I was a girl.

"Well, that's great," said Ken Lewis. "How about you sit next to me at the game, Marcie? I can tell you everything you need to know about football."

I could have told Ken Lewis a lot more than he knew about football, I soon found out, as he and his friend, Garth, hung out with me at the game.

"Why is Betty Hubbard up here in the stands with us?" I asked Garth as Ken went to get me a soda from the concession. "I thought that she was a cheerleader."

"You haven't heard of the big fiasco at her Halloween Party then?" asked Garth with a nice smile at me that made me tingle all over. While Ken had been all bluff and show with me, Garth had been wry and witty at times and I found that I liked him a lot more than Ken.

"We usually have about eighteen cheerleaders," Garth said, pointing to the small squad of about eight girls. "They fired a bunch of them after they got arrested at the party. Betty Hubbard was so drunk that she didn't know what was going on apparently, not even when the cops hauled her in. Most of the cheerleaders were arrested for being wild and drunk. It was they who set the guys off by all accounts, running across the streets in front of cars on dares, having wet tee-shirt contests, that sort of thing. I hear that there were over three hundred people in the Hubbards' house and all over their lawns, half of those throwing up all over the neighborhood. No wonder the cops came and tried to close it all down."

"They didn't get it closed down then?" I asked as Ken came back, a frown on his face as he saw Garth so close to me, chatting.

"They did once and then it all flared up again," said Garth, thanking Ken for the drinks he had brought us.

"There were five hundred kids there," said Ken then as he realized what we were talking about. "Now, there are going to be new cheerleader tryouts as well. You should try out, Marcie. It will be basketball season soon and the cheerleaders need some good-looking girls, they really do."

Garth smiled at me. "Please don't," he said with a lopsided grin. "You'd be sure to be chosen, Marcie, someone as pretty as you. But if you were, then I'd be left to sit in the stands with nothing to cheer until you came on the floor and danced for us."



I flushed then and realized that I had slipped my arm under his quite naturally while Ken had been away. No wonder Ken looked a little ticked. He'd bought me the drink and Garth had moved in on the girl he was trying to impress. I shivered as I knew the scene well. I switched the drink and put my arm under Ken's which seemed to lighten his mood immediately. Oh, girl, I said to myself as we watched the football for a little while, an interception right out of the blue turning a march against us into a touchdown that actually put us ahead by a point.

"Well, that will make you Sean's girl friend now," said Ken as we all stood and applauded the team.

"Why?" I asked him and then the defensive back who had intercepted the ball took off his helmet and looked up in the stands. I don't know why but he looked directly at us and smiled. Garth immediately put his arm about me and kissed the side of my face. Sean gaped up at first and then glared at us in the stands.

"There," said Garth with a sigh. "She belongs to Sean, Ken. We've no chance. Still, if I was a pretty girl like Marcie, I'd like Sean Unger as well. He's a pretty nice guy."

"When he's not drunk," Ken agreed and I put my arms through both of theirs as we huddled up. They were nice and laughed it off, chasing off the elementary kids who had snuck under the stands to look under the skirts of us girls sitting in the stands.

"Black panties! Black panties!" squealed one of the little rascals as a couple of the other guys in the stands started firing pop cans at them.

"Was he right?" asked Garth in amusement, hugging my arm under his.

"A lucky guess," I said and then flushed as I realized what he would think of me and I could tell by his face that he did. Still, I drew Ken in as well, tucked my skirt about my stockings and my two new, would-be, boy friends kept me warm for the rest of the game while the team held on for a most unexpected win.

Penny came tripping down the stands and announced that we were going to a late movie and so we all did, with Garth and Ken on either side of me in the theater as I primly sat and chatted lightly to each of them. Penny then took me home but only after I had kissed each of my charming escorts good night, Garth's kiss so pressing and arousing that I wished that I could have let him take me home by himself. I would have loved to get to know him more. I would have loved to have had a little sofa time with him, so much did he stir the feminine side of me. But I had to be nice to Ken as well and Garth didn't seem to mind.

"Ships that pass in the night," Garth said ruefully as he hugged me tightly. I hung on to him for another lovely kiss. "I'll be watching you and Sean, though, and if you break up, expect a call from me." Oh, he got a really big kiss from me for that, one that excited me in my panties as much as it seemed to excite him.

Penny had to go, as soon as she dropped me off, and meet her parents who were still monitoring her going out and coming in. "On Monday, you be sure to dress as I told you in that short red skirt and a white blouse," she said to me. "I'll talk to you about it tomorrow but I may not be able to come over as relatives are here on Sunday all day."

I missed Penny but my dreams as I lay in my nightie were all about Garth and then about Sean and how shocked he had appeared to be to see me at his football game, cheer-

ing him on. It was ridiculous of me, I know, but I felt so like a girl as I dreamed of what Garth had tasted like when he kissed me. I had felt the desire in his lips and I knew that I had responded and he had felt it as well. I hoped romantically that some time in the future Garth and I would meet again as boy and girl. Yes, I would be the girl and I could barely wait until I met him and he kissed me again. I went to sleep thinking of Garth and the two of us wrestling together on the sofa and I loved every second of the dream.

It was funny how I dreamed of boys and me and not of Penny and me and yet she was the one who slipped away from her aunts and uncles and came to see me in the afternoon and she wanted sex.

"I haven't had any action for a week, my girl," Penny said, pushing me down on the sofa, spreading my legs in my grey skirt, and stroking my stockings so possessively. I closed my eyes and dreamed that she was Garth. It was a wild coupling as Penny was as rough and domineering as she always was but she was aroused as well as soon as she slipped my blouse from me, by my underslip and the soft bra that covered my new breasts.

"It's like you really have them," Penny murmured, kissing my chest and stroking the pads against me that appeared to be part of me as I had put makeup about them as well as I could, thinking of Garth and then Sean making love to me and wanting so much to kiss my breasts. It was so vivid in my mind that I was able to do Penny again as I was so aroused and she was wriggling on top of me.

"Oh, we have to get the dildo out very soon," said Penny as she lay on me, kissing and caressing me as I filled her again. I squeezed her with my stockinged legs and she came even more as she forced me down with her body and her mouth, riding and riding me and I had this image of Sean doing the same thing and it was so wonderful in my imagination. I was Sean's girl. I knew that I was as I squealed and moaned. It was a little of a letdown when I forced my eyes open and there was a grinning Penny on top of me.

"Next time, the dildo, and I am going to teach you who is the mistress and who is her little girl," said Penny, her hair falling over my face and chest as she kissed me. She stroked my chest lightly, which I could barely feel, and kissed the breasts stuck to me. "I really like these," she said again. "It makes it more like making love to a woman with them on you. I really do feel like a lesbian now. Don't you, Marcie?"

I wouldn't have dared to deny it. I couldn't explain to Penny that most of my excitement and arousal came when I imagined that it was Garth or Sean putting his thing into me, not me putting my manhood into her and letting her ride me, kiss me and hold me, her breasts sliding over mine so crazily. That was the only thing about her that I envied. A little voice inside me wondered what it would be like for me to make love to a girl as Martin Green. But that was soon suppressed by Penny stroking my garter belt and rousing me to make my panties, when I pulled them up, bulge most obscenely.

"Don't be late tomorrow," said Penny, giving me long, languorous kisses before she departed. "We are getting new partners in Fashion and I want you to be my model!"

### III. FIRST DAY

I wasn't late. I was way too early but I could never have endured the walk up from the parking lot to the main office when all the concourse was full of students and teachers all looking at me, the new girl. There were enough people as it was and several looked and smiled at me, at my flushing, femininely madeup face as I went into the office where I had to sit down then and wait.

I had put on my white blouse, the little sleeves stopping at the top of my arms, the little folds tight and gripping my slim arms while the puffs over my shoulders appeared dainty and feminine. I don't know why it was that my arms appeared to be so thin and feminine. I know I had never been muscular but I had never thought of myself as thin as I now appeared to be. I was thin and feminine.

My wig was freshly brushed and curled and my makeup was perfect. I had put on all the things that Penny wanted me to. I hadn't realized how short the skirt would be, not when the red, tartan braces held it up over the shoulders of my frilled blouse. My false breasts were inside the braces and so exposed the shape they gave to me like a girl. Yes, underneath, I wore white panties and a white bra while there were white barettes in my hair. I also wore white socks, patterned, as they were girls' socks and my new black, patent, maryjane shoes. I knew that I was dressed as a young schoolgirl like all the other senior girls that day and yet I shivered as I waited for Ms McGowan to have time for me.

McGowan stalked into the main office after I had been there nearly an hour and inspected by all the room monitors who brought in attendance sheets. I tried but I could not sit with my legs crossed in my colorful skirt and be inconspicuous. "Who are you?" Assistant Principal and Dean of Women McGowan asked me angrily.

"I, I'm a new girl," I murmured, certain she would know me. "Marcie Shepherd."

"Oh yes," snarled the old woman. "I should have known. Half the girls in the school are dressed like you today. I suppose your cousin told you to dress like that. She should have told you as well, young lady, that you have far too much makeup on your face for a girl at this school."

How about for a boy? I wanted to ask her and had to bite my lipsticked mouth before I made any such retort. Ms McGowan was notorious for not having any sense of humor. "You sit there, my girl! Marcie, is it? I have other things to do than traipse you off to the bathroom to get that eye goop off you. But the next time I see you, young miss, I want to see a much toned-down face or you can attend me after school for makeup lessons."

I shuddered as I looked at the old woman's clear, wrinkled face and thought how it should be me giving her lessons in makeup. Her eyes then rested on my crossed legs and on my skirt.

"Is that skirt eleven inches above your knee?" she asked. I had to stand then and be measured. I hadn't known there was such a rule about the length of a skirt. I had just thought that it was too short when McGowan said that it was. I was illegal by less than a quarter of an inch. McGowan took hold of the front of my skirt then and flipped it up, humiliating me no end as she was giving a good look at my panties to the other women in the office watching us.

"You have a seam there that you can lower, Miss Shepherd," said McGowan then as I stood there flushing as the other women shook their heads. But they smiled at me as if to say that I shouldn't mind the woman lifting my dress and showing off my smooth, girlish thighs to anyone watching me.

Mr Antonofski came out of his counselor's office then and stared at me with my skirt held up. "Oh, pardon me," he said, turning to hide his smile, while I shivered in my embarrassment, and had to stand there, listening to the lecture as McGowan told me what I had to do to make the skirt shorter. If I had nothing to do in Fashion class, I could probably lengthen my skirt in my very first class, she told me.

"Gwen," said Ms McGowan to the nicer woman in the office. "Will you take Miss Shepherd to her first class? She has missed attendance and I'll call 12-23 to let Mr Lester know that Marcie is here. Now I have to see the boss about this dress code the girls have decided to adopt."

I felt sick as I got up and wiggled after the woman that the assistant principal indicated to me. I gulped and shuddered as I realized that I had been accepted as a girl into the high school in which I attended as a boy. I shivered and didn't know how I had let myself get into this mess. I certainly had no idea how it would end. Well, that's not true. I did know how all this was going to end. It was going to end badly. It was going to end with me being exposed for what I was.

I don't know how I did it but I sashayed down the hall and into the Dressmaking and Cooking part of the school where only girls really went. I wiggled nervously as everyone seemed to be looking at me, at my legs and my short skirt. I didn't see anyone dressed like me. I did see a bunch of guys grinning and making gestures to each other about my figure.

I followed Gwen in as girlish a fashion as I could. She was really nice and contradicted almost everything that Ms McGowan had said to me about how I was to behave as a girl in Hillside. "Just not such a red lipstick and a little less eyeliner and you'll be fine, Marcie," the woman said to me. "Extend those braces as well an inch or so and you can put your skirt down for school and up when you go out. It's how the other girls do it. And here's Miss Abercrombie's class. The perfect name for a Fashion and Design teacher, don't you think?"

I shuddered as Miss Abercrombie, a pretty blonde teacher, smiled at me brightly. "Marcie Shepherd," she said, waving at me to come into her classroom that looked more like a craft project room with a hundred incomplete projects all being worked on at once. "Penny has been dieing for you to get here and for you to be her partner. Oh yes, I can see why she wants you to be her model for the evening dress she's trying to create. You will look gorgeous in it if she manages to get it off the drawing board. You have to be more than a model, of course, Marcie, but we will get into that later. Come on in and let me introduce you to the other girls, most of whom are dressed exactly like you today."

I went inside the room with trepidation and there were girls almost all of whom were dressed just like me. It was a tremendous relief to meet Betty Hubbard and to have her come up to me and hug me and then all the other girls did as well, calling me 'Marcie' right away. Penny then came out of a back room and had to hug me as well.

"My, aren't we popular right away," said Miss Abercrombie, more than a twinkle in her eye as she looked at Penny and me. I blushed but Penny was quite brazen. She took my hand and pulled me into the back room.

"Come and look at the dress I am making for you," Penny said in excitement. I shivered and looked at the teacher who smiled at me.

"Go ahead, Marcie," Miss Abercrombie said with a smile. "We won't get any work out of Penny until she's shown you what she plans to do for you."

In the back room was a computer with a program running that showed the designs that Penny had created. Penny was busy as well printing off some of the plans for making the dresses she had designed on the computer.

"We have to make and assemble these the old-fashioned way," said Penny, giving me a hug that made me shiver even more in my short skirt as there was no-one there to see us behaving so girlishly together. "Now that you are here, I can have a mannequin created with your measurements and Fitch," I could guess how the teacher came by that nickname, "will issue me all the material I need to make it."

Penny's fingers wandered on through what I was a portfolio of pretty dresses before she stopped on one that I thought was the dress that I had worn at Melinda's Halloween party.

"Isn't that the one that I wore ...?" I began to ask Penny and she put a finger over her lips right away.

"Fitch thinks it's really darling," Penny whispered to me with a grin. "I told her I was making you a prom dress. It's going to be the hit of the fashion show that we put on in March."

