

BETTY?

By Dee Dee Perri



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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BETTY?

ONE OF US GOES AS BETTY- SEE?

By DEE DEE PERRI

Chapter One

“Squirt! If you wiggle again... I swear I'll poke your eye out! Now hold still.”

“But you said...you promised Sis that this would take only a few minutes!”

“Hum,” she murmured to herself as she finished applying the false eye lash and stood back to admire her work.

“Can I go now?” her brother groaned. “Danny's coming by in a few minutes. Sis, you promised no one would see me like this. If he does..,” the boy's plea transmuted into a whine.

“Don't move!” she ordered as she turned to retrieve her camera. Taking a theatrical make-up course by correspondence, especially if all you have to work with is your kid brother was all but impossible. Still, she was proud of herself. She had created a stunning work of art from this most mortal lump of unwilling clay.

“Are you going to stand there all day?” whined the kid. His pale face suddenly grew even paler as Danny, his best friend, poked his head into the kitchen.

“What'ya doing...” Consternation bloomed on Dan's face as his mouth formed into an “O”. “Geeze! Is that YOU? Davie?” What he saw was just about the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen, that is- the “face” of the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen- for there could be no mistake that the rest of “her” was “only” Davie.

Much to Davie's escalating discomfort, his pal crossed the room to get a better look at his face. Even more disconcerting was the look of awe that seemed to fill his buddy's eyes. Davie struggled to break from Sis' grasp but she would have none of that.

“Sit!” she hissed as she aimed her camera. “I promise you squirt, if I have to start all over again, I will. Sorry Danny. We'll be done in a jiffy.”

“That's OK,” mumbled the bemused boy as he continued to stare in fascination at Davie. “Geeze Tracy. He's almost as beautiful as you,”

And that, coming from Dan, was a compliment indeed. He thought Davie's twenty-two year old sister was the most beautiful woman in the world- period!

His compliment brought a quick smile to her lips. When she took the last picture, she let go of her brother.

As if released by a catapult, Davie sprung from the chair and hit the kitchen door on a dead run. "I'll be back as soon as I wash off this gunk," he called out over his shoulder.

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As Davie leaned over the bathroom sink with a wet wash cloth in one hand and a bar of soap in the other, he saw, reflected back at him, a face!

Even the sound of the water spurting from the spigot did not fully mask the growing drum roar that was swelling in his head.

BEAUTIFUL! She was simply...beautiful... AH! HE WAS BEAUTIFUL!

As a young man who had discovered females eons earlier, he was a connoisseur of feminine beauty. But here, alone in the bathroom, was reflected back such a wondrous "face"!

Gads! If one could fall in love at a glance, it was here- it was now! His heart did a quick stutter step as if he were looking at a real woman.

As his reflection returned his gaze, he became suddenly awkward. Self consciously, as if he had encountered, in-the-flesh one of the Playboy playmates that existed in the stack of magazines beside his bed, he pulled back from the mirror and dropped his gaze.

In an act of bravado that he'd never be able to commit if "she" were real, he returned his gaze to the mirror and looked deeply into "her" eyes. Normally his eyes appeared literally too big for his face.

As Dad used to say, *Davie always looked amazed, even startled*, but now, with the aid of mascara, eye shadow and these thick false eye lashes, the "gooney" eyes had been transformed into pools of mystery. Big, violet, lovely, sweet eyes.

"*Gads!*" he mumbled. He would be in love...if it wasn't himself he was looking at. It was quite a shock.

Finally, he pulled himself together and set about destroying his love. With trembling fingers, he removed the lashes and sat them carefully on the counter. She was still there! He groaned inwardly as the soapy cloth began to wreck havoc with the "illusion". Scrubbing vigorously she began to die. As finally he finished and checked his reflection one more time, it was not only relief he felt but also love-found and love-lost...grief.

Abruptly Dan entered the bathroom.

"Aren't you done yet? Come on, you'll love this software I snagged on the net."

In spite of his irritation of having to wait for Davie to get cleaned up and his desire to make tracks, he was secretly hoping to see "her" one more time; but alas, Davie was but Davie again.

"Ready? Now?"

"Sure," muttered Davie.

Somehow his heart wasn't into computers at that moment but it would never do to let Danny know.

"Let's vent!"

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That face continued to haunt Davie all day. It was like falling in love only to discover that he could never "know" her, never meet her, never...anything!

Before going to bed, he'd sat in front of his dresser mirror and stared at his own reflection. If she was there, he couldn't see her. And it was just as well. His sense of manhood had taken a body blow today. He grimaced and glowered at his reflection, he cocked his skinny arms and posed as a muscle man, and he told HER to go away- HE- Davie Trout had a life to live!

There was only room for one of them!

As Davie tried to sleep, that image, her image, kept intruding. Finally he began to fantasize: a whole parade of girls wearing tight fitting sweaters, each stretched by twin mounds of soft, wobbly titties. At least there was nothing wrong with Davie's sexual identity, but the face that looked at him above those perfect mounds was..."her".

Davie finally fell into a fretful sleep.

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Davie would have been appalled had he realized exactly what was happening less than three blocks away in Dan's room at approximately the same time. Dan's erotic fantasies were nearly identical to Davie's. Again and again, the image of Karen or Sally or even one of the Playboy playmates would suddenly transform into his pal Davie. It was enough to put him off.

Opening his eyes to stare at the ceiling, he tried to push back the distaste that welled up every time Davie intruded into the sexual imagery.

Davie's face- AGAIN!

But what was this? It was melting like plastic, changing. It began to metamorph into a girl's face- THAT FACE! OH! This was better, much better. And then in a blink, Davie, with his girl face, was naked.

"Ugh!" Dan groaned as he looked at the boy's naked body. His hard on began to die. This is really sick. He tried to roll over and go to sleep but the image of his buddy still hung before his face. Try as he might, Dan just couldn't drive it away.

May be it was like that movie he'd seen on video the other day where the guy, Dr. Jeckyll kept turning into a woman, Ms. Hyde. But he had it all backwards- the woman kept turning into Davie.

And then something really interesting began to happen to the image in Dan's mind. A startled look grew on Davie's girl face as breasts began to swell out from his chest. Just like in the movie!

Big, ripe nipples bloomed and then the flesh began to grow around them, pushing his new nipples out and out and out! Dan's penis grew stiff as he began to stroke it

vigorously. The more excitement he felt, the more comfortable he became jacking off to Davie's naked body now that he had titties.

Now the feminized Davie began to enjoy "his" new form. He was fondling his growing breasts. Squeezing and twisting them in ways that were driving Don crazy.

Davie's startled look evolved into a lustfulness that almost matched Dan's impending climax. With sultry, half open lips, the feminized figure beckoned toward Dan, her arms extended toward him as she writhed in sexual excitement. "Her" hard little prick pointed directly at Dan.

It was at that moment, that Dan came.

Dan's sleep was equally troubled that night.

One just doesn't lust after a friend, especially another guy.

Somehow though, the fact that Davie always turned into a feminine sex object made the concept a lot more acceptable.

Dan was going to have trouble thinking of Davie without seeing his female alter ego.

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The "incident" at Davie's house had no long term impact on either of the boys that were now on the very edge of manhood. Leastwise, none that were evident over the next week. There was still high school to deal with and chicks! Of course, that was the problem wasn't it- chicks.

Dan and Davie had been friends, the best of friends, since first grade. Now, as seniors, they should have had it made. But even though they were now situated at the very top of the social pecking order, they had discovered that they needed each other even more than ever. Both were about as girl crazy as males can get and both were, by right of being seniors...well there should be no question of getting a date and yet female companionship continued to remain the first and only priority.

Being "nerds", especially when they were younger hadn't been all that bad. Besides, lots of girls, or maybe it was their parents, thought bright guys were, you know, OK.

The problem was neither were very successful in the social arena, especially Dan. See, Dan, who could talk a blue streak would suddenly go mute in the presence of a female and especially in the presence of an attractive female.

Thus both school dances during the Fall term had been complete disasters for the two of them and the up coming Christmas dance promised to be no better.

"Geeze, how about Sally Bright? Ya know she likes you. I mean she giggles every time you look at her."

"I already tried," replied Davie in a grumpy voice.

"And?" Interrupted Dan.

"Can't. Her mother says no dating- period! Not until she's fifteen."

"Fifteen! That's a million years away."

"Yea. It looks like the stag line again. Gads, it was awful the last time. Everybody standing around looking stupid... It was, you know, OK when we were freshman but now..."

"And if you get up enough courage to go over to ask a girl to dance..."

"Gads! If I get shot down again, I swear Danny, I'll never..."

"Well, at least you're not afraid of asking. Shoot! I get so tongue tied... Davie, maybe your sister would go with us? Huh? Huh? I mean I can talk to her and..."

"Give me a break. Can you see her doing that? I can't! Gads, she wouldn't be caught dead at a school dance and with YOU! Besides, that doesn't help me out a bit. 'Davie went with his big sister.' Gads, I'd never live THAT DOWN! Humm. Danny, you got that cousin over in Riverside. How about her?"

"Betty! You got to be kidding! She's in college. There is just no way she'd come with me."

Now Davie's heart was racing madly in his chest. His mouth dried up even before he could speak. "Well, I was thinking..." he was afraid to continue.

"Go on," Dan was all ears now.

"Well, see, we flip a coin and...a...one of us goes as Betty- see?"

"A genius. Davie you are an absolutely cool dude genius. But there is NO WAY I'm going as a girl- period. Besides, you'd be really great, ya know. I mean, like last week..."

In spite of himself, Davie was blushing furiously. It was totally stupid that he would even consider doing such a thing. Last week's experience still haunted him.

"Look, tell you what. If you promise to go as Betty THIS time, I'll do it the next time, scout's honor. Hey, I'll get my Dad to spring for some bucks and we'll do it up RIGHT. I mean expensive rental clothes, the works. We'll show the rest of them a thing or two. We'll be really cool dudes, ya know."

Davie's second thoughts were having second thoughts. *After all, everyone would be there. What if they found me out? What if they labeled me a queer or something. After all I have to live in this town. Gads, it was stupid to even kid about such a thing.*

"Naw. It's a stupid plan. I'm sorry I suggested it."

"Sorry? Sorry? What do you mean? It's perfect! One night I'll be really cool and then the next dance, you'll be the superstar. What could be more fair? Besides, how are we ever to change our image, huh? How?"

"Yea but, what if someone finds out?"

"Naw. your sister's a whiz with make-up. You saw what she did to your face. Who'd guess. Come on pal, shake on it, huh?"

"No way! No Friggin way Jose!"

"It was your idea!"

"Well, then YOU be Betty!" Davie snorted with satisfaction."

Tracy suddenly appeared in the door way, with a smirk on her face. "Hey! What are you two he-men arguing about?"

Dan always got flustered when Tracy talked to him.

"The Christmas Dance," he said in a slightly pained voice.

"Really? What are you wearing, suits?" She gave him a toothy smile.

"Why bother. We'll go as Dorks, I guess," Dan quipped.

"Yea," agreed her brother. "The last dance," Davie paused. "Gosh Sis, even Gertrude Bug breath, I mean, Stokes, laughed in my face when I asked her to dance..."

"Well, she does have big boobies," interjected Dan.

"Yea, anyhow Sis, me and Danny were treated as number one duh-nerds and..."

Tracy shrugged her shoulders. "Just hang in there dudes. Some day some woman will come along..."

"Easy for you to say Sis but WHEN!"

"Besides, Davie had this neat idea, ya know," Dan interjected.

"Don't start that again!" growled Davie.

"I heard!" smirked Davie's older sister. "It's a no brainer-looser!"

"See!" interjected Davie.

Tracy held up her hand as if stopping an impending fight. "What I mean guys, it's a stupid idea, unless..."

"Unless WHAT?" implored Dan.

"Unless you do it absolutely perfectly. What I mean is, which ever one is the girl must be PERFECT! A work of perfection. Someone to make the other seniors drool."

"I like that!" exclaimed Dan. "See, your sister agrees with me. Come on pal, do it for the team!"

"Well, I got to admit," chimed in Tracy, "little brother, you have potential- real potential! Tell you what, I got this midterm project to do, you know, well..."

"This is really stupid," bleated Davie.

He really didn't like the look in Sis' eyes. No, not at all!

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Well things didn't go at home at all like Dan had expected. When he told his parents what he and Davie were going to do his mother got a funny look on her face like she was going to be sick or something.

And Dad, well, he just shoved his hands more deeply into the pockets of the white lab smock that he wore at the pharmacy.

"Well, if it comes unglued, you can always join the Army," his dad said with a humorous expression on his face. "Seriously son," his expression shifted to concern, "you've got to get over this, ah, hang-up you have with women. Your plan seems dumb

enough to work. Hell, if the girls see you with someone they think is a good looking dame, yea, it might help."

"You mean," squeaked Dan's mother, "this preposterous plan is OK with you!"

There wasn't any agreement on his mother's face. But the idea that Tracy would be involved made it "slightly" acceptable. A growing worry was still working its way through her. Boys just didn't take other boys out on dates, not now and not here! She would talk to Davie's mother, Ester, tomorrow. No, she didn't approve of the idea at all.

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Tracy was only too delighted to take on the assignment. Yes she knew exactly what she would do.

"Like Elizabeth Taylor in National Velvet!" she exclaimed. "You'll make a good, young Elizabeth Taylor."

"Huh? Sis, you don't mean that woman with the big boobs...like we saw on late night TV last night, you know, the one with the dress cut down to her waist."

"You mean breasts, don't you Squirt. Against all laws of gravity, they just seem to hang out there somehow without falling out of that open front dress."

"Er, ah, yes."

"Fortunately for you Squirt, she wasn't all that big up front in her younger years. Besides, it was always her face that had the big impact. No, I'm sure you'll be fantastic as a young Miss Elizabeth Taylor. Now where was I, oh yes, measurements."

"Huh?"

"Hey Squirt. This is going to be a whole body job. Top to bottom. You just stay here while I get a tape measure. OK?"

The problem was there was a lot more to be done than just standing there having his measurements taken. For one thing, she did a plaster cast of his chest, wax impressions of his teeth and, for good measure, had him put on an old pair of her high heels.

"Look Shrimp. Every night until next Saturday, I want you practicing in these. At least an hour, you get me? And be especially careful to work on getting up and down from a chair, knees together, you know, feminine moves- Squirt. Look! No matter what image I create, if you move like a guy, people will see you as a guy- understand? You got to be silky, fluid...butter in motion, got me Squirt. Less than that and you've signed your social death warrant in this town!"

Davie's mother came into the living room at that moment. "Mom?"

"Martha already told me. What's wrong with you boys, huh? If your Dad were only alive now..."

"Mom," Tracy interrupted her mother. "It's OK, really. I'll keep an eye on everything and..."

"That's not what worries me Trace. When I was your age, well no normal guy would be caught dead in a dress."

"Mom!" yelled Davie.

"Mom!" reacted Tracy. "You know as well as anyone that there is nothing wrong with either of these boys?"

"What?" yelled Davie again.

Finally, Tracy turned away from her mother to face her kid brother.

"The fact is kid, Mom's afraid you or Danny or both of you are gay, homosexual or..."

"Mom?" cried out Davie, anguish flooding his eyes. "I'm not gay. Geeze, all Danny and I talk about are girls and..."

"He's right on that one Mom," interrupted Tracy. "Besides, things have changed. Sexual stereotypes, well they're not so narrow now-a-days and..," she found herself talking to the wall.

Ester wasn't about to receive a lecture from her own daughter, no matter how grown up she was. Martha was right, there was a problem brewing in Sunnyville. What to do? If only her husband were here. It just wasn't fair, no, not at all fair.

But neither Ester nor Martha knew just how right they were.

There were problems a brewing, and plenty.

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It was almost midnight and Davie was still awake. Actually he was studying his body in the bedroom mirror. The alabaster skin made the thick black hair on his head and the violet eyes, all the more dark. The contrast was almost jarring. A small bush of black hairs arose near Davie's penis but little was evident on his body.

He was slender without being actually skinny. The slight shoulders and neck appeared fully adequate to support his child-like head. But in spite of his lack of masculinity, there was nothing to suggest femininity either. He was simply a sexless nerd, on the outside at least.

Certainly the beautiful girl that he had seen looking back through the mirror last week was not at all apparent at this instant. Only Tracy's magic could bring her back.

That last thought caused Davie to shiver. He would not admit it to any one- EVEN HIMSELF- but he wanted desperately to see her again!

When finally he had put on his PJ's and climbed into the bed, he lay there half thinking and half dreaming. In his mind's eye he mused, what IF he were "she"?

Imagine, never again to be shot down, rejected. Never again to seek love only to be found wanting.

It didn't take a lawyer to discover that girls had all the advantages, especially good looking ones and boy-oh-boy was "she" pretty.

His dreaming became more erotic as he felt his “transformed” body. His hands could go all those places that his actual hands could never go. He felt the prickly hard points of his new formed nipples surrounded by the soft, elastic tissue of his melons. His growing excitement led his actual hand to his actual groin.

But he knew that THIS was a dangerous line of fantasy.

Not something to consider seriously- *Gads NO!*

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Dan could hardly sleep that night either. Almost every night for a week now he had “jacked off” to the fantasy of his best friend transforming into a feminine creature.

Each night his erotic imagery evolved and became more complete. The difference was, tonight he KNEW that his dream creature would become a reality. A week. Seven days!

Dan scarcely thought about other erotic images at all any more. It was like discovering that he was going to get laid next week- for the first time. Yet even that thought was inadequate to express his anticipation. Dan had fallen in love with a girl that had never existed except in his mind. It was an unrequited love, a hard task master.

It was also a great moral problem.

Davie was his best friend, another guy, a pal. There was something wrong here.

No question next Saturday night would be momentous.