



Reluctant Press

Suddenly Skirted

Jennifer Sue



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PITTS

A 'YOUNG ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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THE COMPETITION

By Jennifer Sue

Korean War veterans Paul Dominic and Harry Franklin were best friends, neighbors, and coworkers, as were their wives Marie and Janet. Ironically, they were blessed with twins, born just a month apart. Naturally the twins had known each other since before kindergarten. To have two sets of boy/girl twins in the same class made them quite extraordinary. The guys became steadfast buddies right from the start as did the girls.

As the years past, their friendship grew stronger, as did their attraction for the siblings of their best friend. So it was that twins Sheri and Terry Dominic married twins Danny and Frannie Franklin in a double wedding just after completing their associate degrees from the local community college. Both families were delighted.

As with most guys, Terry and Danny were quite competitive, but always friendly. Being average in build, they had to struggle to overcome the physical strength of their peers while playing sports, but working together they usually beat all opposition.

Like many young men of their generation, their rebelliousness led them to antagonize their fathers by refusing to cut their hair. Both were proud of the ponytails that reached to their shoulder blades.

Their interest in cars led them to take automotive courses at the local vocational school during high school, followed by evening and weekend business administration courses at the community college while they worked for a local car dealer as mechanics.

Frannie and Sheri studied nursing at the community college and took jobs in a local clinic. Within a year, both were pregnant. Surprisingly, their sons were born the same day. With the cooperation and support of their employer, they began to share their job. One would work Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday while the other worked Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, switching back and forth each week. While one worked, the other took care of both children.

After their honeymoon, with financial backing from their families, the couples moved into the large farmstead formerly owned by the recently deceased maternal grandparents of the Franklins.

Before the birth of the boys, they renovated the huge farmhouse, completely re—wiring and re—plumbing the building, adding new central heat/air conditioning. The remodeling gave them two spacious master bedrooms, each with a private bath, in the attic. Four other bedrooms with two additional baths were created on the second floor. The first floor had a huge kitchen with a lunch counter and pantry. The adjoining laundry room also had a powder room. The dining room was small but adequate for their needs as was the formal living room. A study completed the first floor. Half of the basement became a rec. room while the rest was for utilities and storage.

After the birth of the sons, the remodeling energies of the men turned to the barn, which they converted into a garage and body shop. Once that was completed, they began to buy used cars which they rebuilt and sold.

After obtaining zoning approval, they began to purchase junked cars which they stripped of usable parts. By the time the boys were five, Danny and Terry were fully and quite successfully self—employed in the auto recycling business... what years ago would have been referred to as an auto junk yard.

Marc Dominic and Dion Franklin were bright eyed and adorable children. Sharing the same birthday, being the offspring of the two sets of twins, and living in the same home, they grew up like twin brothers. The two even looked alike. Strangers swore they were identical twins.

Once school started, the devilish duo enjoyed confusing their teachers and classmates by pretending to be each other, often changing clothes in the lavatories at recess. Physically and mentally, they were evenly matched. This led to an intense rivalry and competition to outdo each other.

One might assume that the boys would wind up constantly fighting, but the aggressive pair learned early that fighting accomplished nothing. Not only could one not beat up the other, but they inevitably wound up standing in the corner after a sound spanking. The energy and determination that would have been wasted on fighting, instead was channeled into achieving and perfecting their performance.

Academically as well as in sports, neither could long best the other, for theirs was a see—saw race for dominance and superiority. All through elementary school, the virtual twin cousins pushed each other to achieve what would have been almost impossible without the impetuous of their competition.

When the boys were fifteen, tragedy struck the combined families. The grandfathers Paul Dominic and Harry Franklin were killed in a car crash on their way home from work. The widows, Marie and Janet, were devastated. Since there was adequate room on the family farmstead, the widowed grandmothers moved into the extended family. Immediately they took over all the cooking, cleaning, and laundry, as well as watching over their grandsons. Under that arrangement, Frannie and Sheri both returned to full—time employment at the clinic.

As might be expected, the grandmothers were not as strict with the boys as the mothers had been, so in short order, the competition between the pair grew in intensity while just staying short of physical violence.

Within a year, they were competing in everything they did. Each morning was a race to do their morning ablutions; dress, make their beds, and make it to breakfast before the other. Both bedrooms were spotless, their chores always done, their homework neat and perfect, and school grades straight A's.

Inevitably, the duo wound up as co-captains of every sport in which they participated. In no way, shape, or form would anyone have had any reason to label either boy a sissy. These boys were the quintessence ALL—AMERICAN BOYS.

But the competitiveness took its toll. The boys were clearly pushing beyond their endurance and abilities. The rivalry became so intense that the home life became unbearable. At no point was there a respite from the pressure. Both lads refused to yield to the other. It was a matter of pride and ego. Everyone, grandmothers, fathers, mothers, and the cousins, became nervous wrecks and hyper—tense.

Finally, near the end of the school year, it became clear that something had to be done to resolve which boy was the better. A mass family meeting was held to try to hammer out a solution.

The result was the decision to hold a contest to see which boy would be the pacesetter. Both boys agreed to abide by the results of the contest. The loser bowing to the superiority of the winner. All agreed that the winner, as part of assuming the dominant position, could not lord it over or demean the loser. If that occurred, the winner would be deposed and the loser would take over the dominant slot. In this manner they hoped to avoid any major problems.

Many ideas for a suitable contest were suggested, but each was discarded as being too indecisive. Everyone knew the contest had to involve something that was unique and far beyond anything the duo had ever done. The contest would also have to challenge the boys physically, intellectually, and emotionally.

The contest had to be a new experience for both, and yet extremely challenging. Every sport was rejected as being not intellectually challenging. Academic challenges were eliminated since they didn't physically test the lads. Survival or endurance contests, which both boys eagerly suggested were discarded as too hazardous since both were too stubborn to yield.

“There obviously isn't anything we can try since the boys have either already done everything or it's too dangerous,” Terry Dominic complained.

“That's for sure,” agreed Danny Franklin. “No one could ask for better sons.”

The boys smiled, warmed by the heart—felt compliments. Yet, that still did not alleviate the dilemma. The entire extended family knew the dynamic duo were ALL—AMERICAN BOYS. How could the two compete in a contest that would leave a clear winner?

“What we need is something that the boys have absolutely no experience and have never even considered doing,” Terry stated. “But what in the world that might be I have no idea.”

“How about sky—diving,” Marc suggested hopefully.

“Or hang gliding,” Dion added enthusiastically.

“NO,” the mothers and grandmothers responded instantly, making everyone laugh.

The following moments of silent reflection were interrupted only by the mindless chatter of the ever—present television playing softly in the corner of the living room. Several commercials flashed by, then the screen filled with the view of a runway filled with daintily dressed little girls parading before an appreciative audience and judges. “Today on RICKI LAKE... TEEN BEAUTY PAGEANTS... are they hurting the girls by too much competition,” the announcer intoned seriously.

As could be expected, the attention of the mothers and grandmothers was drawn to the images of the sweet girls. The show brought out the longing the mothers had for daughters and the grandmothers for granddaughters. The four guys idly watched the show along with the women for nearly half an hour while still continuing the discussion on how to end the rivalry that threatened the harmony of their home.

“That reminds me of when you two were in the Labor Day Festival beauty pageant,” Terry finally laughed.

“Yeah, I remember that,” Danny laughed. “You boys should have seen your mothers. They got it into their heads at the end of tenth grade that they were both maturing into beautiful women. They started wearing more makeup and did their best to dress in the latest fashions.”

“Then your grandmothers got involved, each believing their daughter was the prettier. It was the first time we ever heard them argue. Finally, they decided to let an impartial judge decide which was prettier so they both entered the Miss Labor Day pageant in the teen category. They spent the entire summer trying to be as prissy and dainty as possible.”

“Well we won, didn't we,” Sheri replied tersely.

“Yes,” added Frannie proudly. “The judges couldn't decide which of us was better, so they awarded the crown to both of us!”

“I can still recall just how jealous you boys were at all the attention the girls received during that next year,” Janet Franklin laughed.

“I remember how they reacted when we suggested they enter the contest the following year so they could be co—winners,” Marie laughed.

All the women laughed as the fathers turned beet red. The boys joined in once they imagined the embarrassment the suggestion had caused their macho fathers.

Suddenly, both grandmothers stopped laughing and exchanged glances. Then both smiled mischievously. “Of course,” they exclaimed simultaneously.

Everyone looked at them, wondering what was going on.

“We need something the boys can compete at without any prior experience and of which they had never thought,” Marie explained with a twinkle in her eye. “What better competition than to have them enter the teen pageant just like their mothers!”

Both boys eyes grew wide with shock. The fathers just stared as if the older women had gone insane. The mothers began to smile. The males were totally appalled by the

idea. The females saw a chance to have, if only for a brief time, the dainty girls they longed to have.

“Unless anyone can come up with a better idea before the school year ends,” Janet stated authoritatively.

“The boys should enter the contest. They would have all summer to prepare. Neither has an edge on the other, they never considered being a girl, and both obviously hate the idea. It will challenge their intellect, their stamina, and quite naturally their physical abilities. It meets every criteria we established for a fair and honest competition. What better way to compete than in something totally foreign and which you hate? Only the true competitor will triumph.”

“No way am I going to enter a beauty pageant,” Marc snarled.

“That goes double for me,” Dion stated indignantly. “I’m not a sissy!”

“Of course you’re not a sissy,” Janet stated. “If either of you were a sissy it really wouldn’t be a true competition. The fact that both of you are ALL—AMERICAN BOYS is what will make this a true test of which of you is stronger and more determined to succeed.”

“I don’t like the idea,” Terry stated forcefully.

“I agree,” Danny added. “You just can’t take two boys and make them participate in a beauty pageant!”

“That’s just a lame excuse,” Sheri rejoined derisively. “You guys are just scared! Are you afraid your precious manhood is simply too fragile to risk trying to be a girl for a while?”

“I think you hit the nail right on the head,” Frannie added with a mocking laugh. “It was the same back when we won. The boys were too scared to try what we did.”

“We weren’t scared,” Danny protested. “It’s just that boys don’t do things like that.”

“The girls are right,” Janet added. “Males are too unsure of themselves to risk their manhood. Look at how females can wear masculine clothes and participate equally in masculine sports with the guys. But you NEVER see a guy wear feminine clothes or participate in feminine sports. They know they can’t compete with the females. Losing would threaten their cherished manhood.”

“Exactly,” Marie affirmed. “It just goes to prove that females are far superior to males. A female is not afraid to compete with males, they have no fear of losing their femininity. Males are just too chicken to even try to compete with females!”

“We’re not chicken,” all four beleaguered males responded defensively.

“Then why not do it,” Marie challenged.

“Because guys don’t do girl stuff,” the boys responded as one.

“Tell me why,” Marie asked calmly.

Four male mouths opened and closed several times. Other than the fear of being labeled a SISSY, they couldn’t come up with a single, logical good reason. Danny and Terry exchanged bewildered, frustrated looks. Marc and Dion did likewise. All four

males realized they had been backed into a corner. To now refuse to participate in the beauty pageant would verify the condemnation of masculine inferiority to females. It would prove they were chicken. Yet, how could they lower themselves to take the challenge?

“They're too afraid,” Janet laughed.

“Just as they were back when the girls won the pageant,” Marie added.

“Can you think of a better competition,” Frannie asked the stunned male foursome.

“Other than your ridiculous fear of being a sissy,” Sheri asked. “Can you think of one solid reason you shouldn't compete?”

None of the males could refute the statements and accusations. Every reason they could come up with lead back to the fear of becoming a sissy. Sadly, they realized they were stuck.

“It's three weeks until school ends,” Janet stated. “If you haven't come up with a better plan until then, the competition will begin. Both boys will be entered into the pre—teen beauty pageant. Marc will be entered as Marcia and Dion as Dionne. They'll have all summer to prepare to be the best girl they can possibly be.”

The next three weeks went by much too fast for the males of the family. Their every suggestion for an alternative was justifiably shot down.

The boys celebrated their sixteenth birthday the day after the school year ended. It was not a happy day for the doomed twosome. Both were told by their mothers and grandmothers to enjoy their last day of boyhood. Their training for the beauty pageant would begin the next day.

Both boys wanted to refuse, yet their rivalry was such that neither could give in to the other. If one refused to participate, the other would win by default without having to go through the ordeal. Their sole hope was that they'd look so ridiculous dressed as a girl that the females would give up the idea.

“How will we be trained,” Marc dejectedly asked.

“We'll train you together,” Janet stated indicating herself and Marie. “Since you are our grandchildren, we love you equally. We'll see that you receive the same lessons and the same chance as the other. The basic training will be the same for both of you. If your mothers want to do additional training individually, to hone the girlish skills you'll need, that will be up to them.”

In the end, since there was no way out without losing, both boys reluctantly determined to out do the other at all cost. If they were going to humiliate and insult their masculinity, then it could only be made acceptable by winning the contest. The loser would be doubly humbled. The fathers felt the same, and in private discussions with their sons, stated they were 100 percent behind their son's efforts to win the beauty pageant and best their cousin.

Physically, the boys were average for their age. Since they were virtually identical, describing one described the other. They stood 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighed 120 pounds. Both were slender and quite supple. Bright, baby blue eyes revealed their keen intellect.

Like their fathers, both were defiantly proud of their straight blond hair. Of course they took a lot of ribbing from their buddies since current hair styles had returned to the butch cuts of the fifties, but this only egged them on to grow it even longer.

By their sixteenth birthday, their ponytails reached to their waist. Many of their female classmates were quite envious of their luxurious locks.

The morning after their birthday, with their mothers already gone to the clinic and their fathers out in the shop, the grandmothers woke the boys at eight o'clock with orders to take a bubble bath.

Naturally, both lads grumbled, groaned, and dawdled as they sought some last minute reprieve from their upcoming lessons in girlhood. The grandmothers wisely didn't push the boys too fast, but simply nagged the duo to get moving. Since there were two baths on the second floor, by nine o'clock both boys were relaxing in a steaming tub. Their pubescent bodies submerged under a frothy purple sea of bubbles as the scent of lilacs filled their nostrils.

When questioned by their persistent grandmothers who shuttled between the two lads and much to their chagrin, both had to admit that the warm scented bath felt good. Both blushed as a grandmother insisted on staying in the bath as they emerged from the tub. The women admonished the reluctant boys that they knew what males looked like in the nude and since they had spent two years changing their diapers they knew what the boys looked like nude.

Thus, the lads were about to learn their first lesson in girlish behavior. The conversations were practically identical.

"No, no, no," admonished the grandmothers. "A girl doesn't harshly rub the towel over herself to dry off. She uses the fluffy towel to pat her body dry. You can feel how the oils and skin softeners in the bubble bath have softened your skin and made it feel more sensitive. Patting dry will maintain that nice feeling."

The boys had to admit their skin did feel quite soft and even dainty as they patted themselves dry. Both were quite disconcerted to note that the mere act of taking a bubble bath and patting themselves dry had left their bodies sleek and soft. The lads marveled at the softness and apparent girlishness of their pink flesh. The use of lilac scented body talc only accentuated the strange velvety sensations of their softened flesh.

"You can see and feel the difference," the grandmothers told the blushing grandson in their charge. "Already, you look girlish. Now sit on the commode while I fix your beautiful hair."

With their modesty protected by a towel draped across their laps, the lads winced as the grandmothers began to brush their long blonde locks. It only took a few strokes to work out all the kinks and knots.

So, that what started as an ordeal, soon melted into a new and quite relaxing pleasure.

For ten minutes the brushing continued, lulling the boys into a complacent state of mind, even when the hair was brought forward to completely cover their faces. It was

only the sudden SNIP of the scissors and the immediate brightness as a significant portion of hair dropped onto their laps that startled the boys from their lethargy.

“What are you doing,” the grandsons asked. “I don't want my hair cut! Especially this short,” they exclaimed looking at the eye level fringe of shorn hair.

“Your hair is almost perfect for a girl,” the grandmothers responded as they held the boys down. “But a girl should have bangs. The rest of your hair will stay as long as it is, besides, it's too late now. We'll have to finish the job. Just sit still and let me finish.”

The lads grumbled but sat still as the brushing and trimming continued. They quietly endured the use of a curling iron on their newly created bangs. In minutes, both sported fluffy bangs that bounced softly against their eyebrows.

“All done,” the grandmothers beamed as they proudly surveyed their handiwork. “If I didn't know better I'd swear you were a girl. Look in the mirror, you'll see I'm not lying.”

Nervously the lads stood, wrapping the towels about their waist, to peer into the mirror. Both went wide-eyed with shock. They saw a soft, innocent, and all too disconcertingly natural girlishness. The simple creation of the fluffy bangs had totally altered their appearance.

While the boys were caught off guard and stunned beyond comment, the grandmothers continued the submergence of their grandsons into girlhood. Reaching around the dazed boys, they lifted the towel up to their armpits and deftly wrapped the towel about their slightly trembling bodies.

“A girl has to be a lot more modest than a boy,” they admonished. “From now on you'll have to wrap the towel about yourself like this.”

The lads were shocked to see their apparent girlishness magnified by the simple act of wrapping the towel about their torso instead of the waist. Both knew that they looked completely feminine. It was quite a shock to their arrogant boyishness to be so easily transformed from a proud boy to a dainty girl.

“From now until the beauty pageant,” the grandmothers told their numbed grandsons, “you'll be expected to live as girls. You will be referred to by the entire family as a girl. Feminine pronouns will be used. At all times you will not only dress as a girl, but you will behave like a proper young miss. There will be no baseball, no wrestling, and no running free and wild. All your time will be spent learning how to behave like a girl and preparing for the pageant.”

“Marc, you are now MARCIA.” “Dion, you are now DIONNE.” Thus the sentence to a summer of girlishness was passed.

In a daze, the newly christened girls were led back to their bedrooms. Upon seeing each other in the hall, the boys blushed fiercely but could not look away as they checked out their competition. To their chagrin, they realized they both still looked alike. They appeared to be frightened girls!

No time was lost as the grandmothers handed the bewildered lads their first set of lingerie. In moments the boys stood mesmerized by the difference the girlish lingerie

had made in what little remained of their boyish appearance. Always, they had considered themselves to be athletically slim.

Now the dainty lingerie had blurred and softened the angular boyish lines into sculptured feminine contours, creating a body that seemed curvy and pleasing to the eye. The snug panties partially hid their male parts between their thighs.

Both reached up tentatively to cuddle the boyish flesh that seemed to be proudly nestled in the soft nylon cups of the bra. Each boy looked down at his chest in disbelief to see a bit of cleavage between his pseudo—breasts.

On top of that was the quite strange, but undeniably pleasant, sensations created by the soft, silky fabric of the pink nylon lingerie as it seductively caressed their bubble bath softened flesh. Even more unnerving was the delicate teasing tickle of the lavish lace that trimmed the matching panty and bra set.

Following the instructions of their grandmother, each lad looked in the mirror above his dresser. What he saw erased any doubts... and hopes... that he would look ridiculous as a girl. There was absolutely no trace of a boy in the reflection. Their would be no reprieve from their ordeal. Their apparent natural girlishness also set in motion doubts as to their level of their manliness.

Well before ten o'clock, the silent, brooding effeminized lads were downstairs. Their soft locks were held off their pretty faces and behind their shoulders with a two inch wide stretchy pink hairband. Over their lingerie they wore a clean pair of their normal jeans and t—shirts. Plain white crew socks and white NIKES completed their outfits. Both had sadly noted when they had examined their reflection that they appeared quite girlish.

Both were stunned when they saw their cousin identically dressed and looking quite girlish. Turning bright red with embarrassment, they realized the delicate lace of the pink bra was visible through the white cotton of the shirt. Mortified, instantly both peered down at the small, but all so girlish twin lumps upon their own chests to note their dainty bra was also visible.

“All right, girls, it's time to go shopping for some new clothes,” Marie stated gleefully.

“Go... ,” Marc/Marcia stated with horror.

“Where... ,” Dion/Dionne asked with equal terror.

“To the mall, of course,” Janet responded.

“But you can't take us out looking like this,” Marc/Marcia cried as he swept his hands across his effeminate body.

“People will think we're a couple of sissies,” Dion/Dionne moaned.

“Wrong,” replied Marie. “At worst, they'll think you're twin tomboys.”

“That is as long as you behave,” added Janet. “The only way anyone would ever think you could be boys is if you act up. Just be quiet and cooperative and no one will ever suspect the truth.”

In moments the two trembling faux—girls were seated in the second seat of the family minivan as it pulled out of the driveway. Both avoided looking at the other since they knew only too well that, due to their apparent twinness, they looked alike. To see a girl where they expected to see a boy, and knowing they looked exactly the same, was more than they could stand.

Both were thinking long and hard about the truth of their grandmother's words. They did look like girls and unless they did something stupid, no one would think them anything other than a couple of tomboys. It would be far better to be hidden as a girl than revealed to be a sissy!

By the time they pulled into the mall parking lot, the boys had resigned themselves to participating in the mirage of their apparent girlishness. Both grandmothers were delighted to see their shy new granddaughters emerge from the minivan.

“I think it will make you both feel better and add to your girlishness if you pretend to be twin sisters and hold hands as much as possible,” Marie advised as they made their way across the parking lot.

With simultaneous sighs of resignation, the TWINS reached out and tentatively grasped hands. At first, they felt totally dorky, but as they joined the crowd entering the just opening mall, the trembling touch proved to be mutually supporting to give them the courage to continue their bizarre masquerade.

Most of the adults that saw the “twins” smiled. Many even turned to look after them. At first, the boys were terrified these adults saw through their disguise and were laughing. But they quickly realized the smiles were genuine. The people thought they were cute girls!

While this knowledge relieved their anxiety about being labeled a sissy, it only further weakened their disrupted masculine self image. Without conscious thought, both readjusted their grip to hold hands tighter for more security.

The boys were too preoccupied with the unsettling concept that everyone seemed to accept them as girls without question to pay attention to where they were heading.

The first stop was at one of the kiosks in the main promenade. It wasn't until the smiling clerk took Marc's hand to lead him inside and point him to the stool that the boys realized they were at a jewelry stand about to have their ears pierced.

Marc's eyes grew wide with stark terror as the clerk swabbed his ears with alcohol. “Grandma... I don't want my ears pierced,” he whined as he tried to slip off the stool.

“There's no reason to be nervous,” the clerk reassured the trembling faux—girl. “I've done this thousands of times. It won't hurt a bit.” As she spoke she pushed the lad back onto the stool with one hand and picked up the piercing gun with the other.

“Grandma... ,” Marc pleaded desperately.

The grandmothers just smiled sweetly as they made sure to hold onto Dion to make sure he didn't flee in panic.

“POP... POP... ,” went the gun pressed against Marc's left ear as the clerk did her job with deadly accuracy.

All struggle slipped out of the helpless lad as he slumped into the seat. Not just a single piercing had he received, but a double piercing! He'd be forever scarred and marked as a sissy!

“POP... POP... ,” went the gun pressed against Marc's right ear.

“There you go sweetie,” the clerk stated with a broad grin as she held up a mirror so Marc could see.

What he saw made his heart sink. Matching diamonds, a quarter inch apart, sparkled in each ear lobe. Then he saw the over all effect it had on his already girlish appearance. Instantly, he knew no one would now think him to be a boy!

Dion saw the same sight. There was no escape. Tears swelled in his eyes as he changed places with Marc.

Five minutes later, the “twins” were voluntarily holding hands as they followed their determined grandmothers. The next stop was the FAIRYTALE FASHIONS, an up scale boutique that specialized in outfitting girls from toddlers to young adults.

The reluctant lads unsuccessfully tried to avoid entering the sweetly scented shop. Rack after rack of dresses, blouses, skirts, and lingerie filled the store. All were designed to accent dainty softness and femininity. Ruffles, satin, velvet, lace, ribbons, and bows abounded.

Never had they imagined the existence of such a store that exemplified the quintessence of absolute girlishness. It was more than enough to make their already limited masculinity shrivel.

As soon as they entered, a smiling grandmotherly clerk approached. “Good morning, ladies,” she greeted Janet and Marie. “I'm Olivia Childress, the owner of the FAIRYTALE FASHIONS. What can I do to help you outfit these lovely girls?”

Dion and Marc lowered their gaze to the floor and squeezed hands in commiseration. It was quite obvious this lady would like nothing better than to outfit them as dainty little princesses. Both forlorn lads wondered when the humiliation would end.

“Our twin granddaughters have reached the age where they must stop being tomboys,” Marie stated solemnly. “As you can see, both are quite reluctant to give up their jeans and baseball gloves for frilly dresses, but that is exactly what they will do.”

“Of course,” Olivia enthused. Instantly, she recognized the reality of the feminized lads. “They're at the perfect age to make the transition. I can see they're just starting to enter real womanhood.”

The comments made the boys blush a deep red. The bras did make them look like budding teens. They also knew that boys rejected their tomboy friends when they start revealing their breasts. They had no second thoughts about joining their buddies in ostracizing two girls in their class during the last month of school for that very reason. Now they suddenly felt quite guilty.

“The girls have always been quite competitive,” Janet stated. “We intend to change that competitiveness from boyish pursuits to girlish interests. We'll be entering them in the Labor Day Teen Beauty Pageant.”

“What a perfect way to start pretty girls down the 'sugar and spice' path,” Olivia enthused.

“That's what we thought,” Marie agreed. “But we have a LONG way to go with these two. Can you believe that there isn't a dress or skirt in their closet?”

That was true, both lads thought morosely as they realized that was about to change.

“Unfortunately, I can,” Olivia lamented while stoically retaining a straight face. “Too many girls today just don't get it. I guess it's all this women's lib stuff. Why on earth would any woman want to be equal to men? I'll simply never understand why any woman would want to LOWER herself to their bestial level.”

“We fully agree,” Janet sympathized. “Males are such jerks about most things. No one, male or female, thinks any thing is wrong if a woman wears mannish clothes, does masculine work, or participates in male sports and activities. But just let a man dress in feminine clothes, do feminine work, or join in girlish sports and activities and it's like the entire world is going to end. I say the world would be a much better place if men felt free enough to enjoy the things we women love!”

“You couldn't be more right,” Olivia gushed.

“It's even worse with boys,” Janet stated. “The arrogant macho creatures think the world revolves around them! If they see a boy acting even a tiny bit outside typical male roles, they immediately brand him a sissy. Most of the brutes feel compelled to spend all their time proving they're not a sissy! Fear of being a sissy is what makes boys so pig-headed and naughty.”

Marc and Dion clutched hands tightly. They knew the comments from their grandmothers were being directed at them to undermine their boyish belligerence and resistance.

“Yes, it is a shame,” Olivia commiserated while trying to get the women to admit their true goal. “But I thank the Lord that not all boys are like that! We have quite a few mothers, aunts, and grandmothers who bring their boys in here to be outfitted in pretty dresses!”

Dion and Marc couldn't believe that any boy would allow himself to be so humiliated as to allow himself to be dressed as a girl. Both jerked their heads up in surprise to look fearfully at Olivia. Did she see through their disguise? Was she teasing them? They were relieved to note the smile upon her face showed she thought them to be girls.

“Really,” Marie asked with delight. “I'll bet they're well behaved, caring boys when they're allowed back into pants.”

“Indeed,” Olivia laughed. “Nicer boys couldn't be found. They've all learned that the female is the superior sex of the species. A few of the lads become so infatuated with their girlish experiences that they're reluctant to return to being boys. I've had several start dressing as girls who even switched schools so they could live as girls full-time.”

“Willingly,” Dion asked in obvious disbelief as Marc nodded his head to agree with the question.

“Some times yes, often times no,” Olivia answered with a smile to the “twins”. “Often a boy is first forced to dress and behave as a girl. But after a while, they no longer have to be forced. They simply fall in love with being a girl and willingly stay in dresses. Of course, many tomboys, like yourselves, do the same. I can see you're being forced to enter the wonderful world of 'sugar and spice', but with loving grandmothers like these I have the distinct feeling that you'll both soon want to wear nothing but dresses and skirts! I've seen it happen too often to have any doubts.”

Dion and Marc exchanged a meaningful, fearful glance. Their crumbling security and belief in male superiority was rapidly collapsing.

“I'd really like to see a boy wearing a dress,” Janet stated, hoping to rub salt into the wounded boyish arrogance of the boys.

“You're in luck,” Olivia smiled. “My grandson happens to be one of the boys who was forced to wear dresses. His redneck father ran off with another women when he was eleven. My daughter and he moved back home with me when he finished fifth grade, but the little guy was already a monster. Since I work here, I've seen the effectiveness Petticoat Discipline; that's what dressing a boy in girl's clothes as punishment is called. My daughter was quite desperate for a way to control the brat and thought it would also be the perfect way to get back at her husband. Since he had to spend the summer here in the store with me while his mother worked, it was the perfect opportunity to put him in girl's clothes the first time he acted up.”

“Needless—to—say, by the time he was ready to begin sixth grade, he couldn't even remember what it felt like to wear pants! He went to his new school as a girl. That was four years ago and he... or I should say SHE hasn't been out of skirts since. I doubt if she ever will. She still spends her summers here with me. If you'd like to meet her, I'll call her from the back.”

Everyone's curiosity was piqued by the tale. Everyone wanted to meet the girlish boy. Marc and Dion were frightened by the entire concept of Petticoat Discipline, but like moths drawn to a flame, had to see for themselves the devastating results.

“We'd love to meet your grandson,” Marie stated. “But we certainly don't want to embarrass him by having him reveal that he's a boy and not a girl.”

“I appreciate your concern,” Olivia replied with a smile. “But my GRANDDAUGHTER is quite comfortable being a boy/girl. While she doesn't want the boys at her school to find out, she has no qualms about letting girls know the truth. It's not something she flaunts, but she's not ashamed of being a pseudo—girl. In fact, she's delighted to have the privilege of being a girl.”

Everyone walked to the back of the store. Olivia opened the door and called. ““Simone, darling, please come here. I've just been telling some customers all about you and they're quite anxious to meet you.”

“I'll be right there, Grandma,” a sweet girlish voice responded.

Dion and Marc stiffened and once more looked fearfully at each other. The pieces started falling together to form a horrible picture. The voice... it sounded like... the name... SIMONE... her age... she started sixth grade four years ago... that meant she just finished tenth grade... just like them.

The door swung open and a perky smiling sixteen—year—old girl walked in to hug her grandmother, Olivia, then turned to her guests. Immediately, she grasped the hem of her frothy dress and dipped into a quite graceful and natural curtsy.

“Hello, I'm Simone,” she stated in her lilting voice. “I'm pleased to meet you.” The pretty girl, who was really a boy, exuded all the attributes of the consummate girl.

The world could have ended for Dion and Marc at that moment. There before them stood Simone Weaver! The prissy nemesis of their class! She had joined their class in the sixth grade!

The girl was an absolute brat about every prank the guys tried to pull off and the ultimate teacher's pet! She was so sweet and dainty, absolutely none of the guys could stand her. If anyone in their school were to be asked to identify the most prissy girl in the student body, none would hesitate to point out Simone! To learn that she was a boy...

Naturally, no one missed the stunned expressions upon the “twins” faces when they recognized Simone. The adults were confused. Simone was perplexed for a moment. She cocked her head and peered at the “twins”. They looked quite familiar. Then recognition flooded into her being.

“Oh my word,” a very surprised Simone exclaimed as she covered her mouth with both hands. “I can't believe it! Marc and Dion... it IS you!”

Without a moments hesitation, she stepped forward and impulsively flung her arms about the two faux—girls in a welcoming embrace. “It's so wonderful to have you two join the right team for a change!”

Then she stepped back and turned to her baffled grandmother. “Grandma, this is Dion Franklin and Marc Dominic. I've told you about them. They're in my class at school! Remember, I told you about their beautiful hair and how they'd make super girls!”

Suddenly everything clicked for the adults. Olivia did know about Dion and Marc from Simone's tales of their macho daring—do. Just as Janet and Marie knew about dainty, prissy Simone from the many complaints the boys brought home about her overwhelming daintiness.

For Dion and Marc, Simone's evaluation that they'd make beautiful girls snapped them from their trauma. If there was even the slightest risk THEY could end up being like Simone, they wanted no part of becoming girls for the beauty pageant! With their hands still clinging tightly, they turned to flee.

Fortunately, Janet and Marie were ready. The panic stricken boys didn't even get two steps before their long silken hair was used as a rope to rein their incipient stam-pede to an abrupt and quite painful halt.

“That's not a very nice way to greet a classmate,” Marie stated in an icy tone as she reeled Dion in a circle to once more face Simone.

“You both MUST learn better manners and how to curtsy,” Janet added as she brought Marc about.

“Please... no... ,” cried Dion as he struggled to free his hair.

"I give up," Marc called out. "I quit. Dion is the winner. I'll be second. Just don't make us go through with this."

"It's much too late for that," Janet stated forcefully. "If we don't go through with this, you two will tell all the guys that Simone is really a boy!"

"I'm afraid the only way to ensure you keep her secret is to have you vulnerable to having the same tale told about you," Marie added. "I think we'd better explain to Mrs. Childress and Simone what you two are doing here."

Olivia and Simone listened to the idea of the competition to solve the boy's rivalry with rapt attention. Both agreed it was a wonderful idea.

Simone joined them as they adjourned to a large dressing room to be measured. Both lads balked at stripping down to their dainty lingerie before Olivia and Simone. It took Simone's agreement to strip down to her undies before they finally, although still quite reluctantly, agreed to cooperate.

In moments, the three sixteen-year-olds stood before the adults, all clad only in their panties and bras. Dion and Marc were bright red with shame. Simone was giggling with delight.

"I just love your panty and bra sets," Simone stated as she surveyed the slender lads. "I have some just like them. What do you think of mine?"

Although they didn't want to look, neither boy could resist. All too often, they and the other guys had flipped Simone's ever present skirts to reveal her frilly panties. None of the guys ever grew tired of being punished for the privilege of such a prissy sighting or delighting in Simone's petulant screams.

Simone stood proudly before them clad in a matching snug bikini panty and bra set of virtually transparent pink stretch lace. Quite naturally, the eyes of the boys were drawn to peer at her panties. Between her legs there wasn't even the slightest lump to reveal masculine organs were hidden under the skimpy panties. Both lads shivered fearfully as to what that might mean.

Reluctantly, their glance traveled up Simone's soft but firm taut tummy, over her dimpled navel, to her bra. The poor lads almost passed out. Simone's bra was stretched out, filled with firm flesh. Pouty, erect nipples were clearly evident as they pushed out proudly through the stretchy pink lace of the delicate cups.

"Oh my," exclaimed Janet, voicing the thoughts of the others. "She has real breasts!"

Simone giggled with delight and placed her hands beneath the all so girlish mounds to gently cup and lift her pert treasures. "They are real," Simone stated proudly. "I started taking female hormones a year ago. I just love them! Aren't they simply yummy?"

"Simone," Olivia cautioned. "You'll frighten Dionne and Marcia. I don't think they're quite ready to grow pretty breasts yet."

Simone blushed demurely as she dropped her hands to her side. "I'm sorry," she apologized sincerely. "I just get so carried away. I feel so much better about being a girl since I've been taking the hormones. The doctor say's I'll develop into a pretty woman."

“Simone is so happy being a girl we've decided to increase her hormone dose.” Olivia explained. “The doctor will perform the final surgery when she turns eighteen. But that's a long way from what these two pretty darlings are ready to do. Just because you're going to spend the summer in dresses doesn't mean you have to completely give up your boyhood. I have many boys who spend half their time being boys and the other half being girls. Others only spend a few days as girls and never go back to dressing up. But then it only takes a few days for a boy to learn how nice it is to be a girl and to learn to respect women.”

Dion and Marc shuddered. They understood why Simone's panties were so sleek and smooth. Both desperately wanted to retain their masculinity! At the same time they understood that they were trapped into seeing this summer in skirts through to the bitter end.

Olivia measured the forlorn, reluctant boys as Simone jotted the measurements on a note pad. Olivia quickly and efficiently took all their vital measurements as she talked to the apprehensive boys.

“We try our best to serve the needs of our customers, even when those needs require a male to dress as a female. I feel that our society is quite pigheaded and unfair about the way boys dress and behave. A girl can wear the same clothes as a boy, play the same games as a boy, even act like a boy; and all people say is that she's a tom-boy. But if a boy dresses like a girl, or plays girls' games, or behaves like a girl, then people condemn him as a sissy or faggot. That's simply not fair!”

The boys were truly amazed by what she told them. It was true that girls could freely do boy things without condemnation, while boys were put down and ridiculed for doing girl things. Olivia was right. It wasn't fair! This revelation gave them quite a bit of food for thought.

When Olivia reviewed the numbers of the measurements, she smiled.

“You're close to the same size as Simone. Old enough to look good in more mature outfits, yet young enough to look cute in juvenile outfits. Ladies, if you'll join me on the floor, we can begin to select suitable dresses for your granddaughters.” With that, in one fell swoop, she deftly scooped up the discarded sneakers, socks, pants, and shirts of the lingerie clad boys.

Suddenly, the boys were left alone in the changing room with Simone. Simone just smiled.

“You guys always liked flipping my skirts to see my panties. Now you'll have the chance to see your own! Now come on, admit it, you LIKE the way the panties feel! I dare you to look me right in the eye and tell me I'm wrong!”

Naturally, both lads looked to the floor and turned bright red. They could not deny her challenge, but they weren't ready to admit she was right.

“I'm right or you'd have told me,” Simone stated smugly. “But that's all right. I was the same way when I first got put into dresses. But I know how it went for me, and I've seen it happen to dozens of other boys. You can't help but like the way panties feel. You won't be able to help but like the way dresses feel. It'll take awhile, but you'll soon get over your fears and be able to admit the truth. So take a bit of advice from one

who's been through the wringer. Don't fight the pleasure, it only makes it worse. Relax, go with the flow, have fun!"

"That's easy for you to say," Dion scoffed. "You're more girl than boy."

"I wasn't always like this," Simone responded softly as a tear formed in the corner of her eye.

"Before my daddy abandoned us, I was all boy. I played baseball with the best of the guys! Even my coach said I would make a great Little League player. Only I never got the chance. I was railroaded into girlhood. Don't get me wrong, I like being a girl. But I would have liked to experience life as a boy for a little longer. I missed so much of what I looked forward to doing and wound up doing a lot of things I never dreamed of doing. I've learned it doesn't do any good to waste time moaning about what could have been or what I did wrong. Take what life gives you and enjoy whatever you can!"

For the first time, Dion and Marc felt sympathy for Simone. Her words were so honest and right from the heart. They could feel her pain and regrets. They could also see the happiness her open acceptance of life gave her. This only confused them more.

Simone saw their turmoil. "Dressing as a girl doesn't hurt," she told them.

"You'll soon see it's a lot of fun. As a girl you don't have to be showing off all the time..like you two do in school. You can relax and have a good time. You can laugh, cry, giggle, pout, or anything else you FEEL like doing whenever you feel like doing it! That's what's so great about being a girl. You don't have to worry about being a sissy if you're a girl because only a boy can be a sissy! Besides, people naturally like cute girls. They smile at you for no reason at all. I bet you already found that out just coming into the mall."

The blush upon the faces of the boys revealed the truth of her words. Everything Simone said made sense.

"Look," Simone added. "I can tell you're going to be girls for the summer. Prissy girls at that. Your grandmothers will not let up on you. If you fight it, they'll only make it worse for you. You'll still end up doing what they want you to do. You're both intelligent. Isn't it smarter to do what they want right away and avoid all the hassles?"

"I guess so," Marc mumbled.

"But I still hate it," Dion grouched.

"I'm not telling you to love it, although I think you will once you get used to being a girl," Simone replied. "But it will be a lot easier if you think of yourself as a girl. Just as other people would think you're a sissy for dressing as a girl if they found out the truth, you think the same of yourselves. The way you feel about yourself is evident in how you behave. I can tell that right now you both feel like the world's biggest sissy. You've got to stop thinking of yourself as a boy wearing girl's clothes and start thinking of yourself simply as a girl. Remember, a girl can't be a sissy! You've already realized you can't fight your grandmothers. You have no choice but to be the girls they want you to be. So why go through the hassle of fighting yourselves when you know you'll never win and only make things worse! Just accept the fact that you're going to be girls for the summer. Forget you're really boys. Believe me, things will go a lot easier."

Both lads sighed. They hated that everything Simone told them was only too true. They really had no choice in the matter. Reluctantly, they agreed to try to follow Simone's advice.

When the women returned, Simone spoke up before they could place the arm loads of dainty frocks on the hooks.

“Grandma, I'd like to enter the Labor Day Beauty Teen Pageant, too. I could help Marcia and Dionne learn how to be proper girls. I think it'll be a blast! Besides, it'll be easier for them if they have someone they can talk to about what they feel, someone who's already been through the same things. Can I please enter the pageant?”

“If Janet and Marie have no objections,” Olivia replied with a broad smile, “I don't see why not. I think it'll be wonderful for you to spend the summer helping these two new misses learn how to be delightful young ladies.”

“That sounds simply wonderful,” Janet enthused. “We'll look forward to your expertise, Simone. Thank you for the kind offer! Now, let's get these pretty misses dressed!”

Dion and Marc paled as they were each handed a wispy silken pink nylon slip trimmed with delicate lace.

Gingerly, they held the lingerie with their fingertips as far from their bodies as their arms would reach. Their eyes revealed the fear and disgust they felt.

Simone laughed. “You guys have NO idea how yummy those slips will feel! Watch me while I put my slip on, then you do the same with yours.”

With that, she picked her pink stretch lace slip that matched her panties and bra. After dropping the dainty garment over her head, she began to writhe sinuously as she tugged it into place. The overtly feminine slip hugged her lithe girlish body like a second skin. Every pert curve was enticingly revealed.

Poor Dion and Marc were helplessly enthralled. Both had developed a most unfeminine and uncomfortable bulge in their snug panties. The fact that Simone had managed to awaken their masculinity was truly confusing and embarrassing for the duo, since they knew that Simone was really a boy!

To hide their humiliation of their arousal from the others, each red—faced lad took the slip he held and quickly pulled it over his head. Since the slips were not of stretch lace but normal nylon, the slips easily dropped into place about their boyishly slight bodies. The scalloped lace hem reached to mid—thigh, effectively covering their shame.

As the soft, cool nylon brushed against them, both instantly understood what Simone had meant when she said wearing a slip would feel yummy. The strange but undeniably delightful tickling caress of the sheer nylon created teasing electric like shocks with every whispering touch. The pressure exerted by their compressed juvenile manhood inside their panties grew.

Janet and Marie immediately stepped to the boys to adjust the thin shoulder straps so the slips hung properly from the trembling shoulders of the disconcerted boys. Much to the growing discomfiture of the lads, both women fussed more than was necessary as they made sure everything fit properly.