

LIVING AS A GIRL

By Jennifer Sue



ILLUSTRATED BY VERONICA VINYL

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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LIVING AS A GIRL

BY JENNIFER SUE

Paul Tate wanted his son to be a man, to excel in sports, and to love the thrill of physical exertion. Ashton wasn't very competitive, big, or strong. Ashton *was* bright, liked to read and draw, and enjoyed music and art. Paul wanted his son to hunt, fish, and backpack. These differences created a conflict between the father and son; they had nothing in common. Paul constantly berated his son for his lack of competitiveness and the “wimpy” esthetics that interested the lad. Ashton learned at an early age that it was hopeless to argue with his father.

The boy attempted every activity his father pushed upon him. At most enterprises he failed quite miserably; at best he achieved a level of mediocrity. Each failure to reach the level of performance Paul demanded would result in a severe and bitter tongue lashing for the lad. Ashton would merely lower his head and keep silent until his father grew frustrated. The angry man would throw up his hands in disgust and stalk away, bemoaning the fact that he was stuck with a sissy son.

It was Paul's pride and need to prove that his seed was as manly as his ideals that made him continue to try to “make a man” of his sissy son. *Sissy!* That accusation hurt Ashton. Even when his father didn't come right out with **the word**, it could be seen in his eyes. Ashton knew he was not a “sissy”; he was merely studious, creative, and had an artistic bent.

To compound the dilemma, Paul was an obnoxious, demanding, brutal, macho husband in addition to being a bully and drunk. Karen, his long suffering wife, regularly received beatings. When Ashton failed to make the Little League team, the boy began to receive beatings, also. In addition, Paul lost several jobs as a result of his cocky attitude and belligerence. When he *did* work, most of his earnings went to the race track. Karen's well-paying job as a school teacher kept the family clothed and housed, but just barely. Karen continued the loveless marriage for the sake of Ashton.

The “final straw” came when Ashton was fifteen. Paul took the reluctant boy hunting. Ashton refused to shoot a rabbit that darted before him. Angrily, Paul yelled and condemned the cowering boy. A few minutes later, Paul bagged a rabbit. When he saw Ashton pale at the sight of the bloody body, he swung the shotgun towards the boy.

Enough is enough," he growled through clenched teeth. Brandishing his hunting knife, he brusquely flung it into the ground between the terrified boy's feet. “Pick up the knife, you sniveling sissy," he hissed. “You're going to clean that fuckin' rabbit!" To reinforce the threat of violence, Paul jacked a fresh shell into the chamber of the shotgun aimed at his son's stomach.

Ashton was beside himself with fear. "D... Dad..." he begged as tears ran from his eyes. "I... I can't.... please...."

Damn you and your fucking mother," Paul shouted. "Pick up the knife, you slimy little son of a bitch!"

Ashton couldn't hold back the tears as he bent to pick up the knife. Staggering like a dead man, he approached the still twitching rabbit. His entire body shook as he stood beside the quivering form.

Do it now, you little bastard," screamed Paul. "For once in your life, be a Goddamn man!"

Terror and fear got the best of the cowering boy. He wasn't even aware of what happened next.

As the angry father threatened to shoot his son, he stared in disbelief as a dark spot which appeared at the boy's crotch. Quickly, it spread and moved down his pants legs. Paul realized Ashton was so terrified that he pissed himself! "You're nothing but a fucking sissy!" Paul screamed in a hoarse voice as he raised the shotgun to his shoulder. "No son of mine is going to shame me! No one will know I blew you the fuck away! I'll tell them it was an accident!"

"Freeze!" A loud voice tensely called out. "Lower that gun now or I'll shoot you!"

Paul hesitated, torn between his desire to rid himself of his now detested sissy son and his own death. Slowly, he lowered the barrel until it pointed into the ground. Anger and frustration welled up in him. Paul began to turn to face the stranger. "Mister," Paul stated harshly, "you got no right to interfere..."

The man standing before him was a state game warden. Clenched in his hands was a nasty looking .44. "Lay the shotgun on the ground, real slowly," the man stated. "Step away, lie down on your stomach and put your hands behind your back."

For a few moments, Paul considered shooting the warden, but common sense prevailed. With a sigh of resignation, Paul placed the shotgun on the ground, stepped away, and assumed the indicated position on the ground.

The warden handcuffed Paul, then turned to Ashton to make sure the terrified boy was all right.

By that time, Ashton realized he'd wet himself. Relief over his last minute rescue overcame the humiliation he felt for the cowardly act. The boy broke down crying.

The upshot was that Paul was arrested for child abuse, making terrorists threats, and a dozen other offenses. Ashton was quite traumatized by the entire affair, and had to relive the horrific ordeal during the trial. The brutal man was convicted and sent to jail for five years.

Ashton was afraid to be alone after the incident. Karen couldn't afford to quit her job, so she turned to her retired Aunt Lydia for help. Lydia welcomed Karen and Paul into her home, a comfortable three-bedroom Cape Cod-style house. Lydia urged Karen to begin divorce proceedings immediately, bluntly telling Karen that Paul would never be welcomed into her home. Karen finally saw the light and agreed. The main stumbling block of the divorce was visitation rights. Even though incarcerated, Paul in-

sisted he be allowed to see his son. He still hoped to make a man out of him. The heavy-handed attitude sent fear through Karen and Ashton. The ruling finally came down. Ashton would be the sole responsibility of Karen, although Paul would receive visitation rights once he was out of jail, providing he received counseling during his incarceration. The boy, however, hated his father, and wanted no parts of the man. It took Ashton almost a year before he felt comfortable being alone. Aunt Lydia took good care of her great nephew.

Ashton stumbled about the high school. The lurid story of the trial had swept through his classmates. Naturally, members of the tougher, macho element of his class tormented him for being a wimpy sissy. The boy silently endured the harassment. The girls felt sorry for the sensitive boy, and went out of their way to be near and comfort him. Ashton enjoyed the closeness and the arousal the girls created in his just-burgeoning manhood. As the girls clustered about him protectively, he tried to stifle an erection. Home, he sought relief by masturbation.

Unfortunately, Ashton's relationship with the girls didn't go beyond dreaming of touching their bodies. The girls treated him like mother hens rather than girlfriends. The guys didn't know this, and became almost insanely jealous. They made things even tougher for the "sissy". This created a vicious cycle because the girls became even more protective. Ashton knew he was *not* a sissy and thus was not about to give up the closeness with girls to salve his wounded manhood pride. He held out the hope that somehow one or more of the girls would switch their orientation from "mother" to "lover". The youth persisted in marching to his own drummer.

Lydia Dyer's career as a nurse spanned forty years. For the last fifteen she was head nurse of the Pediatric wing of the local hospital. For the first thirty-five of those years, she'd been married to a kind but autocratic, miserly man. The death of her despotic husband had freed her to discover her likes and dislikes.

Mary Wayne was Lydia's best friend. The two had met while working together, and shared many common interests. Once Lydia was certain that Ashton and Karen would be able to make it without her daily assistance, she began to make the plans for the vacation of her dreams. Mary was to be her traveling companion. The year-long trip would take them around the Mediterranean Sea, exploring many countries, visiting historical sites, and even joining in an archeological dig in the Holy Land. The thought of visiting the myriad museums, seeing the Sistine Chapel, and listening to the opera at La Scala made her deliriously happy.

Naturally, Ashton knew of the plans, and eagerly joined the elderly women as they laid out their itinerary. His interests matched theirs and his wide-ranging reading enabled him to give valuable input to their plans. It was quite obvious that the youth would give almost anything to accompany them on their grand tour.

The boy knew he could not go on the trip, and thus never embarrassed the women by asking. Both women found the lad to be charming, witty, and not at all obnoxious as were most boys his age. They promised to take plenty of photographs and bring home souvenirs.

As the date of their departure approached, Lydia went about finalizing all the arrangements. Since she had not been able to bear children, she had lavished her ma-

ternal instincts onto her niece Karen, the daughter of her late husband's brother. It was now Karen's turn to help Lydia. Karen would keep an eye on Lydia's home while she was gone, paying all the bills and forwarding any correspondence.

All arrangements had been made and all costs paid in advance. Then, tragedy struck, two weeks before departure. Mary was involved in an automobile accident; both legs, one arm, and her pelvis were broken. The kind lady would be bedridden for three months, then in therapy for six months to a year. There was no way she'd ever be able to take the trip. Physical exertions as they'd planned would likely be forever out of the question.

Naturally, everyone was upset. Lydia attempted to cancel the trip, but discovered the advance money was not refundable. A few days later, as the woman sat by the bedside of her friend, she sadly decided to forego the trip. Mary grew angry.

"Lydia, this entire trip was your idea." "You *must* go! If you don't do it now, you might *never* have another chance."

"I know, Mary," lamented Lydia. "But I feel I must stay with you. Besides, all the arrangements were made for two. Who would I find to take your place? Who our age has the strength, time, or money to join me? How will I know if I could even stand being around them for a year? To find someone suitable in ten days is impossible!"

Mary nodded her head sadly. "I'm sorry I messed up your plan., "I just wish I could somehow make it up to you. How's Ashton taking it? He must be almost as disappointed as you."

"There's no need to feel sorry, Mary," Lydia consoled with a smile. "I'm just glad you're going to be all right. Ashton is a bit depressed. He was looking forward to our photos and letters, but his main concern was for you to be all right."

The friends sat silently for a few moments, deep in their own thoughts. Suddenly, Mary perked up. "Lydia," she almost bubbled with excitement. "I know how you can go on your dream trip with someone who shares your interests! I know you'll get along just fine! As for the costs, well, I'll donate my share to you. After all, what are friends for?"

Lydia was obviously confused. "Who would be willing to join me on such short notice? How do you know we'll get along and share the same interests? Besides, I insist that who ever joins me pay their own way. I don't want a mooch!"

Mary laughed. "The person I have in mind can't pay, but isn't a mooch. Take Ashton! You know he was just *dying* to go with us; he'd be the perfect companion! All I insist is that you bring back photos and souvenirs for me! I'll expect a letter from both of you every other day! Now, don't even *try* to argue. We both know it's the only way, and it makes perfect sense! If you insist on paying his way, do so when you get back."

Lydia was surprised. Ashton? They *did* get along, he shared the same interests, and he'd be *more* than willing to go. Of course, Mary was right. A smile filled her face as she turned back to her friend. "You're right, Mary, Ashton is the *perfect* choice," she stated happily. "I promise that we'll write every day!"

"Don't make promises you can't keep," admonished Mary. "Now go tell Ashton the good news!"

Ashton was beside himself when he heard the news. The joy of going on the trip was only diminished by Mary's misfortune. That accident now gave him the chance of a lifetime. Karen was also delighted by the opportunity. During the next two days, Karen approached the school about giving Ashton permission to take the trip. The itinerary presented with the request, coupled with Ashton's excellent grades, convinced the administrators to approve the trip. Upon his return, Ashton would be required to make a presentation and would be given placement tests to see if he could skip the grade he would miss.

Arrangements were made to pickup a passport at Dulles Airport in Washington, DC. Ashton personally thanked Mary profusely, promised to think of her at every stop, and to write unfailingly. While Mary was saddened that *she* was unable to take the trip, the obvious joy and gratitude that Ashton exhibited in taking her place eased her pain and anguish.

Two days before they were to leave, as they were packing their bags, Lydia stopped dead in her tracks. All plans, arrangements, and accommodations had been made for two. They would share everything. The problem was that everything was set up for two *females*! Ashton was obviously *not* a girl!

When the dejected Lydia told the boy of their problem, he crashed. Karen was just as depressed about the unexpected roadblock that had reared its ugly head. Lydia and Ashton walked into Mary's room to tell her of their latest problem. She knew immediately something had gone wrong. When they explained their dilemma, she too was quite upset. After a few moments of reflective silence, Mary perked up.

"Ashton," she called to the sad-faced lad. "You said more than once while we were planning the trip that you'd 'give anything' to go on the trip. Do you *still* feel that way?"

"Well, sure," replied Ashton in obvious bewilderment. "But, what could I possibly do that would change our problem? Everything was arranged for two women. A girl could replace one of the women, but I'm a *boy*. The only way I could do this is if I were a girl!" The hanging head and forlorn tone of his voice made it obvious that he was quite upset by his inability to take Mary's place.

Lydia immediately caught on to Mary's idea. For several moments she examined the despondent boy, slowly nodding her head and smiling. Glancing to Mary, she saw the broad grin upon the face of her friend. Lydia winked, Mary did likewise. "Ashton, that's the answer! You're absolutely brilliant," Lydia praised the perplexed lad. "We can solve this problem quite easily! If you were a girl, we'd have no problem! While we can't change you from a boy into a girl, we can make you LOOK like a girl! If you really want to go on this trip, you'll simply have to do so as my *niece*!"

To say that Ashton was stunned would be an understatement. When he had innocently stated that he'd be able to take the trip if he were a girl, he hadn't been suggesting that he *become* a girl! How could he ever pretend to be a *girl*? "I'm *not* a sissy," he hastily replied in a hostile, anguished voice. After a few moments of contemplation, he went on in a now less certain voice. "Dad always said I was a sissy, and the guys at school are always teasing me about being a sissy. But I know I'm *not* a sissy!" The de-

fensiveness in his anguished voice left no doubt that he was quite sensitive about possibly being considered a sissy.

"No one *said* you were a sissy, Ashton," replied Mary compassionately. "All we said was that you would have to pretend to be a girl! I remember when you were younger that you would dress up like one of those Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and pretend to be one. No one ever thought that you *were* one, we all knew you were just pretending. All you have to do is act the part of a girl! Acting is an art form. A true actor can play *any* role, even that of a *girl*. Just because you play the character of a girl doesn't mean you're a "sissy". It's simply a role! Besides, if you do a good job, no one other than us and your mother need know! When you come home, you'll simply go back to being a boy."

After pausing a few moments to let Ashton think about what she had told him, Mary continued. "The fact that everyone teases you about being a sissy only proves that you appear a bit on the girlish side. Why, if we restyled your hair and put you in a dress, you'd make a very pretty girl!"

"Mary is right, Ashton," Lydia confirmed before the boy could rebut her condemning appraisal of his physical structure. "You'd simply be *portraying* a girl for the duration of the trip. Under these circumstances, I'm sure your mother won't object to your assuming the temporary identity of a girl. Besides, it's either that or we cancel the trip! You know we don't have any time to waste. If either of us want to take this trip, we have to go shopping to get you an entirely new wardrobe!"

Ashton found himself in a dilemma. His thoughts were in a turmoil. "Ever since I can remember," he mused silently to himself. "I've been doing all I can to deny that I'm a sissy. Granted, I'm not the typical, sports-oriented macho guy. Despite what Dad always claimed, though, I am far from being a limp-wristed pantywaist!"

Slowly the anger and fear gave way to logical thought and cool reasoning. "To give up my masculinity would be quite a sacrifice, but there really *isn't* any other way. If my schoolmates ever found out that I was going to pretend to be a girl, I'd never live it down. I'm quite certain if Dad were to find out, the crazy idiot would break out of prison just to kill me! Yet, this trip promises to be more than I'd ever dreamt of. Spending a year touring, visiting the greatest museums in the world, seeing the magnificent art, the ruins, the cultures, the people, the music!"

The sudden upswelling of the emotional high, the mere thought of those sights and sounds temporarily put aside, Ashton realized that he just *had* to go. *Any* sacrifice would pale by comparison to what was to be gained. "The experience of the trip would far outweigh any damage to my masculinity. Besides," he rationalized. "I know I'm *not* a sissy, I'm a real guy! It'll be just like they said, I'd simply be *acting* the role of a girl. I can handle *that*."

Mary and Lydia kept silent as they watched the lad wrestle with the problem. Both knew how fragile a man's self-esteem can be. The hours they spent together planning this dream trip had also made them quite aware of the tenuous nature of Ashton's masculine confidence.

Finally, a timid smile appeared upon Ashton's perspiring face. "I'll do it if Mother approves," he stated quietly but with firm determination. "But it's *only* a role! I'm *not* a sissy!"

Lydia crushed the boy to her as she replied. "We know you're not a sissy. It takes a *real* man to be willing to disguise himself as a girl. It's only the bullies who are so unsure of their manhood that have to constantly prove that they're 'real' men."

That bit of praise and reinforcement made Ashton feel better. Desperately, he latched onto that bit of wisdom. Many times during the next few trying days he would recall those words. When the fear of being a sissy became too great, he'd reassure himself by remembering that he was so confident in his inherent manhood that he could assume the role of "girl" without fear.

At first, Karen was apprehensive when they approached her about her son's need to masquerade as a girl to go on the trip. Their arguments swayed her, eventually. The need for Ashton to masquerade as a girl *did* seem quite logical.

Aunt Lydia called the three beauty shops in town with the best reputations, explaining the circumstances that necessitated Ashton's assumption of a girlish image. Two flatly refused to even consider aiding the deception. Fortunately, the third responded that they'd be only too glad to assist. Two hours later, a not too-certain Ashton entered *Alternative Images Beauty Salon*, the exclusive shop on the other side of town. When Lydia registered Ashton with the receptionist, the pretty woman critically examined the fidgeting, red-faced boy before breaking into a broad smile.

"Well, Ashton," she stated with genuine sincerity. "I'm sure that we won't have any difficulty helping you assume your role. If you'll please have a seat, I'll let Mr. Bangs know that you've arrived."

Barry Bangs, the owner of *Alternative Images*, was a decidedly effeminate, bubbly, energetic man. In stereotypical gay fashion, he first graciously kissed Lydia's hand before turning to the frightened boy to clasp his hands to his chest in unfeigned delight at the girlish potential he saw in the slight lad. Smiling broadly, the gaudily-dressed man shook hands with Ashton in limp-wristed manner. Ashton almost bolted as the lisping man lavished praise upon him. "Ashton, I must say that you are quite noble to acquiesce to take a role our so-called enlightened society selfishly deems unacceptable for males. It is *quite* understandable that you want no one to discover your ruse. You show great potential of become a *very* pretty girl! I'm not insulting you when I tell you that I don't think we'll have the *slightest* problem in creating a realistic, girlish appearance for you."

Before Ashton was able to reply, he'd been turned over to a trio of waiting women. Ashton found himself the center of a whirlwind of activity. While the women jabbered incessantly about how pretty they were going to make him, they deftly stripped him to his underwear before dropping a pink gown over his head. While one washed and conditioned his shoulder-length blond hair, a second began manicuring his toe nails, and a third began pouring a hot gooey white substance on his legs, arms, and trunk. They giggled in response to his inexperienced questions before explaining what each was doing.

One by one, as the wax dried, each strip was torn from his reddened flesh. Ashton had been unaware that the pale, nearly invisible peach fuzz hair that covered his slender body was rooted so deeply, or so easily removed! The pain created when the woman tore the dried wax from his flesh caused him to yelp in unexpected surprise.

Soon, they hustled him to the beautician's chair to trim and style his hair. While his hair was brushed and trimmed, more wax was poured onto his flesh. After his toenails had been manicured, that attendant moved on to his fingernails which were reshaped and polished a glossy pink. The brief "Snap!" of a piercing tool upon the lobe of his ears startled him for a moment. Then, in silence, he waited as three more "Snaps" followed the first to give him double-pierced ears.

The brushing and blow-drying of his hair went almost unnoticed; he scrunched his eyes closed in fear as an electrolysis needle was skillfully wielded. The intention was to thin his eyebrows to an acceptable state of femininity without going so far that he couldn't resume a masculine role. The final deed was an application of soft pink lip gloss, before he was allowed to redress in the clothes he'd worn upon entering the shop two hours earlier.

When they presented the shy, uncertain lad for approval, Aunt Lydia clapped her hands together with delight. "Ashton, you look simply divine!" she gushed enthusiastically. "If I didn't *know* you were a *boy*, I'd never in a million years dream you were anything but a pretty *girl*!"

Since they had not allowed him a glimpse of their handiwork, Ashton blushed profusely and shivered with trepidation at the unexpected compliment which he wasn't sure *was* a compliment. He was anxious to see what he looked like. "Do I *really* look like girl?" he wondered fretfully. "Or do I look like a sissy *boy*? I hope I look like a *girl*!" The admission of that hope made him feel awkward and confused.

Before he was allowed to see himself, Barry Bangs swished over and clasped his hands together in unfeigned delight. "Oh my," he gushed breathlessly. "You look simply scrumptious, my dear. I just wish *I* looked so cute when I was your age!" Turning towards Lydia, he admonished her. "Darling, you really shouldn't go around calling your lovely niece *Ashton*! Why someone might wrongly assume she was a horrid boy trying to dress up as a girl! You really should call her Ashley at all times. After all, you don't want to make a mistake at the wrong time!"

Barry's comments were obviously honest and heartfelt, which made Ashton squirm even more. Again, he wondered whether he was *really* doing the right thing by masquerading as a girl. Before he could decide, Barry spun him about to face a full-length mirror. What he saw flabbergasted him and left him utterly speechless.

Reflected in the mirror was a surprised tomboy. Even wearing worn blue jeans, a well-worn T-shirt promoting Earthday, and scruffy sneakers, she was quite pretty. It appeared as if "she" was just discovering "her" femininity. The softly-curled bangs of her blond hair made her heart-shaped face quite soft. The glossy pink lips added to the image of youthful exploration of awakening girlishness. Softly waved locks of full-bodied blond hair whispered against her shoulders. All in all, she appeared to be innocently naive and pure, but willing to learn about her girlishness. While he didn't want to admit that he'd been so easily transformed, he was forced to acknowledge that with-

out a doubt he *was* that girl! Ashton also had to admit that anyone who saw this girl would never imagine that she was really a *boy*. That knowledge made him feel better about his masquerade. It almost took his breath away to realize that even dressed in his boy clothes, he looked like a *girl*! The totality of the change shook him to the very core of his being. Doubts about his masculinity bubbled freely in his stunned mind.

In a daze, he allowed himself to be ushered from the beauty salon. The nonstop compliments of the staff washed over him like the waves of the ocean even after he exited the building. The last words of Barry Bangs rang in his newly-pierced ears. "Mrs. Dyer, I'm *sure* you'll want to get Ashley out of those horrid clothes she's wearing as soon as *possible*. Take her right over to Fairytale Fashions. Olivia Childress is the owner, and she'll be *delighted* to outfit Ashley. The boutique is just down the block. I'll call and let her know you're on your way!"

Olivia, a smiling grandmotherly woman, anxiously rushed to the front door of the trendy children's' boutique as soon as she hung up the phone. She and Barry shared an intense interest in feminized boys. Spotting Lydia and Ashton as they ambled down the sidewalk was quite easy due to the smile upon Lydia's face coupled with the securely held hand of the numbed tomboy. Experience enabled her to tell by the stunned expression upon Ashton's girlish face that he was the lad Barry had sent. Opening the door as they approached, she ushered Lydia and Ashton inside 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.

Ashton gazed about the forbidden sights in dumbfounded confusion as he followed the bubbling woman to a private dressing room in the back of the store. *Never* had he imagined the existence of a store that exemplified absolute girlishness. It was more than enough to make his "masculinity" shrivel. Fear, the desire to scream and flee the girlishness, the secrets waiting to be revealed, the temptation of the trip, the sacrifice taking the trip would require, all made his mind seethe with confusion and anguish. Before he was even aware of what was happening, he realized shamefully that he'd been stripped to his shorts.

Olivia quickly and efficiently took all his vital measurements, all the while asking his age and the reason for his assumption of a feminine guise. Satisfied with the answers, she did her best to put both at ease. "Barry Bangs and I are both quite liberal in our outlooks. We try our best to serve the needs of our customers, even when those needs require a male to dress as a female. Both Barry and 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 tomboy. 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!"

Turning to address Ashton she continued. "You are not the only boy to come here to be outfitted as a girl. I have *dozens* of boys as regular customers. Some dress as girls just for fun, others do so because they're forced. It's been proven that nothing settles a rowdy, disrespectful boy faster and more efficiently than putting him in petticoats. I'm sure you'll also be interested to know that *most* boys are reluctant when

they first come in to be outfitted, just as you are right now. They discover that they enjoy wearing pretty girls' clothes, once they overcome their shame.

"My intention is not to embarrass or humiliate you, but to *help* you. I do all I can to make you appear as girlish as possible. After all, if no one ever figures out that you're a boy, you can relax and enjoy being a girl! Most of the boys I've outfitted as girls are anything but 'faggots'. They like girls just like other boys; it's just that they respect and understand girls a lot better once they've experienced life *as* a girl. Most girls appreciate a boy who's understanding and sensitive to a girl's likes and dislikes. I dare say boys who dress as girls enjoy a much more active sex life than boys who have *never* masqueraded as a girl."

Lydia and Ashton were both thinking about her discourse and Olivia set to work. "Think about what I've just told you. You'll understand there's no need to be scared or ashamed of dressing a boy as a girl, as long as it's done with love and purpose." With that, she scooped up his discarded clothes and slipped from the room.

Ashton looked at Lydia, hoping for a reprieve from the odious need to dress as a girl. "Aunt Lydia...", he whined petulantly.

Lydia felt her heart go out to the lad since she knew the fears he felt were justified. Yet, the need to push on was undeniable to both. Besides, she felt herself being swept up in the bizarre circumstances. A long-denied need to nurture and mother, to have a child of her own to dress in girlishly dainty clothes, grew within her breast.

Despite the rationalization that they were only dressing Ashton as a girl to enable him to accompany her on their trip, she knew she secretly wanted him to make him as girlish as possible for her own enjoyment and fulfillment. "Ashton, don't...", she cautioned the desolate lad. "It'll only make it worse for both of us."

Ashton hung his head and sighed deeply. Aunt Lydia was right. It would be easier to forget that he was going to be dressed as a girl and just concentrate on the trip! The end was more important than the means.

Olivia returned in a few minutes to hand the still bewildered boy a matching panty and training bra set. "Take off your underwear and slip into these while I get some other things. Your Aunt can help you if you need assistance," she stated with authority before leaving them alone.

Ashton had instinctively accepted the offered clothing when Olivia handed it to him. Now, he stood facing the entrance to the dressing room holding the dainty lace edged pink nylon panties and stretch training bra at arm's length. He stared at them with wide-eyed horror as if they contained the Plague.

Lydia was barely able to stifle a laugh at the boy's unfeigned agony as he touched the heretofore hidden girlish delights. "Ashton..., Ashley," she chided gently. "You're going to *have* to get accustomed to wearing such dainty undies. That's all you'll have to wear during our trip! Now, stop being so shy and stand-offish. You must put yourself wholeheartedly into the role of a girl or we'll have to forget the entire trip!"

Ashton tore his eyes away from the panty and bra and turned about. He glared hotly at his aunt as if she had just sentenced him to the electric chair. Then, the earlier resolve that "the end justified the means" reasserted itself. Standing up straight,

he looked again upon the panty and bra, this time in a more controlled, logical manner. He had to admit they *did* look nice, and felt cool in his fingertips.

"Take off those nasty jockey shorts and let's get you dressed like a proper young lady," Lydia stated softly as she saw the resolve to see this ordeal through settle onto his demeanor. "It's about time you shed your tomboy image!"

The words resurrected his fears. Ashton looked at his aunt with undisguised trepidation. "But, Aunt Lydia," he whispered. "I'm not a *girl*!"

"Ashley!," Lydia replied in a firm but caring voice. "For the next year you must *be* a girl. Every second of every minute of every day, you *must* be a girl! Do you have any idea what will happen if we're in a foreign country and someone should discover that you're really a *boy*? We have no choice but to make sure you're behaving like a girl at all times. The softer and prettier the clothes you wear, like these dainty undies, the easier it will be for you to maintain your disguise. I'm sure you can imagine that wearing these panties and training bra will provide a very vivid and constant reminder that you are supposed to be behaving like a girl. Now stop wasting time! We must get you fitted for your new wardrobe. We leave the day after tomorrow; you've got to get accustomed to wearing skirts!"

"Skirts!" Ashton squawked with alarm. "You mean I have to wear *skirts*! I thought I could wear jeans or shorts and stuff!"

"Ashley," Lydia stated sadly, shaking her head in mild rebuke while placing a comforting hand upon his shoulder. "You will be wearing skirts or dresses most of the time. Visiting the museums and opera will require proper dress. The only time I can even conceive of a need to wear anything *but* a skirt is when we have to climb about some ruins or at a dig. Surely you realized that our itinerary will require that the majority of our time will be spent in skirts."

Ashton was dumbfounded. The need to wear a *skirt* had never occurred to him. Naturally he'd assumed that he'd wear jeans or shorts most of the time like the girls at his school. But now that Aunt Lydia had pointed out that their plans would indeed require skirts to worn most of the time, he had to concede that she was correct. A shiver swept his almost nude body as he raised the palsied hand that still held the seemingly diseased lingerie.

With dread, he gazed upon his future. A whole year wearing such naughty delights! Another shudder swept through him as he guiltily recalled the many times he'd attempted to catch an errant glimpse of a girl's panties when the wind blew her skirt in the air, or when she'd unconsciously part her thighs while sitting. A look of revulsion filled his face as he realized that now it was going to be *his* panties that other boys would be trying to see!

Lydia could read his thoughts and fears. "Ashley, you are *not* a sissy," she stated with sympathy. "A sissy would never try to look up a girl's skirt to see her panties. A sissy is too weak and cowardly to ever attempt such a thing. A sissy would be afraid of being caught. I'm quite sure that you took advantage of every opportunity to catch a glimpse of an unfortunate girl's undies. That alone proves that you are not a sissy. It proves that you're normal. That experience will actually put you at an advantage compared to real girls since you know what boys will do in an attempt to peek up your

skirts! Besides, only a boy who is confident and secure in his masculinity would so willingly agree to masquerade as a girl. You're actually proving yourself to be a *man* by dressing as a *girl*!"

Ashton looked at his aunt with a perplexed expression upon his confused face. What she said seemed true enough. He *had* often peeked up a girl's skirt. Several times he had even successfully created situations which resulted in awesome sights. Since he was less macho than most of the guys in his classes, and the girls insisted on mothering him, the girls weren't as wary of him, and thus played into his plots. A smile tweaked the corners of his mouth as he recalled that, twice, girls who had fallen victim to him realized that he had caught a glimpse of her panties. Both times he had taken advantage of his seeming lack of masculinity to successfully avoid their condemnation by feigning embarrassment and innocence. While he didn't like being labeled a "sissy" by his more macho classmates, it *did* have its advantages.

Aunt Lydia was quite correct. This was just a masquerade, it didn't mean that he was any less a man. The only thing he was sure about was that he didn't want anyone to see through his disguise. To be discovered as a boy dressing as a girl would be the ultimate humiliation. With that in mind, he made up his mind to try to be as girlish as possible.

Slowly, he turned his back on his Aunt to tug his jockey shorts off. As he stepped out of the sturdy cotton jockey shorts, he realized it would probably be the last time he did so for over a year. Embarrassed by his nudity, he quickly slipped the soft panties into place about his bottom. Strange electric-like tingles swept through his body as the delicate lace touched and caressed his legs and the dainty panties slid into place. Even more distressing was the surprising and quite unwanted erection that began the instant the soft nylon snuggled itself about his testicles and penis. The more he tried to will his swelling to subside, the larger he became. A most un-girlish bulge tented the panties from his crotch as his face turned beet red.

Ashton stood facing the entrance trying to push his obstinate penis back into its normal flaccid position. Olivia bustled into the room with her arms filled with girlish clothes. When he saw the woman, his embarrassment made him gulp guiltily; he wished the floor would open and drop him straight to hell. Even that would be preferable to his present predicament.

Olivia laughed aloud at his obvious discomfort. As she placed the clothes she brought on a counter, she spoke reassuringly and without condemnation. "Well Ashton, it looks like something has come up which will prevent you from appearing as a real girl. There's no need to be upset, darling, what's happened is quite normal. I have yet to put a lad into dresses that this hasn't occurred. It seems that those male appendages have a mind of their own. They become stubbornly insistent in demanding attention at the most inopportune times. I know *exactly* what to do to reduce that little monster."

Ashton felt confused, humiliated, exasperated, and frightened. Olivia's statements caught him as unprepared as the rest of this unusual situation.

Lydia was shocked. It had taken her a few moments to understand why Ashton was taking so long to settle the panties into place. The rapid reddening of his neck and face

confirmed her suspicions that he was aroused. Before she could think of how to react or comment to this unsuspected dilemma, Olivia had swept into the room. A very appalled Lydia merely stood by listening and watching as the woman took care of the problem.

Experience allowed Olivia to sense Lydia's building outrage. Such a reaction was not unusual from the person who brought a lad into her shop to be petticoated. "I'm sure you never suspected putting Ashton into girls' undies could have such an effect on him," she stated with mild condemnation. "This happens to *every* lad worth his salt. Such reactions normally occur whenever a boy sees the dainty delights worn by a girl. That's the main reason boys attempt to peek under a girl's skirt. Only a *very* naive woman wouldn't realize that a healthy male in his age bracket responds to feminine lingerie just as Ashton has done."

"I'm sure you know how sexy pretty lingerie makes a woman feel," Olivia continued. "Females have the benefit of having grown up wearing such delights while males simply try to catch a glimpse of what we wear. Just *imagine* how Ashton feels! Not only is he seeing the alluring lingerie at very close range, but he is actually *feeling* it caress his flesh! I've never known a male to resist such erotic stimulation. There are two ways to handle such arousal, either relieve it or prevent it. Since it was too late to prevent, I relieved it. In the future, you'll have to deal with this, one way or another."

Lydia felt the wind fall from her billowing sails of indignation. Sadly, she had to acknowledge that every word that Olivia said was true. Shame engulfed her as she recognized her naiveté. A desire to kick herself in the butt swept over her for a brief moment. Of *course* Ashton's reaction was quite normal for a boy his age; she should have anticipated it!

Anger at her own stupidity welled up within her as she recalled that she had even pointed out to Ashton that he was obviously a man and not a sissy because he had attempted to peer up a girl's skirt to see her lingerie. The only reason a boy would *do* such a dastardly thing would be because it was a *turn-on*!

Suddenly her anger subsided as fear that the trip would have to be canceled engulfed her. This unexpected revelation that Ashton would be regularly aroused by the lingerie he would have to wear threw another obstacle into their path. How would they be able to take this trip if poor Ashton became aroused every time he dressed? Lydia was not a prude, but she felt a strong repulsion to relieving the poor lad's arousal as Olivia had just done. It wasn't just the lad's youth that made her feel guilty about performing such an act; it would be incest to boot! *Now* what were they going to do?

Olivia waited and watched Lydia closely. The same thoughts, fears, and revulsion played across the older woman's face as Olivia had seen on so many others. When the time was right she went on. "Don't feel bad about this, Lydia. *Most* of the women who bring boys in to be dressed as girls never think of this aspect. They feel just as upset about it as you do. I can see that you don't like the idea of having to do what I just did, and to have the boy do it himself can be quite distressing. Why, every time he visits a bathroom you'll be wondering if he's playing with himself. The easiest thing to do is to prevent the problem from occurring in the first place. There are three basic ways by which this can be accomplished."