



Reluctant Press

Daughter Of Fate

Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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DAUGHTER OF FATE

by Patricia Smith

CHAPTER 1

Mom had a quirk about her I never really thought about until I got old enough to realize what it was that was happening (and by then it was too late). Mom's idea of sleepwear was nightgowns. Long ones and short ones, long sleeves, no sleeves or any length in between, plain or with frills or lace or both. Just as long as it was a nightgown that both she and I wore to our respective beds.

The problem was that I was born a boy, raised as a boy without a father and had to wear a nightgown to bed every night since as far back as I could remember. What made the problem worse was the fact that, having worn them for so long already, I liked my nighties and I had trouble sleeping if I wasn't wearing one of them.

I was about twelve when I came to realize that nighties and nightgowns were supposed to be exclusively feminine items of sleepwear. I tried to sleep in just my shorts but I felt naked that way and had to wear something else. I tried a pair of pajamas that Mom had but they were too uncomfortable for me. The only thing I could wear to bed that would give me a good night's sleep was a nightie.

When I turned thirteen, things took a definite change in direction. Mom felt I should have the kinds of nighties she had when she was my age. The hemlines rose higher and higher 'til my shorts were exposed when I wore them. The materials changed from cotton to nylon and Mom promised me if I took care of them properly, she would get me silk and satin ones, too. The colors changed to brighter solid shades instead of the pastels I had worn before. I still liked my nighties.

White jockey shorts sticking out the bottom of a red nylon shortie nightie looked really out of place so Mom bought me nylon boxer shorts to match the colors of the nighties I had. She liked me better that way and I found the boxers to be comfortable,

too. I had about a dozen different colored nighties by then and matching boxers to go with them.

Mom explained to me the reason that she started me wearing nighties in the first place was because she really liked them and wanted me to learn to like them, too. That way we would always have something in common and we would always have a connection no matter how old we got or where we eventually went in our lives. We would have a spiritual connection through the fact that we both liked to wear our nighties when we went to bed.

As I got older, barely noticeable changes began to happen here and there in my sleepwear. No one but me and Mom knew that I wore girls' sleepwear to bed. I got a new yellow shortie nightie with white lace trim on the yoke and the matching boxers didn't have the fly opening in front like my other boxers had. I didn't think much of it and wore the set anyway because Mom liked to see me in it and it was comfortable to sleep in. From that point on, all my new boxers didn't have had the fly opening anymore.

Since Mom viewed me in my nighties for an hour or two before I actually went to bed, she asked me if she could liven them up a bit so they didn't seem so dull. I didn't mind so, I told her to do it. She added lace trim to my boxers so they would match my nighties more. Now they truly were matching sets.

The rest of my boyhood was about as normal as that of any other boy my age with a single parent. I never got into any real trouble and I had good grades in school, a few friends I hung out with and I liked girls. I just had a secret I couldn't tell anyone about. I mean, how does a boy tell other boys (or even girls) that he can't sleep if he's not wearing a nightie? I couldn't tell anyone *that!*

I kept getting new nighties as time went by and the old ones were discarded. Nylon, silk and satin nighties and pretty trimmed boxers to go with them. When I turned sixteen, Mom got me my first babydoll nightie set. It came in three pieces, nightgown, peignoir and panty. Yes, it was a panty this time! She told me that the set didn't come with boxers and that boxers to go with it weren't even available, so if I wanted to wear it, I had to wear the panty as well.

The panty was a full brief style with thin elastic at the waist and leg openings delicately trimmed with eyelet lace. They were made of a double layer of the same black and sheer silk that the other two pieces were made of. They were a good and comfortable fit though they did nothing to hide my male parts between my legs. It was a good thing that only Mom would see me wearing it; she saw me naked often and it didn't bother her in the least. At home, Mom and I had nothing to hide from each other, least of all our bodies.

I liked my babydoll nightie set, so Mom got me more of them now. She really liked to see me in them. I went from wearing fly-less and lacy boxers with shortie nighties to wearing pretty panties with my babydoll and shortie nighties sets. But only at night. I still wore my jockey shorts under my other male clothing when I got dressed for my day.

I was a late bloomer. That's all there was to it as far as my doctor was concerned. Seventeen years old and I still hadn't hit puberty. No muscle on my slim frame, no

trace of hair on my lithe body, no sign of the impending facial hair that other guys my age had, no change of voice either. My doctor told me that I might be one of those rare men who didn't reach puberty till they were well into their twenties. I hoped that wasn't the case with me. "Wait and see" was the only option I had for now. There was nothing else I could do.

I turned eighteen and graduated from high school with the rest of my class. Now I had to decide on what I wanted to do with the rest of my life. College was available to me if that was what I wanted, but I just didn't know. I hadn't decided on a career that I would like to pursue.

Mom suggested I take a year off to just kick around and think about things. Try my hand here and there and find out what it was that I wanted to do. We seemed pretty well off so I didn't have to work unless I really wanted to. But it was always a good idea to have a trade of some kind to fall back on if it was needed. I was an adult and I had to make my own choices and decisions.

CHAPTER 2

Lazy! That was how I felt on that Saturday morning. I didn't want to do anything and I didn't want to go anywhere and I didn't get dressed as soon as I got up. I went into the kitchen for my morning coffee wearing all three pieces of my pretty pink baby-doll nightie set and surprised Mom who was dressed and reading the paper already.

"Good morning, Kim," she greeted me in her usual and cheery voice. "Feeling a bit lazy this fine morning, are we?"

"Mornin' Mom. Yeah. I don't feel like doing anything."

"I have days like that too," she told me.

"So how do you kick them?" I asked her.

She took a sip of her coffee, then gave me a big grin as I sat down opposite her at the table. "I start off with a long and hot bubble bath, then put on my prettiest and sexiest clothes to go out and do some serious shopping. It always works for me."

"That doesn't help me much, Mom," I said. "Guys don't take bubble baths or wear pretty and sexy clothes to go out shopping."

"What are you wearing right now?" she asked me with a serious look.

"I'm not wearing this to go out shopping in!" I told her.

"Of course not. But it is pretty and it is sexy, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is. But I like it and you like it and I've always worn nighties and now I can't get used to anything else for bed. I'm not going out in it."

"I'm not suggesting that you do, Kim. But boys can have a bubble bath just as easily as girls can and there is nothing wrong with it. It's like your nighties. No one but

you and I will ever know that you took a bubble bath. You can use my bubble bath oil in the white bottle. It's unscented so no one can smell it on you. As for pretty clothes, I have a matching set of underwear I bought for myself that was sized wrong. It won't fit me but it might fit you. Once bought, underwear cannot be returned to the store for any reason."

"And you want me to wear your underwear now?" I asked with surprise.

"I haven't worn it, no one has. If it fits you, it can be *your* underwear. So it's a little naughty? But it might make you feel good to wear it under your male attire. Then we can go out together and do some serious shopping together."

"This is crazy you know, Mom. Isn't it bad enough that I'm addicted to wearing girls' nighties for bed? Now you want me to wear the underwear as well? What's next? A dress, heels and makeup?"

She laughed then. "That's not a bad idea, Kim. You'd look pretty good all done up as a girl."

"Forget it, Mom. I don't want to be a girl."

"You don't have to be a girl to dress up as one, Kim," she told me seriously.

"I don't have to dress up as one either!" I told her.

"No, you don't at that, dear. But it sure would be nice to find out just how pretty you could be if you were to try it. It's not all that bad, Kim. So, you want the bubble bath and underwear?"

"I don't know, Mom. I just don't feel like doing anything at all."

"Trust me, Kim. A long and hot bubble bath will make you feel a lot better. Try it. I know you'll like it. After the bath you can decide if you want to try the underwear, too."

"Just what do you call underwear in this instance, Mom?"

"Well, there is a very pretty pair of lacy bikini panties there. The matching bra has lace three-quarter cups but only the cups are my size. Then there's the matching garter belt. The bra and garter belt are in pink satin and French lace and the panties are pink silk with the same lace. They're a set. Nylon stockings are one-size-fits-all, so I can give you a pair of mine."

"Do I really need the bra and garter belt to go with the panties? I mean, the panties themselves may be fun to wear, I admit, but the rest of it sounds too far out for me."

"It's a set, dear. You might like it, you might not. But you won't know 'til you try it. The cups on the bra can just hang empty for now. We don't need to fill them with anything unless you want to try and look like a girl and wear a dress too, and that wouldn't be a bad thing either." She gave me a smile and a wink then. She wanted me to do it and to like it. I didn't want to be a girl. "Bubble bath dear?"

I agreed to try her bubble bath so we finished our coffee and she led the way back up the stairs. I went to my room and removed my nightie while she went to the bathroom and ran me a bath. Since Mom and I didn't hide ourselves from each other, I walked naked from my room into the bathroom where she stood to one side and let me

climb into the tub of rapidly filling hot water and the foamy white bubbles. I sat down quickly to adjust to the temperature on my skin. I still didn't feel like doing much of anything today.

"Lay back and soak, dear. Don't even think about washing 'til almost all of the bubbles have disappeared. I'll meet you here after your bath and you can decide then if you want to try the underwear."

I did as I was told. I lay back and soaked in the sea of white bubbles and tried not to think about anything. Why was I in this lazy mood anyway? It didn't make sense to me. Neither did my wearing that underwear that Mom had available for me. Girls' underwear made no sense to me as a guy. But then again, when I thought about it, neither did the nighties that I wore to bed. I liked them and I couldn't sleep without them and it didn't make any sense to me at all. I was a guy! I was supposed to like guy things! But I did like a lot of the sexy and girlish things no guy was supposed to like and I always had. Could it be any worse for me to try other girl things? But what if I liked them, too? Where was this going to end? Still, Mom was right. I wouldn't know for sure 'til I tried them. I was curious now too. I *had* to try them.

I soaked in the bubble bath 'til the water cooled and the sea of bubbles diminished to almost nothing; I could see to the bottom of the tub. I washed my long light brown hair with shampoo, used the creme rinse, then used Mom's beauty bar soap to wash my body with. Clean, I climbed out of the tub to dry off with a large bath towel, then wrapped it around my waist to kneel down to drain and clean out the tub. Where ever Mom was in the house, she could hear the draining water and knew I was finished my bath.

"Well, dear?" she asked me from the doorway. "Have you made up your mind?"

"You're right, Mom. I won't know what its like 'til I try it. I'm curious now."

"Nothing wrong with that, Kim. Lets see if we can't satisfy your curiosity."

Mom led me to her bedroom where she had the things already laid out on her bed. "I always put on my garter belt and stockings first, Kim, so I think that's where you should start too," she told me. I had to lose the towel so Mom could wrap the garter belt around my waist, pull the ends together behind my back and close them up. It was a snug fit on me. "It has to be tight to hold up the stockings," she told me. I had to plant my bare butt onto her bed as she got out a new pair of sheer nylon stockings and opened the plastic wrap package. She unraveled the stockings, sorted them out and began to roll one up in her hands.

I looked over at the other things I had to try on soon. "They don't fit you at all?" I asked her.

"Pick them up, Kim. Look at the labels. I wear a 38C bra and a size large panty." She sat down on my other side and had me lift a foot as I inspected the labels of the bra and panty. They said they were the sizes that she wore. I felt the nylon stockings fitting over my toes and pulled past my heel to be unraveled up my leg. It was a sensually delicious feeling that made me shiver as I watched Mom loosely attach the vamp to one garter tab. "We'll get them both on you, then you can stand so we can fasten them properly."

She got the other stocking onto my leg and I stood. One foot on the floor, the other with the heel resting on her bed so she could smooth the stocking up my leg and attach it tautly to the three dangling garter tabs on that side. Then the other leg. The sheer and taut stockings were an exhilarating feeling on my hairless legs. She went to her dresser and pulled open a drawer to take out a pair of her panties. "Try these on, dear," she told me.

"Mom! I'm not supposed to wear yours, am I?"

She grinned at me. "The label says they're the same size but mine will be too big for you. I want you to try them so you see the difference."

I accepted the panties and checked the label first. Size large alright. I stepped into them and pulled them up my legs, getting another thrill of delight from the soft silk being in contact with the sheer nylon and settled the waistband at my waist. They slid down a bit when I let go of them and when I moved, they slid all the way down my legs to my ankles. "Okay. They're too big on me," I told her as I removed them and gave them back to her. I picked up the other pair from the bed and stepped into them for another thrill of delight as I put them on. They were a snugger fit on me and they stayed up when I let go of them. Not as far up as Mom's went on me since these ones were bikini panties more my size. I had small male parts and I made sure to tuck them into the crotch as I did when I wore jockey shorts. The silk felt nice and the pink lace looked nice as I saw myself in her dressing mirror.

"Try one of my bras," she offered as she stepped up to me with it. I held up my hands as she told me to and she put her bra onto me and did it up behind my back. It was so loose I could move it around from side to side and up and down. Then she took it off of me and I checked the label. 38C! She helped me into the other bra and it was a snug fit on my chest when she had it done up behind my back. She made some adjustments to the shoulder straps, then stepped back to look at me. "Looks good to me, Kim," she said, without a grin this time. "Of course it would look even better if you had a pair of tits but we won't go there. How does everything feel? Think you can try it for the day?"

"For the whole day, Mom!?"

"Sure. Why not? Girls wear them all day and every day. It's not much of a try if you just put it on to take it right off again."

"I can manage I think with the garter belt, stockings and panties. I don't know about the bra."

"So, try it for one day and see. What's it going to hurt?"

"No one is going to know I'm wearing them?" I asked her.

"You wear your jeans over the lower half of your body and your socks will cover your ankles. I'll have to see you with a shirt on to know if the bra can be seen through it." I went to my bedroom and put on a pair of dress socks, then one of my everyday shirts. Mom was watching from the doorway. "Yup. I can see the bra right through the shirt, Kim. C'mon back to my room. I think I have an old chemise that you can wear under the shirt."

“And a chemise is what?” I asked her as I followed her back to her room.

“Its like a really short full slip, though it could pass for a long undershirt when viewed through your shirt,” she told me. She rummaged through her closet to find it.

“If it can fit me it wouldn’t fit you. Why would you even have it?”

“Years and years ago I had several favorite dresses that I loved to wear. As I outgrew them in size and style, I saved them to remind me of the fun I had when I wore them. I still have the dresses and the chemises I wore with them. They might fit you now.”

“I’ll try the chemise but you can keep the dresses,” I told her.

“Whatever,” she replied as she took out a pink dress, removed it from the hanger to show me the chemise that hung below it. She removed it from the hanger as well. I had my shirt off by then, so she rolled it up to pull it over my head, let me put my arms in and arranged it down my body to barely cover the panties that I wore. “Its a pretty nice fit, though a bit loose through the chest. Try on your shirt and we can see what shows.”

I put my shirt back on. “The chemise is pretty short,” I said. “And the dress is longer?”

“Not by much. Back then I wore pantyhose instead of stockings. Girls generally stop growing when they’re about thirteen years old. Some grow till they’re in their twenties, like I did. This was from before I stopped growing. Turn around. I can barely see the outline of the chemise and it does look like an undershirt to me. It should do.”

“You don’t wear pantyhose anymore Mom?” I asked her.

“Once in a while, not too often. I prefer a garter belt with a pair of stockings. Go and put your jeans and shoes on.”

I did as I was told, then brushed and blow dried my hair. I was still in a lazy and lethargic mood. I didn’t feel like doing a damned thing. I sure didn’t feel like going out anywhere with Mom, particularly now that I was wearing feminine underwear. I looked in my own mirror and could barely see the outline of the chemise I had on over the bra. It did look like an undershirt to me, too. It sure didn’t feel like one, though. I could see no trace of the garter belt, stockings or panties through the coarse material of my jeans. I found Mom in the kitchen having another cup of coffee. I joined her.

“Feeling any better, Kim?” she asked me as I sat down again.

“Not really. I still don’t feel like doing anything.”

“Yeah. When I get that mood I have to push myself to accomplish anything. Shopping?”

“For what? What do we really need?”

“Need has nothing to do with it, Kim. This is for want. What do we want?”

“I want to kick this feeling. That’s about it.”

“Shopping! We drive downtown, look in the store windows, find something we might want and buy it. It works for me, Kim.”

“I can’t think of anything I would want, Mom.”

“We have to go and look first, Kim. You never know ‘til you’re there what you will want. How does the underwear feel now that you have it on?”

“The bra and the garter belt are going to take some getting used to. The rest of it’s okay.”

“Just okay?”

“Alright. The stockings are awesome, the panties are better than I thought they could be and the chemise is wonderful. What do you want from me, Mom?”

“I want you to enjoy yourself, Kim. Staying cooped up in the house all day isn’t any fun at all. Being in that mood makes it worse. So, lets go out and buy you some more stockings of your own, some more of the bikini panties and maybe a couple of bras. We can get you some pantyhose so you can try them, too.”

“I don’t know that I want all that, Mom,” I told her.

“Well I want it for you. Humor me. Besides, it’ll be fun for both of us. I promise.”

So I agreed to go with her. I’d just end up having an argument with Mom if I didn’t and I wasn’t in the mood for that either. We finished our coffee, cleaned up a bit in the kitchen, she got her purse and we left the house together. Mom was in the mood for shopping. I wasn’t.

CHAPTER 3

The first place Mom took me to was a lingerie store she visited frequently. It was the store where she’d bought me most of my nighties and it had been awhile since she’d been in there so she wanted to see if they had anything new in. I wasn’t all that comfortable about going into a lingerie store, but I was with Mom and its where she wanted to go, so I followed her inside.

Outside it had a single display window with a back to it so you couldn’t see inside the store itself and the door was covered. Inside, it was huge. Aisles laid out between bins of undies, racks at the far end and shelves along the walls. Displays were scattered about here and there, showing off what was on sale. I saw the nighties that were on sale and instantly wanted a new one or two. I was addicted to them, after all. But Mom was in charge and she led the way to the bins where she began to pick out pairs of bikini panties for me, all in size medium. Nylon, silk and satin, with loads of lace on them. She picked out about a dozen pairs of them, all for me. Then she chose a pair of garter belts for me as well as a couple of bras to go with them. She picked out a supply of stockings in both nylon and silk for me, then got some pantyhose, too. I still wanted a new nightie so she helped me pick out one from the large selection as well. She paid for all of her choices and we left the store together.

“How do you feel now, Kim?” she asked me as we walked down the street together.

“Better,” I told her. “Much better.”

“I thought so. Shopping always does it for me. We’ll put these things in the car, then go and do a bit more shopping. We have to make sure that mood disappears for good.”

We stopped by the car to drop off the bags we were carrying, then went by a small and quiet cafe where we got a bite to eat. Mom loved to shop and I no longer minded it.

Mom took me to a sex shop and it was the first time I had ever been in such a place. Sex toys and sexy apparel for both sexes was on display and I tried not to look at any of it. She knew what she was looking for there and she knew where to get it. She bought a pair of breast forms and I guessed that they were for me, to fill out the bra I was wearing. I didn’t want them but I couldn’t tell her in front of the sales girl who was serving her.

I looked at the magazine rack, which was a mistake in this place. All of the magazines were geared towards the sex trade. Naked women and naked men, sadism and masochistic magazines, the schoolgirl look for older women, leather and lace, too. There was even magazines about crossdressers, men who were dressed as women, some of them looking pretty good, most of them quite bizarre. I averted my eyes and saw a display of dildoes. Everywhere I looked I saw something to do with sex. I didn’t like this place.

“You go in there often?” I asked Mom when we were outside again.

“It takes some getting used to, Kim. But sex is a fact of life. Everyone does it sooner or later and some people need it regularly. Children aren’t possible without it. In answer to your question, no, I don’t go in there often. I just stop by from time to time to look. This is the first time I ever bought anything in there.”

“I hope those things aren’t for me,” I said. “I don’t think I need them.”

“You should have said something before I bought them.”

“You could have warned me and we could have talked about it. I wasn’t going to say anything in front of that girl. I didn’t want her to know they were for me.”

“She knew anyway. She told me that you would look great as a girl.”

“You want me to be a girl, Mom?” I sighed.

“I didn’t say that, Kim!”

“First you get me addicted to wearing nighties to bed. Then you get me to have a bubble bath and to wear girls’ underwear. Now you’ve bought me a lot more girls’ underwear and a pair of breast forms. All I can see is that you want me to make use of them, like a girl!”

“*Like a girl isn’t a girl*, Kim. I love you as you are, but I would like to see what you would look like as a girl. I admit it! What single mother wouldn’t want to know what it would be like to have a daughter? I will never have one and I know it. I’m just curious to know what it would be like to have one. That’s all.”

“I took a look at the magazine rack in there. There’s a lot of magazines about cross-dressing.”

“Lots of boys and men do it, dear. So what?”

“So, most of them looked quite bizarre. That’s what. I don’t want to look that way.”

“You don’t have to. The bizarre ones were probably models done up to look that way. Or they could have been those exhibitionists who like to shock people with what they do to themselves. I’ve seen a lot of men dressed as women and most of them made very presentable females. Sure, you’ll always find the odd one here and there that looks exactly like what he is, a man dressed up as a woman. But they’re a minority when it comes to crossdressing. You can look around and find a lot of women who look terrible as women and they’re a minority, too. Lets go in here, dear.”

“What’s in this store Mom?”

“Clothes. I want to see what’s new since the last time I was here.”

“Not for me, I hope.”

“No, dear. This is for me now.”

I followed Mom into the store and held the bag with the breast forms in it and her purse while she went through the racks of slacks. Nothing caught her interest. She looked through the racks of skirts next, then the racks of blouses, too. I stayed close to her so everyone who saw me would know that the purse I was holding was hers. She went back to dig out a skirt and bring it over to match it to a blouse, then she asked my opinion on it. I didn’t have an opinion to give her just then. She ignored me as she continued to match blouses to the skirt and finally settled on two blouses and two skirts that she could mix and match. I followed her to the shoe department where she picked out a couple of pairs of high-heeled shoes to go with her new outfits. Of course she had to get the matching purses, too. Then she went by the lingerie department and picked out half slips with matching camisoles to go with her skirts and blouses. She picked out a teddy, too. I wasn’t interested in any of it since I didn’t see any nighties on display.

Mom took her purse back from me at the cash counter and paid for the things she’d picked out for herself. She didn’t try any of them on, which I thought was a bit odd. I thought women tried on every bit of clothing they could before they bought it. Lingerie excluded, of course. But the dressing rooms were in full use already so maybe she just wanted to avoid the lineups.

“That wasn’t so bad now, was it, Kim?” Mom asked me when we hit the street again.

“It was awful!” I said. “I was the only guy in there! I felt like everyone was staring at me.”

“They were just jealous, Kim.”

“Jealous of what, Mom?”

“That my son would go shopping with me and they can’t get their sons or husbands or boyfriends to help them shop. A lot of women dream of having the men in their lives help them shop. Most of them end up doing it all by themselves. They were jealous, plain and simple.”

“Are we done now, Mom?” I asked her.

“We can be. Why? You want to go home?”

“Yeah. Its starting to get hot out and I’m wearing too many clothes to be comfortable in the heat.”

“Okay, so lets go home then.”

We got to the car, put everything into the back seat, got into it and Mom drove us home. We loaded up when we got there and got everything into the house in one trip, then up the stairs and into my room. Mom immediately sat down on my bed to unpack the lingerie she had bought for me and began to remove the tags from them so she could find room for them in my dresser drawers.

Panties, bras, garter belts, stockings and pantyhose! It reminded me of the underwear that I had on at that moment. The garter belt was tight on me, but it was still comfortable and useful since it held up the nylon stockings that felt so great on my legs. I would try the new ones, too. I would try the pantyhose as well since I thought they might be even better than the garter belt and stockings were. The panties were okay. I could wear them just as well as a pair of shorts so I figured I could make use of them, too. So what if they were girls’ panties? I wore nighties and all the ones I had now had panties to go with them, too. The bras were useless for me until Mom went and bought the breast forms for me. Having them now meant that I had to wear a bra to hold them in place.

“Would you take off your male clothing please, Kim?” Mom asked me.

“Why?” I asked her as I began to remove my shoes and unbutton my shirt.

“I want to see how your new bras fit. Look at the label. These ones say they’re a size 30B. I want to make sure they are the right size.”

I got my shirt off and she insisted I remove my jeans and socks too. I did. Then she helped me out of the chemise and the bra to help me into the new bra and make the adjustments to the straps for me. Then she got the breast forms and inserted one into each of the sagging bra cups.

“You almost look like a real girl right now, Kim,” she told me. I turned to look in my mirror.

“Not even close,” I informed her. “I look like what I am. A guy wearing girls’ underwear.”

“It wouldn’t take much to make you appear more feminine,” she said.

“I’m not into this, Mom. I don’t *want* to look like a girl.”

“I know, Kim. But you’ve gone this far already. Please? Just a bit further?”

“How much further?” I asked her. “I don’t want any makeup at all.”

“I don’t have any makeup for you and I don’t share mine with anyone. I would just love to see how you would look in one of your new skirts and blouses with a pair of your high-heeled shoes too.”

“Mine!?” I gasped.

“Certainly, dear. They’re too small for me! I bought them for you!”

“Aw shit, Mom!”

“Watch your mouth, Kim. Lingerie is nice but you can’t run around the house all day in nothing but underwear. So I bought you a couple of outfits, too. The point is you get to experience a bit more of what it’s like to be a girl and I get to experience a bit of what it’s like to have a daughter. No one else ever has to know about it since its just you and me here. Please, Kim?”

I hated hearing her beg me to do anything. She was always good to me so I always tried my best to please her. She had gotten me hooked on wearing nighties and I couldn’t stop it even if I’d wanted to and I knew it. I also wanted the prettier ones and she got them for me without a fuss. Yeah, I was wearing the female underwear she’d gotten by mistake and the bra she’d bought for me on purpose. It was just the two of us here and no one ever came to call. She’d bought the skirts and blouses for me and it wouldn’t hurt me at all to at least try them on, would it?

“Okay, Mom, I’ll try this for you. But do me one favor, okay? Don’t ever buy me any-more girl things except nighties without talking to me first, okay?”

“I’ll try dear. It’ll be hard, but I’ll try.”

I was wearing pink underwear so Mom had me wear the pink camisole and blouse. The blouse was semi-sheer and very pretty with the long ballooned out sleeves and tight cuffs. The buttons were backwards and I tried to do them up myself but had trouble, so she finally helped me close them all the way up to the standup collar trimmed with the frilly edging. I have to admit that the soft half slip sliding up over my stockinged legs was an unexpected thrill of delight, though I didn’t find it an *erotic* thrill. Just a delicious sensation I had never felt before. The steel blue-gray skirt was a slim style and confined my movements once I got it on. It closed with a button and short zipper behind my back. The hemline was just above my knees and Mom had to arrange my slip so it didn’t show through the short slit up the back. The shoes were three-inch pumps that were the same color as the skirt. They fit and they hurt like hell, too. They made me stand on my toes and I wasn’t used to it. Mom began to pull the elastic that held my long hair in its ponytail.

“What’re you doing?” I asked her.

“I don’t have any makeup for you but I do want to see you as more of a girl now. I’m just going to brush it differently so you will look more feminine. I can do that, can’t I?”

“Yeah, might as well.” I was wearing all girls’ clothes anyway. Might as well let her do the hair, too.

She removed the elastic band and fluffed my hair out around my shoulders. Then she got my brush and had me sit on my bed so she could get to the top of my head easier. I always just brushed it straight back and put it into a ponytail at the base of my neck, like the other guys who wore their hair long. Mom parted it in the middle of my head and brushed it down on all sides. Then she took the front hair and tucked it behind my ears and brushed the side hair over it. It was out of my face and hanging neatly about all around me. I had to look a lot more like a girl with my hair brushed like this, dressed like this.

“Berettes would help a lot, Kim. Sit still and I’ll find a pair for you.” She rushed from my room to hers while I remained where I was on my bed. She was back within minutes with a pair of pink berettes which she used to hold my front hair back and out of my face. “You look very nice now, dear,” she told me.

I stood up and carefully made my way to stand in front of my mirror and see for myself. I was dressed as a girl in nothing but girls’ clothes and my hair did look more feminine this way, especially with the pink berettes standing out atop my head. But my face was still the same one it had always been and I didn’t think I looked anything like a real girl. I wasn’t disappointed with the way I looked and I wasn’t happy with it either. I had done this to make Mom happy and she was smiling broadly behind me.

“Okay,” I said as I turned to face her. “I did it. I tried it. Can I change into my own clothes now?”

“NO!” she cried out instantly. “You can’t put it on and take it right off! That’s not fair! You have to give it a chance before you say you don’t like it! Please, Kim. Give me today at least. You have to learn to walk in the heels, too. That takes time and I doubt you can learn it in one day. I do want you to like dressing as a girl once in a while and I want to be able to savor those moments myself. Please, Kim?”

What could I say? “Okay, Mom. With all the expense you’ve gone to already I guess I can try it for one day. Just don’t expect me to answer the door if someone rings the bell and don’t let anyone in until I can get into my room. I don’t ever want anyone else to see me dressed like this.”

CHAPTER 4

I was used to wearing nylon, silk, satin and lace in my nighties, but they were looser on me and so wonderful to wear to bed. The garter belt I had on was made of satin but it was really tight around my waist as it sat atop my hip bones and kept my nylon stockings taut. Noticeably tight though not uncomfortably tight. The taut stockings were deliciously sensual and I could admit that to myself. What can I say about the silk and lace bikini panties? Soft, smooth, sensual as they covered my male parts and not much else. I didn’t mind that they didn’t come up to my waist as I could enjoy them where they sat. The bra was another matter since it would take some getting used to. A satin and Lycra combination and the forms kept the cups filled and standing out in front of me. The bouncing boobs in the cups were new to me as well. But the straps didn’t hurt me so I could manage it for a day. Camisole, half slip, blouse and skirt, soft, smooth, sensual and so feminine. The shoes were a bitch but they were what a girl would wear with that outfit so it made sense to me that Mom had bought them for me. One day and that was it!

Mom got the rest of the things she’d bought for me put away in my closet and dresser drawers and went downstairs to begin making dinner for us. The one day was going to be over very soon anyway so I had only a few hours to go as I was. All I had to

do was to practice walking in the shoes and get as good as I could in them in the few hours I had. Good or not, one day was all I was giving her.

I found my balance in the high heels and took tentative steps as I slowly made my way out of my room and to the head of the stairs. The stairs felt weird to me in the heels as I held onto the railing with one hand and balanced myself with the wall on the other side. One stair at a time, heel and toe making contact with the stair at the same time, hands holding on tightly with each step. But I made it down without falling and went into the living room to walk around slowly.

The slim-line skirt limited my step and that, I found, was a good thing now. A larger step threw me off balance. Small steps. Point my toes forward instead of to the side as I used to walk as a guy. Girls did the same things differently than guys and I was learning that fact quickly now. I found that if I put my hip into each step that I could maintain my balance even better. That probably gave my rump the same swish that a lot of girls had in their walk. But I couldn't very well be dressed as a girl complete with the shoes and expect to look like a guy as I walked around this way. So what if I swished? So long as it wasn't an exaggerated swish, I could live with it for a few hours. I could walk without holding onto anything so I walked into the kitchen and surprised Mom.

"Kim! That's excellent!"

"Thanks," I said as I slumped onto a chair. "Damned shoes hurt. How do you wear them all day long and every day?"

"Practice. With enough of it you can wear the shoes without a second thought. You're doing fine now but I doubt you'll do so well after a brief rest."

"You think so?"

"I know so. Girls generally start playing with high heels early on in their lives. They have years of practice before they wear their first pair out and they still have trouble with them. You've worn them less than an hour now and you think you won't have a problem? Think again, dear."

"I said I'd give you one day, Mom, and I meant it. I'll keep on trying 'til its time to go to bed."

"A day usually has twenty-four hours in it. Now you're saying you'll only give me today. That's a lot less than one full day, Kim."

"Aw Mom! You want tomorrow too?"

"I just want one full day which is what you said you would give me."

I did say one day but I meant today. Now she wanted most of tomorrow to make the twenty-four hours that made up a full day. That sucked! Still, one full day wasn't out of the question. Just as long as she stuck to the rules. I never wanted anyone but her to see me dressed up like this.

Mom was right. Standing and walking after a brief rest was a lot harder than if I had continued to walk right through. I had to find my balance all over again and remember to put my hip into each short step as I pointed my toes straight ahead. A few minutes was what it took and I was walking like a girl again, with the gentle swish of

my ass and hips helping me to maintain my balance. No hands as I helped Mom set the dining room table for our dinner.

I made it through dinner and the evening with Mom and she came to my bedroom with me to help me get changed into my nightie for bed. She helped me strip down 'til all I had on was the bra with the forms still in the cups. She felt that the bra and forms gave me a girlish figure so she wanted me to wear them for the night, under my nightie. One night! If it made Mom happy, I could try it. She stood back and watched as I put on my pink nightie to try and match the color of my bra.

Yeah, it was my bra and my boobs just as much as it was my babydoll nightie. It felt nice, yet odd, to wear my lovely nightie and have it stand out from me in the front like that. Panties, nightie and peignoir and Mom had me keep my hair done that way. Now it was time for our Saturday night popcorn and a movie before bed. I didn't have girls' slippers since I always wore my nighties barefooted about the house once I had them on.

I'm sure I would have been quite a sight had anyone else seen me like that. Twin protruding bumps on my chest covered by multiple layers of sheer pink silk decorated with lots of lace and ribbons. Obvious male parts between my legs not even concealed inside the sheer pink panty I wore. But I was comfortable, except for the bra, and Mom liked to see me this way, so who cared what anyone else would think? They would never have the chance to see me like this.

It was a funny thing, I never really considered my nighties as being girls' clothes before. They were made for girls but they were what I had always worn to bed and I was a boy. Now that I wore my bra with my fake boobs in the cups, I felt that my nighties were really girls' lingerie. I had a whole new way of looking at myself and the things I did like to wear. It was weird.

I didn't eat any of the popcorn Mom had made as I pondered my situation throughout the course of the movie she was watching. I was an eighteen year-old guy, supposedly a young man, at this time and I hadn't even entered puberty yet. That wasn't my fault and I couldn't do anything about that. But I did like to wear nighties to bed, girls' sexy lingerie, and that wasn't my fault either. It was what I was raised to do and I couldn't sleep without them now. I had a lot of girls only underwear in my room and I was going to make use of most of them. I had a couple of skirts and blouses and high-heeled shoes and I would be wearing an outfit tomorrow. I was a crossdresser now! I guess I always had been!

Having reached that conclusion, I decided that I didn't mind being a crossdresser. I wasn't going to give up my nighties without a fight if it came right down to it. I wasn't there yet so I didn't have to worry about that for now. I had a dozen pairs of bikini panties in my dresser drawers and I was going to wear them daily from now on. All day and every day. Why not? They were mine, they fit me, they were comfortable on me and I liked them. I was going to try a pair of pantyhose tomorrow and find out for myself if they were as nice on me as the nylon stockings had been. I couldn't see why they wouldn't be. They were made of the same sheer nylon as the stockings were.

Yeah, I really was a crossdresser now. Its what Mom wanted me to be too. She really did like to see me all dressed up as a girl. It had to be hard for a single woman

to raise a boy on her own so having me wear nighties to bed, I guessed, kind of helped her feel that I was a bit of a girl. Maybe it made her feel better to think she had a daughter. In some respects, I suppose I was somewhat effeminate.

I think there were times when she wished I was a real girl. Maybe that was why she had named me Kim. It wasn't short for anything else. It was just Kim. It was a boy's name that was also a girl's name. I took some teasing about it when I was a kid since there was a girl in school named Kimberly, Kim for short.

Back to thinking about being a crossdresser again. Why did boys and men dress themselves up as girls and women? I didn't have a clue as to why other guys did it. For me, it was comfortable. It wasn't a sexual thing for me as I found nothing erotic about dressing up as a girl. It was just a delicious comfort that I found in my girls things.

I'd never had a girlfriend though I did dream about dating some of the girls I had gone to school with. The mere thought of kissing, holding and touching a girl could cause a sexual arousal within me and I had masturbated over it before. Being a guy and dating a girl was a turn-on for me so I did consider myself to be a heterosexual. Other guys didn't do a thing for me, so I couldn't consider myself to be gay. I didn't think a guy had to be gay to dress as a girl. I wasn't.

The movie was over then and I couldn't recall a single scene from it. Mom had enjoyed it though and she talked about the characters in the show as I wordlessly helped her clean up. She made sure the house was secure before she followed me up the stairs, turning off the lights as we went and she watched me remove my peignoir to climb into bed. I made no attempt to remove the bra or the boobs as she wished me a good night, turned off the light and closed my door.

I found it hard to fall asleep that night. I wasn't used to wearing a bra and boobs and certainly not wearing them to bed under my nightie. I moved differently and I felt differently as I tossed and turned and tried to get comfortable enough to sleep. But I was not taking them off. I was a crossdresser and for better or worse, I was going to try it Mom's way for now.

CHAPTER 5

I awoke in the morning with that feeling that something was wrong. I discovered the problem as soon as I sat up in bed. One boob had escaped the confines of the bra cup it was supposed to be in and was somewhere loose in my bed. The other boob had moved over slightly and was under my arm now as it had dragged the bra with it. I just had to laugh as I removed my nightie to readjust the bra and single boob back to where they belonged. Then I found the other boob and put it back into its cup. I put my nightie back on to climb out of bed, put on my peignoir and go down to the kitchen for a cup of wake-up coffee.

Mom wasn't there so I poured myself a cup and curled a leg onto my usual chair as I sat atop it to take a sip. Mom sat on her legs often and found it comfortable. I did it

now because she did it so much of the time. I was a crossdresser! A guy dressing as a girl! I could at least try to do the same things that girls did and see if I could find some level of comfort in them.

My wearing a bra wasn't a bad thing to me now. Girls wore them because they had tits that needed to be held up and in— or out as the case may be. I wore it so I could have the semblance of tits with the fake boobs nestled in the cups. I no longer minded the bra or the fake boobs as my nightie drifted over them and flowed down to my lap. It wasn't so bad to be impersonating a girl.

Mom came out of the basement with the empty laundry basket and gave me her usual greeting as she poured herself another cup of coffee. "We still have an agreement for most of today, Kim," she reminded me as she sat down on her chair.

"I remember, Mom," I replied. "I just wanted a wake-up cup of coffee first. Then I figure to have another bubble bath before I get dressed."

"Are you mad at me for making you do this, Kim?" she asked me.

"Nope. Not at all. Should I be?"

"I don't think I know of any other mother who would encourage their son to dress up as a girl."

"That doesn't mean it doesn't happen, Mom. Do you know of any other sons who like to wear a girl's nightie to bed?"

"No, but that doesn't mean that it doesn't happen, either."

"Right. You raised me to be a crossdresser and that is what I am. I don't want to be a girl but I honestly can't say that I object to being a crossdresser. There are girls things that I really do enjoy wearing. But I still want to be a guy."

"Understood. After four o'clock this afternoon, you can wear any combination of boy and girl things that you want to. Until then we have a deal and you only wear girls things."

"I know and I'll live up to my end of the deal. But after four you can't object to anything I want to wear. Right?"

"I won't, Kim. We have a deal and I'll keep my end."

I finished my coffee and left my cup on the table for another cup later. I got up and shook my sleeping leg awake before I went up to my room where I stripped naked. I left my boobs on the bed as I put my bra into the laundry hamper. I stepped from my room naked and ran into Mom who was collecting the dirty laundry. I reminded her that I had some in my room as I stepped into the bathroom and ran the hot bubble bath that she recommended to me.

Puberty, or rather my lack of it, was my major concern right now. When was I going to begin to develop as a man like all of my acquaintances had already done? A prepubescent eighteen year-old male doesn't have any friends. I was already accustomed to that fact. The upside to not having reached puberty yet was that it made it easier for me to be a crossdresser. Maybe I should be glad that I didn't have to shave my legs

and underarms to look better when dressed as a girl? I could also be glad that I didn't have a beard to try and hide as well.

Girls did a lot more than I had been willing to try to make themselves prettier. With girls, it seemed that appearance came first, comfort came second. Why? To attract guys? Maybe just to drive the guys crazy? There were girls who were pretty without makeup or fancy hairstyles. Of course, there were girls who could only be pretty with them. I could probably be pretty if I went all the way, but what was it that was holding me back? I now knew and accepted the fact that I was a crossdresser. I always had been and likely always would be. So, why couldn't I go all the way with it?

My hair was nice, long, straight and an even light brown all the way around. It turned lighter in the summer sunshine, almost to a blonde color. Lots of guys had long hair and most of us wore it in a ponytail at the base of our heads. Wearing it loose was what girls did and some of them had shorter hair than I had. That's why Mom had me wearing it loose. To make me appear more feminine. That was fine for now but I knew that it would have to change sooner or later. I was a crossdresser and I was hooked so I would have to try the full treatment sooner or later. I would have to discover just how pretty I could be as a girl.

That in itself was a scary thought. Dressing as a girl was an okay thing for me. Doing my hair and applying makeup so I could look more like a real girl was frightening to me. Why? Because I was a guy? Actors did it in movies and it was okay then. Models did it for those crossdressing magazines and they were on sale to the public. Lots of men liked to dress up as women. Lots of women liked to dress up as men, too. So why was I afraid to go all the way and find out just what kind of a girl I could be? I think that my biggest fear was that I would look pretty good as a girl. Was I afraid to like what I could be? Maybe looking like a real girl was as addictive as wearing my nighties was. If I could look really good as a girl, could I ever go back to being just another guy again? I wouldn't know until I had tried.

Mom didn't come to meet me when I drained and cleaned out the tub so I wrapped the towel around myself in the same fashion that she wore a towel. Under the arms and over the chest. It didn't make me feel anymore like a real girl to do it that way. I didn't see her in the hallway as I went to my room and found everything just as I'd left it. Mom had taken my dirty laundry and left everything else alone.

I had to dress as a girl to live up to my end of the agreement. But I also got to choose what I was going to wear today. I removed the towel to open a dresser drawer and got out my new yellow bikini panties to put them on. I tucked my male parts down and back even further than I had before, since now I wanted to see if I could have as smooth a crotch as a girl had. That part of me did look somewhat feminine as I looked in the mirror. I dug out the matching yellow bra and had some fun trying to get the damned harness on properly. I just couldn't work my hands behind my back the way Mom did so I wrapped it around my waist, did up the hooks and eyes in the front, slid it around and pulled it up to put my arms into the straps that went over my shoulders. Then I tried to make the same adjustments to the straps that Mom had done for me. I got the bra sitting about right on me and filled the cups with the boobs from my bed.