



Reluctant Press presents:

Skirts, Hose, Heels 2

Blind Ruth



ILLUSTRATIONS BY KILARI & PAGANI

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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PUT IN SKIRTS, HOSE & HEELS 2

THE SEQUEL

BY BLIND RUTH

INTRODUCTION

This is a continuation of book #503 **Put In Skirts, Hose & Heels** in that book we finished with three babies being baptized we have now moved five years on. I wonder how our Crawford children are now progressing. If you remember the babies were christened Hannah Smart Crawford a little girl. Those mother Lillian had been artificial inseminated with sperm from Georgina Crawford her husband in name only as she was a lesbian. Little Hannah was brought up by her two mothers, Queenie who was Lillian's lesbian partner, and of course Lillian herself. It had been agreed between the two young lesbians that they would not tell Hannah which was her mother. Just that both were her mother.

Then there was little Paul Stover Crawford son of Georgina Crawford and Norma Crawford. However Norma being a transsexual could not have a baby, but Norma so wanted to be a woman that she had a Phantom Pregnancy. Without Norma knowing it was agreed that Queenie's baby be transferred to Norma. Queenie had also been artificial inseminated at the same time as Lillian with the sperm of Norma (the sperm was put in a sperm bank, before Norma's sex change operation). So Norma was in actual fact bring up her own son in a round about way. To add to the complications Norma and Queenie were actually married.

And finally the son of Doris and Michelle Crawford who was christened Rebecca Virginia Crawford and Doris had no intension of telling him he was a boy, in fact she had him dressed in girls clothes ever since he was born. Rebecca did not even know she was a boy. So now you see what kind of bizarre transgender family the Crawford's are.

Today being a Wednesday the elderly matron's of Sleepy Valley were meeting in one of their houses for their weekly tittle-tattle. Let's listen in to their gossip. \

SLEEPY VALLEY MATRONS

There they sat, all twelve of them, with cups of tea and coffee on the table, plates loaded with cheese, cucumber, and tomato sandwiches. The blue rinse brigade was munching the sandwiches and talking amongst themselves of the comings and goings in the town. The conversation turned towards the transgendered Crawford family and their goings-on as it did every week.

Eyes followed Doris Crawford and that son of hers.

"She had 'Rebecca's hair done up in a new style," said one matron.

"So I noticed Grace, but it does go well with the dress she has him in," another matron cut in. "You know, Lydia, say what you like, but Doris Crawford does keep Rebecca Virginia in beautiful frocks and skirts."

"Yes, any little girl would be proud of that. She looks so sweet, innocent, and with that little face, she looks so nice. I mean *he* looks so nice; it's so confusing, isn't it?" said Grace.

"It's hard to tell who the women and men are in that family. They all wear skirts and dresses." This was Ruby speaking.

Harriet cut in. "They all wear dresses except one." Everyone turned round to look at her.

"Who is that, Harriet?" Dora now spoke. "Come on now, Dora. Think, which one is not in a dress? Think, Dora, think."

"I'm afraid you have me there, Harriet. Who?"

"Why, little Paul, of course." Everyone nodded his or her head.

"But how long do you think that will last? It's a wonder he has lasted this long. It's very near five years since he was born. And you know Betty Stover, his Gran, ignores him because he is a boy. She hates the male sex. Norma, her daughter, gets so up tight about that. You can see the tension on her face every time her mother is near."

"Yes, that's why Norma had the sex change operation, to be a woman to please her mother. Norma will have a mental breakdown if her mother does not accept little Paul. She will have little Paul in a skirt before much longer to please her mum, I can just see it. Such a angelic little face, he would make such a good looking little girl."

"You would have that little boy in frock in no time, wouldn't you, Grace?"

"Well..." Grace's thoughts were drifting to picturing Paul Crawford in a beautiful dreamy white fluffy dress. Grace hoped Norma would dress him in girls' clothes soon, it now intrigued her.

"By what age will she have Paul in a frock? Twelve?" Grace said, asking no one in particular.

"Much less than that, seven I would say." Harriet said.

"Ladies, ladies please, lets not have an argument," Elizabeth said, joining in the conversation for the first time.

Everyone turned and looked at her. "What was it you were thinking of, Elizabeth dear?" Dora asked.

"Well, Ladies, let's have some fun out of Paul being put in girl clothes. First of all, do we all agree that Paul Crawford will sooner or later be put in a dress?"

There was much nodding of heads. Elizabeth looked round the room, took a sip of her tea.

"Ladies, would you like a gamble?" All answered yes

"Then this is what I propose; each one of us will put a hundred in a pot. I make that 1,200, right? I write out Paul's age and half years on separate slips of paper. I put them in a hat and each of us pulls a slip out. Whenever Paul Crawford is put in a dress, the person holding that ticket gets the jackpot. What do you say, Ladies?"

"That's a good idea, Elizabeth. Let's have some fun out of it. There's only one thing I would suggest."

"What's that, Dora?" they all said "Up the kitty to a thousand each. It will be more exciting and you can all afford that."

"Yes, go ahead, Elizabeth. I can't wait to draw mine," Ruby said.

The deed was done.

"What if no one wins and he is put in a frock after age 11?" someone said.

"Then the money is put into one of our favourite charities," was the suggestion. All consented.

Elizabeth prepared the sweepstake. She put the ages in her hat, shuffled them round, then held it out to Dora who put a hand in and pulled out the number 7.

"In with a good chance, Dora," someone said.

Harriet pulled out 11.

"Bad luck, Harriet. I expect him to be in a skirt long before that," one said.

"Now you Elizabeth." Elizabeth pulled out five years old.

"It's nearly his fifth birthday and there's no sign of Paul in girl's clothes yet," Dora said.

"It has as much chance as mine, but isn't this fun?"

All twelve women had now drawn an age. It was decided that Elizabeth hold the stakes till there was a winner.

"I'll put the money in the bank and we'll get some interest on it so the winner will receive more than 12,000."

A keen interest would be taken on little Paul Crawford to see the first signs of him in a skirt. Let's leave our keen eyed matrons for a while, and drop in at a happy mother and daughter.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Doris Crawford was happy to hear the sound of her daughter squeal with laughter as she soaped the little girl's body with the large sponge in the bath. Rebecca Virginia lay in the deeply scented water of the bath, as her mother soaped all over her body. Rebecca liked the daily ritual of being washed and pampered, powdered and spoiled by her mother.

Her mommy had put a little shower cap on her head over her hair, this was a precaution Doris took as Rebecca Virginia recently had her hair styled, and Doris did not want it spoiled by any water getting on it.

Having now washed her daughter, Doris indicated to her to rise and held a big pink fluffy towel out to wrap round her and dry off.

"Which talcum powder would you like on you today, my precious little darling?"

"The Crushed Rose Petal, mommy. It smells so nice," little Rebecca Virginia replied, in a lisping girlish voice that Doris liked, and encouraged her to speak with.

"You like that one, don't you, darling? Then the Crushed Rose Petal it shall be, for my Rebecca Virginia to smell nice."

There were several large glass jars of talcum powder on the shelves around the bathroom. Jars of Lilac, Honeysuckle, Jasmine, to name but a few, and of course the Crushed Rose Petal. Doris lifted the jar, opened it, took out a great big powder puff, dipped it in the talcum and patted the talcum powder all over Rebecca Virginia's body.

"You really smell so nice, like any little girl should." Doris Crawford knew this was her son, however, ever since he was born; he had been dressed in girl's clothes. Doris had no intention of telling him he was of the male sex. He was so sweet he just had to be brought up and pampered as a girl. Doris was rich; she could afford to pamper her son in girls' clothes.

"Now darling, we will put you in a nice dress, so lets go to your room and put your beautiful dress on."

Doris had Rebecca Virginia's room fitted out like any girl's room, with fitted white carpets, beautiful white curtains tied with white sashes draped in a bow at the window. There

was a bed with a gold canopy over the top of the bed, a gold colour bedspread over pure white satin sheets and a matching satin pillow. In front of the windows was a little dressing table and mirror with a soft comfy cushioned seat.

A number of girls' clothes had been laid out on Rebecca Virginia's bed. Doris had done this with loving care before bathing her daughter. Rebecca Virginia, still wrapped in the pink towel, stood before her mother as Doris sorted out the clothes. Doris had a perfume container and proceeded to spray the delightful smelling lavender water all over her daughter/son.

"Ah, that's better, darling. You smell more like a girl and soon we will have you look like a girl. You like that, darling, don't you?"

"Oh yes, mommy, I just can't wait to put my beautiful girl clothes on," Rebecca Virginia excitedly replied. Doris commended herself on how she had brought her son up in the ways of a girl. Who wanted a boy anyway? Not Doris.

"Now darling, today this pink satin vest and matching knickers will suit you well."

Having now withdrawn the pink towel from Rebecca's body, Doris slipped the vest on her daughter's head, and then held out the pink satin knickers, which her mother pulled up Rebecca's lower body. Then white ankle socks and Mary Jane shoes followed.

Doris sighed, her daughter looked so sweet. Now came the part Doris liked so much, the white lacey frilled knee-length petticoats. These were fitted at the waist, five of them to hold the white dress out over her legs.

Doris slipped them one at a time over her darling daughter. Now the white satin dress slid over the petticoats, which had the effect of ballooning the dress out over her knees and showing a hint of pink knickers. Doris smoothed the dress down round her daughter. Then, taking a large blue silk band, she passed it tightly round Rebecca Virginia's waist, to tie up a big blue bow at her back.

Rebecca Virginia delighted herself in these beautiful clothes, the soft feel of them, as her dress swirled round her legs. *Oh, she said to herself, I am a lucky girl to have a mother who gives me these pretty skirts.*

"Now dearest one, sit down before your dresser and I will sort out your hair."

Rebecca Virginia did as her mother had taught her, which was with her hands to either side of her petticoats, so that she could sit on her pink satin knickers. She must not sit on her petticoats, they could be crushed, and her mother did not like that. No proper little girl did that, her mother said.

Rebecca Virginia smoothed the petticoats and dress around her and sat prim and proper on her knickers before the mirror. Doris smiled. She had taught her son well the ways of a girl.

Doris now removed the little shower cap she put on Rebecca Virginia before her bath. The long golden locks streamed down Rebecca's back. Doris lifted a comb and brush to sort her daughter's hair. Then opening one of the drawers at the side of the dressing table, which was full of ribbons of all colours, she took some white ribbons out.

She fastened the ribbons on the hair, one at each side of the head, and then attached one at the middle of the back of the head. Now tying a knot on each ribbon round her hair, she formed a bow. Her daughter now had three pretty little white bows in her hair. To top this off, Doris lifted an Alice band off the dresser and fitted it to the front of Rebecca's head; this was to keep all Rebecca's hair in place.

Doris observed her daughter/son in the white dress and the wide blue sash round the waist with the big bow at the back. Oh that dress ballooning over the knees, showing a hint of her pink knickers, was just heavenly. With her long golden locks streaming down her back, white ankle socks and the black Mary Jane shoes, didn't she look sweet, demure, innocent, and prim, as she sat there sucking a thumb? Who in this world would ever think this was her son?

Every so often, Doris would lift the hair at the back of the neck and kiss little Rebecca and whisper to her, "You're so pretty you will grow up to be a beautiful young Lady and all the young men will chase after you."

"Am I really pretty, mommy?"

"Of course you are, sweetheart."

Little Rebecca said nothing but sat in deep thought.

Doris now opened Rebecca Virginia's jewel box. "You know what day it is today, Rebecca Virginia?"

"Yes, mommy, my cousins are coming to play with me today," she excitedly answered.

"That's right dear, Hannah, and Paul, so what necklace would you like, Rebecca, to be pretty for them?"

"Oh, that pearl one, mommy."

"Good, Rebecca. This golden bangle should go nicely with it, darling."

Doris put the pearl necklace round the little girl's neck and clipped it at the back, at the same time giving a kiss on the back of the neck. Then she slipped the gold bangle up Rebecca's left arm.

"Mommy, can boys be pretty?" little Rebecca asked.

Doris stopped combing Rebecca's hair and gave a funny look at her daughter.

"Yes, they're are some pretty boys about. What a curious question, Rebecca Virginia."

"Is Paul a pretty boy, mommy?"

"Well dear one, I suppose you could say Paul is a pretty boy."

"Could Paul be a pretty girl like me, mommy?"

"Whatever strangeness has gotten into you today, Rebecca Virginia?"

"Could he be a girl like me, mommy?"

Doris was now in thought; she had been meaning to talk to Norma about Paul. To Doris, Paul should have been put in skirts some time ago. Maybe a little pressure on Norma would help and she now had an innocent outlet.

"Would you like Paul to be a girl, Rebecca?"

“Oh yes, mommy. I like Paul so much, he is my best friend.”

“Then I tell you what we will do, Rebecca. I want you to wish and wish and every night before bed, we will pray for Paul to be a girl. Will you do that for me?”

“Oh yes, mommy. I will pray and pray for Paul to be a girl, and I will tell him today and Paul can play with my dolls as well. I so want Paul to be a girl like me.”

Rebecca Virginia wanted Paul to share the same pleasure as her in pretty frocks. Oh, how she wished Paul would be put in a frock. What fun they would have together in dresses.

Doris had a big broad smile. Her Rebecca would be an innocent helper to put Paul in a frock

About once a month, the three Crawford children came to Doris'. The children liked this because this was about the only time they came into contact with other children, except when they met at church every Sunday. However that was different; they did not play with each other then.

Their Gran, Doris Crawford was a very religious woman. Doris was never more contented than to see her family around her at church every Sunday.

At these meetings not all parents would be there; business kept some away. However, in a month's time, it would be the children's birthday. Hannah, Paul and Rebecca Virginia all celebrated their birthdays together although they were born weeks apart. At that time, the Crawford family would be together to give presents to their offspring.

Doris had now prepared Rebecca to meet her cousins and as the pretty little boy/girl stood beside her mother, the doorbell chimed. Doris took her daughter's hand to greet their visitors; on opening the large highly polished mahogany doors, they were greeted by Hannah clutching a doll, and one of her mothers, Queenie. The two little children jumped with joy to see each other again. Queenie gave Doris a kiss on the cheek, which Doris returned.

“Now children, lets go to the play room. Has Hannah got a great big kiss for her Gran?” She came over and gave her Gran a kiss on the cheek, still clutching her doll.

Queenie now removed the red coat from Hannah and put it on the coat stand. Taking her hand, she led her down the hall to Rebecca's playroom.

The playroom was very big and had many things that children would want to play with Doris and Queenie left them playing happily.

Doris and Queenie were now in the large living room. “I'll just make us some tea, Queenie,” said Doris. She did and brought some plates of sandwiches and cakes as well. Then both women sat and talked.

“Lillian not with you today, Queenie?”

“No Doris, she has gone abroad to oversee the opening of our new chain of hotels in Europe along with Georgina. So when Paul comes along, he will only have his mother Norma with him.”

“Oh I see. Queenie, tell me how are things going in our company? I’m so out of touch since Michelle and myself took a back seat in the boardroom. You young ones seem to be making a good job of it.”

“Doris and I have to thank you and Michelle for starting the company. Well, as I said, we are starting a chain of hotels in Europe in all the capital cities: London, Paris, Rome, et cetera. Keep this a secret, Doris. Lillian and Georgina have plans to take over a few companies.”

“Of course you can trust me. You know, when Michelle and I founded this company we never thought Crawford’s would grow into such an empire. It’s all thanks to Abbie, then my grandson, Georgina, along with your partner Lillian. You know Michelle and myself hardly ever go to board meetings now. Is there anything else I should know?”

“Yes, there have been a few changes in the board of directors of Crawford’s”

“What would those be, dear?”

“I am now on the board as a new director, Doris.”

“Oh, that is interesting. So how did that come about?”

“Well it all started when I had the idea of Crawford’s having their own brand of cosmetics.”

Doris nodded. She knew Queenie was the head buyer of makeup for all Crawford’s supermarkets.

“One night as Lillian and myself lay in bed, I said to her that I had this idea of Crawford’s starting their own cosmetic brand. We got out of bed in our nightgowns and went to the office Lillian operated at home and we started making plans.”

Doris, of course, knew both young women were lesbians. More important to Doris, though, was that they were good Christian girls Every Sunday they would be in church with their little girl, Hannah.

Queenie carried on her narrative. “We will launch a campaign for CRAWFORD’S COLORFUL COSMETICS on the television. Georgina says that we will hire some well-known movie actresses for the ads. They will of course have our make up on, and endorse it. Georgina says it may be a hard market to crack, but she believes it can be done.

“We will of course be selling it in all our supermarkets. The hard part will be to entice other beauty outlets to sell our products. Georgina and Lillian have decided to invest a considerable amount of company money into it. They have planned to set up a cosmetic factory right here in Sleepy Valley.”

“Oh, that is good news! More employment for townspeople, more jobs, more money for all makes everyone happy. You and Lillian are good Christian girls, thinking of everyone here in Sleepy Valley I’m so happy for the town.”

“Now that I have told you all about company business, how have you and Aunt Michelle been spending your time in retirement?”

“Well, about a couple of months ago, the pastor asked Michelle and myself if we would come to his committee that was undertaking to raise funds to build a new church. He said that because of our business knowledge, we might be able to help raise money for it.

"We both discussed this and came to the conclusion that we had plenty of time on our hands, and this would be a challenge for both of us. I also thought this was God calling us, and so Michelle and myself would put some of our own money into the project. Michelle said she could look up some old business colleagues to give donations, and an architect friend offered to design a new church. So we are off to a good start."

"Oh that is good, Doris. I'll have a talk with Lillian and we will contribute money ourselves. I am sure Georgina and Norma will as well when they hear about it. Oh, I was forgetting Hannah's Gran. Abbie and Betty will want to as well."

"Thank you, Queenie. That is just the type of response I was hoping for. You and Lillian are good Christian girls. You will receive your reward in heaven, I am sure."

Just then the doorbell chimed again. Doris went to answer it. Before her stood Norma holding little Paul, her son's hand.

"Come on in, Norma dear," Doris said giving Norma a kiss on the cheek, which Norma returned. Norma was a bit overweight, this had happened ever since she had a phantom pregnancy.

"Has Paul got a great big kiss for his old Gran?"

Paul kissed his Gran, as he always did, on the cheek. Norma removed her son's coat. Doris noticed that although he was wearing boy's clothes, they looked very effeminate. He had on a white silk shirt that buttoned from neck to waist. That was all right till she saw the frilly lacey edging going down it.

The sleeves that buttoned at the wrists were overhung with big floppy frilly white lace covering his hands. Norma had him in short velvet pants; with his angelic face he looked delicious. After her talk with Norma, putting Paul into frocks would not be all that hard.

Doris, taking Paul's hand, led him towards the large playroom from which emerged delightful squeals and giggles from the two girls already there. Opening the door, Doris said, "Who have we here?"

Both girls answered, "Paul!"

Rebecca Virginia came skipping over, taking her cousin's hand.

"Come on, Paul, you can play with my big dolly."

Doris, on hearing that, beamed. Taking Norma's hand, she said, "Lets leave the children. Queenie's here and we can have a chat."

Doris had taken Norma quickly away before she could say something like, "Little boys do not play with dolls." From what her Rebecca Virginia had said that morning, there could be some very interesting developments soon.

After Doris left the playroom, Rebecca Virginia came over to Paul cradling a small doll in her arms. She said, "Paul, you can have my doll to play with. Lets dress Lindy together."

Hannah then added, "You can play with my new dolly. My mommy bought it for me yesterday. Isn't it a nice dolly, Paul?"

Paul did not know what to say; his girl cousins had never asked him to play with their dolls before. Most times when Paul came here, he climbed on to the big rocking horse. They usually left him on it, then went to play with their dolls. Paul would look down on them playing with their dolls, and feel jealous that he could not play with them and their dolls.

The rocking horse was forgotten as Rebecca Virginia handed him her doll. Paul, copying Rebecca, supported the little doll in his arms.

"That's right, Paul, that's the correct way to hold the dolly. Now we will dress her." Rebecca Virginia opened a chest of drawers and took some dolls clothes out, a little bra, panties, slip and dress. Rebecca helped Paul dress the doll, putting little hold-up stockings on, then a pair of high-heeled shoes.

"Lindy looks nice now, Paul."

Suddenly, Rebecca Virginia said, "I'm going to wish and pray that you become a girl like me, Paul. I want you to be a girl, Paul. You're so pretty; be a girl for me, *please*."

"Me too, Paul," Hannah broke in. Paul was in quite a state. He wanted to play with the doll, but only girls did this, he had been told. But did you *have* to be a girl to play with dolls?

"Why can't I be a girl? Maybe there's something wrong with me. Everyone is in frocks except me. Am I being punished for something? Why can't I wear a skirt? It's not fair. Mommy and daddy do, my aunts, my Grans, and my Auntie Michelle, my cousins Hannah and Rebecca, so why can't I?" So many thoughts went through the confused boy's mind.

"You do want to be a girl like us, don't you, Paul?" Rebecca said.

"Oh, go on, Paul. Be a girl for us," Hannah said, urging Paul on.

Rebecca laid her doll in the pram and pulled the covers over the doll. "Let's take Lindy for a walk in the garden, Paul."

The playroom had doors that led out into a large play area with swings, a roundabout, and a little pool, where in good weather the children played. Rebecca on one side of the pram handle with Paul on the other pushed the pram out into the play area. Hannah followed with her little doll in her arms.

Doris had now taken Norma into the large living room where Queenie sat sipping a cup of tea. "How nice to see you once more, Norma," Queenie said as she rose and gave Norma a kiss on the cheek. Doris poured out a cup of tea for Norma and handed a plate full of sandwiches. Norma politely picked a cheese sandwich and daintily munched it as Doris and Queenie talked.

Queenie mentioned the cosmetics and gave her some samples, as she had Doris. Then Doris talked about the committee she and Aunt Michelle were on to raise funds for a new church.

"That is good news, Doris. Georgina and myself will contribute a considerable sum towards it. I am sure the whole town will be behind it. I'll have a word with Georgina."

"I knew I could count on you and Georgina, Norma. Could I have a talk with you in private, Norma? If you will excuse us, Queenie."

"Yes, do you want me to leave the room?"

"No dear, we will go to Aunt Michelle's private office."

Norma followed, wondering what Doris had to say to her. Maybe she wanted her on the committee to raise funds for the church.

On entering the room, Doris bade Norma to sit down on the seat in front of the office desk, while she sat behind.

"The reason I have asked you here is a talk about my grandson Paul."

"What do you want to know about my son?"

"You know that I love all my grand children, as well as my own *daughter*. Little Paul should be put in skirts, hose and heels as soon as possible. Do you understand, Norma?"

"But he is a little boy. I couldn't do that, could I?"

"It never did my son, Iain, any harm. He was a nice-looking, well-mannered girl as Irene, your husband Georgina's father. I do not have to tell you what problems Georgina had at 12; Abbie your mother-in-law soon had him in skirts after that. What I am trying to say here is that the sooner your Paul is put in a frock, the better.

"The feminine clothes help to drive down that macho male image. I'm not saying that Paul will ever become a bad boy, but you should at least take precautions to prevent such behaviour. I hope you see what I mean, dear. Right from the start I put Rebecca Virginia in girl's clothes and he will be brought up as a girl."

Norma knew that, as did the whole Crawford family; it was one of their secrets. Rebecca Virginia would never be told by any of them

Doris felt a little sorry that she had put pressure on Norma, but it had to be done. Paul had to be put in a frock...and soon.

"Now that we have had our woman-to-woman talk and cleared the air, we both know where we stand and you know what to do, Norma dear. Let's join Queenie."

When they came back into the large living room Aunt Michelle, Doris' husband, was sitting in a chair. She had her compact case open in front of her, and was looking at the mirror in it, applying a red lipstick.

"What are you doing, darling?" Doris asked.

Aunt Michelle, pouting her lips and looking in the mirror, replied, "Oh, just trying this lipstick Queenie gave me. You know, Doris, it is good. This one is called Strawberry Red and can you believe it, it has the flavour of Strawberry. Here I'll give you a kiss."

Michelle, rising, gave her wife a full-blown kiss on the mouth.

"What do you think, Doris?"

"Mmm, yummy. Tastes like real strawberry."

"That's not the only lipstick that tastes like the real thing. There's plum, raspberry, blackcurrant and a whole host of others. Let's have a feast tonight in bed trying them all out, Doris." Michelle said.

Doris said nothing but blushed; that could not disguise her thoughts for the night in bed with Michelle.

"Where is Queenie, Michelle?" Doris asked.

"She has gone to the children's play area to supervise their games. There she is, look out the window."

Both Doris and Norma looked out and saw the children frolicking in the sunny day.

"Come on, Norma, let's go and watch the children."

Both women went outside where Queenie had the children holding hands with her in a circle, going round and round. They were all laughing. Eventually they came to a stop.

"Wasn't that great fun, children?"

"Oh yes, Aunt Queenie," Paul and Rebecca Virginia replied.

"Now children, show me what you were all playing with before I came out."

"Paul and I pushing the pram with my dolly in it, weren't we, Paul? Paul likes Lindy, don't you, Paul?"

"Who is Lindy, Rebecca?"

"Lindy is my dolly. Paul is my best friend and he can keep my dolly."

"That is very good of you, Rebecca. What do you say to that, Paul?"

Paul thanked Rebecca.

Then Hannah seeing all this, said, "You can have my doll as well, can't he, mommy?"

"Of course he can, darling, if you want him to. Do you like the dolls, Paul?"

"Oh yes, Auntie," Paul said, forgetting about any doubt he previously had about playing with girls' dolls. Paul was happy that his aunt had not reproached him. It must be all right to like dolls, after all.

Queenie looked down at Paul. He was her son that she gave up to Norma nearly five years ago.

"Okay Paul, now you will look after the dolls won't you? Otherwise the girls will be let down, won't you, girls?"

Both girls answered yes.

"I'll show Paul how to wash Lindy and get her ready for bed," Rebecca said.

"And I'll give him some clean clothes for my doll," Hannah said.

Queenie looked at the face of her son. He seemed very happy; maybe he should have been a girl. The thought of Paul in girls' clothes did not unsettle her.

Doris observed all this with interest. Everything was going well. She could see Norma had anxiety on her face, as if she did not know how to handle the situation. Her face brightened even more when Michelle came out to the play area. There being some small tables and chairs, she set out three bowls of ice cream and jelly and spoons.

"Come children, see what we have here for you," said Aunt Michelle.

"Now what do good little children say?" Queenie asked.

All the Crawford children, being well mannered, answered, "Thank you, Aunty Michelle."

They all sat down to eat their ice cream; Doris noticed Paul seemed to be feeding his doll. He was copying his girl cousins who were doing the same. Paul was also talking to the doll, saying things like, "Now Lindy, be a good girl and eat the ice cream."

Norma did not know what to say; if only Georgina was here, she would know what to do.

Norma felt it was time to go before anything else happened that she had no control over.

"Come on, Paul, its time we went home."

"Yes, mommy. Hold Hannah's doll while I take little Lindy."

Norma said nothing but took the doll from her son.

"Rebecca, you can kiss Lindy before she leaves you. You too, Hannah."

Rebecca kissed her doll, as did Hannah. Doris smiled at all this. She could see Norma could not handle the situation. All the better; she was sure Paul would be in skirts before long.

Norma left, holding Paul hand. His other hand was clutching Lindy close to his chest. Paul waved to his girl cousins from the back seat of his mother's Bentley car as they headed home.

Doris, taking both girls' hands, went back to the large playroom. "Now girls, you both know what happens next month, don't you?"

Both answered excitedly, "Our birthday!"

"That's right children, but it's a *special* birthday. Do you know why it's special, dears?"

With puzzled expressions on their faces, both girls answered, "No."

"Well, Rebecca Virginia and Hannah, you will both be five and no longer babies and because of that, one of your godmothers, Dr Jayne Burton, will be here. She brought you both into the world five years ago. Do you know why she is here?"

Again both girls answered "No."

"Apart from wanting to see you, she has come to make you *real girls*. Do you know what that means, Rebecca?"

Rebecca had no idea what her mother meant and she shook her pretty golden locks.

"You both will have your ears pierced; this is the start of your girlhood. Only *real girls* have their ears pierced. Isn't that good news, girls?"

"Oh yes!" both replied and they excitedly clapped their hands. Little Rebecca Virginia was so happy that she was no longer a baby in her mother's eyes; she was going to become a *real girl*.

Eventually both Hannah and Queenie left in Queenie's Jaguar, Hannah waving her hand to Rebecca. It had been a long exciting and tiring day for little Rebecca; Doris could see it in her daughter's tired eyes.

"Come on, Rebecca Virginia, its time for bed, and what have you to do before you go to bed, darling?" Rebecca thought very hard, and then it came to her.

"I have to pray that Paul becomes a girl like me, mommy."

"Yes that's right, sweetheart, so get undressed, washed, and put your lovely nightdress on."

"But you have to pray too, mommy," said little Rebecca Virginia, sweetly.

Dear God, Bless my Mommy and Aunt Michelle
My Aunts, Lillian and Queenie
Grams Abbie and Betty
Aunties Georgina and Norma
My cousins, Hannah and Paul
God, will you please make my cousin Paul into a girl like me?

Doris knew she had to say prayers as well with her daughter so she finished up

Bless Rebecca Virginia and make her a good little girl
God make my grandson Paul into a girl like my daughter Rebecca Virginia!

Doris pulled the bed covers back. Rebecca Virginia climbed in. Her mother tucked her in, kissed her softly on her forehead. Rebecca's eyes closed and she was fast asleep in no time.

Rebecca was soon in Dreamland with visions of her cousin in girls' clothes. Paul looked so happy. Rebecca smiled. Was she getting her wish from God?

PAUL IN A FROCK

The next few days put Norma in a very upset state; she only wished Georgina would return soon, he would know what to do.

One night Paul took the doll to bed with him; Norma convinced him to lay it on the bedside table. She came into his room the following morning and there he was, fast asleep, clasping the doll to him. Norma never said a word to Paul, even when he sat the doll next to him at breakfast. Paul now took the doll everywhere he went. It was just too much for Norma to deal with.

Georgina eventually came home, much to the relief of Norma. Georgina could see that Norma was worried; he had seen that look on her face before. In bed the first night home, he gently asked her, "What's disturbing you, Norma darling?"

Norma was glad that he had asked that and she poured out the whole story of what Georgina's grandmother Doris had said about Paul being put in a frock.

This did not really worry Georgina; he knew the practice in the Crawford family of the males being put in skirts. Hadn't his grandmother been more than willing to help his mother all these years ago to put him in a skirt?

"You're really worried, Norma. Well, don't be, I'll sort all this out. You go ahead and put Paul in a frock. From what you tell me about him playing with the doll, I do not think it will be too hard. "Remember the males in this family have always been put in frocks: me, my father, Aunt Michelle and now my grandmother has her son Rebecca Virginia in a dress. So cheer up, Norma. By the way I have a surprise for you."

"Georgina, you always know what to do. Yes, I'll put Paul in a frock right away. I love you, darling. What is your surprise?"

"Norma, don't take this the wrong way. I have arranged for you to visit Dr Jayne Burton. The reason being, you have put on a bit of weight since the birth of Paul. It's my treat. When there, you will have liposuction. I want to see the figure you had when we first married. You always were a great beauty, even at school when you first dressed in girls clothes, you were the best looking girl in the class."

"You're right, Georgina, I have let myself go. I meant to have liposuction but never got round to it. I love you, Georgina." Norma was really flattered about what Georgina had said about her past beauty. She must try and get her beauty back. She owed a lot to her husband. He was always thinking about her.

Georgina thought to himself that he could not have a better wife; motherhood suited Norma. She looked after their son, *daughter* now, cleaned the house, cooked for them. Norma was an exceptional cook. Norma never looked at other men. Georgina was thankful of that.

The following morning after having prepared breakfast, Norma saw Georgina off to work with a kiss. She went to Paul's room. He was still fast asleep, holding his doll. She wakened Paul. Norma never said a word to him about his new "hobby." Norma dressed her son in the same outfit that Doris had seen him in.

Breakfast was easy to prepare for Paul: Sugar Puffs and milk, toast and marmalade. While Paul ate his breakfast, Norma did her housework, cleaning etc. When she was finished, Norma made to the large playroom she knew Paul would be in.

Paul was sitting at the small child-sized table, his doll beside him on the small chair. Norma said nothing as Paul illustrated something in his drawing book. She looked intensely at what he drew in the book. It was matchstick forms of two women in frocks, holding hands. Underneath them was scribbled "Mommy and Daddy." One of the women was holding the hand of an even smaller matchstick figure in a frock. Underneath this figure was written "me."

Below this was another drawing, again a matchstick drawing of a small figure in a frock holding what appeared to be a doll. Scribbled under this was "Me and my dolly Lindy."

"Paul darling, what are you drawing?"

"I'm drawing you and Daddy and me. Mommy."

"Oh I see, but why have you got a frock on, sweetheart?"

"Well Mommy, I thought if Mommy and Daddy can wear a skirt, why can't I?"

Norma said nothing to that, but here was her opening to ask Paul about wearing a frock. "Paul darling, would you like to wear a frock like Mommy and Daddy?"

"Oh yes, Mommy. Then I could be like all my cousins, Rebecca Virginia and Hannah. I could be like Rebecca Virginia in a frock."

Yes, Norma said to herself, you certainly would be like Rebecca, a boy in girls' clothes.

"What would you say if Mommy took you to a shop and bought some lovely dresses and you could dress as a girl every day?"

"Oh Mommy, would you really? Then I could be like everyone else in the family. I love you, Mommy."

Norma had a little tear in her eye. It was *so* nice to have the love of her son, soon to be her daughter. A whole lot of reservations were lifted from her mind. She was happier now.

"I tell you what, Paul honey. Mommy will take you now to be fitted with girls' clothes. I know a shop that has pretty girls frocks. What do you say to that?"

Paul ran over to his mommy and put his little hands round her neck, as his mommy lifted him and he kissed her on the cheek, saying, "Mommy, I love you so much. Am I really going to be a girl?"

Norma never answered. Who knows what the future holds?

Norma had in mind a girls' outfitters in a nearby town. She could, of course, have gone to the nearest Crawford's supermarket. Being the wife of the managing director, she would have had whatever she wanted for free. Norma had her reasons for not doing that. She did not want anyone in Sleepy Valley to know Paul had been put in a frock. Well not yet; she knew it would eventually come out.

Norma parked her Bentley on a nearby street and left holding Paul's hand, who still held onto his doll. The shop had a sign: "DOREEN'S DELIGHTFUL AND DAINTY FROCKS FOR LITTLE GIRLS." Norma entered the quaint little shop. An elderly woman behind the counter looked up from what she was doing.

"Yes madam, can I be of help to you?"

Norma, slightly embarrassed, whispered, "Could I speak to you in private?"

"But of course, madam."

Doreen took Norma through to her back room, where Norma explained that she was looking for a frock for her son. This in no way disturbed Doreen; she had seen it all before.

Not long after she opened her shop many years ago, a woman came in with a little boy, and asked the same thing. Doreen had seen them all, the boisterous boys who came in kicking and screaming but who shut up after a vicious back hand slap on the face, from the mother or aunt. They did look sweet when put in a frock. That was the type, the next time they came in the shop, would say something like, "Oh mommy, please buy that one for me, it's so dainty."

Then there were ones like this woman standing before her, with the little boy in the white silk shirt and frilly lacey fringe running down the buttons, the lacey floppy sleeves, velvet boy pants holding a doll. The mothers put them in girlish clothes to make it easier when the change came.

Doreen put Norma at ease. "But of course, madam. We have a large range of girls' frocks. I think I know just the thing for the little Miss."

Norma cut in here. "It's *Pauline*." Paul looked up at his mother as Norma gently squeezed his hand.

"Now if little *Miss Pauline* would take her clothes off, I'll just go and get some beautiful frocks for her."

Doreen came back with a handful of dresses and underwear over her arms. By this time Paul stood just in his underpants.

"Alright madam, I have this lovely red satin vest with the matching knickers. Just feel the soft fabric. Isn't Pauline a lucky girl to have this satin material against her body?"

Norma took the underwear, and felt the smooth satin. Yes, it was just the girlish underwear for her Pauline. Soon with help from Doreen, the little vest slipped over the head of Pauline, followed by the removal of his under pants, then being replaced with the red satin knickers. Little shivers ran up and down Pauline's body, she had never felt like this before. Girl's clothes were so delightful. Why had her Mommy and Daddy not put these clothes on her before?

Then Doreen held up a long black satin petticoat. "This is just the thing to put on under a beautiful frock." This flowed down over Pauline's body to her ankles. Doreen followed this with white ankle socks, and black Mary Jane shoes.

"Now madam, I have a number of dresses here as you can see. I suggest we try this long black velvet dress on the little miss." So saying, Doreen placed the dress on Pauline. It slithered smoothly down her now trembling body; she was in heaven. Doreen had seen that look on many a boy's face after she had put a pretty frock on them.

"Well madam, what do you think? It's just lovely, isn't it?"

"Oh yes." Norma heaved a sigh; the delightful sight of her son in a frock just took her breath away.

"Pauline, walk up and down till mommy sees how you look in the pretty dress."

Pauline did as his mother bid him. To Pauline this was most exciting as the frock swished and swirled around his body. The frock caressed itself to his small frail frame. Pauline shut her eyes; exquisite feelings ran all over her body. She was another person, no longer a boy, but a girl. She was the same as Rebecca Virginia. They both were now girls.