



*Reluctant Press presents:*

# Pantied by Grandma

Blind Ruth



*Copyright © 2011, Reluctant Press*

***Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet***

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

**Report stolen books by using the contact form at [reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) or call us at 800-359-2116**

*Thank you.*

# **Pantied by Grandma**

**PART 1**

**by Blind Ruth**

## **PREPARATION A GRANDMOTHER'S DREAMS**

Nan Crowley was reflecting on the past. Her husband Peter, many years dead, had provided well for Nan and his sons. A top class solicitor, he had handled many headline cases. A country house was maybe too big for Nan now that her family had grown. She was all alone in that mansion.

Nan had a good life; she could not complain except for one thing. She missed female company, blood relations. Nan was the youngest of four having three elder brothers. Her mother always wanted a girl but when Nan came along, she had no more children. Her mother just adored her and fussed over her. But Nan wanted a sister to play with. She had plenty of girlfriends at school and was a popular girl, but that was not the same as a sister to confide in and discuss girlie matters with.

As time went on, Nan married. She loved her husband dearly; it was a happy marriage. On the event of her first pregnancy, she thought, "I will have a little girl I can fuss over and we will be so happy." It was not to be, however; a bouncing baby boy was born. Nan loved her son. In a year, Nan was again with child.

Surely the third time she would have a daughter but she was denied that pleasure once more as a healthy boy was born. Nan Crowley was a very religious woman. God telling her that she was not to have a girl.

She gave up thoughts about having a girl until her sons grew up and married. A granddaughter would come along, wouldn't one? Alan, her second son, married Mary and they had two boys, David, her eldest son, married Beth. Both mother and baby nearly died at birth. The birth resulted in a boy. The last hope for a granddaughter rested on Ian, the youngest of Nan's sons. When he married Tina, this was Nan's last hope. In a year, another grandson was born. When Ian lost money on a venture, money was tight so for now that was the end of their family.

It looked like to Nan Crowley that was the last chance for a granddaughter. Nan had no sister, no

daughter, now no granddaughters. She so wanted a granddaughter to fuss over and love like her mother had done with her.

Every Sunday after her family had been to church, her sons and daughters-in-law would come to her mansion for lunch; of course they brought their sons as well. Nan always wanted to see her grandsons and had many toys and gifts to give them every Sunday. But how nice it would have been if they were granddaughters. Still she loved them all.

\*\*\*

When her youngest son Ian's own son, also called Ian, was around five years Nan Crowley noticed a facial similarity to his mother, Tina. Every time when her son Ian and daughter-in-law came to her mansion, Nan would discreetly watch little Ian. His movements were gentle and girl-like. This was when he thought no one was watching him; around his boy cousins he was much more rowdy. Nan thought this was an act to show he was like his cousins.

An unusual thought came into her mind. Maybe God had made a mistake in assigning his gender; he should have been a girl. But such thoughts were evil; as a religious woman, she should not even be thinking these things. They kept returning, however. here was only one way to resolve this problem; she must ask God for guidance. Surely He would give an answer.

In church she would silently pray to God for some sign to say she was right or wrong about having such thoughts. Even at home she would pray daily for weeks on end. There were no signs, no reply, from God. Nan kept having dreams of seeing young Ian in

long flowing dresses made of the finest silks and satins of all colours. She as nice as any other little girl Nan had ever seen.

Then it came to Nan's mind. This was it, this was God telling her that a mistake had been made at young Ian's birth; she must have it rectified. God had chosen her to make little Ian a girl. Nan was sure of that.

Nan Crowley, humble woman that she was, must help God. She knew God was by her side, guiding her hand in every move she would make to bring her grandson into the world of girlhood. Nan felt relieved and relaxed now that she knew what she must do. But wait! Could it be that there were other mistakes among her grandsons? Nan was a now a happy woman. Forty-eight years of her life had all be leading up to this. The female company she sought was now coming. Her grandson or grandsons would be moulded into pretty, old-fashioned girls of yesteryear.

Alan and Mary are what one may call a sporting couple. Alan played rugby at school and Mary played field hockey. In their married life they encouraged their sons in similar activities since they could walk. It was no surprise they were very active boys; games were part of their life. Both Robert and Bill were robust and boisterous boys around their cousins. Because they were three or four years older than their cousins Ian and James (son of David and Beth), they always won any ball game they played together. From Robert's and Bill's appearances, one could see they were typical boys.

Now that Nan was studying her grandsons for any sign of femininity, one of her tests was the kiss they gave her each time they greeted her. From Robert and Bill, this kiss was given reluctantly. Nan knew both

boys had been instructed by their parents that they had to kiss their grandmother as all their other cousins did. Nan could see this was a 'sissy thing' for the likes of them but if their parents said so, they must obey.

Nan marked the two off her list of possible grandsons to be feminine. While she loved them both and they would always be welcome in her home, they would no longer be in her thoughts for girlhood.

On the kiss test, little Ian did as she expected. Nan was sure there would be no problem putting him in a frock when the time came. This would be a task that would delight her; she was already planning out her wardrobe of girl clothes in pretty colours and of the finest of materials. Little Jenni (the name Nan had decided for Ian) would be a delight to see as she walked around Nan's mansion in the long flowing dresses.

The surprise in the kiss test was to be James, the son of David and Beth, who kissed her and hugged his grandma most tenderly. It wasn't as if his parents had told him to do so; this was genuine affection.

It was as if he needed someone to love him, which she would surely do. But there was more behind this need for love and affection from his grandma. Nan now studied her son David and daughter-in-law Beth. There seemed to be a strained relationship between them. Why should David and Beth seem so unhappy? Nan must investigate. One Sunday, she took David aside and asked him what was wrong with him and Beth.

"Nothing, mother," replied David.

"David, your mother has been around this old world long enough to know when there is something wrong in a marriage. Tell me the truth."

David Crowley could clearly see there was no use holding back the truth.

“Well mother, it is like this. Ever since Beth had her difficulties with the birth of James, she has had fits of depression and melancholy which I put down to the surgeon telling her she was to have no more babies or she could die next time. We have slowly sort of drifted apart since then.”

“I see. I am so sorry for both of you. There must be some solution to this problem. You were such a loving couple.”

No more was said but Nan was thinking plenty. Could this situation be used to her advantage to bring young James towards girlhood and at the same time heal the marriage of her son?

Nan Crowley was to spend many long nights giving thought to this problem. She thought she had the answer which would not only resolve the problem of her son’s marriage but at the same time put little James into her hands and get him, like his cousin Jenni, to learn to love the dressers and frocks which would become her way of life. Rosemary, a nice old-fashioned English name seemed to fit James. God had been kind to Nan; she would now have two granddaughters. This was truly a wonderful gift from God. First, she must call a meeting of her son David and his wife Beth.

Nan spoke first. “Look Beth, David has told me all about your fits of depression. Let’s not beat about the bush, do you love my son?”

“Yes mother, I do but I have these fits of depression when I think about how I can have no more children.”

“What if I said I would look after young James for two or three weeks. You and David could be together

alone without any disturbance. Maybe that could re-light the flame you both had for each other. I would look after James while you both sort out your differences. What do you say?"

"Could we have a day or two to think about this, mother?" David asked.

"Sure. Think about it as long as you like."

A week later, Nan Crowley received the answer she was hoping for from her David.

"Yes mother, Beth and I will take up your kind offer. We have sorted out a second honeymoon for ourselves and have explained to James that he will be staying with his grandmother for a few weeks. He seemed rather taken with this idea and looks forward to staying here."

"When shall I receive little James, David?"

"Next Sunday. Beth and I will be leaving on the Monday if that is all right with you."

"But of course, David. I am sure you and Beth will patch up your marriage."

"I do hope so, mother, for both Beth's and my sake."

## **THE LONG JOURNEY TO GIRLHOOD BEGINS**

Nan was exceedingly happy that afternoon. The first part of her plan to enter little James into the delights of girlhood had succeeded. She reminded herself it was not her plan but God who had been guiding her hand. She was only executing God's wishes.

She would not buy any little girls clothes for Rosemary just yet. Before that, it would be explained to him/her why he should be wearing girl's clothes. If she explained it nicely and gently, he/she would understand, right?

The following Sunday as the family came for their Sunday lunch, it was sensed by her other two sons and daughter-in-laws that there was something wrong in David and Beth marriage when they indicated they were leaving little James with his grandmother and going on a second honeymoon. Nothing was said by anyone. Nan was certainly not going to tell them anything.

David and Beth had brought a trunk containing little James' clothes which Nan told them to put in the room she had prepared for James. To Beth, it looked a little feminine (which indeed it was, Nan having prepared it so) but she said nothing.

David and Beth stayed a little longer after the others had left to say goodbye to their son and tuck him into bed.

"Now James, you will be a good boy for your grandma and do all she tells you, won't you?"

"Oh yes, mother," replied James.

"That's a good boy," said Beth and she gently kissed James on the forehead.

The following morning, Nan gently woke James for breakfast to dress him "I can do that myself, grandmother."

"Oh, can you, James? You are such a clever boy. When you are dressed, come to the living room for your breakfast," Nan replied to the small boy. At the same time, she observed her grandchild and how she could feminize him. It would be a challenge with James

unlike his soon-to-be female cousin, Jenni; he was not as small and petite as she. However Nan was sure she could rise to this challenge. It was God directing her hand; every word she spoke to little James was coming from God.

Yes she must keep on even if she had to be somewhat cruel to him/her at times. It would all be worthwhile to see Rosemary enter the wonderful world of girlhood.

James came to the living room in his grey short boy's trousers held up by a belt with a matching grey blazer and an open neck blue cotton shirt.

"My but aren't you a smart looking boy, James!" exclaimed his grandmother. James smiled to his grandmother as he ate the corn flakes and drank orange juice given to him by Nan.

"James, how would you like to go for a walk in the woods on this bright and beautiful morning? There are so many wild animals to see around here."

"Oh yes, grandmother! I would like that," he replied enthusiastically.

"Good, James. The fresh air will do you good. I see your mother has brought a pair of Wellington boots which will do nicely as it can be muddy sometimes. I don't think you will need a coat as it is such a warm day. Now let us get prepared. Bring your Wellingtons."

When both Nan and her grandson were ready, she took her grandson's hand and left the mansion to go for their walk. Nan had brought a picnic basket with sandwiches and cakes and a few cans of Coke for James.

The wood was exciting to little James as he saw rabbits scamper and birds fly overhead. He tried to catch

the rabbits but they were too quick for him. Nan found a peaceful spot for their picnic. Soon sandwiches and cakes were being consumed with cans of Coke to wash it all down.

Now was the time for Nan to put the first part of her plan into action. Putting an arm round young James, she asked, "Do you love your mummy?"

"Oh yes, granny, I do."

"Good James, that is as it should be. Does your mummy love you too?"

James Crowley hesitated before he gave an answer. "Well, I think she does, granny."

"You do not seem to be sure, James. Does she kiss and hug you like all mothers should?"

"She did when I was younger but lately she has stopped that. Maybe she thinks I am a bigger boy and do not need that now, granny."

"Oh does she indeed? You know when your father was a little boy like you, I still gave him a kiss and a cuddle."

James laughed.

Nan carried on. "Your mother should still be kissing and cuddling you, James. Don't you miss her love?"

Nan said no more. She let little James ponder on this. Part One was finished, Part Two would come later that night. Of that Nan was sure. It was a very thoughtful James Crowley who left the woods hand-in-hand with his grandmother.

Nan had prepared a sumptuous dinner for both of them that night with a trifle especially made for James.

“Did you like that dinner, James. I made the trifle just for you.”

“Oh yes, grandma.” Then with a worried look on his face, he asked Nan, “Grandma, does my mother really love me even if she is not kissing and cuddling me?”

This was the question Nan was hoping to hear; she had devised an answer that she hoped would satisfy young James. Anything that transpired from it must come from young James even if Nan was prompting it.

With a serious face, Nan looked at James. “Your mother does love you, James, deep down. However you must remember that your birth could have cost not only your life but your mother’s.”

James looked at his grandmother with a troubled expression. This he had heard from his parents. As a young boy, he could not really quite understand it but he knew that it was serious.

Nan carried on. “James, your mother can have no more babies. I am sure she wanted a baby girl and a sister for you. Sadly, that cannot be. If she had had a girl, your mother would have poured out so much love for it. Do you understand, James?”

“I think I do, grandma.”

Nan was going no further than that. James was a sensitive boy and she knew these thoughts would linger and disturb his mind that night.

“Its bedtime, James. Let’s get you ready.”

Soon, James was in his green pyjamas Nan tucked him in bed and gave him a kiss on the forehead.

The following morning at breakfast, James asked his grandmother, "Would my mummy be happier if she had had a baby girl, grandma?"

"I expect she would, James, but that can never be."

"Would she love me if she had had a baby girl?"

"As I told you, deep down she does love you, only she is not showing it."

James started to cry. "I want my mummy to love me and kiss me, grandma."

This was it. Nan now had James in her hands. She could now lead him from the path he had strayed onto, to the path to girlhood.

"There may be a way, James. It is going to take a lot of courage on your part. I don't know even if I should suggest it, James."

"Oh please, Grandma. I want my mummy. I want mummy to kiss and hug me again, please, please grandma."

Her grandson James was slowly being lured into the trap Nan had laid down for him. Nan Crowley thoughtfully looked at her grandson before answering.

"Come over here, James."

This he did, then Nan, putting an arm round his shoulder, asked, "Would you do anything to be hugged and kissed by your mother? I told you that deep down she does love although she is not showing that affection openly."

"Oh yes, grandma."

"Then, without question, you must do as I tell you. Have you ever worn girl's clothes, James?"

A red faced and embarrassed James hesitatingly answered, "No."

"If you really, really want your mummy to kiss you again and I know you do, then I think you will begin wearing girls clothes for the rest of your life."

Nan had expected some protest from James, however none came. Was this transformation going to be easier than she had anticipated? Nan on impulse hugged the little boy.

"Oh, you sweet little darling, I am going to help you regain love from your mummy."

Nan, looking at little James, then said, "Darling, we must begin your long journey to girlhood, a journey you are going to love. However I do not think we should tell your mother just yet. We will tell her but only when we have prepared and perfected you in every way to be a girl."

A blushing James asked his grandma, "Will I have to wear girl's clothes, grandma?"

"But of course, James. There is no need to be ashamed of it. By the time we are finished, you will be proud to wear girl's clothes. You will never want to take them off! But we have not as yet any girl's frocks. I think it is time we went shopping for girl's clothes, James, don't you?"

James Crowley said not one word. He was being led into a world he knew nothing of but it seemed an exciting adventure. He was most curious about what it was like to be a girl, just what it was like to wear girl's clothes, what it was like to be treated as a girl. If he had been reluctant to start, a slow churning of his insides was spurring him on.

Nan saw the curious look and expression on the little boy's face. This child had not even had a skirt on him yet the signs were good.

Nan Crowley knew this transformation of her grandsons could not all be done by herself; she would need help from other people, male and female. What she wanted was old-fashioned girl's clothes of Victorian vintage. This would be no problem as she knew a retired seamstress who made Nan's own made-to-measure clothes. She got on rather well with Barbara who although she was retired, still had a clientele of lady customers with rather strange tastes in clothes. Believe it or not, there were still women who wanted crinolines with bustles and even knickers to wear underneath their crinolines. Nan herself was a lover of that type of knickers, having a large collection of them.

"Come along, James, we have no time to waste."

"Where are we going, grandma?"

"We are going to get you fitted out in beautiful girl's clothes. You want that, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose I do, grandma."

"Of course you do. You want your mother to kiss and cuddle you again," Nan sternly said.

There must be no backsliding now, she had to drive little James onward to girlhood. This was what God wanted.

Having put a powder blue coat on, Nan lead James by the hand to her car. Away they went to a nearby town where Nan knew a shop that specialised in little girl's clothes.

There they stood before the window, a delightful display of a multitude of girl's clothes for all ages. The

colours, the frills, the fashions the lace, the silks and satins just begged to be fitted on Rosemary. This was what she/he had been born for.

James had never seen such a mixture of dazzling colours before. These were girl's clothes, so unlike the dull boy's clothes he was now wearing. A certain feeling was expanding within him to try these girl's clothes on!

Hand in hand, James was led into the shop by his grandmother. It had various departments which specialised in all the different aspects of girls' dress: skirts, school uniforms, shoes, boots, and undergarments of all sorts.

Nan spotted an elderly lady. Nan came straight out with it to the woman. "I wish to purchase some girls clothes for my grandson here. You said you desired that, didn't you, James?"

James meekly whispered yes. He did so want to try these girl clothes on.

"I see, madam. As you can see, we have plenty of them. What size is he? We will start from there."

Nan was not sure except that he was maybe a plumper than the average little girl his age.

"Well, Rosemary has never worn girl's clothes before. Could you take her measurement, please."

There, she had said it, revealing to James his female name from now on. James reasoned that if he was to please his grandmother and mother, it was only natural he would have a girl's name. Rosemary sounded nice and feminine, yes he/she liked that name.

"Let us go into this vacant cubicle madam and take Rosemary's measurements." This the sales woman did.

“Now madam, have you any dresses in mind? Have you spotted anything you desire or has little Rosemary said anything to you?”

Nan bent down to Rosemary/James. “Did you see anything you liked Rosemary?”

James, who now knew he was to be called Rosemary, whispered into his grandmother’s ear, “The pretty blue dress, grandma. It looks so nice.”

Nan kissed little Rosemary on the forehead. “Yes, my pet, you already have good taste in clothes. I just know that dress was meant for you.”

Turning to the saleslady, she said, “Rosemary wishes to try on that blue dress she saw in your window display.”

“Excellent choice! She will look ever so pretty in it. I do think, madam, that it would be more fitting if I also brought some girl’s underclothes as well so she will not look out of place in a girl’s clothes.”

“But of course. You are so right. That will also have to be purchased. I will undress Rosemary and prepare her for everything.”

Rosemary was excited to see and feel and touch the soft material that girl clothing was made of; Nan was excited to see her grandson in little girl’s clothes for the first time.

The saleslady knew she had a sale from the expressions on both of her customers’ faces. She expected this would not be the last time she would see this pair. She went to get that blue dress and she had some nice frilly knickers and petticoats to go with it.

The sales woman came back to the cubicle with an armful of dresses and underclothes and placed them on a chair. She also held out a large towel to Nan.

“Would you please undress the little lady her underpants, then hold up this towel so she can remove them. After all, we gentleladies do not wish to see such disgusting male bits on the little lady, do we, madam?”

“No, they should never have been on her in the first place.”

This stripped Rosemary down to her short underpants. The saleslady now gave Nan a pair of blue satin knickers. And what knickers they were. Around each leg they were fringed with blue frilly lace.

Nan felt the fabric. A broad smile came to her face as the dainty, delicate and pleasurable satin passed through her fingers. Nan remembered her own childhood and how her mother always picked such exquisite underwear for her to wear. Now little Rosemary here would be subjected to the same treatment.

The saleslady smiled. “You like it, madam?” she asked in an innocent voice.

“Yes, I certainly do and so will Rosemary, I’m sure.”

Reluctantly, she gave them to Rosemary for she wanted to feel these wonderful knickers forever!

“Now madam, if you will hold up this towel in front of Rosemary, she can take her boys underpants off and replace them with the beautiful girl’s knickers. We do not want to see her boys parts, do we, madam?”

Rosemary, now holding the pair of knickers, proceeded to take her boys pants off. She was feeling the soft satin kept wondering if this was how she would be

dressed for the rest of her life. If so, she should savour the first moments before they touched her body. Even if she would have a lifetime of wearing delightful girl's underwear, this would be her first time.

With her hands on the waistband, she started to pull the knickers up her legs. The soft feel of the lace as it brushed over her bare legs gave Rosemary a luxurious, even sensual, feeling. The knickers were slowly pulled over her waist so that Rosemary could have the full benefit of their pleasurable effect on her. There were more delights to follow.

The saleslady looked at Nan who had removed the towel. "Doesn't she look ever so sweet, madam?"

The saleslady was holding a blue petticoat which she had scrunched up, ready to place over Rosemary's head. This she now eased over Rosemary's head, then placed her arms through the shoulder straps. Then she watched the petticoat slither and slide down Rosemary's body till it stopped just below her knees. The blue lace edging tickled Rosemary's bare legs, much to Rosemary's and the saleslady's delight, not to mention Nan Crowley's.

"I have pale blue matching ankle socks to go with the petticoat and dress. If the little girl will sit on the chair, I shall slip them on, followed by the nice Mary Jane shoes. They are blue too."

The saleswoman never mentioned that these shoes were what were called in the trade "Nancy shoes." Maybe the word Nancy would not favour her customer and she could lose a sale. But the word Nancy certainly fitted this little boy. No doubt his grandmother had plans for one of those sex change operations for the little lad for sometime in the future.

The saleslady was correct, that was all being planned in Nan Crowley's mind. For now, though, Rosemary had to run the full range of girlhood. Besides, Jenni had yet to come into the picture. These two would run hand-in-hand together through the wonderland of girlhood.

The all blue satin dress was lifted off the chair by the saleswoman.

"Just feel it, madam. So soft and pliable. Little Rosemary here was just made for it, don't you think, madam?"

Nan watched the saleswoman start to place the dress over Rosemary's head and let it fall down her body. This blue satin dress had six buttons in a vertical row to be buttoned up which would pull the dress together at the back. Just below where the first button at the waist was, two long blue trailing ribbons attached to the dress.

The saleswoman turned to Nan and asked, "Would madam like to do the honours?" But of course she would.

Nan Crowley slowly started to button up the gorgeous dress. Nan wanted to savour this first experience, to feel the small shivers she knew that Rosemary was going to experience. As each blue button was slipped into the stitched satin loop on the opposite side of the dress, Nan was pleased to feel her new granddaughter tremble and convulse in anticipation for the next button to be fastened so that the soft material could caress her back. That task now completed, Nan gave Rosemary a sweet and gentle kiss on the back of her neck, causing more shivers from her granddaughter.



But the excitement was not yet finished for grandmother and granddaughter. The ribbons hanging from the back of the dress had still to be pulled together, tied and made into a beautiful blue bow.

Taking both the hanging ribbons in her hands, Nan pulled and pulled them together. She could hear her granddaughter gasp. It might hurt Rosemary but it was for her own good. Nan tied the ribbons together, then formed a large bow at the back of the dress. From there, the ends of the ribbons hung down to the hem of the dress.

When this task was completed, the saleswoman said to Rosemary, "Turn round and show your grandmother just how pretty you look, my dear." The saleswoman had figured out that Nan was the little sissy's grandmother. The sales lady wanted to see the expressions on both the sissy's and grandmother's faces. She only wished she had a camera to capture them.

"Now Rosemary, walk back and forth to show the pretty dress off to your grandma," said the saleslady.

This Rosemary did to soft rustling and swishing sounds as the dress swirled and brushed against her legs. This was music to Nan Crowley's ears. Jubilation and excitement welled up within Nan's body so much so that she just had to hug and kiss her new granddaughter.

It had not gone unnoticed by Rosemary that she had indeed pleased her grandma. How much more would her mother love her now that she wore girl's clothes? Rosemary returned the kisses.

"Would madam like to purchase a blue girl's coat to match the dress before you leave?"

That object was bought too, along with a long white silk nightdress with patterns of Teddy Bears printed on it. Nan had tried to think of everything to feminise her grandson. But even so there were a number of details still to be dealt with. For a start, that hair of Rosemary's

was short for a girl. It could be left to grow long but it still worried Nan. Also, it would not do Rosemary any harm to lose a little weight. Nan would have to give her some slimming pills for weight loss and a wig till such time as her hair grew long enough.

Now that she had James/Rosemary in girl's clothes no way did Nan want to see him/her in anything but them! In fact, the boy's clothes that the saleswoman had returned to Nan were going in the fire as soon as they returned home.

On the way home, they made a stop at the herbalist shop where Nan purchased a box of slimming pills which she told Rosemary were for herself. They would be ground up and slipped into Rosemary's orange juice each morning. Then they went to the wig shop where Nan enquired about wigs for children. The woman there showed Nan a large selection of wigs for girls.

Before they left the shop, Rosemary already had a very curly blonde wig on her head, a delightful girlie wig that was what she needed. "She looks so much better now," thought Nan.

"Is the little girl going to a party, ma'am?" queried the shop assistant.

"Not yet but she could be in the future." Yes, she really could. After all, Rosemary had to mix with and be accepted by her own kind, which was how she would progress into girlhood.

Both Nan and her new granddaughter were at home having dinner. Rosemary delightfully nodded her head this way and that way to the many questions her grandmother asked her. Nan was delighted to watch her granddaughter's golden curls flow through the air as she nodded her head.

“Darling, it is getting near your bedtime. We will soon ascend the stairs to your bedroom and get you ready for bed.”

“Oh grandma, I was enjoying myself in these nice girl’s clothes. Do I have to take them off?”

“Yes darling, I am afraid you will but you have the lovely nightdress still to wear. Go upstairs and wait for me while I make some hot cocoa for both of us before we both retire for bed. Will you do that for your grandma?”

“Oh yes, grandma” Rosemary said in an excited voice. She was more than eager to wear such a fine nightdress. Would it feel the same as all these nice girl’s clothes had been on her?

Nan Crowley made sure she ground up the slimming pills and placed them in a cup for her granddaughter. Nan, now in her granddaughter’s room, opened the bed drawer. Holding up the silk nightdress and placing it on the bed, she proceeded to help Rosemary remove her girl’s clothes. Lifting the long white silk nightdress, she helped Rosemary into it and smoothed it down her body.

“Aren’t the little teddy bears nice, Rosemary? And isn’t this nightdress so nice for a pretty little girl such as you?”

Rosemary asked her grandmother, “I am pretty, grandma?” She had never thought about boys being pretty, but maybe she wasn’t a boy anymore but a girl. All the girls she had ever seen were pretty, weren’t they?

“Of course you are, Rosemary, as pretty a little girl as your old grandmother has ever seen. Don’t let anyone tell you otherwise. Come over here, darling.”

Nan took the little boy/girl into her arms and showered her with kisses. As she did so, she whispered into Rosemary's ears, "My granddaughter, my granddaughter."

"Let us sip our cocoa. Then I will tuck you in bed and you can get some sleep. I expect you have been excited all day, haven't you, Rosemary? It's nice being a girl and you have lots more girlie excitement to come as the years pass by."

Nan felt little shivers pass through Rosemary's body and it pleased her because she knew the excitement of the day was getting to little Rosemary.

Nan now held the bed sheets open for Rosemary to slip herself into, tucked them around her, gave her a sweet little kiss on the forehead and retired to her own room. Now that she had some time to herself, Nan Crowley could write up her observations of this monumental day. She now had the first of her grandsons into girl's clothes. It was a start but Rosemary's journey had only begun.

Nan Crowley now had a purpose in life, a purpose that would drive her on and on till both her grandsons became girls, then through time become women, and beautiful women at that. Oh how happy she was as she visualised the beautiful and pretty women Rosemary and Jenni would be and turn many a man's head. In the morning, Nan planned to paint a picture of her granddaughter. Painting was a hobby of Nan. The nearby woods would make a nice setting for her painting.