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**A  
GIRL  
AT  
LAST**



**by Judy**

## CHAPTER 1

### THE BEAUTY CONTEST

It all started when I was 17. I had just met a girl called Christine who was tall with long black hair that lay gently on her shoulders. She had been given a generous allowance by a grandmother who had died a few years previous, and she lived in a luxurious seaside flat with another girl called Jennie, a pretty girl with soft features and short wavy brown hair. I had been there with David, a friend of mine who knew Jennie a little, and almost at first sight I had fallen madly in love with Christine. She was so feminine in everything she did-- her clothes, her jewelry, her gestures -- and her femininity seemed mysterious and beguiling. But she was a year older than me, and she did not seem to take any interest in me at all. David seemed to be having the same kind of trouble with Jennie: he was very keen on her, but she did not seem keen on him. We decided to have one last attempt to get a date with them: we would invite them to come with us to the annual local barbecue which was being held the following Saturday.

So, in our trepidation, we went round together to see them. When David asked them they did not give a straight reply, but asked us if we'd like a cup of coffee, and then went off into the kitchen together. They came out a few minutes later.

"All right", Christine said, "We'll come. But on one condition".

"What's that?" I asked.

"That you both go in for the beauty contest".

They both giggled.

"But that's for girls. You mean that you want to go in for it?"

"No, we mean you and David. We'll give you some clothes and wigs and dress you up. It'll be a real giggle. The four of us are all roughly the same size."

David and I looked at each other.

"It's ridiculous", I said. "I'm not going to dress up in a girl's clothes for anybody."

"Well, if you want to take us to the barbecue, you'll have to".

David looked at me. "Go on", he said, "it's only a joke. It'll be fun."

I protested again, but eventually looking at Christine won me over, and I gave in.

"Come round after lunch on Saturday, then", said Christine. "We'll need a few hours to get you ready and make you into really convincing girls."

So, on Saturday, David and I went round and sheepishly knocked on the door. Christine and Jennie answered it together, Jennie dressed in a simple brown jumper and short black skirt and Christine in a very pretty beige silk dress.

Christine took my hand. Jennie's going to dress you, David, while Malcolm comes with me. We'll go to my bedroom at the back."

She led me along the corridor and opened the door. It was obvious that she had spent a large amount of money on the room: it had pink chiffon curtains round the bed, a lovely little white dressing-table, a luxurious satin-covered settee with a matching

dressing-table stool, and a large white wardrobe with full-length mirrors on each of its three doors.

"Take off your clothes", she said. "We'll get you dressed first, and make you up afterwards".

I wanted to say something, but I was so nervous and bewildered that before I knew what had happened I had taken off all my clothes except my pants.

"You'll have to take them off too", she said.

"What, you mean wear a girl's underclothes as well? No, I can't, I won't. It's ridiculous. Everybody will think I am a pervert."

Christine came over, put her hands on my shoulders and looked into my eyes. "Look, Malcolm", she said softly. "If we're going to do this we must do it properly. It'd be ridiculous for you to be dressed as a girl and still be wearing Y-fronts. I'm going to make you look so pretty and feminine that no one will recognise you. And anyway, wouldn't you like to wear my undies, to feel as I feel. Put your hands against me and feel me." She moved a little away from me, and stroked my hands against her tummy. "Don't I feel soft and silky? And look." She lifted up the hem of her dress and revealed the lower part of a beautiful icy blue slip, which shone like satin and had lavish lace trimming. "Wouldn't you like to feel like me? Go, on, touch it: don't be shy. It's lovely to be able to wear clothes like this all the time. I want you to know what it's like."

She kissed me gently on my lips, and then went over to her dressing table and came back with a pair of frilly pink nylon panties with grey lace trimming. I still hadn't said anything: my mind was in a turmoil, both because of her kiss and because of the sensation of touching her slip. But I didn't

struggle as she removed my pants and held the panties for me to step into. When they were in place, I stroked my hands tentatively against them.

"How do they feel?" Christine asked.

"V-very soft", I said.

"They look lovely on you. You've got a very soft, shapely body: you'll be a fabulous girl, and you'll look ever so feminine. I think we'll dress you all in pink: would you like that?"

"A-all right", I said.

"Come over to the dressing-table then: I'll dress you there, so that you won't be able to see yourself in the mirror until I have finished and you can see the full effect."

So she started to dress me. First she put on a lacy pink padded bra, with pretty fluted shoulder-straps, which she fastened at the back. Then, having put on a matching suspender belt, she made me sit on the stool and slipped some silky nylons on to my legs, fastening them to the suspenders at the top. My legs and body were already quite brown from sun-bathing, but I had never noticed before how shapely my legs were and I had never been very hairy.

Christine ran her hands over my knees, and made me stretch the legs out. "I wish I had legs as slender and shapely as yours", she said. "Now, stand up and get into this slip." She held out a slip which matched the panties -- pink and silky, with a grey lace at the breast and also at the hem, and with a small lace-trimmed slit at the side. Once she had pulled it up and put the shoulder-straps into place, she nestled against me. "Now are you beginning to feel like a girl?" she asked.

"Y-yes", I hesitated. "It's r-rather nice".

She smiled. "I think you're beginning to enjoy yourself" she said. Now sit on the stool and I'll make you up".

She put on some cream, and then she started to make up my eyes: false eye-lashes, mascara to blend them into my own, some eye-liner, a little touch of blue eye-shadow, and -- having covered my own eye-brows with a neutral-coloured make-up stick --eye-brow pencil. Next she powdered my face and added a little rouge to the cheeks, then she put some soft pink lipstick on my lips, and finally she filed my nails to make them shapely and painted them with pink nail-varnish that matched the lipstick.

"Now a wig. How about this blonde one?" She opened the wardrobe and brought out a stunning blonde wig with a little fringe at the front, built up into whirls at the top, and with a long piece hanging down the back. It was a bit different and uncomfortable to get it on, but once it was in place it seemed to fit perfectly.

Christine stepped back and looked at me. "Gosh, you look fabulous. You really look fabulous."

"Can I see?" I asked.

"We'll just finish you off first", she said. She slipped me into a silky pink party dress with a narrow waist, a slightly flared skirt and covered with a layer of pretty brocade-patterned chiffon which rustled softly against the pink silk. Then she slipped three or four gold chains and bracelets on to my wrists, a little necklace round my neck, a couple of pearl rings on my fingers, and finally she put my nylon-clad feet into a pair of white open-style stiletto-heeled shoes.

"Now then", she said, "come with me". She took my hand and led me over to the mirrors. I gazed at them for a moment in complete bewilderment, and then I suddenly realised what I was looking at. There, instead of a rather baby-faced boy with close-cropped hair, was a beautiful girl, with a wave of her long blonde hair caressing a pair of long shapely nylon-clad legs, and with the nylon reinforcement at the toes visible against the white leather of the high-heeled shoes. And that girl was me. It was unbelievable. I ran my hands down my body and felt the chiffon and silk of the dress and the soft nylon of the slip rustling against my body. I turned around, and saw the skirt of the dress swirl out a little and a tantalising little glimpse of grey lace and pink nylon peeping below the hem. So this was what it was like to be a girl, to be dressed from top to toe in silk and nylon and lace. I looked at my face and saw how much softer it had become: as I smiled my pink lips turned downwards slightly, and my brown eyes twinkled beneath their long eye-lashes. I felt my body stiffen in excitement. I could feel I was having an erection: I, as a boy, was being sexually attracted to myself dressed as a girl.

Christine put her arms round me. "You're really beautiful, you know."

"I-I do believe I am", I said.

"In fact I think you've got a chance of even winning the beauty competition. Come and see if Jennie and David recognise you."

She took me along to Jennie's room, and knocked on the door. "Are you ready?"

"Almost", said Jennie. "Just wait half a minute."

Christine opened the door, and I looked in. I heard a little gasp from Jennie, but I didn't have time to look at her. For there, next to Jennie, was an extraordinarily pretty girl with long black hair falling gently over her shoulders and wearing a satin blouse with a frilly bow at the top and a short black skirt. It couldn't be David: surely it couldn't be David.

"Where's David", Christine asked softly.

"This is David," said Jennie.

The girl's full pink lips smiled. "yes, I'm David. Don't you recognise me?" The voice was deep but coming from that pretty mouth didn't seem unfeminine: in fact its huskiness made it seem very sexy. When I thought about it I realised it was David's, but it needed a moment's conscious thought. "And--you --you can't be Malcolm".

"Yes, I am" I said.

We stared at each other in amazement, and the two girls stared at us too. Then they gave a little scream of delight.

"You're both absolutely fabulous", said Jennie. "I just can't believe you're both boys. You're really fantastic."

David and I smiled rather bashfully.

"And you both seem like girls in your movements. It's extraordinary, but those high-heeled shoes seem to make you move like girls. You'll have to practice walking on them for a bit, though, to get it absolutely perfect."

So for about an hour we walked around on our high-heels and practised sitting down and crossing our

legs, squatting demurely on the floor, and carrying a handbag. By the time we had done this it was about six o'clock, and eventually Christine announced that it was time for us to get ready for the barbecue.

"I think the best thing is for you two boys to wear dresses with full skirts: that will accentuate your figure. Jennie and I have got to get changed too, but we'll go and get you your clothes and you can change in the drawing-room while we get ourselves ready."

She went off to her bedroom and came back a couple of minutes later with one white and one light blue dress and ten or eleven Can-Can petticoats. "I suggest you wear the white dress, Malcolm, while David has the blue one. You can sort out the petticoats between you." She smiled mischievously and went out.

There was a short silence.

"I-I'm really beginning to rather enjoy this", I said.

"I am too", said David. "I've often wondered what it's like to be dressed in a girl's clothes." He hesitated, "To tell you the truth I have dressed up once or twice in my sister's undies, but never like this". He ran his hands sensuously down his body, and then he started to unzip his skirt. He let it fall to his feet, revealing the lace hem of a short and very pretty yellow slip, and then he unbuttoned his blouse. I started to undress too, and eventually we both stood in our undies and looked at each other. I was beginning to need a conscious effort to realise that we were both boys, and that our lingerie was not designed for us. David stooped down to fasten a

a loose suspender, and I could see that he was wearing a lacy black bra and a pair of lacy black panties with a yellow suspender belt. He looked so feminine and sexy. We smiled at each other.

"Come on", David said. "We must get ready." So we both began to step into petticoats: I picked out three pink ones, and David picked out four of various colours -- red, blue, white and yellow. Then we slipped on our dresses: it took a little time to sort all the petticoats out, because they rode up with the dress, but eventually we got them into place. The hem of the dresses just touched our knees, and when I walked a couple of steps I could see the flounce of the skirt reveal the layers of pink frills beneath.

"Are you two ready?" Jennie called out.

We went out into the corridor.

"You both look fantastic. Come and look at them, Christine. They look even prettier than they did before. Nobody could possibly suspect they were boys."

Christine came out with a blue satin handbag for David and a white one for myself.

"There's a few cosmetics in each of them so you can touch yourselves up. I suggest you do it now, so that you'll know what to do." So I put a little extra powder on my nose and ran over the outline of my mouth with my lipstick, and then I found a little bottle of perfume and put a little dab behind my ears, on my neck and on my wrists.

"All right, I'm ready", I said.

"Malcolm, we'll call you Sandra James, and we'll say that David's name is Liz Shaw", said Jennie. "Don't speak unless you have to, and if you do just speak normally but softly. We'll stay with you, so leave everything to us. We'll just be four girls going for an evening out together."

She put her arms round David, and Christine put her arms round me and nestled against me. She was wearing the dress I had worn during the afternoon, and as we moved gently against each other I could feel the silk and nylon of our clothes rustling.

"Good luck", she whispered, kissing me softly on the cheek. "I won't kiss your lips in case I smudge your lipstick."

Jennie opened the door, and we walked out into the fresh evening air. It was still light, but there was a gentle sea-breeze, and I immediately felt it blowing gently up my skirt and against my thighs. It was a sensation I had never experienced before, and while Christine locked the door I stood for a moment, shutting my eyes and tingling with excitement.

When I opened them again I noticed two men walking towards us. Suddenly I felt terrified. They'd be bound to realise I was a boy dressed up as a girl. They'd probably laugh at me, make fun of me. Or they'd call a policeman, and I'd be arrested. By now they were only about five yards away from me, and I could feel them staring hard at me. And then suddenly they were past. I heard one of them give a little wolf-whistle. They hadn't realised I was a boy: they'd thought I was a girl, and one of them at least had shown quite plainly that he fancied me. My heart leapt, and as we started to walk off our four pairs of high-heeled shoes rattling on the pavement, I suddenly felt confident. I not only

looked like a girl: I felt like a girl. And it was a marvelous feeling. I glanced across the pavement and saw the three pairs of slender nylon-clad legs stepping along in unison, and then glanced down at my own, perhaps the shapeliest of all on their white stiletto-heeled shoes. It was me inside those silky nylons -- me!

We walked about fifty yards, and then turned into the road that ran along the seafront.

"Watch your skirts," said Christine.

It was too late. Suddenly I felt my skirt and petticoats being lifted, and the wind beating hard against my panties. For a moment I didn't realise what was happening, and Christine had come to the rescue, putting her hands against my sides to pull the skirt into place.

"All right, I know you're wearing pretty undies", she said. "But there's no need to show everything."

I looked up, and I noticed a young man on the other side of the road staring at me. I suddenly saw myself in his place, and remembered all the times I had been excited when a girl's skirt had lifted to reveal a tantalising glimpse of her undies. Now someone was being excited in the same way, but by me.

"Christine", I said, "Did you see that man"?

She nodded, and we looked over at him and giggled. He looked very embarrassed, and hurriedly moved off.

"That's enough, Sandra", she said. "No more fooling about until after the beauty contest."

We walked on, and eventually reached the gardens where the barbecue was being held. I could see one or two of my school-friends, but although they smiled flirtatiously at us they didn't give any sign of having recognised me. Jennie explained to one of the men at the gate that David and I were competitors for the beauty contest, and he pointed the way to a small bungalow where all the contestants were apparently getting themselves ready.

There were about fifteen of them. One was wearing a dress with a full skirt, like us, and another was wearing a full skirt with a jumper. The rest were in everything from short tight skirts to full evening dresses: it was obvious that there were no very rigid specifications as to what we should wear. One or two were still in their undies -- one was just wearing a pink bra and panties -- but they carried on making themselves up when we walked in, and although most of the other girls glanced at us, none of them seemed to show any great interest. So we went over to a corner and started to touch up our make-up. It all seemed so natural, so matter-of-fact. If they had realised that those two pretty girls standing in the corner were in fact boys they would no doubt have screamed and all hell would have been let loose. But they didn't even seem to take very much notice when I lifted up my skirt and petticoats to straighten my suspenders, pull up my panties which had begun to sag a little, and pull my slip into place.

Eventually the master of ceremonies came in and explained to us what we had to do. It was quite simple: we just had to stand on the main platform together and then walk out in turn on a raised platform which had been built down the aisle between the spectator's chairs. So we all had a last look at ourselves in our mirrors and got into line. I was beginning to feel very tense and nervous, and I hardly knew what I was doing as I followed the

other girls out into the evening air and over to the marquee where the contest was to take place. The crowd began to applaud as we walked into the marquee and up on to the platform. It took a little time to get used to the strong spotlights, but eventually I could see the spectators -- about 200 of them -- staring at us and laughing and clapping. Then the master of ceremonies began to call out our names one by one for us to walk down the aisle. David and I were the last two in the line, and by the time we were called we had been able to compose ourselves and think out what we had to do.

"Liz Shaw", called the announcer, and David moved off. He walked slowly on his blue high-heels, with a little sway of his hips which accentuated the frou-frou of his dress and petticoats. He looked so slim and feminine, his long black hair caressing his shoulders, but I could see that several of the people near the platform were staring not at his face but at his skirt. Suddenly I realised that they would be able to see right up my skirt. They might even be able to see my panties, in which case they might see by the way way I bulged out that I was a boy. But it was too late to do anything about it: I would have to go through with it.

At last my name was called out, and I began to walk down the aisle. I walked even more slowly than David had done, and I could feel the eyes of all the spectators trained on me. When I reached the end of the aisle I realised that an angled mirror had been left there so that we should be able to catch a glimpse of ourselves as we turned around. I could see my long slender nylon-clad legs surrounded by a sea of flossy pink frills which swung as I moved, revealing tantalising glimpses of the grey lace of my slip and of the pink of my suspender belt and panties. As I walked back I could visualise the men in the audience staring at all this and being wildly excited by it.

And wildly excited they obviously were, because as I took my place in the line the applause was deafening. We all now had to move off into a corner while the judges made their decision. They seemed to take ages. I stood there nervously, looking down at my hands with their rings and bracelets and pink nail varnish resting on my pretty white dress. At last the master of ceremonies moved into the centre of the platform.

"Ladies and gentlemen", he said, "we have three prizes which I shall announce in ascending order. In third place, Jane Abbott". A tall angular girl with long blonde hair stepped forward to take her prize. "In second place, Liz Shaw". David and I looked at each other in amazement, and David blushed deeply as he walked over, curtsied gracefully to the audience as the previous girl had done, and was given his prize. "And now ladies and gentlemen, the first prize: a cheque for One hundred Fifty pounds and the title of Miss Littlehampton. It goes to the beautiful Miss Sandra James." I couldn't believe my ears: I had won. I, a boy, had been voted the most beautiful girl in the contest. I walked out into the spotlights, and lifting the front of my dress and petticoats gave a deep curtsy. Then one of the other girls ran out and put a white fur cloak round my shoulders while the master of ceremonies put a little silver crown on my head. Christine and Jennie ran up and put their arms round me and kissed me.

It wasn't until we got out of the marquee into the open air that I realised that a cheque for 150 pounds was in my hand. Although Christine had talked jokingly about me winning, I had never even thought of it as a possibility, and I certainly hadn't realised that there was a prize of this size attached to it. I looked down at it and saw that it was made payable to Johnson's, a large ladies wear store in Worthing, who I remembered were sponsoring the contest.



"Don't worry about that now", said Christine.  
"Look, I don't think we ought to stay round here any longer like this: everyone recognises you now, and all the boys will want to dance with you. I suggest we go quickly back to the flat so that you can change back into your own clothes, and then we'll come back later."

So we went back and changed. The excitement of it all had been so great that it was quite a relief to get back into trousers and not to have to hobble on high-heeled shoes or worry about whether my slip was showing. It took about half an hour to get ready again, and then we went back to the barbecue. Several boys came up to Christine and Jennie and asked them what had happened to the two girls they had been with earlier in the evening, but they managed to fend them off, and we danced and drank until the early hours.

When at last it was time for us to say good-night, Christine took me aside and asked me to kiss her.

"Have you enjoyed it"? she asked.

"I've had an absolutely fabulous time", I said.

"And did you enjoy the dressing up?"

"You know I did".

"What does it feel like to be the prettiest girl in Littlehampton? You're quite a good-looking boy, but I must admit you're a much prettier girl". She put her arms round me, and I gave her a long deep kiss. When we eventually parted she rested her hands lightly on my cheeks. "I must go to bed now", she said. "But do come to see me again if you want to."

As I walked off into the night, my mind was in a turmoil. I thought of all the things that had happened

in the last few hours: being dressed by Christine, practising walking on my high-heels, seeing David in his undies, feeling the breeze blowing sensuously up my skirt, watching the man in the street staring at my dress and petticoats when they were lifted by the wind, sharing a powder room with fifteen girls, walking down the aisle and seeing the sea of frills and lace and nylon moving against my body, being crowned Miss Littlehampton, and finally that those last few words of Christine's. She liked me now, that was obvious. But she seemed to be more attracted to me when I was dressed as a girl. And I had to admit that I had rather enjoyed being a girl. I pressed my hands against my trousers and remembered the soft nylon and silk and chiffon that had been there only a few hours before.....

## Chapter 2 MOVING IN.....

Again and again that night and the following day these same thoughts went through my mind, until at last I could bear it no more. I had to go round and see Christine. When I knocked on the door of her flat, she answered it herself and took me into the drawing-room. We talked for a little in a rather strained and distant way, and then there was a silence.

She looked hard at me, and then she came over to the settee where I was sitting and sat down by me. "I know why you came. You'd like to do the same as we did yesterday, wouldn't you." I nodded nervously, and she took my face in her hands, "well, don't worry. I enjoyed it too, and I'd love to dress you up again. I can't do anything now though, I'm afraid, because I've got some friends coming in a few minutes."

"That's all right", I said. "But look, Christine, I've got an idea. If you think it's stupid, say so. But I'm supposed to be going to stay with my

cousins for four days from next Wednesday, and I was wondering if I could come and stay with you instead. No-one will know: I'll just tell my cousins that I want to go secretly to stay with a girl-friend, and I know they won't tell my mother. What I'd like to do is to stay with you as a girl. I've got that 150 pounds which I've got to spend at Johnson's anyway, so I could buy some clothes for myself and wear them all the time. It's a crazy idea, I know, but after yesterday I can't get it out of my mind."

"I think it's a wonderful idea", Christine said. "I'd love you to come, and I'm sure Jennie wouldn't mind. You can have the spare room next to mine: we'll make it all pretty for you. It'll be just like having a new girl in the flat. And we can have great fun buying your clothes, and dressing you in them, and going out together. It'll be marvelous."

So, the following Wednesday, having arranged things with my cousins, I packed my case as if to go to them, and went round with it to Christine's flat instead. Jennie was at work, but Christine was on holiday for a couple of weeks, and when I arrived just after mid-day she was waiting for me.

"I've got your room ready for you", she said. "What I suggest is that we go straight along there and get you changed and ready, and then you can put your clothes in this case and we can stow them away until you have to leave."

"Oh", I said. "I thought we'd go out like this to buy my clothes this afternoon, and then I'd change after that."

"You can't go shopping for girl's clothes dressed as a boy. All the shop girls will think you're peculiar! And anyway, you won't be able to try anything on. I've got some clothes out ready for you to wear for the time being, and I suggest that you get yourself ready this

time: I'll stay with you in case you need any help, but if you're going to live as a girl for the next few days you'll have to learn to dress yourself and make yourself up."

She led me to my room, and soon as she opened the door I could see she had taken a great deal of trouble to get it ready for me. It was all in white, with a couple of colourful paintings of girls on the walls, a luxurious blue satin cover on the bed, a little collection of cosmetics on the dressing table, and some clothes laid out ready for me on the chair. I quickly slipped out of my clothes and gave them to Christine, who folded them neatly, put them in the case, and took it away. While she was out I picked out a pair of brief silky, white panties, with lots of ruffles and lace on them, and I was just trying to fasten up the matching bra when she came back. She showed me how to do it, but apart from that she insisted on sitting down on the bed and watching while I got myself ready. I put on a lacy white slip, which shone like satin, and then a white suspender belt. Once I had slipped on some nylons and fastened them up, I sat down in front of the dressing-table and started to make myself up. This required more help from Christine than the dressing had done, but she still made me do quite a lot myself, and when she did anything she made me watch carefully so that I would know how to do it myself next time. It was extraordinary to watch myself slowly turning from a boy dressed in girl's undies to a person whom even without a wig it was difficult to think of as being anything other than a girl. Certainly once I had put the wig on there couldn't be any doubt about it at all. As I gazed at myself in the mirror I felt even more excited than I had done the previous week, perhaps because whereas then it had seemed so strange and unreal, it was now fulfilling an image of myself that I had been thinking and dreaming about for four whole days. I got up and walked over to the full-length mirror on the wardrobe and moved about in front of it, caressing the slip against my panties and my body,

rustling my knees together, and looking at myself as sexily as I could. It was incredible to think that the body surrounded by that soft lingerie had only half-an-hour earlier been dressed in a shirt, trousers, and cotton underpants. Christine came up behind me and put her arms round my waist.

"You're a girl now" she whispered. She kissed my neck, and then she ran her hands down and began to stroke my genitals. The feeling of her hands gently working in the silky nylon of my slip and panties against me excited me in a way I had never been excited before, and I began to feel limp and helpless and ecstatic. She led me over to the bed, slipped out of her dress, and having gently lowered me on the bed nestled down beside me. For about a quarter of an hour we simply stroked and moved against against each other, our nylon-clad legs and silky bodies working together, until she slipped off our panties and I made love to her. It was my first time.

After it was over we lay together on the bed, silently but happily. I thought about what Christine had said: presumably she was a lesbian. She couldn't be completely lesbian, of course, because she had wanted me to make love to her. But she seemed to be attracted to me only when I was dressed as a girl. And although I had made love to her in the end, it had seemed such an equal thing -- in fact, if anything she had been the dominant partner in the early stages of the love-making.

"I know what you're thinking", Christine broke in. "That's only the second time I've made love to a boy: Jenny and I have been sleeping together for several months now. But it was wonderful making love to you: there was all the gentleness and softness of making love with a girl, and yet I was able to have you inside me as well. I'm so glad you've come to stay with us".

She put her arms around me and began to kiss me.

Then suddenly she sat up and looked at her watch. "Heavens, it's half past two", she said. "We'll have to dash if we're to get to Worthing in time to do our shopping".

So we quickly got up and got ourselves ready. I put on a simple short black skirt and a lacy white blouse with long sleeves and frills at the neck and wrists, through which the outline of my slip and of the shoulder-straps of my slip and bra could be seen: it looked very alluring. Then I put on a couple of charm bracelets, Christine's black patent shoes with a gold buckle, which looked fabulous against my dark nylons. Christine also gave me a black bag, and handbag, and we were ready to go. I had a last look at myself in the mirror: I was dressed more plainly than I had been on Saturday, but I looked very neat and trim and my long brown eye-lashes, my pink lipstick and my pink nails, together with my beautifully styled blonde hair and the glimpse of my slip caressing my body beneath the soft lace of the blouse, made me look very seductive too.

Christine smiled at me, opened the front door, and off we went.

When we arrived at Johnson's, we started by buying some cosmetics and nylons and a few pieces of jewelry, and then we went into the dress department. We picked out a couple of dresses that we thought I might try on, including a pretty black dress with long chiffon sleeves, and Christine asked one of the salesgirls to show us to the changing room. To my horror there were three other girls in there, all in their undies and stepping into various dresses and skirts. I looked at Christine, but she simply smiled and began to unzip my skirt and unbutton my blouse. As I took them off I could feel the other girls glancing at me. Perhaps it was just because

I was pretty, or because they were interested in my clothes, but I couldn't help feeling that they'd be bound to notice something odd. Surely they would notice that my breasts were just padding. Yet I enjoyed them looking at me: I wanted them to see me in undies, with other girls dressed only in their undies: this was the conclusive confirmation of my acceptance as a girl. I wondered what they would do if they realised that that pretty blonde girl with the sexy white slip was a boy, and the thought excited me. I stepped into the black dress and pulled it up, tucking the hem of my slip between my legs as Christine had shown me, and then walked over to the mirror and walked up and down in front of it.

"That looks really pretty on you", one of the girls said. "I wish I could wear clothes like that: I do envy you your figure."

I smiled at her, and felt a shiver of excitement run through me as the irony of a girl telling me, a boy, that she wished she could wear clothes as feminine as mine. I turned around, and as I felt the dress against me I could see its hem lift up for a couple of seconds, revealing the pretty maroon lace of my slip. I could see her looking at it.

"You must buy that", interrupted Christine. But if we're going to finish all our shopping we'll have to hurry up. I suggest that we leave that pink dress with the full skirt for the time being. If you decide to buy it you'll need some petticoats to go with it from the lingerie department, so perhaps it'd be best if we leave that to last, and go and have a look at the suits and skirts first."

It was an hour before we eventually emerged from the dress department, our arms laden with not only the black silk dress but an expensive and very smart red

woolen suit, a full skirt, a straight skirt, a couple of blouses and jumpers, and a long and shapely satin evening dress in light blue. And I was wearing the full-skirted pink dress. When we got to the lingerie department we began by picking out four or five Can-Can petticoats to go with it, and I also chose a couple of bras and suspender belts. Then Christine asked the salesgirl, a small pretty girl with lovely brown hair, whether I could try on one or two slip and panty sets. I took Christine aside.

"Look, isn't this going a bit too far", I whispered. "It's risky enough using these changing-rooms with other girls in them, and being seen in my undies, but if I have to take my undies off they're bound to realise what I am."

"Don't worry", said Christine. "You don't have to try on the panties; just the slip. So long as you turn your back on the girls when you're stooping down you'll be all right. You must see whether the slips suit you." She smiled, "And anyway, you'll enjoy it."

So off we went to the changing room, and I slipped off the pink dress.

"Oh, that is a pretty slip you're wearing", the salesgirl said. "I can see you like wearing pretty undies. I do too: look". She lifted up her skirt to show a shiny black satin slip with at least four inches of beautiful lace trimming. She put out her leg for me to feel it. "They make me feel so feminine: it's one of the best things about being a girl, being able to pamper ourselves with such lovely lingerie. I know we wear them to attract men too: most men love girls to wear pretty panties. But I think we do it for ourselves, too, don't you: it's part of being a woman, somehow".

I nodded and smiled. I then turned away from her as Christine had suggested I should, slipped the shoulder

straps of my own slip off my shoulders, and let the slip fall to my feet. I was now standing before her just in my bra, lacy panties, suspender belt and nylons. I turned towards her and took from her a lacy pink slip she was holding for me. When I had wriggled into it I walked over to the mirror and gazed at myself.

"That looks marvelous on you", said the salesgirl. You must have it. And I've got another slip and panty set outside that has just come in, which I know you'll love. Shall I go and fetch it for you?"

"All right", I said.

By the time she came back a minute or so later I was ready for her in my bra and panties again. The slip and panties she carried in were indeed fabulous: they were in blight blue, with masses of frothy lace and some pretty pink bows and trimming. When I had them on I looked and felt so romantic and sexy that I decided I would simply have to buy them too. I also bought a black satin set and a very pretty yellow set, and then I went on to try on various nighties and negligees. After a lot of indecision I eventually picked out a dreamy pink set to match the slip and panties and a beautiful beige set in shiny satin.

By the time I finally put on my blouse and skirt again I felt so exhausted with the excitement and with stepping in and out of clothes for so long that I felt quite relieved to get out into the shop again and to sit down while they counted up the bill. They found that all together, including a very sexy pink fur coat that Christine had gone to buy for me, I had used up all but three pound of my prize. So I picked out another pair of panties and a couple of half-slips, gave the salesgirl the cheque, and walked out to Christine's car followed by no less than three salesgirls carrying large parcels

of all the clothes I had bought.

When we got back to the flat and had unpacked I felt so tired that I decided I would have to go and lie down for half an hour. I slipped off all my clothes and had a strip-wash; then I put on the blue and pink slip and panty set together with a pink bra, a pink suspender belt, and some sheer dark nylons -- all feeling as fresh and exciting as only brand-new clothes do; and then I sank down on the bed.

I must have gone straight to sleep, because the next thing I knew there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," I muttered sleepily, without thinking. When I opened my eyes it was a second or two before I realized where I was, and what I was doing dressed as a girl. I felt so soft, so dreamy, curled up with my body surrounded by nylon and lace. Then I looked up, and saw David standing there staring at me. I hadn't seen him since the Saturday, and so I hadn't had a chance to tell him about my plan.

"I-I came round to see Jennie", he explained. "And when I arrived Christine said that if I came along here there would be a surprise waiting for me. He paused. "When I opened the door it took me a couple of minutes to realise that it was you: You look so pretty and so completely feminine. And where did you get those fabulous undies?"

I told him to sit down on the bed, and then, sitting up with my legs curled under me, I told him the whole story. I lifted up my slip to show him the new panties and suspender belt I was wearing, and then I got up and took him over to the wardrobe and dressing table to show him all the other clothes I had bought--the dresses, the fur coat, the negligees and nighties, the undies, and all the other things.

"What are you going to do?" he asked. "Are you going to live as a girl from now on?"

"Just for ten days", I said. "I'll have to go back after that."

"I feel so envious of you, standing there with all those lovely clothes on-- and your own clothes too. He looked at me, and lowered his voice. "To tell you the truth, Saturday had exactly the same effect on me as on you: I've been thinking about it ever since, and I'm simply longing to dress up again. You must have had a marvelous time with that salesgirl in the lingerie department. I'd love to have stood there like you, talking with her about undies and slipping things on and off. If only she'd realised that you were a boy!"

"Don't worry, David", I said. "You're welcome to wear these clothes whenever you want too. And I've got a great idea: it's your half-day tomorrow, so why don't we go over to Worthing again tomorrow and take you with us. We won't be able to spend the money we've spent today, but we'll be able to go to the lingerie department and meet my salesgirl."

"That'd be wonderful," said David.

"And now I'd better get ready for supper." I went over to the wardrobe and picked out the black silk dress that I had bought that afternoon. I slipped into it and asked David to zip it up at the back. It was so soft and so pretty, with its long chiffon sleeves and a short hem that only just covered the lace of my slip. Then I asked David to slip a little necklace round my neck, put a couple of bracelets on my wrists, added a little perfume, and turned round.

"How do I look?"

"Fabulous", he said, staring straight into my eyes. "You look so sexy. I-I feel as excited by you as I would be by a really beautiful girl, and yet somehow I feel more excited still. He hesitated, "I've got to touch you."

I smiled, and felt all soft and dreamy. I too wanted him to touch me: I didn't want him to make love to me, but I wanted him to feel me and put his arms round me. I stepped forward and moved against him. I could feel his hands caressing my dress, rustling it against my slip and my body, and lifting it slightly up and down so that I could see in the mirror glimpses of pink lace keep appearing at the hem.

"Look in the mirror, I said softly. "Isn't it sexy. And it's me."

When he looked round I could feel his body stiffening against mine. I'd obviously have to do something now before he got carried away.

"All right", I said gently. "That's enough. We'll have to go and see Christine now. And tomorrow you'll be able to be dressed like this again yourself."

We walked into the drawing room. Jennie had arrived, but Christine had told her the full story, so I didn't have to go through it all again. I did though have to show her the dress and the new slip and panties I was wearing, and I also told Christine about my plan for the following afternoon. She thought it was a great idea, and it was all fixed that David would come round as soon as he finished work at noon. Jennie unfortunately wouldn't be able to come because she would still be working, but she said she would be waiting for us when we got back in the evening.

After David had gone we had our supper, watched television a little, and then started to get ready for bed. Christine showed me how to wash my nylons and panties, and I hung them up in the bathroom next to Christine's and Jennie's. Then I slipped into the beige satin night-dress and negligee, and knocked on Christine's door. She was sitting on her stool in a short pink double-nylon nightie, combing her long black hair.

"I was just about to come in to see you. Sid down on the bed."

We talked for a little, and then she came over to me.

"How have you enjoyed your first day as a girl?" she said.

"It's been wonderful. So much seems to have happened. I'm beginning to feel a completely different person. I'm beginning to feel like a girl now". I ran my hands down the front of my body, feeling the smooth satin of my nightdress and caressing the beautiful soft lace at the breasts. Christine's breath quickened with excitement, and she moved against me. "You're so beautiful, she murmured, and started to kiss me passionately. I lowered myself gently on to the bed and allowed her to make love to me.

When it was over she looked at me. "Please stay and sleep with me tonight", she said. "I've told Jennie all about us, so she won't disturb us. You'd better go and take your make-up off first, but you will come back, won't you?"

"Of course I will," I said. So I went out into the bathroom, wiped off my make-up with some cleansing cream, and had a good wash, and then went into my bedroom and

put my wig on its stand. I combed my own hair into a fringe to make it look as feminine as I could, and dabbed some perfume on: it didn't stop me feeling naked without my make-up, but it made me look and feel like a boyish girl rather than a transvestite.

That night was the most wonderful night of my life. We only made love once more, but we slept in each other's arms, our bodies and our nighties nestling against each other, and when I woke in the morning everything seemed clean and sweet and soft.

### CHAPTER THREE BRANCHING OUT !!!

We had a leisurely breakfast of grapefruits and toast and coffee: I had made myself up and put my wig on, but I was still in my nightdress and negligee, as was Christine. The milkman called, but by now I was completely confident, and I simply sat there while Christine looked for her change, enjoying him feasting his eyes on me.

By the time we had cleared up the breakfast things it was nearly twelve o'clock, and we decided that we'd have to go and get dressed quickly so that we would be ready for when David arrived. I decided to wear my pink undies and my new red suit, together with a pair of red stiletto heels that I had borrowed from Christine -- shoes were the one thing we had forgotten the previous day, but Christine had promised to buy me a pair of my own as a present when we were next in Worthing. When I looked in the mirror I realised that my neck looked rather bare, so I slipped the jacket off, and put on a white lace blouse and a little pearl necklace round my neck. This completed it perfectly, and I looked as if I was going to a wedding.

Eventually the bell rang, and David came in, beaming with excitement and anticipation.

"Look", said Christine, "why don't we have a little fun. Let's go off like this, with David dressed as a boy and go by train. Then we can get into a compartment with some other people, and as soon as the train moves off we can shoot down to the loo, dress him as a girl and see if they recognise him when he gets back."

"You're crazy", said David. "If they recognise me they may call the police"

"Don't be silly. If you look even half as good as you did last Saturday, they'll never recognise you".

So Christine slipped off, filled a small case with various clothes and accessories and makeup which he picked out... for both she and David from her room and mine, and eventually we set off. When we got to the station there was a Worthing train standing waiting in the station, and we chose a compartment with two young men and a girl in it. Christine and I sat down opposite each other in the seats nearest the corridor, and as I sat down I could see the two men, who were sitting on the other two opposite seats, staring at my legs. I glanced down at the two slender nylon-clad knees, and at the long legs running on down to my shapely ankles and the red leather of my stiletto-heeled shoes.

"Oh well", I whispered to David, "I might as well give them something to look at". So slowly and seductively I crossed my legs, being careful to allow the nylons to rustle together and an inch of soft pink lace to appear between them.

I bent over to David's ear again. "By the time we get to Worthing they'll be looking at your legs and nylons too". He closed his eyes at the thought of it, and a couple of minutes later the train began to move off. He and Christine quickly got up and left the compartment: they had left the case in the passage next to the loo.

The next half hour seemed to pass by very slowly: the two men kept on glancing at me, and particularly at my knees but most of the time I turned my face the other way and watched them in the window, in case they should try to start talking to me. We had just left the last but one station before Worthing when there was a clatter of high heels in the corridor and Christine and David came back.

The transformation was fantastic. He was dressed in the same long black wig as he had worn on Saturday, and he also had on a pretty white silk dress. He was beautifully made up with long black eyelashes and soft pink lipstick, he had three or four bracelets on his wrists and a couple of rings on his fingers, and on his feet, against sheer silk nylons, was a pair of white patent open-style high-heeled shoes. He was carrying the case, and as he put his hands up to lift it on to the luggage-rack, his dress rode up and a full three inches of the soft blue lace and pink trimmings of my new slip became visible. You could even see the lace of his panties: fortunately he was wearing tights under them, or this might have been his undoing. I looked at the men on the opposite side of the compartment. They couldn't take their eyes off him: their eyes looked as if they would pop out of their heads, and they were gulping with excitement. David obviously knew exactly what he was doing, because he kept his hands up there a full minute, fiddling with the lock and taking an inordinate time to get the case into place. Eventually he glanced down, caught his breath as if realising for the first time that he might be showing what he shouldn't, and quickly pushed the hem of the dress back into place. Then he sat down and slowly crossed his legs, exactly as I had done. By now the atmosphere in the compartment was electric. The girl who was travelling with the two men had obviously caught their eye, but they kept on glancing at David, running their eyes up and down his body and mentally undressing him. Just as



we were drawing into Worthing Station, one of them bent over to the other and whispered something in his ear. The other man shook his head and looked puzzled and they both looked over at David again, this time giving him a longer star than they had dared do before. David got up and took his case down from the rack, again allowing them to feast their eyes on his undies, and then he smiled mischievously at them. Christine and I got up, and the three of us moved out into the corridor.

"I tell you it is", we could hear one of the men saying behind us. "That girl in the white dress who got into the compartment at Goring, and who allowed us to see everything when she put her case on the rack, was the boy who got on at Littlehampton".

"Don't be ridiculous", the woman said.

"It is, it is. You look at her face: it looks completely different with all her make-up on, but if you look at its structure its exactly the same as the boy's was".

The train drew to a halt and we stepped out on to the platform. We gave a little shrill giggle, and then the three of us went off together, our handbags swinging and our slim nylon-clad legs moving together on their high-heeled shoes. We looked behind, and we could see them gazing with gaping mouths after us. Eventually we fell into a taxi, told the driver to take us to Johnson's, and collapsed with laughter.

"You were fabulous", I said. "Did you see their faces? They couldn't believe their eyes. They were so excited by you, and when the truth began to dawn they just couldn't believe it."

"Shhhh", said Christine, "The taxi-driver is looking at us in his mirror. We must not get too careless, or we'll spoil it all".

So we calmed ourselves down, and started to touch up our make-up and straighten our clothes.

Eventually we got to Johnson's and after I bought a pair of open-style white high-heeled shoes, we went up the stairs to the lingerie department. The salesgirl who had served us on the previous day looked up as we entered, and recognised us straightaway.

"You're back very soon", she said. "I do hope there wasn't anything wrong with all those undies you bought yesterday".

Oh no", I said huskily. "I showed them to my friend Liz, and she was so thrilled by them that she said she wanted to see what you had. So I thought I'd bring her along".

The girl smiled with relief. "What sort of things are you interested in?" she asked.

"Could we look at your slip and panty sets", I said.

"Come with me". She led us over to a cupboard of slips on hangers, and David fingered them. Eventually he picked out a pink set rather like my own.

"Would you like to try it on?" David nodded, and the salesgirl led us over to the dressing-room. There was no-one in it this time, so all four of us went in, and I unzipped David's dress. He was shaking slightly with excitement as he stepped out of it, put it over a chair, and then turned around. It really was incredible how pretty he looked, with his long black hair, his full pink lips, and his body swaying gently beneath the blue slip, with its lavish blue lace and pink trimmings at the breast and hem. He smiled, and ran his hands down his body. Then he slipped off the shoulder-straps of the slip, and let it fall slowly to his feet. He was now standing there wearing just a light blue bra, his lacy panties, and a new suspender belt holding up his nylons. He was careful to keep his legs to-

gether and one knee slightly bent so as to hid his male organs but I could still see them pressing softly against his panties, and I hurriedly took the pink slip from the sales girl and went over to give it to him. I glanced at her, but she didn't show any sign of having noticed anything amiss. David stepped into the slip, and then walked over to the mirror. Christine went over to him, unfurled a twisted shoulder-strap, and then ran her hands down his body.

"How does it feel?" she asked.

"Lovely", said David. "And it's very pretty isn't it?" He turned round and then walked up and down, looking at his reflection in the mirror. "Could I try on the panties too?" The girl handed him the panties, and David let the lacy blue panties he was wearing fall to his feet and then stepped into the pink ones. Fortunately he had turned away from the girl while he was doing all this, though I could see his male organs quite clearly as he pulled the pink nylon of the panties over them and I felt my own stiffening in excitement. Christine had obviously seen it too, because when David had changed back and we finally left the department she started to giggle rather hysterically.

"You really shouldn't have done that. I could hardly stop myself laughing. What would she have done if she'd seen it?" David began to giggle too: he was looking ecstatic with the excitement and with being able to feel and act so completely like a girl.

"Come on", I said. "Let's go and have a quiet coffee before we give the game away". And I led them as quickly as I could out of the store and into a coffee bar nearby.

We had been sitting there for about five minutes, sipping coffee and chatting about what else we might do before returning to Littlehampton, when two boys came up and stared at David and myself.

"Excuse me", one of them said. "Weren't you the two girls who won the beauty competition at Littlehampton last week?" I nodded. "We looked round for you everywhere afterwards, but we couldn't find you: we saw your two girl-friends here, but they were with two blokes. Anyway, would you mind if we joined you?"

I looked at Christine. "No, please do", she said. "Have a seat".

"Thanks". He and his friend pulled up two chairs and sat down between David and myself. "Let me introduce myself; I'm Kit, and this is Nigel". Kit was a tall boy with black curly hair; Nigel was a little shorter and more handsome, with longish brown hair. "We've been on holiday down here, and today's our last day. It's a real stroke of luck bumping into you". He paused. "Do you live in Worthing then?"

"No", I said. "we've just been doing some shopping".

"What have you bought?"

We looked at each other and giggled. "Go on, Liz", said Christine. "Show him".

They looked over to David, and he gently pulled lifted the hem of his dress, showing the blue lace of his slip nestling against his thighs. They blushed and turned away, and we all burst out laughing. But they recovered their composure remarkably quickly, and were soon chatting us up with considerable panache and charm. We had been sitting there about half-an-hour when Christine said that it was about time we left.

"Look, said Kit. "What are you doing now?"

"We're going back to Littlehampton".

"Well, why not come back to our flat. We could have

some tea and then go out later on".

I glanced at Christine. "No, we can't really do that: Jennie will be waiting for us", she said. "But you can take us back to Littlehampton if you like: we'd appreciate a lift if you've got a car".

"Sure", said Kit. "We'd love to".

So all five of us piled into his car--Christine on my knees with David at the back, and the two boys in the front. It was a reasonably comfortable car, but the road was winding and bumpy, and with Christine on my it was difficult to keep my knees together and to stop my skirt riding up: the three of us kept being thrown together in a mass of lace and nylon-clad legs, and Nigel, who couldn't keep his eyes off us, kept on glancing down at our knees and thighs, as they rustled against each other.

When we reached the flat Christine invited them in. Jennie was there waiting furiously, as she had promised, and Christine quickly took her aside into the kitchen to explain what had happened. They emerged a few minutes later with some tea, and we all sat down in the drawing room. Kit and Nigel's conversation seemed inexhaustible, and we must have been sitting there for about two hours when Kit suggested going out for a couple of bottles of wine.

"Look," said Christine as soon as they'd shut the door behind them. "We must do something about these two, or else they'll be here all night. It was quite good fun for a bit, but it's getting rather boring now. Let's make some excuse and get rid of them".

"No", said Jennie. "I've got a better idea: let's have a couple of drinks and then let's suggest a game of strip poker".

There was a short silence, and then Christine squealed

with excitement. "What a great idea", she said.

"But what happens when David and I are down to our bra and panties?" I asked.

"You take them off. There's nothing they can do about it, is there? They've been staring at your legs all evening: by that stage they'll probably be so excited that they won't believe it. And they're so full of themselves, it'll serve them right".

So, once we had finished the first bottle of wine, Jennie suggested that we liven things up a bit, and when she suggested strip-poker the boys could hardly contain their excitement. Little did they know what they were letting themselves in for.

The game started slowly: Jennie was the first one to lose, opting to take off a shoe; then Nigel took off his tie; and next Jennie took off her other shoe.

"This is much too slow", said Christine. "I vote we get all superfluous ties, shoes and jackets off now".

"Carried unanimously", said Kit. So we all put our ties and shoes neatly on the floor next to the chairs, and I, being the only one with a jacket, slipped it off and hung it over the back of the settee on which I was sitting with Kit and Christine. The pink outline of my slip was now clearly visible through the lace of my blouse, and I could see Kit looking at me hungrily. I gave him a little smile and then turned away and dealt out the next hand. As it happened I was the next to lose, and so I slipped off my skirt, revealing the lower half of my pink slip nestling softly against my thighs, its lavish lace hem rustling against my dark nylons. Kit was by now clearly stiffening in excitement, and when I lost yet again a couple of minutes later he offered to unbutton my blouse for me. I said he could, and

as he undid the buttons I could feel him allowing his fingers to move gently against my body and the back of the slip.

It was not until after a few rounds that David lost: by this stage Kit and Nigel were in their pants and vests, and Christine and Jennie had both taken their dresses off, Christine revealing two or three- Can-Can petticoats over the pink and grey slips he had lent me on the day of the barbecue, and Jennie a lacy black satin slip rather like the one I had bought at Johnson's. When David slipped off his dress, hung it over the back of the door, and walked back to his chair with his hips moving the blue nylon and lace of his slip against his body, Kit couldn't restrain himself any longer.

"You all seem very fond of pretty undies", he blurted out. "I've seen slips like this on films before, but I've never actually known any girls who've worn them. You all look absolutely fabulous."

"Well, it's one of the great advantages of being a girl, being able to wear clothes like this", said Christine.

"It's lovely to be able to feel soft clothes against your skin all day. And it makes a great difference to a girl's morale. Isn't that right, Liz?"

"Oh, yes", said David. "I feel very sorry for boys, being dressed in woolen pants and vests all the time". Christine and I giggled, and David, with a naughty look on his face, got up and walked over to where Kit was sitting. "Feel me if you like". He took Kit's hand and moved it gently against his hips and tummy. "Don't you wish you could wear clothes like that?"

"Don't be silly", said Kit.

"Oh go on", said Christine, walking over to him and moving her petticoats across his face. "I'm sure you'd

like to really". Are you sure you've never dressed in your sister's clothes: I've heard of some boys who do that sort of thing." We all burst out laughing, and Jennie came over too and all four of us started to sit on his lap and climb over him, moving our undies and nylon-clad legs against his arms and body and giggling hysterically.

"Stop", gasped Kit. "Please stop".

"Why, don't you like it?"

"Yes, I like it, but you're driving me mad. One at a time, please".

"Oh no, we can't do that", said Jennie.

"Well, can we perhaps get on with the game then".

"Oh, all right". We slowly unravelled ourselves, still shaking with laughter, and went back to our seats.

The next couple of games were both lost by Christine, who took off a Can-Can petticoat each time, and this gave us all a chance to cool down. But then it fell to David again, and when he got to his feet, slid the shoulder-straps of his slip off his houlders, and let it fall gently to the floor around his feet, there was another gasp of excitement from Kit and from Nigel. David was now standing in front of Nigel, his hands coyly in front of his silky blue and pink panties, the pink lace of his wispy suspender belt holding his dark sleek nylons taut, and a pretty lacy pink bra over his chest. Nigel moved his eyes up and down David's body, and then put his hands on David's nylon-clad thighs.

"Come and sit down on my knees", he said.

"All right", said David. "But no fancy business until

we've finished the game. Promise?"

"Yes", said Nigel. "I promise". And David lowered himself gently on to the knee, his hands still in front of his panties."

Christine and I looked at each other and giggled.

"What about you, Sandra", said Kit as he moved up next to me and put his arm round my body. "Would you come and sit on my lap?"

"IF you like", I said. "But on the same condition."

So I settled myself on his knees, and looked round the room. If anyone had come in knowing who we all were it must have looked an incredible sight: a girl in lacy black undies; another girl in lacy pink and grey undies; and two boys in their vests and pants, each with a boy dressed as a girl on his knees, one in a lacy pink slip and the other in his bra and panties.

Christine went round filling up everyone's glasses, and we started playing again. This time it was my turn to lose, and I got up, took off my slip as sexily as I could, and then set down again on the edge of Kit's knees with my left hand -- like David's--against my panties. I could feel Kit's hand moving the panties against my thigh, and though it was a lovely sensation I quickly slapped it.

Things were now obviously coming to a climax, and when David lost the next hand he got up and came over to me.

"would you unhook my bra for me, Sandra", he said. I unhooked it, and he let it slip off his shoulders, revealing his bare, flat chest.

"I might as well take off mine as well", I said, and David unhooked it for me. Then we both turned round

and let our hands fall away to our side. Kit and Nigel stared at us. Our flat chests and the tell-tale bulge through our panties must have seemed so incongruous against our long hair, our make-up, and the pretty, feminine panties, suspender belts and nylons we were still wearing, and at first they looked completely bewildered. Then slowly the light began to dawn.

"You're --you're both boys", said Kit.

David winked fluttered his eyelashes at him. "Yes, I'm afraid so".

Kit turned to Christine and Jennie. "And you: you're not boys too, are you?"

"No, we're not: you can see for yourselves", said Christine, revealing one of her breasts.

"Thank God for that". He turned to look at me. "But I can't believe it. You've been having us on". His face reddened. "You bastards, you've been having us on". He was looking really quite violent now.

"Now don't get all upset", said Christine, going up to him and putting her arms round him. "We've only been having a little fun."

"A little fun? Is that what you call it? You're a bunch of perverts, or maniacs, or something. Just what's going on: please tell me, somebody, please tell me."

"All right", said Christine. "Just sit down, and we'll tell you the whole story". It took several minutes to simmer Kit down but eventually he sat down again next to Nigel, who throughout all this had just sat there with his mouth gaping in astonishment and bewilderment. When Kit was quiet again Christine began to tell them about the beauty contest and about how I had won the

one hundred fifty pounds which had to be spent at a women's clothes shop.

"But that doesn't mean you had to spend it on clothes for yourself," said Kit.

"I know, but having dressed as a girl that first time I liked it, and wanted to do it again". I slipped my bra and slip back on. "Girls' clothes are so much softer and sexier than boys."

"Well", said Kit grudgingly at length, "I must say you look very pretty in them".

"Do you want some coffee?" said Christine.

"All right".

"We'd better go and slip into something a little more decent."

So we went out, and all came back wearing glamorous negligees over our undies. Kit and Christine went out to help Jennie and David with the coffee, and Nigel came over and sat next to me on the sofa. He had been sitting there a few minutes when I suddenly felt his hand running along my shoulder.

I turned and looked at him quizzically. Then I smiled. "So you like me dressed like this?"

He paused. "Yes, in fact in a curious way I think I fancy you even more now I know you're a boy."

I put my hand with their long painted nails on his. "I like to be stroked", I whispered. I moved his hand on to my tummy and slipped it under the soft pink nylon of my negligee so that it was touching my slip beneath. Then suddenly he lifted me on to his lap and before I knew what was happening he was kissing me passionately. At

first I tried to resist, but gradually I felt myself growing weaker and weaker as his hands skillfully explored the recesses of my body and the delicate nylon and lace which surrounded it.

At length he pulled himself away. "look, the others will be back in a minute, but can I see you again as a girl? Could I take you out for an evening? Please".

I paused while I caught my breath back and rearranged my clothes. "All right," I whispered at length.

"I'll call for you around 8 tomorrow evening then".

"Where will we go?"

"I don't know yet--we'll play it by ear."

"But what should I wear?" I asked.

Nigel smiled, "Something pretty", he said.

#### CHAPTER FOUR THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

We spent most of the following day at home, puttering around the house. I was by now feeling totally relaxed as though I'd been living as a girl all my life. I told Christine about the evening, and although she raised her eyebrows a little, she didn't seem to mind. "Just don't do anything I would do", she said.

I started getting ready about 6:30 after all, it was my first date as a girl. I had a long bubble bath, covered my body with powder and perfume, put on my make-up, and then got dressed. I decided to wear all black: I slipped a lacy black bra over my shoulders, clipped a wispy black suspender belt around my waist and

attached it to my sheerest pair of nylons, stepped into my black satin panties, and slipped on the matching slip which was dripping with lace that rippled seductively around my nylon-clad thighs. Then I put on my black silk dress, a necklace and bracelets, and a pair of black high-heeled shoes. Finally, I took my pink fur coat off its hanger, put it over my arm, and went into the drawing room where Christine was watching television.

"What do you think?" I asked, pirouetting in front of her.

She got up and smiled. "More beautiful than ever", she said.

"Could I borrow that new perfume of yours?"

"Of course". She went off to her bedroom to collect her bottle of perfume, which she dabbed on my wrists and behind my ears: it made me smell exotic and very seductive. I went up to the full-length mirror and Christine came up behind me, putting her arms gently around my slim waist. We both stared at the mirror, and I ran my fingers slowly along my full pink lips. At that moment the bell rang.

"That must be Nigel", Christine said. "I'm beginning to feel rather jealous of you. I wish you weren't going out with him".

I smiled, "Don't worry, I said, "I'll behave myself".

"I hope you do", she said wistfully. "Anyway, I'll go and open the door."

She went out into the hall, and I heard Nigel asking if I was ready.

"Oh yes", said Christine, "your girl-friend's ready and waiting, and dressed to kill."

They came in, and Nigel stared at me speechlessly. "you're not kidding", he said to Christine, "she looks ravishing".

I smiled coyly, and picked up my coat. Nigel came over and held it out for me to pull the soft warm fur around me. Then I picked up my handbag, kissed Christine gently, and we left.

As I sat down in the car, and stretched my long nylon-clad legs out in front of me, I felt more vulnerable than I had felt since that first day when I had first walked down the street as a girl. This was the first time I had been out without Christine, and I really had no idea what was in store for me. I was conscious that Nigel too was nervous as well as excited. While we drove along, he told me he had got some tickets for a dance which was being held in a local country club. I said that was fine by me, so we decided to go straight there.

As we entered the club I was conscious of all the people in the foyer turning to look at me. Whether it was me or the coat that drew their attention I wasn't sure, but I felt that if they stared at me any longer they'd see right through me, and I hurriedly moved off to the coatroom to leave my coat and tidy up my hair and make-up. There were a couple of other girls in there, and as I put on my lipstick I couldn't help thinking of how bizarre and incredible the scene would have seemed only a few days previously. I had now become so used to looking at myself as a girl that I could hardly remember any more how I looked as a boy. I felt so soft, warm and delicate now, and particularly so tonight. I gave myself a final approving glance in the mirror, and then walked out to rejoin Nigel.

We got ourselves a couple of drinks, and then started dancing. The band was playing rock 'n roll, and we began to jive. I had never jived as a girl before, and to

start with I found it difficult -- particularly as I felt rather unstable on my high-heeled shoes. But Nigel was very good, and I soon started to fall in with his lead. I whirled round and round, conscious of my dress flaring out and my satin lingerie dancing around my body. But I felt carefree and reckless, and totally confident in my femininity. We must have lived like this for a full forty minutes, and when at last the tempo changed and the band started to play some slow smoochy music, I collapsed uninhibitedly into Nigel's arms.

"That was wonderful", I said. "you really are a fabulous dancer".

"So are you", he said moving his hands around my waist.

I opened my eyes, and saw about five boys all sitting on the side, staring at me.

"what are they looking at me for?" I whispered.

"Well, I'm afraid you showed rather a lot of leg while we were jiving". He hesitated. "Not to mention your sexy undies".

I could feel him waiting for a response to this lead, and my heart-beat quickened. "Do you like me wearing pretty undies?" Nigel weakly murmured his assent. "Shall I tell you what I'm wearing then?" I said softly. He didn't reply, but I could feel his hands moving down to my bottom and rustling the silky dress and slip against my panties. "Actually", I said at length, "I'm wearing satin undies this evening. All in black, with lots of lace." I felt him move closer to me. "Just for you", I added.

I was feeling exhilarated now, and all my senses were aflame: I could feel every inch of my body, and every touch of Nigel's.

Nigel looked straight into my eyes. "Shall we go out to the car for a breather then?" he asked nervously.

I looked at him, and smiled. "All right."

So we went out to Nigel's car, and he held the door while I slipped into the back seat. He stepped in beside me, and shut the door. Suddenly it was very quiet. I felt Nigel's left hand running over my silk dress, while his right hand stroked my nylon-clad knees. I stretched out my body languidly, and moved my knee against his hand so as to move it up my thigh.

"Stroke me, stroke me", I exclaimed. I felt him kneel down beside my legs and move both his hands up my thighs and into the sea of satin and lace which surrounded my hips. He nestled his head in my lap, and then slowly pulled my black satin panties down to my knees. By now my penis seemed aflame: he gently put his lips around it and, stroking my lingerie and body all the while, sucked it until at last--with a strangled scream -- I came.

We lay there for a few minutes, sighing gently, and I was just about to pull up my panties when a torch suddenly shone into the car. We were both so shocked that we were transfixed for a moment: then I hurriedly pulled up my panties and was just about to pull my slip and dress into place when the door of the car opened.

I blinked at the light, and it took me a little time to focus on the figure behind it. At last I made out the outline of what seemed horribly like a policeman's helmet. No, surely it couldn't be. I blinked, and looked again.

There was no mistaking it this time.

"All right", a deep voice said. "I think you'd better come with me". He held the door open. "Come on".



We stepped out of the car, and I pulled my dress into place. My heart was beating so fast I could hardly hear my own voice ask timidly if I could just go and get my coat. I went back into the club in a daze, picked up the coat, and was then pushed with Nigel into the police car.

The policeman and his colleague said absolutely nothing through all this or while we drove along, though I could see the one in the passengers seat keep casting disbelieving glances at me. The journey seemed to take hours, though we could only have gone a couple of miles. At last we drew up at the police station, and I was taken quickly into a separate room and left there on my own.

As the door shut, I suddenly realised the full enormity of what had happened. At first a feeling of panic came over me, and then I started crying. I was still sobbing when a sergeant and a pretty policewoman came in and sat down behind the table.

The sergeant looked me up and down, and I nervously tugged the hem of my dress round my knees. "We're told", he said in a tone which suggested he could hardly believe what he was saying, "that despite your appearance and clothes, you're not a girl but a boy. Could you give me your true name and address please".

"Malcolm Wright, 22 Princes Street, Goring", I said.

"I'm afraid we'll have to examine you to establish your true sex. Would you undress, please."

I got to my feet, but felt I did not even have the strength to unzip my dress."

"Help him please, Mary."

The girl got up, walked over, and unzipped my dress. I heard her gasp with astonishment and envy at the lingerie

I was wearing beneath it. Then she slipped my slip off my shoulders, allowing it to drop to my feet, and unclipped my bra, revealing my flat chest beneath it. Finally, I managed to pull down my panties myself, showing beyond doubt that I was a boy.

"All right", the police sergeant said. "That'll do. Do you want to keep these clothes on for the time being?" I nodded. "One final thing: how old are you?"

"Seventeen", I said weakly.

"Thank you. Help him to dress and tidy him up, Mary".

The sergeant left the room, leaving just the of us together. The girl helped me back into my clothes, dried my tears, and helped me patch up my make-up.

"I know I shouldn't say this", she said, "But you're very pretty. And you've got some beautiful clothes. Do you dress as a girl very often?"

I started to answer her, and slowly the whole story came out, with intermittent sobs. I was just explaining how we had got to the dance, when the sergeant returned.

"All right", he said, "we've decided not to prosecute you this time. But we've rung your mother, and we've told her all about it."

"Oh no", I gasped.

"Well, not everything exactly: we didn't mention your boyfriend. But we've told her you've been found in public dressed as a girl. It was that or prosecution. She's on her way to pick you up now: she'll be here any minute". Then he and the girl left.

I sat stunned for a little while. I looked down at my frail white dress, my nylon-clad legs, my high-heeled shoes.

What would my mother think: what could she think at the sight of her son dressed as a girl?

At length the door opened, and my mother walked in. She looked at me, first without any recognition, then in bewilderment, and then in amazement. Finally her face softened, she walked towards me and put her arms round me.

"there's no reason to say anything", she said simply. "i'll take you home now."

As we drove home I haltingly told her the basic story, though I tried to pretend it had been more of a joke than anything else. She listened silently, but when we finally got into the house she took hold of my hands.

"Look, David", she said. "Don't try and hold the truth from me. If it was just a joke you wouldn't be dressed in the way you are. You wouldn't be wearing lacy lingerie, for instance." I blushed.

"No, Don't try and deny it: I'm afraid I saw the lace of your slip when you were putting your coat on in the police station. Go on: turn round". She unzipped my dress, and made me step out of it. "There: I thought as much." She ran her hand down my slip. "This satin must have cost pounds: I've never had such a glamorous slip myself." She paused, and then her voice softened. "It looks beautiful on you."

I looked at her in astonishment.

She took my hand and led me over to the sofa. "Look, darling," she said, looking me in the eyes. "I always wanted a daughter: now I've got one. When the police rang me this evening I didn't know what to do at first, but eventually I realised that I was -ve ll- excited by it. Now I've got a son and a daughter --all in one." She stroked my smooth made-up face. "And you're so

pretty too: I was worried you'd look like a boy in girls clothes, but in fact you look far prettier and far more feminine than most girls. The police have told me that if they catch you in public dressed as a girl again they'll prosecute you. So for the time being we'll have to be careful. But you can dress as a girl at home as often as you like. And when a little time has gone by, and the police have forgotten about you, we can think again".

At first I was so amazed by all that I just stood there in silence. Then finally I flung my arms around my mother, and burst into tears again. She sat down and **allowed** me to cry into her lap in a way I hadn't done since I was a little boy. She stroked and caressed me until at length I stopped weeping and dried my tears.

"What about Christine?" I said eventually. "She'll be worrying about me. And she's got all my other clothes."

I think I'll go round now then and explain to her what's happened., " said my mother. "And I'll collect your clothes at the same time. Meanwhile you can have a nice hot bath and calm yourself down."

So off she went, and I had my bath. I heard my mother come back, and when I went into my bedroom to get my pyjamas I found my pink nightie and negligee laid out on my bed.

My mother appeared at the door. "You've really got some beautiful clothes", she said with a sigh. "I feel very envious. With nighties like that you can't possibly wear pyjamas any more."

I smiled and turned away from my mother to slip into my nightie under my dressing-gown. Then as I pulled off the dressing-gown I pulled the shoulder-straps up over my shoulders, and put on my negligee over it. I turned to my mother, and she stood admiring me for a

moment before advancing to kiss me good-night.

After she had gone I stepped into bed and switched off the light. I could hardly believe all that had happened during the previous few days; it seemed like a dream. Here I was back in my own bed as if nothing had happened. And Yet as I rustled the layers of delicate nylon against my body I knew this wasn't true. My life would never be the same again. I felt frightened, but at the same time--in a curious way--I felt happier than I had ever felt before.

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