

THE SAGA OF PHYLLIS



BY PHYLLIS LANE

The Saga of Phyllis

By Phyllis Lane

Copyright © 1997 By Phyllis Lane

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the author.

All persons and incidents depicted in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is coincidental and unintentional or intended purely for parody purposes.

Printed in the USA

Chapter One

As I walk down the hall of the common area of the Mall toward the entrance of my shop, *Black Lace and Promises*, I marvel at how my nipples get hard when my breasts jiggle while walking. I feel my soft blond hair softly falling over my shoulders and my sheer bra and silk blouse with my nipples peeking through the material. My tiny male organ is securely tucked under my gaff hidden by my panties, out of sight but certainly not out of mind. (I really don't know why I don't take my Doctors advice and go ahead and have the SRS.) I guess I still like the thrill of fooling all that come in contact with me casually into believing that I am a genetic girl. This is all due to the careful training by my Mother, and the wonderful clothes that I am lucky to own and wear.

I suppose that I should take you back to my childhood and try to bring you up to date on how I happen to now live as Phyllis not Phil as I was born.

When I was about 3-4 years old I remember trying on my Mom's panties, slips and stockings. I quickly learned how to put on a garter belt, shorten the garters, and to hook the stockings. One time at about age 5, I forgot to let the garters back out the last time I had worn it and I ended up leaving them very short when I tucked them back into the drawer with Mom's stockings. She was coming up the driveway and I wanted to get out of her clothes and back into mine before she caught me. I quickly learned that it probably did not make any difference to her because the next day when she left for the store to pick up a couple of things I went to fix my mistake and found the garterbelt with the garters let back out, carefully folded and the stocking I had worn rolled and tucked together into the front corner of her lingerie drawer. She knew!! What was I to do now that she had found out that I loved to wear her favorite garter belt and stockings! I dared not say a thing for fear that she would get very angry with me for my indulgences.

She was gone a bit longer than I had thought and I was sweating every moment of her absence. She came home with several sacks including one from her favorite lingerie store. My heart leaped at the thought of having a new piece of lingerie for me to try on in

her next absence.

At supper that night she calmly brought up the subject of my getting into her lingerie drawer when she was gone. She reached, over stroked my head and calmly said, "Please do not be embarrassed at loving the feel of my panties, slips or stockings. I enjoy them too and since there is just the two of us here at home it is not a problem. If you want to wear some silky little girl things, I want you to have some of your own and to please leave my grown up things alone unless I help you put them on, okay?" I was struck speechless. What was I to say to save my hide and appease my Mom? I just sat there silent. She went on to say, "I went to the Mall before I went to the grocery store and bought you your own panties, a slip, and a shorter pair of stockings to wear with your favorite garterbelt. Little girls do not wear garter belts but since you like mine so much I guess you can wear it as long as you keep your slip pulled down and don't show your stocking tops. I also got a couple of pairs of black patent shoes for you to wear. We'll have you try on your new shoes after supper to find the one pair that fit. You have to always wear shoes when you wear stockings to avoid getting holes and snags in the feet. I want you to try on all of your new things for me so I'll get to see how they fit my new daughter!"

I just sat there embarrassed to death and just smiled and nodded yes to Mom. At first I had thought she didn't approve of me dressing in her things but now she had bought me my own things so that I would leave hers alone.

When I was taking my bath, she came into the bathroom and left a pair of little white panties adorned with pink ribbons on the dressing table and said, "Put your new panties on and come to my bedroom just as soon as you are ready." I really did not know what to expect but hurried and finished with my bath. I sure smelled good because of the new bubble bath she had put in the tub. I guess I smelled like the little girl that I was about to become. I quickly pulled the tiny panties up and sheepishly went to my Mom's bedroom. There on the bed was a new girl's slip. It was a mass of ruffles and lace. New girl's shoes along with her garterbelt and new white sheer stockings lay on the bed beside the packages.

She said, "You sure look cute in those panties. There were two more pair in the package, pink and yellow for you too." She had

me turn and show her how well the panties fit. She took the garterbelt and shortened all the straps as short as possible and hooked it behind me. She tucked the garters inside my panties. I never realized that they should go inside.

"This is so you can get your panties down easier when you sit to go to the bathroom. Remember, from now on you have to sit like a girl when you go to the bathroom. You do realize that with your garters so short it would be much harder for you to go to the bathroom unless they are inside," she said. "Sit down and we'll see if these stockings fit. These are the shortest ones I could find. Little girls like yourself normally wear tights not stockings. I'll get you a couple of pair of tights if you want me to." she said and went on telling me what big girls wear that little girls do not.

She was really getting into dressing me up like the daughter she had always longed for but never had. When the stockings were fastened as tight as she could get them she reached over and had me put my hands up and proceeded to pull the slip down over my head and adjust the straps. "You do not need a training bra at this time. We'll get you one when you are ready," she promised. I felt and looked like a piece of wedding cake with this slip with all of its lace and ruffles.

When she was satisfied the straps were adjusted just right she said, "See how short the slip is. It barely covers your stocking tops! You will have to be careful not to show your stocking and your little panties when you sit in your dress." A dress! I had never imagined that she would go as far as buying me a dress.

"I have to confess dear that this is not a new dress but one that your friend Linda wore in a wedding a couple of years ago. I spoke to Gloria last night and she said she has a closet full of these little girl party dresses that Linda and her older sister wore only once or twice. Gloria was delighted to lend me one to see if it would fit," Mom said as my face got redder and redder at the thought of our neighbor knowing that I was dressing up in her daughter's clothes and pretending to be a little girl.

"She'll come over after a while with a few more once we get you all fixed up," she said as she asked me to put my hands up. She pulled this very fancy white dress over my head. It too was loaded

with lace and ruffles matching the slip that I was wearing. "I'm glad both the slip and the dress fit you so well.

Gloria said she paid a *mint* for this dress when Linda was a flower girl in a wedding a couple of years ago," she remarked as she zipped up the back of the dress and fussed at pulling the hem down just enough to cover my stocking tops.

The black patent shoes with a single strap across the top came next. They fit perfectly. At that point she had me go to the mirror and see just how pretty I looked. She came up behind me kissed me on top of my head, gave me a hug then turned me around to see how pretty the full skirt fit. I was in raptures. I looked and felt so pretty and special. I did not know why except that I liked the girl that I saw staring back at me in the mirror and loved how much attention that Mom was giving me.

Mom went to her dressing table and pulled out a couple of pink bows from one of the drawers and a hair brush. My hair was fairly long, blond and had a natural wave. She parted it down the middle and pulled it back off my face. With a couple of bobby pins and the ribbons clipped in my hair Mom showed me a picture of Linda taken the day she wore this dress. I looked exactly like she did on that day. With that, Mom told me to go ahead and watch some TV and she was going to fix supper. I did not realize it but at that moment her daughter Phyllis was born.

At supper Mom treated me like her daughter, fussing at me and telling me, "Be careful young lady and don't spill on your new dress." As soon as I helped her clean up the kitchen she called Gloria and told her that she could come over with the rest of the dresses that she wanted me to try on. I was excited at having the additional dresses to wear but very frightened at having Gloria see me dressed as a girl.

As soon as Gloria came through the kitchen door and laid the bag of clothes on the table she called, "Where is the *new young lady* named *Phyllis* that will look so pretty wearing these dresses?"

I came around the corner and the instant she saw me she swept me into her arms and gave me a big hug and overwhelmed me with her praise. She said, "*Phyllis*, I did not realize that you were such a pretty young lady. You look so cute in Linda's dress! I'm so

happy that I have found someone that can wear them and enjoy them. You are just perfect!"

Mom came into the kitchen just in time to save me from Gloria. I backed up to her for comfort and protection as she and Gloria discussed how cute I looked in my dress and how she hoped that I would look this cute in the other dresses that she had brought with her tonight. Mom unconsciously stroked my hair and straightened my ribbons as they talked.

We went into the bedroom and I was stripped of my dress and one by one the other dresses were tried on me. I felt like a Barbie doll with two little girls changing my clothes for their own satisfaction.

Only one of the other party dresses plus one of Linda's old school uniforms fit me. Gloria saw my stockings and disapproved. She said, "Only older teen girls should be allowed to wear stockings. Young girls wear tights or knee highs." With that she ran next door and quickly returned with a pair of white knee highs and both pink and white tights.

Mom had me sit on the bed while she unhooked my garters and slipped off the stockings and garter belt. She then put the knee highs on me plus a pair of penny loafers that Linda had worn when she went to school. Mom changed the ribbons in my hair to white and I was taken to the mirror so that I too could see how pretty I looked.

Gloria said, "As cute as Phyllis looks I'll bet that you could enroll her in St Ann's, the all-girl Catholic school, next fall and become your full time daughter."

Mom again came to my rescue and assured Gloria that we were just playing games and that I was going to be her son for a long time to come. I have good reason to believe that she made up that statement for Gloria's benefit and that she really wished that I was her full-time daughter from that moment on.

Gloria had one more thing in her bag that she pulled out as she was putting the dresses back into her bag that did not fit. She pulled out a long pink lace nightgown. It was new because it still

had the tags on it. Gloria bent down to me and whispered, "This is for the newest and prettiest young girl in our neighborhood. I hope that you will enjoy this any evening when you want to feel just like a *girl*." She kissed me on the cheek and gave me a big hug.

As she left she told Mom that she would love to take both Linda and Phyllis shopping for school clothes next month if she does decide to send me to St Ann's

I left the school uniform on till I was ready for bed. I really did not mind the white blouse over a plain slip and the pleated plaid jumper. The jumper was very, very short and any move showed glimpses of my slip and panties. I had a hard time getting used to the shortness of the outfit and how naked it made me feel.

Mom was busy in my room making room in my dresser for my new things. She casually turned around and threw the nightgown to me and said, "Why don't you wear this tonight with your panties and see how snug you will sleep in this soft and lacy nightgown?"

I guess I had a good night's sleep but I did have dreams of dressing up as a girl. Gloria's comment about going to school as a girl and going shopping with Linda for girl's school clothes stirred feelings in me that I had not experienced before.