

SHE MADE ME HER SHEMALE  
SORORITY GIRL CHEERLEADER



Janice Wildflower

GEMINI

Copyright © 2013, Mags Inc./Reluctant Press

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Thank you.*

# SHE MADE ME HER SHEMALE SORORITY CO-ED & CHEERLEADER Part III

**By Janice Wildflower Gemini**

## **Chapter XVIII: I Have Become A Girl**

So summing up my situation after intersession, when all returned from intersession as far as the coaches were concerned I was a real girl and could and would participate on the teams as a girl would participate, and they were insistent that I had just better think of myself as a girl. And as far as most of my sorority sisters were concerned I was a real girl and had always been a real girl and every one started treating me that way. Ms Frank the

sorority mom knew that I was a guy and I am pretty sure still thought of me as a guy, but she didn't let on and played along with the girls telling me how tricky I had been, and in front of the other girls, with a wink, told me, "You know Christina you were very good, you almost had me believing that you were a boy. But you know, you just picked up on all those girl things so quickly, the girl had too have been in you just waiting to come out past that 'tom-boy' exterior of yours." But in that there was a message, the message that Ms Frank thought that despite being a guy I was really a fine girl. And of course my girl friend knew I was a guy but it was okay with her that every one else thought that I was a girl.

The sorority girls, especially my girl friends Alice and Nancy still worked on killing the tomboy in me and teaching me to be girlish. But the idea was they were teaching a tomboy to be girlish and no longer thought they were teaching a boy to act and think and behave like a girl. Ms. Frank also continued with my lessons in the female skills and I continued to help her around the sorority house. She sort of let me know it was something I needed to do and she expected me to do. And she seemed to enjoy my company and help and really treated my somewhat akin to a daughter or a niece. She always had a smile on her face when I was around helping her out. And she looked for any excuse to help me on with my aprons.

So I had been accepted into the sorority and could stop wearing the high school private school outfit that I had worn as a pledge. So I had to think about how I would get a hold of, it not a full girl's wardrobe, at least some additional clothes. I mean I hadn't brought a bunch of girl's clothes with me to school. And as a cheerleader I had to actually think about having to get ready for the big dance that all the cheerleaders attended. And there was no getting out of that and so I would need some sort of gown.

So I had to think about getting a prom type gown. There was no way getting out of that, date or no date. And there I was still at least partly mentally a guy and I was worrying about a prom gown. What was I going to do? I was way over the edge.

Plus my mom who I had been keeping at bay on the telephone, telling her about some of the changes but not explaining how much I had changed, wanted to come by and see her son, who she was now treating as if he was her daughter. After all her new daughter was cheering with the girls and playing tennis with the girls, which her real daughter, now referred to as her other daughter, had never done for her. So mom wanted to visit and watch me cheer and play tennis, as any mother would want to do with her daughter. Only in this case the daughter was her son, who wasn't that anxious to have his or her mother see what that he had really become a she.

Mom when she telephoned and I spoke with her, which as a girl was more often than I had spoken with her as a boy away at college, was just treating me just like a girl. She did not refer to me at all as her son. So her having been a cheerleader she of course asked about the big dance. I told her, yes, that I was going. So of course the talk came around to what I would be wearing. And of course I had to tell her I didn't know as it had to be some sort of gown and I wasn't sure how I could afford one, as obviously I didn't have one. She couldn't believe I hadn't been concentrating on getting my gown for the dance. And then I of course told her, a bit ticked over my situation of having to worry about getting girl's clothes and wearing them, that I hadn't been concentrating on the gown as I was short of every day clothes, let alone gowns.

Well mom told me she couldn't believe I hadn't brought enough clothes. I didn't know where that came from, but I didn't pursue it. Then mom asked me for my

measurements, which thanks to the doctor and the nurses monitoring my changes I knew. When I told her she was a bit shocked at my waist and hip size, so I guess I wasn't one hundred percent a girl in her mind, but I mentioned something about padding and she let it go. Any way, she said that my sister had a couple of nice gowns that she would have, if possible, altered to fit me, and would pick up the lingerie to match, and that she would come down over the weekend to help me out with the gown and we could do some mother daughter shopping if I really needed more clothes and she could get to see me play and cheer.

Well I really tried to convince her not too, and one thing got to the other and finally, I had to tell her, "Mom, I really-really look like a girl. I mean a real girl. I look cute. And no one here thinks any longer that I am a boy or that I ever was a boy. I mean none of the other girls, that is. I really don't want you to see me like this." And I told mom that because of the scholarship, unless she could come up with tuition for me, I was stuck that way and as a "transgender." I didn't tell her that actually I was stuck as a girl, as the councilor had listed me as a girl.

My mom didn't laugh this time. She said something like, "Well you're supposed to look like a girl. And I have accepted you as a girl. At least for the time being, so you can learn a lesson. I mean that was the whole point of your little stunt that you got caught up in...Wasn't it...to pass as a girl? I mean it's not like you've grown real breasts...is it?" When I didn't answer she gasped, "Oh my gosh...Have you got real breasts now?" At that point I had to tell her more of the truth. I told her about the implants and the effects of the hormones, and that I pretty much looked like a girl at that point. I didn't tell her about the facial surgery or the work on my groin, or that I was showering with girls and passing.

Well, mom told me, "Honey, like it or not I am coming down to see you. I shouldn't have let this go on this long. I just thought that stewing in your own juices and pretending to have accepted you as a girl would serve you right. But this may have been too much. And what ever has happened we'll deal with it." And then thinking about it some more she told me, "You know I always thought that you would have made a nicer girl than your sister. You were always so much more caring. And you did have a real knack for cheer leading. So assuming you aren't totally exaggerating, maybe I will really have to really start thinking and really just start treating you like a daughter. You know it might actually be fun for me. I mean so far it has. You have made a sweet girl, and made me very proud of you. I mean joining my old sorority and making the cheer leader squad. You know I will really bring along a couple of gowns for you to try on for that dance. Your sister had a lovely red satin one that if your figure is what you say it is will look darling on you. And I really do want to see you in your cheer leader outfit and tennis outfits on the field. Boy or girl, if you are cheer leading and passing as a girl this can not go on forever and I want to see you as a girl before some one at the school puts a stop to the masquerade. And what ever the situation we'll deal with it, But from what you are telling me you actually need a wardrobe of girl's clothing and we will actually have to get you ready for that dance. I mean if you are now a girl and are now my daughter I can't have you embarrassing yourself by not having a lovely gown to wear."

I didn't know what to do. My whole situation came crashing in on me. So again I was feeling like a boy having to live as a girl. And the horror of it all was I found that though the thought of being a boy passing as a girl bothered me, living as a girl did not bother me at all. I liked every thing about living as a girl, despite the embar-

rassment of it all. And I realized that much of my life as a girl was a turn on for me. I had found that I enjoyed the feel of the clothes, and my makeup, and just enjoyed doing girl things. I was just realizing that even if and when I was able to return to a boy again, I just might have trouble giving up my lingerie and silks and satins and make-up and my visits to the beauty parlor and so many other things about being a girl that I was finding out I enjoyed so. I did not know what I was going to do. I just hoped my mother could help me out.

## **Chapter: XIX Mom's Second Visit to meet her Second Daughter**

Mom arrived for a long weekend. I really couldn't face her, it was just too embarrassing. Not humiliating, as I had gotten used to living and being accepted as a girl; but embarrassing for my mother to see me so feminized and so looking and so acting like a girl. I mean I thought I looked more feminine as a girl than her daughter, my sister, looked. So when I realized she had arrived at the sorority house, like the girl I had become, I ran to my room and locked my self in.

Well Cindy welcomed her and explained the situation and she and mom knocked on the door to let me know they were there and mom told me, "Now honey, as bad for you or as shocking to me as you may think this is, I really need to see you and talk to you in person to figure out where we are going with this. And I brought you some very nice prom outfits that you need to try on and some other clothes to get you through this. And I need to find out if they fit..." I told her, "Mom you can't see me like this. Just leave the clothes. I'll figure some thing out..."



Mom heard my feminized voice live, not over the phone and couldn't believe the way I sounded. She asked, "Honey...Chris... is that you. Why you sound so different, so much like your sister. Is this a joke? Is Katie in there?" I had to tell her, "No mom, its part of the newer changes." Mom then just put her foot down, "Chris let me in this minute. I am your mother and I expect you to listen to me and if you want a place to come home for the summer to get away from all of this you had better listen. Or I'll put you in summer school here and you can stay a girl for the summer also!"

Now mom began to raise her voice, but Cindy cautioned her about letting others hear the conversation which would raise the question once again of my gender. She told me mom, "Mrs. Darling you need to keep this down, every one here believes that Chris is a girl, and we need to keep it that way...please." And so for the rest of the conversations, my mom stayed tough but kept her voice down, as we all did.

Well with that I had to let her in. I did so but turned around as she entered. She sort of stopped and looked at my figure from the back and told me, "Why you don't look much different than you did the last time I saw you. What's the big deal?" And so I turned around and told her, "Because its all me now. There isn't any padding."

So mom got a good look at my face and her eyes sought of widened in shock or disbelief or maybe happiness. I was not too sure which emotion played out. She told me, "Why you do look like a girl....and sound like a girl. The last time you looked feminine and sounded feminine, but now you look like a girl and you sound like a girl. What happened? I told her about the surgery to change my face and how it also changed my voice. She told me, "Honey its not so bad, for as you are telling me that sort of change is reversible and you are probably

right, that if you have to or have chosen to live like a girl, you might as well look like a girl. It's not so bad and you're rather cute as a girl."

But it was that bad, and I told her, "Yes but the breasts are also mine, they are real. And my figure is mine, the hips and the butt, are mine, not padding. It will take me months to change back. I am stuck like this till the end of the entire semester, and already had to take a second round of hormone shots. I just feel more and more like a girl."

Mom told me, "Well it is what it is. Let me get a look at your figure under those clothes. Take off your blouse and bra and let me see how bad, or good, the situation is." Well she was my mom and I was a boy so I didn't have a problem being bare-chested in front of her. And I took off my blouse and bra to show her my, her son's, breasts. She was impressed with them, and with my ease of removing my bra. She looked at them for a while and told me, "Why dear, you really have very becoming breasts, nice and perky and a nice size for you. The surgeon really did a nice job, he or she, no...the surgeon must be a she, has a wonderful eye for this and must have liked you...Do they feel real?" Well I had to let her touch them. I didn't want to. I mean my mom touching my, her son's, breasts; it was uncomfortable. But she insisted and told me, she really had to know if she was to help me. So I agreed and then came over and touched them, hefted them, and felt around my nipples. She smiled and shook her head and told me, "Very nice...very-very nice. You have lovely breasts. But how did she do the nipples?" And I told her the nipples were actually mine, as a result of the hormones. I had developed nice "AA" or perhaps "A" sized breasts and nipples, a female chest, and the plastic surgeon placed implants to bring me out to a "B+" or so.

Mom continued, "Very pretty dear, and nothing to be ashamed of if you are being a girl. But what about the rest of your figure, is it all real too? You told me you were showering with the girls, or at least implied it as you have full status on the cheer leader team. How do you get away with that? The doctor didn't cut any thing off? Please tell me the doctor didn't cut anything off!" I told her the doctor didn't cut any thing off, "it" was just professionally tucked and hidden, and the hips and butt were mine and real. And I had to tell her, "Yes mom. It's those damn hormones." And she told me, "Well let me see. I have to see how you look there."

Again by reflex I didn't want to strip down in front of my mom, but eventually had no choice. I told her, "Mom, I am a boy, your son; I can't strip down in front of you. It's not right!" But she was adamant about it. She told me, "From what you are telling me you can shower with the entire girls' cheer leader team, and you can shower with the girls' tennis team, but you can't let your own mother see what you show off to all of those girls! Listen young man and I imagine I should really say young lady, drop your skirt and panties now and let your mother get a look at the situation, or again, figure out what you are doing for the summer!"

And so I dropped, though reluctantly, dropped by skirt and then my panties, so I was standing there in my garter belt, stockings, heels and female surgical support. My mom let out a gasp. Wide eyed again, she came over and with both hands felt my hips and my butt. She didn't ask permission. Then she told me, "Gosh, they feel... they are real. You look like and feel like a female. You have a nice figure and it's real. And your... things don't show in the slightest. And in fact it looks like you have a vagina!! Or it looks like you do. My gosh, stripped down to just about naked you look like a female. No wonder you are

so upset. What happened there? Does this mean no grand children for me? Oh please tell me you can have a child..., that is father children!"

I explained again. "Mom the hormones changed my figure, hips, butt, and breasts, with the softening of my figure and with feminine repositioning of my fat. The doctor and nurse said they never saw the hormones work so fast. It should have been months more before I looked like this. Anyway, the figure is real, the vagina isn't. It's my scrotum and some prosthetics that doctor is testing on me. And when it's all over I am supposed to be able to return to normal. That is I can look like a boy again. It will just take time, months even. And the breast implant and the groin prosthetic are removable. But the doctor has to do it, and she really wants to test it on me for at least six months, so I am pretty much stuck. I mean I've got another three months worth of hormones in me, so what is the sense of trying to pass as a boy.

Any way, unless you got the tuition money for me my tuition aid is tied to being a cheer leader and member of this sorority, and for that I am better off looking like a girl and passing for a girl. And it has gotten to the point where most of the times I just naturally act like a girl and even think like a girl. It just gets to me every once in a while when I think about it to much. And the really horrible thing about it, is that when I don't think about it I just go with the flow of my situation and I actually enjoy lots of things about my life as a girl. It's maddening for me." And so I had admitted there were parts of living as a girl that I actually enjoyed, but I couldn't admit to what I enjoyed. It was just another embarrassment.

Then my mom smiled, and told me, "Well as long as you are or will be able to father, and you can forgive that expression, some grandchildren for me, I guess I can have some fun with you in this situation. You really look like a

girl, and a sweet girl at that. And I am so pleased that you are cheer leading and a member of my sorority. My daughter wouldn't do that for me, and my son did. I will just have to think you did this all for me. I mean, other wise it is a bit strange that you wound up at my old college, joining my old sorority, and joining my old cheer leading team. I'll have to think that subconsciously you did this to please me, and I think it may have actually worked out that way. You are really the cutest thing as a girl. I can't believe it that standing in front of me, you my son, look totally like a girl...face, breasts, hips, butt, and vagina. I mean even your voice now says girl. Any way as far as I am concerned I now really need to treat you as a daughter. And if most of the girls here think you are actually a girl, let's keep it that way. As far as I am concerned you are a girl, and that is how I am going to treat you. You deserve it after what you've gotten yourself into. And no more boy complaints out of you...or let's at least try to keep them to a minimum. You need to just keep telling yourself that you are a girl!"

She let that sink in and then she continued, picking up on what I had said. She told me, "I think it's good you can admit that you even enjoy some parts of living a girl's life. And you probably enjoy more about being a girl than you will admit. So under the circumstances there isn't any reason for you to be boyish at all and we really need to keep you immersed in the girl's life to find out what girl things you like and how much you really do like girl things. So it you are stuck as a girl, than you are really stuck as a girl. And I intend to really treat you just like a girl. "

"But mom..." I complained and she told me, "No but moms from you....You are a girl. And remember that. You really need to find out how much you like being a girl and what about being a girl you find so nice. So you are a girl.

It will be much less embarrassing for every one concerned. Understand?"

I hesitated in answering and she looked tough with me and told me, "Understand?" And I had to tell her, "Yes mom." And she continued with, "Yes mom what?" And I knew this game, and that I would lose it, and in front of Cindy I had to tell her, "Yes mom I understand that I am a girl and need to let myself go to find out what about being a girl I like." And I repeated fatalistically, "Yes mom I am a girl."

And then she told me. "Good, I am glad that is settled. Now, one... I expect to hang around past this weekend so I can see you cheering and playing tennis before I have to go home. No more of you avoiding that. I want to see my little cheer leader performing. I've missed that so, having a daughter I can watch cheering. And I brought you some very nice prom dresses for you to try on; three in fact, and each one nicer than the other. And I also brought a bunch of clothes for you to try on. You can't keep wearing those high school outfits once you are a full member of the sorority. Now come on girls," she said referring to both me and Cindy, "I need some help bringing the outfits up here. And we need to go shopping for some lingerie for you Christina, so I need you to try on the clothes."

So I dressed and we brought up the clothes and I felt red faced carrying up the three gowns in the gown bags. It was in my mind at that time just so humiliating. But as all the sorority girls thought I was a girl, it was nothing unexpected. And nothing was new; she had borrowed it all from one of the girls in our neighborhood, so it looked like she was just bringing me my old clothing from home now that I had decided to be a girl again. Apparently my sister was actually a couple of sizes larger than I was as a girl and so my mom had searched else where for some inexpensive gowns for me.

I asked her from where or whom she had gotten the clothes and she told me that as my measurements had matched one of my old girlfriends in the neighborhood whose mother saved everything, she was able to borrow a bunch of stuff from the mother; who typically was a hoarder, but in this case was happy to help out when she found out the clothes were for me and of the predicament that I was in. Well I couldn't believe my mom had told her and shared that with her and told her that. She explained that she didn't have the money to get me as much clothes as she had been able to get from Mrs. Harris, and that Sue, my old girlfriend, had been delighted to share them with me. And if they fit and worked for me, would even send me more, as she wanted to clean out her closets and her mom doesn't ordinarily let her get rid of any thing that fits.

Mom continued that she hadn't given them the full story, just that as a school psychology project I had agreed to live part time as a girl and participate in some girl activities, and with padding my figure seemed to match Sue's as my mom had remembered it, and if she had any old clothes they could lend me, it would help me from having to wear some really nasty outfits the psychology professor was providing. And mom told me, "Of course they agreed to help. Mrs. Harris was always so fond of you. And they only asked that I bring them home a photograph or two of you dressed, as they were dying to see how you would fix up and carry yourself as a girl. And so I will need to get a couple of photographs."

I whined to my mother about that. But she was adamant. She told me, "If you come home for the summer to let the hormones ware off and still are looking the way you do, the only safe job we could possible get for you would be working at Mrs. Harris's Dinner either in your old job as a bus boy, but as a bus girl, and most likely as a

waitress. I mean you were working as a waiter there, toward the end of your fling with Sue, despite the fact that her mom typically only uses waitresses, so the way you now look the waitress job would work. I mean I just think you would make a lovely waitress.'

And she let that sink in and I couldn't think of a thing to say after being told that I would make a lovely waitress, and then she continued, "And it would be good practice for you in terms of socializing as a female. So we might as well let them see you can actually pass as a girl, at least in a photograph, so worse case scenario you Mrs. Harris will at least consider you for a job for the summer. You can't be staying around the house all summer doing nothing but feeling sorry for yourself! But regardless, let's try on some of these clothes, the gowns first, and we'll talk some more about the photos and Sue and Mrs. Harris. Any way, Sue remembered the time your sister made you wear Sue's old cheer leading costume and do those cheers for me, and said you even made a cute girl back then, and she'd love to see how you look in her other clothes, as long as you are involved in such a project, either in a photograph or in person. So I don't think you really have any thing to fear there. She still likes you...as a friend I think, and you should be grateful for all these clothes she sent you."

And she continued, "So no more ungrateful talk like that. I won't hear it! Strip down again, and lets try on this first prom dress, it is really sexy. In fact seeing you the way you now look, it may make you look too sexy. But let's give it a try. I am really so anxious to dress you up and see how you look in these gowns. We're really just having to and are going to make the best of a bad situation. And I hope along the way I am going to get to do all those girlish things I never got to do with your sister, with you. It's really wonderful. You'll get to find out what it's



like to be a girl, and I get to find out what it is like to have a daughter following in my footsteps. Who would have imagined. So let's get you into this first gown. It's quite revealing. But you do have the figure for it. So let's get down to your panties and stocking and I'll get you into this gown and we'll have a look."



And mom told me, "This is just wonderful," and I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

At that point Cindy who had been there all along came in on the side of my mother. She told me, "Now Chris you mom is right, so stop the sissy fits already and let's see how these outfits fit you and how you look in them. I mean your mom did put in an effort with this and you already do look so cute, that I am like your mom just dying to see how you actually look in a prom gown. I would think like it or not, date or not date, you are going to have to go to the cheer leader's prom and you will need a nice gown!"

And my mom added, "Thank you Cindy. But let's all remember that my daughters name is Christina or Chrissie for short. We shouldn't be calling 'her' Chris any more. Who knows what rumors would get started." And Cindy just smiled and agreed, and told me, "I am sorry Chrissie. We wouldn't want those old rumors to get around again, that you are a boy. Now do we? It would be terribly embarrassing for every one, at this time." And I wanted to scream, but it would have done me no good!

So with out much choice, with these two women ganging up on me, I undressed down to my bra, my panties and my stockings and my heels and felt totally female standing there in my lingerie and heels. Then my mom told me, "The bra comes off for this dress dear," and so there I was again with my exposed breasts all red faced but with out much of a choice. And I tried on the first gown.

It was a red satin polyester number with a built in bra and an open back, which could be worn with a half slip, and the dress simply tied on around the neck and around the back, and the skirt flowed. My mom got me into it and made the ties. She had me look at myself in the mirror and asked me how I liked the dress. Gosh, I had cleavage

and a figure and looking in the mirror at my self I was turning my self on. It really felt nice though a bit to open and exposed for me, at that time.

Cindy told us, "I think it's a little too sexy for him. I don't think that he... I mean she, will be able to handle the boys that he...I mean that she would attract. And she certainly will attract boys in that outfit. My mother hesitantly agreed and I certainly agreed and so that candidate for a prom gown was nixed. And I breathed a sigh of relief.

My mom reluctantly agreed. She told us, "Chrissie you do have the figure and poise for it, but as Cindy pointed out you may not have the experience for it. So let's try a dress that is a bit less adventurous for your first prom."

The next was a shiny red satin off the shoulders mermaid sheath that fit me like a second skin and showed off my figure, nice cleavage and breasts and a slim waste and well formed but moderate hips and butt. Again it felt very sensual on me, against my body, and I found that I enjoyed the feel of it, which I found once again very disturbing. After I slipped out of the first dress, Mom had me put my bra back on for the try on of the second dress. My bra straps would show, but mom explained it was a first try on and so that shouldn't be of concern. I would be wearing a strapless bra or a torsolet if I actually wore the gown out. She then helped me pull a tight nylon full slip on which hugged my figure and felt wonderful to my touch. Then she had me step into the back of the open dress, which she then pulled into place and zippered up, which tightened the dress to my figure. And I got that tingle I seemed to be getting when zipped into a dress. It was very nice, but unnerving for me.

Again, Cindy and my mom told me I looked wonderful and would be a knock out in it. I looked at myself in the mirror and had to agree. I mean I didn't make a gor-

geous looking or voluptuous looking female, but for a college girl I was nicely put together and the surgeon had done a really nice job on my boobs and feminizing my face, and I had developed an attractive and shapely enough figure, so I looked rather attractive in dresses cut for that figure. There was little I could do about that. It was another case of the clothes making the woman, me, and making the girl look sexy.

Mom had me walk around in it, just to get the feeling of that sort of dress. And it felt really sexy with the feel of the satin over the slip and the tightness of the dress as I walked around in it. It was sort of restricting and forced me to walk with a short stride one foot in front of the other which gave me a really sexy swish, as the dress was really tight around my butt and hips and legs. Cindy again said, "Too sexy and Chrissie looks way to hot in it. She'll never keep the boys away."

And again my mother had to agree. And my mom leaving her mind set that I was really a girl told me, "Shame on you Chrissie. You just make too sexy a girl! Who would have thought?" They were embarrassing me to death and there was little I could do about it. I almost felt violated.

So I tried on the third gown and as it turned out fortunately that one worked for me and turned out to be the winner and the one in which Mom took my photograph. It was a wine colored soft satin dress, with a figure hugging waist, cap sleeves, and knee length hem. It looked wonderful on me, showing off my breasts and flattering my waist and hips and flowing wonderfully around me as I walked and gave me a young innocent look.

Cindy commented right away, "Chrissie that dress is you, as difficult as it is for me to say. It looks lovely on you and you look lovely in it. You have to wear it for the dance. There is no getting out of it."