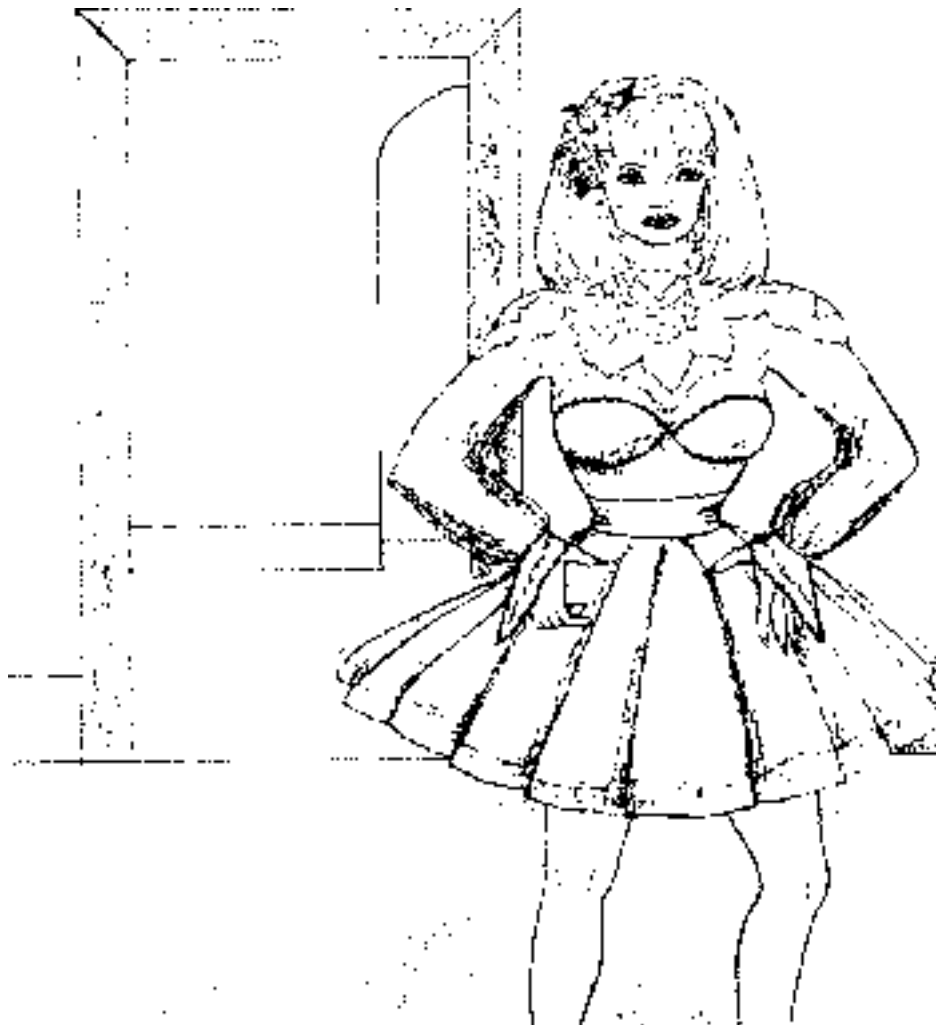


SUSAN'S GIRLS

By Susan Sweet



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN ADULT TV NOVEL

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SADIE HAWKINS DAY

By Susan Sweet

“Oh! Here's a letter from my second cousin Sarah. You know the one I mean. The one with the twin boys who's hard of hearing.”

My Mother liked to go through the day's mail and always announced when there was something of importance in the mailbox.

“She says that she has some papers that belonged to your Dad and she feels they are too important to send through the mail. She's wondering if you can't take some time for a visit and collect the papers while you are there.”

“Aw Mom! Cottonwillow's way back in the hills. Everything there is 100 years behind the times, and I haven't seen that side of the family since I was a kid.”

“But this is important dear. And the fact that you haven't seen them for a while is an even better reason that you visit them now! You were planning on a bicycle trip this month, so you can just swing by and see cousin Sarah on your way through.”

Ten days later I found myself cycling into the outskirts of Cottonwillow. The locals were only too happy to give me directions. I soon found myself at cousin Sarah's house, a ramshackle three bedroom building with thin wooden walls and peeling white paint.

A couple of big fellows were sitting on the porch as I rode up. They were dressed in jeans, work boots, and work shirts in a sort of red plaid. I remembered them as my twin cousins, sons of cousin Sarah. They were nearly identical, except that one of them had a huge wart on the left side of his nose.

“Howdy,” I said.

“Howdy,” they replied in unison.

“I'm your cousin from the city. Francine's boy. My mother wrote to say I'd be coming by.”

“Hey Ma!” bellowed one of the twins.

“Hey Ma!” yelled the other.

“HEY MA!!” they shouted together.

“What is it?” called a woman's voice from inside the house.

“Come on out here and meet our cousin from the city,” yelled the twin with the wart.

“Well land sakes!” greeted my cousin Sarah as she came out onto the porch. She was a mountain of a woman in a faded gray house dress, and she kept her long brown hair tied in a ponytail. “Let me get a good look at you boy! I ain't seed ya since ya were

knee high to a grasshopper. My how you grewed! This here is your cousin Ralph," she indicated the twin with the wart, "and this here is Rupert."

"You ain't one of them hippies ar ya?" Rupert asked.

"No. Why?"

"We ain't used to seein' hair that long on a fella around these parts," Ralph observed as he stepped behind me. "By doggie! I'd say that it nearly reached to the middle of yur back!"

"I'm not a hippie boy. I just like to keep my hair long. It's a fashion in the city now."

"Wal. You'll never catch me with hair like no girl's, that's fer sure," Rupert announced.

"Me too!" Ralph agreed.

"What's goin on? A town meetin'?" said a girl's voice.

I looked up to see a young woman of perhaps eighteen years old staring at me from the doorway. She was barefoot, dressed in a flowered skirt and a plain white blouse and she had flaming red hair that she wore in pigtails.

"This here's Francine's boy, yer cousin from the city," Cousin Sarah announced. "This here is Daisy Mae."

"Ya'll sure you is a cousin to us'n," Daisy asked. "I never seed nobody as small and skinny as you amongst our men folk. Why, I bet I'm bigger and stronger than you are."

"Well, you might be bigger. I'm only 5'6" tall, and I never seem to weigh more than 145 pounds, but stronger? I don't know. I ride this bike of mine to try and stay in shape."

"Well you jist come on inside now." Cousin Sarah held open the cabin door. "I've got supper about ready. We can get ta know each other better over a bite."

I put my bicycle away on the side of the house and joined the family in the kitchen. Cousin Sarah served a generous dinner of fried chicken, potatoes, and greens, and I answered questions from the twins and Cousin Sarah about life in the city. All during dinner Daisy Mae kept quiet, looking at me with a funny gleam in her eye.

"Look here," she exclaimed, during a lull in the conversation. "If'n he really is kin ta us, that makes him fair game for Sadie Hawkins Day tomorrer, don't it?"

"That's right enough," Cousin Sarah allowed. "You better watch your butt tomorrow boy! Daisy here, and every girl in town will be lookin' ta ketch theyselves a man for Sadie Hawkins Day."

"Oh yes. I've heard about that. Sadie Hawkins Day is when the men and the women switch roles for a day and the girls chase the boys for a change."

"That's about right," Cousin Sarah agreed. "Sep'n we do it jist a tad different here in the hills. We got us a ladies auxiliary here in Cottonwillow that helps the needy families hereabouts with money and food through the year. One of the ways that we raises the money fer the auxiliary is on Sadie Hawkins Day. On Sadie Hawkins Day, any gal what ketches herself a man takes him down to the beauty salon in town and all the

girls get to have fun fixin him up like a pretty gal. They do up his hair and put make up on his face, then they dresses him up real pretty. Why, they been buyin clothes through the mail order catalogue all year so's they can dress the Sadie Hawkins Day gals in real fine and dainty dresses and frills.

"They's a dance at the town hall after dark," interrupted Daisy. "All the fellers that was caught and turned into Sadie Hawkins Day gals gets shown off to the whole town, and everybody has a grand time teasin' them and pertendin they's real girls. The men has to buy tickets to dance with them, and later on we hold a auction to see who gets to walk the Sadie Hawkins Day gals back to their home. The Sadie Hawkins Day gals has got to try and act jist like girls and they got to dance with any man that's got a ticket. That's how we get our money."

"Also, any of the fellers that gets ketched and made into Sadie Hawkins Day gals that is a poor sport and don't act the part of a girl gets hauled up in front of everbody, and the gal what ketched him gets to spank the daylights out of him while everybody watches," Cousin Sarah added. "So you better get some sleep tonight boy and be off early. Don't ya'll let any of the gals hereabouts ketch ya tomorrer, or you'll spend the evenin' as the belle of the ball!"

"I could do lots of pretty things with that long hair of yours if'n I was to fetch ya tomorrer," Daisy observed to the twins laughter.

"I plan to be on the road at first light," I swore.

We finished dinner and I was shown to the room where I was to spend the night. Everyone said good night, and I soon fell into a deep sleep.

I was awakened the next morning by Cousin Sarah.

"What's wrong with you boy?" she hissed. "It's after sunup. You better skedaddle if'n you know what's good fer ya. That Daisy Mae set her cap fer ya last night, and she's sure to be waitin' fer ya somewhere's. Get a move on boy, lessin you want those girls to pretty you up as one of the Sadie Hawkins Day gals!"

I hurriedly got dressed in my tee shirts jeans and tennis shoes, then took a cautious look out the window at my bicycle.

Sure enough, Daisy Mae was standing there with two other girls. They were all wearing jeans and shirts, and one of the girls was carrying a large sack, like an oversized mailbag.

I quietly lifted a side window and slipped to the ground. I thought I heard movement on the side of the house where I had seen the girls, so I quickly moved away from the house and into the woods.

The land here was low rolling hills covered with stands of laurel and ash trees and enough ground cover to keep me hidden. I set off into the woods feeling confident that I could lose the girls and return for my bike later in the day.

Soon, however, I began to have doubts. I became disoriented and unsure of my direction. I began to hear sounds of a stealthy pursuit and I became so intent on listening to my pursuers that I failed to watch where I was walking. There was a sudden

snap and my ankle was snared. I was jerked off my feet and found myself dangling upside down about eight feet off the ground.

“Well now! Look what we ketched!” Daisy Mae shouted, emerging from the brush with the two other girls. “I'd say we got us'n a Sadie Hawkins Day gal! You sure was easy to ketch cousin, and I'm gonna have me a high old time making you into a pretty little gal fer the dance tonight.”

The two other girls walked over and stood underneath me.

“Aw come on Cousin Daisy. I was just on my way home. Why don't you girls just let me be on my way?”

“Let you go?” laughed Daisy. “Don't be silly dear. With your long hair and yer skinny body yer a perfect choice to be a Sadie Hawkins Day gal. I bet you pretty up better than any of the fellers we ever ketched before! It's a real honor hereabouts fer a gal to ketch a feller fer the Sadie Hawkins Day dance, and I ketched you!”

One of the girls under me grabbed my wrists and held them together as the other girl tied them together with a piece of clothesline.

“Oh please! No! I don't want to be a Sadie Hawkins Day Girl!”

“None of the men folk ever do. Leastwise most of them,” Daisy noted as she untied the rope that held me and lowered me to the waiting girls. I tried to struggle, but one of the girls held my bound wrists and easily guided me into the large sack that the other girl held open. They worked the sack up over my body as Daisy lowered me to the ground, tied the sack firmly around my ankles, and cut the snare loop off.

“Please! Please Daisy! Please don't do this to me!” I pleaded from inside the mailbag.

“Now you hush up honey,” Daisy warned, swatting my rear through the mailbag. “You stay quiet or I'll find a way to keep ya quiet. Hear?”

I lay on the ground in the mailbag for ten minutes or so, then I heard a horse being led to the spot where I lay. The girls lifted me up over the horse and tied me to the saddle.

“Boy howdy,” one of the other girls noted. “This feller don't weigh hardly nothin' at all!”

The girls finished tying me to the horse and I was taken back toward town.

“Hey there Daisy Mae,” a woman's voice called out. “Did ya'll ketch a feller fer the dance?”

“Yes Missis Dalt. It's my cousin from the city.”

“Well you jist fix him up real pretty fer the men folk honey. We want them to dance his feet off”

“Don't you worry none about that Missis Dalt. I'm gonna fix this one up like a model in a ladies fashion magazine!”

All the girls laughed.

Her words chilled me as I lay helpless on the back of the horse. Just how far did they intend to go with this business of turning me into a girl for the night? I didn't have time to think about it, for suddenly there was a squeal of joy.

“Come quick girls! Daisy Mae ketched the first one!” said a girls voice.

There was a babble of excited girl's voices and I was untied from the horse and lifted off by several pair of hands.

“Oh he's so small!”

“Who is it?”

“How did you ketch him Daisy?”

“This is gonna be great!”

I was carried a short distance and placed on some sort of table. The bag was untied from around my ankles and pulled off my body.

“Listen! You girls gotta let me go!” I shouted.

“Now you listen!” Daisy warned, putting her face next to mine. “We don't want any trouble from you. And we don't want any noise either! You will be silent unless we ask you a question. If you talk out of turn little girl, you will be spanked!”

“Oh please, please! Girls! Please don't do this to me!”

“OK gals. I guess our little girl has to learn the hard way, let's get her pants down.”

I tried to struggle, but six pair of hands held me as my jeans were unzipped and pulled down around my ankles. I was turned over onto my stomach and one of the girls pulled my underpants down too, exposing my bare bottom. A large girl in a red checkered shirt began to spank me with a hairbrush. I gritted my teeth against the pain, but she just kept on spanking me, and soon I was moaning and writhing on the table. She kept on and on, and finally I was unable to stand it any longer.

“Enough! Enough! Oh please stop! I've had enough!”

The girl hit me three more times before she stopped.

“Have you learned your lesson, dear?” Daisy asked.

“Yes. Oh Yes!”

“Will you be a good girl now and be quiet?”

I nodded, fearful of speaking again.

“You see how helpless you are in our hands don't you, dear?”

I nodded again.

“Then I want you to say'I'm a good girl and I promise to be quiet.”

“I'm a good girl and I promise to be quiet.”

“She needs a name, Daisy,” one of the girls suggested. “You ketched her, so you gets to name her”

The room grew still as Daisy thought of a name for me. “Barbara Ann. I've always liked that name, so we'll call her Barbara Ann.”

"That's a pretty name," the girl who had spanked me agreed. "Let's see if'n we can make Barbara Ann pretty like her name."

The girls untied my wrists and pulled my shirt off, then they took off my tennis shoes and removed my pants, underwear, and socks. Some of the girls held onto my arms as I was stood on my feet and the others covered my body with a pink lotion, taking special delight in covering my genital area. My long hair was tied up onto my head so it would not come in contact with the pink lotion.

I was held for about ten minutes, then the girls wiped the lotion off my body with sponges. All of my body hair came off with the lotion, leaving me hairless and feeling very slick and smooth.

Now the girls covered me in a body lotion of some kind, and I had to stand while it was absorbed into my skin.

"Put this on Barbara Ann," a girl with blond braids ordered. She held out a very small panty made out of some kind of stretch material.

I stepped into the impossibly small garment and the girls worked it up my smooth legs, over my ass and hips, and to my acute embarrassment, Daisy arranged my cock and balls inside it. It was very tight and compressed my genitals into a very small package.

"That's much better," said the girl with braids. "Now sit in the beauty chair Barbara Ann."

I sat in the beauty chair and the girls tilted me backward so that my head rested on the edge of a sink. Daisy and a girl with red curls began to wash my hair as four of the other girls each took hold of one of my feet or hands and started to do something to my nails.

It was at this time that another boy was brought into the beauty parlor complaining like I had. He too was spanked into submission and the girl who had caught him gave him the name Charlotte.

I was listening to what was happening to him when I was brought back to my own predicament.

"Oh yes, perfect," Daisy agreed with the red haired girl. "Barbara Ann should definitely be a blonde."

The girls colored my hair. It took a while, but when I was finally seated upright again, I could see that my normally light brown hair was now white blonde in color.

The hair stylist at the salon cut my newly colored hair.

I was given bangs, and my hair was evenly cut so that it fell to just above my shoulders, much shorter than the length I was used to wearing.

The girls began to put my hair up in big rollers as yet another boy was brought in. The girls all laughed, saying that it was this boys third year in a row, so he must really like what they do to him. He gave them no trouble, and was given the name of Gwen-dolyn.

The four girls working on my hands and feet finally finished, and I looked down to see that my fingers had been given nail tips to lengthen them and they were painted a bright red, while my toenails were now a shade of hot pink.

As the girls finished putting my hair up in the rollers, Daisy ran her hand along my smooth and hairless legs. "You are so soft Barbara Ann. So soft, I would never have expected skin like this on a man. Now let's get your face looking pretty and feminine."

Daisy began to pluck my eyebrows. It didn't take her long, and she made a remark about how little was needed to give them a nice feminine arch. A make-up tray was brought over and the girl with the red curls started to make up my face. Some of the others stood around and made comments as she worked.

"That blush is too dark, use a lighter shade."

"Blue is perfect for Barbara Ann's eye shadow."

"My! What nice cheekbones! See how well they take the color!"

"She really is quite pretty."

"Pretty? She's positively stunning!"

I sat in the beauty chair in a confused state of mind as the make up of my face proceeded. I was uneasy about the way these girls were treating me, and at the same time, I was enjoying the compliments, even if they were feminine in nature.

The girl doing my face was finally finished and Daisy stood over me with a funny little smile on her face. "I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. You are really pretty my little Barbara Ann. And your skin is so soft and white. I can't wait to finish dressing you to see how you turn out. Stand up and come into the back room."

I got out of the beauty chair and was escorted into the back room by Daisy and five other girls. There were lots of packages lying on a table in the middle of the room and Daisy reached into one of them.

"Put these on please Barbara Ann," Daisy directed, pulling out a pink satin panty that was covered with lace and tiny bows and simply oozed of femininity. "We'll begin with your panties."

I accepted the delicate garment from Daisy, stepped into it and pulled it up my legs and onto my body. Daisy arranged the panty on my hips. My genitals, tightly encased in the elastic panties, made a barely perceptible bulge at the crotch.

"Very nice," Daisy observed as she ran her hands over my satin smooth panties. "Now you two girls hold Barbara Ann's arms while we get her into her corset."

My arms were held out to my sides by two of the girls while Daisy wrapped a heavily boned corset around my waist and began to lace it up. Once laced, she began to tighten the laces, and soon had to call on two more girls to assist her. Between the five of them the corset was laced up as tightly as it would go, and I was having trouble breathing.

Daisy got out a tape measure and measured the size of my corseted waist.

"Only nineteen inches!" she exclaimed.

“Amazing!” The other girls murmured their agreement.

The effect of the corset was not only to shrink my waist dramatically, it pushed the excess skin on my chest upward and created two little mounds of flesh where my breasts were, and the excess skin in my tummy and hips was pushed downy making my hips wider and my ass bigger and rounder.

The girls put my arms through the straps of a bra that had gel filled breasts built into it. They fastened it about my chest, and the two gel inserts greatly added to the two little mounds of flesh created by the corset. The effect was that of a very generously endowed pair of tits.

“I got these on special order from Kansas City,” Daisy noted. “I knowed they helped a girl to look good, but my God Barbara Ann, you should see what they do for you!”

All the other girls were getting excited over the changes in my appearance. They all took turns dressing me, each girl wanting something to do with my transformation into a girl. A pink garter belt was fastened about my tiny waist, then a pair of pink silk stockings were drawn up my smooth legs and attached to the garters. They felt so silky as they were drawn up my legs that I shivered with pleasure.

One by one the rest of my ensemble was put onto my body. A pink camisole with pink flowers at the bodice, a wide circular pink half slip with a three inch lace hem flowed over a pink ruffled petticoat, and a pair of pink shoes with three inch heels that tied about my ankles with pink satin ribbons.

Last came the dress, also pink. It was a creation such as a little girl might fantasize about. Made of silk and lace, it had long sheer sleeves that ended at the wrists in a burst of lace. It had a wide flaring skirt of pink silk over a layer of satin, and tied at the waist with a wide pink satin ribbon. The bodice was pink silk, partly transparent to reveal the tops of my phoney boobs.

The girls really enjoyed putting me into this confection of silk and lace.

Zippering it up the back Daisy helped me to sit on a chair. I was somewhat unsteady on my three inch heels.

The red haired girl took the rollers out of my hair and proceeded to brush and comb it into the style they wanted.

My hairdo was sprayed into place and they decorated it with some flowers. White dangling pearl earrings were clipped onto my ears, a white pearl necklace was draped twice about my neck, pearl bracelets were put on both my wrists, and several rings put onto each of my hands. I was heavily perfumed with a sweet cologne and told to stand for inspection.

“Walk over to the wall, turn, and walk back,” Daisy ordered.

All the other girls came into the back room to see how I had turned out and as I walked to the wall and back I created quite a stir among them.

“Gorgeous!”

“She's just too beautiful for words!”

“Amazing!”

“The men folk ain't never gonna believe that's no boy!”

Everyone was talking at once, and Daisy had to shout over the babble to be heard.

“OK Girls. You let me and Betsy Jo work on Barbara Ann's walkin' and such while ya'll see if'n ya can make Charlotte and Gwendolyn look as pretty as she turned out to be.”

I was left with Daisy and Betsy Jo, the large woman who had spanked me.

For the next two hours the two girls worked at teaching me how to walk and to dance like a girl. They each took turns being the man, and I learned how to be led about by my partner, and how to breathe in the very tight corsets, which made even a small activity take my breath away.

Eventually, the girls finished the transformation of the other two boys into girls, and they were brought in to join me in training for the dance.

The one the girls had named Charlotte was dressed all in blue. She wearing a black wig because her hair was too short for the girls to do anything with. The boy they named Gwendolyn was dressed all in white, and his red hair had been permed in lots of tight curls that framed his face very prettily.

I was feeling very strange by now, confused, with mixed emotions over what the girls had done to me. I realized that I had been powerless to prevent these girls from making the changes in my appearance. I supposed I should be mortified at having been turned into a pretty girl, but I was somehow feeling very relaxed and at peace in a way I had never felt before. The clothes I wore felt nice on my smooth skin, and I found myself looking forward to the reaction of the men at the dance when I arrived. The way I looked certainly seemed to have impressed the girls.

The sun was setting when I heard a stagecoach pull up in front of the beauty salon. Charlotte, Gwendolyn, and I were bundled into the coach with the three girls who had captured us. The other girls got on top of the coach or hung onto the sides, and we took a short ride, not more than a half mile, to the town hall.

“Here comes the girls!” yelled a man as we pulled up in front of the town hall.

I could hear a crowd gathering outside the coach. The girls had pulled the shades to keep anyone from seeing us before they wanted them to.

Finally everyone had assembled and Gwendolyn was taken from the coach.

“This here's Gwendolyn everybody,” announced a girl in a pink and white checkered dress. “And I ketched her!”

There was a cheer and several laughs from the crowd as they got a look at the first of the Sadie Hawkins Day Girls. They were having a lot of fun at Gwendolyn's expense.

Charlotte was taken from the coach next.

“This here's Charlotte. And I ketched her,” the red haired girl stated.

Charlottes appearance was greeted with an even bigger guffaw from the crowd.

Then Daisy Mae stood up in the doorway of the stagecoach.

“This next girl is the one I ketched,” Daisy proclaimed. “Her name is Barbara Ann.”

Daisy moved from the doorway and I stepped as gracefully as I could into the view of the crowd. There were a few gasps and everyone got absolutely silent. You could have heard a pin drop for thirty seconds as the crowd gaped at me, utterly astonished.

"You tryin' to pull our leg Daisy Mae?" a big burly fellow in overalls shouted, "That there girl jist can't be no fella! Why she's as purdy as any gal I ever seed! And jist look at how small and dainty she is."

"Well you can think whatever you like Frank Talbot. But, Miss Barbara Ann is my cousin from the city, and she's a Sadie Hawkins Girl for tonight."

"Well what are we waitin' fer?" asked a voice at the back of the crowd. "Let's get on with the dance."

The crowd cheered and two hugely grinning men took me by the arms and ushered me into the town hall.

It was a wide open room with a ceiling that was at least three stories high. It had been decorated with streamers and balloons and a small country band began to play as we entered. I was immediately besieged by a crowd of men eager to dance with me, all of whom were very curious as to whether I was really a girl or not.

My first dance was with the man Daisy called Frank Talbot. He smelled of beer and occasionally stepped on my toes.

"I've got you figgered out Barbara Ann."

"Really?" I said softly.

"Course," he replied. "You gals jist couldn't ketch enough guys this year, so you was brought in as a ringer to fool us! That ways you still gets to sell a lot of dance tickets fer the ladies auxiliary!"

"That's very clever of you Frank."

"I ain't nobodies fool," he boasted. "I jist knowed somebody as pretty and dainty as you couldn't be no feller. I don't mind a bit. I'd much rather dance with a pretty gal like you Barbara Ann, than one of them there gussied up boys!"

My next dance was with a small man in a faded suit. He was balding, and he introduced himself to me as Bill. He didn't talk much. Preferring instead to hold me tightly against him as we danced, hoping that my tits would tell him if I was really female or not, but my gel filled tits gave him no clue as to my real sex. When we finished our dance he gave me a hug and a wink.

Next was a fellow named Mike. He was a tall man in jeans and a plaid shirt. He moved his hands down my back as we danced and finally was grasping my ass through the silk and satin of my skirt.

"Why don't you meet me down by the riverbed when the dance is over Barbara Ann?" he suggested licking his lips. "Let me stick my cock in your sweet pussy and get you all excited, OK?"

I started to protest, but Mike suddenly took me into his arms and kissed me full on the mouth. I was taken by surprise, and, not knowing what else to do. I slapped him.

Some people laughed, others applauded, and Mike was escorted out of the dance.

The night wore on as man after man had his turn with me. Some tried to make a pass, but nothing too extreme since they had all seen what happened to Mike. Others just held me close or nibbled on my ear if they got a chance.

Both Ralph and Rupert had their turns with me. Neither one spoke much, but they did seem to enjoy dancing with their feminized cousin a great deal.

As the night wore on it became clear to me that the word around was that I was a real girl, a ringer brought in by the ladies to fool them. I was flattered by all the attention they were giving me, and quite surprised at myself for enjoying the whole thing. It was very amusing to see them try to figure out if I was a real girl or not while they danced with me, and then go off not really sure.

Finally the last dance was called, much to my relief, for my feet were very tired from dancing in the high heels. I danced with a very quiet man named Horace, who said he was the town's undertaker. He made no advances, and treated me like a lady. The dance ended and I saw Daisy get up onto a small platform where the band was playing.

"OK everybody, listen up!" Daisy shouted, and the room slowly got quiet. "As ya'll knows the purpose of our annual Sadie Hawkins Day Dance is to raise money fer the charities of our ladies auxiliary, and I'm pleased to report that so far tonight we raised over four hundred dollars!"

The crowd cheered and Daisy continued, "I think we all owe a round of applause to our three Sadie Hawkins Day Girls, Charlotte, Gwendolyn, and Barbara Ann fer bein' such good sports about being turned into girls fer the dance."

Everyone applauded.

"Now to finish off the evenin, we are gonna hold an auction to see which of you fellers is gonna be the lucky ones to take our Sadie Hawkins Day girls back to their homes. Gwendolyn honey, you jist come on up here now."

The boy who had been turned into Gwendolyn for the evening climbed up the stairs and stood next to Daisy.

"Now what am I offered fer the privilege of takin' Miss Gwendolyn home boys?"

The bidding started and soon ended, with Horace the undertaker winning with a bid of twelve dollars.

Next, the boy who had been Charlotte for the evening climbed up next to Daisy, and a trucker in boots and a mock truck hat bid twenty five dollars for the right to walk him home.

"And lastly, let's get pretty little Barbara Ann up here."

I slowly mounted the platform and stood beside Daisy with my hands folded in front of me while the men either gave wolf whistles or cheered.

"All right boys, settle down now. Who wants to be the one to take Miss Barbara Ann on home now?"

The bidding started, and very quickly reached and, passed the one hundred dollar mark, much to everyone's surprise. One by one the men stopped bidding, and it

turned into a contest between Frank Talbot in the overalls, and my twin cousins Rupert and Ralph.

I looked around at the crowd as the bidding was going on and noticed something I hadn't seen while dancing with the men. The girls all hated me. There was no mistaking the look in their eyes. Having a prettied up boy to dance with their fellas was one thing but most of the men were convinced that I was a real girl, and I was getting entirely too much attention from them as far as the women were concerned.

The bidding continued till Rupert and Ralph were outbid. Frank Talbot won the right to take me home for the sum of two hundred and thirty five dollars.

The crowd started to break up and leave the town hall. Daisy left the platform and went over to talk to Rupert and Ralph, and Frank Talbot came up to the platform.

"Miss Barbara Ann," Frank announced, offering me his hand. "May I have the pleasure of takin' ya'll home?"

"Why certainly Mr. Talbot," I said, taking his hand and stepping down off the platform.

"Please call me Frank."

"Alright, Frank."

Frank Talbot walked me out of the town hall to the envy of the men and the relief of the women. I was looking forward to getting back to Cousin Sarah's place and ending this strange charade. We walked out to where the cars and trucks were parked and Frank stopped me by an old blue ford, maybe a 1939 or 1940. He grabbed the door handle and opened it, revealing a very clean interior with sheepskin covers on the seats.

"Climb in beautiful. This is my truck!"

As I climbed into the truck I got some assistance from Frank, who grasped me by the waist and hoisted me up onto the seat.

"There ya go darlin!"

I arranged my skirts as Frank shut the door and started around to the other side. He got into the truck and started the motor.

"Since I paid so much money to the ladies auxiliary to take ya'll home, would ya mind sittin' next to me Barbara Ann?"

"I suppose it would be OK if you promise to behave yourself."

"Course I do."

I slid over onto the center of the truck's wide seat.

"Jist where do ya'll live now darlin'" Frank asked as he put the truck in gear.

"With Sarah and the twins. Daisy's place."

"Ya'll kin of Daisy's then Barbara Ann?"

"I'm her cousin from the city."