

# OLIVIA'S LADIES

*By OLIVIA EVANS*



*ILLUSTRATED BY MISTY MALVEAUX*

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A 'SPECTRUM' COLLECTION

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## LARRY'S GIRLHOOD

By Olivia Evans

I'm a perfectionist, I'd be the first to admit that.

I also, according to my psychologist, suffer from a compulsive personality.

I make no apologies about what some people might consider shortcomings in an otherwise "normal" and interesting personality like mine. It's me, it's who I am and I *like* myself.

Most of the time when I hear comments that being a compulsive perfectionist is a serious personality disorder, I just laugh it off. I figure that it's the other person's problem, not mine.

Then again, there may be *some* truth to their nasty comments. I am living proof of how having a compulsive streak can be an extremely difficult thing for a man to deal with.

Especially if he also loves to wear women's clothing.

Being a transvestite, at its best, can give one a very satisfying feeling. At its worst... well, I don't even want to talk about *that* aspect. Let's just say that when it's at its worst, you want to dig a deep hole, crawl in and pull the dirt over you.

But of course, you probably know all of that already, otherwise you wouldn't be reading my account of how I became known worldwide as Victoria "Vicky" Westcox.

Yes, I'm *that* Victoria Westcox.

Now then, if you *haven't* heard the story of how I became Victoria, kick your heels off, tuck your mini skirt under your padded bottom and take a load off your mind. To coin a phrase, I've got a tale that'll curl your wig.

Speaking of curling, have you tried one of those new cordless curling irons? They're the cutest, most practical little things you've ever seen, they fit right into the smallest of handbags and...

What? Oh, yes. Sorry, I'm digressing from the story. Anyway, what were we talking about? Ah, yes...

Women!

The most fascinating, albeit despicable creature in the world is the female of the human species. I say that unequivocally, without fear of contradiction and, as those who know me will attest, without any malice on my part.

Don't get me wrong, I'm no misogynist. I love women, each and every one of them, short or tall, plump or as thin as my bank account two days before payday. I *must* love women, otherwise why should I try so hard to be like one? And you probably know just how good I can be at *that*!

I wasn't always so perfect in my emulation of total femininity, though. It actually took a lot of work and even more help from a lady I'll call Lucy. Why "Lucy"? Simply because that's her name.

I first met Lucy shortly after I discovered that a pair of silky panties were far superior to a pair of Jockey shorts, (this was before they started to make Jockeys for Her).

In the beginning, like most crossdressers, I bought women's clothing for someone else. Each item was for my "mother", "sister" or "girl friend", each of which was (I thought) a clever and original cover for the real reason I was buying the girl's clothing I craved.

I grew up in a period when part-time jobs, especially part-time jobs for inexperienced high school students were almost nonexistent.

I didn't have much money to spend on nonessentials, but by budgeting my allowance carefully, I still managed to acquire a fairly respectable, if perhaps small (in more ways than one) girl's wardrobe.

Naturally, because of my very real fear of discovery by my parents, my dress-up sessions were few and agonizingly far between. Most of my girl's clothing was hidden in a suitcase in the garage and not always accessible when the desire to play hit me.

During the school months, I looked forward to the times Mom and Dad went out for dinner and a movie. This happened about twice a month, usually the Saturday after payday. It was a treat for them and naturally for me, too.

Forty seconds after the family car eased out into the street, I would be heading through the side door of the garage to Nirvana, generally freezing my butt off in the process. Mom never did understand why I seemed to suffer from colds all the time. Naturally, I wasn't about to tell her the real reason!

How bittersweet those moments seem today. I, in my innocence, would slip a pair of panties on, fasten a too-small bra around my chest, stuff the cups with toilet paper, and pull a badly wrinkled dress over my head.

Bare-legged and shoeless, I dreamed of walking down the street, long blonde ponytail swinging from side to side, wearing the prettiest dress you've ever seen.

What thrilled me the most in my fantasies was listening to the wolf whistles of appreciation from the boys, who always seemed to be standing on the corner, just waiting for me to glide by them in my high heels. None of the boys in my imagination knew that I wasn't what I appeared to be, a normal, very sexy-looking teenage girl.

Ah, what a wonderful thing a good imagination can be! The reality, of course, was that I looked exactly like I was, a skinny kid, crewcut hair and all, wearing a girl's dress.

I might have continued like that for a long time if it hadn't been for Lucy.

Lucille Richards was our next-door neighbor. A junior in college, she fit my mental image of the girl I dreamed of being.

She was everything I wasn't (besides being a girl, that is). At about 5 foot 8, she was taller than me by about three inches, about twenty pounds lighter and nearly seven years older.

Her hair was long and a shade of blonde that looked like golden silk in sunlight. *My* hair, on the other hand, was in a perpetual crew cut and dark brown. She was stronger than me, a better swimmer, at least as smart and more beautiful than any “girl next door” had a right to be.

She also had known about my crossdressing (although it wasn't called that then) for some time before she surprised me one summer afternoon between my sophomore and junior years. I was about 16 years old, if I remember correctly.

I remember that it was about 1:30 in the afternoon, 105 degrees in the shade and probably 120 in our airless, uninsulated garage. After finishing the lawn with a push mower, I headed to the garage, not even bothering to clean up.

I had stripped off my boy clothing, (easy enough to do, as all I was wearing was a pair of shorts and a T-shirt), slipped into a pair of panty briefs and was just stuffing one of the cups of my bra, when the side door to the garage suddenly opened.

Words cannot begin into tell you how terrified and embarrassed I was when I realized that I had been discovered by the very girl that I frequently pretended to be. The only thing worse would have been discovery by my parents.

“I uh, I was just messing around and...,” I remember stammering almost incoherently.

“So I see.” The tone in Lucy's voice was a mixture of amusement and interest. She looked around the tightly closed and dusty garage. “Aren't you awfully hot in here with all the doors closed like this?”

All I could do was nod and fight the fear-generated bile forming in my throat. I was paralyzed as she stepped closer and wrinkled her nose.

“Well, you *kind* of look like a girl,” she said (which both thrilled me and made my heart sink to the pit of my stomach), “if you close your eyes and hold your nose. Right now, you look like a terrified fawn and smell like a goat.”

Both descriptions were, I suppose, correct. I was sweating from both the fear of discovery and the stifling heat of the garage.

Despite the obvious insult, I remained silent, wishing that the cement floor would suddenly open and swallow me up forever. (The thought of Lucy being swallowed up instead never occurred to me, though years later I would change my mind on *that* little item).

“Are your parents home?”

“They're at work. Lucy, *please* don't tell on me!” I was almost in tears by the time I found my voice again. Lucy just stood there, towering over me with a faint smile on her lips. I was so desperate in my fear that she would inform on me that I said probably the stupidest thing anyone could say under the circumstances. “I'll do anything you want, if you don't tell! *Anything!*”

“Anything?” Her amused smile grew broader.

Alarm bells should have been going off right about then. Maybe they were, but my knees were shaking so hard that I wouldn't have notice if a Mack truck had suddenly tried to park in our one-car garage.

“Anything,” I agreed. I waited for her reply as she obviously sorted through the possibilities.

“Put your T-shirt on and come with me!” She had made up her mind.

I started to remove the half-filled bra from around my chest.

“Don't! Don't bother to take off your bra, just pull your T-shirt on over it.”

Bewildered, I did as she told me. When the sweat-soaked T-shirt fell to my waist, I realized that it wasn't quite long enough to conceal my pink nylon panties. I reached for my shorts, only to have Lucy snatch them out of my hand.

“You won't need these where we're going.”

“What are you going to do to me?” I wailed. Being denied my shorts and forced by the shortness of my T-shirt to expose my shameful panties made me feel nearly naked.

“To my house! I want to talk to you about your choice in clothing.” Lucy smiled to show that she did not intend to harm me.

It had the exact opposite effect. I envisioned the headlines:

## **BOY IN GIRL'S PANTIES FOUND DEAD IN PARENT'S GARAGE!**

### **Beautiful girl-next-door suspect in murder**

“I don't want to go,” I said, more bravely than I felt.

“I'll tell your parents!”

I crossed my arms across my chest, directly under my half-filled bra. “I don't care.” I did, though, very much.

“You don't care?” Lucy looked bewildered. Sudden understanding crossed her face. “Jeeze, Larry, I'm not going to hurt you, I just want to talk to you about something. We can sit in the kitchen with the back door open if you want. You can leave anytime you feel like it.”

I had to think that one over for a second. It sounded safe enough. “And you won't tell my parents?”

“No.” I wondered if I could trust the faint smile that flashed across her face.

Momentarily relieved that I wouldn't be physically harmed by my beautiful neighbor, I followed her out the side door of the garage. We were in front of the big vehicle door of the garage before I remembered that I had nothing on under my T-shirt but a bra and panties, and they were showing.

I turned around to bolt back into the garage but was stopped by Lucy's hand on my arm. “Don't run, you'll attract attention,” she hissed in warning. I looked fearfully

around and saw no one. Taking a deep breath, I continued on to the relative security of Lucy's home.

True to her word, we sat in the kitchen with the back door open. I felt safer, but Lucy was obviously uncomfortable with it. She sat across the table, as far away from me as she could.

“Larry, how would you like to help me in one of my college classes?”

I had been expecting anything but that. I remember that I actually stammered when I replied. “What?”

“I asked you if you would help me in one of my college classes?” She wrinkled her nose a little and continued. “I need a subject for a psychology thesis on abnor... for a thesis that I have to have finished by next term.”

“And you want *me* to be the subject?” I couldn't believe what she was saying. “Why?”

“Because you...” She hesitated, wrinkling up her nose even more that it already was. “I'm sorry, Larry, but you stink. I can't go on unless you take a bath and change into some clean clothing.”

Seeing my chance to escape from this bewildering girl, I rose. “I'm sorry. I'll just go home now. Maybe we can talk later.”

“No!” Seeing my startled reaction, Lucy hastily expanded upon her refusal. “I mean there's no sense of you going home. You can use my bathroom and I'll find you something to wear. Maybe something of mine?”

“Here? But what about your mother?” I was torn between running out of the house as fast as I could or waiting to see what would transpire next. I hoped that the mention of her mother would change her mind about me taking a shower in her house.

“Here,” she said softly as she stood. “My mother is at a seminar and won't be back until tomorrow night. You can have all the privacy you want.”

I waited as she walked around the table to the door leading to the rest of the house. “This way.”

I followed her, through the dining room, down a hallway, past a bathroom, finally to her bedroom. I looked around curiously.

The bedroom was not at all what I expected. Granted, there was no question that a girl resided in it; there were many feminine things laying around, like dozens of dolls sitting neatly on one shelf of a built-in book case along with various cosmetic items strewn across the top of a dresser. Then, too, there was the predominate color of the room, sort of a pastel pinkish white.

But there were other things, like the hundred or so books that lined the other shelves of the book case and a couple of “muscle” cars posters, that were more masculine, or at least androgynous.

The least feminine thing in the room was a large, well-used, dark oak desk. While the rest of the room looked neat and well-cared-for, the top of the desk was the messiest I've ever seen.

Books, papers, pencils, a tall reading lamp and two desk sets covered nearly the entire surface. A space barely a foot square was the only part of the actual wood surface that could be seen. There was even a half-eaten dried up bologna sandwich sitting on a dish. The condition of the desk was rivaled only by the floor of my bedroom. It made Lucy seem more human and less of an image.

“Pretty messy, huh?” Lucy grinned. Her statement didn't seem to require an answer so I remained silent.

“You can use my bathroom to clean up.” She pointed to one of two doors flanking the desk.

Without hesitation, I opened the door and stepped into what had to be the most feminine-looking room I'd ever seen. Even the toilet was pink! I looked around, instantly realizing that something was missing.

“Where's the shower?”

“Don't have one. You'll have to take a bath.”

I almost walked out right then and there. I should have; there was nothing to hold me back, except my curiosity.

“A *bath*? I haven't had a bath in years.”

“It smells like it.” Lucy wrinkled her nose in disgust, and turned on the water taps. I know Lucy had intended it as a joke, but it stung like an insult anyway. I stood and watched the water slowly fill the tub. I didn't even notice Lucy slip out of the bathroom for a few seconds.

For the second time that afternoon, I almost walked out of her house, willing to suffer the consequences of my parents discovering what I did while they were away. I almost walked, but I didn't. I decided that I would stick around, take a bath and listen to what Lucy had to say.

Why did I stay? It could have been the mounds of bubbles that were forming from the bubble bath Lucy had poured into the tub, or it could have been the sheer femininity of the bathroom.

Mostly, I think that I was beginning to be just plain interested in what she had to say. That, and the fact that my smell was beginning to offend even myself.

“Take your clothes off and hand them out the door to me. I'll throw them in the wash.”

I waited until she stepped outside, then climbed out of my clothing, which I handed to her through the partially closed door. The wad of toilet paper that had been stuffed in one cup of my bra was unceremoniously dropped into her bright pink trash can.

It didn't occur to me until after I had slipped into the bubble-filled tub to lock the door. By then it didn't matter.

How can I describe the sensations that raced through my boyish body beneath the foot-high pile of bubbles in that most girlish of all bathrooms? Frankly, I'm not even sure I should try.



Lucy allowed me to soak for half an hour before she knocked lightly on the door. I froze, terrified that she would walk in on my nakedness, which of course, is exactly what she did.

“Time to get out. If you soak in that tub any longer, we won't have time to talk and you'll look like a prune.” She grinned and dropped something on the top of the counter. “There's a clean towel on the rack over the toilet. When you dry off, put this stuff on and come back to the kitchen.” She pointed to the counter.

After she had softly closed the door, I forced myself to get out of the tub. I dried off using the towel Lucy had indicated as quickly as I could. I was amazed by how soft my skin was from the bubble bath oils, but I was anxious to see what she had left me to wear. I wasn't disappointed.

The clean panties and camisole she had placed on the counter top were pale blue and lacy. Under the camisole and panties were a white T-shirt and a khaki pair of shorts.

The shorts, snug but not tight in the waist and baggy through the seat and hips, zipped up the back and were unquestionably a girl's.

The T-shirt was probably a man's, much like I normally wore. although oversized on either of us. I loved it all the same. It was Lucy's, you see, and that automatically made it as nice as the finest silk blouse she could have found.

I walked barefoot back into the kitchen, embarrassed yet terribly pleased with the way I imagined I looked.

I was also confused. Why was Lucy doing this?

For the first twenty seconds or so, Lucy just stared at me when I walked into the kitchen. I was beginning to feel like some bug under a mad scientist's microscope when Lucy let out a sigh that was almost explosive in the quiet room.

“Well, you're no Raquel Welch. But I think with some work you might just be able to do it.”

“Do what?” I asked nervously.

“Help me with my thesis.”

“You said that before. Just how do you expect me to help you?” While I wasn't the most stupid individual in school, I wasn't an A student either.

Lucy looked surprised. “Why, I thought that you would have figured it out by now. I want you to be a case study for my abnor... for my psychology thesis.”

I thought I had understood, but I had to ask. “How?”

“By becoming a female impersonator.”

Seeing my shocked look, Lucy rapidly continued by asking me a question the answer to which was as plain as the clothing on my back.

“You *do* like to wear girl's stuff, don't you?” I nodded, feeling myself blush. “All you have to do is continue to do something you already enjoy and I'll ask you questions about it and write it up. I'll even teach you how to do it correctly.”

As I slowly nodded, my mind raced. exploring all (at least what I *thought* was all), of the ramifications of what she was suggesting.

"I can't do that," I finally decided.

She smiled. "Why not?"

"Because..." I had to think for a second. "Because my parents would *kill* me or worse, if they found out."

"What if I can get their permission?"

The thought that they might agree to such a crazy scheme never occurred to me. Frankly, the slim chance that they *might* scared me to death.

"Besides, I wouldn't even know how to begin," I added lamely.

Lucy smiled broadly. "I just *said* that I would teach you. I will make you into the most perfect girl in the world!"

Lucy and I talked for over an hour as she attempted to convince me that I should at least try, reminding me of the line from that famous commercial, "Try it, you'll like it!" I spent the time trying to think of ways to avoid exactly what I most longed to do.

Strange situation to be in, arguing against something you want to do desperately. But that's exactly what I was doing.

I was slowly allowing myself to become convinced, all thoughts of my parents' reaction becoming fainter and fainter.

I was suddenly brought back to reality by the sound of my parent's car pulling into the driveway right outside the Richards' kitchen window. I leaped out of my chair, intent on going home.

"I've got to go!" I announced.

Lucy rose and walked me to the kitchen door. "I'll go with you. I want to discuss my proposal with your mom and dad."

My fantasy world shattered. Lucy *was* going to tell my parents after all!

"No, *please* don't!" I pleaded, terrified of their reactions.

I could picture it now. Mom would cry, Dad would curse and probably strike me (although that would be a first) and ask where he had gone wrong. After a while, Dad would blame Mom. Then the fight would start.

All in all, a very unpleasant picture to contemplate.

"Larry, as careless as you are about keeping your dressing a secret, they're bound to find out about it sooner or later. If I approach them, and tell them in just the right way, they might be more receptive to the idea."

Fat chance, I thought.

I swear there was actually a twinkle in her eye as she added what she thought was the clincher. "Besides, they might even give me permission to use you full-time as my psychology study."

As reluctant as I was, I allowed myself to go along with her suggestion. I must have been crazy. I *was* crazy.

Lucy and I walked back to my house. As we came closer, I could hear my mother talking to my father about how things had gone at work. Everything seemed normal, a situation that would change as soon as we walked into the house.

“Hi, Mom, Dad,” I called out as I entered the kitchen, Lucy close behind me.

I was three paces into our kitchen before I remembered that I was wearing Lucy's clothing. Fortunately, neither Mom or Dad seemed to notice when they saw our neighbor following me in.

They both looked up and smiled. “Lucy! How good to see you again. How's college?” Mom asked.

“Not bad, Mrs. Westcox. I got my grade point average up to 3.8 and hope to do even better next term.”

“That's nice, Dear.” Lucy and Mom had known each other for years and were almost like mother and daughter.

“What are you majoring in, or have you decided yet?” Dad asked.

Before Lucy could reply, I excused myself. Mom flicked a quick glance at me as I walk hurriedly past. I thought I saw her eyes widen just before I left the room.

I hurried to my room and closed the door. Relieved that I hadn't been challenged because of my girl's clothing, I quickly stripped off the damning evidence except for the panties and camisole. I figured they were undetectable under my clothing and they were too nice to give up just yet.

A few seconds later, I was safely dressed in a pair of my own shorts and T-shirt. I hurried back to the kitchen, hoping to prevent Lucy from blabbing her “proposal” to Mom and Dad.

I realized that I was too late the instant I walked into the silent room. I skidded to a stop, unsure of what was expected of me. Should I stay, or should I run back to my bedroom, lock the door and hide under my bed until everyone forgot what Lucy had told them, or I starved to death, whichever came first. I figured it would be easier on all concerned, especially me, if I starved.

Mom broke the thick silence first, after carefully inspecting me from head to foot.

“But, he's not wearing girl's clothing *now*.” She sounded bewildered, while Dad just sat there scowling. Want to bet? I thought as I felt my stomach flip flop.

“Larry, why don't you go outside and do some weeding in the back yard. We have something we have to discuss with Lucille,” Dad said, still scowling.

Realizing that Lucy and my parents were talking about my transvestism, I blushed and hauled my tail outside. As soon as I hit the porch, I turned to the right, toward the back yard, stepped off the porch and broke into a dead run around the other side of the house.

Thirty seconds later, I was sitting under the open kitchen window, trying to control my heavy breathing and pounding heart, straining to hear what was being said about me.

“But what will happen if we *don't* allow you to help him through this problem of his?” I heard Mother say.

“He'll grow up to be a frustrated, angry and unhappy man. In the worst-case scenario, he might commit suicide,” Lucy answered. “I've read dozens of case studies of boys just like Larry that have done exactly that.”

“Suicide! Are you sure that what you're suggesting will help, not create more problems?” Good for Dad! He was analyzing the problem before condemning the solution.

“Mr. Westcox, I'm sure that if you don't allow me to help Larry, he will eventually end up...”

“Bill, Lucy has already told you what will happen to Larry, if she doesn't. I, for one, think that we should give her our permission,” Mom interrupted Lucy.

I waited, holding my breath for Dad's answer. I was sure it would be negative.

“All right. I'll agree to this, on one condition. You don't turn my son into some kind of fruitcake!”

*What?* That definitely was *not* the answer I expected from the major male role model in my life!

“Don't worry, sir. As I said, if Larry is like ninety-eight percent of the active transvestites, he will like girls much more than boys.”

“That's a relief!” Mom said and I thought.

“When do you want to start?”

“Tomorrow morning, if that's all right.”

To this day I do not understand why my parents went along with Lucy. In retrospect, I realize she had to have been crazier than a loon. Crazy or not, my parents believed and trusted her!

But damn it, so did I.

I couldn't sleep that night, wishing for morning and hoping that it would never come. I was scared, no question about it! The last time I remember looking at my alarm clock was just after 5 AM.

Mom woke me a little after 6, just as it seemed that I was drifting off to sleep. Despite having slept for less than an hour, I was instantly wide awake. Half an hour later, showered, dressed and fed, I was literally handed over to Lucy.

“You know your parents gave me permission to help you, don't you?” We were sitting in Lucy's bedroom, she at the desk, the top of which had been cleaned off, me sitting beside it.

“Yes.” Actually a reply was unnecessary. Lucy had discovered me sitting under the window listening to the conversation. She knew that I had heard almost everything.

“Good. Larry, we have a lot of work ahead of us. I suggest we get started.”

I looked around, wondering what she had picked out for me to wear. Seeing nothing laying around, I asked hopefully. "Are you going to loan me some more of your neat things?"

"What? Oh, yes. But not right now. The first thing you're going to do is go back to school."

"School? But summer vacation just started, I don't want to go back to school!" I had been afraid that I would have to suffer another semester of algebra. As it turned out, I barely passed it, sparing me that suffering.

Lucy just smiled. "Tell me Larry, what is a dickey?"

I blushed and looked down at my lap. "Uh, a boy's pe...?"

"Wrong! It's like a double-sided bib with a collar," Lucy laughed. (It was?) "What's the difference between foundation and a foundation garment?" she quizzed me.

That one I did know. "One you spread on your face and one is used to keep you from spreading."

Lucy groaned at my attempt at a pun. "When do you wear white shoes?"

I shrugged my shoulders, I had never even worn a pair of girl's shoes, let alone worried about if they were in fashion or not.

"I thought so. Larry, girls your age know the answer to those questions and a lot more, too." Her voice softened. "In order for you to become a creditable girl, you're going to have to know more about girls than you ever thought possible."

"I guess you're right. When do we begin?"

"We'll begin right now. The first thing we need to do is give you a girl's name."

"Why? Oh, I get it. I couldn't be a girl with the name Lawrence."

Lucy shook her head. "No, you can't. Hmm, do you call yourself anything when you dress up?"

"You mean do I have a girl's name?" I shook my head no. I know that our conversation sounds like I was on the lower end of the intelligence scale. I'm really not dumb, its just that I was suffering from the lack of sleep, and wasn't thinking as fast as I usually did.

"Your father suggested a name in case you didn't. Would you care to hear it?" Lucy asked softly. Astonished that my father could have done such a thing, I nodded.

"He said he always liked the name Victoria, 'Vicky' for short. For a middle name, your mother liked the name 'Ann'."

"Victoria?" Hmm, maybe Dad had an old flame that I hadn't heard about. And he wanted me to call myself by her name. I wondered if Mom knew her. "That's a nice name. Was it Dad's first girl friend or something?"

"Something. I think your mother said that it was the model of the first new car they bought after they were married."

Well, it was nice of Dad's to think of me that way, and I did like the name even if it was just a dumb old car. So, at the ripe old age of 16, Lawrence "Larry" Allen Westcox became Victoria "Vicky" Ann Westcox, girl in training!

In spite of Lucy's assertion that the first order of business would be my "schooling", I found myself back in the garage again.

Lucy took her thesis project very seriously, and began taking the first of what would end up being hundreds of photographs of me in various stages of my transition.

She made me stand in front of a black background on which hundreds of lines had been drawn forming one inch squares. All in all, she took about 70 pictures, front, both sides, back and every imaginable angle in between. I wore a bra and panties she gave me. Where she got them from I do not know, but they fit better than the ones I had had previously.

By the time she finished the first roll of film, I was no longer embarrassed about posing.

When she finished the second roll of film, she took my measurements, allowed me to dress and sent me home for lunch. Lucy told me that she would call me when she was ready for the next stage.

"The next stage? What's that?" I inquired, disappointed that she hadn't given me some girl's clothing to wear. When I pressed her again for an answer, she told me that she wanted to study the pictures and see what needed to be done to feminize my shape a little.

I didn't see Lucy for three days.

I was growing miserable. She had absolutely forbidden me to wear anything but my normal boy's clothing. When it looked to her that I was going to protest her prohibition, she warned me that it was either all or nothing, Either I do it her way or I wouldn't do it at all.

Mentally comparing the grubby, ill-fitting girl's clothing I had worn previously to the clothing she had loaned me, I decided that I could wait... for a while.

"Wear a pair of loose shorts and the largest long-sleeve shirt you can find. Borrow one from your father if you have to," Lucy ordered when she finally called. Mystified, I did as she directed. Dad was reluctant to give up one of his shirts but, with a little prodding from Mom, he finally gave in.

While there is no mistaking that Dad and I are father and son, I took after my mother's side of the family and turned out slender and relatively short. Consequently, when I put on his shirt, designed for a man over six feet tall with a 17 1/2 inch neck, I was swimming in the thing. It extended below the hem of my shorts, making me look as if all I was wearing was the shirt.

Lucy was delighted. So delighted, in fact, that the first thing she made me do was take both the shirt and my shorts off. Standing in only my drawers, I wondered what she expected me to wear. I found out when she handed me a pair of panties and what looked like a flesh-colored long-line panty girdle and told me to put it on.

Retiring to the privacy of Lucy's bedroom, I took off my undershorts and carefully inspected the garment.

It was like no other garment, male or female, that I'd ever seen before. While it looked like an ordinary, long-legged panty girdle, complete with smooth satin front panel and lace around the waist and legs, it wasn't.

Thin foam rubber padding lined the seat and continued down the sides, much like the padded girdles you can find today. Only the padding was shaped much different; it was longer and not quite as pronounced as the modern commercially available padded girdles.

It had obviously been tailor-made to fit my body, and while snug, it wasn't uncomfortably tight on my slim body. What the padding did to my shape was astounding. It started about an inch and a half below my waist, curved outward right to where my legs joined my hips, then gently tapered down to the hem of the garment.

The rear was also lightly padded and tapered outward from just below my waist to the curve of my buttocks, then tucked under my rear.

If I had removed one of the pads I would have discovered that it was barely three-quarters of an inch at its thickest, (at the point my leg and hip joined) and formed into a rough "P" shape. The loop of the "P" covered one cheek of my rear while the leg extended down to just below my hip joint. My hip measurements had been about thirty-six inches; with the padded hips and rear, thin as they were, I measured almost thirty-eight inches.

