

Chapter 1

My sisters came down the stairs wearing tights and leotards. Today was the first day of ballet class. "Come on everybody get in the car," my mom called out.

I continued to play along on the video game oblivious to what was going on.

"You, too, Matt!" my mom added.

"Why?"

"You're not sitting around the house all day playing games. I'm dropping your sisters at their class at the rec center. You can play on the playground there. You need the exercise."

Bummer, I thought, but what choice did I have. My mom drove us over. I went over and started climbing on the monkey bars but this got boring in a hurry, and there weren't any other kids to play with. I decided to explore a bit. I snuck into the rec center and started looking around. After a minute I found the dance class. There were a dozen girls in tights making moves while a teacher with a foreign accent stood with her back to me keeping time by thumping what looked like a broomstick on the floor. Periodically she'd correct one of the girls.

I spotted my sisters. Not being able to resist myself I made a funny face through the door. My older sister gave me a dirty look when she noticed but went back to paying attention to the teacher and ignored me. My little sister started to giggle at my antics. I could always make her laugh.

The teacher started having them do pirouettes. I mimicked their movements but rather than stopping after one turn I continued to spin round and round. I heard my sister's laugh and then suddenly a hand grabbed me.

"So, you like zee pirouettes, eh?" the teacher said. Suddenly I was dragged into the class. "Well zen, you should do zem right."

There was laughter from the girls. The teacher started banging the stick on the floor to regain order.

"One, Two, Three, Four," she started tapping on the floor with the stick with each count. The girls did their steps.

The stick poked me in the middle. "Come on, follow along. Watch me, one, two, three, four," she demonstrated. "Now you."

What choice did I have? I did one turn while she counted.

"Keep practicing."

I stuck with it until class was over. Of course, my big sister ratted out what had happened to my mother. Oddly she didn't chew me out for my antics. I was surprised.

A week later mom came into my room. "Take your clothes off and put these on," she said throwing me two plastic wrapped packages.

I looked at them. Tights and a leotard. "No, I'm not wearing these!"

"Of course you are. Everybody in ballet class has to wear them."

"I'm not taking ballet!"

"Yes, you are. You decided to disrupt the class last week. The teacher and I figure you wanted to be in the class. Besides, you need the exercise."

Mom continued to stare at me. With great trepidation, I pulled off my shirt and pants.

"Tights first," mom ordered. Duh, I thought to myself. I pulled them out of their package. Pink, good gosh. I stood looking at them for a long minute. My mom grabbed them from me and rolled them up and held them up. "Here," she demanded, holding it so I could put my foot in them. She assisted in getting them up. I took the leotard and after a second of examining it stepped into it and pulled it up.

"There, you look cute." I followed her down to my sisters who were already similarly attired. My older sister was smirking.

"Come on ballet boy," she teased.

The tights felt weird to me. Almost like I wasn't wearing anything. I got red at the thought.

We got to class, and everybody headed to the barre. Stretching, review of basic positions followed. Gosh, this was boring. We were not even doing the turns from last week. We launched into plies which seemed to me to just be knee bends. After an eternity the teacher dismissed us. I had to pee badly, so I rushed down the hall looking for the boy's room. I got inside and fumbled at my crotch. Darn leotard I remembered. This wasn't going to be easy. I got into a stall and struggled to get the leotard down. I was about to lower the tights when I just couldn't hold it anymore and proceeded to wet myself. I finally got that down and continued my relief in the toilet.

Now what? I grabbed a wad of toilet paper and tried to dry myself and the tights as much as possible, but it was a losing gambit. I pulled them back up and put the leotard back on. I tried some paper towels too.

I got out to the car hoping to escape notice but alas my sister wasn't going to let that happen.

"Did you wet yourself?" my sister exclaimed loudly.

My mother looked at me. "Oh dear, what happened?"

"Darn outfit. I couldn't get it off fast enough."

Another week went by. My mom came in with the leotard and tights. "I washed these for you after last week's accident. We better make sure this doesn't happen again."

I thought that she was just telling me to be careful as I started to get undressed I not to wet them when she handed me another item.

"No way!" I screamed.

"Yes, we can't have you wetting yourself in class." The item she had handed me was a diaper. She pushed me back onto the bed and yanked my underpants off. I covered myself up, and she slapped

my hands away as she slid the diaper under me and taped it up. "Get the rest on" she ordered.

This was just too much. Not only was I in the stupid dance class, in the stupid tights, but now I had this stupid diaper on underneath.

Mom accompanied us to class that day and talked to the instructor.

"Iz not a problem," the teacher said. "Some of the girls have the same problem. In a few weeks, we'll start rehearsing for our recital and ze tutu will cover it just fine."

Tutu? Darn it this is getting out of hand.

Chapter 2

Another class came and went. I was almost getting used to putting the diaper, tights, and leotard on every week. Class wasn't too daunting. I had caught up for the parts I had missed the first week, and I thought I was doing well. Perhaps not as graceful as the girls, but I was getting the mechanics right. My flexibility was certainly improving, and when it came to things that required strength, I was doing well.

"Up to now, ve have been learning all the skills vun at a time," the instructor started. "Now ve vill put zem together as ve rehearse for ze recital. Ve vill also wear ze practice tutus, so you vill get a feel for that."

She passed out the black lacy things. Practice tutus. Just a lot of material and an elastic hole. I saw the girls step into them, and eventually, I followed suit. I pulled it up and got it set around my waist. The thing was strange. It stuck out so I couldn't really hold my hands at my side without hitting it. The girls were trying various moves, and so I did as well. I understood that it would take some getting used to.

The teacher then explained the first sequence of moves we would do. She showed them once, then we all followed her through a second time. Then she drove us through the drill over and over again, keeping time by banging the ever-present pole on the floor and sometimes reaching out with it to correct someone's position. This was hard work.

At the end of the class, we put our tutus away and made our way out to our waiting parents. My sisters and I got into the car.

"We got to dance with tutus today!" my younger sister proclaimed.

"That's nice," mom said. "All of you?"

"Yeah, Matt looked really cute in his tutu!" my older sister teased. I grumbled about this.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"I've got some errands to run, and I figured we'd go to McDonald's for lunch."

Ugh...I was going to protest being dressed like this, but I knew it would go nowhere. I tried to look inconspicuous in my pink tights in line, trying to blend in with my similarly attired sisters. Still, it was a world of difference being in dance class like this and being out in "public."

We got our lunches and consumed them without much fuss. I knew I would soon need to use the bathroom, but frankly getting out of the leotard and tights and the diaper was going to be more involved than I wanted to do in the men's room. I decided to hold it until we got home. We headed over to a nearby store where my mother ran into one of her friends.

"Oh, look at the pretty ballerinas," the woman cooed. I bristled.

"I am not a BALLERINA," I complained.

The woman just smiled at me and resumed her conversation with my mother. Needing to go more and more I danced from one foot to the other until my mother snapped, "Matt, what is your problem."

"I gotta go to the bathroom," I answered.

My mother thought for a second and said, "Just go in your diaper."

"Oh my gosh," I thought to myself. She's not serious. I'd been wearing this diaper in case I had another accident, but I never thought I'd use it...and certainly not intentionally. I thought a bit longer as the two women continued to chat. I'd have to do it, or I'd burst. I tried. Now I couldn't. I had to go but I couldn't. After a minute I finally got a little flow started. This was better and then finally the flow opened up. I felt the warm wetness spread all over my crotch. Involuntarily I put my hand down to see if I was leaking, but the diaper was holding it. The emotions caught up with me. Tights, leotards, diapers, peeing. I started to cry.

My mom looked over and then reached down and felt my crotch. What I had done had been confirmed. "Don't worry dear; we'll get you changed as soon as I'm done here."

My sisters started snickering, and I just wanted to die.

Classes continued for a couple more weeks. We worked on preparing for our recital. Each week mom diapered me, and then I put the tights and leotard on. Finally, it was announced that next week would be our dress rehearsal. At the end of class, we were all given plastic bags containing our recital consumes.

The girls in the class were quite excited. The teacher told us to try them on as soon as we got home to make sure they fit. Great. Mom picked us up, and we all were sent to our rooms to try on the costumes. I took it out of the bag. It was a leotard, very shiny gold material with a tutu skirt already attached. This one was far fuller than the practice ones. I peeled out of my black leotard and stepped into this one. I turned to look in the mirror and felt the skirt swish.

Mom came pushing through the door without warning. "You look beautiful," she cooed at me.

"Great," I mumbled under my breath. "I'm getting back into regular clothes."

"Wait," said mom. Your father will be home in few minutes, and I want him to see you all.

Great again I thought to myself and followed her downstairs. My sisters were already there doing pirouettes and plies in their costume. Sure enough, my father was home, and we were liked up before him.

"Don't we look beautiful," my younger sister said holding her arms up.

“Yes, pumpkin, very beautiful,” Dad said. He smiled at my older sister. “You too, precious.”

He looked at me with a chuckle. “Yep, you’re beautiful, too.” I felt about twelve inches tall.

“Go put those away, so they don’t get dirty,” Mom said, and I ran upstairs to get undressed.

I put them on again the next week for the dress rehearsal. It was hard to sit in the car with all this skirt attached to me. The teacher worked us hard through several runs of our recital pieces. I’d thought about slacking off, but the teacher would have none of it from anyone. Any step out of place or slouch or misplacement of the hands was corrected with her big stick that she was always beating time with even when we had music.

The recital was a big thing. It was held in the evening. Chairs were set up, and lots of parents with cameras and videos were in attendance including of course our own. It went off without a hitch. I turned and jumped and moved as I should with the fluff of the tutu all around. I was too busy concentrating during the piece itself, but at the end, I looked out at the audience. They were all applauding looking at us, and I looked down at this silly outfit. I was glad this was over. No more tights or tutus or diapers.

There was juice and cookies afterward, and I went and stood with my parents hoping we’d leave soon. The teacher came over to my parents. “Your children are excellent dancers. I’m hoping they’ll continue their studies. Especially ze boy.”

“The boy?” my father asked the question that I also had thought.

“Oh, yes. He is a natural dancer. He started late in the class but learned it all most excellently. He definitely should progress to the next levels quite well.”

Yeah right, I thought. Not going to do that.

“Well, that would be excellent,” my mom said. “I hear that ballet can teach a boy to be better in all aspects. Is there anything special we need to do for him?”

“No, not at zis time. He can continue just as with ze girls. After the next level when ze girls start working en pointe we can see if he would merit special male instruction. Of course, he can just go on with the girls as well.”

“Fine, I’ll sign them all up then,” mom said.

Great, sounded like I’d be in tights and diapers for some time. What was en pointe anyhow? Obviously a girl thing. I’m not sure I wanted to know.

We headed out to dinner. This time, at a regular restaurant. Of course, us kids were in our ballerina tutus and attracted a few looks. I was hoping nobody would notice I was a boy until I saw Jimmy Rice, a boy in my class at school. His eyes grew wide as he recognized me.

We had a couple of weeks off before ballet classes resumed, so I tried to put it out of my mind. Frankly, ballet wasn’t bad if I could at least dress like a boy during it, but the tights, leotard, and diaper were too much. I looked at some ballet sites online. Boys typically just wore t-shirts and tight shorts for practice and even in performances while tights were used, they weren’t like the tutu I

had to wear. Maybe when the girls went en pointe...hell what was I thinking. I didn't want to do any of this.

Chapter 3

The following Saturday I was finally getting to stay in and play video games. No ballet class and mom was taking my older sister shopping for new clothes: "You kids outgrow things so fast." One of her standard lines.

Later when they returned toting armloads of bags, my Mom commanded my sister, "Now go put these things away. Take anything that doesn't fit that's still wearable and bring it down, and I'll put it in the basement until your sister can wear them."

This launched my little sister into her perpetual gripe. "Yes, leave it for Katie. Mary gets new clothes all the time, but Katie has to wear hand me downs."

My mother gave an annoyed look, "Katie!"

I couldn't resist needling Katie a bit. "Hand me downs. Hand me downs," I taunted her.

"Yeah, like that's a problem YOU ever had to deal with."

"Matt!" stop teasing your sister, Mom commanded.

I got quiet for a second, and when mom turned away, I quietly chanted "Hand me downs" to Katie.

"I heard that!" my mother said spinning around. "OK, Mary. Take your old clothes and put them in Matt's closet. For everything you put in, take something equivalent out, and I'll put that away in the basement."

I froze. Oh, my...what was this going to mean?

After a while, Mary came down with a big pile of my clothes and gave them to my mother. I went up and looked in my closet. Some of my jeans were still there, but a lot of my stuff was gone. There were some dresses and a romper and some shirts hanging up.

It was then that mom told me to get into the shower and get ready for bed, so I headed off and started the water running. I stripped out of my clothes when Mom rapped on the door. "I'm starting a load of laundry, hand out all your dirty stuff."

I scooped up my clothes and carefully pushed them out the door to her. I showered, brushed my teeth and then remembered I didn't have anything with me, so I wrapped a towel around myself and made it to my room.

I lifted up my pillow where I usually stuff my pajamas in the morning, and my eyes grew wide. Mine was gone, but Mary's were there. A short satin gown and a matching panty. Hell no, I'm not wearing this I'll sleep naked.

"Matt! Come downstairs," mom called up.

Hell, I can't go down naked. I put the silky thing over my head and then stepped into the panties.

The satin felt odd against my skin. This is way different than the tights. I went downstairs feeling the thing swishing around me.

I didn't sleep naked that night. I kept the gown on. I awoke in the morning confused by the silkiness of the thing. I was running my hand down the fabric when suddenly I was jarred awake.

“Ouch!”

I opened my eyes to see Mary standing there. “Mom says to get dressed for church. She told me to help you.”

“Get the hell out. I don't need your help.”

“The hell you don't,” she said.

She ripped the covers off me and flew open the shades. I screwed my eyes tight against the light. When I opened them again, she was over at my dresser yanking things out. A pair of panties and a girls undershirt came at me.

“I'm not wearing these!”

“You have to. They're you're underwear now. I took all your other stuff and gave it to mom.”

She continued rifling through my drawers. A pair of tights came flying at me. “It's pretty cold today. You'll want these, too. I know you know how to get those on.”

“MOM!” I screamed.

“Matt, get dressed. Mary is there to help you.”

I resigned myself. At least it wasn't diapers. I pulled off my nightgown and put on the panties. Sunday was embroidered on the silky material. I got the shirt on and set to putting the tights on. Yes, she was right, I did have experience doing this part at least.

The next thing was a real surprise. My sister swung a velour dress on the bed next to me. She carefully removed it from the hangar and started to put it over my head. I resisted. “Stop struggling. You've got to put this on.”

Resigned I relaxed and let her get it into place and zip it up. I glanced at myself in the mirror. Not quite as bad as the tutu but plenty bad enough. I realized that dance class was a relatively controlled situation, but I'd be going out to church in front of everybody.

Mary brought me a pair of her old black shoes to wear. We went downstairs, and I pleaded with mom not to do this.

“If you're going to cry like that, I should have made you put the diaper on as well. I still might.”

I tried to compose myself.

Walking from the church, I tried to hang close to my parents. I hoped nobody would notice who I was or how I was dressed. A breeze blew, and even though I had tights on, I felt the chill up under the skirt of my dress. I hustled into the pew and slouched down hoping to be small.

Church seemed to go on forever. The minister was wound up in his sermon. Finally, I realized that he was launching into the final blessing. Thank God, this would be over soon. Leaving the church, I again tried to take cover between my parents. Just as I made the door, I saw him. Jimmy again, he was staring right at me. He made a gun out of his thumb and forefinger. He got me.

Arriving home, I was sent upstairs to change out of my good clothes. Putting on one of the pairs of jeans in my closet and a shirt, I took stock of what I had. I had a couple of pairs of school pants left and some of Mary's pants that I could probably get away with wearing. Shirts were in about the same shape. Of course, I already knew all I had was Mary's panties to wear. I dug through to see what else. All the socks were hers and on one side her two-piece bathing suit. Well, at least it wasn't pool season.

I planned out my week. I could probably get two days out of each pair of pants. Shirts might be difficult. Could I convince Mom to do laundry more often or do it myself to keep my boy's clothes in the rotation? The first few days were fine. Then I had to use one of Mary's shirts. It looked OK except it buttoned backward to me. Friday I ended up wearing one of her pairs of slacks, but the only shirt I had less had puffy sleeves. I dug through my drawers and found a T-shirt, but at breakfast, Mom nixed that. Puffy sleeves would have to be it.

That day I didn't catch anybody saying anything. I thought maybe I heard some snickering, but every time I turned around I never caught anybody looking. Nobody until I was leaving for the day. "Nice blouse," I heard a voice say.

I snapped around. Jimmy Rice was beating a hasty exit.

Chapter 4

Saturday was the first day of the new advanced ballet class. I put on my diaper, leotard, and tights and made my way with my diaper and slipper bag to class. At least I was back to something I was comfortable with.

Dance class was intense. The teacher gave a thirty-second listing of the skills we were going to do and the name of the performance pieces we would do in recital and then launched into our drills at the bar with the time kept by her incessant tapping of the stick on the ground. Periodically, she'd tap some girl in the class or use the stick to change an errant position. I felt I must be doing well as I rarely saw the stick directed my way.

At least in this situation, the tights and leotard didn't seem all that out of place, notwithstanding the fact that I was the only boy in the class. Moving from the barre, we started drills out on the floor. I thought I saw someone looking in the door but when I turned again whoever it was had disappeared.

Sunday I put on my dress again and went to church. All through the ceremony, I had the feeling I was being watched. I slouched down in the pew when I could, but when I stood, I felt there were eyes burning into me. Finally, standing to leave I shuffled to the end of the pew. Turning to exit the pew directly behind me was Jimmy.

School on Monday was routine, but Tuesday morning I went to the closet. No pants. Not even the one's Mary handed me down. Crap. I went to the clothes hamper. Empty, mom must have started the laundry. I ran downstairs. "Mom, is there any clean clothes for me in the laundry room?"

“Sorry, honey, but I just started the load. Won’t be done for a couple of hours.”

I brooded. “I don’t have anything to wear to school.”

“Sure, you do, you have a whole closet full of clothes.”

“Mary’s clothes.”

“No, they’re your clothes now. Do you want Mary to come up and help you get dressed?”

“No,” I said resigned, “I’ll do it myself.”

I went up and looked in the closet. There was a blue skirt that didn’t look too bad and a light blue blouse that would match. I went to the dresser and dug through the socks and pulled out some black tights. Ugh.

I got to school, and this time it was beyond the imagined snickering. Kids were definitely staring. Girls giggled and turned away. Boy’s laughed and made comments about “Mom dresses you funny.”

I pushed my way down the hall to the classroom. Just before I got to the door, I felt my skirt rise. I spun which jerked it from the hand who was playing with it. It was Jimmy. He just laughed and ran down the hall.

I dealt with the wisecracks the best I could. At lunchtime, I had to pee, so I went into the boy's room.

“Hey, girl...you don’t belong in here,” someone shouted.

“I’m not a girl!” I cried and locked myself in a stall.

“Well, you look like a girl!”

I peed and waited until I thought I was alone and carefully peered out. Nobody around I made my way to the door when it swung open, and the assistant principal walked in with a boy close behind.

“There she is! There she is!”

The man grabbed my arm and guided me to the door. “What is the meaning of this, young lady?”

“I’m not a young lady. I’m a young man!” I protested. He held me at arm's length and looked.

“I guess you are. Does your mother know you’re dressed like that?”

“Her idea,” I confessed.

“OK, get going,” he said.

I suffered through until the end of the day. Thank god this was over. I was going to have to be more careful about making sure I have enough non-girl clothes clean, even if I had to wash them myself.

I started the trudge home but felt I was being watched, I spun around and saw something hide. I kept moving home. When I got home I headed down the driveway and quickly ducked behind the garbage cans. A few seconds later Jimmy passed down the street. He was trying to look casual, but I could see him searching the driveway and the yard for me. I waited, and he finally moved along.

I snuck to the back door and went inside.

Mom and the girls were in the kitchen as I came in.

“How was school today,” Mom asked.

“Terrible,” I pouted. “Stupid skirt. Do I really have to do this? Everybody is making fun of me and one kid I think is following me around probably waiting for a chance to beat me up for being a dork.”

“Matt! Watch your language,” she scolded.

“I think he looks cute,” my younger sister stated.

“Thanks,” I said with as much sarcasm as I could muster.

“I spoke to Mr. Clark. I understand you had a little problem with the bathroom.”

“See! This is exactly why this is so stupid.”

“Well, I think I’ve straightened it out.”

“Maybe he should just wear diapers with his skirt like he does with his leotard,” Mary suggested.

“Hell, no!”

“Matt, your language!”

Fortunately, Mom had done laundry, and I put my clothes away and did a quick inventory. There would be no skirts necessary for the rest of the week. Between my school pants and a couple of slacks from Mary that wouldn’t be too noticeable I’d make it to Saturday.

Chapter 5

I was glad when Saturday did come around. I got my diaper, tights, and leotard on and mom drove my sisters and me to dance class. I’d gotten used to being out in tights at least. Class was challenging, and I struggled to keep pace with the new material. Then I caught a glimpse of something. Someone was taking peeks in through the door. I watched for a bit and soon the teacher’s stick was tapping on my shoulder.

“Pay attention to what you are doing. You are breaking form.”

I snapped out of it, but when we had a break between exercises, I looked at the door again. There was someone there. It was Jimmy, again. Was he stalking me? I pondered all through the remains of the class as to what to do. Finally, when class broke, I headed out into the hall. He was gone, but I sensed he was just hiding. I walked down the hall towards the bathrooms but then ducked into an open door. Sure enough, Jimmy came sneaking down the hall.

I might as well be proactive. If he’s looking to jump me, I should at least take the element of surprise. I grabbed him as he passed the door and pulled him into the room and wrestled him to the floor. I was sitting astride him and realized he wasn’t fighting. He was holding his hands up cowering.

“Just what is it you want following me around!” I demanded.

“I didn’t mean anything by it,” he stammered. “I just wanted to see what you were wearing.”

“Why do you care what I’m wearing?”

“Because you get to wear girl’s clothes. I’m jealous.”

Jealous? “Listen, kid. It’s not my idea.”

He looked pathetic. I got off him and gave him the short story of how I ended up in dance class and dresses.

“I wish I could take a dance class.”

I thought about this for a second. “Stay here,” I told him.

I went out to the hall and found the teacher.

“I’ve got a friend who wants to start the beginning class. I know it’s a week in, but I’ll help him catch up.”

“Him?” the teacher asked.

“Yes, he was hanging around outside the class earlier, and he really wants to.”

“OK, you stay for the class and watch and see what he needs help with.”

“OK, let me just go tell my mom.”

I told my mom that I needed to stay for the beginner class and she said she’d pick me up later. I went back to Jimmy.

“Get undressed,” I told him.

“What?”

“If you’re going to going to do this, you’re going to do it all the way.” I started taking off my leotard. He got the picture and took off the sweatshirt and sweatpants he was wearing. I pulled down my tights, and his eyes grew wide when he saw the diaper. “I’ll explain that later. We don’t have much time.” I got him into the tights and leotard and ballet slippers. I slipped on his sweatsuit but decided just to leave my feet bare and led Jimmy into the classroom.

Jimmy tried hard, and he wasn’t too bad. We met with the teacher after class. “You aren’t completely awful.” She turned to me, “He needs to become natural in his basic positions. He eventually gets there, but it should be automatic. Work on that with him.”

I agreed I would. The teacher handed him the same paper I had seen. It was the information on requirements for the class. “I suspect you’re wearing Matt’s clothes today.” We both got a little embarrassed. “Do you want me to talk to your mother?” Jimmy nodded.

Sunday I put the dress on for church. I still was a bit nervous being seen like this, but we got to church, and I saw Jimmy. I knew now that it wasn’t disdain but envy he was showing when he saw me. After church, I changed back into jeans and a tee-shirt and made sure I had enough boy clothes

or passably boy clothes for a week.

Wednesday, Jimmy grabbed me in the hall. “Can I come over to your place and work on the ballet stuff with you this afternoon?”

“Sure, did you get your tights and stuff?” I asked.

Jimmy gave a quick look around to see if anybody could see and lifted up his shirt to show he was wearing the leotard under his other clothes.

“Wow,” I said.

“I got them last night, and I just had to wear them,” he said.

“OK, see you this afternoon.”

That afternoon we walked home together. I introduced Jimmy to mom and said we were going up to my room to practice. Jimmy pulled off his outer clothes to reveal the obligatory leotard and tights. He dug into his bag and slipped on the ballet shoes.

We worked nearly for an hour straight. I even got a yardstick and tapped him when he was out of position like the teacher would in class. He got a lot better. We decided to take a break.

“Can I see your closet?” he asked

I sighed. I guess his curiosity was just too much. “Sure,” I said.

He opened the closet in awe. He looked at each piece of the ex-Mary outfits. He carefully took down my Sunday dress and held it up to him. It looked like it would fit him.

“Do you want to try it on?” I asked.

“Could I?”

“I don’t see why not.” I went over and locked the door, and he started slipping the dress on over his head. “Here, let me help you,” I got him into it and zipped up. He moved to the mirror to see, twirling as he did so.

“Gosh, I wish I could have a dress.”

“I’d give you all mine if I had a choice.”

My mom called up, “Matt, does your friend want to stay for dinner?”

I looked at him, and he nodded. “Yes, mom, he’d like that.”

“Dinner in 10 minutes then.”

We smiled, and I helped him out of the dress, and he put his clothes back on over the leotard, and we went down for dinner.

Jimmy asked if he could stay over on Friday night. We figured we could work on getting him ready for ballet class. He came over and after dinner, we went upstairs, and he got into his tights and

leotard, and we practiced. He did that half heartedly for a while, and his eyes kept drifting to my closet.

“OK, enough of this,” I said. “Go ahead and look in the closet.”

He beamed. He went over to the closet and started leafing through the ex-Mary clothes. He took out the romper. “Sure,” I said. “Have at it.”

He slid the romper on over his tights and moved to see himself in the mirror.

“It’s not quite the same as wearing a dress,” he said. “But boy if the weather were warmer, I’d love to wear this outside.”

“I’ve not worn it,” I said. He looked disappointed, so I added “yet.”

He pretty much tried on everything in my closet. Eventually, my mom told us to settle down and go to bed. He got into his pajamas, and I pulled out the nightgown, and his eyes grew wide.

“Do you want to swap?” I asked. He nodded. He quickly peeled out of his pajamas and got into the gown. I put on his pajamas. Odd, I’d not worn boys pjs in a while. I climbed into my usual top bunk, and he got in the bottom (normally I used this as a work surface, but I cleared it off for tonight).

The next morning, we got up early and practiced in our night clothes. This time he was concentrating a bit more on the ballet so he wouldn’t look bad in class. Suddenly, Mary stuck her head in the room to announce that Mom had breakfast ready. She looked at me and then Jimmy, noting our swap in nightclothes, smiled and went out.

“Uh, oh,” I said.

“What?”

“Mary wouldn’t be one to keep this to herself. She’d get me in trouble any way she could.”

We got dressed quickly and went downstairs. Oddly, neither Mary or Mom mentioned anything. After breakfast, we went upstairs to get into our ballet stuff. I pulled off my panties and put on the obligatory diaper.

“You never explained that…” Jimmy stated.

“Oh, early on in class I wet my tights because I couldn’t get out of them fast enough in the bathroom. Mom’s had me wear one ever since.” I reached down into the bag and pulled one out and offered it to him. “You want one?”

“Nah,” he said. “I’ll stick to the big girl stuff.” He smiled.

“Suit yourself. I’m not overly fond of any of this. But I am getting into the dancing.”

Mom drove the four of us to class, me, Jimmy, and my sisters. He’d watch the advanced class and Mom had arranged with Jimmy’s mom to pick me up when she came for Jimmy so I could stay and watch his class.

In leotards and tights, we headed out.

Chapter 6

Recital time came around again, and we got our costumes. Jimmy got one similar to what I had the first time around. I got a different one. Of course, we spent the afternoon trying them on and practicing.

“I like yours a lot,” he said.

“Well, stick with the ballet, and you’ll get one in the next class,” I told him.

Soon it was time for the recital. Afterward, Jimmy and I were hanging out, and Jimmy’s parents met my parents.

“Your Matt dances very well,” Jimmy’s mom told my parents.

“Yes, it’s amazing how well he’s taking to it,” my mom said.

“Jimmy isn’t as good, but he’s trying hard,” she said leaning closer to my mother. “I think he’s just in it as an excuse to wear tights, though.”

My mom smiled. “Matt’s not overly fond of them I think, but he likes to dance. Because of some teasing of his sisters, he has some dresses he wears from time to time.”

“Oh, now I remember seeing him in church,” she said. “Jimmy’s jealous I think, but I’m not sure it’s a good idea to let him wear girl’s clothes.”

“Well, he comes over and tries on Jimmy’s,” my sister piped in.

Both parents looked initially surprised. I gave my sister a nasty look, but she just stuck her tongue out at me.

The ballet teacher came over and chatted nicely with both parents. “Jimmy is coming along, but he needs to practice!” the teacher said to Jimmy’s parents. She turned to my parents. “Matt is doing very well. Is he going to continue?”

I nodded to my parents.

“Good,” the teacher continued. “Now we are at the point where we have to decide, should we start teaching him the male aspects of ballet, or continue as a female.”

I’d not given that question much thought, but my mother answered quickly. “He seems to be doing quite well as a girl. I guess we should continue that.”

“Good, I’ll give you the information on where to get pointe shoes.”

I had mixed emotions. On the one hand, I didn’t want to be doing this as a girl. On the other, I was surprised that she was recommending me to go en pointe. My sister had been at this longer than I have and she hadn’t gotten the recommendation. I could see her getting her temper up at the thought of me passing her. This was going to be interesting indeed.

Monday, after school, mom had me get into my ballet stuff, and we headed off to the dancewear shop for my shoe fitting appointment. My sister was still miffed, and she didn’t say much. The teacher had told me to wear a different kind of tights, convertible, and my mom had already picked these up

for me. As I walked from the car to the store, I realized I was getting used to wandering around in public in leotard and tights.

The fitter looked me over and then looked at my mother. Pointe shoes are for girls, she said. My mother stated that it was OK, we understood this. She sighed and had me roll up the tights, so my bare feet showed through the holes in these tights. She disappeared for a second and came back with two things and several boxes.

“Put these on your toes first, it will help,” she said. I slid what appeared to be a very short yet thick sock over my toes. She then started extracting shoes from the boxes and trying several on my feet; she found one that she thought fit. I put both on, and she had me hold on to the bar and try to raise myself up on the toes of the shoes.

“How’s that?”

“Hurts a bit,” I said.

“You’ll get used to it.” She asked me some more questions and tried some other shoes on me. Eventually, we settled on a pair, and she handed me a rolled up set of ribbons. “You’ll need to sew these to the shoes.”

I looked at my mother.

“I’ll help you do that,” she said.

We got home, and I decided to ditch out of the tights before working on the sewing. I went upstairs. I didn’t want to put my school clothes back on because I had one pair of boy’s pants left for tomorrow at school, so I grabbed the romper and put that on. I guess for kicking around the house this wasn’t too bad.

Mom had gotten out the sewing stuff and showed me how to sew the ribbon in place. I didn’t do as good of a job as she did, but it wasn’t going to show, and I took some pride in what I did.

The next morning I got up and dressed for school and came down for breakfast. Standing up when I was done. My mother said: “You can’t go to school like that!”

“What?” I said.

“Those pants have a split in them. Oh, and your shirt has a stain on it.”

I reached down to the crotch. Sure enough, there was a gap in the fabric. Crap. I knew these were my only clean pants. It was then I caught a smirk on my sister’s face. Did she have something to do with this?

I went up to my room and ditched out of what I was wearing. I had little choice. I pulled one of the dresses out of my closet and put it on. I wasn’t relishing going to school like this. I headed downstairs.

“Good,” my mother proclaimed. “That’s better. But you better put a diaper on, too.”

“Why?”

“Remember the problem you had with the bathroom last time you had a skirt on. It would be better if you just used the diaper.”

“You want me to wet the diaper on purpose?” I said incredulously.

“Well, it would be a better solution. “

I trudged back upstairs and peeled off my underpants and put on a diaper. Could this get much worse?

I got to school and didn't escape anybody's notice. Jimmy came up to me and whispered, “Lucky dog.”

“Not my idea of a good time,” I said. “Want to trade clothes again?”

Jimmy looked like he was considering it but finally shook his head no.

“Besides, it's worse than that. Mom made me wear a diaper as well. She thinks I should use it rather than risking incidents in the boy's room.”

“Oh, my,” Jimmy said.

School dragged on. I tried to keep a low profile, but moving through the halls, there was no doubt to anybody that I was wearing a dress. At least nobody knew what I was wearing underneath. In the afternoon I realized I was going to need to pee. I could either risk the boy's room again, or I could just wet the diaper. After much consternation, I chose the latter. It took a bit, but I finally was able to let it go. I was nervous that I'd be leaking, but the diaper held.

As I walked home, I felt the weight of the wet diaper tugging at me. This was different than wearing a dry one and having it supported by the tights. I was wondering if it would fall off. Arriving at home mom asked me the usual “How was your day?” question. I gave a noncommittal answer.

“Did you use the diaper?” she asked.

“Yes, I'm going to go get rid of it now.”

I went up to my room and reached under my skirt and tore off the sodden thing. I plucked a pair of panties out of the drawer just when mom walked in. I stood there holding them. I could see Mary hanging around the door.

“Let me see those,” my mother asked.

I handed over the panties. She looked at them frowning and then pulled several more out of the drawer and inspected them. “Yes, much as I thought. These are getting pretty worn out. And besides, there are brown stains on them that never happened when your sister wore these.” I could see Mary smirking in the hallway.

“I suppose we should get you some new underwear,” she said. My hopes rose. Perhaps now I'd get new boy's underpants. “But for now, it's probably best if you just wore diapers all the time.”

I was knocked over. This couldn't be happening. Mom scooped up all my panties and dumped them into the garbage. "I'll need to get you a diaper genie or something, but for now, get a trash bag from the kitchen to put your dirties in." She then left the room.

What could I do? I pulled a diaper out and fitted it on. The doorbell rang, and I ignored it, but a few minutes later Jimmy walked into my room. "How's it going?" he asked.

"Not so good," I explained giving him the details of what had transpired all day. He went over and looked in the garbage at the panties.

"If you're just throwing these away?" he began.

"Yeah, you can have them." Jimmy grabbed them and stuffed them in his bag.

"Why did you come over?"

I was hoping you could help me with my turns.

"OK."

Jimmy pulled his tights and leotard out of the bag. Then he grabbed one of the ex-Mary, ex-mine panties. He stripped out of his briefs and pulled the panty on and then got into the tights. We worked on his technique for a while. My mom came in with some plastic bags for me. She looked into my trashcan.

"Where are the panties?" she demanded.

I stammered for a second. What was I going to tell her? Then Jimmy spoke up. "I took them." He unzipped his bag to show them.

"Is that all of them?" Mom asked.

"Um...I'm wearing one," Jimmy said.

"Well..." My mom started considering what to do next.

Jimmy went home still with the purloined panties in his bag. I know my mom got on the phone so I'm sure she was calling his mother. The next day I had some of the hand me downs to wear, but they were slacks and a blouse, so it didn't look too bad. Of course, I had a diaper underneath.

I caught up with Jimmy at lunchtime. "Well?" I asked.

"Well," started Jimmy. "Mom grilled me when I got home. Did I like wearing girl's underwear? I told her the truth. She said she figured as much when I signed up for ballet. It was more about the tights than the dancing."

"So what's she going to do?" I asked.

"Don't know. She said she's going to talk to dad about it." He paused. "But she didn't take the panties away." He looked around. "I'm wearing one."

"Good for you," I said. "I've got a diaper, but I'm not happy about it."

At least Jimmy is happy. He's wearing tights when he wants and panties. I'm not overly happy with my change of clothes, but I am getting very much into dance. I practice en pointe every day. Lots of exercises to build up muscles I'd never used before and sorer than I'd ever been. But I was progressing. I stood warming up before Saturday's class. I rose up on point and looked in the mirror. This looked good.

The class progressed, and soon it was over. I took off the point shoes and pulled on some regular ballet flats for the ride home. Mom showed up, and Mary was in the car. We headed not home but pulled into the local mall.

"What's up?" I asked. A while back I'd be mortified to go into public dressed as I was, but I was getting quite used to it.

"Well, between wearing out and outgrowing your clothes, it's time for new ones. The hand me downs have about lived out their usefulness," mom said.

Well, I was happy. I was done wearing Mary's old stuff. I'd get some new clothes, new underwear. No more dresses or diapers. We made our way to one of the department stores and headed towards the children's department. We stopped by the girl's clothes, and Mary pulled a dress off the rack. I guessed she was getting new clothes, too.

Mom took the dress from her, nodded approvingly at it and then she held it up against my back. What? "No!" I blurted out. She couldn't be serious. Mary's clothes in retaliation for teasing about the hand me downs was one thing, but she couldn't be serious.

"I need boy's clothes!"

"No, dear. You've done quite well in Mary's stuff. I think you behave better as a girl."

"I'm not a GIRL!" I protested.

"Dear, you're making a scene. Boys don't wear tights and leotards and dance en pointe. "

"But...but..." I stammered. She gave me a look that I knew I couldn't counter.

"Go in and try this on. You can just put it on over the tights."

I did as instructed and mom called out to me to let her see it. I came out, and Mom and Mary gave their approval. I was given another to try on and back I went. Soon I had a new fancy dress, several school dresses, a sun dress, and some play clothes, all feminine. We moved on to the pajamas, and I was given a new nightgown.

"Lingerie?" Mary asked with a smirk.

"Well, he doesn't need panties with those diapers. But he might be the right age for a training bra."

She had to be kidding, but no she picked up a couple of packages off a table. Soon we were rung up and on our way. Arriving home, I was told to put my new clothes away. I went upstairs and found my closets completely cleaned out. Even Mary's old stuff was gone. I guess stored away for my little sister to be the third wearer of. I noted one new item in my closet. A white can of some sort. Reading the raised letters: "Diaper Genie" I knew what that was for.

“Put on one of those bras and one of your new outfits,” Mom called up. “Do you want Mary to help?”

“NO!” I protested. I can do it myself. I stripped out of the tights and leotard. I dug through the bags and picked out the bras. Jeez, I thought. I pulled the thing over my head and put my arms through the straps and worked it into place. The thing was designed for girls with no more chest than me, but I poked at the cups. It had some foam padding in it. I dug through the bags and chose a romper to put on and went downstairs.

“You look cute,” Mary said with a smile.

“Thanks, I said sarcastically.”

Mom told me to clean up the dishes from lunch. I told her I’d get on it right after I used the bathroom.

“No, you don’t need to use that.”

“Yeah, I do.”

“No, you’re wearing your bathroom.”

“But Mom...this isn’t like school where ...”

But she gave me that look. I started cleaning up, and soon I paused and wet the diaper. Could this get any worse?

When I was finished, I said I had to change. She reminded me of the diaper genie. She came up after allowing me a few minutes to change.

“Dear, I think we’re going to try this for a while. I want you to use the diapers all the time. No toilet.”

“Ugh, I thought, the reality of THAT sinking in.”

I poured over my situation for the rest of the day and then changed into my new nightgown and went to sleep.

Chapter 7

Sunday morning came, and I forced myself to use my diaper and change it. I got into my new dress and white sockets and shoes for church. At least I had been wearing a dress to church for a while, so this new one wasn’t any different. As I started down the aisle, something caught my eye. It was a dress very much like the one I had been wearing. The short-haired girl wearing it turned and met my eye: Jimmy! So that’s where all my old stuff went. He smiled at me.

Monday, I attended school in a dress. There wasn’t any hiding the fact that I was dressed like a girl. Right at lunch time I had to pee but figured the diaper was the lesser evil of having to endure the taunts in the boy’s room. At lunch, Jimmy came up. He was wearing a skirt and blouse. “That’s a real pretty dress,” he said to me.

“You don’t look bad yourself,” I said sarcastically realizing he was wearing the same outfit I had worn a bit earlier. Of course, Jimmy wasn’t wearing a diaper I could bet.

“Look, it’s the two girlfriends playing with their dollies,” I heard someone say. I tried to ignore it.

After school, I grabbed all my ballet stuff and headed for the rec center. Madame was waiting, and she watched as I put my pointe shoes on. She tapped various parts of the shoes and my feet as I was getting them on, giving me hints as to make them fit better. When I was done, I was directed to the barre.

“First position,” she said rapping the ever-present staff on the floor. I moved my feet to the right position and held my arms up. “Now, up on zee toes.” I drew myself up. Gosh, it hurt, and I wasn’t too stable. I grabbed for the barre to prevent myself from falling. “Down,” she commanded, and I relaxed back on my heels. “You can hold on to ze barre for now, Up!” she said. I went up.

“Work on zee form. Pull ze body up. OK, down. Up, Down.” We did this several times, and my toes were screaming. She lightly touched the side of my face with the pole. “You need to get ze hair away from the face.”

She told me that it would be a few weeks until the pointe class formally started, but I needed to work on my form and getting used to the shoes. She gave me exercises to do, essentially the same basic stuff I had done before but now coming up on the toes. “Work on it yourself, and keep working with ze other boy. He needs to work harder.” She meant Jimmy.

I got home, and my mother informed me that I had a doctor’s appointment the next day. I called Jimmy and let him know how things went and arranged that we would get together and practice. Me doing my pointe practice and Jimmy refining the basic ballet moves.

“How was class,” Mary said sarcastically. She was still a little miffed that I had surpassed her in ballet.

“Wasn’t really a class. Private lesson with Madame. Gave me exercises to do on my own until class starts. By the way mom. I got to get my hair cut, too.”

Mom looked at me like I’d said something incredibly bizarre.

“Madame said I need to get the hair away from my face,” I explained.

“She just means you need to pull it back,” Mary said. “I’ll show you.” I started to protest, but my mother gave me a look that meant I should let Mary do whatever. She took me to the bathroom and grabbed a brush and started brushing my hair. She then drew it back and twisted it around and then grabbed an elastic off the counter. I looked in the mirror. I had a bun. I’d seen the girls in class with them. Mary yanked out the elastic and brushed my hair out again. “Now watch,” she said, and she did it slowly explaining what she was doing. After that she had me try. “Kinda messy,” she said. “Keep practicing.”

The next morning after breakfast I realized that I had better poop before I left for school. Mom had seemed serious about me not using the toilet, so I figured I’d better try. I gave a push, and a large turd erupted into the diaper. It poofed out a bit and then got restrained and folded back on my rear end. Yuck. I shook myself to get most of the poop into the diaper and put it in the genie. I ran into the shower and got clean.

After my shower, I put on a bra, diaper, and another dress. Mary walked in and brushed my hair. I

didn't know what was up, but I figured it wasn't worth fighting. She pulled my hair back into a ponytail and put in an elastic to hold it. "Your hair is a bad length. Too short to do anything good with, too long to just let hang there."

Chapter 8

After school, Mom picked me up afterward, and we headed to the doctor. "How am I going to explain all this?" I said to my mother.

"Oh, I already told the doctor," she said. Told him what, I wondered. We got to the doctor, and I was directed to the examining room. "Take off your clothes," the nurse told me. I took the dress up and placed it on the chair. I slid the bra off. I left the diaper in place.

She weighed me and took my blood pressure. She then left the room leaving me sitting there in just a diaper. Minutes passed, and then the nurse returned followed by the doctor. He looked at me and gave an "hmm." He looked into my eyes and ears and mouth. He listened to my chest and back and then had me lay back and poked and prodded me.

Finally, he patted my diapered crotch. "Any problems here? Redness, itching, burning?" he asked.

"No," was all I could manage. I sat up, and he looked at me again.

"OK, nothing abnormal here. Your face would do better if you washed it regularly. The acne would be lessened. I'll also write you a prescription." He scribbled something down and then left. The nurse told me I could get dressed and I did. We stopped off at the drugstore and got the prescription filled. One was some cream I was to rub on my skin. The other was a pill to take twice a day. This I could deal with.

I continued with the exercises and helping Jimmy with his work. He was finally starting to come around and could legitimately start the advanced beginner level. My toes were hardening up and were the muscles I'd never before used in my legs. Still, on the occasions Madame dropped in, she continued to adjust my form with her stick.

My hair started to grow longer and got easier to put up in the bun for class. It got annoying during the day otherwise, so I started putting it in a ponytail. Going to school in girl's clothes started to get routine. Even wetting the diaper instead of using the bathroom wasn't too bad. I still hated pooping in it and resolved to never do that at school or any place I couldn't get a quick change and preferably a shower out of it.

Formal pointe class started. This took a lot of worry off me. Madame led the girls through initial exercises. These were ones I had already been practicing, so most of the time Madame directed her stick towards other students' forms. At one point we broke off our group work as Madame had each of us take a few steps in front of her and the rest. As my turn came, I heard the girls giggling and whispering among themselves. Frankly, I thought I wasn't that bad. Madame dismissed the commotion with the rap of her stick.

School continued to be a drag. What few friends I've had other than Jimmy seemed to ignore me now that I was dressed like this. I muddled through. My big joy was the times I got to spend at the barre either alone or with the class. This went on for weeks. I really thought I was doing well in class (though with Madame you could never tell).

One day I was eating alone. Jimmy wasn't around, and I was just moping. A girl placed her tray opposite me. "Is this space taken?" she said. I shook my head not really paying attention to her.

"I'm Jessica. Aren't you in my ballet class?" I perked up and looked at her. All the girls looked about the same, clad in leotards and hair tied back. She was wearing an oversized gray shirt and shoulder-length blonde hair hanging free. She did look familiar, however.

"Matt," I said in the way of instruction. "I guess I am."

"Can I ask you something?" she said.

"Go ahead."

"You're a boy right?"

"Yes."

"But you're wearing a dress?"

"Yes, I am."

"And you are taking pointe lessons?"

"You're in the class, too."

She paused for a second. She seemed to have properly identified me, but she clearly wanted to ask something else.

"Go ahead, ask," I said. "I don't care."

She paused and leaned forward. "Do you wear a diaper under your leotard?"

I grinned. "Yes, and I'm wearing one now."

Her eyes grew wide. Finally, she asked the real question. "Why?"

"Why am I in ballet?" I started. "Because I was hanging around outside the class being a nuisance and Madame thought I needed to be there. Once I got started, I found I liked it."

"Why am I in girl's clothes? I was teasing my sisters one day about their clothes and this was what my mother decided to do about that."

"The diaper started because I wet myself in an early class because I wasn't used to getting out of my leotard and tights quick enough. Then my mom felt it best for me to wear them at other times, so I didn't have to worry about going into the boy's room like this."

She took it all in. "We were all wondering about that. Me and the other girls in the class. Some said you were wearing a diaper, but I couldn't tell for real."

It occurred to me that this was a lot of what the whispering and giggles were about. I had to ask. "What do the other girls say about me?"

"A lot of them think you're weird between the diaper and being in a girls class. Some of them are a

little hostile thinking that you're taking up space one of their friends might be in."

"My sister is a bit mad that I have passed her."

"Your dancing is up to snuff though. They probably won't get pissed unless you beat them out for the lead in the recital," she laughed and tossed the blond hair to the side. She was quite cute. "Why don't you just use the girl's bathroom instead of the diapers?"

"I'm not a girl."

"You dress like a girl. You dance like a girl, better than many. Your tits are even better than half the girls in the class."

I laughed at that last joke. "Well, we'll just have to see how things progress."

"Yes," she smiled. She picked up her tray and started away. "See you in class."

Chapter 9

The weeks passed, and I was getting depressed. I was alone. At school, all my old friends ignored me for being in girl's clothes. At dance class, they ignored me because I was a boy or because I was a diaper or perhaps I was showing them up. My older sister continued to be hostile to me. Even though initially she loved the idea of forcing me into her clothes, she now saw it as taking attention away from her. My little sister followed her big sister's lead but most of the time just giggled at me.

The only time I was happy was while dancing. Dance class progressed from basic exercises to stringing things together into scenes. Madame even started playing music, so we had some accompaniment other than her drumming on the floor with the stick. It was hard to tell, but she seemed to be spending less time correcting me than with others.

Coming home one day my mother pointed out that my leotard and tights were getting worn. We diverted to the dance store to buy new ones. They didn't have a short sleeve one like the one I had been wearing so I got a couple of tank top ones. The store clerk also pointed out that I probably should make an appointment for a new set of pointe shoes before too long.

The next week at dance class we were doing a pirouette and a jete. I did mine for the second time and heard giggling. Was I doing something wrong? Madame didn't seem to notice. I let it go. The next day Jessica came to me at lunch. She looked as if she wanted to ask me something, but she hesitated again. "What?" I said.

"Umm... If you are going to wear sleeveless leotards, you need to shave your underarms," she said. So that's what the laughter was when I raised my arms. "I can help you if you come over to my house this afternoon." I thought about it a minute. The only other option, short of trying it myself was to ask my sister or mother for help. I'd rather have Jessica.

"OK," I replied. She wrote her address in my notebook.

I made my way to the address after school and rang the bell. She met me at the door. "Come on in," she said. I walked in and started looking around. "My parents won't be home for hours," she said sensing my curiosity. "Come upstairs."

She led me upstairs and to the bathroom. The tub was already full of water and bubbles. “It works better if you’re in the bath. Soften things up.”

“I don’t know about this,” I said.

“Don’t worry. I said my parents wouldn’t be back anytime soon. Take off your clothes and get in the tub. I’ll get the rest of the stuff.” She left the room, and I kicked off my shoes and socks and got out of the blouse and skirt I was wearing. I pulled off the training bra and with a brief hesitation slid the now wet diaper down and off. I got in the water and slid down under the bubbles just as Jessica returned.

She set my clothes aside and then started laying out things on the edge of the tub. One was a razor, and the other was a tube of something. “This is a moisturizing gel,” she said. “It works well. Just keep soaking your arms.”

She stood up and removed the dress she was wearing revealing a bra with developing breasts and something that wasn’t quite a panty. I stared. “I don’t want to get my dress wet,” she said slyly. She set it aside carefully. I continued to stare. “Oh, this is a Depend Silhouette. I have accidents from time to time. Mom got this for me. It’s not anywhere as bulky as that,” she said pointing to my diaper. “You should wear it instead under your leotard.” She had a point.

She got down and pulled my arm toward her. She squeezed some of the gel into her hand and then started rubbing my armpit with it. She then picked up the razor and started to work. She’d shave a bit and then swirl the razor in the water and repeat. She finished the near side and then leaned across me and started on the other arm. Her breasts hovered just in front of my face. I was glad the bubbles hid my growing penis. When she was done, she took a towel down for me. I stood up holding the towel in front of me.

“You’re not going to put that wet one back on?” she said pointing at my diaper. It was asked as a question, but she didn’t hesitate for an answer. “Hold on,” she said. She dug under the sink and came up with an unused Depend like she was wearing. “You can put this on,”

I made motions of drying myself trying not to expose myself to her more than I had. She picked up the razor and gel and started putting things away. While she had turned away, I quickly pulled the Depend on. Now I could use the towel to full advantage.

She turned and came very close and looked up at me. Here we were in our underwear, such as it was, and she came closer, and we kissed.

She drew back and patted me on the rear. “Time to get dressed,” she said. We did, and she took my used diaper downstairs. “I’ll throw this in the outside can,” she said.

A minute later she was back. She came up and kissed me again. “See you tomorrow,” she said, and I made my way home, thinking of Jessica there in her Depend panty and bra. Now I had two things to smile about. Dance and her.

Chapter 10

The next dance class I could raise my arms without worry now that I had shaved pits. I knew I was

going to have to get my own gel or borrow some from my sister or mother or just use shaving cream. While I had obtained a razor and shaved my face once or twice, I really didn't have much beard growth, so I didn't use it.

We continued our development in scenes. We put together two minutes of dance at a time. We also did movements in groups now. In one we had to hold hands with the dancers to each side of us. I tried to get, so I was next to Jessica when we did this. Each week we did more and more. Then one week, Madame started running us through a scene. "Zis is your audition piece," she said. "You do vell on this, and you get a solo role in ze recital." There it was. I could see girls practicing it even when the music had stopped. Everybody wanted this.

Another week came and went. "Today, I will be making ze decisions," Madame announced. She lined us up, and we did our basic warm ups. She ran through the audition scene once and then she motioned to the first girl. The music started, and she ran through it. Not bad, I thought. I'd have to be better. The second girl made some obvious errors. The third girl was better. I'd have to be flawless to beat her. Another girl and then it was my turn. I went through the scene, and it seemed to pass too quickly. I was afraid I screwed something up and went and sadly waited along the wall as Jessica did hers. We sat down together and spoke quietly.

"How do you think you did?" I asked.

"OK, I guess," she replied. "You?"

"I have no idea. It was all a blur."

"Good," Madame rapped her stick on the floor. "I will let you know next week." The class started to file out. More conversation followed. Everybody wanted to know how they did. Jessica and I were about the last to leave. Madame came to me. "I'd like a vord with you," Jessica said she'd see me at school and left. Did I screw up that badly? Was she going to kick me out of the class? I couldn't handle that. I fought back tears.

"I said I'd tell ze class next week," she started. "But I've made up my mind now. I'm giving you the lead in ze recital." I was stunned. "There's one thing. Ze diaper. It won't look good under the costume." I was shocked. My mind raced.

"Jessica wears a thinner style. Would that one be OK?" Madame thought a second and second and nodded. I'd have to borrow some from her or ask my mother if I could switch. But that wasn't going to dampen my spirits. I had the lead.

I ran home and told my mom. She expressed great pride in my accomplishment. Mary came in. "Did you hear?" Mom said to her. "Matt has been given the lead in the ballet recital. Isn't that great?"

"Great," Mary said with sarcasm and anger in her voice and stormed off. She wasn't happy to be showed up. I went upstairs and looked in the mirror. I tried to imagine the recital costume. I would need to get rid of the diaper. In the process, I looked at my underarms. I'd probably need to shave again, and I hadn't done anything about getting my own supplies. I decided to see what my sister had in the bathroom.

I looked in the medicine cabinet and didn't find anything useful. My razor was there. I knew my shaving cream was in the drawer with my stuff. I opened the drawer Mary used. It was jammed full with stuff, and there was always stuff of her on the sink as well. I started looking through it. I pulled out a box of tampons and set them aside on the sink. Skin creams, lipsticks, deodorant. Didn't she have any gel?

"What are you doing in here, Diaper Boy?" my sister yelled at me. "Why are you even in the bathroom. Why don't you go poop in your diaper, Diaper Boy!"

"I have to wash, too," I protested. I shut the drawer as I was talking hoping she didn't notice what I was doing.

"And what are you doing in my stuff," she protested. I looked around. The tampons were still on the sink.

"I ain't touching your stuff. Other people have to use this bathroom, too. "You leave your stuff all over the place." I gestured at the bottles around the sink with a flourish. Alas, I hit the box of tampons in the process. It went over spilling many into the toilet.

"Now you're in trouble, Diaper Boy," she screamed. "Mommm!!!!"

My mother stormed into the room. "What is all the screaming about?"

"Diaper Boy threw my tampons in the toilet!" Mary protested.

"Don't call me Diaper Boy," I screamed back.

"Enough!" Mom said holding up hands to both of us. "Both of you, to your rooms."

Mary stormed off and slammed her door. I went into my room. I was silently fuming. Not only was Mary a bitch, but now I was going to be punished for it. I decided this would be a good time to change out of my dance stuff, so I pulled off the leotard. I reached into the drawer for one of my training bras. Pulling it on I paused. I took it off again and felt with my hands. I looked in the mirror. I remembered Jessica's joking comment about my tits. I hadn't noticed it I guess, the training bra being an odd sensation, to begin with, but I was starting to get breasts.

This was odd. So far my entire descent into femininity was just clothes and dancing, but why was my body changing. I sat there for a long time pondering this. My mother knocked on the door, and I quickly finished pulling the training bra on as she entered. "Sorry mom, just changing out of my dance stuff.: I grabbed a robe and sat down.

"Knocking her stuff into the toilet was an accident, Mom. I'm sorry. But Mary kept yelling about the diapers."

"I know," she held her hands up to stop my pleading. "I've already dealt with her on that subject. As for you, she says you were going through her stuff."

I decided to confess. "I was looking for shaving gel to do my arms."

"I see. Well, you'll need to replace her tampons."

OK, I thought, I could do that.

“You’re shaving your underarms now?” mom asked.

“I did once. I had to do it when I switched to sleeveless leotards. It was embarrassing in class. My friend Jessica helped me the first time.” I decided to omit the details on how we had done it.

“OK. I suppose we need to help you get some more feminine products. Do you need anything other than shaving stuff?”

I paused. “Well, Madame says I should wear something other than the diaper I have under my costume. Even with just a leotard, it shows. One of the girls wears these Depend Silhouette. Could I try that.”

Mom nodded. “Anything else.”

I hesitated. I wanted to ask about my recent discovery. I didn’t know how to bring it up.

“Is there something else you want to tell me?” she asked.

“It’s strange. I don’t know why it’s happening.”

“What?”

“My breasts are growing.”

“Let me see.”

I took off the robe and removed the bra. She felt the budding forms. “How do you feel about this?”

“I don’t know why it’s happening. I didn’t even notice it, but Jessica did.”

“The hormones are working.”

“Hormones?” I said confused.

“Those pills and cream you use every day.”

“I thought that was for my face.”

“That too, but they are female hormones. You’ll note other changes.”

I thought about it. My skin had softened, but I just assume that was expected with the face cream. My musculature was different, but I just assumed that it was all the ballet exercises.

“Why?”

“Because it seemed like you were having enough fun as a girl that you should get the full treatment.”

This hit me like a ton of bricks. “I don’t want to be a girl,” I protested.

“You don’t? You dance en pointe. You shaved your arms. I noticed you studying the fashion magazines looking at clothes.” I thought hard about it. I had explained everything so far as just being interested in dance, and that mom was punishing me for teasing the girls.

“It would be easier if you accepted it. For one, we could stop worrying about your ambivalence about the bathrooms at school. Mr. Howard said that if you wanted to enroll as a girl, you could use the girl’s bathrooms.”

I thought about it more. She was right, I had thought more about girls things of late. And I’d love to be out of the diaper.

“If you want to do it, we can get you panties right away. Of course, you probably should still wear something under your leotard, remember that accident. But we can try the ones your girlfriend wears.”

I thought about it. It seemed like Mom, Jessica, and probably everybody else knew I was turning into a girl before I did. “OK, I’ll do it. Are we going shopping tonight?”

“No.”

“You said right away,” I protested.

“We’ll go shopping tomorrow. For now, you can have Mary’s.”

“She’s not going to be happy about that,” I commented.

“She’s already not happy. But it’s fair. She’ll be wearing your diapers for a while for teasing you about them.”

Chapter 10

Mom delivered me a handful of panties from Mary’s room. I pulled off my tights and put one pair on. Other than the one day I wore Jessica’s Depend, it was the first time I wasn’t in a diaper for a long time. I hope I don’t screw up and wet myself. I dressed and went down for dinner.

Mary was already sitting there steaming. “Don’t worry; you’ll get used to wetting yourself.”

She glared at me over that piece of advice. I decided to risk it further. “Don’t worry; you’ll never get over having to poop in them.” Her eyes burned, and I thought she was going to take a swing at me, but she then sunk back into her chair and started to cry. I guess she hadn’t realized yet that she was going to have to do that.

The rest of the family sat down, and dinner progressed. “Have you thought of a name?” my mother asked.

“Name?” I said.

“Well, Matthew isn’t exactly a girl’s name,” my father said. He had obviously been a party to the whole discussion I had with mom.

“You could use MATT-il-da,” my little sister said, emphasizing the “Matt.”

“Matilda is a nice name,” my mother added. “You could still use Matt or Mattie as a nickname.”

“I’d call him ‘Tillie,’” Mary said coming out of her funk over the diapers.

I liked the idea of Mattie. “Matilda it is then,” I decided. “You can call me ‘Mattie.’”

My father held up his water glass. “To Mattie.” Everybody else did similarly, even begrudgingly Mary joined in. “To Tillie,” she said.

After the table was cleared, my sisters and I launched into our homework. I wasn’t paying attention to anything else. I took out a sheet of paper to start on my math homework. I wrote “Matthew Stovall” at the top and then remembered. I erased the Matthew and wrote in Matilda and smiled.

After a bit, Mary stood up and ran to her room. I didn’t know exactly, but I suspected she had just used the diaper. After some TV watching, I went to bed. I got out the nightie I’d been wearing. Tonight, I just removed my panties and put the panty of the nighty on. I’d forgotten the feeling of the satin directly on my skin having switched to diapers so soon after getting it. I started to get erect. This was odd. What girl had one of these?

The next morning my mother accompanied me to school. We were escorted to the principal’s office and discussed my name and gender change. He’d been primed for it, so there were a few forms to fill out. He took me aside and took my picture and handed it to the secretary. Minutes later she returned with a new ID card. I was now Matilda Stovall.

I went to class. Nothing much had changed. A teacher or two called me Matt, but that was OK. I went to lunch. I was hoping Jessica would come by and she did. I smiled broadly at her.

“What?” she said when I didn’t say anything more.

“I’m not wearing diapers anymore,” I said.

“Cool, how’d you swing that?” she asked.

“I took your advice.”

“What advice?” she asked.

“I slid over my new ID card.”

“So?”

“Check out the name.”

Her eyes grew wide. “Matilda?”

“I made the switch. You can call me ‘Mattie,’” I said.

“I’m happy for you.”

We chattered about dance class. I wanted to tell her what Madame said, but I think it was supposed to be a secret at this point. I just told her that in retrospect I thought I had done well in the audition.

“I’ve just got one problem,” I said.

“What’s that?” she asked.

“I’ve got to pee, and I’m a little nervous about using the girl’s room for the first time.”

“Well, come on then,” she said. “Us girls go to the restroom together all the time.”

And off we went. When we got there, Jessica pushed her way in first and held the door for me. “Come on,” she said. I inhaled and entered. It wasn’t really any different than the boy’s room save for the lack of urinals. I went into one of the stalls and locked the door. I sat down. I guess from now on; this is what I should do. I finished up and headed out to join Jessica at the sinks. Jessica was applying lip gloss.

“You don’t have any cosmetics, do you?” she asked. I shook my head. “We can go shopping together,” she suggested.

“I’d like that, but today my Mom is taking me out to get a few things.”

“Like what?”

“Panties, for one. I’m wearing a pair of Mary’s today,” I decided to omit details of Mary’s predicament. “And new bras. I’m outgoing the training bra I have.”

“I was going to ask about that. You did seem to have breasts starting under your leotard in class. The bulge from the diaper we could understand.”

“My mom has been sneaking me hormones.”

“Oh,” she said. “Well we better get to class before we are tardy,” she said with emphasis on the word tardy like it was some strange condition.

“See you, Jess.”

“See you, Mattie.”

Chapter 11

Mom picked me up after school. “Do you have your wallet?” I looked confused. I thought she was taking me shopping. “You have to pay for your sister’s tampons you ruined.” OK, I thought, fair enough. I ran up and got my wallet. I showed it to Mom and she just said “Hmm.”

We got to the department store and walked up to the lingerie department. The clerk came over and inquired if she could help us.

“Mattie,” she said indicating me, “has outgrown her training bra.”

“Oh, of course.” The clerk said. She took a tape measure and measured under my breasts and then over. “34A” she pronounced, “but you might want to get B as I’m sure she’s still growing.” We went to the bras, and I was mesmerized. There were all sorts of choices. As a boy, I’d just worn white underwear. Mom chose a few white, one skin tone, and one black.

“You’ll wear the black under dark outfits,” she said. She then took me over to the panties and let me pick several pairs there. I knew my size since Mary’s fit me OK. “These are cute,” Mom said holding up a box. I looked in, and there were a set of panties, different shades, and each was marked with the day of the week in script embroidery. I agreed.

Mom paid for my purchases and then led me to another department. Purses. “You need a purse. You can’t go around carrying that wallet in your hand.” I had never thought of it. Sure I saw girls

with purses all the time. I guess I needed one.

I was looking at the various options, opening them up to see what was inside. Mom made some suggestions, and I finally found one to choose. Mom also had me look through wallets not approving of the masculine one I had.

We went to the car, and as Mom drove, I transferred my wallet's contents into the new one and then placed it in my purse. We soon pulled into the pharmacy parking lot, and I put the purse on my shoulder. We went inside and to an aisle marked "feminine products." I had no clue. My mother picked up one box off the shelf and handed it to me. "These are what she uses," Mom said. "Now for your diaper panties," she said.

I found an aisle of "incontinence products." I looked at the various packages with a little embarrassment until I found a woman's figure with a panty. Silhouette as Jessica had told me and it looked like what she was wearing. I looked at the back and decided the S/M size would be best.

"OK, go up and pay for it," Mom commanded handing me a \$20 bill. With a little embarrassment I carried the two items up to the cashier and placed them down. It came to \$22 and some change, I handed over the \$20 and three from my wallet. I put the change in my wallet and back in my purse.

"The diapers were only \$14," I said. Mom smiled and just waived her hand. I guess I was getting out of this for under three dollars.

We got home, and I found Mary moping on the sofa. I handed her the box of tampons, and she started shouting at me. "You wear them. You wanna be a girl. I've already got the worlds largest maxipad on."

I guess she was right. I decided to let it go. I picked up the box and put it back in the bag. I carried all my shopping bags up to my room and started putting things away. Panties and bras in the underwear drawer. I put the Depends on the shelf in my closet. I just left the tampons on top of my dresser, not knowing what to do with them.

Chapter 14

The next day Jessica made arrangements to meet at the mall after school. I caught up with her at the entrance. "Are we heading to Sephora?" I asked remembering how Mary loved shopping in that store.

"First things first," Jessica said and grabbed my hand. She led me down to a place that claimed to be a spa. "Matilda and Jessica, she announced to the receptionist. "We have a manny-petty appointment." At least I thought that's what she said.

"Manny Petty?" I said to her.

"Mani-Pedi. Manicure and pedicure."

Soon we were seated in comfy chairs, and our feet and hands were soaking. A woman came to each of us and took our hands and set to work. She spent time going over each of my nails, filing it into shape, cleaning under it, pushing back the cuticles, and then buffing them smooth. "Color?" the manicurist asked. I had no idea. I looked at Jessica.

“I think a lighter pink would go well with your ballet stuff,” Jessica suggested. I just nodded assent to the woman. She disappeared and came back with some bottles. She applied something clear at first and then the color and then the finish. I held my hands out. Polished nails. Never in my wildest dreams.

The spa workers started on our feet. “Don’t be too aggressive on the callouses,” Jessica told the women. “We’re both ballet dancers, and we need those.” The women nodded. The rough areas were worked on with a rough stone. The toenails got similar attention as the fingers did and a coat of polish. Foam wedges were left between my toes to hold them apart. The spa workers then rubbed some moisturizer into both my hands and feet. It was quite nice.

“Any other services,” the spa employee asked me. I turned to Jessica.

“Yes,” Jessica spoke up. “Can you thin her brows?”

The clerk went and got more supplies. I closed my eyes as she started on my eyebrows. It hurt a little as the fine hairs were pulled. After a few minutes, she stopped and handed me a mirror. “My treat,” she said as we were leaving. Jessica settled up, and we headed out to the mall. Rather than Sephora, we headed into the department store. Jessica directed me to a stool at one counter.

“My friend, Mattie here, needs a makeover. What do you think?”

The clerk regarded my face for a bit. She went to and pulled several chips of color out and held them to my face while I watched in the mirror. I had no idea what I was to do, but Jessica stepped in and made recommendations that I just went along with. Things were rubbed on my cheeks, and above my eyes, my eyelashes were brushed with mascara. More discussion of color came, and gloss was applied to my lips. I turned and looked in the mirror again. “Oh my,” was all I could say. I was looking at a girl’s face. My face.

“You like it?” Jessica asked.

“Yes,” I said.

“Great, my treat again.” She paid the clerk, and we received a bag full of cosmetics that Jessica was going to have to show me again later how to use. “Hungry?” she asked.

“Yes, but my treat for dinner. You paid for everything else.”

“Fine,” Jessica said. We ended up in the food court getting chicken salads and drinks, and we sat down to eat. “So, how is your first few days as a full-fledged girl coming?” Jessica asked.

“Pretty incredible,” I had to admit.

We ate and talked and soon Jessica nudged me. “Those boys are checking us out,” she said.

“What?”

“Those two, there who sat down two tables over. They’ve not taken their eyes off us. The tall guy is pretty much all over you with his eyes.” I looked over without thinking, and he gave me a quick smile before he turned away. “What do you want to do?”

“I’m not ready for this,” I said.

“Yeah, you better get used to it. You’re a pretty cute girl. But I can fix it for today.” She moved over to the bench next to me and pulled me towards her and planted a long kiss on me. I wasn’t complaining, but I didn’t realize what was up at first. She shot a quick glance over and then pulled back. “OK, that scared them away.”

Now I understood. It brought a question to mind.

“Jess, If you don’t mind me asking. How are things going to work with us?”

She smiled. “Like, am I a lesbian are you asking?”

“Well, I just don’t know what I am at this point.”

“I guess I don’t know either. We’re girlfriends now. We’ll have to see where that goes.”

Chapter 11

After class, Madame held me after. She lead me to another room where a woman was sitting among all sorts of things with pins in her mouth. “Zis is Madame Bell, the costumer.” Madame introduced me to her, and she dug sorted through a rack until she found what she wanted. “I need you to try this on,” she said. I looked around for a place to change, and she just folded her arms. I guess I was to change in front of her. “Take the leotard off.”

I peeled the leotard off. Luckily I didn’t have to remove my tights. I was also happy I was now wearing a Silhouette rather than a bulky diaper. She helped me into the costume. She fussed with the fit a bit, pulling some pins out of her mouth (how did she manage to talk with those things), and changed the fit. She then had me take it off, and she deftly did some sewing on the leotard. After a few minutes, she handed it back.

I pulled it on. She fussed a bit more and then handed me the skirt, an elaborate tutu. Many folded layers of stiff satin. I slid it up into position. Madame took a step back. “Give me a pliee and a slow pirouette.” I complied. Madame and the costumer exchanged looks of approval.

“You can take it off, What size tights to you wear?” the costumer asked.

“Danskin AB,” I replied. She dug through a box and pulled out a package of white tights. She fitted the costume onto a hangar and covered it with a plastic bag. She handed me the costume, the tights, and a mall bag with more satin inside. “It’s for your hair.” I nodded.

I got outside, and Jess was waiting. I showed her the costume. “The lead gets quite a fancy one. I can’t wait to see you in it.”

“Why don’t you come over to my house and I’ll put it on. I’m sure Mom would want to see it.”

We got home, and I showed Mom the costume, and she immediately sent me upstairs to put it on. I got my practice clothes off and dressed in the costume, white tights and all. I opened the bag with the hair thing. It was an elastic satin band. I pulled it over my bun. I dug into my bag and got my point shoes out and put those on. I came up en pointe and looked in the mirror. It looked good.

I came down the stairs and ran into Mary going up. She just stopped and gaped at the sight of me.

“What are you looking at?” I asked.

“Get out of my way, freak,” she said regaining her usual demeanor and shoved me aside.

“Go change your diaper. You’re stinking up the place,” I retorted

“Stop it, the two of you,” Mom said. Mary continued to stomp upstairs and slammed into her room.

I came down. “Sorry, Mom.” I raised my arms and came up on point and did a slow turn.

“That’s absolutely beautiful. I’m so glad your friend took you to have your brows done. You look fabulous.” Jess said similar things.

“Thanks, Mom.” I went up to change.

Chapter 12

Mary slammed the door behind her as she stormed into her room. Her stupid brother, she thought. He’s just so special. Now he’s a girl. Now he’s a star ballet student. This was what she was supposed to be. She worked hard at dance. He just fell into it like some freak idiot-savant.

She plopped down onto her bed and was met a massive squish. She had forgotten. Her brother was right. She needed a diaper change. Now she was planted right in a pile of her own excrement for no earthly good reason other than her brother was diapered and she teased him. He should be the one sitting in a stinky diaper. She should be in the Odile costume.

She fumed a bit but finally got up and laid out her stuff to change. She really hated this and was hoping that her mother would relent before too long. She was going to bring it up today. The load in her pants that she had since last period of school had spurred her into asking. However, her little tantrum just played out kind of put a hold on that. She’d have to play nice for a few days and try then.

I had several extra practices a week with Madame getting ready for the performance. I had two solo pieces to get down perfectly in addition to dancing with the ensemble. It was hard, but I was enjoying it. Soon the dress rehearsal was scheduled. I was going to actually dance in the beautiful costume.

“You should come over to my house,” Jess said. “We can work on your make up for the performance.” It seemed like a good idea to me. “In fact, why don’t you sleep over?”

I asked my mom, and she asked hers, and they consented. After dance rehearsal, I rode with Jess to her house. My overnight bag having already been packed. We went upstairs to her room. “Let’s get out of our dance stuff.” She pulled off her leotard and slid down her tights exposing the silhouette panty. “This one’s wet,” she said matter of factly and dropped it into a covered bin in her closet. She reached in and pulled out a clean one and put it on.

With some reticence, I took off my dancewear. Of course, she had already seen me naked to some extent when I was learning to shave, but I was still nervous. I left my Depend in place and pulled out a romper from my bag and stepped into it. Jess was watching me. “Mine’s not wet,” was all I could say.

We got on the internet and searched for pictures of ballerinas made up for performance. We found one that we thought would be good and Jess claimed she could do that for me. She started digging

through drawers pulling out cosmetics and set to work. She put a very light foundation on my entire face. She then started working on my eyes. I closed them to allow her to work and when I opened them, I was stunned. Black liner and white under and a shiny glow underneath. It was amazing. “You’re going to do this for me for the performance, right? I could never do this myself.”

“Sure thing. Now do your lips,” she said handing me a lipstick which turned out to be shockingly red. She stood behind me and undid the bun I wore in practice and brushed my hair back and did some braids and pinned it in place. She handed me a hand mirror, and I used it to look at what she had done catching my reflection in the big mirror. Amazing.

Jess got her phone out and shot some pictures. I knew they’d be going to Facebook, but I didn’t care. I looked good.

“OK, that’s enough of this, let’s get some dinner.” She gave me some moisturized wipes, and I proceeded to undo all the makeup work she did. I left the hair in place though. Jess’s mom had gotten us pizzas, and we ate and talked. We decided to watch a movie. Eventually, Jess’s mom suggested we get ready for bed. We went up to the bedroom. Jess dropped the t-shirt and shorts she had been wearing. She dropped the silhouette into the bin again and then I laid down on the bed.

Her mother came over and slid something under her. She did it up, and I realized it was an old-style cloth diaper. Plastic panties came over the top. Her mother held up a short nightgown, and she slid into it.

Her mother looked at me, and I figured I better get into my pajamas as well. I slid off the romper exposing the silhouette. Jess’s mother reached forward and slid that down to my ankles. With little choice, I stepped out of it, and her mother handed it to Jess who disposed of it.

Somewhat nervous standing there with the vestiges of my manhood showing, her mother motioned me on the bed. “I hear from your mother you wear a diaper from time to time as well.” I couldn’t protest as she fitted me with a similar diaper to her daughter. I got my PJ shirt on but found my little PJ shorts wouldn’t pull up over the large diaper and plastic pants. “You can just leave those off,” she said leaving the room.

So Jess and I sat there. Me in a pajama top and giant diaper, her with her diaper peeking out under her nightgown. We just giggled. “I wet the bed too. Always have,” she confessed. “The Depends work OK during the day, but this is how I sleep.”

“OK,” was all I could say. “I only had the issue of not being able to get the tights and leotard off in time. That and the problem with not fitting in either the boy’s or girl’s bathrooms at school.” We giggled again.

We talked about dance class and school and such, and finally, Jess decided we should get into bed. She pulled the covers down on her bed. “Hop on in!” she said. I hesitated but crawled in under the sheets. Jess got in next to me and pulled the covers over the two of us.

“Are you sure this is OK?” I asked.

“Sure my mom knows we’re going to share the bed.”

“And she’s OK with me, um…” I said not knowing how to describe my situation.

“Look, she saw you when she changed you,” she said. She had a point there. “Besides, we’re not likely to get into trouble with these chastity belts on,” she said patting my diaper. We giggled again. She rolled onto her side and put her arm around me and got quiet. I looked into her eyes. She leaned forward and kissed me. Unlike the unexpected one at the mall, this one was slow and cautioned. I rolled up on my side, and we held each other and kissed more. We did this probably for an hour.

“Oh, and my mother says she’s OK with it if I turn out to be a lesbian.” We giggled and drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 13

Early the next morning I had to pee. Jess had her arms still around me, and I tried to extricate myself.

“Where are you going?” she asked.

“I gotta pee.”

“Oh, just use the diaper,” she said and pulled me close. What could I do? I wet and let the thick cloth soak it all up.

Eventually, we got up. We shucked out of our diapers. It was still strange for me to see Jess naked below the waist. She grabbed a few wipes from a box and then slid it over to me, and I cleaned myself up. She then went into the closet and came out with a Depend. She threw another to me.

“What the hell?” I thought, and I put it on. We got dressed the rest of the way and went down for breakfast. We chatted for an hour before we decided to get dressed for dance class. This was the last full class before the dress rehearsal, and I wanted to get things right.

I felt I was as ready as I was ever going to be after class. We decided to stay and watch the other classes with their practice. I saw Jimmy as well as my younger sister in many of the choruses. My sister managed a small solo. She was good, but she wasn’t as good as I was. When she realized I was watching, she shot a killing stare at me. She wasn’t taking this well.

Chapter 14

As she finished her number, Mary caught her brother watching her. “He thinks he’s so special,” she thought to herself and flashed him a dirty look. Something had to be done to set that boy in his place. That girl in her place. Whatever.

She was going to wait until mom let her out of these blasted diapers, but that didn’t look like it was going to happen until after the recital. She had to do something before then. She thought about it and decided she needed help. She’d enlist Katie’s help. She set about getting ready.

Finally the night before dress rehearsals she had it ready to go. She set her alarm for two in the morning. She snapped it off as soon as it rang. She got her stuff together and headed down and gently shook Katie away. The little girl smiled. She was happy to be in on her big sister’s escapade no matter what it was.

They made their way to Mattie’s room. They snuck carefully up to the bed. Mary nodded to Katie and Katie held up the bowl of warm water she had been carrying. Mary gently put her hand on Matt’s wrist. He continued breathing gently. She carefully raised it and lowered it into the water.

The idea was that this was to make him wet the bed. Confronted with this accident, mom would surely return him to diapers. It would be a good time to make her play to get out of them once that happened. She gently pulled back the covers and looked at Matt's crotch for signs of wetness. This had to work.

Mattie stirred and then yanked his hand from the bowl. "What the fuck!" he said and then opened his eyes viewing the two sisters at the bedside. "What do you think you're doing," he screamed. Not knowing what to do, Mary grabbed the bowl and dumped it on Matt's crotch. Matt leaped and was on top of her in an instant. She struggled, and Katie was behind pounding on her brother's back. Everybody was screaming. Mary wrestled free and ran out the room with Mattie in hot pursuit. She hit the bathroom and tried to shut the door behind her, but Mattie pushed in.

He had her pinned up against the wall and looked for something to do to her. The can of shaving cream was right there. He picked it up and crammed it down the front of her diaper and pushed the button discharging it in there. Mary resumed her screams and Katie continued trying to pummel his back.

"WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?" a booming voice called. It was their father, and they all froze. Mom was close behind. Nothing happened for a few seconds. Mattie slumped down against the tub holding the can of shaving cream. Mary stood there dazed, foam dribbling over the front edge of her diaper. Katie started to cry.

"She started it," Mattie protested. "They came into my room and poured water on me."

"He chased me down and shot shaving cream in my diaper," Katie countered.

"QUIET," Dad said stopping the protestations. "Everybody to their rooms." They all skulked off. Mary sat in her room seething. Mattie just had no idea what was going on. Katie sobbed quietly.

An eternity passed for the children while their parents deliberated their fates. Mom hit Mary's room first. "I'm very disappointed in you," she started.

"But, mom," Mary protested.

"Let me finish," she said. "You seem to have done an elaborate plan to get your sister in trouble."

"Katie wanted to help," Mary said.

"Not Katie, Mattie."

"He's not my sister!" Mary protested.

"He is your sister, and you need to accept that. Now for your punishment..."

"Mom, but he never gets punished."

"SHE is getting punished, and you'll remember that it was punishment, that you took glee in helping with, that got her to this point."

Mary just sat there resigned. Her mother went to her dresser and scooped up the panties, unworn for weeks, from the drawer and gave them to her daughter. Your father is waiting out back for these.

Mary scooped them up not understanding and went out back. She got there and found he'd set the burning can on fire. "Come here," he motioned.

"Did Mom tell you?" he asked. Mary shook her head. "We were going to let you start wearing panties again next week." Mary realized she had screwed up the timing of this bad. "But now, we figure you need to stay in diapers." He leaned over and plucked one of the panties from her hands and tossed it in the fire. It smoldered for a second before the fabric started to burn. The elastic bubbled and then too caught fire. In a few more seconds, it was reduced to ash.

"Throw another one on." Mary was dazed, but she threw another pair into the barrel and watched it burn. "Keep at it. We've got to get rid of them all." Mary cried as she knew what this meant. The diaper wearing was going to be permanent.

Mom moved on to Katie's room. "I'm very angry at Mary for coercing you to prank Mattie," she said. Katie was still sobbing. Mom picked up a laundry basket and went to Katie's dresser and removed the clothing and followed suit with the closet. "Let me have what you're wearing."

Katie removed the rest of her clothes and continued sobbing. Her mother took a diaper from the basket and put it on her. "You're going to be a boy for a few weeks. You'll wear Mattie's old boy clothes and like he had a problem with bathrooms and had to wear diapers, so will you."

Katie continued to sob as Mom left the room. Finally, she headed into see Mattie.

Chapter 15

I looked at the clock. It had been nearly two hours since I was sent to my room. I had changed into dry clothes and just sat there. Mom came in. "As for you," she started.

"Mary started it," I protested.

"I know that, but you retaliated pretty severely. I also know you've been taunting her when you thought I wouldn't notice."

I was caught.

"Mary and Katie have their punishments. You will have yours. You'll wear diapers to bed and the Depend panty the rest of the time like your girlfriend."

I contemplated this. This wasn't too bad.

"I've also realized that I should have done something after your last run-in with your sister."

I had no idea what she was talking about. She went over to my dresser and picked up the box of tampons that I had bought for Mary after I dumped hers in the toilet. Mary had refused to take them. She opened the box. "It's time for you to learn about these." She took one package out of the box and handed it to me.

I just looked at it. I didn't know anything about these things other than girl's used them for their periods. Despite the hormones, I wasn't going to have a period.

"I know you don't have the anatomy that normally fits in. But you've got another. Let me demonstrate," She took the package from me and opened the wrapper. A small plastic tube about

the size of a pen was inside. She put it in her mouth to wet it and then reached over and pulled down my panties. She pushed it into my rear end.

“Now, the applicator is inserted, and you push the plunger,” I felt something move inside me. “Then remove the applicator.” I felt her pull it out of me, but something was inside. I felt her tugging on whatever it was.

“There, now you take it out and put one in yourself.” I reached up and found the string dangling from my buttocks and pulled it out. A brown stained wad of cotton was produced. I went over and dumped it in the diaper genie still in my closet. Mom handed me another one, and I repeated what she had done to place it.

“Good. Now for the first five days of each month, I want to find one of those in you. You should keep some in your purse in case you need to poop while you are out. You should also change them every six hours anyhow.”

I contemplated this. It was weird but not too onerous.

“You don’t have to wear one while you have a diaper on. Your sister does pretty well that way.”

She left the room, and I removed the tampon. I put a diaper on and went to bed.

Chapter 16

The next morning I rose and tossed the diaper. I reached into the box and extracted another tampon and inserted it. It felt odd. I pulled on one of the silhouettes and got dressed. I went down for breakfast and was faced with both my sisters in foul moods. They were both diapered and unhappy about it.

I ate and planned my day. However, the thing in my rear was irritating me. I ran up to the bathroom and hovered over the toilet while I pulled it out. It was soon followed by a large bowel movement. Great. I ditched the tampon in the diaper pail now a regular fixture in the bathroom and washed up. I went into my room and got another tampon and put it in.

“Everything, OK?” Mom asked.

“It’s just the tampon in my rear made me have to need to go real bad.”

“Well, it’s probably not anywhere near the discomfort a girl feels with her period,” my mother explained. “I need to check that you have it in.”

I lifted my skirt and dropped my Depend. Mom made a little tug on the tampon string, satisfied. I pulled it back up. “You should put a few in your purse, in case that happens when you are out.” Begrudgingly I grabbed a couple more and put them in my purse.

Jess and I chattered on about the upcoming recital. We were really keyed up. This was going to be quite a program. Not just a bunch of little girls doing simple ballet steps. We had a near full ballet at a high level to perform. And I was the lead.

The next day a messenger came to my last class before lunch. The teacher looked at the note provided and then handed it to me. It was a request that I come to the nurse’s office at the beginning

of the lunch period.

I made my way down there and found my mother and the school nurse chatting. “I hadn’t had the chance to talk to the nurse about your situation at length,” my mother explained. “I see there haven’t been any problems.”

I nodded. I was embarrassed that mom and the nurse were discussing my sexuality, but I wasn’t sure why I needed to be there. The nurse answered the unasked question. “Just show me the tampon, and you can be off to lunch.” So that was it. One last humiliation. I dropped my panties and showed my rear, self-conscious about the last dwindling stage of me being a boy on the front. My mother gave a brief tug on the string. I felt it pull on the inside of my sphincter. “Good,” she said, and I pulled my pants up and left.

The rest of the week passed and my “period” was over, and I could give up the tampons for another month. It was the night of the recital. I showered and did up my hair. I put on the elaborate costume save for my shoes. I slid on a set of ballet flats for now. I’d put on the pointe shoes once we were at the auditorium.

The doorbell rang, and Jess entered in her costume. She came up, and I wrapped a towel around my neck to keep the makeup off my costume, and Jess helped me do my makeup. When we finished, we came down, and Jess’s parents were waiting. They drove us to the auditorium. My family would follow along later.

I got in there and started getting my point shoes ready. I did some flexing of them and then put the toe savers on and slid them on my feet. I carefully laced up the ribbons around my lower leg. I wanted to make sure this was perfect. Done, I came up on my toes and jumped a few times to make sure they were secure. I proceeded with my warm-ups.

The rest of the company was buzzing around getting ready. Soon we heard the loud rap of Madame’s stick. “Places, everyone!” she called. The music started. The curtain came up, and the performance began. We all danced as an ensemble at first. Then several small groups did their featured parts. I watched from the wings as Jess, and her group did their part. It looked flawless.

Then the music I had been living by for weeks started. I moved on stage, the lights shining on me to the exclusion of me being able to see out into the house. I started my performance. I don’t remember the specifics. I must have been on autopilot but soon my solo ended, and a large round of applause swelled up before the ensemble doing the entire final number.

Then it was over. We exited into the wings. The house roared with applause. The chorus returned to the stage, followed by the feature groups. Madame leaned over to me. “You did vell. Now go take ze bows.” I walked out into the center of the stage. The volume of the applause increased. I came up on pointe and took a bow. It was amazing. A large bouquet of roses was thrust into my arms, and I bowed again. I lifted my free arm to motion the entire company to come up and take one last bow.

As the house lights came up, I saw my parents beaming from the front row. Even Katie was applauding with enthusiasm. Mary just glared at me. I took one last bow and the company left the stage.

Chapter 16

After the performance things began to settle down. Ballet classes went back to technical theory drills but Madame also gave me specific additional things to work on as well as suggesting I get familiar with more ballet issues, watching videos of performances and the like. My relationship with Katie got friendlier. On the other hand, Mary was still hostile to me.

Mom, my sisters, and I went out to the mall one day and we had dinner in the food court. Mary and I were staking out a table while Mom and Katie went to get the food. I saw something attract Mary's attention over my shoulder. I turned to see what she was looking at. "Don't stare," she said.

"What?"

"Try to act normal and don't do anything to embarrass me." She waved and a boy walked over.

"Hi, Jake."

"Hi, girls," he said to us. I looked between the boy and Mary. She obviously was interested but the exchange ended there. After an uncomfortable second, he said, "See ya," and headed off.

"Who's that?" I asked after he was gone.

"Jake Milton. I'd die if he asked me out."

"Why don't you ask him," I asked.

"It doesn't work that way. If you were a real girl, you'd know. Besides, no boy is going to want to go out with diaper girl." She said the last part with contempt towards me like it was my fault she was in this situation. I let it drop.

Next day at school I chatted with Jess. I told her of the Jake incident.

"Well, you should ask him out then," Jess said. "Despite what your sister claims, girls do that sometimes."

"Well, he probably doesn't want to go out with me either. I've got stranger things than a diaper in my pants."

"Look, you're not going to have sex with him," Jess explained. "You just go to the movies with him. If you like at the end, let him kiss you, or you kiss him. Anyhow, it will piss Mary off no end."

I wasn't sure I wanted to do that. It seemed dishonest and I didn't really want to get back at Mary that bad. Or did I. As the days went on she got more obnoxious and I decided, what the hell. Besides, if I was going to be a girl, I had to decide if I was going to be with guys or a lesbian or whatever.

With a little advice from Jess, I made my plans. One day he was sitting on the wall out in front of the school. This was perfect. I went up and sat down next to him. Right up against him so our bodies were touching. "Hi, Jake," I said.

"Oh, uh, Hi..." he started.

"Mattie," I completed. "We met at the mall the other day, remember?"

“Oh, yeah, you were with Mary,” he said.

“Yeah, we’re sisters.”

He thought about this a bit and then came up with a line. “Cuteness seems to run in your family.” Great, I was getting somewhere with him. We chatted a bit.

“I wanted to see the new Avengers movie,” I put out as a hint.

“Me too,” there was a pause. “Would you like to go to the movies with me Saturday?”

“Love to,” I said. “Pick me up at my house at 6:30?”

“Sure thing.”

I was on. I went and found Jess and told her. She said she’d help me get ready. I was very nervous. He seemed to have bought the fact that I was a girl without question, that Mary and I were sisters.”

Saturday came and I put a nice dress on and got made up. Not quite as elaborate as the stage makeup for the ballet but I thought I looked good. I brushed my hair out down. No ballet bun tonight. I went down and found Mary sitting in the living room.

“What are you all dressed up for?” she asked.

“Going out to the movies,” I explained heading for the kitchen. The doorbell rang. “That will be my date. Could you get it?”

Mary got up. “Who is it, your lezzy friend Jess,” she said as she pulled the door open. Her mouth dropped open at the site of Jake on the porch.

“Hi, Mary,” he said. “Is Mattie ready?”

Mary just stood there staring. “I am,” I said pushing around Mary. I took Jake by the hand and started him down the sidewalk. I glanced over my shoulder, and Mary’s look had changed from one of surprise to fury. It was working.

Jake and I made small talk on the way to the movies. We each got soda at the snack bar, and he got a large popcorn to share. I handed him my drink, and he juggled the three items. “I have to use the girl’s room,” I said and headed for the door. “Wait right here.”

We got seated in the theatre, and as the movie started, we sat quietly. We snacked on the popcorn and drinks. After the snacks were gone, he put the container on the floor and then sat back up and placed his arm around me. This wasn’t too bad. I put my hand on his leg.

After the lights came back up, we stood and chatted about the film. Again, I told him to wait while I used the girl’s room. Leaving him outside the ladies room twice should reinforce my femininity with him. We made our way home. We got to my front door and stood to face each other.

“I had a wonderful time,” I said.

“Me too, we should do this again,” he said. There was a pause. I looked up at his eyes and waited.

He leaned forward and kissed me on the lips. He held it for a few seconds and pulled back. I smiled at him.

“See you around,” he said.

“See ya,” I said. He turned and headed off, and I went inside and closed the door. I pushed my back on the door and slid down. That was quite interesting. I was sitting on the floor replaying it when I heard the scream.

“HOW COULD YOU,” Mary has shrieking at the top of her lungs. I surmised she had seen the kiss on the steps. She continued to rant, but I tuned her out. I got up. She tried to attack me, but I just pushed her aside and headed up the stairs.

“I’m going to bed now. I’ve had a very exciting day,” I said smugly as I retreated.

Chapter 17

I was pressed against Jake’s chest and swayed with the music. The music ended, and he kissed me. I suddenly was pulled back from him. I had no idea what was dragging me. Suddenly, my gown was torn off. I wasn’t wearing panties. Jake’s face grew into a surprised panic as he viewed my naked breasts and my dwindling vestige of masculinity.

I started to reach for him and then the room broke out into laughter. Boys in tuxes and girls in gowns were pointing at me. My entire body burned. Why was I naked at the prom? A particularly loud laugh came from behind me. I turned to see Mary gloating at me. How could she?

I sat bolt upright. I felt my chest. I was wearing the same nightie I always wore. I was in my bed. It was a dream. I felt bad. Had I gone too far to get back at Mary? Could she possibly do something like that in retaliation? And what was I doing snuggled up to Jake? Did I even like him?

I spent the following hours hashing this out in my head rather than sleeping. I needed to talk to somebody. I got my phone out and texted Jess. I hoped she would be awake soon so we could discuss all this.

A tap came at my door. “Come in,” I said.

It was Katie. She was wearing my old pajamas and obviously had a diaper on beneath. I was still in the one I slept in. “Can I say something to you?” she asked.

Sure. I patted the bed next to me, and she hopped up.

“I’m sorry I tried to prank you into wetting the bed. It wasn’t nice.”

“I understand. It’s just that Mary put you up to it.”

“Well, she suggested it, but she doesn’t own me. I admit I was a little jealous of you. You were getting a lot of attention from mom and dad over your sex change. You got new clothes. Everybody is talking about what a great ballerina you were. It’s the same with Mary, though she has it much worse than I do. I think it’s because you were her little brother,” she said with the emphasis on little.

“Yeah, I’m coming to understand that. I didn’t ask for any of this. It just happened.”

“You worked hard at dancing. I could see it. I wish I could get as good as you in time.”

“I can help you,” I said.

“You would?”

“Of course,” I said putting an arm around her. “We’re sisters.”

She laughed. “I suddenly have to pee,” she said. She stood and then turn to me and smiled. She was obviously wetting her diaper.

“Me too,” I relaxed and wet mine. We giggled again.

“You know, you went too far with that boy.”

I nodded.

“When you left on the date, Mary was just her usual angry. When you kissed him, she went over the edge.”

I held up a hand. “Yeah, I know that now. It was just so tempting. I’m going to have to talk to him, set things right.”

We talked more, and I hashed out a plan.

“I was going to call my friend Jess to work this out, but I’m glad we could do this together as sisters,” I said to Katie. “I’m going to talk to mom, too. I think you’ve suffered enough for your little prank.”

“Thanks,” Katie said. “I’m getting a bit tired of sitting in dirty diapers.”

“I know what you mean. Let’s go get changed.”

“By the way, now that we’re good friends and sisters. Could I borrow that blue dress sometime? It’s lovely, and I think it will fit me.”

“Sure, Sis.”

Chapter 18

Shit, Mary thought. My life is just one giant pile of shit. Figuratively and literally. She grabbed more wipes from the package and wiped more poop off of her. She hated having to use the diaper for this. She was hoping she could wait until she got to school when she could sneak off to a bathroom and use the toilet.

Finally clean, she retaped the stupid diaper in place. Another day in a wet diaper at school. It wasn’t worth the effort and possible exposure to try to use the bathroom for just peeing. She’d wet the diaper and stay that way.

She then switched her ire from the diaper to Mattie. That little bitch. Bastard. She tried to get rid of any inclination to use feminine terms to describe her brother. Her little grandstanding brother. The one who goofed his way into ballet class and became the Madame’s special star. She couldn’t even bring herself to go to ballet class anymore. Her brother who decided he wanted to be a girl and got all the attention for it.

Then the bastard went and took the boy she wanted. Why could he stick with his lezzy girlfriend? She should tell Jake about the mutant he was dating. That would fix Jason. He'd deserve it.

She grabbed her lunch but didn't feel like sitting with anybody, so she went out into the hallway and slid down the wall and sat on the floor eating her sandwich and reading her history book. Might as well do some studying. Maybe if she couldn't be a prima ballerina, she should become a straight-A student. Maybe that would get her some attention.

She realized that someone was standing over her. The person slid down the wall next to her so close that their two bodies brushed together. She looked over. Jake.

"Hi, Mary," Jake said with a smile.

She regarded him coldly. What was this about.

"You know," he started. "I'm really interested in you. I just wasn't sure you were interested in me." Mary continued to stare at him. What was this about?

"Then," he continued. "Your sister asked me out and what could I do?"

"My brother," Mary said icily. She resented having said that. Maybe that wasn't the right thing.

"I know about that," Jake said. Mary now was surprised. "Mattie told me. I guess it is hard on you suddenly having another sister like that. I guess I was a little taken back that the cute sister of the girl I wanted to go out with turned out to be a boy inside as well."

So it was now out in the open. But he said he wanted to go out with me. Was it just because he had to dump Mattie now that he knew the truth about her? But he had twice said that it was her that he had been initially interested in.

"I should have never dated your sister, but she asked. You didn't. I should have asked you first. I shouldn't have accepted her come on."

Mary softened a bit and forced a smile. "What are you saying?"

"Would you like to go out me?" he asked.

She was conflicted. She didn't want to be second prize behind Mattie. But she did want Jake.

"I'll think it over," she said. Jake smiled at her and got up.

She got home that afternoon, and Mattie was gone. Probably another special dance class. Katie was there, and she was wearing her regular clothes. "So your punishment is over?" Mary asked.

"Yeah, I apologized to Mattie, and she talked to mom and dad. They said I'd learn my lesson."

"Out of diapers, too?"

Katie nodded. Mary and her knew that Mary likely was not going to get out of diapers at this point. Her underwear had been burned.

"Well, I have news," Mary beamed. "Jake asked me out."

“Great, when are you going?”

“I haven’t agreed to go with him.”

“Why not?”

“I’m not sure I want to be some consolation prize just because he found out he was dating a freak.”

Katie rolled her eyes. “That’s not how it is.” She regretted saying it and put her hand over her mouth.

“What?” Mary said. “Tell me.”

Katie sat down. “Jake didn’t just ‘find out.’ Mattie went to him and told him she couldn’t see him because you were the one who really wanted him and she had only asked him out because of spite.”

“But he knows Mattie was a boy.”

“Mattie had to explain to him why there was bad enough blood between the two of you for her to pull that stunt. He had already said that he had been interested in you and was on the verge of asking you out when Mattie intervened. Mattie wanted to be sure he understood everything.”

“How is it that you know all of this?”

“Look, we’ve been sisters all our lives. But Mattie is my sister, too, now. We’ve been talking. I know you are upset about all the attention she gets. I got that too. That’s why I was going to help you make him wet the bed. But things would be better for all of us if you just accepted that we’re three sisters now.”

Mary mulled this over a bit, but she wasn’t ready to go that far. “I’ve got to go change my diaper,” she said with a sneer.

She mulled things over for a few days. She wanted Jake, but she didn’t want to be second fiddle to Mattie. Finally, she figured that Jake was better than no Jake. Besides, it wouldn’t last long. As soon as she found that like Mattie, she had secrets in her pants, he’d dump her, too.

She agreed to go to the movies with Jake. Jake and she got popcorn and drinks and headed to the theater. This time Jake didn’t hesitate. As soon as the feature started, he let her hold the popcorn, and he put his arm around her. She snuggled against him. Maybe this wasn’t too bad.

Halfway through the movie and already having consumed the soda she had to pee. She didn’t want to leave Jake’s arm to run off to the bathroom, and she resigned her self to wetting her diaper. She had intended not to do that in front of Jake, but this was the lesser of two evils.

A few minutes later she felt a little weight on her crotch. Damn soggy diaper. No, that wasn’t it. She reached down there. It was Jake’s hand. When he felt her hand, he pulled his back. “Sorry,” he whispered.

After the movie, they started the walk back to her house. “I’m sorry about that,” he said.

“Sorry about what?”

“Touching you down there. That was inappropriate.”

“No, it’s not that,” she said. Was now the time to tell him. Was this going to be the first and last date? “There’s something I need to tell you.”

“That you aren’t going to need to run off to the girl’s room in the middle of a movie.” He paused. He knew she thought. “I figured you might have gone. I was curious. I’m sorry.”

Mary looked around and decided they should move to a park bench and sit down.

“Go ahead,” she said. “No, wait.” She pulled up the hem of her skirt exposing the diaper. He reached over and placed his hand on her diaper.

“Cool,” he said. He lifted his hand and replaced her skirt. He stared into her eyes and then kissed her. An electric jolt went through Mary. He paused and then kissed her again. Long and tenderly.

“Do you want to go to the dance at school next week?” he asked.

“I’d love it.” They walked home, and he kissed her again.

Katie and Mattie were playing cards when she entered. “How’d it go,” Katie asked.

“Fine,” she said and headed towards her room to change her diaper. She stopped about halfway and turned back and glared at Mattie. “Mattie,” she said roughly. The meddling jerk. Then she softened a bit. “Thanks.”

Chapter 19

Jess and I were having lunch at the mall. “So you let Mary have Jake?”

“They’re happy together. I only really did it to spite, Mary.”

“So did you like him?”

“He’s sweet. Having a boy paw me and kiss me was a new experience. I had a dream about him. More of a nightmare actually. I still don’t know about boys. But he’s not for me.”

Jess grinned. I still don’t know her intent. She might indeed be, as Mary put it, my Lezzy friend. Maybe she still held romance for the male me. Maybe I was a lezzy, too. I didn’t know, but I supposed I had plenty of time to work that out.

“So everything is back to normal at your house?”

“I guess you’ll have to define normal. Katie is out of diapers and back in girl’s clothes. I’m still wearing them as you do. Mary still is in diapers and probably will stay that way. At least, Jake is OK with that.”

“Katie and I are becoming fast friends. Mary’s still hostile to me more often than not. I spend a lot of time on ballet. I’ve got a whole stack of DVDs of the classic performances, and I’m reading books. Even the tunes on my phone are ballet music.”

“So are you going to do this as a career?”

“I don’t think so. It’s a very hard life to get into even for someone with talent. I also don’t have any illusions that my gender change isn’t going to make things harder. But I’m having fun. I’ll have to decide eventually if I want to go to a specialized program at college or instead of college. I’ll probably do some summer workshops in addition to working with Madame.”

“Wow, that’s intense.”

“Yeah, but no matter how it goes. I feel I’m destined to spend my life in tights.”

We laughed.

A few days later I was down in the rec room in my leotard and tights. Jimmy had come by for some additional help. He probably wasn’t going to stick with it other than as an excuse to wear dancewear. After a bit of practice, he proceeded to do his usual examination of my closet. I let him try on some of my stuff. I felt bad that I’d neglected helping him with his issues being so busy with my own.

“So what’s in the future for you?” I asked.

“Oh, I don’t know. My mom still thinks this is a phase. I hope she doesn’t get any ideas from your mom. I don’t want to be a girl. I just like the clothes.”

I nodded, I had learned that there was a whole continuum of issues. The clothes, feeling that you were a girl, whether you wanted to date boys or girls. It wasn’t just two sides of a coin that you fell on one side or the other.

Jimmy left, and Katie came down. She was wearing her leotard. “Now that he’s gone could you help me with some of my sequences.”

“Sure,” Katie demonstrated one she was concerned about. I had her do it again to the time I beat out with a yardstick on the floor like Madame’s staff.

“Here, watch how I do it.” I demonstrated the sequence, and then we did it together. Me stopping to show her just the right placement.

Mary stuck her head in. I thought we were going to get a biting remark, but she disappeared immediately. Katie and I looked at each other and shrugged. We continued our practice.

A few seconds later, Mary appeared in her dancewear. A leotard and tights and a skirt to try to disguise the diaper bulge I remembered from my early days.

“Can you help me, too,” she asked politely.

I exchanged glances with Katie and smiled and turned back. “Sure, we’re sisters, aren’t we.”

The three of us broke into giggles. Katie started her sequence and then Mary and I followed.

“I think I need to tell mom that you need to be able to use a silhouette under the tights like me.”

“You’d do that for me?”

“Sure, we’re sisters. The three of us laughed and hugged each other.

Sisters, we were.

--THE END—