

Prom Night



Maggie Finson

A "Young Adult" Novel

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PROM NIGHT

By Maggie Finson

Robbie Dunhill had always wanted to be a jock. But standing at a meager five foot six and a half and weighing only one hundred and fifteen pounds had been more of a liability than he had been able to overcome. No matter what kind of effort the young man put into his determined efforts, he simply did not possess the size, coordination or speed to successfully compete on the team sports he so craved to be a part of.

Neither did anything he tried produce the bulging muscles he envied whenever he was hanging around with most of the other guys. In objectively honest moments, standing before his mirror, the seventeen-year-old reluctantly admitted to himself that he probably never would.

Worse, in Robbie's estimation, he possessed the smoothest skin he'd ever seen on a boy, had exhibited no trace of facial or body hair beyond a light sprinkling of beard which was relatively sparse and wispy and he had nearly delicate, androgynous good

looks that would not have been out of place on a girl. He had the kind of looks, with too large, green eyes, that got him labeled as cute, but not the sort of guy most of the girls he dreamed of being with would seriously consider as a potential boyfriend. Friends, yes.

Most of the females he knew were happy enough to spend time with him and even confided many happy and unhappy secrets to him that girls didn't generally talk to boys about. It was all very embarrassing and incredibly frustrating for him.

Despite, maybe because, of his embarrassment and constant trying, he was tolerated among the jocks he so badly wished to be part of, was readily accepted among just about any group in school, but never really developed any close friendships among any of those groups. Outwardly cheerful, with no lack of casual friends, carrying a straight A average, he substituted participation in McGregor High's excellent theater arts program for the sports activities he couldn't quite manage to compete in.

Doing that didn't exactly fulfill his ambitions of being a real-life hero, but he could sometimes act like one on stage when no one else was looking. An artistic bent and flair for organizing gave him what most of his teachers glowingly claimed was a remarkable talent for behind-the-scenes work, but never the male leads he tried for off and on.

Considered a trustworthy young man, he often stayed after hours or returned to school of an evening to work on props or to organize costumes for some production or class project. That he took carefully planned breaks from that approved activity was his secret. Especially since these breaks involved trips through sections of the school complex generally forbidden to boys.

These essentially harmless excursions into the girls' locker and shower room gave Robbie a great

deal of pleasure, mainly because searching through these places and just being in them gave him a feeling of closeness to the daytime occupants that eluded him in real life. He never once considered putting on any of the articles of lingerie, outer clothing and cosmetics he unearthed during his explorations. Rather he savored the scents and feel of the girls' things, soaking up the illusion of closeness while imagining holding the actual girl instead of her soiled or forgotten clothes.

Robbie was in the midst of digging through a hamper filled with soiled uniforms and gym suits awaiting Saturday's laundry when an amused, sarcastic feminine voice interrupted his activity.

"Well, well, what do we have here?"

Dropping the handful of uniforms he had just gathered up, the young man spun to confront whoever it was with a guilty expression.

"It's not what you..." His hurriedly put together explanation trailed off into silence because no one stood there to hear it.

"Looking for the one that fits just perfectly, Sweetie?" the taunting voice had come from behind him again.

Quickly twisting around in an effort to see his tormentor, he caught sight of nothing beyond the familiar, empty expanse of locker room and shower stalls. A rapid but thorough search of the area revealed no one in hiding. Out of nowhere, a bright pink majorette's uniform draped its nylon folds around his head.

"Here. Try this one. I think you'd look really cute in it, Robbie Dunhill."

The mocking voice had come from behind him again. It wasn't one of the girls or women teachers he

knew, but was hauntingly familiar all the same. Untangling the garment from around his head, he was still unable to catch a glimpse of the person who belonged to the voice.

“OK,” said his shaky voice to the room in general, “you’ve had your fun. Now, will you come out and let me explain?”

There was no reply.

In fact, the only sound in the entire place was his own uneven breathing. Still looking for any hint of motion among the rows of lockers, all he got from the effort was a headache from peering into shadows. Shrugging with mystified chagrin, he began moving toward the exit after placing everything back where he had found it.

“Robbie is a fairy! Robbie is a fairy!” the voice suddenly sing-songed in a playground-type taunt from what appeared to be empty air.

“No, I’m not!” he responded hotly, not even trying to see his tormentor but turning to address whoever it was regardless. “Come on out, please? I won’t hurt you or anything, just give me a chance to explain, OK?”

“No chance!” Her voice floated out of the dimness without obvious source. *“But I’ll be seeing you later on, Cutie Pie!”*

More than a little spooked by the incident, he returned to the prop room and the legitimate activities it held for him. As he finished arranging costumes for an upcoming lunchtime production, he wondered just who it was that had caught him and exactly what she planned to do about it.

Robbie went through the entire weekend in a constant misery of trying to figure out who the unseen

girl had been and fear of what she would do when Monday rolled around.

The first few days of classes, nothing happened at all. He received no knowing smirks or odd glances from anyone at all. By Wednesday, he had started to believe that he might have imagined the whole thing and pretty well dismissed it from his mind. By Friday, involved with the whirl of early September activities, he had nearly forgotten the incident entirely.

That evening, he was back in the theater arts annex working on cataloguing costumes received from a local business. A wide variety of garments were spread around the prop room for small repairs or cleaning before being stored for later use. The work was nearly finished and tedious, so Robbie decided he had earned a break. Besides, the cheerleaders had just been issued new uniforms and he hoped that some of their old ones had been left behind so he could briefly enjoy the lingering scents of the girls who had worn them.

Several minutes later, he was lost in the scents permeating one such uniform. Mary Jane Bonner's perfume, perspiration, and musk filled his nostrils in a delightful combination as he pressed his face into the garment. Visions of her pretty face beaming at him, framed in her long blonde hair as she shook it out and invited him to kiss her filled his imagination.

Involved in his private fantasy, the young man failed to notice a tiny stirring in the pile of garments at his feet.

The loose clothing slithered around his feet as if they had a life of their own while he slipped even deeper into his private fantasy, whispering Mary Jane's name tenderly as he gently stroked his erection. The unplanned climax spurting suddenly into his underwear, ran down his legs, and soiled everything from his shirt down to his socks.

Shocked out of his imaginings and aware of the sticky, gelid mess spreading through everything he had on caused him to swear in surprise.

“I’ve never had anything like this happen to me before!” he exclaimed aloud. Stripping, he murmured, “Now I’m going to have to clean this mess up somehow.”

There were showers and soap right where he was, so the answer to that need was reasonably obvious, even if it was the girls’ shower room.

After rinsing his clothes and soaping down the worst parts, Robbie carefully laid them out to dry on a nearby bench, then got into the shower himself, soaping down and vigorously scrubbing under the steaming water jets. Once clean and nearly dry, he returned to where his clothes waited, only to discover that they weren’t where he had left them. Damp spots on the bench clearly showed where they had been, but someone had removed them while he had been in the shower. That both angered and alarmed him.

“OK, I don’t know who you are.”

He’d meant to sound firm but his squeaky voice betrayed him by shaking a little and croaking into a higher register.

“But if you’re still here, I want my clothes back.”

Silence.

Robbie carefully walked up one aisle, then down another until he had covered the entire locker room without finding his missing clothes, nor any sign of the person who had taken them.

The formerly warm air had begun to chill and he shivered, gathering up one of the larger dry towels from a handy pile and wrapping it around himself until it draped him from underarms to knees.

No matter where he poked or pried, his missing clothes failed to turn up and he thought he had heard faint, feminine giggles from somewhere in the locker room but could discover no one else in the place.

Was it the suddenly chill air or the abruptly loud, vindictive laughter causing the rise of goose bumps all over his body? The cruel laughter trailed off, to be replaced by a girl's voice.

"What's the matter? Poor little fairy getting cold without its clothes on?"

It was the same voice that had tormented him a week ago.

A bundle sailed through the air, to land at his bare feet.

"Why don't you put something on, Robbie Baby, before you catch your death of cold?"

The bundle now nudging his toes turned out to be Mary Jane Bonner's uniform, complete with tights, shoes and underwear.

"You'd be a whole lot warmer if you put those things on and I might give your clothes back if you do."

"Are you crazy?" Peering into the direction the voice came from, Robbie could not make out even a vague hint of who it belonged to. "I'm not putting on any girl's clothes."

He nudged the bundle at his feet away with a shaking foot.

"Oh, but Robbie," the voice drew nearer. "If handling and feeling those things made you feel so good, just imagine how much more exciting it will be to actually wear them!"

She giggled again. *“Sure is getting cold in here, isn’t it?”*

The boy felt a growing chill having nothing to do with temperature as the white nylon tights worked themselves over his feet, then up his legs, to finally snug themselves around his waist. No one was touching them!

Almost in his ear, the voice prodded helpfully, *“Here, let me help you, Sweetie Pie.”*

The snowy white, satiny panties worked themselves into a similar position.

Terrified, unable to even twitch, he felt the bra work its way over his arms and shoulders, then settle snugly across his back and chest before hooking itself closed with a playful snap. Two rolled up socks filled the cups as a faint murmuring of amusement seemed to originate from within his own head. The blue and white dress pulled itself over his head, worked its short sleeves over his arms, then zipped itself closed up the back!

He finally started shaking with fear as the blue, girls’ tennis shoes worked onto his feet and tied themselves firmly on.

His longish, dark brown hair gathered itself into a pony tail tied off with a bow of blue and white yarn as a pair of pompoms slithered into his hands, rustling with his shaking.

Fully dressed now, he could only stand mutely as someone, or more to the point, something, seemed to stand back and give him an approving once over.

“Oh, that’s much, much better”

The short, pleated skirt tugged into proper position.

“You’re really very cute all done up this way, Robbie Baby.”

“Wha... wha...” Struggling with a tongue reluctant to cooperate, the terrified young man at last managed to quaver out, “What are you?”

Wanting to run for all he was worth, not caring how he was dressed nor what anyone who might see him that way thought about it, he winced at the feel of unfamiliar garments sliding across his body at the first tentative step.

“And why are you doing this to me?”

A disembodied giggle sounded right beside his ear, causing him to jump straight up with a high pitched squeal of surprise.

“Nice move, Baby Cakes,” the girl’s voice approved. *“You’d make a great little cheerleader with a little practice.”*

“Leave me alone!” Robbie almost shouted at his invisible tormentor. “Or tell me who and what you are. Please?”

Unseen hands tugged at the panties, pulling them up a bit, then fussed with the short, pleated skirt, an adjustment that evidently satisfied the owner. Robbie heard a satisfied sigh.

“That’s better. I’m a ghost, Honey Buns, come to right a few wrongs and live a little through you.”

“There are no such things as ghosts!” Robbie tried to be firm, telling himself that this was all the result of an overworked imagination. “So you can’t really be here doing this.”

“Oh?” Another giggle, this time seeming to originate from inside his head. *“Then I suppose you lost*

your clothes and got all prettied up like this on your own? Do you think that's true?"

"N-no," Robbie grimaced. "I'd never do this kind of thing."

'According to what you said just a second ago, you did.' The voice was definitely coming from inside his own head now. Robbie truly feared he was going around the figurative bend.

Another giggle sounded from directly behind him this time. *"You are just so adorable all dressed up in your pretty uniform like this. How about doing another cheer for me, Baby Doll?"*

The request was punctuated with a sharp jab at his behind which resulted in his leaping forward with a very unboyish yowl of protest.

Turning, he tried to hit his tormentor, making the pompoms in his hands waggle and swirl as though he really were using them in a cheer.

Someone caressed his bottom in a friendly, approving manner. *'Take it from me, you've got the moves for it, Baby, but you're not being very nice to me, so I'll leave you for now.'*

The voice began to fade. *"Have fun finding your clothes, and remember that I'll be seeing you again real soon, you pretty thing, you!"*

Unsure that he really was alone, Robbie threw the pompoms away with a violence sure to get a response if he weren't. There was no response, so he hastily reached back to the zipper so he could get out of the humiliating get-up. The zipper, at an awkward angle for him to reach, stubbornly refused to go down no matter what he tried.

Stopping in frustration, he saw his own clothes mockingly spread out on the bench where he had left

them, waiting only for him to get out of Mary Jane's uniform so he could put them back on.

Being careful not to rip any of the things he had been forced into, it took him over half an hour to get out of the cheerleader's uniform. During that time, he began feeling unwelcome, pleasurable but guilty feelings at the way the girls' clothes felt while he was wearing them.

Either someone had seen him that evening before he had finally gotten out of Mary Jane's uniform, or the ghost he still didn't want to believe in was continuing her campaign with the odd prank over the next week. Not that it mattered who was doing the things, they were terribly embarrassing for the young man: like finding a set of lacy panties and bra in his gym locker.

Hank Jergens had led a few other obnoxious boys in tormenting him about that find, asking Robbie to model them for everyone. They might have made him do it but for the intervention of Ron Thayer, the school's star halfback, and one of the few jocks who actually seemed to like Robbie.

A few days later upon returning to his locker at the end of the class day, he had found a large sign taped to the door. Edged in pink crepe paper streamers, the writing done in an overly feminine manner with hot pink magic marker read, "**Robbie Dunhill for Prom Queen!**"

Rumors had started to go the rounds with people giving him odd looks off and on. Girls who saw him in the halls would favor him with disbelieving, measuring glances, then giggle behind their hands or even laugh openly. He made the best of a miserable situation, doing what he could to ignore the jibes and dispel any idea that he actually liked getting dressed up like a girl. Most thought someone was playing a cruel

joke on him and had given up their own participation, even if only a from a distance, when Mary Jane Bonner innocently added more fuel to the dying embers on Friday afternoon.

Robbie had been asking around for donations of clothing for a rummage sale the theater arts group was putting on to raise funds for costumes and props through the coming year.

As usual, he had taken on the job of collecting and sorting whatever people gave.

That afternoon, Mary Jane found him in front of his locker and presented him with several bags overflowing with clothes she never wore any more with a cheery, "Hi, Robbie. These are the things you asked me about. I can give you lots more if you decide you want them."

He stood there in red-faced silence while she walked away, noticing several snickers from people in the halls as he clutched his well-stuffed bags in clenched hands. With a gloomy air of defeat, he carried the items to the annex and then into the prop room where a collection of such things had been growing for the past week.

As most students and teachers discussed the evening's game with cross-town rival Saunders High, he morosely began going through the things while thinking he would now be forever convincing everyone that he wasn't really a fairy.

Disgusted with things in general, he heavily seated himself in a comfortably shabby chair he'd appropriated from the prop room for sit down work and continued sorting through the donation he had just been given.

"Well, hello, Cutie!"

The young man leaped out of the chair, spilling Mary Jane's largesse across the table and floor at the sound of the unwelcome familiar voice.

"Remember me, Cutie? We played cheerleader last week and let me tell you, you were simply darling!" it purred.

Straining to see into the corner where the voice seemed to be coming from, he thought he could make out the beginnings of a misty female form as the sweetly intimate voice carried on, "I've been leaving you little presents off and on all week just so you wouldn't forget me."

"Just who are you?" Too mired in his own present difficulties, Robbie was more angry than frightened this time around. "And why are you picking on me?"

"I'm haunting you, Sweet Cakes, not picking on you," said the slowly materializing figure.

"You mean there's a difference?" the young man acidly questioned.

"Sure," came the cheerful response. "I could choose who I want to pick on but can't pick the one I'm going to haunt."

He nearly shouted at the solidifying form of a dark-haired, teenage girl wearing clothing twenty years out of date.

"OK, then why are you haunting me?"

Becoming nearly solid for a moment, she cast an almost mad look in his direction before brightening again.

"No reason. sweetie. What happened to cause my being here took place long before you were born. But I'm here to restore a balance, right a few wrongs, and you're the one I have to work through."

“Why me?” was his next worried sounding question.

“Because, the way things are set up, I have to work through your father’s daughter to heal a few wounds and get my chance to be elected prom queen.

There was a flash of a hopeful, happy grin.

“Well,” considerably relieved he had found an out, Robbie pounced on the opportunity with both feet, so to speak. “I hate to burst your bubble, but my dad doesn’t have a daughter, Just me, so I guess you’ll have to give up on that.”

“That does present me with a little problem,” she admitted, giggling while looking him over. “But in this case, I can work through you to get everything done so I can get on to more important stuff.”

“I’m a boy.” Robbie remembering his experiences of the previous week, was beginning to sound desperate. “I can’t be nominated, much less elected, prom queen.”

“Oh, I can take care of that little detail, Honey,” the phantom beamed at him. “How do you like the name, ‘Rebecca’? ‘Becky’ for short?”

Robbie’s stomach did a quick lurch, then dropped as if he were riding an express elevator.

“What if I don’t cooperate with you? You can’t work through me if I don’t let you in, can you? And I have no intention of letting you inside me!”

“Now don’t be silly, Becky,” admonished the ghost. “You already have let me in. Remember how cute you were all dressed up last Friday?”

“I’ve been trying to forget,” he retorted sourly, then paled as the implications of that sank in.

“You caught on!” she smirked at his sick expression. “I couldn’t have done all that by myself, Becky, Dearest. So you let me in to help you get dressed up.”

Her own expression was one of great satisfaction.

“That showed that I can use you and it will really be great revenge on your dear daddy, having his own son change into his daughter, I mean.

“I don’t want any part of this, uh...” Robbie groped for something to call her, finally settling for “Miss Spook.”

That got another giggle in response.

“Oh, call me ‘Donna,’ ‘Miss Spook’ is so formal and we’re going to get to know each other very well over the next few months, Sweetie.”

While saying that, she picked up a bright yellow mini-dress from the things scattered on the floor, holding it up against his body as if measuring it for a good fit.

“Oh, we’re going to have so much fun, Becky. When I’m through, you’ll be prettier than the girl who gave you this!”

“I don’t want to be prettier than Mary Jane Bonner!” he shouted as she sorted more garments from the pile. “Nor be a girl for anybody, for any reason!”

“You might like it, Rebecca.” Advancing on him with the articles of clothing she had picked out, the ghost made no attempt to hide her glee. “Besides, once I’m finished, you can go back to being whatever it is you consider normal.”

Reaching out his hands to fend her off, Robbie backed away until the table at his back interrupted that progress. The beleaguered young man found

himself wishing he could become as insubstantial as his unwelcome companion so he would be able to run right through the obstacle and the wall behind it to escape the fate she evidently had planned for him. "Don't call me that girl's name. My name is Robbie and I'm not a girl and don't want to be one."

Still advancing on him, she gave him a nasty smile. "If the name fits, Rebecca, you may as well wear it, and it is going to fit you perfectly, real soon!"

Finishing that pronouncement, she floated upwards and forward, to sink feet first into Robbie with a series of twitches like a girl getting into a brand new dress for the first time.

Head spinning as her presence penetrated into every part of his body, the boy fought for several seconds before blacking out.

Awakening some time later, he discovered that he was not in control of what his body did. His hands smoothed a scented, pink-white cream over legs, arms and underarms, then his body stood waiting for what seemed quite a long time before stepping into the shower of the girls' changing room of the theater arts annex. He stepped out of the shower smooth-skinned and without hair on on his arms, legs or underarms!

While moving into the dressing area, a cheery voice acknowledged his return. "*Hi, Becky, have a nice nap?*"

"What are you doing?" His shouted question came out as a garbled mess, but didn't get to either tongue or lips.

"*Think at me, Becky, I'll hear you just fine,*" was the unperturbed answer. "*And I'm just getting us ready to go to the game and maybe the dance afterwards. After*

all, no self-respecting girl goes somewhere with hairy legs.”

“Besides,” she tried to modify his outrage by using his own voice, “it isn’t as if you had all that much body hair to get rid of anyway.

When she used his voice, it had a higher pitch and a melodic quality, making it sound very girlish. That was bad enough, but how was he ever going to explain depilated legs and underarms to anyone? Hank Jergens was going to make things really miserable for him when that was noticed.

Then what she had just said registered.

“Out? Football game? DANCE?”

If his voice had been under his own control, it would have been heard for blocks as a near hysterical wail of outright feminine panic.

“You can’t do this to me!”

Numerous articles of clothing, none of them for a guy, were neatly laid out on a bench in front of him. Helplessly watching as his own, traitorous hands, first selected, then drew a pair of lacy yellow panties up his legs, tucked his genitals into his crotch, then snugged the panties up against his crotch, Robbie tried to fight but failed miserably.

“Now we’d better get a few things straight here, Becky Darling,” his own, now girlish, voice spoke sternly. “I’m very much in control right now and am going to stay in control no matter how much you fuss and holler about it, so you might just as well sit back and enjoy the ride. That will make things much more pleasant for both of us since your tantrums won’t shake me loose or do anything else except tire you out and make me mad.”

Donna finished adjusting a matching yellow bra she had put on while making that clear.

“I would hate to have you miss any of the fun we’re going to have just because you’re too exhausted to stay awake for it. But that won’t stop me from going right on and having the fun anyway.”

Surveying the results of her work so far in a full-length mirror, she pursed Robbie’s lips in a thoughtful expression.

“Hmmm, this just isn’t going to work as things are now.”

Eyes slitted in concentration, he then began to feel changes running through his comfortably familiar shape. His hips rounded out and became broader; so did his buttocks and legs. His waist narrowed and appeared to be somewhat higher than it had been and his chest began itching unmercifully. That lasted only a few minutes, then stopped, leaving his chest with a strangely soft, heavy sensation. Overall, the way he now felt was like nothing he had even known before.

Once finished, Donna observed the end product in the mirror with a small sigh of satisfaction. He now filled out the panties and bra like a normal, nicely developed teenage girl. He got an unwilling eyeful of his own breasts, then Donna turned around in front of the mirror to check from behind.

“Oh, that’s much, much better.” She happily patted his now cutely rounded behind. “We really have a great ass now, Baby Doll!”

He was stunned into complete silence at the alterations she had made and could only watch in horrified fascination as she walked his body with a swaying, feminine gait, across the room to sit in front of a make-up mirror.

“We’re still a bit on the skinny side, and the boobs are smaller than I’d really like, but I can refine those things as we go along.”

Finding his mental voice, Robbie screamed, “More changes? I won’t be able to show myself at school or home the way I am now!”

“Oh, don’t worry about it, Becky,” Donna dismissed his concern while beginning to apply cosmetics to his face. “When I’m done tonight, your body will bounce back into its original shape, no sweat.”

That assurance did little to soothe the anxious young man as he watched his face transformed under her expert touch from its usual androgynous normality into that of a very pretty girl with full lips and wide, expressive eyes. Pulling back his own hair into a pony tail, she pinned it into a flattish bun at the back of his head, then pulled a dark nylon cap over it, carefully making sure none of his own hair protruded from under it.

A long, shining black human hair wig with bangs and blunt cut ends finished the picture, providing a fetching contrast with his creamy complexion and naturally pink cheeks. Donna fastened it in place, then touched up the makeup with a hint of blush to those cheeks to darken their color and applied bright red lipstick to a mouth quite a bit fuller than it had been earlier.

Lightly fluffing the bangs with a fingertip, she crooned, “Oooh, we’re going to be the prettiest, sexiest girl at the game tonight, Becky Honey!” Nodding with pleased satisfaction at what she saw reflected back, she went on, “Maybe some hunk will ask us to dance so we don’t have to go by ourselves. Wouldn’t that be dreamy?”

It would be like a dream alright, he icily agreed, one of the ones where you woke up with a sore throat

from screaming and covered with a chill sweat, like a Class-A nightmare.

Donna blithely ignored his unenthusiastic reaction as she pulled on a pair of pantyhose, followed by a pair of low-heeled pumps. Next, the bright yellow mini-dress slid over his head, the silky, clingy material looking as if it had literally been poured on, a wide green patent belt, necklace of large white beads, earrings and bracelets to match, then a green patent purse to complete the ensemble.

Finished, his unwelcome guest posed in front of the mirror to gauge the overall effect of the outfit.

“Wow! Becky, my girl, are we ever looking great! The boys are going to drool all over their shoes when they see us!”

The girl in the mirror looked nothing at all like Robbie Dunhill, except in a vague way distant relatives carry a slight family resemblance. He felt a rush of fearful, wondering delight course through him and was shamed to discover that the source of that thrill was not the ghost who had pre-empted control of his body!

The feelings, the excitement, and the pleasure at how he looked came from himself

The stadium was less than a block from the Theater Arts Annex. Careful that no one saw them leave the building, Donna expertly moved his altered form along the sidewalk with swaying hips and a clicking of heels on the concrete. The broader hips and breasts, which moved in sympathy to each step taken, made the short walk a very revealing experience for Robbie. He had never dreamed that as simple an act as walking could instill such pleasurable feelings throughout his body.