



Reluctant Press

A Stepmother's Revenge

Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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A STEPMOTHER'S REVENGE

By CHERYL LYNN

The Beginning

He slowly sat up and rubbed the sleep from his eyes. He was tired, bone-weary tired, but it was past time for him to be going. He went into the bathroom and splashed some water on his face, as he didn't have time for a shower. That was better, but didn't refresh. Quickly, he dressed and, bending over the sleeping woman, kissed her on the cheek. Damn, he hated those "red eyes" back to L.A. Picking up the small suitcase, he walked out of the room.

He stopped in the next room to kiss the baby sleeping peacefully in its crib. Gently, he tucked the blanket around the sleeping child. "Bye bye, my darling," he whispered. "Damn, I hate living this way."

He did not notice the beat-up pea green 1994 Toyota coupe or its occupant as he drove out of the driveway. The man in the rumpled herringbone jacket sitting behind the wheel smiled as the other car continued on its way. "Gotcha!" the man mumbled as he reached for the ignition key. As he pulled from the curb, he patted the telephoto camera sitting on the passenger seat.

Archie Bowie walked into his cluttered and litter-strewn office and went directly to his scanner. Stuffing the thick stack of photos and documents into its maw, he downloaded them into a file. Once he was satisfied that all the data had been transferred to a disc, he picked up the telephone.

"Ahhh, Mrs. Lawson, Archie Bowie. I got everything that you wanted. You know, photos and stuff. It's being e-mailed as we speak. Yeah! I got a copy of the license, real estate loan application and all that. Yes, I think that you will be more than satisfied with it....eeerrr.. Yes ma'am! If you want, you can hang the son-a-bitch for bigamy but ya ain't legally required to do nuthin' unless ya want. Uhhun, yeah, I'll send you everything I have as we agreed. Yes ma'am, all the originals and negatives by overnight courier. 'N just let me say it's been a pleasure work'n for ya. Oh, yes ma'am, I promise to send everything I have. I even included my personal notes. No...no I aint gonna keep nuthin' and no one will ever know I worked on this case 'cept you. Yes ma'am and thank you. It's been a pleasure. Let me..." he didn't finish as the line went dead.

Strange bird he thought as he put the thick file of originals into a shipping box along with all his copies. *If I were her, I would have that SOB buried under the jail. Oh, well, go figure.*

Reaction

Hillary Lawson paced her office as she examined the printouts Archie had just sent her. She was absolutely furious. The more she examined the documents and photos, the angrier she became. At last she balled up the sheaf of paper in her hand and threw it forcibly to the carpeted floor.

“That no good conniving SOB!” she almost screamed. “Using my money to support that woman and her little bastard kid! How dare he! Just where in hell does he get off doing that to me! To ME!!!”

At last, Hillary calmed down enough not to set the carpet on fire. She sat heavily at her desk and for a few moments thrummed her fingers on the desktop. Her long bright red nails flashed under the lamplight. She let her mind drift, recalling details of her three-year marriage to Harrison Lawson.

They had met at a cocktail party; he was charming and very handsome. Something had clicked between them, or so she had thought at the time. They dated steadily for six months and Harrison seemed to absolutely dote on Hillary. It wasn't long after that that she decided she would be willing to marry him. He was reluctant at first, claiming that it wasn't right for two reasons. First, he had a son by a previous marriage and he didn't want to burden her with that responsibility. Second, he wasn't in her financial or social class. Oh, he tried to dissuade her, but at the same time he made the insincerity of his objections obvious. Hillary was not a woman to back off decisions once made. Besides, she felt deeply that Harrison was very much in love with her. With her powerful personality, she hadn't received many overtures from other eligible males.

Hillary Jackson was, if nothing else, very determined and a strong, Type A, personality. Almost 40 and a successful businesswoman, respected and feared by her associates. She stood five foot nine and weighed 230. For all her weight, Hillary was not a fat slob, nor was she a weakling. Even in her twenties she had been overweight, but with her beautiful face and milk white skin, she turned it into an advantage. Professionally modeling clothing for the “mature woman” and the “women of stature” (AKA fat women), she achieved international fame.

She parlayed her modeling career into her own catalog/design business worth millions. She specialized in feminine lingerie and bathing suits for the mature woman. Her own experience while modeling had given her an appreciation for such undergarments, but they lacked both styling and femininity. Over-the-shoulder-boulder-holders were purely functional in design, so she sought to offer stylish and sexy lingerie for the larger woman. There wasn't a source available for such women to purchase pretty feminine lingerie, but even harder to find was a decent bathing suit. It was also difficult to purchase nice outerwear. It wasn't much of a step to get a few of her friends to-

gether and service the niche market. It had been difficult at first, but her design team was a good one and her company took off.

Raven black hair usually tied up in a bun at the top of her head, a strong aquiline nose, piercing gray-green eyes that demanded attention and a flawless complexion were her feminine assets. She usually dressed in conservative business suits—skirt, blouse, and jacket. Underneath, she wore fine patterned hose, lacy panties and bras made of the silkiest fabrics. No longer were large women trapped in simple white cotton bras and pale white panties. Her products were soft, slinky, and feminine.

However, when the need arose, she could dress to the nines and lay devastation in her wake. Her evening wear creations were spectacular. Even her detractors had to admit that when she dressed formally, there were few her equal. She was used to getting her way and usually did.

She met Harry when she was 37 and her biological clock was ticking. While until then she did not have a particular urge to start a family, a combination of hormones, business and peer pressure was forcing her into a corner. Besides, there was a rumor being spread that she was a hardened dyke. Common in this business, but she was not of that inclination. Most importantly, she had decided that she needed a spouse for both personal and business reasons.

Her early experiences with boys were hurtful at worst and being ignored at best. She was big then and the only friends she had were other girls; even then, those relationships were tedious. They only let her hang with them because she had a great fashion sense. If she had to define her sexuality now it would have to be asexual. There just wasn't that desperate ache in her psyche that demanded she have routine intercourse.

During her modeling days she developed several friendly relationships with the gay designers that worked the runway. They were true friends since there were no sexual interactions, but it also did not fulfill her womanly needs. Oh, she would like to experience sex, but that urge was not overpowering. She desired some sexual relationship, of course, but what she really wanted was male companionship. She wanted someone to cuddle with and share her world who wasn't gay or another woman. She knew that there was a void in her life that only a man could fulfill.

Over time she decided it would be so much easier to satisfy herself than to lower her standards to ensure at least a short-term affair. Not only would it have been a hassle for her, but with the advent of AIDS there certainly wasn't a man worth dying over. Besides, she wanted a real man, not some loser who could only get a date with a fat broad or some drunk who was desperate at closing time. No, she wanted something more permanent and meaningful in her life and that decision was reached shortly before meeting Harry.

She believed that by marrying Harry, she could alleviate much of that pressure and his accompanying baggage of a son would save her the trouble of pregnancy. While he seemed a little too preoccupied with his son, using him as an excuse to forgo meeting with her at times she could excuse him. After all, didn't fathers and sons have a special male bond? Fathers are always proud of their male offspring.

Harry had his plusses; he was charming and had a certain submissiveness that intrigued her. Most importantly, he was not sexually demanding but still certainly qualified as a man's man. He was into horse racing and other sports, looked a little like Clark Gable and carried himself well. They had kissed and gone through the initial routine relationships except for actual intercourse and he seemed to really care about her needs.

He had told her that he didn't believe in premarital relations and that sex was something special to be savored after the wedding. True, he wasn't rich, but he did have a job as some manufacturer's representative; it must have paid well judging by the way he dressed and acted. He was also intelligent and non-threatening. Besides, he paid attention to her and did not seem to be concerned that she towered over him in both size and weight.

Thoughtful things like roses and cards with affectionate notes appeared on her desk at regular intervals. He seemed to enjoy the same things that she did. Relaxing on the couch, easy conversations and an occasional outing. Importantly, he did not seem to mind her long hours and frequent trips. He was there when she needed companionship most of the time. She had to admit that he charmed the socks off her. When she proposed that first time, his refusal on the basis that his son could be a hindrance made him even more endearing.

She pooh-poohed his objections, telling him that she would take his son in as her own and she didn't mind if he spent some quality time with him. The boy wasn't a threat to her. Carol was small for his age with blond hair and blue eyes to die for. Like his dad in many respects, but named after his late wife. It was obvious that Carol did not like his name and preferred to be called CH. While he did appear to have a chip on his shoulder, probably due to his androgynous name, his behavior wasn't all that bad. It wasn't until after they were married and CH's adoption was legalized that his slovenly and spoiled nature showed itself.

Oh he did a good one on me she fumed to herself as she stared at the pile of documents before her. The picture of a very pretty thirty-something woman stared back at her from the pile of photos on her desk. Seems like he never divorced his second wife.

Second wife! Damn! He never told me about being married twice! That little worm! she fumed as she continued to pace.

While she had been tied up in her business dealings, he was off visiting her and continuing his old relationship. Not only that, but got the bitch pregnant.

Hell, if his first wife hadn't died on him giving birth to that worthless son, he'd probably still be married to her as well, she continued to fume.

Hillary picked up her telephone and punched in a number. "Hello Robert, could you come to my office? I need to talk to you about a personal matter. I could really use a shoulder to cry on right now. Thanks, bye."

Robert was her chief designer and best friend. They had known each other for almost a decade and over that time had developed a true friendship. They had shared many an emotional turmoil together. She could easily picture herself married to Rob-

ert, but he was a full-fledged homosexual as was most of her design staff. She needed his advice and knew that she could trust his judgment.

Robbie

Robert entered Hillary's office and immediately noticed how distraught she was. They shared a quick embrace and, true to Hillary's nature, got right down to business. She showed him the evidence and explained all that Archie had discovered. The private bank account Harry had set up for his other family. How she had been giving Harry \$10,000 every nine weeks to provide home schooling for Carol. Money supposedly used to hire private tutors and counseling specialists for Harry's wayward son. How Carol had been kicked out of two private schools within two years and the trouble he had caused. Now it seemed that Harry had diverted that money in addition to other significant funds from their joint accounts to fund his other family. She had been taken badly and needed Robert's advice on what to do now.

"Oh, you poor dear," Robert consoled her. "Look sweetie, you sure you don't want to send that creep to prison. I can assure you that it wouldn't be a very pleasant vacation for him. I have friends, you know, that could take care of him either on the inside or...well, you know...here and now and save all that publicity."

"Robbie, prison, no matter how hard that would be on him, or, for that matter, the publicity, wouldn't begin to go far enough to adequately punish him for what he has done to me. And your alternative is, well, totally unthinkable besides being too damn good for that rotten bastard!

"I...I feel so...so violated and humiliated. I want that bastard to really suffer and I am at a loss as to how to go about it. Help me come up with a plan that would totally humiliate and devastate him. A plan that would punish him for the rest of his rotten no good life!"

"Well sweetie, give me a while and I am sure that we can come up with something. What about Carol? From the times I have met him, he is a cutie, but not very friendly. What are you going to do with him once we decide on daddy? You did adopt him, didn't you? That makes you legally responsible for him, especially if daddy goes to jail or you just kick him out. Not only that, but you would have to pay child support and probably alimony as well. Have you given any thought to that?"

"Oh, that little bastard is a chip off the old blockhead. He is slovenly, disrespectful and doesn't listen to me. All he does is sit in his room and play computer games, look at his porno books or spends all night out with his friends. Since it is obvious that his father isn't providing the education that I have paid for, no telling *what* he does when I am not there. I have suspicions that he is having girls over, but nothing concrete. His father covers for him quite well, but I suspect something is going on when I am not around that I probably would not approve of."

"I guess that if Carol treated me differently, he would make a lovely child, but no...he is just like his father, a user and abuser of my generosity. You know Robbie, when I first got married, I was so happy. Finally, I had a man who I thought really loved me and a pretty child that I could call my own without having to actually have one. I thought that that void in my life was finally filled and...now this! That SOB! They have ruined everything! AND I am most certainly am *not* going to give either one of those assholes another dime!"

"I understand fully, sweetie," Robbie replied. "I recently read somewhere in one of those Chinese something-or-other philosophy books that punishment directed at someone other than the guilty can be the worst possible punishment. Sometimes it is much more painful if the punishment is not directed at the offender. The offender's pain can be heightened even more if he was forced to participate in the dealing out of that punishment. Anyway, it went something kinda like that. Look sweetie, if that's the case, maybe we can get to your husband through his kid."

"Robbie, that's it!" Hillary exclaimed, "You are a genius, absolute genius!"

"Oh, I do surprise myself occasionally, don't I?"

"But...but, what kind of punishment? I can't send his kid to prison or...or just beat the shit out of him. What good would that do?"

"Just bear with me, Hillary baby," Robbie said. "Just bear with me for a moment while I think this through. You said your husband simply adores his son and that he is his pride and joy, right? What if we could change all that? Make Carol into something that would not only embarrass the hell out of him, but also change that adoration into something else altogether?"

"Oh! Oh! How diabolic!" Hillary exclaimed, suddenly very interested in what Robbie was proposing. "But how could we accomplish that?"

"Look sweetie, let me think about it tonight and I'll get back to you in the morning. I have a germ of an idea, but let me make some contacts and think about it some more. I'm not sure if you will want to go along with it. It's soooo extreme, but I can promise you it will be diabolical."

Decision Time

Hillary put off going home as long as she could, but eventually she had to. It was a very stressful night for her, but she held her temper for the most part and sleep was sporadic at best. Having to sleep next to a man she now hated was next to impossible. Fortunately, once he put on his pajamas, he went right to sleep and did not even kiss her good night. If he had done that, she probably would have puked in his face but their love life hadn't been much to brag about for the past year and a half. Even when they were first married, it wasn't much more than a kiss and "thank you, ma'am" af-

fair. Now that she looked back on it, there had been very little true sex in their lives. What little there was, was perfunctory at best.

In the morning, she spent as little time as possible in the house before going to her office. Harry was still in bed asleep and Carol was in the kitchen wolfing down a bowl of corn flakes. The kitchen table was such a mess that she passed on getting her cup of coffee. Neither mumbled good-byes or said anything as she picked up her keys and left.

When she got to her office, Robbie was there sipping on a cup of apricot tea. He air-kissed her on the cheek as he got up to serve her a cup and refill his own.

“Well?” was all she said.

“Ooooh, you poor baby. You look like you didn’t get any sleep last night, sweetie. You know some cucumber slices would do wonders getting rid of those bags.”

“Don’t start, Robbie. How would you like sleeping with a disgusting SOB of a man?”

“Well, it would depend on the man, hehehe. Oh, settle your hackles, woman. I have a plan that you will like. It’s just like those wild and crazy television sports shows so popular now—EXTREME. As a matter of fact, it may be *more* extreme than you are willing to accept. Want to hear it or just sit there and be bitchy?”

“You know I do! Just stop with the jokes already. As you can see, I am not in the mood!”

“Alright. Harry has never been comfortable around the gays and especially me and he believes that the sun rises and sets on his son. Soooo, what if Carol...” Robert sat back and sipped at his tea while Hillary leaned forward, anxious to hear what he had planned.

“Put that damn tea down and tell me!” she almost yelled. “And wipe that smirk off your face! You’ve really got a plan?”

“Sure do, sweetie,” he continued. “Why not use your husband’s distaste for the gay community and his adoration of his son against him?”

“You mean turning Carol into...into a homosexual? But what’s to stop him from just leaving or...or... Can that even be done?”

“No, we can’t change his basic instincts, but that doesn’t really matter. You said that Carol doesn’t respect you and that he is a typical unruly boy, right? You are also afraid that once the punishment starts, he will just run away. What if my plan would stop all that?”

“Well, as far as I am concerned, nothing is too harsh for either one of those those...assholes. Come on, spill it. Give me the details.”

“Okay, listen up, sweetie.” Robbie was smiling from ear to ear now. “First, you confront your husband....”

“Robbie, do not refer to that pig as my husband. He is nothing to me. Not even worth any consideration in the least. The same goes for his brat. Nothing you can do to them will be too much. Understand?”

“Certainly, my precious.” Robert folded his arms across his chest and continued.” What I propose is this. Like I was saying, first you make sure you are some place where Carol cannot possibly overhear what you say. Then confront Harry with what you have discovered. Threaten him with exposure and prison. Let him see copies of all the evidence. Be mean, bitchy and hostile when you do it. It is very important that you convince him that you are serious, otherwise he just might not go along with what I plan.”

After hearing Robbie’s detailed plan, including the friends he had lined up to assure success, Hillary was elated. For the first time since her suspicions were aroused, she was actually looking forward to the future. She stood and walked around her desk to literally pluck Robbie from his chair and gave him a big hug. “Oh, you delightful man, you...you wonderful friend. This is so perfect I can’t believe it.”

“Hillary, put me down! What if someone should walk in and see us? Why, my reputation would be totally ruined, ruined I say. Put me down, hahaha.”

Confrontation

As soon as Robert left her office, Hillary telephoned Harry and told him to meet her there at 5:00 p.m. Harry was supposed to be in his office, working as a manufacturer’s representative for a Midwestern fabricator. She now knew that it was a small office in a pool hall where he spent his idle hours doing nothing other than playing pool and smoking a little dope. Archie had evidence that Harry was never employed to be a sales rep for anyone. Hillary also had some incriminating photos of his dealings at the pool hall and a couple of him with the bitchy little waitress that worked there from another private eye.

“Are you sure that it cannot wait until we get home? I’m waiting to see if the boss wants me back in the Midwest again this weekend and I need to make the reservations now in order to get the best rates.”

When he inquired further about what was going on, she just told him that it was very important and that it could possibly change their lives. “Just be here!” she finished, a little louder than she had intended.

At four-thirty, Hillary told her secretary to go home, then sat back behind her large desk going over one last time in her mind what she intended to say and do. A simple straight-backed chair that had had its legs shortened replaced the large comfortable leather chair that normally sat in front of her big teak wood desk.

Psychologically, this put whoever sat in it at a major disadvantage. Having to look up to see who was behind the desk made whoever sat in it seem smaller and unimportant. Hillary had used it very effectively in some of her business dealings. And Hillary wanted Harry to feel just like a small kid in the principal’s office facing punishment.

The chair had been another one of Robbie's ideas that she had used in the past when she really wanted to impress or dominate someone.

Just shortly after five, Harry walked into her office and was told to shut the door. She was happy to see a look of concern and worry on his miserable face. "Sit," she said, pointing to the chair. "I have something to say to you and I want your full attention."

Harry sat and found to his discomfort that his knees were slightly above his waist and he had to strain his neck to see his wife. A brief look of fear crossed his face as he caught a glimpse of her face. *Oh oh, he thought to himself, she doesn't look like a very happy camper. Maybe she's just on the rag or something. Better put on my happy face for her.*

Hillary sat behind the desk, her face masking the distaste she was feeling for this man. She let the silence last for a minute or two while she fiddled with some papers on her desk. She could almost feel the tension building in the room. Finally, she gathered the papers together and handed them to him. He had to stand and reach out to get them. All he had to do was see the pictures and he knew that the jig was up.

His face went white and his hands began to tremble as they haphazardly sifted through the papers. Beads of perspiration gathered on his forehead and he fell more than sat back into the chair with an audible *thump*.

Hillary waited a moment more, then began talking in a firm steady voice. "Harry, you are no longer my husband. Once the police see this evidence and how you have been bilking me out of thousands and thousands of dollars over the past three years, you will be judged a common felon and bigamist. You will most assuredly spend the rest of your years behind bars with a boyfriend named Bubba!" Her tone was icy cold and had the force of a tornado minus the noise. Actually, she was a little surprised at herself for being able to keep her voice at a normal level.

"Honey...er..Hillary...I...I...please, let me explain."

"No, don't even try, you bigamist! You thief! If I hear one more word from you, I will call the cops! So, you just sit there while I tell you what I am going to do and what you will do! Understand? Good! Now, you just sit there and listen to me. After I have finished, you will have a choice to make."

"First of all, I have decided not to divorce you. You will, however, immediately obtain a divorce from that bitch you are keeping out west. You will have no further contact with her at any time or by any means. I have arranged for the legal documents to be presented to her tomorrow, if you agree to my terms. Further, she can keep that little secret bank account you have and will be told that if she ever tries to contact you, you will go directly to jail and she will face charges of stealing, grand larceny and whatever else my lawyers can think of. You might also want to consider that that precious baby of yours will wind up in some foster home as well. Understood?"

Harry nodded his head in defeat as Hillary continued. "Second, you will submit to me in every way that I demand. Any crawfishing on your part will result in going directly to jail. My word is law! Understood? Good. Also, from this moment on, you will

back me in my every decision regarding Carol and our family life. Third, my decisions regarding your son are absolute and irrefutable. Understood?”

Harry was a bit confused by this last part and started to say something but was silenced by his wife's angry stare. So he simply nodded his head.

“Good!” Hillary exclaimed. “Carol is following in his father's footsteps and we can see what kind of father he has for a shining example. There are going to be some major changes in his current worthless life and I am going to oversee his every moment of existence. I not only expect your support, but encouragement as well in the changes I have decided are long overdue. You know what will happen to you if you fail me in any way from this moment on! Well, do you?”

Again, all Harry could do was nod his head. He didn't have the faintest idea of what Hillary had in mind, but she had him by the balls.

“Finally, you will sign this document confessing your guilt to everything and giving me sole custody and legal guardianship over Carol until he is twenty-one. Oh, you are also admitting that you purchased and distributed illegal drugs at that little pool hall you call an office. Don't look so shocked! You've got the photographic evidence right there in front of you! That's my little insurance clause guaranteeing you a very stiff jail sentence should you decide to renege on our little agreement. Now, you have five minutes to rebuke my evidence and arguments, then I call the cops or you can simply sign our agreement.”

Harry was dumbfounded to say the least. For a few moments, he just sat there with his hands tucked between his legs and head bowed. Thoughts flashed through his mind, but nothing came to him that could possibly get him out of this mess. His alternatives were few and all negative.

He certainly couldn't face jail time; she did have him dead to rights on his bigamy and maybe on misappropriation of funds, but if he signed, what was he doing to Carol and himself? The confession to distribution of illegal drugs would certainly put him away for a very long time. Shaking his head, knowing better than to try to argue against the evidence before him, he reached for the pen and signed the document. It was the only alternative acceptable. If only he had known.

It Begins

The ride home was silent. Harry was still very pale and shaken, but Hillary had the air of supremacy about her. They made one brief stop at the mall and Harry was told to wait in the car. The remainder of the ride was carried on in continued silence.

Carol quickly noted that something was different about them as they entered the living room where he was spread out on the couch. He let the bag of chips fall to the

floor as he looked into Hillary's eyes. "What's up?" he asked. He didn't like the way she was looking at him.

"Nothing but your attitude! From now on, there will be changes and you will abide by my demands or face the consequences. Your father has agreed to back me one hundred percent, so you can forget about appealing to him. You have been a slob and lazy good-for-nothing until now and this situation is going to change. Now, get your butt off that couch and after you clean up the mess you made, go take a bath and get ready for bed. I will see you later to explain your future in terms you can better understand. Now get busy!"

Carol knew that tone of voice. He looked to his father, but his head was downcast and he wouldn't meet his son's eyes. Carol quickly started to gather up the mess he had made. It wasn't until he was halfway to his room that he remembered that it was only 8 o'clock and way too early for bed, much less a bath. Hell, he never took baths. He hated baths. *Naw*, he thought, *she probably meant a shower*. While he didn't take one every day it certainly beat taking a bath.

As Carol stepped out of the shower, he froze in his tracks. There standing right in front of the door was his stepmother. His body blushed from head to toe as embarrassment set in followed by anger. It took him a few moments to register his anger over the breach to his privacy, "What the fuck are you doing here?" he spat.

The words had barely left his mouth when Hillary quickly reached out, slapping him hard across the face. She then grabbed hold of his ear and began pulling him over to the commode. Keeping a tight grip on his ear, she sat on the commode seat and forced him over her lap. Locking her legs around his, she trapped him in her lap. Releasing her hold on his ear, she used the now-freed hand to hold down the back of his head.

Before Carol could register any resistance, Hillary brought the wooden surface of a hair brush firmly down on his up-turned cheeks. The loud *whack* resounded throughout the bathroom. The whipping continued fast and furious until Carol was bawling his eyes out and his butt was a nice overall cherry red. Finished, she pushed him off her lap and onto the cold tile flooring.

"Now let this be a lesson to you. When I tell you to do something, I don't care what it is, you will jump and do exactly as I demand. Is that understood or do I need to paddle your behind some more?"

"Father will hear about this, you bitch! No one beats me and gets away with it, no one! My Dad will tear your fuckin' heart out for..." Carol said from the bathroom floor until he looked up and saw his father standing off to the side.

Before Carol could do or say anything, Hillary grabbed his arm and easily pulled him back over her lap. The hairbrush descended quickly to smack his reddened cheeks once more. This time she did not stop until his rear end and upper thighs were cherry red.

"Do I have to warn you again? If you don't understand that I am in total and complete charge by now, you really are dense. Harry, you can leave now, I don't think that Carol will give me any further problems."

Turning her attention back to Carol as Harry followed her order, she continued, "Very well, I am going to demonstrate how to appropriately prepare your bath, then I expect you to do so every night from now on. Again, are you getting all this or do I...? No. Good! You may be capable of learning something yet. You will fill the tub with warm water not hot, as it will dry out the skin. Then when it is nearly full, you will add a capful of these bath beads and a capful of this moisturizing oil. You are paying attention, aren't you? Good. When the tub is full, I expect you to use this natural sponge to thoroughly clean yourself.

"Oh, I shouldn't have to tell you what will happen if you fail in any aspect of what I am showing you to do. Now, get busy and I will be back."

Carol just stood there standing at this strange woman. She certainly wasn't the woman that had left that morning. Maybe she was some kind of Mr. Hyde or something. He had never in his life been treated in such a manner. He was too shocked to even grab a towel to cover his nudity. He simply had stood nodding his head as she rambled on about how to take a fuckin' bath. Well, she was gone now, but his stinging bottom made him do as he had been instructed. The bath was not as bad as he first thought. While the smell of flowers saturating the air wrinkled his nose in disgust, the soothing oily water eased his hurting buns. Soon, he picked up the large rough sponge and began scrubbing. He did not like the pink floral scented bath bar his stepmother had left for him, but the better part of valor made him go ahead and use it. *Man, I hope this shit blows over soon, he thought. I don't know what happened, but something blew her gasket but good! I think she's lost her friggin mind!*

He was still in the tub when Hillary returned. Again he blushed and wanted to sink under the blanket of bubbles, but he looked up at her towering form.

"Alright! Time for you to get out of there. I want to inspect you to see if you got all the dirt off. Come on, stand up and let me look."

At first he could not believe his ears and again his anger got the better of him. "Hey, I'm old enough to bathe myself. I don't need you to check me out. What are you, some kind of fuckin' pervert?"

Hillary backhanded him so hard he almost came out of the tub. He grabbed his face again with disbelief and shock in his eyes. The look on his face was worth the stinging hand. "Seems you haven't learned your lesson yet. Perhaps I ought to...yes, maybe this will teach you," she said as she grabbed the soap from its dish. Before Carol could put up any defense, the bar of soap was crushed into his mouth by Hillary's large hand. As she moved it around, bubbles began foaming out of both his mouth and nose. Within seconds, he was gagging and struggling for all he was worth, but the combination of the slippery tub and Hillary's strength made struggling useless. If Hillary wasn't as strong as she was, he would have fallen down hard into the tub, but she eased him back into the water.

Finally, she removed her hand and allowed him to spit out the sudsy bar. As he sat there in the tub, coughing and hacking, she continued her lecture. "Carol, I do not like doing this to you, but until you have satisfied me that you will behave in accordance to my wishes, I will do this and worse as often as necessary. Understand? From now on, there will be no cursing and no hesitancy in abeyance to my orders. I do hope that you

understand because I will punish you until you do submit. Now, get out of that tub. I have an inspection to make.”

Carol got out of the tub, still spitting out the foul taste in his mouth. He stood compliant to her orders, feet spread two feet apart, hands hanging at his sides palms facing outward. He was blushing a beet red and humiliated beyond his youthful experience. She checked him all over. Satisfied with her inspection, she handed him a large, fluffy, pale aqua-colored towel. “When you dry yourself, just pat along the surface. Do not rub or scrub at it, it will only hurt the skin. Now, when you have finished patting yourself dry, I want you to dust yourself with this powder.” She paused to hand him a round container with a large white feathery applicator sitting on its top.

He took it and made a grimace as he caught scent of its floral aroma. “Er...this...this stuff stinks. Only girls would use something like this sh...er, I mean *stuff*.” He tried to move further away from her, but his heels bumped against the bathtub.

“I don’t care what you think of it! All I care about is that you use it like I have told you to. I am sick and tired of your puppy dog smell in this house and I will not have it. Do you understand? Get busy and make sure you cover every single inch. And get used to it! You will be doing this every day from now on, or else!”

Carol did as he was told, as he was afraid of what she would do to him if he failed to obey. For the first time in his life, he was actually scared of something. Well not something, his stepmother. She had become a force to be reckoned with and from his recent experience, he certainly did not want to provoke her any more than necessary.

With floral scents floating all around him, he stood still while Hillary wrapped the towel around his chest and tucked the ends into his boyish cleavage. “From now on, I expect to see you show some modesty around me. You will wear proper sleeping attire, no more of this sleeping in the nude. You will wear a robe outside of the privacy of your room and you will wrap a towel around yourself when in the bath unless I tell you otherwise. Understood? Yes? Good. Now, go brush your teeth and use that deodorant. When you have done that, clean up the mess you made around the tub and rinse it out as well. I will see you in your bedroom when you are finished. You have thirty minutes, so you better get busy.”

Carol went to do her bidding. Upon seeing the pink plastic deodorant container, he started to complain that it wasn’t his brand when he thought better of it. Hillary was holding the hairbrush once again. He could see her reflection in the mirror. Reluctantly, he did as he had been instructed. As he reached for the toothpaste, he saw her leave the room.

Finished, he reluctantly went back to his bedroom where once again his jaw dropped in disbelief. There, on his bed, was a pair of aqua-colored satin pajama tops and a pair of matching flare-legged briefs. The shirt-styled top had a pointed collar in a brighter forest green color and three large white buttons. Beside the pajamas was a shortie robe in the same material with bright forest green trim and sash. On the floor was a pair of forest green satin slippers. They all looked brand new. If he didn’t know better, he would have thought that they were woman’s wear. *But she wouldn’t do that to him would she?* he thought as he slowly made his way over to the bed.

He would still be standing over the strange garments if Hillary hadn't spoken up. "That's right. Those are your new pajamas. Put them on. I expect you to look your best at all times and nighttime is no exception. Those are expensive and I do hope that you are duly impressed. I will be getting you some other things later, but for now they will do. Hurry up and get dressed. I still have some things to tell you tonight and it is getting late."

Carol hesitantly picked up the briefs that did not have a fly and were made out of the same silky feeling material as the pajamas. Once he had the briefs on, he quickly donned the rest of the clothing and stepped into the slippers. Anything to cover his body was better than just the towel. They felt strange and slinky on him, especially the flared brief, but he was too nervous to pay much attention.

"Put on your robe and let's go back into the living room where I will explain your role in this household beginning tomorrow morning. Oh, while I am thinking of it, from now on I want you to call me either Mother or Momma. Since I am taking over your upbringing now, I think that will be appropriate. Well, I am waiting for a reply."

"Yes, Moth....er," he finally stammered as he pulled on the robe. The robe bothered him in that it barely covered his bottom and its short flared three-quarter sleeves flapped around his arms. The almost weightlessness of the new clothing bugged him too as it felt like he didn't have anything on. *Strange*, he thought.

Carol followed Hillary back into the living room where his father was sitting, slouched over, in his padded chair. He looked up briefly as they entered the room, then lowered his head once again. Carol knew that he was not going to get any help or support from him. While he did not understand why his father was acting this way, he instinctively knew that his father had somehow really messed up his relationship with Hillary. He just wondered why he was in such a pile of doo-doo. *Hell, I didn't do nuthin'*, he thought.

"Carol," Hillary said, getting his attention. "I have dismissed our cleaning service. Effective tomorrow morning, you will take over all those chores since you are not in school. I expect this house and its contents to be immaculate. You will dust, vacuum, scrub, do the laundry and whatever else is needed without complaint and comprehensively. I have asked Thelma if she could supervise your training over the next few weeks and she has agreed. You remember Thelma, don't you, the maid you and your father ran off shortly after you came to live here. It seems that since then she has had a hard time and was more than willing to come back. As for your father, Harry will be joining me at the office beginning tomorrow as well. I have obtained employment for him in my design section."

At the mention of his name, Harry looked up and, with despair in his voice, asked her what she had just said. He couldn't believe his ears. *Working in her design section with all those queers. No, I must have heard wrong* he thought, but Hillary just glared at him and repeated what he was going to do.

"But darling...er...Hillary, I...I don't know anything about design. Couldn't you put me in the shipping department? I...I could do that," he whined.

"Carol, as I said, your father will be working in my design department and since I cannot leave you here alone and unsupervised, Thelma will do that for me. Her in-

structions to you will be the same as mine and you will follow her orders, or else. Oh, I have given her permission to punish you in any manner that she decides is appropriate. Do you have any questions?”

“Er...Mot...Mother,” Carol managed, “what about my schooling?”

“Schooling,” Hillary almost sneered, “schooling was never a priority with you or your father. Since I provided the funding for excellent tutors which your father obviously did not follow through on, I think that we can forgo any more formal educational efforts. That is, until August when the public school system starts up. You will be enrolled in the public system based on your achievements in the scholastic tests. You are scheduled to take them in the third week of August. It’s February the fifteenth now and too late to enroll for this year. I am sure that Thelma will be more than happy to instruct you during any free time that might arise. I’ll ask her for you.”

“Buuuut...but Hillary,” Harry tried to intervene, “If Carol is to ever succeed, he should go to a private preparatory. Public school is no place for a boy like Carol. You know the kind of riff raff that goes to public schools. To get ahead, he just has to travel in the right social circles. He couldn’t possibly do that in a public system. I won’t have it! I just won’t!”

“Harry, I am not even going to discuss this matter with you after what you did with the opportunity I gave you to educate your son. That is twice tonight that you have questioned my decisions. Do I have to remind you of your place in this household? Or would you rather I just made a phone call?”

If it were possible, Harry turned even paler than he had been. He looked positively petrified, sitting there in his chair. His mouth hung open and sweat popped out on his forehead. “I’m sorry, Hillary,” he apologized, “it won’t happen again. I promise. Whatever you say is fine by me, darling. A public education would be good.”

In an effort to get back into her good graces, he turned to his son and said, “Carol, do what your...er...Mother tells you. I don’t care what you think or what it is that she wants you to do, you will do it. She has my full cooperation and I will punish you myself if I have to.”

As his father was speaking, Carol realized that whatever had happened, his father would not be a recourse or salvation. It appeared that his father was in too much trouble to ever stand up to Hillary. He was puzzled, but the reality of his situation began to hit home. *Oh, I am fucked! Royally fucked!* he said to himself.

Carol was totally confused by all this and actually found himself sniffing like some little kid. One moment everything was normal and the next his entire world had turned topsy-turvy. The silence hung like a thick morning mist after his father finished talking as Hillary stared at each of them.

“Well,” she finally said, “I think that we are making some progress here. Carol, I think you had best go to bed now, you will have a lot to do tomorrow and I think we all could use some rest. Kiss your father and me goodnight and go to bed.”

Kiss father and Hillary goodnight? How childish, Carol thought but he gave each of them a quick peck on the cheek. He certainly had had more than his share of emo-

tional turmoil and was ready to get away from the both of them. *How could my own father do this to me? What am I going to do about it, in any case?*

After Carol left, Hillary glared at Harry and told him, "Get your stuff out of my bedroom and move it into the spare room. I will not sleep with your kind. I'll see you in the morning. Be up by 6. You will have to go to work for a change."

Thelma Arrives

Hillary awakened Carol at 5:30 AM It was still dark and at first thought something was wrong. "Whaaa...what's wrong?" he croaked, still not fully awake.

"Come on its time for you to get up. Thelma will be here soon and you need to be ready. Go do your business and then come into the kitchen and get breakfast. Remember to put on your robe. Now, get out of bed or do I get my hairbrush?"

At the mention of the hairbrush, Carol remembered everything and shoved back the covers. Groggily, he slipped his feet into his new slippers and pulled on the robe. *Damn*, he thought as he shuffled to the bathroom. *The sun aint even up yet.*

Shortly after, he made his way into the kitchen. "You forgot to brush your hair. It is a mess. Here, take this brush and fix it. I want you to brush it at least one hundred strokes before you come back or I will use the other side of it to freshen your memory," Hillary told him. Fully awake now, he did as he was told.

By the time he returned to the kitchen, the coffee was brewing and the smell was almost intoxicating. He desperately needed a cup. Before he could get to it, Hillary intercepted him with a white bib apron in hand. "Oh no you don't. Not until you have prepared your father's and my breakfast." Before he could do anything else, she turned him on his heels, pulled the apron over his head and tied the bow in back. Giving him a shove toward the refrigerator, she told him to get started making two omelets and toast with marmalade. When he asked what about *his* omelet, Hillary smiled a crooked sneer and told him that he could only have a half of grapefruit, one slice of toast with marmalade and black coffee.

When he frowned at her instructions, she smiled and said, "Remember all those wise cracks about my weight? Well, I am going to make damn sure that you don't grow up to look like me. You will be nice and petite by the time I am through with you. Oh, since you will be on a strict diet, you will want to keep your energy up, so I thoughtfully picked up these vitamin tablets for you. Be sure to take one of each before breakfast and supper. I don't want you getting sick on me, now do I? Here, go ahead and take them before you forget."

She placed two large brown bottles on the counter top. Robbie had gotten her a large supply of Premarin and Provera and she did not ask where. The plain white labels only said "full strength" and "multi-pack 1" and "multi-pack 2". From the first bottle, Hillary pulled out a large purple pill and a pink pill from the second. "Here, take these," she ordered as she handed him the pills and a glass of water.

When they had finished eating, Carol was ordered to clean up the kitchen and rinse off the dishes while they went up to dress. "Carol, I'll leave something out for you to wear on your bed. I want you to look nice when Thelma gets here," Hillary said as she walked out of the kitchen.

Carol had just finished the cleaning-up, when Hillary and his father came back into the room. "Very good, Carol," Hillary complimented him. "Now, give us a kiss good-bye. Be a good child and go change. Remember, Thelma's orders are my orders. She should be here any minute."

As Carol blushing gave them both a kiss on the cheek, the doorbell rang. It had to be Thelma and he did not want her to see him dressed the way he was. He hurried to his room, only to skid to a halt when he saw what was laid out for him to wear. On his bed were a new pair of jeans, a pink T-shirt, a pair of white nylon briefs without a fly and white ankle socks with a solid pink band across their tops. His white tennis shoes were on the floor.

A note on his dresser stated that (1) he was to wear what was laid out or else, (2) that his current wardrobe was no longer appropriate and that she would purchase a new one for him, (3) he was to discard all his old clothing including his underwear for proper disposal, and (4) Thelma had been informed of her desires. He was to obey her!

Carol carefully picked up the nylon briefs. They were unlike any of his cotton boxers and jockeys. They were made of a thin nylon and the cut was a little strange. The waist band was wide, but the leg openings were high-cut and seemed to have a little frill around them. Sliding them up his legs left a cool sensation and the fit was a little tight, especially in the groin, but otherwise bearable. The shirt fit his torso snugly and the very short sleeves had a little flare to them. The jeans were also a tight fit, but seemed to stretch and the back pockets were sewn shut. That and the fact that the front pockets seemed a bit shallow when compared to his usual jeans were the only differences that he noted. Dressed, he looked in his mirror and didn't see a whole lot wrong other than the color of the shirt.

As he turned to leave his room, he was startled when he saw Thelma standing in his doorway. She had a broad smile and her white teeth seemed to fill her ebony face. Her muscular arms were folded under her ample breasts and she was leaning against the door sill. "Well well, boy. Looks like us is gonna be a team, now don't it? I can't tell you just how happy dat makes me. I was hopin' dat I'd find you havin' problems with your new clothes, but I sees dat you done got dressed properly. Well, one kin only wish. Oh well, here, put on dis apron and cap. You got a lot of learnin' to do. First thing is you are going to clean out this here room and make your bed. After that, we'll see what else we can do today. Now, get busy or I'll get Miz Hillary's hairbrush."

Carol wanted to tell her to go to hell, but knew that he could not physically overpower Thelma and if he somehow could, that would only get him in deep doo-doo with Hillary when she got home. So, he pulled the white apron with ruffles around the hem and armholes and tied it in back. He was not happy about putting the matching white scrod-styled cap on his head.

Thelma, seeing his reluctance, said, "Go ahead child, put dat cap on. It will keep the dust 'n' dirt off your hair. Here, take these trash bags 'n' start fillin' dem up with

your old clothing. I'll be back to check on your progress in a bit. I needs me a cup of coffee."

Carol was not the least bit happy about having to toss away all his clothing. He gave a passing thought to stashing some away, but then figured Thelma would turn his room upside down to make sure he did not do just that. It didn't take him too long before all his drawer and closet space was empty. Empty except for his new pajama set. He then set to making his own bed. It took him the longest, but at last he was satisfied. As he turned to leave his room, Thelma walked in.

She stood with her arms folded across her chest and slowly scanned his room. Silently, she walked over to his bed and ripped the coverings off in one quick move. Dropping the covering to the floor, she lifted his mattress, let it fall back, walked over to his closet and checked all the drawers. Satisfied that he had removed every stitch of clothing he had owned, she walked over to the only remaining item. His pajamas. She held them up, and smiling, said, "Ummm, these be right pretty. Just right for a child like you. Bet you just love the way they feel, don't cha?"

Carol just stood where he was with his cheeks turning red. "Hillary makes me wear them. I didn't buy them. Why did you tear up my bed? I spent almost an hour getting it just right."

"Fo one thing, it wasn't made up right and mostly cause I kin do whatever I please 'n' you aint got no right to say otherwise, or even think otherwise, fo dat matter. You watch me make dis bed and then you kin do it yourself."

They spent another hour making Carol's bed. Once he had done it to her satisfaction, they went to do the other rooms. It was lunch time before Carol finished cleaning all the rooms and making all the beds. Thelma had been on his case the entire time supervising and telling him exactly how each cleaning chore should be done and in what sequence. Make the beds, dust the furniture, pick up any thing on the floor—dirty clothing to the hamper, shoes back in the closet, trash into the trash can—and then vacuum. The bathrooms would wait until after he prepared them both lunch.

Lunch consisted of a tuna salad, glass of orange juice, three saltines for Carol and a small fried steak and tater tots for Thelma. Carol was drooling as he watched Thelma devour her steak.

After lunch, she showed him how she wanted him to clean the bathrooms. He was given a pair of bright yellow rubber gloves to protect his hands, but even so, it sent shivers up his spine when he had to dip them into the toilet bowl. It was obnoxious work for him, he didn't like it one bit and he told Thelma so. In response to his complaint, Thelma suddenly grabbed the back of his head and thrust it into the bowl he was starting to clean. "Maybe you'd rather do it this away, child," she said. "You know, we kin do this the easy way or da hard way. The choice is yours."

Carol came up sputtering and furious. As he started to rise up with his fist drawn back, Thelma grabbed him by the wrist, spun him around and flipped him on his back to the tiled floor. Before he could rise, she was on him. Flipping him over on his stomach, she began spanking him as hard as she could. He was crying long and hard, before she ceased pounding his butt. Needless to say, the rest of the day went by without any further protests or complaint from Carol.

The afternoon was spent in the laundry room. Carol was taught how to separate the clothing and how to use the right cleansing ingredients. While the washer was running, she instructed him in the fine art of hand washing Hillary's unmentionables. This brought Carol's rosy glow back to its full gleam. He didn't know what was truly the worst, washing Hillary's underwear or hand scrubbing out the "tire tracks" in his father's underwear. Any items of his were immediately thrown in the trash.

At four-thirty, Thelma allowed him to take a long bath and ordered him to shampoo his hair, which still reeked from his earlier dip in the commode. She gave him a bottle of strawberry scented shampoo and conditioner, telling him to use it freely and that she would check on him afterwards.

Carol was actually happy to be given the break and a chance to clean up. He felt filthy and dirty all over. At the last second, he remembered to add the bath beads and oils. He relaxed in the tub for almost an hour. He was still in the tub when Thelma walked in on him.

"Come on child, get out of there and get dressed. You still have dinner to prepare and the table ta set. You washed your hair like I done told you. Good. Get on out here and put your clothes back on. You got work to do."

Carol waited for her to leave but she stood her ground. Reluctantly, he stepped from the tub while grabbing the aqua towel from its rack. He started to rub himself dry when Thelma reminded him to pat himself dry and apply his bath powder.

Seeing him hesitate, she left the room, saying, "Well, ya aint got nuthin' I ain't seen before, but I'll leave you be. Just make sure you do everything Miss Hillary done told you to do. You got fifteen minutes to get ta the kitchen."

When Carol entered his bedroom, he found clothing similar to that he had worn earlier laid out on his bed, except the T-shirt was now pale lavender. There was also a bright white ruffled nylon apron and matching cap on the bedspread. "Oh for the love of God! Not another friggin apron," he mumbled as he started to dress.

In the kitchen, Thelma had a cookbook out and opened to a roast chicken recipe. She followed him around as he gathered all the ingredients and only commented when he did something wrong or inefficiently. With the chicken in the oven, he began preparing the side dishes and salad. At first he was not overly enthused about having to cook, but once he got into it, time and his problems seemed to dissipate. With the dinner prepared, his next task was to set the dining room table. Thelma showed him what silver to put out and how to set it properly. That finished, he was allowed to sit and rest a few moments and have a cup of tea.

Harry's First Day At Work

The ride to the office was quiet. Hillary was too preoccupied with her upcoming day and Harry too cowed to say anything. While he dreaded having to work in the design department, maybe after Hillary cooled down he could talk her into a transfer to the mailroom or something like that. They arrived at the office and Hillary led him to the personnel office.

"Harry, Janet has all the paperwork ready. All you have to do is sign. I'll see you in my office at 5:30 and drive you home."

"Yes, dear," Harry meekly replied.

"Oh one more thing, Harry. NEVER EVER refer to me as "dear", "darling", "honey" or anything similar again! I am not your dear, darling or honey as you so adequately proved. If you have to address me, you may use my first name or better yet, just plain 'Ma'am' will do. Understand?"

"Yes, Ma'am," he replied. If a face could have fallen further than Harry's did at that moment, it would have been a very sad face indeed.

Harry was directed to a wooden chair sitting in front of Janet's desk. Janet was all business and did not offer any inane conversation or even friendly greetings. "Mr. Lawson," she said while handing him a stack of papers and a pen, "I have taken the liberty to fill out all the necessary paperwork for you to sign. I think that you will find it all in order. The W-2 contains no exemptions. The next is our corporate employment contract. This form is acknowledgment of payroll deductions for your required uniform purchases...and...over here..." She paused to place three plastic wrapped bundles beside him. Inside each was a pale blue nylon coverall with "Harry" embroidered in bright pink thread above the left breast pocket and "Design Dpt." on the right hand side.

"Feel free to read them all and make any changes compatible with company policy. Once you're done with that, we'll get your photo ID made and then it's off to meet your new boss, Mr. Robert Valerie."

Much sooner than Harry desired, he stood alone facing his new boss, dressed in his new uniform. "Ahhhh, Mr. Lawson," Robbie almost lisped. "We are sooo happy to have you here. I am just tickled pink that you decided to come work for us." Robbie paused, reached out and slid his arm around Harry's waist. Harry tried to back away but Robbie was insistent. "Come dearie, walk with me while I introduce you to your coworkers. Oh my! Can't you just feel the love in this place? We are going to have *such* a good time."

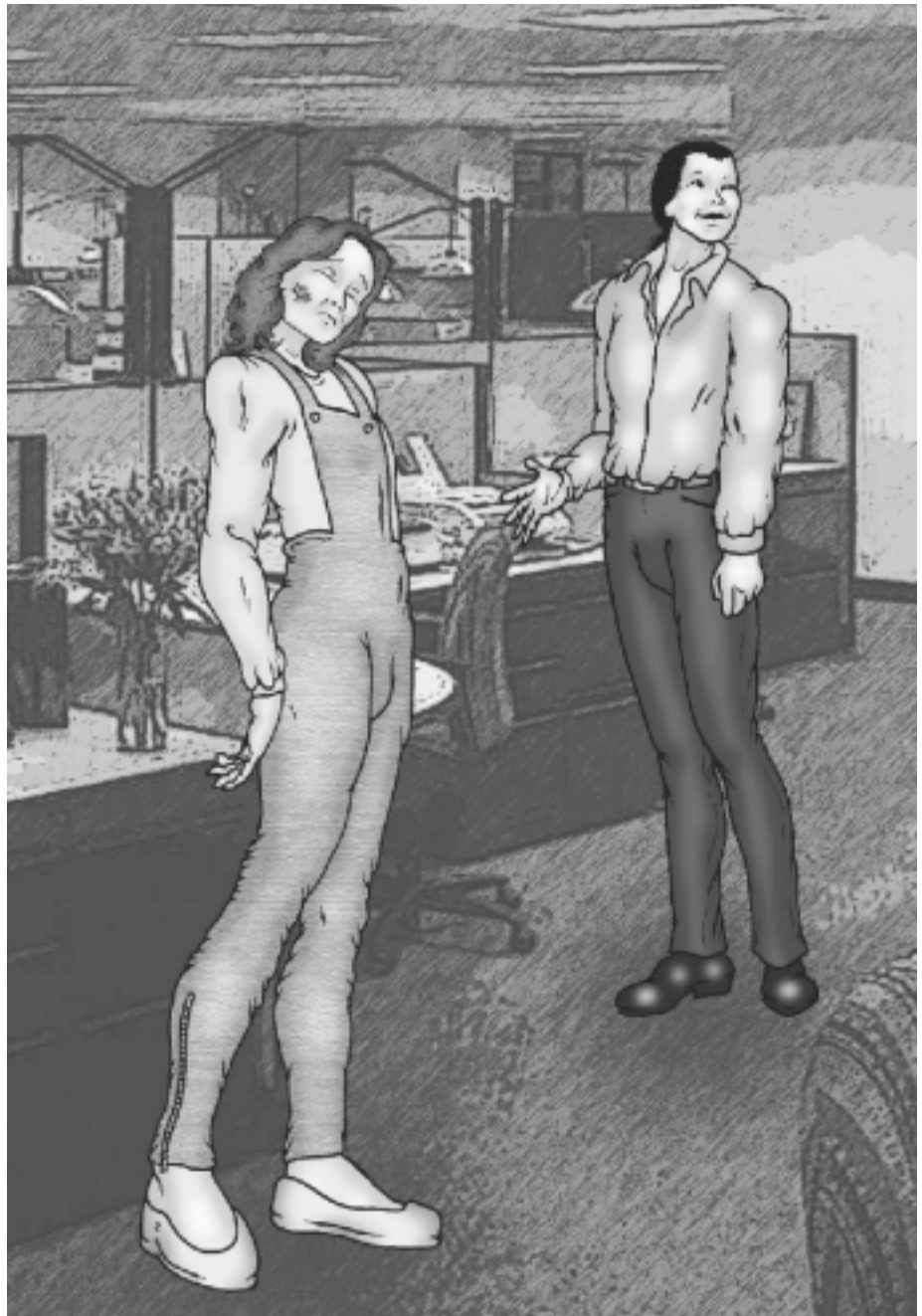
Harry cringed at having to walk beside his new boss as he swished his hips up against Harry's. Robert, or rather Robbie as he preferred to be called, was tall, rather thin with shoulder-length black hair tied in a ponytail. He was wearing a bright lavender silk shirt with the top two buttons undone and black velvet slacks. On his feet were sheer black nylon socks and black patent leather pointed skimmers. He walked with a pronounced swish and carried himself just like the fairy he admitted to being. As Robbie took him to workstation after workstation, his hips constantly rubbed against Harry's and his arm never left his waist.

Finally, Robbie removed his arm as they stopped at the last station. “This dear fellow is Bruno DeVinci. He will be your immediate supervisor. Harry meet Bruno and Bruno meet Harry. Well, I’ll leave you two alone to get better acquainted. Tata, sweeties. Be sure to play nice with each other.”

Bruno was like you would picture a Bruno to appear: over six feet tall, dark complexion, bald as a cucumber, broken nose and full lips. He was wearing black leather tight-fitting pants and open matching leather vest and a handful of chromed chains around his neck. On his wrist was a thick leather-banded timepiece and he wore heavy motorcycle leather boots. So far, the only person wearing a uniform in the entire department was Harry. To his viewpoint, every single person in the department looked like they were at a gay bar instead of a large corporation.

“I’ll make this easy on you, sweet cakes,” Bruno said as he stood. “I’m the boss. You are the gofer and my bitch. You do what I say when I say it and we’ll get along just peachy. For now, get that broom over there and sweep up all the stations. Rag scraps go in that fifty-five gallon bin over there, paper scraps and the other trash goes in the dumpster out back.” Bruno paused to come around his desk and stand beside Harry. As he did so, he grabbed Harry’s left ass cheek and gave it a good squeeze. Smiling down into Harry’s frightened eyes with enjoyment at seeing him flinch from the grip, he continued, “The door to the dumpster is over there. Now get busy.” To emphasize his order, Bruno slapped Harry’s nylon-covered ass that sent him on his way with a yelp of surprise and embarrassment.

Harry was not a happy camper by the time he



picked up the broom. He was indignant over his treatment and the sexual abuse he had been forced to endure. He found it almost unbelievable that Hillary's company did any business much less escape investigation by the EOEC with such a design team. At the moment, he just wanted to gag.

The situation got worse for him as the day progressed. It seemed like every time he bent over to pick up some trash, someone either pinched his bottom or slapped it. With each pinch or slap an accompanying "Hi toots" or "Nice ass, sweetie" or "Haven't I seen that ass before" comment was made. As the quitting hour approached, Harry became more and more anxious to get away from this bunch of freaks and was nearly in tears.

At last it was 5:30 and time to meet Hillary. As he stood over the large sink in the janitor's closet washing his hands and face, he felt two hands press against his tight-fitting coveralls. He tried to wiggle away, but whoever was behind him was both too strong and insistent to be moved. Harry's eyes nearly bulged out of this face as he felt the person move even closer to his bent over behind and begin humping.

"Shit! You sick pervert! Get the fuck away from me, you goddamn queer!" Harry shrieked, trying even harder to move away from the attack.

The next thing Harry knew was that his head was forced down and into the pool of water in the basin. By the time he managed to stand up and clear the water from his eyes, whoever had assaulted him had gone. Harry was very shaken by this ordeal and vowed to do whatever it took to get Hillary to transfer him to another department.

As he emerged from the closet, he couldn't help but notice that everyone in the office was staring at him with broad smiles on their faces. A chorus of "Ooooooh, look whose coming out of the closet now! You go, baby," "Toodleloo, sweet cakes," "Bye bye, cutie," "Don't forget to tell your mommy what a great time you had today," greeted him.

Bruno just smiled a wicked grin back at him as he walked past the desk. Bruno had his chair pulled back and was stroking a rather large bulge in the crotch of his leather pants with one hand. Harry shivered and quickly made his way out of the office. He almost ran all the way to Hillary's office. This had been one of the worst days of his now very miserable life.

The Trip Home

Harry entered Hillary's office and fell to his knees in front of her. "Please Hillary, oh for heaven's sake, please you have to..."

"Harry!" Hillary sternly ordered as she tore off a sheet of legal paper sitting on her desk, "Shut up and get up from there. What ever you have to say will just have to wait until later. We have to stop at the mall on the way home and I just do not have the time to listen to your peevish little gripes at the moment. I said get up! Come on, let's go."

At the mall, Hillary told Harry to wait in the car while she ran some errands. He wasn't happy about having to just sit there, but there wasn't anything he was going to do to upset her now. He just grinned and bore it. Hillary headed straight to a boutique she frequented and got the attention of one of her favorite salesclerk. "Hey! Jesse, I need a little help and I do not have a lot of time. Are you free?"

"For you, Hillary, always. What can I do for you?"

Taking the yellow sheet of paper from her purse containing the information Thelma had given her over the phone, she handed it to the salesclerk. "Look, here are some measurements. I need clothing, nothing too feminine, mind you, but suitable for a young tomboy's everyday wear. I will also be needing...hmm.. Let me see...say, twelve pairs of panties, six in white nylon and six in a pastel-colored cotton and twelve camisoles, same mix. Like I said, she's pure tomboy right now but I want to bring her to her feminine side soon. Later I will want some nice and pretty fluffy things for her to start enjoying, but I am having to go about this slowly. You know how kids can be."

"Yeah, sure Hillary. Come on over here and we will start with slacks and jeans, then progress over to the tops and lingerie. I do have some really nice unisex styles over here."

From the boutique, Hillary stopped at a shoe department and picked up two pairs of tennis shoes, one having pink detailing and the other pale blue. She also purchased a pair of black leather skimmers and two packages of girl's crew socks. Next, she went to the cosmetics counter and purchased a number of facial products, hand creams, and body lotions. Her hands full, she went back to the car and unloaded the items in the back seat. She ignored Harry's questioning look.

They arrived home without further incident. Both Thelma and Carol looked up from what they were doing in the kitchen as they came in. "Evenin' Miss Hillary," Thelma greeted. Carol did not greet her until Hillary looked him in the eyes, then offered a belated, "Mo...mother, Dad...Dad, are you alright? You look real pale."

"I'm fine, son. It's just been a hard day," Harry replied. Hillary gave him a nudge, "I...I've got to put these packages in the bedroom."

"Now that you're home, Miss Hillary, I'll get my things and be going. Carol here done real good once I got him motivated. Even fixed dinner all by hisself 'n set the table."

"Well I am real glad to hear that, Thelma. Come on, I'll walk you outside to the car. I need to talk to you."

When they were gone, Carol wiped his hands on his apron and went to find his father. "Dad, what's going on?" he asked when he entered the bedroom. "What are we going to do about it? I don't like this one bit. That maid had me washing out the commodes and all kinds of dreadful things. She even made me strip naked! Can you believe that? Right in front of her...a maid at that!"

"Shhhhhh, son!" His father raised his hands, trying to get his son to lower his voice. "She might hear you. Look, we can't talk now. She might come in at any moment and we don't want that to happen. For now, just go along with everything and don't give her any excuses. If she gets upset, I...I...I might be thrown in jail. No, don't

look at me like that. I didn't kill anybody, though I have been sorely tempted today, but just go along with this for a while until I have a chance to figure something out. Trust me Carol, I want out of this even more than you do, but for now, just let it rest. We'll have a chance to talk later and then I'll try to explain everything to you. Now, go on, get back in the kitchen before Hillary gets back. And remember to go along with whatever she tells you for now. Go on, get!"

Carol got back to the kitchen just in time. Hillary came in smiling like a cat just caught eating a bird. Her smile sent shivers up Carol's spine. "Thelma gave me a good report on you which I found a little surprising, but it is certainly better than the alternative, for your sake at least. I bought some things for you to wear that will be more appropriate than that grunge look you liked so much. From now on, I expect you to dress decently at all times. I don't expect that either of us want a repeat of last night's educational process. Do we? No! Good. I am going to change for dinner now and afterwards I will show you what I got. I'll be back in about thirty minutes; will dinner be ready to serve then? Yes! Fine."

That Night

The dinner was excellent, but Carol did not get to suppress his ravenous appetite. After the food was laid out on the table, Hillary took Carol's plate. She placed only one slice of chicken breast without the skin, about a tablespoon's worth of potatoes and carrots and a smidgen of gravy. She let him have a full serving of salad, but insisted that he use only a little oil and vinegar for dressing. As she handed it back to him he thought, *Damn, I could slurp this all down in one bite.* He took the plate and put it beside his salad bowl, looking in some respects like a sad little puppy. Before he sat down, he removed his frilly apron and hung it on the back of his chair.

"Carol," Hillary said as he sat, "you will find your meal much more filling if you cut it into tiny pieces and chew it slowly. At least that's what I have been told. Right, Harry?"

"Yes Hillary, but don't you think that that is a rather small portion for a growing boy?" Harry knew that his comment might get him in trouble but he had to try. The glare that Hillary shot him told him that his assumption was correct.

"Harry, Carol has a tendency to be obese and since I have taken over responsibility for the boy, I will do what I think is best for him. Hasn't he complained loudly enough about my weight problem in the past? Now, don't you agree that we can't allow him to eat so much that his weight exceeds recommended guidelines for someone his age?"

"Yes, Hillary," was his only response.

The remainder of the meal passed in a strained silence. When they were all finished, Hillary, being the last one to clean her plate, told Carol to clean up the mess and do the dishes. "When you finish making sure the kitchen is completely cleaned, come into my bedroom. Oh, and bring me a fresh cup of coffee. A dash of cream and two sugars."

Carol did as he was told. Carefully holding the cup of coffee in his left hand, he knocked on her bedroom door. Hearing her “come in”, he opened the door. “Put it on the side table and come over here,” she said. “Oh, from now on, please remember to put the cup on a serving tray along with the milk and sugar when you bring me anything, okay? Here, what do you think of this?”

Hillary was holding a pair of wide-leg linen slacks in a soft beige color up for his inspection. Seeing him just stare at the slacks, she reached into the bag and removed a pair of London Jeans with tapered legs in a sandblasted blue color. Another pair of Capri-cut London Jeans in a Java color came next, quickly followed by a pair of white slim pants in a stretch combed cotton fabric with a clean front side zip and notched ankles.

Carol was too stunned to say anything as Hillary continued to pull clothing out of the various bags. “Oh, and these are the tops that I selected to go with your new pants,” Hillary continued without missing a beat. The first item was a short-sleeved stretch shirt with button-down collar; breast pocket, three button closure and shirttail hem in a sand color. “Isn’t it just adorable? It will go beautifully with your new white pants,” she said as she reached into the bag once again. She pulled out two darted silk shirts with shirttail hem, fitted long sleeves with two front pockets and button cuffs in a matte satin slate blue color and one in white. “To go with your jeans,” she said. Next, a white stretch knit cotton/nylon/Spandex double V-neck sweater with capped sleeves was put on the growing pile. A cotton/Spandex tank top with a square neckline front and back in a pale lavender came next and another cap-sleeved tee with a horseshoe neckline and side slits in white quickly followed.

Carol just stood there, his jaw hanging slackly, as he continued to watch Hillary pull things from the seemingly bottomless bags. She tossed a pair of rubber platform sneakers with an exaggerated wedge sole in a pale blue, followed by a similar pair in pink. At last she seemed to have reached the bottom of the bags as she picked one up and turned it upside down, spilling out packages of socks and what appeared to be underwear. “There, that’s all the goodies for tonight, Carol. Once we get your weight to its proper level, we’ll go shopping and get you some real nice things. Won’t that be lovely? Carol, I asked you a question?”

“Yeah, sure whatever you say, Mo...mother.” Carol was still having trouble saying “mother” to this crazy woman. How could she expect him to wear that clothing? Why, it was totally uncool. Besides, it looked too girlish, but he knew he would have to play along until his father came up with something to change their situation.

“Well, that’s not a very enthusiastic response, but I suppose it is the best I can expect from an ungrateful child. That’s all right, you will grow to appreciate my generosity soon enough. Now, let’s go to your bedroom. I have other things I must show you tonight. Here, help me carry your new clothing to your room.”

Once in his room, she had him remove all the tags and put them away. The underwear and socks went into his dresser, the pants and tops on hangers in his closet. As he was doing this, Hillary cleared off the top of his dresser and began putting jars and bottles there instead. His model planes and trinkets unceremoniously went into the now empty bag.

"It's getting late, Carol, and it's time for your bath. I have some new bathing products I want you to begin using," she told him as he put away the last of the clothing. He meekly followed behind her, carrying his pajamas and robe over his arm. Once in the bathroom, Hillary put down the last bag and removed its contents.

First out of the bag were three white containers. As Hillary placed them on the rack hanging beside the tub, she told him that they contained skin cleanser, exfoliators, and hydrators. "The cleanser will provide your skin with a 'newborn' clean silky feel, the exfoliators are a natural sugar-based product that will remove dead cells from your skin, and the hydrator will leave your skin after your bath soft, smooth, and clean while moisturizing it at the same time. You will make this a part of your daily toilet. Understand? Good! Make sure you follow the directions and use these lotions on your entire body, except your face. I have similar crèmes and lotions on your dresser that are exclusively for facial application. Once you have finished your bath, I will show you how to apply them. Now I am going to get my coffee and be right back. Tonight, I want to observe to see if you remembered all I have told you regarding your nightly toilet."

It was down right embarrassing. There she sat on a padded stool, her fat ass almost hanging off the sides, watching him as he first bathed, then applied the various body lotions and crèmes. Fortunately, the new lotions were scent-free, but he still smelled too much like a flower. After he had brushed his teeth and applied underarm deodorant, she inspected his body. "Okay, get into your pajamas and I will see you in my room."

When he got there, she had him sit at her lighted vanity. "Here are the same facial lotions and moisturizers that I put on your dresser. As you do not have your own vanity yet, one will arrive tomorrow. Sit here and use these. Now, the first thing you do is exfoliate." Hillary spent the next thirty minutes teaching Carol how she wanted him to care for his face.

More Humiliation

At 5:30 AM, Hillary woke Carol and told him it was time to fix breakfast and that he could dress afterwards. Groggily he crawled out of bed. He was exhausted from fitful dreams and nightmares. In the kitchen he made Hillary and Harry omelets, toast and hash browns. Again, all he was allowed was half of a grapefruit, dry toast and black coffee. Hillary made sure that he took his vitamins, then left to change for work, taking Harry along with her.

Finished cleaning the kitchen, Carol went up to his room to change. On the bed was a set of his new clothing. The London Jeans with the tapered legs, the matte slate blue satin shirt, white nylon briefs, crew socks with blue trim and his new blue sneakers. Carol did not like them, but knew that he had no choice. The jeans fit him strangely. The waist was too tight, the zipper seemed short and settled a bit low on his hips, the back pulled tightly into his butt and the crotch was confining. Uncomfortable, but they did have stretch. *She must have got a size too small*, he thought.

The shirt had the buttons on the wrong side and it took him a few moments to realize it, the chest seemed to be way too full, the cuffs were too big and a little tight. The shirt was soft and clingy as well. The material actually felt good on his skin but again, he was not pleased with either the fit or any of his new clothing. There was no belt, so he tucked the shirt into his jeans after pulling on the socks and shoes. Finished dressing, he looked in his mirror on the way out.

“Totally uncool!” he muttered as he saw his reflection, “and these shoes feel weird. This is totally unfuckin’ believable. Dad had better mend his fences or come up with a good plan soon or I’m outta here.”

He arrived in the kitchen just as Thelma walked in and the others were leaving. His Dad was wearing a blue nylon coverall and looked like he hadn’t any sleep. He was positively dragging as he walked out the door behind Hillary.

Thelma put a bundle on the kitchen countertop and turned to face Carol, “Well, good morning child. My, you do look nice in dem new clothes, but that shirt tail is suppos’ ta be left hanging out. Go on, pull it out fo’ ya wrinkle it too much. Here.” She turned to the package and pulled out a fresh baby blue nylon frilled pinafore apron and matching cap. “I brought some things from da house for you. I have two mo’ sets in the bag. Well, what do you say? I’d thought dat you would be happy. Here I goes out my way to keep you from gittn’ in trouble with Miss Hillary and what kind a thanks does I get?”

Carol took the offered garments reluctantly, but managed to stammer out “Thank you, Thelma.” As he shook out the apron and realized just how feminine it was, his jaw dropped. “Thel...Thelma, isn’t this a bit much? Don’t you have anything less...less, you know?”

“No child, I do not. Now you put them on and let’s get ta work. We have lots ta learn today. Here, let me show you how to tie dat sash.”

The first thing on the agenda was to move his dresser to the far corner of his room to make space for his new vanity. Next was making all the beds, dusting, vacuuming, and cleaning the master and his bathrooms. The only thing Thelma helped him with was the dresser; otherwise, he did all the necessary labor.

It was just about lunch time when they delivered the vanity. It did not match his other dark oak English-styled furniture, but Thelma said that would be no problem, as he would be getting all new furnishings. Carol did not like the sound of that, especially if it was like the vanity. The vanity was in a French Provencal style, white with gold trim and had a cushioned bright pink satin bench-style seat. Fortunately, Thelma let him hide out in the kitchen when the delivery men arrived, otherwise he would have been even more embarrassed and upset.

Lunch was again meager and Carol’s stomach twisted up in knots by early afternoon. He felt nauseated and broke out in a cold sweat. Thelma took pity on him and let him lay down on the couch with a cool cloth on his forehead while she watched some soaps on the television. An hour later, she was teaching him how to iron Hillary’s delicates and the other clothing. It was hot and boring labor, but Carol was learning. He now knew that delicates were done first with the iron set on cool and cottons last with the setting on hot.

Cooking the evening meal, Carol's stomach was churning with what he believed to be hunger pains. As the roast simmered under the broiler, he was preparing broccoli and new potatoes for the side dishes. Fresh spinach was sitting on the drain board waiting to be mixed with bacon vinaigrette he had made himself. The various smells were making him terribly hungry and giving him mild stomach cramps.

Again at dinner, he was terribly disappointed. Hillary only let him have a portion of the roast, several broccoli spears without the cheese sauce and two small potatoes. He was allowed as much of the salad as he wanted, but without the dressing. A disappointed Carol ate his meal without the appetite he thought he would have, but he scraped every last bit of food off his plate that he could.

As Carol finished cleaning the kitchen, Hillary walked in and asked him to brew her a pot of tea. When Carol reached up to the cabinet to get the tea service, she barked at him, "What's the meaning of this?"

Carol did not have any idea of what she was talking about, but jumped to attention. Hillary walked over and lifted his right arm by the elbow. "What's this?" she demanded again. Carol still did not have the faintest inkling of what she was talking about. "I don't know? What?" he replied?

"Look at this stain on your pretty new shirt. Did you use your deodorant like you are supposed to?"

"Yeah, I think so." He wasn't sure whether or not he had, but not wanting to get into any trouble, said more firmly, "Yes, I am sure that I did. I always use it, but not that kind before. Maybe I just need my old stuff back?"

"Well, you come with me and you had better change your tone or else."

Carol followed her to the hall bathroom that both he and his father now shared. "You wait here! I'll be right back and you had better be stripped when I do get back or you will feel another taste of my hairbrush."

She came back carrying a large white jar with a chrome lid in one hand and her hairbrush and latex gloves in the other. A scowl was on her face, "I thought I told you to strip! Why are your panties still on?"

Carol was both frightened and blushing as she walked over to him, putting the jar on the counter top. He quickly dropped his drawers in response to her order and kicked them off to the side. He totally missed her reference to "panties".

When she reached him, she grabbed him by his right underarm and, squeezing the tender flesh, she forced him over to the commode where she placed him over her ample lap. "This is for disobeying me and for ruining your beautiful new shirt," she said as she began pounding his upturned buttocks. "You are going to have to learn how to take care of your beautiful new clothing and follow my instructions about your personal hygiene. Otherwise, you will get to know my hairbrush on a very personal basis."

While he was laying on the floor crying, she pulled out a violet-colored shower cap and tossed it to him. "Here, put that on and get over here on the bath mat. I am going to help you one last time and you had *better* pay attention!"

Carol stood sniffing with his legs spread and his arms raised parallel to his sides. Hillary, wearing gloves, began smearing the contents of the jar all over his body. He jerked as she spread a lavish amount of the crème across his genitals and rubbed it in. With his body completely covered front and back, she told him to just stand there and not move until told otherwise.

The crème felt cool when it was applied but soon became hot and irritating. Not only that, but the now foamy crème was giving off a rotten egg smell that seemed to get worse as time passed. He wanted to drop his arms and hop from one foot to the other, but Hillary might come back into the room at any second, so he dared not disobey her.

When she returned, sipping from a cup of tea, she eyed him critically with a slight sneer on her face. "I think that after tonight, you will probably be more thorough in your hygiene rituals and more aware of your clothing. I will not have you ruining perfectly good clothing with your sweat."

She walked over to the shower and turned on the faucets. Setting the temperature a little above lukewarm, she gestured for him to get in while handing him the loofa sponge. Carol was never so happy about taking a shower. He jumped in and began vigorously sponging off the offending goop. It wasn't until he removed it from his groin that he discovered that his hair was gone as well. "Nooooooooo, oooohh nooooooooo!" he moaned at what the crème was doing to him.

Once out of the shower and as hairless as a newborn babe, Carol had no fight left in him. He stood as directed while Hillary examined every inch of his body. Poking here and there as she checked him for any missed spots. "Uuuum, I think we got it all. As of today you will keep your body like this. I don't ever want to see another unruly hair on you, is that understood? Since your skin seems a little sensitive to the crème, I will expect you to shave both your legs and armpits as often as necessary. I'll bring you some razors and shaving gel tomorrow when I get home."

She paused as she came around to his front and looked directly at his groin. With a big smile, and to his acute embarrassment, she added, "Oh, I think I like the look of that. Keep it shaved as well. It will help keep your body odor under control. Just remember, no hair except on your head from now on!"

"You might as well take your bath and finish your toilet. You might want to go a little heavy on the moisturizer. I see that your vanity was delivered. Don't forget to do your facial. I don't want to wake up one morning and see a bunch of pimples scattered all over your face. There is no excuse for having pimples in this day and age. I certainly don't want to see any on your face."

As she finished, she turned toward the bathroom door. Carol's stomach let out a loud growl and a sharp cramp made him groan. "Are you all right? What's the matter? Your tummy bothering you?"

He told her that he was having troubles with his stomach and that he had been having cramps off and on all day long. Seeing that she appeared somewhat concerned, he took a chance and added that he thought it was because he wasn't getting enough food.

"Nonsense," she replied. "You are getting enough calories and the meals are well-balanced, but you may be coming down with a bug. I'll get you something. Now, hurry up and finish."

As he was sitting at his new vanity performing the last step in his facial, Hillary returned and handed him two white pills and a glass of water. "Here, this is some of my Midol. It should help. I'll stop and get you your own tomorrow."

Harry's Day

As Harry walked into the design department after clocking in, Bruno called him over. "Today, I want you to help Paulie. He's in the last cubicle on the right." Since yesterday at quitting time, Harry had been uncomfortable around Bruno. While he couldn't prove that he was the one that felt him up, he was fairly certain it had been him. He had learned several lessons yesterday. First and foremost, don't bend over to pick up anything. Bending down at the knees like a woman would prevent his butt from being pinched or slapped. Second, he learned never to turn his back on anyone, especially Bruno.

At Paulie's desk, Harry was quickly instructed on how to use drafting equipment that allowed the exact duplication of a design while tracing the original design on another piece of paper. "Okay Harry, I want you to make me three copies each of these designs. Go ahead and make yourself comfortable, as you will be here awhile. Remember to make sure that pattern paper you are tracing to doesn't snag or ripple while you copy the original. As you can see, it is somewhat fragile and you will have to keep an eye on it or the pattern will not trace true. If anyone wants me, I'll be at the fabrication shop. If you have any problems, call me there."

Harry sat and began carefully following the lines on the original drawing of a bra. He was about half way through when he noticed that the pattern paper had crinkled up on him and he had to start over. *Paulie was right*, Harry thought. *I am going to have to watch what I am doing or I will be here all fuckin' day.*

By lunch time, Harry figured he could draw bras in his sleep, but he finished the last copy. His fingers were cramped and stiff, but at least no one hassled him the entire morning. "Maybe today won't be so awful after all," he said to himself as he went to lunch.

When he returned from lunch, he saw Paulie standing with Bruno. For a moment, he thought that he might have screwed up somewhere as he was called over to them. "Sweetie," Bruno said, "come over here. We need you to do something for us. Paulie just got back with our latest design from the fab shop. Pull down your jumper and take off your shirt. We want you to try this on."

Harry looked at what Bruno was holding in his hand. At first he did not believe what he had heard, then as understanding set in, his mouth dropped. "Whaaa...what did you tell me? You don't think for one minute that I...that I wou...would put that on, do you? No way!"

“Sweetie, you heard me correctly. Strip off the shirt. We gotta see how this thing fits and wears. I am not used to explaining myself, but since you are new, I’ll do it just this once. The design staff, to ensure both utility and comfort before they take a prototype design to the production and sales committees, personally tests all items. That is one of the reasons our company does so well. In this case, all test bras are made 36 C in size. Look around you. Do you see anyone here beside yourself that has a puny 36 chest? No, don’t count Paulie as he has other more important duties. Besides, all he does is sit on his buns most of the time drawing and we need someone who moves around bending, pushing, and scooping. You’re pushing brooms and picking up stuff all day and those movements are more in line to adequately test this product. Now, get that shirt off and put this bra on!”

Harry was appalled, but did as instructed. He took the purple satin bra in his hands and just stared at it until Bruno told him how to put it on. “Just hook those three hook ‘n eye closures in front and then turn it around. Slide your arms through the arm straps and you’re done. It ain’t that complicated.”

Paulie came over and helped him adjust the straps and fiddled with the sagging cups. “This needs some help if we are going to be able to measure the true stress on the straps and cups. Bruno, you got them prostheses? Good, let me have them.”

“Now, Harry sweetie, I’m going to put these silicon inserts into the cups. They have the feel and weight of the real thing and are essential for a proper test. To do the testing adequately, you will have to wear this at all times except when you bathe for the next three or four weeks, otherwise we won’t learn what we need to.” Seeing Harry’s mouth start to protest, Bruno jumped in. “Look sweetie, you do as Paulie says. He will inspect you everyday to assess wear marks and stress lines. We need to see the effect on the material and your own skin. To do this, you will have to wear the bra and breast forms all the time. I don’t want to hear any thing more about it nor any complaint from you or I’m going to take it to Miss Hillary. I don’t think that you would want her to hear about your job performance this early in your tenure, or do you?”

Harry was beaten and he knew it. Crazy as it sounded, the idea of him wearing a bra almost sounded logical, but he had to offer at least some resistance. “Whaa...what about getting one of the models or other women here to test it? I would think that it would be a much fairer test, wouldn’t it?”

“If that were an option, don’t you think that we would do that? Now, this is positively the last time I am going to ‘splain things to you. The models are too busy showing the designs already in production and the few other women of the right size aren’t doing the movements that you do. They are usually sitting at desks, either selling or typing. We need constant physical movement to judge the stress and comfort of this product. Now, get your shirt back on and start sweeping.”

The rest of Harry’s day was shot and he was subjected to wolf whistles and comments. Adding to the humiliation, the bra straps kept falling off his shoulders and the band cut into his chest. He dreaded what Hillary would say when he showed up to go home, but he did not dare take it off. At quitting time, Paulie came over and had him remove his shirt in order to check the fit. He muttered a few things and adjusted the straps and loosened the hook and eye fasteners to the last link. “That should wear

more comfortably,” he said, “see you tomorrow and don’t forget to keep it on all night. Bye sweetie.” He was right about seeing Hillary. As soon as he walked into her office, she started laughing until tears came into her eyes. He just stood there blushing, trying to hold back tears of shame. “Oh, dear me,” Hillary gasped, “I’m laughing so hard my mascara is running. So you’re...you’re the new test dummy, are you? Well, Robbie knows what he is doing.”

Another Miserable Day

Carol’s morning started early as usual. Hillary had put out his clothes—pink cotton briefs, white stretch combed cotton pants, sand-colored short-sleeved three-button shirt, pink trimmed socks, and pink sneakers. He was not happy with the briefs, but they were plain cotton with no frills that he could see. They were something he would not have chosen, but he had seen similar underwear advertised for men. When he pulled them on, he was surprised at how snugly they clutched his body and how clearly they outlined his genitals.

He was confused when he tried to put on the pants until he realized that the zip went on the side and he was definitely not pleased with the cut. Especially the notched ankles and slim close-fitting legs. It was just too feminine; as a matter of fact, everything was entirely too feminine for his taste. “What kind of dude would wear such clothing?” he mumbled as he continued dressing. The pants fit him low on the waist and entirely too snug in his crotch.

Carol still had a hard time believing that his father willingly wore a bra and he had thought that his clothing was feminine. It had been a startling shock when his father arrived home last night. Carol even rubbed his eyes in disbelief hoping that he was seeing things, but his father still had two very prominent bulges on his chest.

Harry had stuttered a brief explanation, but couldn’t disguise the humiliation and fear in his eyes. *If Hillary could make his father wear a bra, what could she do to me? Man, if he is this pussy whipped what am I gonna do?* he thought.

He spent the night worrying about his father and what was happening to both of them. He thought about running away, but he doubted that he could just abandon his father. Granted, his dad might not be the best, but he was all he had. Besides, he did not have much cash and didn’t know where to run. He had heard enough about what happened to runaways, especially if they didn’t have any money, in LA. Also, he wasn’t sure if he had the guts to really do it unless things got really really bad. He finally decided to wait and see, but would try to accumulate some money if he could. As a result of his turbulent thoughts and continued upset stomach, he did not get much sleep.

Today, Thelma had him wearing a bright pink pinafore apron and matching dust cap. She smiled as she watched him performing his duties. Every time he bent over, she could clearly see the panty lines and a hint of pink color showing through the seat of his pants.

He performed his chores satisfactorily and only received three quick pops to his ass by Thelma when he failed to move quickly enough. Again that afternoon, he was allowed a respite as they watched some soaps. He almost nodded off during one episode,

but a pinch on his upper arm made him pay attention to the screen. The soaps were totally inane and boring to his way of thinking and he couldn't understand the attraction. However, Thelma wanted him to pay attention so he could relate the stories to Hillary when she came home.

Another major shock to his system occurred during the last soap when the doorbell rang. It was one of his girl friends and when he heard her voice talking to Thelma, he just about shit his pants. It was Betsy, and she had a big mouth. She was also pissed at him because he had dumped her after getting what he had wanted from her. If she saw him dressed like this and wearing an apron, it would be the death of his reputation. Frantically, he waved and motioned to Thelma not to let her in. Betsy was insistent, yelling that Thelma was "just the maid". She barged into the hall, getting past Thelma. Carol made a dash to the bedroom and wasn't certain whether or not he had been seen.

"Betsy, go away! I'm not in the mood to discuss anything with you. We're finished. I thought that I made that clear the last time you were here. Besides, I'm not feeling well," he yelled from his bedroom. Fortunately, Betsy did not argue and after a hushed conversation and loud giggle, left the house.

Feeling safe after he heard the door shut, Carol stepped out of his room, wringing his hands on the apron. He walked directly into the flash of a camera being held by Betsy. "OH SHIT!" he shouted in surprise.

"Oooooohh Carol, you are just too precious! Absolutely divine! The gang just won't believe this! No wonder you dumped me, you little faggot! I just can't believe it, wanting to learn how to be a maid and wearing those clothes. A maid! Now I have seen everything. Tata, Toots. Maybe I'll bring the guys over later for a visit and you can serve us some tea, hahaha."

Two hours later it was back to the laundry and the ironing board. He was still trembling from his encounter with Betsy and worried what she would do now. "Damn! Where did she get that camera? I'm screwed, royally screwed and tattooed."

Harry's day was not going any better. Paulie came by three times and had him remove his shirt so that he could inspect both the bra and skin indentations caused by the bra on his chest, shoulders, and back. It was embarrassing, standing there in the middle of the design department half-naked while his bra lines were examined. He caught all kinds of catcalls and innuendoes from his coworkers as he stood silently being examined. He was more than ready to go home by quitting time.

Hillary was waiting for him and was ready to leave when he got there, "Come along, we have some stops to make on the way home."

"Stops? But...but Hillary...I...I..won't have to get out, will I?"

"No Harry, you can stay in the car, but you are going to eventually have to get used to being seen like that. Aren't you going to be wearing that for a while? Anyway, it doesn't matter. Come on, let's go."

Hillary pulled into the bright parking lot of the drug store, making sure that the interior of the car was well-lit by the outside lighting. Harry just slunk down as far as he

could in the seat as Hillary got out. "I won't be too long. Are you sure you don't want to come in? No, well okay, suit yourself."

She decided to take her time and slowly browsed through the store. At the cosmetics counter, she found a pale pinkish lip balm in a clear plastic lipstick-like dispenser. In the feminine hygiene department she found several "menstrual" related medicines. "Uuum, this one looks good. 'For relief of minor cramping, bloating, and headache caused by menstrual periods. Take two tables four times per day. Do not exceed twelve tables per day,'" she said as she tossed it into her basket. As she started to move on, a sign caught her eye, "Special: Feminine Syringe ONLY \$3.95." She picked up the box and examined it. Inside was a bright pink rubber bulb and beside it a large white grooved plastic attachment with a large head. *Oh I think this will help poor Carol's cramps immensely*, she thought as she tossed it into the basket as well. While she was at it, she tossed in some panty shields and tampons.

On her way to the checkout, she added a manicure set, extra emery boards, cotton balls, baby oil, floral-scented shampoo and conditioner and a floral-scented perfume in a plain-looking bottle. Back in the car, she removed the instructions from the syringe box and removed the box that the perfume came in. These she threw out the window and replaced the items back into the bag. Harry just looked gloomily at her and did not say a word. Even though he disliked litter bugs, he wasn't about to say anything.

After pulling out of the parking lot, she drove to a nearby furniture store. Again, Harry elected to stay in the car while she did some shopping. She returned a few minutes later, all smiles. "Please Hillary, can't we go home now?" Harry pleaded as she got back in the car, "People have been staring at me."

"Oh, quit being such a worry wart, Harry. Nobody gives a shit about you. After all, this is LA. People here have much more on their minds and have seen weirder sights than you. You're just imagining it. We'll be home soon enough."

The meal went quietly until Harry lashed out, "Carol, will you pleeeaaazzzee stop staring at me! I find it most uncomfortable and I am only doing it because it's in my job description! Now, please find something else to stare at."

Carol mumbled an apology and averted his eyes. He tried to say he was sorry, but it kind of just died out. He was having a problem staring at his father's enhanced figure. He hoped he would get used to it before his dad decided to start punishing him, too.

That night, Hillary called Carol up to her room. "Ahhh, Carol, that outfit looks so *you*. I should have mentioned it sooner, but, well, anyway, you do look precious. Here, I bought you some things that will help you. Here is that bottle of medicine I promised to bring. Also, I picked up something else that will go a long way in easing your cramps. Come along into my bathroom and I'll show you how to use it correctly."

Carol followed her into the room and began undressing as she told him to do. While he was taking off his clothing, Hillary pulled out the feminine syringe and attached its nozzle. She then began filling the basin with warm soapy water. Putting the nozzle into the water she squeezed the bulb and released it a couple of times until she was satisfied that it was full.

“Come over here by the commode, Carol. Now, what I am going to show you will be embarrassing, but it is for your own good. When I am finished, I expect you to do it yourself. I believe if you do it every morning for the next five days, you should be all right and your cramps taken care of. This little thing is called a syringe. Once the nozzle is connected to the bulb, you hold it under some warm sudsy water. Squeezing the bulb will fill it. You got that? Good. Now, you may want to dab a little bit of petroleum jelly on the tip, but for the sake of expediency I am not going to do that tonight. Now, bend over.” She paused while he very reluctantly did as told and, placing one hand firmly on his lower back, she continued her lecture. “This may hurt a little but all cures cause a little pain...”

She shoved the round flared nozzle quickly up his rectum and held it there. When she did this, Carol tried to jump away, but was held in place by Hillary’s heavy arm. He howled in his initial shock and surprise and tried to squirm away but she held him steady. Slowly, she began working it in and out of his bottom. “See! That wasn’t so bad, now was it? Anyway, you will need to work the nozzle all the way in but not all the way out for, oh, say four or five minutes before you do this.”

As she finished, she squeezed the bright pink bulb hard, forcing its contents deep into Carol’s insides. Once again he tried to jump away, but was restrained. He had been letting out little yelping and moaning noises as she completed her task much to her satisfaction. “Hold it in! Hold it!” she commanded as she released him and watched him hop from one foot to the other while covering his groin with both hands. Hillary saw that he was trying to cover up his erection. Her smile almost stretched her face.

Finally, she allowed him to sit and release the pent-up solution. It came out, gushing and it had an odor that filled the room. As he sat there groaning into his hands, Hillary told him that he might want to add just a bit of cologne to the cleansing water next time. As a matter of fact, she said that she had a bottle for him that she just remembered.

Carol was blushing all over as he finished up and flushed the toilet. “Ohhhhh, that was horrible,” he almost cried, “please don’t make me do that ever again.”

“Don’t be silly, Carol. How do you feel? I bet you don’t have that crampy feeling any more. See here, I found that bottle of cologne. Just put a few drops into the water before filling the syringe. You know, it smells good enough to wear everyday on the outside. Just imagine how well it will make you smell on the inside. I think that I would like you to do that for me. Okay, now let me see you do it all by yourself.”

“What? Not again! Please! I am all right now, I don’t need to do this again,” Carol pleaded.

“Of course you have to do it again! How *else* am I going to know if you are doing it right? Besides, you should do it everyday for the next five days to realize any benefits. Come on over here and fill it back up.”

It was a mortified and humiliated Carol that emerged from the master bath, carrying his new syringe with him. It was wrapped in a pink plastic envelope-styled carrying case. Before he could get out of the door, Hillary told him she had some more items for him to take. He watched as she removed a box of panty liners, a manicure set, emery

boards, and lip balm out of the bag. "Take these, you will need them. Drop your undies and I will show you how to use these pads. You will need them to protect your undies from any stray leakage. You certainly don't want that leaking into the crotch of your briefs, do you?"

Carol's embarrassment got worse as she showed him how to peel the backing off the pad and stuck it firmly to the crotch of his pink underwear. "There! That's much better, isn't it? It will make you feel so much fresher knowing that is there to protect you," she said as she patted his padded groin. Carol turned fiery red as she finished. "Oh, I'll have Thelma teach you how to manicure your nails tomorrow and you will need this kit. I got you some shampoo and conditioner too, but it's too late to use tonight. You are under a bit of a strain right now, so Thelma can help you wash your hair tomorrow. Also, I've noticed you have been biting your lips lately and they look really dry. Here is a tube of lip balm. Use it daily. I don't want to see any cracks or bleeding lips. Understand? Now, why don't you go and finish up and get to bed. Remember to cleanse yourself every morning for the next five days and use the pads."

It took Carol a very long time to fall asleep that night. Nightmares filled his mind and he tossed and turned most of the night. Finally, in the wee hours, his exhausted body and mind drifted into sleep.

Room for Change

5:30 AM came early that morning and he struggled to keep his eyes open as he prepared breakfast. He was told that since he had some special personal care to do that morning, he should come down in his pajamas. The smell of eggs and bacon frying made him want to throw up. He couldn't understand, as hungry as he was, how food made him nauseous. He quickly took two tablets of the new medicine and his regular vitamins, swallowing them down with a glass of orange juice. He was happy to eat his plain toast and sip at the black coffee. The idea of really eating upset his tummy. When he was finished, Hillary told him to go to his room and clean up. He could do the dishes afterwards. To his mortification, she said that she would be right along to see if he needed any assistance. He knew and dreaded what she was referring to.

While the tub was filling, Carol prepared his syringe. Just holding it made his skin crawl, but he knew that Hillary would make sure he did as he was told and he tried to block out of his mind what he knew he had to do. Sure enough, Hillary entered the bathroom just as he was finishing up. She noticed the erection that he tried unsuccessfully to hide with his hands.

"I am glad that you are conscientiously following through on your personal hygiene. You know, I am a little surprised that you actually did. I brought my brush just in case. I am so glad that I won't have to use it this morning. Thelma will be up here in a few minutes to help you wash your hair and finish up, so no need to hurry. You will

cooperate with her, I am sure. I need to get to work. Oh, by the way, the department store will be delivering your new furniture today. Be so good as to empty out your dresser and strip the bed. The delivery people will take the old stuff away. Have a nice day.”

As Hillary left, Carol let himself slip under the water. Fully submerged, he gave a passing thought to just drowning himself. *Oh, fuck, what’s the use? Thelma would probably just give me mouth to mouth and revive me, then Hillary would beat the crap out of me. That is, if I have any left,* he thought.

It had been embarrassing enough with Betsy discovering him and Hillary giving him no privacy. However, Thelma was even a worse humiliation. A common maid seeing him naked and performing rituals totally unsuited to the male species. *Oh! The shame of it all,* he thought, *am I ever going to get any peace and privacy? Oh shit! What if Betsy were to see me doing this? Just put a gun to my head! I’m doomed! Doomed!*

The water was just getting cool when Thelma walked in without so much as knocking to announce herself. “Well, well, what have we here?” she said on entering. “You startin’ ta look like a prune. Ya ready for me to show ya how ta wash your hair? Where did you put the shampoo and conditioner?”

It took the better part of thirty minutes to wash and crème rinse his longish hair. Thelma’s instructions were more elaborate than he would have thought. He had never spent so much time working on getting his hair clean. He blushed scarlet as she stood her ground and watched as he first patted himself dry, then applied the floral-scented talc to his body.

“You have some pretty nice white skin there, child. Good thing ya taking care of it so well. I’ll get your clothing ready. You hurry up and finish in here. We gots lots to do this morning.”

When he arrived in his bedroom wearing just his robe, with his hair still wrapped up in the towel Thelma had put round it, his wardrobe was all laid out. Thelma had put out his Capri cut London Jeans with the notch in the legs, his new white cap-sleeved T with horseshoe neckline and side slits, pale blue cotton briefs, blue trimmed socks, and blue sneakers. Additionally, there was a pale blue nylon frilled bib apron and matching dust cap. He groaned as he walked over to the bed and started to draw on his briefs.

“Ain’t ya going to put in your pad first?” she said from behind him. He had not heard her walk in.

“Aaaahhhh, yeah, sure,” he replied blushing furiously. He pulled his leg out of the briefs and went over to the vanity and removed the box of panty liners, selected a pad and, with trembling fingers, attached it to the crotch of the briefs. “Errr, Thelma, I...I need a favor. Please, don’t let any of my friends in the house ever again. At least not while...er..you know not while I’m like this.”

“Child, I can only tells ‘em ya don’t want ta see ‘em. I ain’t gonna let dem get physical on me no more! Dat’s fer sure! You quit worrying your self about something like dat. You got more important things ta do today, but I’ll try my best ta keep your friends away. Now, you hurry up and finish. You got work to do.”

Once he was dressed, he helped Thelma strip the bed and remove the remaining clothing from his dresser. While they were at it all of his posters were pulled down as well. Once they were done, Thelma had him go and clean up the kitchen.

The deliverymen arrived around 10:30 AM with his new furniture. It was his worst dream coming true. Good-bye to his manly oak furniture, hello to French Provincial in white with golden trim and feminine style. At least the bed did not have a canopy; it was a simple spindle bed, yet elegant. He tried his best to keep out of sight of the moving men. The last thing he wanted was to have them see him dressed so humiliatingly. When the deliverymen left, he went to help Thelma make the bed using brand new linens.

The linens were a hot pink satin, the pillowcases had a small ruffled trim and the comforter was thick, and soft in a bright white with pink lace dust ruffles. Besides the bed and vanity, he now had a bureau and two side tables with figurine lamps. The lamps were pure femininity, being made of ceramic and cast as 17th century lady's-in-waiting. At the sight of the new furnishings and linens, Carol's knees weakened and for a moment he almost fainted. Thelma grabbed his elbow, steadying him and keeping him upright. She waited a few moments until he regained his composure, then told him to start putting away his things. When that was done, she told him she would trim and brush out his hair.

He didn't get finished until lunch time, so he had to prepare it before Thelma was ready to do his hair. She had him sit in a kitchen chair with the towel now draped across his shoulders. She used a large comb to untangle the knots and then began brushing it slowly. She had parted it in the middle and pulled some of it down in front of his face. She told him to hold still while she trimmed and shaved the fuzz off the back of his neck. Before he could do anything to stop her, she took the scissors and quickly trimmed the front of his hair just above the eyebrows. Then giving him a slap across the top of his head and telling him to hold still, she began snipping at the nape of his neck. He was disturbed about the way she had trimmed the front, but did not do anything reckless while she was holding a potentially deadly weapon.

After she finished trimming some split ends, she picked up a lady's razor and began to shave the back of his neck. Not satisfied with that, she grabbed his jaw firmly in her left hand and began removing his sideburns. He tried to protest, but she held his jaw firmly and told him to just sit still, she would be finished in just a moment. Carol had no choice but to comply. His rather longish hair was cut in a Prince Valiant look—bangs that just brushed his eyebrows and it was cut straight across the back where it just brushed his shoulders. Finished with his hair, Thelma carefully took the towel from his shoulders and shook it out over the trash bin. "Now you look like a nice clean cut child. That hair of yours was just too raggedy.

With his hair cut, Thelma told him that he should go and change his pad, then come watch the soaps with her. She even decided to make them both a pot of tea while he did as he was told. As he went to his bedroom, seeing himself in the vanity mirror, Carol vowed to have it out with "Mother." This was just too much and no American male should have to put up with what she had been doing to him. *Just as soon as she gets her fat ass in here, I am going to let her have it!* he swore softly as he moved to the drawer containing his pads.

13 Carol's Confrontation

Carol's temper simmered all that day and into the evening when Hillary and Harry came home. Seeing the haggard and distraught look on his father's face, Carol forgot about his own misery. *At least I don't have to wear a bra*, he thought. The next several weeks went by pretty much the way the past few days had gone. His nausea and stomach upset abated but he was beginning to feel more emotional. Crying for no reason, something he had never done in the past just seemed to happen now. It bothered him, but he wrote it off to his frustrations and Thelma's hard work schedule.

He held his temper under control, especially around Thelma, but it was during the nights when he had time to dwell on his situation that it arose, refreshed. Three weeks later, Betsy and two of her friends, Ted and Lucinda, showed up at his door. Fortunately, Thelma managed to keep them out of the house, just barely, using threats of calling the police to get them to leave. They did leave, but not before catching a glimpse of Carol in his apron and feminine clothing. It caused him to have what Thelma called an "anxiety attack", but to him it was a crying jag. He was upset for the rest of the day, both physically and mentally.

Carol was just finishing dinner when Hillary and Harry walked in. He put down the basting brush after giving one more swipe to the Cornish game hens he was preparing for dinner. If nothing else, he was becoming an accomplished cook under Thelma's guidance. He went over to kiss them each on the cheek. He hated doing this silly greeting, but Hillary demanded it. *Oh well*, he thought, *just one more thing to jump her case over. I'll tell her that I am not gonna do any of this shit no more once dinner is over.*

He put the hens back under the broiler and looked to Thelma for more instructions.

"You pretty much got it, the wild rice and mushrooms, tossed salad, and sweet potatoes for sides. You might want to chill a bottle of Sauvignon Blanc. Other than that, you got it pretty much in hand. I'll get my things and tell Miss Hillary good-bye. See you in the morning."

When Carol served dinner, he was allowed to place only $\frac{1}{4}$ hen on his plate and white meat at that (fewer calories according to Hillary), two tablespoons of rice and mushrooms, no potatoes, but again all the salad without dressing he wished. He also had to settle for a glass of water; wine had too many calories.

Looking at the meager serving on his plate with his stomach's rumbling, Carol's pent-up temper finally got the best of him. He had been building up to the boiling point since Betsy's unexpected visit and this was just too much. "If you think that I

am going to sit still for this, you are absolutely out of your friggin' mind!" he screamed while throwing his plate against the dining room wall, just missing Hillary.

"You...you bitch! I am not only starving to death but you got me looking like a friggin' girl. Doin' friggin girl's work..." He swept his right arm across the table, scattering plates, food and utensils to the floor. "I don't have to put up with this shit! I'm gone! Father, you can come with me if you want, but I am leaving! This bitch is too fuckin' weird! Stupid mother thinks I'm some friggin' girl or something! Wants me to call her 'mother'. Well, she ain't my Mother! I quit! I ain't gonna do no more girly work or dress like some kind of friggin' queer! She's even got you wearing a friggin' bra! A bra, of all things!"

He turned, pulled the ties on his apron, "You coming, father?" he almost spat at Harry. Seeing only a blank look on Harry's face, he threw the untied apron to the floor and was halfway out of the room when he felt a hand grab his shoulder. He twisted under the grip, lashed out with his fist and felt it glance off flesh. Carol was more than willing to fight for his freedom, but before he could do anything else, he was knocked to the floor. Standing above him, glaring down at him, was Hillary. He started to get up, but her foot landed squarely on his chest, pinning him to the floor. The high heel of her pump was digging into his flesh, just below his sternum.

"Harry!" she said in a cold soft voice. "Get your belt and teach your son a lesson he will not soon forget. It seems that he has forgotten just who and what he is. Don't make me ask you twice."

There wasn't anything Carol could do. Hillary outweighed him by twice his weight or more and she had him pinned. "Dad! Get this bitch off me! We don't need her or her bullshit! Ahhhhhhhh..." Carol winced in pain as Hillary's foot pressed down on his chest. He tried to push her foot off his chest, but it was impossible. Maybe a few weeks back he might have been able to do something, but with the weight loss and constant drudgery, he was no match for Hillary.

The next thing Carol felt was the stinging slap of his father's belt lashing him across the thighs. He felt the pressure of Hillary's foot leave his chest and he tried to roll out of the way of the lashing belt. He did not know how long the whipping lasted. All he remembered was trying to curl up into a ball and the belt lashing, lashing down on him, hitting him all over his lower body. He could not believe that his own father would do this to him, something he had never done before. That fact hurt worse than the actual whipping itself and he was reduced to tears and heartache. At last, the blows stopped. Tears were flowing freely down Carol's cheeks and his butt and thighs stung from the lashing.

Hillary reached down with a massive hand, grabbed his flesh where the throat meets the upper arm and pulled him painfully to his feet. "Ooooh, you have earned yourself a lot of grief for this outrageous display," she said in an almost emotionless tone. It sounded very cold. "So, you don't like my food, you don't like my choice of clothing. You obviously don't like much of anything that I have provided for you, do you? You think that I have been treating you like a girl? Well, we will see just how bad I have been with you. I promise you will miss these days soon enough. Now, clean up

this mess immediately!" As she finished talking, she shoved him away from her, sending him crashing into the wall with enough force to put a large hole in the sheetrock.

Carol quickly began cleaning up the mess he had made of dinner, tears falling down his face. What could be salvaged Hillary and Harry ate; the rest went into the trash. He did not get any dinner. After Hillary finished her meal and most of the wine, she rose and beckoned Carol to follow. As he followed her out of the room, he glanced over at his father who would not meet his eyes. Harry concentrated on scraping the small piles of food on his plate around and around. "Da...dad?" he asked in a plaintive tone. Harry glanced up from his plate and whispered, "Do as she says, son. I can't help you now." Carol hung his head and tears once again filled his eyes.

Hillary reached out and grabbed Carol by the ear and pulled him after her as she went down the hall. As she passed by her vanity on the way to the master bath, she picked up her hairbrush. She sat on the edge of her massive tub and told Carol to strip. As soon as he was naked, she reached out and pulled him across her lap. Easily holding him down, she began to methodologically pound his upturned cheeks with the hairbrush. The strapping he had received from his father was bad, but the flat wooden surface of the hairbrush was exceedingly painful. He was a babbling wreck by the time she had finished her punishment.

While he lay on the floor where she had dumped him, Hillary thickly coated a washcloth in soap. Kneeling down beside him, she shoved the saturated cloth into his mouth. "You spit that out and the next spanking you receive will make all the others pale in comparison. Now, you just suck on that for a while, then we will see just how much you like the 'F word' in the future. If I have to, you will eat that entire bar of soap. Understand? Good!"

Carol lay on the cold tile floor. Tears filled his eyes and cascaded down his cheeks as Hillary began filling the tub. "So you think your father looks ridiculous in a bra, huh? You think that I am dressing you like a queer? You think that I am making you do girl's work? Well, mister, from this moment on, I am going to show you exactly what being a girl is like! By the time I am finished with you, you will be a perfect little lady! If you don't cooperate, well, you really don't want to know what will happen then, I promise you. Now, get up from there and get into this tub. No, leave that in your mouth and I don't care if it makes you want to puke. You puke, you eat it. Understand?"

Carol woke the next morning to the ringing of his alarm. As he awoke, the events of the past evening came vividly into focus. He moaned in pain as he rolled over and felt the pressure of the mattress on his still sore buttocks. Slowly, he turned back over and swung his legs over the side of the bed. As he was moving towards the bathroom, Hillary met him at his door.

"Exactly where do you think you are going without your robe on?" she demanded. "You know that I expect you to be decent at all times. Get back into your room and put on your robe. What do I have to do to make you listen? You like getting a spanking? Now move it!"

As he hurriedly complied, he heard her say, "Can't you greet your Mother with a nice smile and say good morning sweetly?"

Unable to look her in the eyes, Carol did his best to smile and said, "Good morning, Mother." His voice came out soft and docile.

"Well, that is much better. I have drawn you a bath with lots of moisturizers and oils. I think your behind may need it this morning. Thelma will be here soon and I will tell her to let you relax this morning. So you can just put your jammies back on when you finish in here and don't worry about fixing breakfast. I will be home early and we will see about getting you some more appropriate clothing then." With that, she left him to his bath.

About 10:00 AM, Thelma came into his room without knocking. Carol was lying on his stomach in the bed. "Well, well, ya done gone 'n done it now, haven't you?" she said, much too cheerfully. "Mz. Hillary say I got to get ya ready ta go out today, so you better get up and get dressed. I'll pick out sumthin' nice for ya."

"Something nice" proved to be a pair of violet-colored Nylon briefs, white stretch combed cotton stretch pants with side zip and notched ankles, pale lavender cotton Spandex tank top with a square neck, ankle socks with a lavender lace frill and a pair of black skimmers. When he was dressed, you could just make out the outline of his panties through the material of the pants and a distinctive bulge in the front. To make his embarrassment even worse, the tank top and cut of the pants left his naval clearly in view.

"Please, Thelma I ca...can't wear this. You can see...see almost everything. Can't you find me something better? I have clean jeans in the closet. Let me put those on," he begged. Thelma was in no mood to argue; besides, she was very pleased at seeing this horrid youth so embarrassed. *Get me fired, did he? Make me go on welfare, did he? Well, I'll show him,* she thought as Carol almost came to tears.

She made him go to the bathroom to freshen up and put on his lip balm. After making sure that he did as instructed, she handed him his tube of balm, telling him to take it with him as his lips would need it that day.

"But Thelma, I...I don't have any pockets to put it in," he complained as they walked to the kitchen.

"Hush complaining' now," she said as she stopped at a closet and removed a small white clutch purse. "Here, ya put it in that. Now be sure ya don't lose it or your Momma will beat the tar out of ya."

Carol was going to say something about carrying a purse, but seeing the glint in Thelma's eyes, he decided just to do as he was told. He placed it on the table while he ate a late breakfast. He was hungry but the sight of the purse sitting on the table kept his appetite at bay. All he could think about was what Hillary had told him the night before and what she was going to do to him. He was not looking forward to their upcoming shopping trip and was scared more than he had ever been. He kept a watch on Thelma, hoping that she would leave him alone for a few minutes. If he could just get a moment of privacy, he could run out the back door and into freedom. If he was going to do it, now would be his only chance. It would be hard enough to explain how he was dressed once free, but the thought of what might transpire later would be even harder, if not impossible to explain.

Thelma could see that Carol was hatching up something by the way he was squirming. Knowing what was in store for him, she could fully understand just why he would want to run away. For a split second, she almost pitied him enough to give him his chance, but then again he had, with the help of his father, gotten her fired. Having to live on welfare and move into the projects because of what he did to her hardened her heart and the moment passed. *Lit'le shit, he gots what's commin' ta hisself*, she thought as she turned back to tidying up the kitchen.

At eleven, there was a knock on the door and Thelma went to answer it. She opened the door part way and spoke briefly to whoever was outside. Carol knew that it couldn't be Hillary and his curiosity was aroused. He stood up from the couch where he had been watching some daytime talk show and peeked around the corner to see if he could discover anything. Just as he looked around the corner, Betsey, Jerry, Bill and Melanie came through the door and saw him. Carol let out a yowl of fright and started to run for the back door. The deadbolt was locked and he didn't have the key. He was trapped and there was no way he could break it down before his friends got there.

"Hot damn!" Jerry exclaimed as he saw Carol frantically pulling at the door. "Betsey, I thought that you were pulling some kind of crazy trick on us with that picture, but....but this is just too damn much. I don't fuckin' believe it! Carol, are you turning faggot?"

By the time all the kids and Thelma had circled the cringing youth, he was in tears of shame. Betsey, smiling wickedly, said, "See, I told you he was a miserable faggot. Why do you think I dumped him? Cause he's got a big dick? Like, no way! Anything that little, well, you can understand why he's a closet fairy."

"Dumped him," was what stood out in Carol's mind. *Hell he dumped her miserable ass* he thought and he was about to reply when Bill spoke up. "I thought he was kinda funny, ya know? I remember once he grabbed my leg at a football game and again at the arcade he seemed to always be pressin' up against me. He is a damn faggot! Come on Betsey, take some pictures so we can show all the guys what a faggot Carol really is. Man, I don't ever want to get near that pervert again. Who knows what you can catch."

By the time his sight returned from the after effects of the flash bulb going off repeatedly, his so-called friends were gone. "Wh....wh...why did you let them see me like this?" he asked with tears streaming down his face. Oh, I'm ruined, ruined. If they see me now, they'll kill me."

The Shopping Trip from Hell

By the time Hillary arrived home, Carol had regained most of his composure but his eyes were red and puffy. Seeing him slumped on the sofa with his head in his hands, she smiled. *Looks like that phone call I made to Betsey worked even better than I planned. That outfit certainly makes him look like one of my design staff, hahaha.*

“Well, are you ready? We have a lot of shopping to do this afternoon and even more tomorrow,” she said as she walked over to him and lifted his face. “My my, why are your eyes so red and puffy, sweetie? Can’t talk? Cat got your tongue? Oh well, go wash your face and use some eye drops while you’re at it. I’m going to see Thelma; maybe she can shed some light on your condition. Go on now! Scoot!”

Carol wasn’t feeling much better by the time they reached the boutique, but his eyes had lost most of the redness. He got out of the car trying his best to become invisible to the few people he saw in the area. His attempt failed miserably when he heard Hillary almost shout, “Carol! You forgot your purse in the car. Come on boy, we are late as it is.” Blushing, he quickly retrieved the clutch and almost ran to Hillary’s side as she entered the store.

Seeing the clerk, Hillary called out again in a loud voice, “Jesse, Jesse, I am here with my stepson and need your help in getting him some nice outfits. Since he enjoys dressing up so much, I thought that I would treat him to something special before he goes back to school.”

Carol blushed bright crimson as Jesse walked up to them. “Hi,” she said, “So, this is the young man that likes to wear your clothes. I guess that you want to start with the basics and work your way up. Okay then, let’s go over to lingerie and see what we can find. I’m sure that we have something frilly and feminine enough for him.” Jesse spoke loud enough so that several nearby women overheard their conversation.

Still blushing, Carol was taken by the hand and led to the lingerie section of the boutique. A small handful of women, their curiosity aroused, following in their wake. Carol went into a daze and everything seemed like it was happening in a slow motion horror film. Voices were muffled and echoed in his mind and events occurred almost in stop motion to his senses. *This cannot be happening*, his own voice screamed in his head.

Panties, dozens of panties, were held up to his waist and placed in piles around him. Bras, panty girdles, camisoles, slips, garter belts and other items were placed in the pile as well. Each item had been held against him and commented upon by Hillary and Jesse. Some found their place in an ever-growing pile while others went back to the racks. Finally, he was shocked back into the here and now when Jesse placed a tape measure around his chest and began taking measurements.

“Nooooo, please! Please Mo...ther, pleeeeeeaaase don’t do this to me,” he begged in a cracking voice. “I’ll do what ever you want, but please just take me home. Don’t do this to me. Pleaseeeeeeee.”

“Now Carol, you know you’ve had your heart set on wearing nice things. I’m going to do the best that I possibly can to see that you receive the rewards you deserve. After all, your behavior has more than justified the expense and I certainly do not mind buying you all these nice things. It’s what a good mother should do. Now, hold still while Jesse finishes measuring you so we can try on all these wonderful garments.”

“At least don’t do it in front of all these women,” he begged. “Please, can’t we do this some other time? Or...or at least tell them to go away...please.”

“Oh, don’t be such a ninny,” Hillary said in a tone that let him know that he was going to get no help from her.

Carol groaned and started to cry as he heard what Hillary was saying. His eyes rolled back into his head for a second, then a wild look came into them. The look of a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming truck. Seeing him, Hillary stepped closer and, as she did, he bolted for the door. Unfortunately he had no idea where the door was, much less where he was in the store. He barely slipped her grasp and might have gotten away, but as he turned and started to run, he ran smack dab into a rack of nightgowns and got tangled up long enough for Hillary to grab his arm. Again out of pure desperation, he managed to slip her grip. Only this time, he ran full tilt into a display case that knocked the wind out of him. It was just long enough for Hillary to securely take hold of him.

Fuming in rage, she half-dragged, half-carried him into the back of the store. Away from view, she began slapping his face rather soundly with one hand while holding him securely with the other. Soon he lay crumpled on the floor, crying his heart out. He was defeated. She let him cry it out for several minutes before pulling him back to his feet.

“You ungrateful child,” she said harshly. “I cannot believe the humiliation you just caused me. You’ll pay for that later, but right now I want you to pull yourself together. Here, take this tissue and dry your eyes and blow your nose. When we go back out there, I want to hear a loud apology to all those women who witnessed your disgraceful behavior and especially to poor Mz. Jesse. Do you understand me? Good. Straighten up and I expect you to have a happy face until we leave this store. Understood? Good! Now, let’s finish our shopping.”

Carol did as he was instructed with a bright red face and a smile on his lips. Jesse quickly finished measuring him after accepting his apology. Then Hillary led the still very embarrassed boy back into the changing room, carrying an armload of feminine dainties. Stripped naked, he was handed a pair of pale peach-colored tricot panties with lacy frills around the leg holes and across the front panel. They fit like a second skin and his masculine bulge was quite prominent. “Here, pull this on, it should get rid of that unsightly mess you have down there between your legs,” Hillary said, handing him the peach-colored Spandex panty girdle. It was a minor struggle to get it into place, but once it was around his hips, the unfeminine bulge was gone. The crotch of the girdle was smooth satin and pulled his male equipment snugly between his legs while the reinforced front panel flattened out whatever bumps remained.

He was made to slide the satin straps of a matching padded demi-bra into place and Hillary fastened the two hook and eye fasteners for him in the back. Walking back in front of him, she reached into the cups and pulled the flesh of his chest into them. “Not much there yet, but in time...in time,” she commented as she fiddled with the cups.

She frowned at the sight of some chest hairs sticking out from the bra cups. “We’ll take care of this later. Obviously, he hasn’t been following my instructions,” she muttered. Satisfied with the bra’s fit, she continued, “These new bras are made to make

mole hills look more like mountains than previous designs. Isn't it amazing how well-designed lingerie can enhance ones figure?"

Smiling with satisfaction, she told Carol to sit and handed him a pair of black opaque hose rolled into a donut. "Here, carefully roll this stocking up your leg by first pointing your toes and foot, then roll it up your leg. It attaches to these four garter tabs located inside the leg of your panty girdle. While you are doing that, I'll get Jesse to select some appropriate outer wear for you."

Carol, after some fumbling, managed to clasp the hose into place. They felt weird, clingy and warm, yet strong. As thin as the material was, combined with its delicate weave, he expected a different feel, not the strong grip that he actual felt. While he was still seated, Hillary handed him a pair of black pumps with a one-inch block heel and patent leather bow at the toe to put on. Finally, he was ordered to stand and a very lacy full peach-colored slip was dropped over his head. The slip had a scalloped lace neckline and finely detailed floral lace covering the bodice and hem. Next, Hillary assisted him in putting on a long billowing sleeved chiffon white blouse that buttoned up the back with small pearl buttons. It had a high lace frilled and stiffened collar and three inches of floral lace at the cuffs. The last item was a black lined woolen pleated skirt that reached about one inch above the knee.

As he stood there in the changing room like a zombie too shocked to do much more than move on Hillary's command, he couldn't help but see his reflections gleaming from the three wall mirrors lining the room. The body reflected was all girl, but the head proclaimed "boy". He was dazed and totally humiliated. *This must be a very bad nightmare, he kept telling himself. I'll wake up soon and this will be all over. Oh, please let this just be a bad dream.*



After looking Carol up and down for several minutes, making minor changes here and there, Hillary told him that he looked just fine and to follow her. She had taken just three steps outside of the changing room when she noticed he wasn't following. Looking back into the room, she saw Carol out cold on the floor. He had fainted.

Carol blinked several times and coughed as a strong smell assaulted his nose. Coughing, he felt himself raised into a sitting position and then almost fainted again as his eyes focused on the reflected image in the mirror. *No*, he thought as they managed to get him onto his feet, *this ain't no dream*.

Embarrassed and weak, he was led from the room back into the store proper. There, he was allowed to sit in a chair while all the women stared at him. He couldn't make out at first what they were saying; everything sounding like the buzzing of bees, but slowly all his senses came back into focus. Jesse took some pity on him and politely shooed the other patrons away, leaving just the three of them there.

"Okay Carol, if you feel up to it, we'll take our purchases and leave now. I think that you have caused Jesse enough trouble for today," Hillary told him. "Jesse, would you be a dear and ring up those other items we looked at. I don't think it will be necessary for Carol to try them on since these fit so perfectly. We'll be back later to see what else my little girl here will need for school. Oh, we'll need a nice purse to go with this outfit to take with us, if you don't mind. Pick out something appropriate. I'll leave that to your judgment. Thank you."

A few minutes later, Carol found himself walking back to the car. The evening breeze brought him out of his stupor and at the same time made him realize that he was walking out in public dressed as a girl. Not just any girl, but one wearing a see-through blouse and with the head of a boy. His new black strap purse bumped against his hip at each step and the skirt's flapping against his legs felt like nothing else in his experience.

All he knew was that his Stepmother had embarrassed the living hell out of him in public and indicated that this was just the beginning. *If this is the beginning*, he thought, *what is the rest of my life going to be like? I have just got to find a way to get out of this. Next time she won't catch me and that's for sure*.

They got back to the car without incident. Fortunately, they did not encounter any pedestrians on their side of the street. After loading the back seat with all their purchases, Carol jumped into the front seat, only to have his skirt ride up and reveal his pantied crotch. Hillary made him get out of the car and, after she told him how to properly sit like a lady, he eased his bottom into the seat. On the drive home he did his best to scrunch down as far from further public view as possible.

Further Humiliation

To say that his father was shocked when they walked into the house would be a great understatement. His jaw fell open and his eyes bulged out and, as he started to rise from his chair, he froze in mid-motion. He started to say something, but Hillary cut him off.

“Harry, close your mouth, you’ll catch flies. Why don’t you just sit down and relax while Carol and I put away his new lingerie and dresses. He picked out the loveliest things and would you believe, almost without any help from me. Your son has good taste in fine clothing, you know. Go on, sit down, we have so much to do, you might not want to wait up for us, so we’ll say goodnight now.” The tone in her voice as she finished talking to him brooked no discussion or objection. Harry sat heavily back into his chair.

When Ronnie had dropped him off at the house earlier that evening, Thelma was still there. Harry didn’t like Thelma, but she was a fixture in the household now. She let him go and change before telling him about the day’s events. Thelma smiled with great satisfaction as she watched him squirm while telling how much Carol loved to play dress up. “Carol,” she informed him, “literally begged me to let him dress dainty and help me do the household chores. He wasn’t all that upset when his friends came over today for a visit. Here, look at this photo. That look on his face is joy. You know he hasn’t seen any of his old buddies in some time. Why, he even broke down in tears when they were here, he was so happy.”

Thelma made the point that Carol was so relieved and accepted by his friends that he had insisted on getting Mz. Hillary to take him out shopping. Harry didn’t truly believe what Thelma was telling him and the photo showing a shocked-looking Carol could be interpreted in several ways. He found it very hard to believe Thelma in his heart, but the seeds of doubt were sown. He wanted to talk to his son, but that would be impossible tonight. Hillary had in so many words told him to go to bed.

When Harry finally composed himself enough, he did as instructed. Besides, he was dog tired; maybe he would actually get some sleep. At least in sleep he could escape his wife and job for the moment.

As Harry trod off to bed, Hillary was in the bathroom with Carol naked and bent over at the waist. She was thrusting a thick white plastic nozzle forcefully into his anus. “This my darling, as I have already told you, is called a syringe or bulb douche. It will become your very close and personal friend in time. Instead of using it for five days, you will use this every morning from now on. Understood?”

“Humiliate me in public or do anything stupid like try to run away again and you will find this to be a very pleasant experience compared to what I’ll do to you then.” With every other word, she thrust the plastic shaft forcibly into his rectum as if to empathize what she was saying. “Now my dear, you can douche daily from now on. The purpose here is two fold. First, it will be a constant reminder and second, it will keep your bottom nice and fresh. You do want to be fresh in your new sexy clothing, now don’t you? Oh, I think you’re beginning to enjoy this. Your little dingy is getting all hard. My, my, who would have guessed that you like your little boy pussy reamed? If you’re enjoying this so much, then maybe I’ll have to come up with a better punishment.”

She continued stroking his behind with the nozzle until it was apparent that he was about to cum. At that point, she shoved it all the way in and squeezed the pink rubber bulb, releasing the warm soapy water into his rectum. When the water hit, Carol, to his undying shame, came.

Removing the nozzle, she made him hold the water in until he had cleaned up the floor of his mess. As he was doing that, she began filling the bathtub. Tears of shame cascading down his cheeks, Carol arose from the toilet. Hillary had him stand on the bath mat while she put a pink plastic shower cap on his head. Retrieving a large jar from the cabinet, she donned a pair of plastic gloves.

“Stand still while I coat your body with this crème once again. Seems that you forgot that other instruction I gave you about staying nice and hair-free,” she commanded. Soon his entire body from the neck down was covered in the thick paste. “Stand here until I tell you to take a shower. Use this loofa sponge and make sure you scrub all over. After your shower, jump in the tub and relax for a while. I have to get some things ready, I’ll be back to let you know when to shower.”

When Carol thought that he couldn’t stand the burning another second longer, Hillary poked her head into the bathroom and told him to shower. He did not hesitate this time in following her orders. Carol started crying once again. *Is this nightmare ever going to end?* his tortured mind cried out.

Carol did find some measure of relief as he lay back in the tub. The hot water and floral fragrances was doing the job necessary to relax his body and mind. As he half drifted between awareness and slumber, Carol for the first time that day, almost forgot the misery that he had been put through. Unfortunately for him, the respite did not last very long.

Hillary came in, had him get out of the tub and dry off, then inspected every square inch of his body. Satisfied that all his body hair had been removed, she told him to finish his toilet and meet her in his bedroom. “From now on, you had better remember to use this ladies razor to shave your underarms and legs and the depilatory on the rest of your body. You are much cleaner-looking and your skin looks baby smooth. Keep it that way or else. I am not going to tell you again. You forget, you will pay the penalty!” As she said that, she grabbed his testicles and squeezed tight enough to bring him to his knees. “Let this be a reminder of just what I can do to you. Now, clean your douche kit and brush your teeth, then meet me in your room,” she commented as she walked out.

Carol hung his head in shame. Her hand had completely engulfed his manhood and he knew that he could never physically beat her and he was a man, or at least that’s what he kept telling himself. Realizing his situation and not wanting to upset her any more than necessary, he went over to the sink and began brushing his teeth. The woman’s deodorant and bath talc were sitting on the counter next to the douche kit. As he caught sight of them out of the corner of his eye, humiliation and embarrassment filled him to his very core. As he rinsed, he splashed water on his face to erase the many tear tracks marking his cheeks.

In his bedroom he found what he had expected—more humiliation. On the bedspread was a pair of bright purple panties trimmed in a lilac floral lace, matching pad-

ded under wire bra, pale purple long-legged panty girdle, purple double layered chiffon and nylon nightie, matching peignoir and a pair of two-inch block-heeled mules with purple tufts at the open toes.

Once dressed, she had him sit at the vanity. Quickly, she brushed out his long hair and fixed it into two pigtails tied in bright purple satin ribbon. Removing several jars from the vanity drawer, she identified each one and reviewed with him how he was to apply it. Two were cleanser and moisturizer for his face, one for hands and elbows, one for his fingernails, and finally a night facial mask. She stood behind him, watching as he followed her directions in applying each crème. Satisfied, she told him to kneel at the side of his bed and say his prayers.

Carol was confused by her last instruction, but did as he was told. He felt ridiculous as he walked over to the bed. The nightgown flowed like water around his knees tickling him and the bra straps dug into his shoulders and across his chest. The cool rubber-like blue-colored facial mask pulled at his face. All these new sensations that to his thinking made him look and feel like a blooming idiot seemed out of place with what she was now requiring him to perform.

He knelt at the bedside and assumed the prayer position. He was going to pray for a miracle to release him from this crazy woman, but she began instructing him on what he was to pray for.

“Okay, Carol, let me hear your prayers.” When he looked up at her, surprised that she wanted to hear what he was praying for, Hillary told him that she wanted to hear him pray to become all the girl that he could and that he wanted nothing else but to be a happy and pretty young lady and to thank the Lord for having such a caring step mother who would do her best to make his prayers come true.

Carol was aghast at what she was telling him to pray for, but seeing the non-sense look in her eyes, he began improvising a prayer. She made him say his prayers several times because they did not sound sincere enough. When he said them to her satisfaction, she smiled and told him that this was going to become a nightly routine, just like his toilet. If he failed in these automatic rituals, he would be punished. She was not going to allow him to slack off and would inspect him nightly from now on.

At last alone in his room, snugly tucked in by Hillary in his new satin sheets, Carol let the tears run down his cheeks. Small runnels appeared in his facial mask and its floral clay taste touched his lips. He wanted to wipe his eyes and nose, but realized at the last second that he would smear his mask and that would never do. Hillary would be sure to punish him for that. It took him an eternity to actually fall to sleep.

After leaving his room, Hillary stopped by Harry's new quarters. “Oh, don't get up,” she said as she entered the room unannounced. “I just wanted you to hear this. I think it is so precious that I just had to share it with you.” She punched the play button on the recorder and Carol's prayers were repeated for Harry's benefit. “He's becoming such an obedient and beautiful child. I can't believe that you never noticed his penchant for the feminine side before now. I guess it just took an understanding authority figure to get him to reveal his real persona. Well, I just wanted to share this

with you before I go off to bed. Sleep well.” Harry had a very difficult time sleeping that night.

Shopping Excursion

That next morning, Hillary walked into Carol’s room and threw open the emerald green satin and pale green chiffon overlay curtains, letting in what there was of the sunlight. It was 6:30 AM and a weak beam of light fell on his face. He moaned softly and turned his head away from the dim glow. Hillary smiled a broad smile of satisfaction seeing him lying there with a blue facial mask and his pigtails.

You, my idiot stepson, are going to have the adventure of your lifetime today. I hope your father will be real proud when we return, she mused. Moving from the window, she said aloud, “Carol, get up and do your business. We have entirely too much to do for you to lollygag about in your bed. Hurry and go take your bath and I will have something laid out for you. Remember what I told you last night, I will be checking back on you from time to time. Now get up!”

True to her word, she did pop in several times to make sure he was performing his toilet correctly and completely. After he was finished, she assisted him in getting dressed. Capri pants were pulled over a pair of white nylon panties with lace around the waistband and legs and his lavender panty girdle. His beige blouse was buttoned over his new white bra and camisole. Knee-high stockings covered his feet along with the flats they had purchased the night before. Dressed, she sat him on the vanity stool and watched as he applied the light pink balm and perfume. She decided to leave his pigtails in place.

Examining his appearance as he sat there, she decided that he actually could make himself look very pretty and innocent with the right makeup. The only shortcoming that she could see to his facial features was a slight aftershave shadow and his as-yet unshaped brows. *Well, that will be taken care of,* she thought as she threw his lip balm, perfume and tissues into the purse and handed it to him. “Let’s go!” she finally commanded.

At breakfast, they ate silently except when Hillary told him to sit straighter, take smaller bites, or some such. His father was not present. In the back of Carol’s mind, he was happy that his father wasn’t there to see him dressed so prissy. While he cleaned up, Hillary went to finish dressing.

Promptly at 8:00 AM, they arrived at their first stop. *La Femme* was Hillary’s beauty salon. His reluctance to follow her into the shop was dispatched with a few words and a blushing Carol went to his first beauty treatment. First, he had an hour-long multiple needle galvanic electrolysis treatment to his face and brows. Once the electrolysis

treatment was over, he had a shampoo and rinse, a cut and shape and highlight. While a plastic wrapping covered his hair and the stylist pulled strands of hair to be highlighted, a manicurist was working on his toes and nails. It was all Carol could do to keep from crying, so he said very little. Hillary and whoever was working on him did all the talking.

His face still stung from the electrolysis treatment. The realization that he was being forced into a position from which it would be very difficult to escape, filled him with fear. Small trickles of tears began to flow once again down his cheeks. *How could he ever escape once they had finished transforming him into something so totally bizarre?*

Seeing his tears, Hillary said to the stylist, "Oh, my she is so happy to have this treat she is crying tears of joy! I can't tell you how pleased Carol's happiness makes me." Turning to face Carol, she continued, "I'm so happy, tell you what, why don't I go ahead and let Leslie here pierce your ears while we are here today. I was saving that for later, but what the heck, let's do it."

Carol's eyes widened at that pronouncement and would have said something if he wasn't looking into her eyes. The way they stared into his just daring him to say anything to the contrary made him keep quiet. She was obviously not in a mood to trifle with. So he just sat there and took his punishment. He certainly didn't want her to pull his pants down and reveal his real gender in front of all the people in the salon and be spanked.

By 11:30 AM, they were finished. Carol couldn't believe his own eyes when he finally got to look into a mirror. His hairstyle was the same but now it glistened with blond highlights and had a gentle wave and flip to it, making it very feminine. His nails glowed a bright reddish-purple that the manicurist called Noonday Plum and he was wearing matching lipstick and eye shadow. They did not use the eyebrow pencil or face powder because of his recent electrolysis treatment. However, they did add artificial eyelashes and mascara to give him a doe-eyed appearance. Each ear had been pierced twice and gold studs now adorned both ears. His face looked like that of any teenage girl. He was horrified, but managed to stay quiet until they had left the salon.

In the car, he asked her why she had done this to him, but all she said was, "because I wanted to" and gave him a big grin. The next stop was the mall. There, they went into several stores where his wardrobe was significantly increased. The clothing included everything from foundations, skirts and dresses to shoes and accessories. Except for a brief rest to eat a light lunch, they shopped until Carol was dropping.

The final stop of the day was at a dance studio. Carol was enrolled in both aerobics and ballet. While there, Hillary purchased several, as she called them, "simply darling", dance costumes and the appropriate shoes. The scariest part of this last stop was the dance instructor, Mr. Sidney. He was obviously a gay male with a bent toward the feminine side and a friend of Hillary. Carol did not like the way Mr. Sidney leered at him as if he were inspecting a side of beef.

The new additions to his wardrobe literally filled the back seat and trunk of Hillary's car. It took several trips to empty the car of their purchases and the next hour or so was spent removing tags and either folding or hanging his new clothing. Carol worked in a daze under the careful tutelage of Hillary as she taught him how to fold

and care for each item they had purchased. His vanity top was also covered with many more tubes, brushes, bottles and notions that he would have to learn to apply and use.

Once he had everything put away, Hillary had him change for dinner. After refreshing his makeup, she had him stand in front of the full-length mirror. "Well, don't we look absolutely gorgeous," she said standing beside him. "I think that plaid skirt and charming blouse make you look so...so precious. From this moment on, I expect you to be just as nicely groomed and dressed as you are now. Attention to detail, my dear, attention to the little details is what separates us from the animals you know."

"I expect a very happy face as well. Any young lady would give almost anything for the little excursion we had today. Smile and be bubbly or, well, you don't want to go there. Since you are so happy now, I expect you to enthusiastically tell your father all that happened today. Now come along, I'm famished."

I am an animal, a trapped animal with no way to escape, he thought as he stood there looking at himself. A gray/black pleated skirt, translucent off-white puffed sleeve blouse with lace frills about the neck and arms that revealed his silky camisole, shiny patent leather belt pulled tight and matching two-inch heels. He looked like a girl standing there.

Dinner was a horrible experience for Carol as he had to sit there primly with his skirt tucked up under him, knees tightly pressed together, back straight, one hand held in his lap while the other lifted delicate bits of food to his mouth. All this was performed in front of his father. Thankfully, his father did not say or stare at his effeminate son during the entire meal. Although he looked pained and twitched some as Carol related the events of the day and how happy he was to get such lovely and beautiful things. After his meager dinner of salad, skinless chicken breast and a pineapple wedge, he was told to kiss his father on the cheek and go get ready for bed.

Kissing his father good night was most embarrassing as only girls did things like that. Additionally, it made his father actually take notice of his son, as he was forced to acknowledge the act. Pretend as he might that his son was no different during the meal, the kiss to his cheek forced him into reality. He blushed almost as deeply as his son had as he felt the velvet soft lips touch his cheek and more so as he wiped away the feminine lipstick smear with his napkin. Hillary was highly pleased. This day couldn't have gone any better for her.

The Training Begins

Monday morning, Carol arose at 5:00 AM, took his mandatory bubble bath, dusted with floral talc and dressed in the clothing left out the previous night by Hillary. Bright florescent pink panties, matching satin bra, pink Spandex panty girdle, nude hose, full slip with heavy appliqué of lace frills, and a pink polka dotted A-line dress. The dress

had short-capped sleeves rounded neckline and fell to just above the knee. It was tied at the waist with a broad band that tied in the back in a full bow. White two-inch pumps, handbag and silk scarf completed his attire. Hillary came in as he finished dressing to help him apply his makeup. Bright pink lipstick, silver and pink eye shadow, mascara and eyeliner, a hint of power and blush finished off by an ample application of perfume.

Again, breakfast was eaten mostly in silence, broken only by corrective instructions on Carol's behavior. His father only glanced at his son, doing his best to concentrate on his own meal, but he couldn't help but be amazed at how much Hillary had changed his son into an almost pretty girl. As he realized what he was thinking, Harry suddenly lost his appetite. What if what Hillary was telling him about Carol's desires was true? It was bad enough having to wear that stupid test bra and Nylon jumper that Hillary made him don every day, but to do what she had to his son was going too far, especially if Carol was being forced. They were both never left alone long enough to talk about it, but Harry in his heart of hearts didn't believe a word Hillary had said. He wanted to do something, but Hillary held all the cards. She was deliberately and willfully changing his son just to punish him and he thought that unconscionable. He would have to figure a way out, but for now he was as helpless. He just sat there staring at the remains left on his plate, his stomach doing knots and twists as he worried over his son.

Breakfast over, the women left to repair their makeup while Harry removed the dishes. He fumed over his helplessness as he piled the dirty dishes into the sink. Soon, they returned and were off to work. Carol would be spending the next several weeks learning all about being a woman at the hands of Hillary's design and modeling staff. From eight-thirty until five, Carol was scheduled for instructions in make up, fashion and design, decorum and poise, hair and skin care as well as other feminine chores such as sewing and accessorizing. The concentrated course would be so ingrained in Carol's brain that when the time came for him to attend school, no one would be able to identify him as a boy unless he took a physical.

While Carol was being escorted to the model's area, Harry went to the design department. He cringed every time that he had to pass Robbie's office, afraid of what new humiliation would be forthcoming. Indeed, Robbie was waiting for him with instructions to go see Paulie. At Paulie's desk, Harry had to unzip his jumper and let them examine his bra. Finished with the embarrassing act, Harry started to pull up his jumper when Paulie held out something.

"Harry darling," Paulie lisped, "I have a new panty brief I want to test. It's made of a new micro fiber and it's just your size. Now, wiggle that sweet ass of yours over to the changing room and pull it on. If you need any help just ask. I won't mind helping one little bit, or if you'd like, I'll get Bruno."

"No, Paulie, I can manage," Harry quickly responded. There was no way in Hell that he was going to let himself be trapped in the changing room alone with Bruno. The thought of Bruno made any objection to what he was being asked to do impossible.

In the changing room, Harry struggled to get the extremely tight garment up his hairy legs. After much straining, it was on. It felt like his waist and upper thighs were

being crushed while his rear seemed to have expanded. Looking in the mirror, he saw his altered figure. The purple girdle was long-legged with floral lace at the legs and across the wide elastic waistband that almost reached past his lower ribs. A diamond figure of bright shiny satin centered the front. As he turned, he noticed that the back-side appeared to be plumped up and out.

Paulie's voice interrupted his thoughts. "Hey sweet thing, have you got it on yet? Do I need to call Bruno over? No? Okay, let me in, I need to examine the fit. Now, open this door at once or I will call Bruno."

Harry reluctantly opened the door and allowed Paulie to touchy feely his way around the garment that he now wore. To his complaint that it was entirely too tight and almost impossible to put on, Paulie told him that it was exactly the right size and fit. "Why else call it a girdle if it did not do what a girdle is supposed to do? Next time, when you put it on, try a little floral talc or baby powder sprinkled on the inside. You also need to tuck your little man back between your legs. It will help, you know," Paulie responded.

"I want you to wear this continuously for the next few weeks. I really have to know how this new fabric will stand up. It's new and supposed to be more breathable than Spandex. I expect you to wear this night and day just like your bra, except for your bath. Now, reach in there and move that silly little thing of yours down and back. You will find it much more comfy that way. Besides, there is a slit in the crotch so you don't have to take it off to do your business. You just reach down there and spread the Nylon liner out so that you do not soil it. Want me to show you how it's done? No? Well, don't get all huffy on me, sweetie, I was only trying to help."

The girdle managed to get Harry's mind off the plight of his son. It gave him fits all day long and its tightness made lunch nothing more than little nibbles. He found that when he bent over or stretched upward, the girdle would ride on him or chafe his tender skin. To solve the riding problem, Paulie made him put on a pair of nylons. Harry had to admit that the stockings did stop the legs from flipping up on his thighs, but it didn't stop him from being miserable.

Carol was aching all over by the time five o'clock came around. He has spent most of his day walking, sitting, stooping, turning and flapping his arms. The runway staff had him practice all these things until they were satisfied that he was making progress in walking, sitting and moving like a young lady should. He had a brief respite during lunch and an hour afterward when he was given lessons on how to apply and remove his makeup. He learned the difference between day and night makeup techniques and how to care for his skin. Later, he spent time on hair care and then it was back to sitting, walking, arm and hand movements. Now it was quitting time and Carol was actually looking forward to seeing Hillary again. Just to be able to sit and not worry whether or not his ankles were crossed properly or that his elbows were not touching his sides would be a welcome relief.

If he had thought that things would ease up when Hillary came to fetch him, he was sadly mistaken. She made him practice getting into and out of the car for fifteen minutes while they waited for Harry to show up. "Young lady, you will not slack off now that you are beginning to learn some of the fundamentals of womanhood. I expect

you to practice and perfect everything that my team of experts is telling you. Just remember what will happen if you fail me in this. When your father gets here, I expect a happy smile and a thrilling tale of how much you enjoyed your sessions today and how you just can't wait until tomorrow to continue them. Understand? Good, now smile, here comes your father. Oh, by the way, we are going to stop at the store on the way home. We need to get you some of the latest magazines. I will assign you things to read and study from them and I will expect a written report. It's about time you started getting used to doing homework assignments. School starts before you know it. Now, put on a happy face for your father."

Carol was stunned for a moment at the mention of school starting. He had forgotten all about that. *She wouldn't make me go to school dressed like this...or would she?* He was so disconcerted that he almost forgot to smile and act cheerful for his father.

On the way home, they stopped at a newsstand. While Harry waited in the car, they perused the magazine shelves for Carol's homework. Hillary settled on several women's magazines and two "torch" novels. She made Carol examine the covers of each and select the most appropriate for his training. When he finally selected a couple, she made him explain just why he had chosen those particular publications. He stuttered a muted response that was totally unacceptable and with a look that told him he would pay for his behavior, picked out what she thought best. One was a teen idol fan mag, two were fashion editions, there were also "*Seventeen*", "*Elle*", and "*Playgirl*", "*Home and Garden*," "*Bride*," and "*The National Enquirer*." The two love stories were "Love on the Plains" and "High Seas Affair."

Carol was appalled at the selection, as he had absolutely no interest in any of them. Why she wanted him to read this trash was beyond his imagination. In any case, he accepted them with a smile, not wanting to further upset her. He even thanked the cashier as he paid for the purchases.

Once home, Carol was told to go to his room and that she would be in to help him in a moment. "Well, your son is showing an amazing desire to get into girly stuff. Did he...er...I guess we should refer to Carol as she from now on...show you what he wanted to read? My my, it's nothing but what a teenage girl would show any interest in. I was surprised! I would have thought he would just want one or two, but he wanted almost a dozen. Can you imagine? Well, let me go and see if she needs any help. Thelma must have left something for us to eat. Why don't you go and see, then get it ready. We'll be down in a bit."

Harry was not happy to hear what Hillary said, but Carol had appeared to be happy. Still, it went against the grain. He thought that he knew his son well enough to judge his attitudes and desires fairly well, but...but now he wasn't so sure. At least none of them commented on his changed figure. *Damn! That infernal girdle is a royal pain*, he thought as he left to do Hillary's bidding.

In Carol's room, Hillary walked in with a spiral binder and some pens. "Here, you will need these to write your reports. I expect excellent feminine script and no double-spacing. The reports will be sensitive and capture the essences of the articles and stories that I select for you to read. If I find that your reports are not performed in the

manner that meets these requirements, you will do them over and over until they are. Understood? Good! Now, let me see them and I will mark what I want you to read.”

She scanned the table of contents and made several check marks beside those she wanted him to study. Handing back the magazines, she informed him he should get started and that dinner would be served in about an hour. She expected at least one report at that time. In addition, he was to bring it with him and act all excited about it when he showed up for dinner. “Oh, and if your father asks you anything about this, you will tell him it is because you really want to learn all you can; then you can explain the article to him if you wish. I think that you should start on this one,” she finished, pointing to one of her check marks.

After she left, Carol looked at the indicated article, it was entitled, “Selecting the Right Eye Shadow for the Fall Season.” At least she didn’t pick the next one in line for his study, “Kissing With Passion.” With a grimace, Carol sat down at the vanity and began reading. Absent-mindedly, he let his left heel droop from his foot as he crossed his ankles.

The Next Three Months

During the next three months, Carol learned more about being a girl than he ever wanted to know. Oh, he knew how to get dressed in his feminized wardrobe, but now he knew how to accessorize and color-coordinate not just his clothing, but also his makeup and jewelry. He was put through a very intense course by Hillary’s staff and, despite his wishes, he did learn and actually began to apply himself.

Getting him properly motivated took until about the third day when, after continued miscues, Ms. Lylian decided that he needed a reality check. Upon his arrival, Ms. Lylian had him remove his girdle and panties, then hold his slip and skirt up high. Smiling wickedly, she produced a vivid pink satin and white lace frilled tube that had at one base an overlay of baby blue satin ruffles. She made sure that he got his eyes full of her creation, then expertly secured it around his penis with small satin ties. The baby blue ruffles nestled around the base of his penis and the floral laced tip cupped the head in a gentle but firm embrace.

To say that Carol was mortified would be an understatement, but from that moment on, he began to take a new interest in his courses. When Hillary saw Lylian’s creation, she went into peals of laughter that brought tears to her eyes. “Oh my precious sweetie!” she exclaimed when she finally got her mirth under control. “That is simply divine. I wish that I had thought of something like that. Well, Carol my dear, I expect you to wear that from now on until...well...until I see much improvement in your studies both here and at home. Oh, Lylian, I don’t know how to thank you for this. You have some more? Six more outfits? I can’t wait to see them. Tomorrow?”

Great! I'm sure Carol will be just as thrilled as I am. Now Carol, say 'thank you' to Ms. Lylian for her wonderful gifts. Well, got to go! Carol I'll see you at the car."

Later that evening when he had changed into his yellow chiffon nightie, his penis skirt could be seen through the thin material. Blushing, he presented himself to Hillary for his nightly inspection. "I think it's cute," she said upon seeing him. "Now, like I told you last night, your penmanship is still not up to my expectations. I want more flowing lines and spacing. Little hearts or circles over the 'I's' and perhaps some curlicues at the ends of sentences would be a nice touch. Your only hope of getting out of wearing your darling penis skirts will be performance. Until you meet my expectations, you can expect to be wearing that little costume forever. Tonight's reading will be the article, "How to get and keep a boyfriend". Two pages minimum and I want a rewrite of your last two. The tone and script were just not up to snuff."

"But, Momma," Carol began to object. "I...I wrote my essays factually. Didn't I?"

"Yes, they were factual and would be alright if one were reading the dictionary, however you have no feeling in your reports. I want you to spice them up, put feeling into them! Write them like your truly enjoy your topic. For example, the one on eye shadow and the one on total beauty were factually correct but horribly mangled in spirit. I'll be back in two hours to check on your progress. You'd better do your best or you will be up all night until you get it right. I'm not going to let you slide any longer. So, get to it."

Carol scooped his hands under his nightie as he sat at the vanity, crossed his legs and tucked them back under the seat almost without thinking about it. He placed his elbows on the top with the magazine between them and just stared into the mirror for a few moments before settling down to read.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," he thought, "I don't want to be a girl and I certainly don't give a darn about getting and keeping a boyfriend. Maybe if I get this right she'll let me out of this....this thing." He couldn't bring himself to name the penis skirt, nor did he realize that not that long ago he would have been cursing a blue streak.

Two hours later, Hillary read through his reports, accepting two and making him rewrite the third, the one on how to get and keep a boyfriend. "You need to set a more proper tone in this one and I think you lack passion and understanding of just how important this subject is to a teenage girl. Get back to the drawing board and get it right, or you will be at this all night."

By midnight, he had a satisfactory copy that passed all of Hillary's demands. He had done it in a way he thought obtuse and brainless with lots of hearts instead of dots over the eyes and curlicues. To his surprise, she liked it. It had been such a tedious task that no sooner had his head hit the pillow than he was asleep. Despite a barely remembered dream in which his panties were pulled down and his penis skirt exposed in front of some boys, Carol slept soundly.

The next day, Ms. Lylian presented him with six more skirts, one each in bright yellow satin, bright violet, vivid white, shiny black, fire engine red and primrose. They were presented in a beautifully wrapped package with silver and white ribbon bows. Ms. Lylian enjoyed watching him exchange the one he had received yesterday for a new one of his choosing. Needless to say, Carol was very attentive in his lessons from

then on, especially when Ms. Lylian said that she had some frilly pantaloons that she was considering making for him. She showed him an illustration of a pair of hot pink long-legged pantaloons with row after row of white lace adorning the legs. They would easily hang below his skirt line and that was an embarrassment he most certainly wanted to avoid.

During these three months, Carol also attended dance classes. He wore soft pastel-colored tights with matching bright pastel leotards. Leg warmers, wrist and headbands and the little transparent nylon skirts all matched whatever outfit he wore that evening. Usually his hair was piled on top of his head in a tight bun tied off with a nylon scarf that also matched his outfit. Ballet was the hardest of all his classes and gave him the most trouble, as he had to use muscles that he never knew existed before he started dancing. After the first ballet class, all he could do was soak in Hillary's spacious hot tub. Even then, by morning his thighs, hips, and lower torso were tight and sore. Even his hair seemed to hurt, but over the course of time, his body became more limber and while the hot tub was a welcome relief, it was not as necessary as it had been.

The only real soreness that persistently nagged him was in his chest. The flesh under his nipples had become swollen and very tender to the touch and he couldn't figure out why, unless it was the tight sports bra he wore to dance class or maybe some of the complex arm and hand movements ballet required. It bothered him some, but not to the point of complaining about it. He didn't think Hillary would react favorably to any complaint he might have and he didn't want to antagonize her anymore than necessary. He wanted out of that embarrassing penis skirt and out of dresses, period. So he had decided to do whatever was necessary to accomplish that feat.

He was actually surprised when, about six weeks later, Hillary stepped into his room and removed his penis skirt. She was smiling at him and said, "Darling, if I keep getting good reports about your conduct and efforts, I just may keep these little pretties of yours. That is, unless you have become very attached to them. They are so feminine and colorful. No? You don't want them anymore? Well, if you are sure. Just remember, this is a temporary situation and if your efforts slack off, then I will give them back to you. Now, keep up the good work and perhaps things will become a lot easier for you."

After she left, Carol was ecstatic in his joy. He even dared to think that if he could keep pleasing Hillary, maybe he could get completely out of skirts and dresses.

Also during this time, Harry was having his own troubles. He desperately wanted to talk to his son, but the only time he ever saw Carol was at breakfast and dinner and then Hillary was present. After dinner, Carol would go to his room to study and who knows what else. Hillary had shown him several papers that Carol had written on subjects Harry found almost unbelievable.

The fact that his son was writing on such feminine matters galled him but there wasn't anything he could do about it. It made him furious just thinking how feminine his son was becoming under the tutelage of Hillary, but again he was stymied. If he raised any complaint or raised a finger in Carol's defense, Harry knew he would go to jail or worse. Although he wouldn't admit it to himself, Harry was also afraid that per-

haps Carol was doing this because he *wanted* to. Deep in his innermost thoughts was the question, "What if this is what Carol really wants?" Subconsciously, he could not bring the subject up openly on the chance that his son would side with Hillary. So he kept quiet and silently condemned himself for allowing Hillary to destroy his only living heir.

The fact that he was still wearing that stupid purple bra and panty girdle only increased Harry's mortification. The guys in the design shop teased him nonstop over his "bubble butt" and "great tits" and each inspection by Paulie only heightened his embarrassment. During his last inspection, Harry begged Paulie to at least let him stop wearing the bra, but his request was denied. Paulie had reiterated the fact that the company had to know how the garments would wear over time and that, until the garment fell apart, Harry would be testing them.

School Enrollment

What a shock to his system! Carol sat dumfounded in the registrar's office of the local public school. Hillary was filling out his enrollment forms and chatting with the registrar. Carol still could not believe that his stepmother would actually carry out her threat to enroll him in public school and worse, not as a boy, but as a girl. He wanted to protest, but now was not the time or place. He'd wait until they were back at the house for that; he just couldn't bring himself to actually attend school as a girl. *Heck*, he thought, *I'm old enough not to have to go to school under state law*.

He didn't like the look of the registrar either; she was a prudish-looking pig of a woman. Her hair was a mousy brown tied off in a tight bun, she had on little makeup and she wore a brown plaid skirt and jacket. It made her look even bigger than she was. To his surprise as he observed her, he began assessing her makeup and clothing and figuring out what combination would actually improve her looks. He felt the hair on the back of his neck rise as he realized what he was doing.

His musings came to an abrupt end when he heard the registrar say, "Carol will do nicely in the tenth grade, I'm sure. The curriculum we have agreed upon should not pose too difficult a task for Carol given his previous test results. I will personally oversee his progress and integration into classes."

The word "his" seemed to scream out at him and he found himself standing. He wanted to protest everything and demand to be given back his boy's clothing, but a strong beefy hand squeezing his leg out of sight of the registrar brought any protests to a stop. "Sit down, Carol," Hillary admonished him. "For practical reasons, I have had to inform Ms. Jenkins here of your true physical nature. You may need some protection while you attend public school and I have every confidence in Ms. Jenkins. She will protect your true gender from being made public and, unless you do it yourself, no one else other than the school nurse should know. Now, will you please sit down and pay attention. We want to go over your schedule with you."

Stunned, Carol resumed his seat. "Carol, I'm sorry for that little miscue. It will not happen again. Now here..." Ms. Jenkins said as she handed him a folder. "These are



your class assignments and schedules, locker and school identification papers. You should keep them in a safe place. Now I want to go over your schedule in order to answer any questions that you may have. Okay, your first period begins at 8:30 with homeroom and I am pleased to say that I will be your homeroom advisor. At 9:30, you have History, 10:30 English Poetry, 11:30 Business Math and Office Administration. At 12:30, lunch is scheduled. Do you have any questions so far? No? Let's continue. At 1:30, you will have Home Economics, 2:30 Voice and Choir. These courses are taught Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. On Tuesday and

Thursday, you will have Home and Family Living at 1:30 and, at 2:30, Feminine Health. The Feminine Health course is a substitute for Physical Education which, for obvious reasons, you should not participate in. Do you have any questions? No? Well, that is good."

She paused to give him a look and, seeing no untoward reaction, continued. "School uniforms are required and I have given your stepmother a list of where you may purchase them. If you have any problems getting adjusted or just want to talk, I am always available. I do expect you to do well in all your schoolwork and fit in with the other female students. I also expect you to use the lady's restrooms. Just make sure that you do not bring your obvious difference to anyone's notice. Understood? Yes, well, just make sure we hear no complaints. It will go very hard on you if we do. Do you have any questions about this?"

She paused, and hearing no questions, continued. "Finally, I have taken the liberty to list several clubs that you should consider participating in. It will help make your adjustment to life and your surroundings much easier. One is the Social Club. It is responsible for all the decorations at the school dances and sock hops as well as our Seasonal displays. The other club I recommend is the Candy Stripe Volunteers. They volunteer to help out at the various hospitals, nursing homes and with special individuals. The third is the Rebel Rousers Booster Club. Needless to say this is our official sports support group. They get to wear the cutest outfits and perform at all of our sporting events. I think you should seriously consider participation in at least two of these clubs. These extracurricular activities should not only be fun but enlightening as well. They will help develop you into a whole person and, unless your grades suffer, I think you should actively participate in at least two of these clubs. No, you don't have to make a decision now. You can tell me next Monday when school starts."

To his dismay, he heard his stepmother speak up, "Oh, that won't be necessary. Carol would just *love* to participate in the Social Club and Rebel Rousers. He...er...I mean *she* just loves decorating and her dance classes. So, I am sure that both of these clubs would be a very good experience for her. Right, honey?" All Carol could do was nod his head.

From the school, Hillary took them to the department store where he could obtain his uniforms. They were typical schoolgirl uniforms—gray/green plaid skirts that reached to about mid-knee, white polyester blouses, some long puffed sleeved and some short-sleeved, gray cardigan sweater with PS 192 in flowing script on the left breast and for more formal occasions, an Eaton-styled jacket similarly inscribed. Black patent leather two-inch block-heeled pumps and matching belt finished up the uniform. The only good news was that he also obtained several pairs of shorts to use when participating in the club activities. It did not take them long to make their uniform purchases, but it took another two hours for them to decide on a formal.

As they paid for the uniforms, Hillary commented, "You know, darling, now that you are in high school, there will be formal school functions that you must attend." Seeing his look of bewilderment, she smiled and continued, "Well, darling, if you are going to be in the Social Club, you will be expected to attend the functions, won't you? For that, you will need something a little dressier. While we are here, let's see if we can't find that perfect outfit."

Carol tried to protest, but needless to say it was ineffective. Telling him to pick up the bags and to come along, she led him into the junior miss department and over to the formal gown display. Hillary spent an hour selecting four outfits for Carol to try on. The first was a simple but elegant boat neck ivory-colored tent dress darted to fit at the top, in domestic wool. She also selected a pair of hologram silver strappy leather sandals with a buckle closure at the ankle and three-inch heels to go with the dress. The next dress was a little more mature. It was a black polyester/Spandex stretch sheath long-sleeved dress with a sexy scalloped neckline. It zipped up the back and had empire and princess seams. The black shoes were satin slingbacks with an open toe and two-inch lacquer heel. The third dress was in rich red velvet with a demur jewel neck and a flirtatious low scoop in the back. It was flared from the seamed waist and had a matching belt. Red patent leather three-inch spike-heeled pumps and matching clutch purse completed the outfit.

"The black satin slings would go with this outfit as well," Hillary informed him as she handed him the fourth selection, a gold sequined dress. It was a simple cut, in silk, with capped sleeves, was covered in gold sequins and had a plunging neckline. The dress would reach to about mid-calf and, according to Hillary, was very alluring.

Carol tried on all of them, including the appropriate shoes. Hillary assisted him in the dressing room rather than the saleslady. Each time he had to stand quietly while Hillary and the saleslady discussed each ensemble. His input was neither asked nor desired. They had him do turns and even a few dips as they examined each outfit carefully. He was greatly relieved when he was told to change back into his dress. Hillary had selected all four dresses, three pair of shoes as well as three purses to match.

When he protested that one would be more than enough, she dismissed him by telling him that he was sure to attend more than one formal event and that no self-respecting lady would ever appear at a public function wearing the same dress twice.

As Hillary finished paying for the elaborate purchases, the saleslady smiling broadly said, "Miss Carol, you will be absolutely lovely in these. They are so you, that the boys will be all over you and the other girls just green with envy. Miss Hillary, the dresses should be ready by this time next week. Are you sure you want alterations to slim the waist 2 inches? Ok, just bring the alterations tickets back here after five. Thank you for shopping with us."

Leaving the Junior Miss department, they proceeded over to the lingerie section. There, she purchased for him the laciest and sheerest panties in colors to match his dresses, a gold and a red bustier both in silk organza and vintage corset styling, a black merry widow with underwire cups, bone shaping, front hook and eye closure with lacing in back and hose. Laden with packages, they finally made their way back to the car. Carol's protests, though mild, were completely ignored.

That Night

After months of dressing and appearing in public as a girl had made his awareness of his difference much more tolerable, going to school with his "peers" really scared him. Going to Hillary's office, to the mall, to the beauty shop, even his dance classes were not as stressful as knowing that he would be spending at least six to eight hours a day every day, five or more days a week, with other real girls. Someone was bound to discover his secret and it had him close to panic the night before his first class. That night, Hillary took him into her room and played a videocassette taken by Lylian.

It showed Carol undergoing his training sessions in time lapses such that even Carol could see the difference in how he acted and carried himself and as he improved over time. At first he was ungainly and awkward, then progressed to awkward. Finally he was to the point where he looked and acted just like all the other models depicted on the screen. All during the replay, Hillary did everything she could to bolster his self-confidence and told him that if he remembered all his instructions, he would not be detectable.

"That is, unless you do something stupid like exposing your body in the rest room," she said at one point. "Just remember to act and, more importantly, participate in class like a girl. If you think you are a girl and act like a girl, then no one will think any different."

After the tape was over, Hillary continued to impress upon him the need to not only act, but also think, like a teenage girl. "Carol, you move and dress like a girl now and no one has discovered your secret while we have been in public, but being a woman is more than dress and makeup. It is a mental attitude. So far, you have made wonderful

progress in appearance, but you really must change the way you think. You are going to have to improve on that aspect and I will help."

"But, I don't want to be a girl and you said that if I behaved and did as I was told, you'd let me be a boy again!" Carol replied. "Please, Momma, I've done every thing that you have told me. Please don't make me go back to school as a girl."

"Now, that is the attitude that got you into dresses in the first place," she retorted sternly. "You are not only going back to school, but you will do so as a girl until you learn to behave as I expect. No! Listen to me. If you do as well in school as you have working with my staff, then I may let you go back to being a boy. I am not going to take the chance that once you are back in boy's clothing, you won't do something stupid and get expelled like you have in the past. So, until I am satisfied with your progress in school and mental maturity, you will do so as a girl. Understand?"

She got him to agree with her, but she was not finished. She waited a few minutes to let the reality of his situation sink in before continuing. "I do not want to add to your fears, but remember what all teenage girls think about. No, it is not clothing or makeup, but boys. Yes, boys. That is unless you are a lesbian and I will not tolerate a lesbian in my household."

Again, she waited until he settled down before adding, "So, when you go to class, I want you to pick out a young man in one of your classes. By the end of the week, I want his name, what he looks like, what he likes to wear, whether or not he has any brothers or sisters and what he likes to do the best. Later, I am going to want even more personal information about him. No, it will not be that difficult. My staff and the salon have made you a very pretty young lady. You will not have any problems getting a boy to talk to you. One of the things young boys like to do most is talk about themselves. For that matter, all boys, no matter how old, always like talking about themselves. Dating is a very important part of school and I expect you to participate fully. You will not go to a school function without a date and that is final. Remember what I told you and you will be surprised at how popular you will become."

Carol was visibly upset and tears formed at the corner of his eyes. "Momma, please don't make me do this. I...I can...can't do that! I am really a boy, after all. Just the thought makes me feel sick. There is no way I can dat...date a...a boy. No...no please, I can't."

"Carol!" she replied forcefully, "Don't be ridiculous! Of course you can. It's not like I am telling you to have sex with the first boy you meet. If you don't show an interest in the opposite sex, then the other girls in your school will become suspicious. Besides, it will give you something else to talk about with your new girl friends. More importantly, it will help your understanding of women. Remember, the only way your fellow school-mates will discover your true identity is if you give it away yourself!"

She paused again to let him get a better control of his emotions, then continued, "Now, if you want, we can forget all this and make an announcement at school that you are really a boy. You had better think twice about that, but that is the only other alternative. You will still have to wear dresses! Which will it be? Tell the world of your true self or keep it hidden? I want an answer by morning. Finish getting ready for bed and think about what I have said. Good night."

That night, Carol did not get much sleep. His fears and the knowledge of what he might have to do to pass as the girl he appeared to be versus the fact that he was a boy, kept him up. Near morning, he finally came to a decision. He certainly didn't want the whole school to know that he was a boy having to dress inissy clothing. If that came out, he would surely get the stuffing beat out of him, or worse. While he wasn't happy about his decision, his best chance of surviving lay in passing as a teenage girl. Once his punishment was over and he was out of his feminine finery, then it would a different story.

School

That morning as he came out of the bathroom, he found his regulation uniform laying on his bed. Included was his snow-white panties and bra, both lavish in lace trim, panty girdle and white pantyhose. He sat down at his vanity and after putting on a modest amount of makeup, pulled the rollers out of his now longer hair. He brushed it into place, sprayed a generous coating of hair spray to set it, finishing up with a generous spray of perfume. Dressed, he went into the kitchen for a light breakfast and to tell Hillary his decision.

Hillary and his father were sitting at the table when he got there. He took his customary seat after bidding them a good morning. He sat silent, concentrating on his meager meal of toast, black coffee and orange juice that he used to swallow his morning pills.

Hillary broke the silence, "Carol, have you made a decision? If so, I need to know now."

"Momma," he whispered while pleading with his eyes. He certainly didn't want to tell her his answer in front of his father. Seeing her unresponsive to his pleas, he lowered his eyes and said softly, "I really do want to go to school as a girl. Please promise me that you won't tell. I...I promise to do my best, really," he told her. He was blushing as he sat there, ashamed that he said that in front of his father. Thankfully, his father only glanced up with his lips twitching slightly, but he did not say a word.

Hillary sat there with a smile and said, "Darling, I just want you to be happy and to have the chance of becoming all that you can. Now, finish your breakfast and then you can go back to your room and freshen up. Don't forget your book sack when you come back."

Obediently, he did as he was told. With his makeup freshened, he grabbed his navy purse, checked to make sure it held all the necessities including a sanitary pad, looked into the mirror one more time and picked up his white and navy book bag with pink trim edging. He felt like his heart was beating a mile a minute as he reentered the kitchen.

"Come along dear, we'll drop you off this morning," Hillary told him.

Sitting in the back seat his knees pressed tightly together as he had been taught, Carol's mind was in turmoil as they got closer and closer to the school. Finally, as he stepped out of the car, he thought, "My God, what have I gotten myself into?"

On weak knees, he slowly entered the school, surrounded by other kids. He found his locker and put away the books he wouldn't need and his sweater. It seemed unusually hot as he made his way to his first class. He clutched his books tightly to his chest, his head down, doing his best to fade into the surrounding students. Entering his classroom, he started to move to the back of the room, only to be brought to a stop on hearing "Carol, Carol Jackson."

It was Mz. Jenkins. "Carol dear, your seat is up here in front. Come, come, don't dally dear. My, you look lovely this morning."

Carol did as instructed and put his books and purse under the desk. He sat with head bowed and looked steadily down at his desktop until Mz. Jenkins told him to sit up proper. His training kicked in and quickly he sat up straight, shoulders back, chest out, hands clasped in his lap, knees tightly pressed together. "Much better, dear," was Mz. Jenkins' final comment.

As he sat there waiting for the other kids to get settled with his eyes downcast, Carol couldn't help but see the two swelling mounds on his chest. Quickly, he brought his gaze back up away from the sight of his breasts. They had grown to the point where he no longer needed the padded inserts that originally came with his bras. He didn't know if wearing bras for so long caused it or if his body was actually changing. He did know that he felt different than he had before, more emotional and was gaining weight in all the wrong places while eating next to nothing. He was worried, but now that he was in class, he was more worried about being accepted as a girl by the other girls.

Quickly, the classroom filled up with about twenty girls. Carol glanced at them as they entered the room and wondered if they could see through his disguise. The final bell rang, the attendance roll was called with each girl standing and identifying who they were. To his relief, no one yet jumped up to denounce the pretender in their mist and Mz. Jenkins paid him no more attention than she did the other girls.

At the bell, he stood with the rest of the class and started to leave when two girls came up to him and said hello. Shyly, he responded and slowly answered the usual questions asked of new kids. The two girls were Cheryl and Becky, short for Rebecca and they seemed very nice. Becky and Carol had the same History class while Cheryl had to go to her honors math class. Carol just wanted to be alone, but Becky was a chatterbox, so his input was minimal.

As the day progressed, Carol became more comfortable in his role. Classes were different. History was history, but English Poetry was icky and Business Math and Office Administration was nothing more than a secretarial course. He met several other girls and they seemed pleasant and accepted him as one of them. At lunch he sat with Becky, Carol, and three other classmates, Jennifer, Polly, and Deborah. They chatted inanely. Carol for the most part kept quiet. Venturing only a nod or smile as the situation warranted.

That was until the girls found out that his stepmother was none other than Hillary Jackson, the famous designer. Fortunately, the conversation ended before it became too exhausting for him as the bell rang for his next class. Home Economics was of no interest and Voice and Choir not much better.

After Choir, a boy, Billy Hamilton, came over to where Carol was gathering his books and introduced himself. Carol was surprised and very shy when this occurred. As he continued to gather his stuff, Hillary's admonishment about meeting a boy came back to him. This made him nervous and, as a result, he managed to drop several books that he was trying to get into his book sack. Billy, playing the part of gentleman, quickly bent to scoop them up. As he did, they came almost cheek-to-cheek as Carol also bent down. Blushing, Carol stood back up and accepted the books from Billy with a soft "thank you." After that, he was more than ready to go home for the day. Not only was he emotionally exhausted, but also his throat hurt from having to sing during most of his last class using the high-pitched voice Hillary's staff had trained him to use.

Finally, he attended his first Rebel Rousers meeting. Fortunately, due to the lateness of his enrollment, he was considered too far behind the other girls and would not be able to learn the routines in time for the football season. The faculty member in charge of the group gave Carol the "playbook" and told her to get with two other late arrivals and to study and practice together. They would be expected to show up at the meetings and early Saturday morning for practice, but that would be the extent of it. If they showed enough improvement, they could expect to participate during basketball season.

Homework

After dinner, Hillary joined Carol in the bedroom where he was doing some homework. "Darling, aren't you going to tell me about your first day of school. I want to know about all the nice young people you met and how you liked your classes. Now, tell me everything."

Carol told her about his classes and teachers. He also mentioned that he really had hoped for a more college-focused set of studies and did not think that Home Economics and Choir was really his cup of tea. Hillary immediately assured him that they were perfect courses, considering his previous lack of motivation towards a college degree.

Carol tried another tack, "But Mother, look at this course outline. I am expected to make my own dress and here...see, I am going to have to cook. I already know how to do this stuff. Mz. Lylith taught me the sewing and Thelma taught me how to cook. Why can't I take something like Science and real Math? Voice and Choir made my throat hurt. I can't keep my voice at that level for that long. It really hurt. Can I please get out of that one at least?"

"First of all, darling," Hillary countered, "You need more than the basics in both of those areas. Second, taking Science and Math would put too much of a strain on you. After all, you haven't attended any real school in over two and a half years. As for your singing, well, it will become natural in no time. One of the reasons for taking that course is to train your vocal cords. No, you stick with what we have decided upon. I am a little disappointed in you, you know? I expected more enthusiasm. Did you meet any boys? You told me about your new girl friends, but nothing about any boys."

After Carol reluctantly told what he knew of Billy, Hillary placed a small package wrapped in white paper and tied in bright pink ribbon on the vanity beside him. "Dear, I got this just for you. Go ahead and open it. Isn't that nice? It's your very own personal diary. Every young lady should have one. I want you to write all that happened to you today, including how you felt emotionally. That's important, you know, writing down how you felt, especially when you met Billy. I think that to get you off on the right foot, I want you to write it all out on loose leaf first; then, after I have read it, you can transfer it to your diary. Remember, I want to see some real enthusiasm. "

Carol nearly died as he stared fixedly down at the pink leather-bound book with the words "My Diary" etched in gold leaf and heard what Hillary was saying. Imagine actually putting down in ink his innermost thoughts and worse, writing about Billy...or any boy. The fact that she was going to review every thing that he wrote and was sure to change it to read the way she wanted it to, struck him with fear.

Three hours later, Carol penned the last note in his diary and felt like he was going to throw up. Hillary had been good to her word; most of that day's entries were about meeting "precious Billy". Words like "dreamy", "handsome", "thrilling" and "cute" were used to describe this first encounter. The girls and general events were stated more plainly. When he questioned her on why she wanted him to write that way, she told him because it would help him master the feminine mindset. "Besides," she said, "Girls share their diaries with their best girl friend." If he wanted to keep his secret, everything he did had to say "girl".

Day Two

Cheryl, Becky, and Jennifer greeted him as he walked to his locker and chatted briefly. The morning classes went smoothly. Lunch went by without any slips or faux pas, but his afternoon classes nearly did him in. Home and Family Living was nothing more than what it said. Everything in the class was from a woman's point of view and duties as a member of a household. This by inference meant husband and children and the woman's role in that environment. Carol certainly did not want to think of having a husband, much less children.

If he thought that Home and Family Living was upsetting, his last class, Feminine Health, nearly did him in. As he scanned the workbook given to him, he went pale. The

first part was not bad, just a study of the female anatomy, but the other parts delved into women's sexual organs, covering common illnesses such as yeast infections, menstrual cycles and pregnancy. "Yuck!!" he thought, "there are things in here that no self-respecting man would ever want to know."

The only good news about his last class was that there were a couple of other girls looking pale as they went through their books. The teacher just smiled and told them that life and a woman's body were interwoven and that they would have to get used to the idea that their bodies had special needs.

After class, Carol had his first meeting with the Social Club. About twenty girls and four boys, including Billy Hamilton, attended and Mz. Jenkins was the faculty member. One of the first things that she did was make Carol Secretary for the Club. While Carol pulled out paper and pen to take the minutes of the meeting, the other officers were appointed. The first item on the agenda was the following week's sock hop after the football game. The other item on the agenda was the Halloween Formal. Besides getting to be the Club's Secretary, Carol was also put on the decorations committee. During the deliberations, Billy seemed to always be at Carol's side. At the end of the meeting Carol was exhausted, but still safe in his disguise. He also obtained more information about Billy. He had one older sister, Karen Ann, one younger brother, Bobby Ray and his dad worked for a large accounting firm.

Again that night, Hillary gave him the third degree. She was very pleased that he was made Secretary of the Social Club and that he had more information about Billy. She was not pleased when Carol complained bitterly about his new classes. She sternly informed him that he would apply himself in both or else. Then she had him write his diary pages out on loose leaf and, after three revisions, had him pen it in his diary.

After she left, Carol finished his homework, performed his nightly toilet, rolled his hair, put on his night mask and went to bed. He was exhausted both mentally and physically. His last thought was of how fruity he would look if anyone ever read his diary. His dreams were troublesome and made his sleep fretful.

By the end of the first week of school, he was still taken for granted as a coed and treated by everyone as such. He received his share of whistles and the occasional pinch to the rear while he walked down the corridors with his now close friends Cheryl, Becky, Jennifer, and Polly. Cheryl was the smartest of the group, being in the accelerated classes, while Jennifer was the flightiest. Becky was, like Carol, more on the quiet side and Polly was the comic of the group. She was also the fattest and always talked about how lucky Carol was to have a stepmother like Hillary.

Preliminaries

At the next Tuesday meeting of the Social Club, Billy asked Carol if he had any plans for the sock hop on Friday. Carol tried to evade the question, but Billy was per-

sistent and finally got Carol to admit that he did not have a date. The questions made Carol shudder with fear, but fortunately his secretarial duties called. Carol settled down to his duties and he let the matter drop from his mind. By the end of the meeting, he was fairly calmed down; however, as the meeting broke up, Billy came over to him and offered to wait with him until Hillary arrived to pick him up. Carol tried his best to say no, but again Billy was insistent.

It was a very nervous Carol that stood on the front steps of the school. He twitched and fiddled with his skirt's hem, adjusted his collar and tucked imaginary stray hair back into place. All the while, Billy was talking about how great it would be for them to attend the game and dance together and that the football team was really good this year. It would be swell if they could enjoy it all together. Even when he was talking football, the subject kept coming back to their being together. Just when Carol thought that he could not stand another moment, Hillary drove up.

"Look, Billy, I have to go. I'll let you know later. Bye," Carol said as he quickly walked to the car. He slowed his pace and entered the car exactly as he had been taught. Face away from the car, legs together, hands pressed against his skirt, bottom gracefully lowered to the seat, then swing in the legs still pressed together, finally shutting the door. As he did this, Billy waved and said, "I'll see you tomorrow."

Hillary had taken it all in. As soon as the car started moving, she inquired who that nice-looking young man was. Carol, needless to say, had to tell her everything including, after some prodding, that Billy had asked her out for the sock hop.

"Oh darling," Hillary exclaimed, "Your very first date. How wonderful! Such a nice-looking boy. You know, your diary did not do him any real justice. He is positively cute. Why, if I were thirty years younger, I'd just eat him up. Oh, you did tell him that you would go out with him, didn't you? You didn't? Well, I guess that's the smart play. Making him wait a day or two won't hurt. Besides, it will build his anticipation. Carol dear, promise me that you won't wait too long to tell him that you will accept! I think by next Wednesday he'll be eager enough. Understand?"

"Yes, Momma," was his soft reply. His fingers were tearing the tissue that he held into smaller and smaller pieces.

"Why, Carol, you don't sound so happy about it. What's the matter dear, nervous? Oh, I understand. This is your first date and being nervous is just part of growing up. Tell you what, we'll have a nice chat tonight and you'll feel a whole lot better about it."

That night, Hillary came into his room as he was finishing putting on his facial mask. She took a seat on his bed and waited until he finished. "My, that chiffon baby doll set looks scrumptious on you. Lilac is your color and all that lacy frill! If your Billy could see you now, I bet he'd just die. Oh, don't act like that. Remember I said that you would have to fit in or we will just have to tell the school who you really are. Now, come over here and I'll explain everything about the birds and the bees that a young girl should know."

Carol spent the next hour hearing things he definitely didn't want to know. How far to let a boy's hands go, how to divert his efforts to less dangerous ones. Like, if it came down to choices, it was better to let the boy fondle his breasts through his dress rather than exposing them. Or, if the petting got really out of hand, that oral gratification was

a good alternative. If that was not appealing, letting him get off between her breasts was another option.

Carol was beet red under his facial mask and his stomach was churning acid like crazy. Instead of helping, he thought that she was making matters worse and he told her so. "Besides this is not my first date!" Carol said petulantly, "I've been out lots of times."

To which she replied, "Carol honey, that was before. Now you are a young woman and going out with a boy is a totally different matter. I know that a first date for a boy is no big deal, but for a woman it's an important life event. Something she will remember for a lifetime. Just like getting ready to go out for a boy is not intense and time-consuming as it is for a woman. You are going to discover that boy-girl relationships are completely different than girl-boy relations. That is one of the most important things I have been trying to teach you. Dating boys will definitely provide you with a whole new perspective on life and it is a lesson you will learn."

"If you do not have steady dates throughout this coming school year, then my dear, you will not have learned anything that I have been trying to teach you. If you do not learn this lesson, you will stay in dresses until you do! Now, let me see your diary entry for today. I hope that it proves worthy."

"My dear, any young woman writing about her pending first date would show much more emotion and feeling. You come across like a lifeless rock. I want to see some animation and emotion in these descriptions and accounts. Do it again." It took him three tries before she was happy with the results.

After he had penned the revised wording into his diary, Hillary took it with her, saying that she wanted to read it from beginning to end to make sure that he was doing it correctly. As she left, she turned back to him with a broad smile and said for him to get a good nights sleep.

Leaving Carol's room, Hillary went into the living room where Harry was watching the news. "Harry, I thought that you might enjoy some light reading before you go to bed tonight. I managed to sneak this out of Carol's room without him noticing. I'll want it back before morning so that I can sneak it back into his room. After all, that diary represents his innermost thoughts and feelings."

Harry took it from her with some misgivings, but he was curious. She did not stay to see if he would read it. Instinctively, Harry knew that he would not enjoy it and things had been improving lately. He no longer had to wear that stupid bra and panty girdle and the guys in his department weren't hassling him as much. He just *knew* that this was going to ruin his day, but he opened it and began to read. As he read, his face turned red and his mouth hung agape.

When he got to the passage, "My Billy is the cutest boy in school. He has the most beautiful smile and when I am near him I get all goose bumpy inside. He's asked me to the sock hop and I just can't wait to get my arms around him and into his embrace. He's so strong and masculine and, Diary, did I mention that he has the cutest round butt you ever saw?" Harry went white and the Diary slipped from his numb fingers to the floor.

First Date

Thursday night, Carol saw some light at the end of the tunnel. With the sock hop coming up, he would have to wear jeans. It was his first chance to wear jeans since, well, since that horrible day when Hillary turned him into a girl. How could he go to a football game in a dress and then to a sock hop? Surely she would let him wear jeans. He was happy for about an hour when Hillary told him in no uncertain terms that he would have to forego the football game in order to prepare for his first date. He could see other games, but he would never have another first date. His hopes dashed, Carol cried himself to sleep that night.

Friday, Hillary marched Carol into his room to prepare for his very first date. "A girl needs much more time to get ready than any boy. Yes, I know its still three hours before he picks you up, but you need every bit of that time. First, you need to cleanse yourself with your douche and use this glycerin rod when you finish." She stopped talking to hand him a wax paper-wrapped stick. "It will provide the lubrication your body needs after that cleansing. You definitely want to be fresh-feeling down there tonight. Make sure you use it, as I will be checking. Get your bath ready, use the depilatory, then shave your legs and underarms while you bathe. When you finish, make sure you use plenty of that nice bath scent I like so much. Call me."

Carol stood blushing from head to foot as Hillary carefully checked his body and orifice. He thought that he would be over all the humiliation by now, but she still managed to get him to blush. This was horrible as he was told to bend over and he felt her finger slip into his anus. "Good!" she said as she walked over to the sink and washed her hands. "At least you've gotten this much accomplished. Now, let's get you dressed and made-up. This is your big night and I want to make sure you remember it for the rest of your days."

Carol had no doubt in his mind that it would be. After putting on his makeup and setting his hair, he started to dress. Hillary had laid out his frilliest and sheerest panties in a coral color, matching push-up demi-bra and camisole, garter belt and nude hose. When Carol fastened the bra and pulled the straps over his shoulders, he was amazed at how large his breasts looked. They seemed to not only fill out the cups, but actually overflow them. They were somewhat larger than a small apple but more shocking were his eraser-sized nipples that were barely covered by the coral satin cups.

Hillary saw his expression as he gazed down, and smiling, said, "Yes, my darling, you are developing nicely. That is a B-cup with only a little padding. Don't you just love the way that particular design pushes everything up? Actually, you're not really that big. It's in the design, you know. Don't look so put out. Now, quit dawdling and finish putting on your pretty undies."

For his outerwear, she selected a white chiffon ruffled long full-sleeved blouse with scoop neck, frilled with two inches of floral lace and a black above-the-knee pleated wool skirt. Seeing him dressed, she decided that a nice petticoat would add some fullness to his skirt. She quickly picked out a pale coral nylon- and net-tiered petticoat

and had him pull it up his legs. Black leather skimmers came next. For accessories, she selected pearls. A necklace, earrings, bracelet, and two finger rings. Finally, as it was getting chilly out, she loaned him her white fox stole.

Carol was not happy about dressing like this, especially for a date with a boy. You could see his camisole and even the upper portion of his breasts where the camisole's lace edge gently caressed them through the fabric of his blouse. Without his panty girdle, he felt very vulnerable as well. He kept trying to tell Hillary that all the girls would be wearing jeans and long-sleeved blouses to the sock hop. "That's why they call it a sock hop, Momma," he pleaded. "All the girls are expected to dress that way. This is a casual event and we are supposed to dance in our socks. I'll stick out like a sore thumb and...and"

"Carol, don't be ridiculous!" Hillary exclaimed. "I do not care what the other girls are wearing. You come from a famous designer's home and you will not be a ragamuffin when you represent this family. Now, I have selected what I consider to be casual wear suitable for your date tonight. If you think back on your training, this is casual wear. Would you rather wear one of your formals tonight? No, I didn't think so. Now, let's get your hair done. You only have an hour left before your Billy gets here."

Promptly at seven-thirty, the doorbell rang. Hillary answered it and, instead of inviting Billy in, stepped outside with him. "Billy darling, I am so pleased to finally meet you. Your Uncle Robbie has told me so much about you. Carol doesn't know anything and I expect you to see that she has a very interesting night. Don't take it too far this evening; we don't want to scare her too much. I have made it clear to Carol that if you want to continue dating, she will accept any and all offers. As for you, I expect you to use appropriate protection when the time comes. Now, let's get inside before Harry becomes suspicious."

They reentered the house and Hillary led him into the living room where she introduced Harry. Before she left to get Carol, she asked Billy if he wanted anything to drink, then told Harry to get it. She found Carol sitting on his vanity stool, wringing his hands and destroying a tissue in the process. "Don't fret so," she admonished him. "Your Billy is here. My, but he *is* a handsome devil. Now, check your face and purse. We don't want to just rush out there. A lady should make an entrance."

As he finished up, she continued, "Oh, when we go out there, I want to see a great big happy smile on your face. It would be nice, I think, if you were to go over to him and give him a chaste kiss on the cheek. Remember, smile, always a happy smile and, most importantly, keep in physical contact. Hold his hand, put your arm around his waist, or across his shoulders. Remember, women are very protective of their boy-friends and physical touch is how they establish their property rights. You do not want to stay in your skirt any longer than necessary, now do you?"

Carol did as instructed. Her continued references to his remaining in skirts were a strong incentive to do as she said, no matter how he felt about it. So, smiling, he walked over to Billy, put his arm around his waist and gave him a kiss on the cheek. He followed it up with the very feminine maneuver of using his thumb to brush away the lipstick smear he had left in evidence - all this in front of his father. Despite his efforts, Carol blushed.

Not soon enough for Carol, they bid farewell to his parents, but not before the obligatory photographs had been taken. They left hand-in-hand to his car with Hillary following them out. "Now Billy, I want Carol home no later than midnight, understand? You children have a good time, bye." Seeing that Hillary was still watching them, Carol, against his better nature, decided to slide over and open the door for Billy. As they drove off, Carol was sitting hip-to-hip with Billy. As they left Hillary behind, Billy quickly placed his arm around Carol's shoulders and pulled him even closer.

The Dance

The basketball gym was crowded by the time they got there. They walked through the arch of balloons, stopped for a picture from the yearbook staff and onto the floor. It was dark but you could make out the faces of the people sitting at tables strung out along the walls. Finally, Carol spotted Jennifer, Polly and the rest of his girl friends and pulled Billy over to the table. Just like Carol had said, he was the only girl there wearing a dress. Of course, all his girl friends oohed and ahhed over his attire, but he felt totally out of place. They chatted for a while until Billy pulled Carol out onto the dance floor where they stayed for most of the evening. For once, Carol was happy that his stepmother had made him take dancing lessons. The fast songs were easy and Carol didn't mind dancing so much, but the slow ones embarrassed him as Billy pulled him very up close and personal.

As the night progressed, Billy pulled Carol into a tighter and tighter embrace. A few times, Carol had to pull Billy's hands away from his butt. Other than the close contact during the slow songs, Carol felt that he was doing well and that he was in control. His most embarrassing times came during the bathroom breaks with his other girl friends. They seemed to have a zillion questions about Billy and almost as many suggestive suggestions as questions. It made Carol's head swim, but he made it through his third degrees without screaming what he actually thought or wanted.

At ten-thirty, Billy said that he was hungry and wanted to go and get something to eat. Obviously, Carol wanted to stay where he felt the safest, but his so-called friends told him to go on. Reluctantly, Carol grabbed his purse and walked out of the gym with Billy's arm nestled tightly around his waist. Carol knew that he would be in for a thorough debriefing from his girlfriends come Monday morning and he dreaded that.

Billy used the drive-through and picked up a burger and two diet colas, as Carol wasn't hungry. Carol wanted to go into the restaurant, but Billy wanted to show her something special. Reluctantly, Carol agreed and, as Billy drove off eating his burger, Carol sat silently, sipping on his cola.

The smell of the burger was almost overpowering and Carol was sorely tempted to ask Billy to go back and get him one, but if Hillary found out, he'd be dead meat. His diet was constantly being supervised and directed by Hillary and since he had been on

it he had lost over twenty-five pounds. His ribs actually could be seen for the first time in years and he not only felt skinny, but weak as well. He had lost more than just fat; he had lost muscle tone and upper body strength. His short strength muscles had been replaced by long smooth endurance muscles, thanks to diet and feminine exercises.

In a short while, they arrived at Billy's special place. It was on a promontory overlooking the city. With city lights spread out before them, Billy brought the car to a stop and let the front seat slid back as far as it would go. "Well, what do you think of it? Isn't it grand? I just love coming up here. It's so relaxing and private."

Carol was nervous as Billy's arm pulled him even closer. "Yeah, it...it is nice, but...but isn't it dangerous being so far away from..."

"Hey, babe you're with me. What could possibly threaten us? Come on, just relax and watch the stars or the city lights for a bit. I don't take just anyone here to my private place. You have a private place? I think that everyone should have a private place of his or her own to go to even if it is just in his or her mind. Come on, get a little closer and I'll keep the boogie man away."

Carol started to reply, but Billy's mouth suddenly pressed against his. Carol was shocked into inaction for a moment, then tried to push him back. Instead, Billy's other arm was around Carol, pulling him in even closer as his tongue began raping Carol's mouth. Carol was breathing hard through his nose as Billy's mouth and tongue maintained contact. Finally, after what seemed an age to Carol, Billy backed off for a moment, then he began to nibble at Carol's neck. Somehow, Carol found his arms wrapped around Billy's neck and, as he tried to disengage himself, he felt Billy's lips begin their decent to his chest. The next thing Carol knew was the feeling of Billy's lips actually caressing his exposed nipples. It sent shock waves through his body and, as Billy's teeth nipped on his nipple, Carol actually jumped in his seat and managed to shove Billy back.

Carol didn't know whether to scream and cry or just curl up into a tight little ball. His body was sending strange messages to his brain. Billy's attention was sending tiny electric shocks of pleasure while his mind was screaming in total disbelief of what was happening to him. Automatically, Carol stretched out his arms and kept Billy at bay, pushing them apart. "Ooooooh noooo, pleaseeee stop, Billy. I...I'm not that kind of girl," Carol managed to gasp out.

"Come on, babe. You're just too beautiful and I can't help myself. Here, check this out," he said while grabbing Carol's right hand and placing it on his crotch. "You got me so hard I can cut diamonds with this thing. If you didn't want to turn me on, why did you dress like that? All the other girls wore jeans and jackets. It's not my fault that I misunderstood. Man! You've given me the worst case of blue balls I have ever had." As he was saying that, Billy kept rubbing Carol's hand across his crotch.

"Oooh please, Billy. I...I," Carol started to say but was stopped by Billy's hand on the back of his neck pulling him downward. "Nooooooo Billy. Noooo! Please stop!"

Everything began slowing down in Carol's mind like a slow-motion movie. It was a movie that kept replaying in his mind as he lay in his bed that night. His head moving into Billy's lap, the zipper coming down, suddenly right before his eyes, Billy's erect

member...and then...and then, he came to full awareness. Sitting bolt upright in his bed, with sweat on his brow and a taste in his mouth that he would never forget.

Aftermath

When Billy finally dropped Carol off at the house, Carol went directly into his room, threw himself on the bed and started crying. It was a while before he noticed Hillary sitting beside him patting him on the back. "Well, well, it looks like my little girl grew up some tonight," she said. "Come on tell me all about it. It couldn't have been that bad."

Hillary sat there listening to his story through crying spells and reluctant revelations but she managed to get the entire story of Carol's evening. After Carol calmed down to where he was only sniffing, Hillary said, "I guess you learned something tonight about being a woman. I am certain that you in your past life did exactly that same thing to some poor young lady yourself. Now haven't you? Yes, I thought so. So how does it feel to be on the receiving end of a relationship? Well, missy you are just going to have to get use to it. There is a lot more you need to learn and until you do, it will be skirts and dresses. Now get off that bed, go freshen up and get ready for bed. Then I expect a full detailed entry into your diary before you retire for the night. I know it's late but you do not have school tomorrow and you can sleep in this once. Now get busy young lady and I want to see a smile."

As Carol stood before the bathroom mirror he noticed first his very red eyes and nose, the second thing that he noticed were the three very noticeable hickeys on his neck. This brought another round of tear as he rubbed at the red marks on his neck hoping they would just disappear. Back at the vanity he rubbed foundation on the marks and discovered with a little powder they weren't that noticeable. Wiping his eyes for the umpteenth time, he pulled out his diary and pink pen. "Dear Diary," he wrote copying from the loose-leaf papers Hillary had finally approved. While making his entry, Carol licked his lips and could still taste that salty residue even after using almost an entire bottle of mouthwash. As he started crying once again, he had a flash back to the times when he had done the very same thing to his girlfriend of the moment.

Morning when it came was almost a welcome relief. At least he wouldn't be reliving the experience in his mind. He had other things to keep his mind occupied. Like making sure he kept his hickeys hidden from his father's eyes. They were much more pronounced in the full light of day and they seemed to have gotten bigger and darker. He must have used half a bottle of foundation covering them up and still he could see the vague dark outline of the one just below his ear, the one at the juncture of his neck and shoulder, and the biggest one at the base of his right breast. At least the last two were concealed under his clothing. He dreaded going to lunch with Hillary and his father, but she wouldn't let him stay in his room any longer and lunch was going to be at some fancy restaurant.

“Carol,” Hillary stated when she came in and woke him. “Come on dearie, it’s almost eleven and we’re going out to eat. Put on that nice navy dress we picked up last week and please do hurry. Your father is famished. ...No! You cannot stay here. Now get up and get dressed. I don’t want to have to punish you, but if you don’t like the navy dress you can wear that nice off the shoulder crème blouse and gray skirt.”

That got his attention, Carol certainly did not want to wear that blouse, as it would reveal for the entire world to see his love marks. Blushing at the thought, Carol got up and did as he was told. *It was going to be one very miserable day for him*, he thought as he made his way into the bathroom.

The navy dress had a high white lace frilled collar and capped sleeves. Navy panty hose and white leather two inch blocked heeled pumps and patent leather strap purse completed the outfit. Lunch proved to be elegant and Carol felt confident that no one noticed the only exposed hickey near his ear. That is until Hillary on their way out said, “Carol, darling, let’s stop at the little girl’s room. You really should put some more cover on that hickey.”

Carol almost died right then and there as he was sure that everyone standing nearby including his father had heard her remark. From the look on his father’s face, Carol was positive that he had overheard. It wasn’t until Hillary grabbed him by the arm and pulled him towards the lady’s room, that he was able to react.

“Momma!” he exclaimed as they entered the bathroom, “Why did you have to mention that? Now everyone will notice. It was bad enough getting this horrid thing on my neck, much less having Daddy know! Oh gosh, what will he think of me?”

“Oh, Carol don’t carry on so. I am sure that just about every woman in this place has had a hickey or two themselves at one point in their lives. As far as your father is concerned, I’m sure that it may embarrass him a little, but he’ll get over it. If it will make you feel more comfortable, I’ll talk to him and explain everything, okay? Or would you like to talk to him? No, alright now, I don’t want to hear another thing about it.”

That night as Carol was finishing his toilet, Hillary walked in and after pulling back his negligee examined his hickeys. “Well it looks like the worst is over. They are developing yellowish edges and the deep purple bruising is beginning to blacken. My guess is by Tuesday or so they shouldn’t be noticeable. Remembering when I was a young lady, Monday all your close girl friends will be as curious as a roomful of kittens. If you’re smart make sure that they see your love bites. They will go green with envy. I saw Billy and he is a real cutie. That’s as far as you will have to go, unless you really want to discuss your other activities. Sometimes what’s left unsaid can be more dramatic than what is. Also your love bites will let them all know that Billy has staked his claim on you. His staking a claim is very important. It will let them know that he is off limits and in feminine circles that is indeed important information. Now let me see your diary then you can go to bed.”

Preparing For The Prom

The next couple of months went by quickly for Carol. He was actually doing well in all his classes, but his personal life was getting very complicated. He was forced to continue dating Billy and each of those dates seemed to be getting more and more intimate. After each date, Carol would cry and beg Hillary to let him stop dating, but the answer was always the same. "Carol, you need to learn control. Until you can curb your and Billy's teenage hormones, and in turn control Billy, you haven't learned anything. Until a woman understands and controls her man's actions, then she will be a slave to his every demand. I know that you do not want that, but the only way you will learn is by continuing to go out with Billy." At least Billy had not forced Carol to submit to colitis. It seemed like Billy understood that Carol was saving himself for marriage.

It was now time for the Christmas break and everything at school revolved around the upcoming Prom and football. The last football game of the season was next Friday and on Saturday the school would hold its winter Prom. Hopefully they would be celebrating winning the conference championship as well, but that was an after thought. Well that is the way it seemed to Carol, but his circle of friends were the other girls and all they could talk about was the Prom and fashions. The guys on the other hand still hadn't even given thought about who to ask to the dance. All they cared about was winning the big game.

On Tuesday Billy got around to asking Carol to accompany him to the Prom and while it was the last thing he wanted to do accepted. Not getting a date to the Prom would have Hillary in a murderous mood, and since no one else asked Carol he had to accept. Of course his girlfriends automatically assumed that they were going and began planning events accordingly. By Thursday Carol had heard more than enough about formals, hair styles and make up, and how the girls planned on getting their boyfriends to do something special for them that he wanted to toss his cookies. Despite his personal desires, he showed all the enthusiasm expected in his diary and with his girl friends. Hillary made sure of that.

Friday the team won its division championship and the whole school was ready to celebrate. The Social Club spent even more time on this year's theme, Harvest Moon. They made an enormous full moon as a centerpiece surrounded by cloud like layers and layers of pale creamy white chiffon. The tables were decorated with a centerpiece of white silk roses. The surprising thing about the theme was that it was all Carol's idea. So instead of getting to go to the game, in jeans and sweater, she and the other girls in the club finished making last minute decorations and arranging the gym with bunting and banners. In one way or another Carol had been kept from attending even one game during the season. He was getting to the point where he would kill just to put on a pair of pants. *Maybe after the holidays she'll let me go back to being a boy*, he thought hopefully. *After all I have been good and did everything she's told me to.*

Saturday was non stop for Carol, up at his usual 5:30 AM he performed his morning toilet, dressed in an ankle length gray wool skirt, white cashmere long sleeved

sweater, and mid-calf black leather boots, had breakfast with Hillary, and by 7:30 were on their way.

Hillary decided after Carol had tried on the four formals they had purchased earlier that they were just not quite "it". Therefore, the first stop was the most exclusive dress shop in town. There Hillary spared no expense or effort in getting what she believed was the best dress possible for her stepdaughter. It was a designer original traditional ball gown skirt made of embroidered tulle and rhinestones in pale lavender. The dress left his shoulders bare was very full and constructed of yards and yards of tulle that reached to the floor. Even with heels, it would be hard for Carol to navigate easily while wearing it. What made it the perfect dress according to Hillary was its structured corset top with spaghetti straps that tied behind the neck and its well-defined waistline. Carol was shocked when Hillary paid \$2,500 for it and that did not include the matching undergarments and shoes.

Hillary had scheduled a full make over for Carol. So once they deposited the bags and bags of clothing into the trunk of the car, they had to go straight to the beauty salon. No time for lunch, even though Carol felt like eating a horse. Breakfast had only been a cup of black coffee and one slice of whole-wheat toast with no sugar added peach jam.

Carol spent more than four hours in the beauty parlor and for the most part was able to grin and bear it. During his shampoo he was actually able to lay back and enjoy the pampering, but the body wax stretched the limits of his endurance. By the time they were finished with him, he was actually beautiful. His hair had been lightened and piled in a "Gibson Girl" using extensions to build fullness. Lavender ribbons were interwoven into his hair for highlight and streamed down his back. His nails were extended an inch and painted in bright lavender enamel. The lips colored in a rich creamy lavender lipstick and filled out to look pouty. Eye shadow was a blend of silver and lavender and feathered to add dimension to his eyes. Mascara, foundation, and just a brush of blusher finished his face. His face had then been sprayed with a fixer to keep everything in place.

Carol would probably still be standing looking into the mirror at the beauty salon if Hillary hadn't grabbed his arm and tugged him away. Carol found it very disturbing to look that good and it had struck a severe blow to what was left of his masculinity. He had no idea of exactly how long he stood frozen before that mirror. Hillary brushed it off to the beautician by saying; "she use to be such a tom boy and now your skill has turned her into Cinderella. Come along Carol, we still have a lot to do."

Back at the house Hillary told Carol to take his bath while she would get his clothing ready. "Make sure you cleans well and use that glycerin rod, before you get in the bath," she ordered. "I'll get your clothing ready for you. Oh, I'll put your new make up on your vanity. Be sure that you don't get any more water on your face than necessary and don't forget your shower cap!"

Coming out of the bathroom dressed in his sheer negligee, Carol went over to the vanity. A small tear clung to his left eye. Upon getting out of the bath, Carol had seen his naked form in the full-length door mirror. Again just how feminine he now appeared struck another damaging blow deeply into his male ego. There before the mir-

ror stood a pretty young woman nice long legs, slightly flat buns and smallish breasts, but still one that could easily be a model. Carol cupped his breasts and they filled his hands and seeing that image reflected back at him, brought small tears to his eyes. Quickly he turned away from the image and taking up the pink towel began drying himself. He made sure to dry his eyes first being very careful not to smear his make up. Hillary would kill him if he did.

At the vanity he rubbed moisturizer into his elbows and heels. Picked up the perfume and spritzed behind his ears, between his breasts, his crotch, and finally behind the knees and on the wrists. Checking his lipstick he decided to add a fresh coat just to be safe. Hillary was sitting on the bed watching his every move but saying nothing. Double-checking the mirror to make sure he did not forget anything, he stood and walked to the bed.

Hillary had laid out his new virginal white undies, silk briefs with a front panel of delicate overlapping floral lace trim, silk with bone support strapless merry widow with push up bra, white sheer hose with a climbing rose design woven into the fabric, and the voluptuous layered petty coats.



Pulling the panties on Hillary told him to tuck his bulges back to avoid any unsightliness then began helping him to dress. Finally she lowered the dress over him, zipped it up, and tied the straps behind his head. She even bent down on her knee to help him put on his white satin three inch heels. Standing she stepped back a few paces and critically examined every inch of him. A broad smile of approval flashed across her face as she said, "My, my don't you dress up nice. Why Carol I swear you're good enough to walk down the catwalk with any of my top models. You certainly have the figure for it and well that dress is just...just so you! You're beautiful and Billy's eyes will really pop out of his head when he sees you. Why my dear you are going to have to literally fight the boys off tonight. I am so glad that I decided to get you this outfit. It was more than worth it. Don't you agree?"

“Yes, momma,” was all Carol could whisper. He was so ashamed that a boy could remotely come close to such praise from Hillary. Praise that he certainly did not want, but again as was happening so often lately, what masculinity he still had suffered another major blow.

“Well, dear let me get you something to eat. You will have a long night and we really didn’t have time for lunch. Sit carefully on your vanity stool and I’ll be back in a sec.”

Dinner proved to be nothing more than a large glass of liquid diet supplement and a few crackers. He was happy to get it although he would have preferred a nice thick steak. Something he hadn’t seen in ages. As he sat the empty glass down on the vanity, he noticed the bright lavender lip imprint on its edge. Strange it did not bother him nearly as much as it use to. *Maybe I’m just getting use to all this*, he thought as he reached over to pick up the tube of lipstick.

Promptly at 7:30 Billy arrived with a beautiful corsage. It had three large white orchids whose throats were lavender and soft lavender ribbon bows and streamers. He stood at ease until Carol slowly walked into the room. Just as Hillary had predicted, Billy’s eyes popped out and his jaw hung slack until he regained his composure. Awkwardly he tried to pin the corsage to Carol’s dress, but Hillary stepped in and quickly completed the pinning. “Now,” she said, “You two stand here for a sec while I take some pictures for the family album. You make such a beautiful couple. Don’t you think so Harry? Harry!”

Harry was sitting in his lounge chair frozen in disbelief and dread. He could not believe that it was his son standing there. That person standing beside Billy just could not be his only son, but it was. What made it even more horrendous was the way Carol seemed to be enjoying it. Carol looked like he was glowing in happiness and Harry was dumbfounded by it all.

What he did not know were the detailed instructions Hillary had given Carol before he made his grand entrance. “Be happy, be aglow, and make sure that you stay that way all night. I want everyone to think that you are exactly what you appear to be—a princess all dressed up to go out with her prince charming. I get one bad report and I can promise you that you will never get out of dresses missy! Now when you get your corsage, I want to hear some ooh’s and ahh’s and a nice kiss on the lips for your thoughtful beaux.”

The Prom

At the prom Carol and Billy were the center of attention. All the girls were agog in admiration and at the same time green with jealousy while the guys were mesmerized. Carol was easily one of the top five best looking young ladies in attendance. As Carol and Billy cruised around the floor of the gym trying to find her friends, heads turned and young ladies possessively grabbed their boyfriends while staring in awe of Carol’s dress. It is doubtful that any of the boys noticed the dress, but they did notice the

plumped up mounds filling out the top of that dress and the immaculate face with its full pouty lips.

Once they found their friends, Carol excused himself to go to the lady's room along with five other girls. All the way to the bathroom, Becky, Deborah, Polly and the others kept asking questions about the dress and where did she get it. In the bathroom, Carol went straight to the mirror and began touching up her make up. He was surprised that Billy rented a limo for the evening and Carol had had his hands full keeping Billy at bay. Billy did manage to get several deep soul kisses, but thanks to the semi-permanent lipstick it did not smear as bad as it could have. Still Carol couldn't take a chance and have someone notice and tell his stepmother. As he fiddled with his make up not really having to do very much, the girls were constantly questioning him. He did his best to tell all, but was shocked silent when one of the girls asked him if Billy had gotten a room for the night.

When he answered, "Of course not! I am not one of those kind of girls." The room broke out in laughter.

"Yeah! Right!" one of the girls said, "We've heard that you are one great cock sucker. Hahahahahaha! It's all over school how you and Billy have been getting it on. You ought to know by now that you can't keep secrets here. Besides my Johnny heard from one of his friends that Billy was booking the Honeymoon suite at the hotel."

Carol froze when he heard that remark the tube of lipstick half way to his lower lip.

"Duh! Don't be stupid," Polly said in Carol's defense, "Like you're not putting out for your so-called Johnny. Everybody knows that you're dropping your panties every time you turn around and he's still messing with other girls. Carol hasn't dropped her panties for no body. So what if she fools around a little, she isn't some whore like a lot of you."

At that the room became a crackling hen house with accusations and innuendoes flying all around. Carol couldn't take any more and grabbing his purse fled. Becky, Deborah and Polly were close behind. As they approached their table, Carol turned to Polly and thanked her for her support, but was still queasy at the prospect of everyone knowing what he had done with Billy. He was also anxious to find out if Billy had really rented a hotel room. That would be a big, big problem and Carol was dearly hoping that it was not true.

As they sat down, Billy handed Carol a cup of punch which was promptly drained. Carol asked him for another and smiling he went to get it. While he was gone, the group chatted inanely. Carol answered some more questions about his dress and tried to forget what happened in the bathroom. Just as Billy came back the band started playing and putting down the cup of punch pulled Carol from his seat. The song was a slow one and he pulled Carol close into his body. Carol doing as he was taught, put his arms around Billy's neck and lowered his head onto to his shoulder. As they danced Billy kept placing little kisses on Carol's exposed shoulder and neck. Carol still did not like that, but had grown to accept such attention. *Heck! Carol thought, I'd give my eyeteeth if I could be dancing like this with Deborah she's so beautiful. I wonder if once I get my pants back if...if she would go out with me.*

As the evening progressed, Carol was becoming more and more light headed the punch was so good. The girls made several more trips to the lady's room where they compared notes at first mostly about the other girls then later about their boyfriends. Carol found himself using more and more foundation to cover up the little love bites that Billy was putting on her neck. He blushed each time as he dabbed make up on them hoping that the other girl's didn't notice. His skin had gotten so pale and soft over the past months that the hickeys were becoming harder and harder to cover up.

The girls were getting gigglier as well. Polly was having trouble lighting a cigarette and when she finally managed to get it lit sent all of them into howls of laughter. She had lit she filter. As they were getting over that incident, they heard someone say, "Man those girls are drunker than a skunk."

"We...we don't drunk..er..I mean we don't drink," Carol responded. Then it hit him he was getting drunk. He had been there a lot of times before well before his step-mother changed his life. "The punch! Billy was spiking their drinks! Girls...Girls, our boyfriends are getting us drunk. Don't drink any more of the punch or we will be in trouble," Carol instructed his friends. The response from his friends varied but in the end they all decided to watch out for each other and not let their lousy boyfriends take advantage of the situation. With that they went back to the table.

Carol didn't get to sit with his friends as Billy placed his arm around his waist and pulled him to the dance floor. As Billy pulled him in a tight embrace, Carol pushed him away. "Billy! Stop that! I am sick and tired of covering up your hickeys and it's embarrassing. You think by getting me drunk you can do whatever you want with me? Any more alcohol and I am leaving! Do you understand?"

"Oh come on babe," Billy said, "What's the harm? Just trying to loosen things up a bit. Come on let's dance. Besides your step mommy said she wouldn't mind if we had a drink or two. Why do you think that I rented that limo for anyway? Relax and let's enjoy the evening."

"Hillary said it was alright to get me drunk? I...I find that hard to believe. Even she wouldn't go along with that," Carol said with some disbelief.

As Billy pulled Carol back into his arms he told her, "Just where do you think that I got that bottle from anyway babe. Now just chill everything will be alright."

Carol didn't know what to say so he said nothing, but he didn't drink any more punch. Toward the end of the evening, Billy and some of the other guys at the table huddled together. The girls didn't really care as they were doing the same thing. It wasn't until the boys got up and came over to them that things became interesting.

"Ahh, girls," Billy said, "Look the guys got together and we rented a suite at the hotel. This party is just about over and well we wanted to make this night something special for you. What's say we hop in my limo and go over there for a late dinner? You're gonna like it. We put flowers and stuff in there and we'll get room service to bring us something to eat. We think it would be real cool to have someone waiting on us for a change."

Carol was against the idea, but unlike the others was sobering up. In the end all the girls said that it would nice. What they didn't say was that it would give them more

time to cuddle with their boyfriends. So Carol reluctantly agreed to go along if for no other reason than to watch out for the other girls. They were obviously not as familiar with the effects of alcohol as he was and he had been there before only it was as one of the guys.

The Hotel

When they got to the suite and it was the Honey Moon suite, the girls found it filled with flowers. Each flower arrangement had a girls name on it and the biggest display had Carol's name. The girls were so busy smelling and talking about how sweet their fellas were they did not notice the boys digging into an ice chest. It wasn't until they heard the corks popping, that the girls' attention returned to their boyfriends.

"Champagne for everyone," Ralph, Deborah's date yelled out "and a toast to our beautiful ladies." Of course they all had to accept a glass and toast each other, the prom, and football team. Carol was reluctant but had to go along. By the time they had finished toasting everyone and everything, all of them were feeling a bit giddy.

Someone had turned the stereo on and soft music filled the room. All except Carol forgot dinner, but everyone said "later" as the couples paired up and began to dance when he mentioned it. Again Carol found himself in the arms of Billy. They danced for a while then the couples seemed to break up into individual shadows and fade from view. Between the punch and champagne no one was feeling a lot of pain. Over the soft music a subtle sound of soft moans and rustling of skirts could now be heard. The last couple dancing was Carol and Billy. Carol even though he had tried to limit his drinking was feeling woozy and surprisingly relaxed. He did not seem to notice when Billy guided him into one of the bedrooms and locked the door. Carol's protests were silenced when Billy's lips pressed against his and began thrusting his tongue deeply into his mouth. Carol protests became more aggressive as he tried to push him away when Billy's hands began cupping his pantied derriere.

Billy's grip was too tight and Carol couldn't break it. Finally, Carol was able to break the kiss and as he was saying, "Billy stop," felt himself fall backward onto the bed. Billy fell on top and began groping and pushing on Carol. Carol's skirts were pulled up over his head, and he felt hands pulling down his panties. Carol fought desperately to cover his groin with his hands but Billy was too persistent. The cool evening air touched his naked groin.

"Oh no! Please Billy I can explain," Carol started to say, but was silenced by Billy's rough voice, "You pervert! I can't believe it! I ought to beat the living hell out of you for this! You stinking pervert!"

Carol reached up and pulled his skirts down from his face and he wouldn't blame Billy if he did beat the snot out of him. After all that's what he would have done. "Please Billy it's not my fault," he began only to be cut off.

“Bull shit bitch! I don’t want to hear another word from you. I ought to get everybody in here just to see what a stinking pervert you are, but I have a better idea. Roll over, bitch!”

What happened next became a blur of pain and humiliation. After Billy had his way with Carol’s backside, he made Carol lick and suck him clean. It was awful and as Billy’s hands gripped Carol’s hair tightly in his fists pounded his body into Carol’s mouth until he exploded for a second time. After he climaxed, Billy fell beside Carol on the bed. Carol just lay there like a limp rag sobbing softly.

“Man if it wouldn’t make me look like a flaming faggot, I would get the gang in here to see what you really are,” Billy finally muttered. “What the fuck am I going to do with you?”

“Billy, please let me explain,” Carol replied. “My step mom made me. You don’t think that I like being this way do you? Please Billy don’t tell. If it were to get out that...sob...I..sob..”

“Tell you what I’m going to do pervert,” Billy hoarse voice said. “I don’t want my reputation ruined anymore than you do, so here’s what we’re gonna do.”

Carol listened with disbelief. They were going to continue the relationship until they got out of school just as if nothing had happened. But and it was a big “but” Carol would have to do whatever Billy wanted no questions asked or he would spill the beans.

“After all no one knew what went on this night,” Billy explained, “other than a blow job which everyone knew he was getting already so they would keep it that way. Of course Carol was going to have to admit to his girl friends that he was giving Billy regular blowjobs to support their story, but to nothing else. After they got out of school then they could figure a way to part that wouldn’t cause too many questions.”

Reluctantly, Carol agreed even though he knew he would have to do many degrading things in return for Billy’s silence. As they lay there Billy’s hand began caressing Carol’s breast through the dress. “Are those real? Or are they fake like the rest of you?”

“They’re real enough,” Carol whispered.

“Well let’s see,” Billy said as he rolled over on his side and pulled down the zipper to Carol’s dress. Soon the small mounds were fully exposed and Billy’s lips were sucking on them. Carol was stiff as a board as Billy sucked afraid to move or do anything that might provoke him. To his surprise it was a very pleasant experience sending little shocks of pleasure throughout his body. It wasn’t until Billy began sucking really hard on his breast that it hurt.

Lifting his head up from Carol’s right breast, Billy almost spat, “Now let your girl friends see that when you tell them how much you like sucking my cock, pervert. Now roll your ass over I’m horny again!” The next day Carol had to use a lot of foundation to cover up the large hickey Billy had placed there on his breast.

It took Carol a long time to repair the damage his tears and Billy’s kisses did to his make up. Fortunately the dress was not too messed up and his hair well, he just took

it down and brushed it into a ponytail. There was no way he could reconstruct the elaborate Gibson look. The other girls were not the perfect little ladies that went to the prom that night either and they all pretended not to notice each other's disheveled appearance. The limo dropped him off a little before 4:00 AM

Aftermath

As Carol walked into the front room both Hillary and his father were sitting there obviously waiting for him. "Well, Harry," Hillary was the first to speak. "It looks like we won't have to call the police after all. Now Carol do you want to tell us why you are so late getting home? Oh, never mind! It can wait until later. I can see by the look of you that you are in no condition to explain your obvious behavior. Come along and I will help you undress. Harry why don't you close your mouth and run along to bed. I'll tell you everything after I get miss prissy in bed."

As soon as Carol reached his room he flung himself onto the bed and began crying his eyes out. He could not stop the tears from flowing even as Hillary pulled him up and began unzipping the dress. He cried even as she escorted his nude body into the bathroom. It wasn't until she handed him his douche kit that he was able to bring the torrent into soft sobbing. He looked at the kit as if it were some strange foreign object.

"Guessing by the look of you and your panties, I strongly suggest that you cleanse yourself very thoroughly. You don't want to become pregnant do you or would you rather keep your man's love juice inside of you as long as possible? No, then get cleaned up it's late and I am tired. You can tell me all about it in the morning."

Carol was shaken awake. He opened his eyes to darkness and at first thought he had been dreaming, but someone roughly shook him again. Fully awake and sitting up Carol gazed out into the darkness. "Whooo...who's there?" He asked.

"It's me Harry," said a dark shadow standing beside the bed. "Ca...Carol er...I..need to know. What'sWhat's really going on here? Are...are you really into this...this ..."

Harry couldn't finish. He was so afraid what the answer might be he couldn't bring himself to complete his question.

"Daddy.....is that you? Hillary isn't around is she?" came Carol's quivering response. Carol for his part was afraid that maybe Hillary had put his father up to something.

"No son she's asleep. I put a sleeping pill into her cocktail as she was...was telling me abou...about your da..date tonight."

"Oh, Daddy," Carol said as he swept his arms around his father's neck. "I'm so afraid! Momm....Hillary has me so screwed up. I...I didn't want none of this but she.... she ***sob*** Carol started crying softly and couldn't say anything more. His father leaned down and took the crying youth into his arms and held him there until Carol settled down.

“Okay Carol,” Harry said after a while, “I’m here to help you. I haven’t been much of a father until now and well son I no longer care if I have to go to prison. It will be much better there than seeing you so mistreated. I couldn’t live with myself if I just sat back any longer. Come on, if you really want to get the hell away from that woman, I’ll do whatever I can, but you are going to have to get out of this house tonight. Do you have anything to wear? I mean do you have any of your real clothing left?”

“Nooo, I don’t think so. All I have is what Hillary has for me.”

“Well, get up and find something to put on and I’ll be right back.”

Carol got out of the bed and began rummaging through both his closets and bureaus trying to find something to put on. Automatically he pulled out a pair of panties and bra from the bureau and a pair of jeans and blouse from his closet that weren’t too feminine looking. As he was clasping the bra behind his back his father walked back into the room.

“What are you putting on a bra for?”

“Oh, habit I guess” then as he started to remove the bra, he blushed and looking down at the floor continued, “well I guess she’s made me more of a girl than we thought. I...I need this now.” Carol didn’t add that taking his bra off in front of a man also made him very nervous. His conditioning had changed him in more ways than he had imagined.

“Shit, I’m going to get that bitch for this,” Harry exclaimed. “Never mind. Do you have a friend’s house you can run to where she won’t find you easily? No! Shit! Well pack some things; you’ll have to travel like you are for now. I’ll write down an address and telephone number for you. Here’s all the cash I could get my hands on. Get to the airport and go there. Margo will help you. Margo? She’ll have to explain things to you we don’t have the time. Once there get back to being a boy as soon as possible then get the hell away from there as well. Hillary knows about this place and will come looking. So don’t stay there for more than a day or two. That should be enough time to get your haircut and some clothing.”

“But if she knows...how ...er...what’s going to happen to you Daddy? I just can’t leave you here with her. No telling what she’ll do...you said prison? I...I can’t let you do that!”

“Oh yes you can Carol. I can’t bear seeing what that woman has been doing to you. Up until now, I tried to ignore all the terrible things that I saw going on, but no more. Not after what happened tonight. Yes, Hillary told me all about it and what you did. Oh, she tried to make it sound like you enjoyed it, but deep down I knew better. Now that I know for sure that it was all her doing, well I can’t just sit back and do nothing. I don’t care what happens to me, you’re what’s important now. Don’t worry about Hillary I’ll take care of her! Come on finishing getting your things together, we don’t have much more time. I’ll call a cab so be ready and don’t make a lot of noise. I’ll call Margo’s as soon as I can. Now hurry up.”

It was less than thirty minutes later that Carol was getting into the cab. He was dressed in the outfit he had pulled from the closet and carrying a single bag. Before

getting into the cab he gave his father a hug and kiss on the cheek. With tears in both their eyes, the cab left the curb for the airport.

Harry went back inside the still dark house.

Carol had arrived and despite the initial shock and turmoil at discovering his real gender, Margo accepted Carol into her home. That evening Harry called Margo. Harry spoke briefly and told her that everything was finally over. He was very pleased to hear that Margo would take his son in and help as best she could. "No," he said, "I will never be able to join you. The cops and ambulance are on their way. I can't talk any longer but tell Carol that he never has to worry about Hillary interfering with his life ever again. Margo I would consider it a great big favor if you would take Carol in. He's going to need you very badly. You will, oh thank you my darling. Tell him that I love him and that he can stay with you as long as he wants. Bye my darling, kiss the baby for me and good-bye."

Testing

Carol was given the spare bedroom to use. He unpacked what little clothing he had to his name. Exhausted he laid down on the bed his thoughts and emotions in turmoil and he thought that he would never get to sleep. It wasn't until Margo knocked on the door, that he realized he had actually slept.

"Carol," Margo said upon entering the room. "I talked with your father and he said that everything was fine and that you would not have to leave here until you wanted to. You're safe now and I would be pleased to have you stay with us for as long as you want. No dear I do not have any other details, just that you do not have to move on. Dinner is almost ready and I thought you might want to freshen up. Err.... Carol would...would you mind very much if...if I could ...er... you know see what we have to work with to get you back to normal. I thought that I was pretty good at reading people, but I still can't believe that you are a boy. That bitch sure did a very good job on you."

Blushing as he stripped off his last piece of clothing under the Margo's close scrutiny, Carol stood shaking afraid of what was coming. Margo had him turn around and walk and sit on the commode lid, before she said anything. Finally, in a silence that seemed to last forever for Carol, she said as she walked over to him and began touching his breasts, "Carol these are real aren't they? Oh, my, she must have had you on some very strong hormones for this kind of development. I am sorry if I am embarrassing you, but please forgive me. One last question, is your....er...your male equipment still functioning? I am sorry dear but I need to know. If it isn't fully functional then we may have a problem. Sometimes? Well, I'll contact some of my physician friends they would know best. I've seen enough why don't you take a quick shower and then join us in the dinning room. We'll talk after that, okay?"

That evening after she had put the baby to bed, they sat in the kitchen sipping tea. "Carol," Margo began, "I have some experience in the medical profession. I was a nurse in surgical intensive care until I had little Janet. I have seen a lot of things over my career, but nothing like this. You have the breasts of a young woman, and for that mat-

ter the overall body configuration of one. Apparently Hillary had you on an intensive hormone regime and without some laboratory testing, I am not sure if the effects are permanent. My guess is that surgery will be needed to completely reduce your breast size and I won't even hazard a guess as to what has happened to your reproductive system." "We can get you looking like an effeminate boy in short order, but whether or not we can get you looking like a....well ...I just don't know. If you don't mind, let's keep you dressed like a young lady until we can get some test results in. Once we know what's going on inside you chemically speaking, then we will be able to make the right decisions. Is that all right with you? Okay, I'll make some phone calls and we can talk again tomorrow. I'll try to get more information about your father and what's happening in LA but you already know as much as I do about that. My you look like you're ready to go to sleep right there in your teacup. Come on to bed now and don't worry about a thing. You're safe here. Goodnight dear."

For that first week Carol and Margo spent most of their time visiting one doctor or another trying to determine what could be done. A psychologist gave Carol a lot of tests and finished up by tossing him a ball. Carol immediately spread his legs and scooped it in. "Ummm, the doctor responded. Carol you may have been a boy, but now all your answers to the gender identity tests and your physical reactions register as high as my female clients. To get you back to being a young man will take some intensive therapy. However, I still want to perform some more tests and evaluations before I come to any conclusive findings. I am also going to prescribe some medication for you to take. It will calm your nerves."

The endocrinologist's verdict wasn't much better. According to this specialist, his body chemistry screamed girl with a slightly high testosterone level. When Carol perked up at hearing higher testosterone level, the specialist dashed his hopes. "Carol when I said high I meant high for a girl, but still very low for a man especially one of your age. Both men and women produce testosterone and estrogen hormones naturally within their bodies. Time will significantly reduce the estrogen level in your body, but I don't know if your testicles are capable of producing enough testosterone to...well you understand. Now I don't want to alarm you, but once your hormone levels start to drop, you may develop some severe long-term side effects. Until we know for sure your body's ability to product sufficient male hormones, I would recommend that you take maintenance doses of estrogen. The maintenance level will be much lower than what you are currently showing and it will give us some time to really check things out. We'll do some more blood work over the next several weeks. By then we will have a better idea of your body's natural hormonal levels. Here let me write you a script."

And so it went. Carol still lacked the answer he wanted to hear that he could be returned to being a normal young man. All the testing and all the laboratory work so far resulted in getting pills prescribed for him. At least he was much calmer now, but he was still worried. They did find out that Harry had been arrested and that Hillary was dead, but they were afraid to dig too deeply for fear of arousing unwanted notice.

Margo had a very good friend who was with the local police force. Captain Drucilla listened carefully to everything that Carol told him and had promised to help. As he left them, Carol expressed his fears that somehow Hillary would come for him. The Captain reassured him that nothing would happen to him while they stayed in his

town. He would make sure of that. They kept to themselves spending most of their time tending to the baby and visiting doctors.

Discovered

About a week later as Margo and Carol returned home from another doctor's visit, they chatted inanely about the latest test results as they reached the house. Margo fitted the key into the keyhole and was surprised as the door just swung open. "I could have sworn that I locked it before we left," she said as they went in. Stepping over the threshold, the door slammed shut and Margo was grabbed by the hair and pulled backwards into the arms of Bruno while Robbie took Carol.

"Scream and you both die right here and now!" snarled Bruno. "Besides you don't want anything to happen to your precious baby. My gang is over at your baby-sitters right now and if you two do not cooperate, well you really don't want me to tell you what's going to happen, do you?"

Both Carol and Margo began pleading and begging them not to harm the baby at the same time. "Do what ever you want to us just leave my baby alone," both pleaded.

"Shut up you bitches!" Bruno snarled while pushing Margo into the living room. Carol was held fast by Robbie.

"Hey, Billy!" Robbie said, "Come on in here I've got something for you."

As soon as Billy came in from the kitchen, Robbie thrust Carol into his arms. "Why don't you take your bitch somewhere and get reacquainted while I have a talk with the bitch here."

Billy's smile was pure evil as he grabbed Carol's arms tightly and began forcing him towards the back rooms. "Bitch, you thought you could make a fool of me and get away with it. Well you've got something coming to make things even. You owe me bitch and you are going to pay! Now come on I need a good blow job to start things off right."

Carol found himself thrown into the master bedroom which he noticed was torn all to hell. "We're the jewelry and cash, bitch?" Billy demanded as he slapped Carol across the face sending him falling to the bed. "You better have an answer I want to hear, but while you're on the bed, I might as well enjoy myself first. Then I'm going to see that you get what's really coming to you!"

As Billy was having his way none too gently with Carol, Bruno and Robbie were having there way with Margo on the couch. While gay they didn't mind having some fun with a woman as long as it was embarrassing and humiliating to the woman.

For Carol and Margo time slid past like a slow motion horror picture. It could have been hours, days, or even years to their perception and violated bodies. As Margo lay naked her body bruised and nearly unconscious, Billy came in carrying a bloody knife. She didn't want to think about what he had done to poor Carol, but figured that it wouldn't matter in a few more minutes. All she was concerned about now was her baby.

As Billy stood over her with the bloody knife in his hand, the front door smashed open and suddenly the house was filled with gunfire. Billy dropped dead almost immediately, Robbie took a few steps firing his pistol as he was dropped and Bruno managed to get as far as the hallway before he came falling down. With the noise of gunfire roaring in her ears, Margo passed out.

Epilog

Margo became aware of her surroundings and found herself in a hospital bed. Her first words were, "My baby! How's my baby!"

"It's okay Margo! Your baby is just fine. She's with your sitter. Everything is going to be okay," Captain Drucilla said.

"Oh Matt, it was so...so," Margo started only to be silenced by Matt.

"Shhhh, you still need to rest, but don't worry. Those guys will never be bothering any of you again."

"Carol? Wha...what happened to Carol? Is she okay?"

"Carol.... is alive and according to the doctors will be just fine. Er...Margo they...they cut off his...his well Carol is really going to be a girl for real. Now get some rest we'll talk all about it tomorrow. I'll see you tomorrow and then after we talk I'll take you to see Carol."

Carol was groggy and very sore when Margo and Captain Drucilla came to visit. At first he did not want to believe what had happened and cried until sleep overpowered him. However, the next day after the doctors had explained that perhaps what had happened wasn't all that bad. Carol began down the road of acceptance. His tests proved that he could never be a real man again. A very effeminate man at best was all he could have hoped for and well now at least he could regain a full life if he accepted what the fates had offered. It was a slow and sometimes painful path, but Carol found the inner strength to continue. As each new day approached his outlook improved and he found acceptance with Margo and everyone he met. Being a girl wasn't all that bad, but whether or not he could ever enjoy a man's company would be in doubt for many years yet to come.

The End and a New Beginning