

## Aunt Clara

By Cheryl Lynn

Ralph was sent to stay with his ditzy Aunt Clara while his parents were off on a combination vacation/honeymoon. They would be gone for six months. Despite auntie's frequent trips to see them, this would be the first time for Ralph to visit her. The trip was her gift to his parents.

"You two have never really had a proper vacation and I believe you didn't go on a honeymoon either. So I'm sending you on a combination trip all expenses paid. Now you leave May 15 for a scenic tour of the Rocky Mountains in a luxury guided tour bus then I've booked you for a luxury tour of all the European capitals with return on November 10. I will not hear of any objections, none whatsoever. You just relax and enjoy yourselves while I watch Ralphie."

Both his parents weren't happy about being away so long. More importantly they were worried that Ralph would screw up any chances of them ever getting any of Aunt Clara's money but complied with her wishes. So on the day before their trip, they drove Ralph the four hours to his Auntie Clara's home.

Aunt Clara wasn't insane in the true sense of the word but once she got an idea in her head...well you know the type. Aunt Clara from the first time she met now seventeen year old Ralph thought he was just too pretty to be a boy. Every birthday and every major holiday, her presents would leave him blushing and humiliated. With each gift Clara's belief that he was too pretty to be a boy increased. What made his embarrassment worse was when she visited about once every couple of months. During those visits he would have to either wear or hold her gifts and say that he loved her presents.

When he was little it didn't bother him nearly as much as it did as he got older. Being all boy and the bat boy on the school baseball team, her gifts became intolerable but his mother and father gave him no choice. His dad was a working stiff and his mother had a part time job just to meet the cost of living. Aunt Clara was very rich and Jeb, his dad, was the only living relative.

Auntie loved cats and would often comment that she couldn't decide who to leave her fortune to. Sometimes she wanted to leave it to an animal charity and sometimes to Ralph or Jeb. Jeb and his wife certainly didn't want all that money going to some charity. If they had to physically force Ralph to live with certain embarrassing situations then so be it. After all it isn't like the gifts would do any physical harm and he only had to do it when she visited. She would end most of her visits by taking them to some fancy very up scale restaurant. Those trips were mortifying for Ralph but at least he knew he wouldn't see any of his friends in such a restaurant.

One of the weirdest gifts arrived when he turned twelve. In addition to the beautiful antique ceramic Victorian doll there was a year's supply of vitamins. He was going to throw them into the trash but his mother stopped him.

"Ralph they're just vitamins and besides I won't have to spend the extra money buying them for you. You know how Auntie is and it would be a waste throwing them away."

"Yeah mom, but these say 'women's supplements' on the label."

"That probably means that they contain more iron and calcium Ralph. They're not that much different than the ones you are taking now."

It would have been a very good idea for her to read the label but she just stored them in the kitchen cabinet. From that day forward she made sure he took his pills at breakfast. She caught him spitting out the pill one morning and checked to make sure he actually swallowed it thereafter. Every year on his birthday he received a humiliating gift plus another year's supply of vitamins.

Ooo

When Ralph first started to rebel and refused Auntie's gift, Jeb resorted to using physical persuasion. At first when he was younger, he was given a time out. As he got older the belt became the persuasive. That worked only so long before he started rebelling again on his fifteenth birthday. The arrival of the makeup and hair care kits made him refuse. It was bad enough that he still hadn't reached puberty. He was short and thin for a fifteen year old but putting on makeup would destroy what confidence he had in being male at risk. He didn't mind having long hair but to style it, definitely not a macho thing to do. This time his mother stepped in and showed him all the pictures and videos she had of him as he was growing up playing or wearing Auntie's gifts.

The first picture she showed him was from when he was six. He was wearing his new pajamas. The pajamas were a one piece affair styled as a pink furry rabbit that left only his face exposed. The second when he was nine wearing a white leotard with hot pink tights, pink stiff net tutu and pink ballerina shoes. His naturally curly blond hair put up in a bun, pink lipstick on his lips and matching finger nail polish. He shivered seeing that one. Along with that costume came a one year's enrollment in ballet class. He had to pretend to be a girl and wear that ridiculous outfit for an entire year when he went to dance class. There were four dance recitals and Aunt Clara attended every one. She thought he was the cutest ballerina on stage. The class was made up of eight to ten year old girls and he didn't stand out. They just thought he was a tomboy. It was at this point that Jeb had to start using his belt.

The last was a video taken on Easter of him participating in a backyard egg hunt. Hunting for Easter eggs at fifteen was embarrassing enough but dressed as he was mortifying. Auntie had sent him an outfit, complete with underwear and shoes. The white dress had red ribbon shoulder straps tied into cute bows with a sweetheart neckline and knife pleated just below the crotch full skirt. On the bodice a red silk rose was attached between the breasts and a smaller one on each side. A red satin ribbon tied off into a floppy bow was centered between and just below the bosom. A three tiered white organza petticoat extended two inches below the dress' hemline exposing its floral lace hem and small red rose adornments.

His underwear, rather lingerie, consisted of a white satin training bra frilled with lace and red rosebuds on the cups, white satin full cut panties with several rows of red floral ruffled lace on the back. Whenever he bent to pick up an egg those panties would be in full view. White nylon knee highs with a silk rose appliqué on the back of the welt and red Mary Jane styled patent leather shoes completed the outfit. He was wearing full makeup and his hair hung freely with ringlet curls. A barrette with a large red rose decoration was pinned on each side of his head. Aunt Clara was delighted to watch as he scrambled around the yard looking for eggs.

"Ralph I know you hate having to dress like this or have your room looking so girly but we have to keep Auntie happy. We're barely scrapping by as it is and without her generosity we'd be homeless. We simply cannot afford that. So if I have to, I'll post all this on your social media pages. I won't like it but unless you cooperate and learn to apply makeup and different hair styles, I will."

"Why do I have to learn all that stuff? You can just do it for me when she visits."

**“You know perfectly well that she likes to visit your room and she would notice. She may be old but has the eyesight of an eagle. So that vanity that came with all that makeup and the professional hair drier must look well used. We can’t fake that or the chance she’ll want to watch while you get ready to go to dinner. No, I sorry honey but you’re going to learn what you need to be able to please your aunt.”**

**If he didn’t do exactly as he was told and behaved whenever Aunt Clara came for a visit, those pictures would be put on public display. If that happened he would be ostracized and probably beaten into a pulp. He wasn’t happy but with his mother’s help, practiced makeup techniques and hair care daily. He was also required to let his blond hair grow out. It needed to be at least shoulder length to style properly.**

**Ooo**

**When he was informed that he would be spending all of his summer break with his aunt, Ralph ranted and raved that there was no way in hell he would spend any time with his crazy aunt.**

**“You have got to be friggin kidding me. That woman is a crazed delusional wacko and it’s bad enough what you make me do when she visits. I’ve got friends and finally have a girl friend. I’ve already made plans and have some hot dates set up with Emily. No, I won’t do it!”**

**He didn’t stop arguing until he saw his mother actually uploading his most embarrassing moments into his social media website. When he quickly agreed to go, she cancelled what she had uploaded.**

**“She’s never given me any gift that was fit for a boy and always tells me how pretty I am. What boy wants to be called pretty? I have a feeling that this visit will be pure hell but I’ll go but you can’t put that stuff on my web pages.”**

**“I’m sorry darling but we don’t have any choice. Your aunt and well like I said, we don’t like it either but you will go and behave. You had better pack all the clothing, makeup and hair items too. I don’t think you will need your boy clothes but it’s only for a few months and nobody knows you there. It won’t be that bad to dress up for her and besides, how much could happen in just a few months.”**

**He was royally pissed off that he had to include all his wearable gifts plus the makeup and hair stuff. He did pack a few pairs of jeans, shirts and boxers hoping he would be able to wear them. He frowned even harder when he pulled the two pink suitcases and matching makeup case. They had been an earlier gift with the hopes he would come visit but convinced his mother that he was sick.**

**“Damn! I hate the color pink,” he said filling the first case.**

**Ooo**

**He planned to have a day or two with his friends and Emily once classes were dismissed for the summer. Ralph never had many friends and was picked on by the bullies being called girlie, sissy, fag and such. They really gave him hell in the showers after P.E. and baseball practice. Despite being almost eighteen, he had only a small patch of pubic and arm pit hair.**

**All the other boys looked more like bears and well hung bears at that. Making matters much worse was his flabby chest and the smallest penis in the class. What neither he nor his mother knew was those pills he had been taking since he turned twelve contained female hormones. Not a high level but enough to keep him from going through puberty. They were the same prescription pills Auntie had taken since she underwent menopause. They made her feel so much better she figured Ralph would**

too. He didn't have the chance to get with his friends as he was whisked off to his aunt's the next morning.

Ooo

He was dropped off at his Aunt's, given a hug and kiss by his mother. His dad patted him on the back and told him to do whatever Auntie asked. Auntie stood in the front doorway of her mansion smiling happily. Her gray hair was piled up on top of her head, held in place with a black ribbon. She was wearing a simple A-line dress but from a major designer and black leather two inch block heeled pumps. Her face was round and pleasantly plump, a bit over weight but not obese. She was more than happy to finally have Ralph spend some real time with her. She was only disappointed that he was wearing jeans, school jersey and his hair in a low pony tail.

"Well I'm looking forward to our time together even if he continues trying to be something he's not. By the time he leaves he's going to look and act appropriately. He's much too pretty to have ever been a real boy. Once he acknowledges how pretty he really is, he'll be very happy. I'm sure of it," she thought bending down slightly to give Ralph a tight hug and kiss to the cheek.

"Why, just look at you. You look so beautiful. So why do you keep insisting on wearing those horrid clothes? Margaret will take you up to your room and help you get into something more appropriate for that pretty face," she said before stepping back and letting her housekeeper pick up the suitcases.

As Margaret took the lead they followed her up the winding marble staircase. Margaret was an intimidating looking woman wearing a black ankle length cotton dress and white pinafore styled apron. She was at least six foot and easily managed the two heavy suitcases. Her black gray streaked hair was pulled back into a tight bun and only wore a slash of red lipstick. Her countenance was stern and disciplined with piercing black eyes. Opening the door to the bedroom, she stepped back to allow Auntie and Ralph to enter.

Ralph's eyes bulged out as he perused the room. His room at home was more feminine than he liked but not nearly as girly as this one. It was most certainly a girlie girl's room with its powder pink and white striped walls, lavender chiffon canopied queen size bed with a thick pillowed pink satin comforter and delicate looking maple dresser, vanity with lavender satin skirt and matching bench seat. The window treatments were all in a soft purple satin and most of the paintings on the walls were of colorful floral designs. What really caught his attention was the poster sized framed picture of him wearing his leotard and tutu posing en pointe on one wall. Lingered in the air was the distinct aroma of a spicy floral scent. In his wildest imagination he couldn't believe he would ever stay in such a room.

"Auntie this can't be my room. It's way too fancy. Don't you have another I could use?" he said not wanting to step any further into the room yet not wanting to make his auntie unhappy.

"Nonsense Ralphie, you'll love this room besides it has its own attached bath. Now Margaret will help you put your things away. Do as she says and I'll see you downstairs. It's almost lunch time and I'll have Joan prepare us a nice one."

As soon as Auntie left, Margaret became all business. "Ralphie I don't care how you feel but you will obey Mistress Clara and me while you are here. I insist that you will be respectful and honor your aunt and myself. She maybe a bit eccentric but I love her very much and she has been very generous with me and the cook Joan. Don't give me cause to use my hairbrush on your backside because I most certainly will. Now get

undressed while I start your bath.”

“But I just took a shower this morning.”

“You’re not starting our relationship off on a very good foot. Do I need to take my brush from my apron pocket already? I said you need a bath and a bath you will get one way or the other.”

Ooo

Ralph stood shivering and his bottom glowing red from Margaret’s wooden hairbrush. His butt was only slightly brighter than the blush on his face. Between the experience with the brush and the bathroom, he wasn’t about to argue over the clothing she was putting out for him to wear. He had stripped naked without arguing but lost it when he saw all his body hair going down the drain of the shower. She had coated his body with a vile smelling depilatory then after fifteen minutes shoved him into the shower. He only had some light brown hair under his arms and covering his pubes but it was the only sign of masculinity he had.

He came out of the shower screaming and cussing. Almost as soon as he began talking, Margaret stuffed a small bar of fragrant soap into his mouth and cupped her hand over it. Once he was literally foaming at the mouth, removed it and bent him over for a sound spanking. After that he let her bathe him in a scented bubble bath, shampoo and condition his hair and rub a spicy floral scented body lotion on him without complaint.

On the bed Margaret had laid out his lingerie. He wasn’t shivering from the cold but seeing the bright white with even brighter satin front paneled panty girdle, matching bra, lace frilled camisole and matching half slip with two inches of floral lace hem. They looked brand new and it was obvious how Auntie intended to have him dress while he was there.

“Crap this is going to be a very long and humiliating summer,” he thought pulling his hands away from his groin and picking up the girdle.

He blushed scarlet as he wiggled his butt to get the girdle on seeing Margaret watching him. It was a tight fit and pressed against his privates painfully. He didn’t have a big package but enough of one to hurt if mashed or kicked. Margaret, seeing him wince in pain, walked over and reaching into the girdle, pushed his small penis down while pressing his testicles back up into his body.

“There, how does that feel now? You don’t have much down there but it will hurt a lot less if you keep everything nice and tidy,” she said as she tugged the girdle up for a tight fit.

Handing him the bra asked, “Will you need any help with this?”

His mother had been the one to put his bras on that Auntie sent when he had to wear them. Nodding his head, he watched as Margaret showed him how to adjust the small slides on the straps then taking his hands placed them so he hook the band. She made him practice hooking the bra behind his back until he thought they would fall off.

“The camisole’s straps are adjusted just like your pretty bra,” she commented handing it to him.

He had only worn a bra a couple of times but still hated the way it tugged at his chest and shoulders. The girdle was a completely new experience that he disliked even more. It not only was compressing his pubic area but squeezing in his stomach and retaining body heat. The camisole, slip he had worn in the past and no problem for

him to put on.

He was lead over to the vanity where Margaret gave him a manicure and pedicure varnishing them in a coral pink color. As his nails dried, she worked on his shoulder length brown hair. She combed through the still damp just below the shoulder length hair. With scissors in hand trimmed the back straight across. Parting it across the forehead she snipped it straight across the front just above his brow line. When she finished he had a cute feminine bob. Not quite satisfied with that she used a curling iron to tuck the ends so his face was nicely framed. Using hairspray set the style stiffly in place. When she finished told him to put on his makeup.

As he was doing that she went into the large walk-in closet to get his outer wear. Living in the south had advantages as the winters were usually mild and heavy clothing seldom needed. She picked out a white with colorful floral bordered hem baby doll dress with a scooped neckline, a three tiered white net and chiffon petticoat and a pair of coral pink patent leather two inch pumps.

Ralph was still working on his face when she held up her choice so he could match his facial colors. Finished with his makeup she handed him two pink pearl studs. He removed the chromed skulls from his lobes and put them in. Then she had him face away from the mirror and handed him the stockings she had taken from the dresser. He had worn hosiery but his mother had put them on and he was clumsy doing it himself. Margaret had to show him how to roll the stockings up his hairless legs and attach them to the garters on the girdle. The stockings gave his legs a light pinkish color and glistened in the light.

He was wobbly in the low heels but after he was shown how to walk managed. His wasn't comfortable walking heel and toe with his elbows held closely to his sides, wrists limp and planting his toes first. His stride had always been just the opposite. After Margaret had slapped the palm of his hand a couple of times he concentrated on walking like she wanted. A slap with a wooden hairbrush on the open palm can hurt worse than when applied to a plump cheek.

To finish his dressing Margaret placed a pink hair band with a floppy pink satin bow over his forehead, a delicate gold chain around his neck with a gold panda bear pendant and pink banded girl's watch on his wrist. A splash of spicy-floral perfume was put behind his ears, throat and wrists.

Standing before the full length mirror his mind already on sensory overload, Ralph couldn't believe his eyes. There standing before him was the fairly pretty girl he was use to seeing who didn't look older than fourteen. The rounded collar exposed some cleavage and that's what he focused on.

"I'm a seventeen year old boy. That can't be me in that mirror. She has tits! It's got to be some kind of trick," he thought just before he fainted.

His head was still spinning as the smelling salts opened his eyes. Margaret helped him up, "Your Auntie has been telling you that you are much too pretty to be a boy for a long time. Perhaps now that you have seen just how girlish and pretty you are, you will believe her. For my part I really don't care whether you do or don't accept that because while you are here that is what you will be. Now come along, we're already a bit late for lunch."

As she followed him began chanting, "Heel and toe, plant your toes first or your heels might give way, elbows in, wrists loose and keep that head up."

Nearing the dinning room, Margaret stopped and taking him by the shoulders stated, "When a young lady enters or leaves the presents of their elders, they need to curtsy.

**Watch me closely then copy exactly what I do.”**

**They took a few moments for him to perform an acceptable curtsey before they continued on. When they arrived Margaret had to give him a nudge before he dipped. Auntie Clara beamed with pride as he performed a clumsy curtsey and rushed over to them.**

**“Yes! I knew it! You are so much better dressed like that darling,” Auntie Clara gushed as she gave him a girlie hug and air kiss.**

**“That pig’s ear may look like a silk purse Madam but I assure you there is still a lot of pig in there. Totally lacks the poise, delicateness and manners that are the signs of good breeding.”**

**“Ralphie just needs some time Margaret and I have already hired a woman to teach him those necessities. She has assured me that by the time he leaves here, he will be most genteel. Madame Alexandra will be moving in first thing in the morning to get my precious Ralphie started.”**

**“Madam, if I may be so bold wouldn’t it be more helpful to get Ralph in the right frame of mind if he had a feminine name. You just called him ‘my precious’. I was thinking naming him “Precious” would reflect how dear to you he is. However “Precious” is so innocuous. Perhaps you would rather consider, Priscilla? Priscilla has such a delicate genteel sound to it, don’t you think?”**

**“What a wonderful suggestion. Of course, from now on, Priscilla it is, Prissy for short. I’m starved and Joan has lunch waiting,” she said turning towards the dining room.**

**“Wait a second. I don’t want to be called “Priscilla” or anything else. I’m Ralph. Oooohhhh, that hurts.”**

**He was stopped from saying more as his left earlobe throbbed in pain. Margaret held it fast between thumb and forefinger as she leaned in and whispered harshly, “Your Aunt has made her decision and I warned you to be respectful. Any more outbursts and you will be soundly spanked Priscilla.”**

**Lunch held another embarrassment as Margaret placed a white ruffled pinafore apron on him. He was told that he would wear that apron to protect his clothing until he learned to eat like a lady. The food was tasty but he was served about a third of what he normally consumed. When asking for seconds, was told he was served the same amount as they and contained all the calories necessary for good health.**

**As the meal progressed his table manners were constantly being corrected. If he heard, “Priscilla back straight, elbows in,” “Priscilla take smaller bites,” “Priscilla chew at least ten times” and “Priscilla keep those knees locked together” once, he heard them a thousand times. Between the meager meal, constant unfamiliar pressure of his clothing and Margaret’s nagging he was exhausted by the time he was excused.**

**For the next three hours Margaret had him practicing his curtsey, walking, sitting, bending and how to hold his arms. At four she helped the exhausted boy out of his dress and shoes before letting remove his makeup and take a nap. As soon as his head hit the pillow, he was asleep. It was the sleep of exhaustion but not a sound one. His dreams were one nightmare after another.**

**He was awakened at six p.m. and given another perfumed bath only this time he wore a pink shower cap. He was dismayed to see the distinctive red outline of his bra on his chest. There were also red indentations where his girdle had been. Marks that would never appear on a man and seeing them his ego shrank a bit more.**

Back in his room he was given a fresh set of lingerie in baby blue. The dress was a blue satin cocktail dress with multi-layered full skirt of tulle and chiffon with cap sleeves and a square neckline. To get the tight bodice to fit, Margaret had laced him into a waist chinch. Black nylons and blue suede pumps with a three inch heel completed his dressing. A string of pearls for the neck, pearl earrings and his woman's watch completed his dressing.

Seeing his questioning looks at his attire, she said, "While our other meals are leisurely, your Auntie likes the evening meal to be more formal. By the way, your teacher Madam Alexandra arrived earlier than planned. You will get to meet her at supper so remember to give a pretty curtsey and be on your best behavior. I don't think I would want to get on her bad side if I were you."

Madam Alexandra proved to be a very intimidating woman. She was tall, stoutly built with blond hair in a braided bun. Her face was pretty but not beautiful, had blue eyes and wore no makeup. She was dressed in a brown business suit and spoke with a slight Russian accent. As they entered Margaret gave him a stare and he dropped into a curtsey. It was not a good curtsey drawing a slight frown from Madam. She made "tisk, tisking" sounds as he approached.

"So you are my new pupil? I see I will have my work cut out for me. What is your name child?"

"Ra..." he started to say when Margaret interrupted.

"Her name is Priscilla, Prissy for short."

"A pretty name for such an ungainly one, however, by the time I leave will move with the grace of a prima ballerina. Now if you will forgive me, it was a long trip and would retire to my quarters. Miss. Priscilla I will begin your lessons promptly a seven in the morning. Good evening Ladies."

Supper was not much better than lunch. The portion was small and he was constantly being corrected by Margaret. When she wasn't correcting him, they talked about Madam Alexandra or other topics of no concern to Ralph. As they ate Auntie would look at him all smiles and tell him "how precious," "how cute," or "how adorable" he was. By the time he finished eating Ralph had had enough. Between the humiliating clothing, girly name, the lessons and Madam Alexandra Ralph forgot all about Auntie's wealth or his father's admonishments.

Slamming his hand down hard on the table, he jumped to his feet making the chair fall to the floor and screamed, "Enough! I'm not some stupid girl! I'm a man and I don't give a shit if you ever give us your fucking money! I'm leaving and don't try and stop me."

He would have run to his room but the three inch heels made that impossible. He hadn't taken more than four steps before his right ankle collapsed. His ankle hurt but wasn't sprained as he got on all fours and tried to stand.

Margaret pulled him from the floor, gripping his upper arm painfully and before dragging him from the room said, "Madam I must apologize for this uncouth behavior. Priscilla is exhausted from her journey and in shock at seeing her transformation from tom boy into a pretty girl. This is my fault for not excusing her from supper and letting her sleep. I can assure this will never happen again."

Soap bubbles were coming out of his nose and his ass flaming scarlet by the time Margaret had finished with him. Making matters worse was his growling stomach. He had tossed up all he had eaten from swallowing so much soap. Now he was in his

feminine bed wearing a tight panty girdle, bra and baby blue nylon and chiffon puff sleeved baby doll nightie with matching rumba panties. As soon as Margaret left the room turning out the lights, he got up. Going into the large walk-in closet, he noticed that all the girly clothing he brought were there but none of his boy clothes. Hoping they were in the dresser he quickly checked it out only finding lingerie. Next he went to the window, managed to get it open and looked down. He had about a twelve foot drop but only thought for a moment about trying it. What stopped him was the thick hedge of bougainvilleas which he knew had very large sharp thorns. Giving up he went back to bed and cried himself to sleep.

Ooo

He was brought awake by the incessant buzzing of the alarm clock. Bleary eyed he looked and saw that it was five o'clock. The only time he ever got up that early was to go fishing with his dad. Groaning, he slapped his hand down on the clock and turned over to go back to sleep. His eyes had barely closed when the lights came on and Margaret entered.

"Get up you lazy child. You need to get ready for today. Do I need to get my brush to provide you some incentive?"

"I'm not a child and I'm up already."

"You could have fooled me with your antics last night. Slip on your negligee and put on your slippers then meet me in the bathroom."

"Why? I'm just going to take it right off."

"Proper young ladies are always dressed appropriately. Now hurry up."

Letting out a sigh of resignation, he stepped into the low heeled slippers and grabbed the negligee from the foot of the bed. His experience this morning in the bathroom wasn't as humiliating as yesterday but still embarrassing. At least Margaret had let him bathe himself.

His lingerie, this time in bright yellow, was laid out on his bed. Again he had difficulties fastening the bra behind his back. Margaret finally had to position his fingers for him telling him that with practice it wouldn't take any effort. Thanks to his mother's demands that he learn to use cosmetics and hair styling, it didn't take him long to fix his face and hair. With that done, he put on the yellow cotton sleeveless shell blouse, black mid-thigh length flared skirt and stepped into the black pointed toed satin three inch pumps. Looking into the mirror he noticed that his bra could easily be seen through the thin fabric of the blouse. He opened his mouth to say something but saw Margaret's frown, so turned and followed her out of the room.

His feet were hurting before he sat down for breakfast. His ankle was still a bit tender and these pointed toed shoes mashed his poor toes. As instructed curtsied to the two women already seated, went to his Auntie and apologized for his behavior then kissed her cheek.

"That's alright my darling. I had more than my share of tantrums when I was younger and came to regret. Please put on your pinafore and sit down. Breakfast is getting cold," she said giving him a kiss to the cheek.

His breakfast was half a grapefruit, slice of dry whole wheat toast and a glass of orange juice. Hungry as he was Ralph had a hard time finishing his meal. The three women were talking about his training like he wasn't there.

What they were discussing sent shivers of fear running up his spine. He would be

spending eight hours a day with Madam Alexandra learning deportment, speech, etiquette and something she called girl lessons for homework. When he heard that girl lessons were designed to make him think like a proper girl, he was really scared. Margaret happily volunteered to over see his homework assignments and that scared him even more. He decided that as soon as an opportunity arose for him to escape he would take it no matter how he was dressed.

Ooo

As much as he wanted to escape the only time he was left alone was at night. Even then he couldn't just walk out as the entire downstairs had laser motion detectors and alarms set. Ralph wouldn't get more than five feet out the door before her night security guard caught him. So his life settled down to a strict schedule.

He spent two hours learning to walk in a swaying heel and toe, how to gracefully sit and pick things up and how to move and hold his arms and hands. Two hours were spent learning proper etiquette and two hours learning how to speak in a softer higher pitched tone and using feminine vocabulary. The last two hours were spent going over everything he had learned that day.

He wasn't sure which of the lessons he hated the most. During his deportment lesson, Madam Alexandra had laced him into a canvas corset. The corset was not tightly laced but had a number of D-rings to which bungee like cords were attached. The free ends of those cords were attached to his upper arms and fingers severely restricting their movement. Once his upper torso was hooked up, she attached two cuffs just above his knees and connected them with another cord.

"The corset will insure that you will always keep your elbows close to your side, hands in the proper position and back straight. The ones on your legs will guarantee a feminine pace in your step. This last item is called a posture collar and will keep your head up. Now let's begin," she said attaching the collar that first day. He wore that apparatus for almost two month before his movements came naturally.

He was given a fifteen minute break at the end of each hour. He wasn't so sure he would have called sitting on the edge of a straight backed chair, knees pressed tightly together with his ankles touching and tucked back under the chair a break. He didn't argue as he could barely stand and his entire body aching by the time the break arrived.

His etiquette lessons were probably the least physically demanding but required his total concentration. The first lesson was spent learning how to set a table. It sounded simple enough until he had to memorize the names of all the different silverware and their placement depending on the function.

For his speech lessons he could either sit or walk as he listened to a recording and attempted to repeat the pronunciation and tone used in the digital recording. The recordings were of a young woman reading about basic fashion awareness. As the days past, the same voice kept reading about fashions and coordinating outfits at more advanced levels. For the first couple of weeks by the end of those lessons, his throat was usually sore. Since his voice hadn't yet changed, by the end of the second month, he was naturally speaking in a softer, slightly higher modulated tone. Using words like "cute," "darling," and "I love it" at the proper times while expressing himself with the appropriate hand movements took about three months to become natural.

Madam Alexandra carried a riding crop with her and frequently used it to get Ralph's attention. She was strict but knew when not to push him too hard. By the end of his

first day there wasn't a part of his body that didn't hurt and throb. Between the corset, leg restraints and posture collar being worn the entire class time, it didn't take long for him to naturally move the way Madam wanted. Etiquette lessons wound up being his most difficult subject. Many he thought were stupid like not wearing white after Labor Day.

The pain, suffering and difficulty of those classes paled in comparison to his girl lessons. Those proved the most challenging and difficult lessons of them all as they were designed to make him think like a girl. They started out easy enough. Some of his first girly lessons focused on developing both a night time and morning beauty ritual. Margaret took those rituals a lot further than what a modern day girl would but he learned. He had to read women's magazines and romance novels. The hard part came when he had to write an essay describing what he learned from the magazines and using a woman's point of view describe what and why the heroine behaved as she did. Describing how a woman felt in the arms of a strong romantic interest was the hardest but in time he learned. His entertainment excluded all of his favorites as he was only allowed to view movies and television shows directed at women. His music changed from hard rock and rap to classical and boy bands.

As the weeks and months went by his girl lessons became harder and harder for Ralph. What finally broke him completely occurred when he was first given a woman's guide to sex and hygiene to study. Along with the study he learned how to properly douche and use sanitary napkins and tampons. However that's not what destroyed his remaining male ego. Madam Alexandra had given him a very realistic boy love doll equipped with an impressive tool so he could learn personal relationships and dating skills.

Margaret fully enjoyed making sure he did his homework with his new doll. She had hoped to receive a good portion of Auntie's wealth but that changed once Ralph moved in. Now she took out her disappointment on him. She had to beat his ass thoroughly before he would practice oral techniques as eagerly as she wanted. She had to threaten to bring in a real man to practice on when it came time to actually get penetrated.

True to her word after five months there was very little of Ralph to be found. In his place stood a demure, proper young lady named Priscilla. She was a young lady who was also dating young men on a regular basis. Auntie was most pleased and gave Madam Alexandra a nice bonus.

His first date was arranged for the Fourth of July and one of the most harrowing days of his life. He had only a weeks training in dating techniques when told he would be paired with a young man. His defiance earned him another good mouth wash and spanking. Now he would have to use everything he had learned to keep his date and any other people from learning that he was a boy. The date included going to the parade and attending the fireworks display afterwards. There would be lots of people and the humiliation of being discovered in front of so many would be unbearable.

Knowing he would be with a boy most the day until late at night left him a nervous wreck.

To Be Continued

## Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

The Fourth of July parade started at four and Ralph started to get ready for it shortly after noon. He had been under strict guidance since the middle of May and some of his first instructions had been in performing a proper toilet. At the beginning of the week, he had been learning all about feminine hygiene. Those lessons resulted in some changes made to his toilet routine. Five days a month he had to experience having a period which was Margaret's idea. So now on those days had to thoroughly douche, use FDS and wear a tampon up his anus.

Margaret had decided that Priscilla would have her period on the first until the fifth of each month. Ever since Aunt Clara had told her her decision to leave all her estate to Priscilla, Margaret took out her anger on Ralph by making sure his girly lessons were taken to the extreme. She was more than upset that she was no longer going to get a nice portion of Clara's estate.

As a matter of fact she was the one that had arranged Ralph's date. He was a boy who was a friend of her little sister's youngest boy. Her sister didn't like for her son to be socializing with Thad. Thad, it seemed, was known as a "skirt chaser" as she termed it when Margaret was visiting. When she got the idea to start Ralph dating, Thad immediately popped into her mind. It didn't take much persuasion on her part to convince him to go out with Priscilla. The photo she sent to his phone was enough.

Ralph put the pink bulb syringe on the counter top and picked up the pink plastic tampon. He had douched the mandatory three times and now he had the very distasteful task of inserting the tampon. He grimaced as he pushed it home then pulled the silken threat to seat it.

He took his floral scented bubble bath and removed any stubble from his legs, groin and underarms. He had used a depilatory when he first arrived but now to ingrain feminine thought had to shave. Of the few things that shouted female more than having to shave legs, groins and pits were tampons and bras.

Out of the bathroom he had wanted to wear the least sexy clothing he had. Of course Margaret insisted on some of his sexiest. Matching red satin lingerie with lots of lace and embroidery were laid out on the bed. Scarlet nylon high cut panties with an elastic floral waist band, satin floral embroidered gel demi-bra, crystal beaded embroidered waist chinch garter belt with cute red ribbon bows covering the tabs and sheer red nylons. He was more dismayed by seeing the hosiery as it was going to be a hot day.

Going over to the vanity once he had his lingerie on, he began rolling his hair in the large steam rollers. Once the rollers were in so his hair would curl under, he began his facial regiment of cleansing, moisturizing and preparation for his makeup. Despite it being daylight Margaret had insisted he go for a dramatic night time look.

"After all Priscilla you should know instinctively by now that a girl must put on her best face when going out on a first date. You do want to make a good impression don't you?" she had said when he complained.

"But I don't want to date any boy. Why are you making me do all this?"

"It's for your own good Prissy. Going out with Thad will help you in your girly classes. Madam Alexandra wants you to learn how to interact and form relationships as the

pretty girl you appear to be. Dating a youngman and the experiences you will have should teach you a lot. Just remember he is only sixteen, if he asks, you are fourteen. Listen, before you say anything, fourteen year old girls aren't much more developed than you are. Telling him your true age would make him very suspicious with your lack of breasts. This is your very first time going out and you're going to act like any other boy crazed young girl out there. So be nice, let him put his arm around you, you hold his hand and be prepared to be kissed. You do want to keep your little secret, don't you? Okay and make sure you kiss him back."

"I...I don't....don't know how ....to kiss...kiss a boy...and..and I just started kissing Emily," he replied blushing.

"Oh how sweet! Still a virgin then, well it's very easy. Just pucker your lips, put your arms around his neck and when your lips touch, raise one of your legs. If he wants to put his tongue into your mouth, play tag with him. I hear that's all the rage now days."

Finished with his makeup he stepped into a pair of three inch cork white leather wedges and pulled his dress off the hanger. The dress was a white cotton sun dress with wide blue floral hemming. The wide straps covered up his bra straps but the round neckline revealed more cleavage than he cared for. The bodice was loose enough that he would have to be careful when bending so he wouldn't show off his boobs. The gel demi-bra added a full cup size to his natural A-cup man boobs. Dressed he went back over to the vanity, removed the rollers and brushed it out.

With his hair done, he put on several red, white and blue plastic bangles on his wrist, red, white and blue plastic colored four inch hoops into his ears and a matching block beaded necklace. Picking up his red patent leather hobo purse checked its contents and replaced the makeup with what he was wearing. Told his date had arrived counted to one hundred as instructed and grabbing a wide brimmed red straw sun hat went to meet his fate.

Ooo

Thad turned out to be a tall somewhat handsome boy of sixteen. He had thick black hair, a somewhat large nose and a very well toned body. He was dressed in a light blue collared pull over and blue denim jeans standing about two inches taller than Priscilla. It was obvious that he liked what he saw when Priscilla walked into the room. Ralph took an instant dislike as he notice how Thad was looking at him. It was the same look he had given Emily when they first met but he didn't realize that.

"I can't believe I'm doing this. Why can't he look me in the face? He keeps staring at my chest. This is going to be a horrible day and I have to do this right or....Shit I don't want to think what he'd do to me if he knew. He's all muscles."

His parents drove them to the parade, the adults in the front seat and the kids in the back. Ralph tried to sit by the window but Thad moved over until their hips touched. This was the first time a boy had scooted so close to him and it was an uncomfortable feeling. Driving off his mother began asking the usual fifty questions about where was he from, what school and so on. As he and his dad unloaded the car removing lawn chairs and a large cooler, Mrs. Ingram continued getting to know the young girl. With all his instructions so far, Ralph spoke and moved his hands like any girl his age. When she complimented him on his pretty outfit, he said he loved the pretty scrunchie she used to hold her pony tail and that it would make a darling bracelet too.

Settled down in a good spot to view the parade, Thad grabbed a couple of water bottles from the cooler. Giving one to Priscilla slid an arm around his waist and told his parents they were going to look around for a bit.

**“My parents are great but let’s see if I can find some of my friends. They’re way cooler to hang with.”**

**Ralph wasn’t all that keen to be separated from them but had to go along. It didn’t take long to find about a dozen of his friends. The other boys gave Ralph the same look or worse than the one Thad had. The other girls welcomed her but some saw the new girl as serious competition. As usual at such times the boys gathered together to talk and the girls with the girls.**

**Ralph found himself in a unique position. On the one hand he was happy to be away from Thad but on the other he was with a bunch of girls, real girls and that frightened him.**

**“OMG! I’m going to have to be on my toes and remember all that I have been taught or they will find out my secret real quick. Oh man, this sucks.”**

**They all asked the same questions Mrs. Ingram had but plenty more and more embarrassing ones especially those about his love life. He had no problems answering most of the questions, talked easily about music, fashions and makeup but the ones about other boys made him blush. The parade lasted about an hour and by the time it was over Ralph had been accepted as Priscilla. He was even reluctant to leave the girls when Thad pulled him away to meet back with his parents. On the way back Thad had his arm around Priscilla’s waist. Ralph would have much preferred holding hands instead of having Thad’s hand resting on his butt.**

**From the parade Mr. Ingram took them to a buffet for dinner. For the first time since arriving at his aunts, Ralph could eat whatever he actually wanted. Once they were escorted to a table Mrs. Ingram looked at Ralph and nodded in the direction of the bathrooms. He almost made the mistake of putting his purse on the table but stopped in the nick of time. He nervously followed her into the lady’s room and joined in the cue lined up before the four stalls. They were standing side by side and made small talk about the parade and how wonderful it was until it was their turn. As they were talking he was moving from one foot to the other. He had to pee real bad and never had to wait like this before. When he thought he was going to pee his panties the stall door opened.**

**He naturally sat to pee now that he was Priscilla and chastised. One of the first things Margaret had done to him was push his testicles up inside and taped his penis down between his legs. Later the tape was replaced by a pink plastic chastity device. The device did three things to him, it made him sit to pee, he couldn’t do his most favorite thing and it had prongs on the inside of the tube that made any erection very painful.**

**As he went through the buffet line he settled for fried chicken, fries and salad. Remembering his etiquette lessons daintily cut the chicken up instead of using his hands. Fried chicken always tasted better when eaten with the hands.**

**“Well at least it’s fried. I haven’t had anything fried since I got here. OMG! These fries are awesome. I really do miss my fries,” he thought.**

**After a leisurely meal and a trip to the lady’s to repair their makeup they went to the fair grounds where the fireworks display would take place. This time Thad had his arm around Priscilla’s shoulders pulling them close. Ralph didn’t like it nor liked Thad’s fingers reaching under the straps of his sun dress and rubbing the bra strap as they drove off.**

**Parked, the women watched as the boys unloaded the car and carried everything to a**

nice viewing spot. Again, Thad grabbed some sodas, stuck them into his front pockets and placing his arm around Priscilla's waist, dragged him off to meet up with his friends.

It didn't take him long to find them in an isolated area near the parking area. This time they weren't separated into groups but paired off. Ralph noticed all the girls had their hands in the back pocket of their date. Reluctantly he reached around and put his hand into Thad's pocket. Another thing he noticed but didn't pay attention to was everyone had a soda or was sharing them.

"Crud, I should have seen this coming. When Sheryl said she did that with her boyfriend so she could feel his butt, the others giggled and thought it was a wonderful idea back at the parade. Now they're all doing it and I have to play along as if I would want to touch any boys butt."

Removing his arm from around Ralph's waist, Thad popped the lid and held it out. The boy standing next to him looked around then from a small cooler pulled out a bottle of vodka. Ralph was occupied listening to Rose telling him all about "a to die for dress" she had found at Macy's and didn't notice what Thad did. As he hadn't been allowed to drink sodas when Thad handed it to him didn't think twice about taking a big gulp. It tasted different than he remembered but enjoyed it.

As the sun set Ralph had a buzz and became much more relaxed. He was giggling and laughing with all the rest at some inane or silly act someone either said or did. As it became darker some of the couples began moving off into the parking lot. Ralph soon found himself alone with Thad between two SUV's, pinned between Thad's strong arms against one of them. Realizing his situation, he sobered up quickly as Thad's lips touched his.

"He's kissing me! A boy is kissing me! Margaret told me this would happen and what I had to do but all I want to do is toss my cookies. Gross, he's sticking his tongue into my mouth and pressing his body into mine. OMG! I can feel his dick! How sick. Learning about this is one thing but having to do it is just so perverted. Act like a girl, act like a girl or he'll discover that I'm a boy and kill me," he thought as he put his arms around Thad's neck.

They didn't see much of the firework display as they were doing some serious necking. Thad was doing all the necking as Ralph was kept busy trying to keep a thousand hands from sliding up his legs or squeezing a breast. Finally he let Thad fondle his breasts concentrating on keeping a hand from grabbing his groin.

At last the show was over and they walked back to where his parents were waiting. Ralph's hair was a mess and what lipstick he had was smeared. He had left his purse in the car and would have to suffer the looks of his parents. Mrs. Ingram gave him a knowing smile but said nothing. He just wanted to die. Thad's dad smiled broadly and patted his son on the back.

Thad walked him to the door and putting his arms around his waist pulled Ralph in for a good night kiss. Ralph placed his arms around his neck and as their lips met, raised one leg. The porch light flickered twice much to Ralph's relief and horror. The flickering light meant he was seen kissing another boy. He had repaired his makeup and brushed his hair in the car hoping that Margaret or Aunt Clara wouldn't notice. He definitely didn't want them to know he had been making out with another boy. There would be no hiding it now.

Margaret was waiting as he entered the house with a smug smile. "So wasn't it delightful getting kissed by a boy? No? I think the lady protests too much as you sure

looked like you were enjoying it. Come along its late and you need to get ready for bed.”

“I said I hated it, positively grossed me out and I almost threw up every time. I never want to see him ever again. He had his hands all over me. Making me go out with another boy is perverted.”

“That’s enough! Watch you tongue and your tone young lady! There is nothing perverted about a girl and boy making out and kissing.”

“But I’m....”

“I said that’s enough!”

Ooo

Madam Alexandra decided it was time to move up his training, a crate was delivered to the house. Margaret opened it as Madam and Priscilla looked on. She already knew what was in it but still surprised at how realistic the Love Doll was. The doll was about five foot six with a fit looking silicone body. According to the shipping label it weighed around one hundred and forty-five pounds. At the moment it was wearing a red and black checked flannel shirt, blue jeans, white socks and tennis shoes. Ralph looked at it wondering why anyone would want a realistic looking boy doll almost as big as he was. When Madam explained that the doll was for him to practice his dating skills, he fainted.

Ralph had never fainted when back home but the shocks to his nervous system at Auntie’s plus taking four vitamins a day were too much for him. It was one thing to dress and act like a girl but to simulate a period and learning sex as a girl would probably make most boys faint.

Earlier Madam had given Margaret the website where a plain unadorned doll that could be put into several different poses and locked into place be purchased. When she went to that sight and saw the additional features that could be added she smiled evilly. She selected the skin tone, black hair, the larger nose, blue eyes and full lips that resembled Thad. Next she ordered the more expensive model that came with some special extras. That model was not on Madam’s list.

When he came to he complained bitterly that he wasn’t going to get anywhere near that doll. Like all of his complaints was ignored and the two women carried the doll up to his room. They decided it would be best if they put the doll on one side of Ralph’s queen sized bed. His complaints about that earned him a shape slap with the hairbrush. Leaving his room Madam took him back down stairs to continue his current lesson.

As soon as they left the room, Margaret unfastened the jeans and pulled down the boxer shorts. “Oh my!” she gasped seeing the eight inch very realistic dick and hairy balls. There was a button under the scrotum that when she pushed it made the penis vibrate and pump up and down.

Refastening the doll’s clothing she checked out the next features. The button just behind the left ear when pushed caused the doll’s mouth to move like it was sucking. The one behind the right ear caused the doll’s soft silicone tongue to dart in and out.

Margaret could barely wait until after supper and she had Ralph all to herself that night. She even went out and purchased a set of men’s pajamas.

“I can’t wait to see the expression on Priscilla’s face when she has to undress her doll

then put these pajamas on," she thought placing them into the draw that held Ralph's nighties.

Ooo

A few days after his first date, Margaret walked up to him with her phone in hand. "It's Thad and he wants to ask you out to attend a party. You will accept and when you do better sound real happy about it,"

"I told you I don't ever want to see him again."

"I don't care what you want but you will go on this date or you will surely wish you had."

Ralph glared at her for a moment before taking the phone. "Crud, why does she keep doing things like this to me? Whatever have I done to make her so mean to me?" he thought then said, "Hi Thad, I so very glad you called."

Much of his girly studies had been reading Face Book submissions from girls his age discussing what they found attractive in boys. Then Margaret took him to a local mall where he was required to tell her his observations. He had to detail what made the boy attractive to girls. She had taken pictures with her phone of each boy and when home, pulled up a picture and had him repeat what he had said. He received a swat to the palm for everyone he couldn't remember. Two of the things he kept forgetting were whether or not he thought the boy had a big package or a good kisser. By the time summer was over Ralph automatically looked at a boy's crotch before checking the rest of him out.

Ralph spent some time with Aunt Clara every day but every time he tried to complain about his treatment was cut off. Either Auntie would tell him it was for his own good or Margaret would intercede. For her part Auntie only saw a beautiful girl blossom right before her old tired eyes. She believed whole heartedly that she was doing the right thing. After all what boy looked so pretty and acted so girlishly.

One of the things Madam Alexandra insisted upon were public excursions as the exposure would make Priscilla's lessons ingrained. His Aunt and Margaret had taken him out on a number of occasions to the opera, museums, art galleries and the like. Ralph followed along reluctantly as he didn't want to be seen by any more people than he had to. Those trips also accomplished what Madam wanted.

Ralph's continuing development only reinforced Aunt Clara's belief. His movements and mannerisms were so naturally girlish now. She was amused when he started waving his hand over his mouth when he giggled or sneezed.

"Just like a girl. I've never seen a man do that. Further proof I was right all along. He's too pretty to be a boy and I know there is a real girl hiding inside," she thought when he first began doing that feminine motion.

She dismissed his complaint about having to go on a date as just the act of a lot of girls as they grew into maturity. She hadn't been all that wild about boys when she was young either. What she didn't know was what Margaret was teaching him. Aunty had been a bit apprehensive when she observed Madam Alexandra's method of discipline but seeing the results more than approved. Margaret told her to never interrupt when she taught Ralph his girly lessons as it needed all his concentration. It was to Ralph's misfortune that she had agreed.

Ooo

Late Saturday afternoon Ralph was getting ready for his second date. As before, she had set out his clothing for the occasion. The lingerie selected was satin in a bright blue consisting of high cut panties, push up gel bra, panty girdle, camisole, half-slip and sheer blue nylons with a lace welt. For outer wear Margaret decided upon a pale blue chiffon balloon sleeved round necked blouse and black mid-thigh leather straight skirt. The shoes were a baby blue matte satin with a three inch spike heel. For accessories there was a blue patent leather two inch wide leather belt with large gold buckle, four inch gold hoops, multi-colored seed pear necklace and an assortment of metal bangles and rings for his hands. As he stood before the mirror was disappointed that he could easily see the floral lace trimmed cami through the blouse.

Mrs. Ingram drove Thad over to pick him up for their date. He cringed when he had to kiss him on the cheek when he arrived and more so when Thad put his arm around his waist escorting him over to the car as Margaret and Auntie watched.

Auntie was very pleased to see how happy Priscilla looked when she met her date and gave him that ever so cute kiss. "I think my pretty niece has decided that dating boys can be fun after all. It was so cute when she kissed him then wiped off his cheek afterwards. He is a handsome boy too. She might have a deformity but her true nature is finally beginning to get the upper hand."

Ooo

The party was at Rose's house and Ralph wasn't as nervous as he had been when they first met at the fireworks display. There were a few new couples there but he already knew most of them. It was a typical teenage party and both of Rose's parents were there to chaperone. They talked getting acquainted with everyone, ate snacks and drank colas when they first arrived. Later the lights were dimmed and dance music was put on. Ralph tried to limit his dancing with Thad to the fast ones but couldn't avoid the slow ones. He hated slow dancing as Thad had his hands all over his ass and back holding him close. Feeling Thad's cock rubbing against his thigh gave him the creeps more than having to kiss him as they danced.

The dancing was the worst part of the evening but earlier he had been cornered by Rose, Shirley and Julie. He had met them at the fair grounds and talking girl talk when he was asked to join them shopping next Saturday. From their earlier discussions Ralph knew they weren't actually going shopping but to check out all the boys. He tried to refuse by saying he thought his Auntie had plans but the three girls were insistent. So they exchanged numbers and promised to keep in contact.

"Omg, now I have girlfriends who want me to hang but not the way I always wanted. They're really nice and accept me as another girl but I'm not sure how I feel about that. I like having friends but they're real girls. Despite all this I'm still a man and if they discover my secret it will be worse than having Thad find out."

He was home around ten and had to undergo the humiliation of knowing Margaret and probably Auntie were watching as he was deep throated by Thad at the front door. He wasn't wrong and Auntie Clara wanted to know all the details. He tried to keep it to we danced a little and gave as little information as he could but she was insistent. He wound up telling her about the girls and going to the mall just to get her from asking more about kissing Thad and the hickey on his neck.

"Oh how wonderful, you have made some girlfriends. Well, of course, you are going to call them and say you would love to go to the mall. It will do you a world of good to get out of the house for a bit," she joyfully said.

With a second date over, Margaret began making Ralph learn more intimate dating

moves. Up until now all she had him practice was kissing, cuddling and breast play. Seeing the look on his face as he placed a nipple into the dolls mouth when the sucking button was pushed made that expensive addition worth it. She actually wet her panties the first time she forced him to practice oral sex. Margaret wasn't expecting to get such a rush seeing him with three inches of dick jerk back spewing salted egg white from his mouth and dripping down his chin. Another feature of that doll was the ability to fill the scrotal sack with fluid.

It took her the full week before he could get all eight inches down and swallow the fluid without puking. Margaret often found herself rubbing her groin as she watched him practice. When she started making him take it up his boy-pussy she had to bite her lip to keep from screaming out her pleasure. To keep Ralph from screaming she had put a ball gag into his mouth.

Ooo

Saturday was hot and humid so Margaret allowed Priscilla to wear something more comfortable for his outing with the girls. The powder pink strapless gel bra pushed his now B-cup breasts into a respectable cleavage and the matching panty girdle gave him a smooth feminine front.

Ralph was aware of his growing breasts and extremely upset by it. At the beginning of summer he had had small A+ breasts which his mother said would go away when he started puberty. It was now the middle of August and his breast so prominently displayed, doubted what his mother had told him.

"Margaret you have to get me a doctor's appointment. Something is drastically wrong. I'm growing tits an....and I'm a guy no matter how you make me dress."

She looked at his pink bra covered chest then glanced down to his flat front. "Yes, your Auntie's pills are doing wonders. From his development I would guess that he's probably chemically castrated as well. Even when he gets his Auntie's money he'll never be able to be a boy much less a man again. He's probably right about needing to see the doctor though but who. I can't just take him to any doctor," she thought.

"Priscilla, watch your language. Girls have breasts or boobies never tits. Tits are udders and only animals have them. As far as you growing breasts I think it's your body reacting to living all the time as a girl. However it's probably a good idea for you to see a doctor. I'll see what I can do. Now finish getting dressed your girlfriends will be here any second," she responded.

Ralph wasn't thrilled about the clothing she had picked out for him to wear. The pink cotton V-necked halter blouse exposed more than he wanted and the cuffed white flare legged short-shorts way too tight. The girdle's back seam separated and filled out the cheeks making his butt stand out. Dressed he stepped into a pair of three inch cork heeled wedges and picking up his pink hobo bag was ready when Rose honked her horn.

"Shit! There's no way anybody would ever think I was a boy seeing me exposed like this. Unless I do something totally stupid even the girls wouldn't believe I was ever a boy," he thought giving the mirror one final glance.

As soon as Ralph left with his girlfriends Margaret got on her computer to do some research. Pretending to be a transgender person in desperate need of medical assistance reached out on several web sites. She received a number of replies but only one caught her attention. The response came from a domination site and mentioned a certain doctor for the right amount of money would do whatever asked with no questions. She called and made an appointment after explaining what she had

In mind.

Ooo

Ralph was a bit anxious when he got into the car with the girls but as the day past, actually enjoyed it. He giggled and laughed at all the right times, even squealing with the rest when they found a particular item in a store. Two events put a damper on his enjoyment. The first was when he was talked into getting his ears pierced a second time and the second at the food court. They found seats at a large table and were soon joined by three boys from their school. Priscilla found herself sitting next to a big jock who couldn't take his eyes off her cleavage. Adding to Ralph's misery, the jock took liberties with his big hands. They spent over two hours sitting in the food court flirting with the boys, being hugged by the boys and being kissed by the boys. Ralph, with great relief, told the jock he already had a steady when asked for a date as they left the food court.

As Rose drove them home, Ralph kept fiddling with his new pink crystal studs. When he turned twelve, his Auntie had given him a set of expensive real pearl earrings and matching necklace. Of course the pearl earrings were for pierced ears and his mother insisted he wear them. From then on he had to keep gold studs in his ears so he could wear the pearls whenever she visited. He didn't like it but many of his male classmates had their ears pierced so wasn't harassed.

Back at the house he had to tell Auntie all that happened while at the mall. He didn't mention the jock and she didn't press him too hard. She was happy to see he had pierced his ears and loved the sparkling pink studs. She also noticed but didn't comment on his very womanly cleavage. The new ear studs and cleavage only reinforced her belief that Ralph was truly a girl at heart.

Ooo

Ralph wasn't happy about having to wear a grey mini-skirt and peach colored semi-sheer cap sleeved blouse to the doctor's office. He had tried to get Margaret to let him wear a pair of navy shorts and cotton blouse that didn't reveal he had on so much lingerie. With shorts he just had to wear a bra, girdle and camisole. With the dress he had to put on a half-slip with two inches of lace hemming, fancy lace welted sheer hosiery and dressy strappy three inch spike heeled sandals. Again his arguments were down played but she gave him the choice of going or not. She didn't care which option he chose. He was too worried over the size of his breasts to not go.

The doctor's office was an hour drive away and located in a depressed area. The sign over the door simply said, "Dr. Adams M.D." His nurse receptionist was an old lady but seemed to know what she was doing. She led him into an examination room, did the pre-exam routine and took several vials of blood samples then told him to strip and put on a hospital gown. Margaret had decided to stay in reception reading an old magazine.

Ralph was sitting in the exam room shivering from both the cold and fear when the doctor came in. Dr. Adams proved to be an elderly man with tired looking eyes, chubby cheeks and a wild fringe of white hair. He reminded Ralph of one of those old country doctors you see in the movies. His bedside manner was brisk and abrupt. He quickly gave Ralph a routine examination before having him put his legs up into stirrups. With his legs spread wide apart the doctor began examining Ralph's groin which had the chastity device removed for the visit.

Thorough out the initial exam Ralph tried to tell the doctor what was wrong but told to keep quite until he finished his exam. However, he kept asking questions and the

doctor shoved a ball gag into his mouth.

“There that should keep you quite until I finish.”

With his legs spread wide a green surgical sheet was placed so Ralph couldn't see what the doctor was doing. He gasped as he felt lips pressing against his penis and screamed into his gag as the doctor sucked greedily on the small penis. He had another shock when he felt a fat pudgy finger enter his asshole and began pumping. This was a hundred times worse than when he was forced to endure such treatment playing with his love doll. It seemed like hours before the sensations stopped and the doctor raised his smiling face.

“The best and quickest way to determine whether or not a man's sperm is alive and good is to taste it. I could have just milked you but it would take weeks to get the results back. This is a much quicker method and I'm afraid that your sperm is dead and watery. Your body is not producing sperm or testosterone of any significance. From my examination of your breasts they are developing nicely with no lumps or signs of disease. Now that I have completed my examination, I'll remove your gag and answer your questions once the nurse returns with your lab results.”

Ralph sat on the side of the table wearing only the gown as he waited for the doctor and nurse to return. “I've never heard of taking a sample that way. I find it hard to believe that sucking my dick and sticking a fat finger up my butt is the way doctors do that but he is a doctor. I've never had a physical like this but then again I never had breasts before either.

As he was sitting in the examination room Dr. Adams was with Margaret in his office. “Priscilla is healthy other than being chemically neutered. You say he has been taking these pills for some time now? How long? You think since he was twelve? No wonder he looks as convincing as a female. Oh well, I will implant a slow releasing mix of female hormones today. I don't want him taking these again. They are too risky and can have some very adverse effects. So what else do you want from me?”

“Doctor that's fine with me but what I want is for you to convince him his changes are the result of his own body chemistry. He wouldn't believe me and I need to see that he has a regular physician like you. You know the understanding kind of man you seem to be in case he really gets sick.”

“Yes, I could do that and more than happy to take him on as a new patient. However you must understand that with a little research on the internet, he will know that I lied. If he discovers that then he won't want to have me as his doctor. So, I can give you a prescription that will make his mind receptive to suggestion. Once he has taken a pill you can convince him of what you want with repeated commands. Give him one at night and once asleep, turn on a recording of whatever you want him to think. A simple but practical way yet time consuming. At least he won't question me and he will be glad to have me as his doctor. I'll want to see him every month from now on to make sure he's not having any adverse reactions. Good, I'll tell my nurse to set them up.”

“Thank you doctor so much. I'll see you next month and I'll need a school physical for him then. You know physical education waiver and whatever else he will need to keep his secret.”

“Oh before we go meet with Priscilla you don't need that chastity device. His penis and balls are totally none functioning when it comes to sex or having babies.”

**“Wha....at, how did you know?” she gasped blushing.**

**“In my specialty I can tell. If you want to keep his front nice and flat just use a gaff. Besides leaving it off will be a constant reminder that he no longer is a man.”**

**To Be Continued...**

## **AUNT CLARA**

### **Part Three**

**By Cheryl Lynn**

**They had stopped at a pharmacy, uniform store and dance wear shop on the way home. He had no idea of what she purchased but was more than happy to have been left in the car. When they got home Ralph was very pleased that Margaret didn't replace his chastity device. Instead she handed him what looked like a bright pink elastic jock strap.**

**“Unless you want your chastity device back you will wear one of these all the time. It's called a gaff and will keep your front nice and smooth,” she said seeing the questioning look on his face.**

**Stepping into it he had his first good look at his genitals. “OMG! What happened to my dick and balls? They're so small. The doctor said wearing all this girl stuff is changing my body but...but this? I just hope those rods he inserted into my inner thigh stops all this. I want to be me again,” he thought as tears formed.**

**“I hope those are tears of joy I see in your eyes Priscilla otherwise I may change my mind about the chastity. Yes, I thought so. Go ahead and get dressed lunch will be ready shortly,” she said and left the room.**

**Ralph was just finishing his nighttime regiment when Margaret walked in with a glass of water. She handed him two pills and the glass of water. When he asked what they were she told him the doctor ordered them to replace the vitamins he was currently taking. She watched making sure he swallowed them then told him to get into bed.**

**As he minced over to the bed in his three inch heeled mules she noted that his heart shaped ass swung seductively incased in his lime green granny panties with the ruffled white lace covering the bottom. The matching baby doll top swished across his bottom revealing most of his panties. The emerald green band of his bra could be seen through the semi-sheer top. Most women didn't wear a bra to bed but she had insisted he wear one at all times except for his bath.**

**“Now that he has his own little girls I probably should let him go braless but I still want him constantly reminded of his forced femininity,” she thought leaving the room.**

**Margaret had spent the next two hours dictating into a digital recorder before she was satisfied. Finished she snuck back into his room and placed ear buds into his ears. Then turning on the looped recording that would repeat his first subliminal instructions, left the room.**

**“You admire and trust Margaret with all your heart and soul.”**

**“You would do anything to please her.”**

**“Pleasing Margaret makes you very happy.”**

**“You admire and trust Margaret with all your heart and soul.”**

**She let that recording run all week before adding more instructions.**

**“You absolutely hate wearing girl’s clothing and makeup but are unable to stop.”**

**“Wearing girl’s clothing and makeup is a big sexual turn on yet you hate it.”**

**“Margaret is pleased when you wear girl’s clothing and makeup.”**

**“You hate it but will do it to please Margaret and relish the sexual rush it gives you.”**

**The next message ran for a the following week in addition to all the others.**

**“If asked about your lifestyle you must say it is your true hearts desire.”**

**“If asked you love beautiful feminine clothing and makeup.”**

**“If asked you will say you have always wanted to be a girl.”**

**“If asked you love being with a man.”**

**“You love how a man takes charge and treats you like the girl you are.”**

**“You hate everything about being a girl but can never speak or write about it.”**

**After that message had run a full week, she added the final instructions.**

**“Despite what you hear or read, your body changed by itself.”**

**“Your new body was necessary for you to look good in your clothing.”**

**“You both love and hate what your body has become.”**

**“You love being with a man in all ways.”**

**“You can’t help being sexually drawn to a man but hate it.”**

**“Pleasing a man makes Margaret happy and you want Margaret happy.”**

**“You hate being a girl but do it to make Margaret happy.”**

**“Making Margaret happy is your only true desire.”**

**Ooo**

**As Ralph was sleeping Margaret met with Aunt Clara. “Mistress I’ve been thinking that school will be starting soon and I know it was your intentions to home school her until her parents return. She has come such a long way since the beginning of summer why not let her attend the local high school? It would be a great opportunity to further her abilities to interact with others. All you would have to do is provide the correct documentation for that to happen. What? Oh, just a legal name change and a letter from a doctor. None of which should be a problem. Yes Mistress I do think it’s for Priscilla’s own good. Great, I’ll see that the paperwork gets done.”**

**By the end of the week Ralph William Smyth legally became Priscilla Ann Smyth. Doctor Adams had agreed to supply the necessary documents declaring Priscilla a transgender person undergoing transition and a physical education exemption request. There was also a letter stating that Priscilla was chemically castrated and requested that he be allowed to use the lady’s restrooms. Before he did that he had to do a school physical. Again, Ralph’s legs were put up in stirrups and covered in a surgical towel. He was just as embarrassed as when the doctor had last done that but hoped he would be told his sperm were healthier. He was disappointed and told to come back in a month.**

**The first week of September he was registered as a sophomore. Margaret made a minor change to his birth certificate indicating he was only sixteen. For the trip to the school, she made sure Ralph looked the part. He was wearing white cotton panties**

with red polka dots, matching full coverage bra, white nylon half-slip, ecru panty hose, crisp white short sleeved blouse and grey flare mid-thigh skirt with box pleats. She had him put his hair up in two braided pig tails formed into loops and secured with pink satin ribbons. His makeup was minimal using light foundation, mascara, pink eye shadow and coral pink wet looking lipstick. His accessories include a pink patent leather belt, pink plastic bangles for his wrist, several rings and a pink leather hobo purse.

He had been listening to the recordings for about three weeks and didn't give her too much grief over how he was dressed. However when she told him where they were going, tried to dig in his feet.

"Please no Miss Margaret I don't want to go to school here. Too many people know me already."

"So, what's your point Priscilla? Since you already know some girls and boys, it will make it much easier for you."

"Yeah, but they all think I'm only sixteen and I'll be eighteen at the end of the month. They won't like it when they find out I'm a senior."

"I've already solved that problem. I'm enrolling you as a sophomore. Hush! I don't want to hear any arguments. Putting you there will make me very happy and you do want to make me happy don't you?"

"Errrrrrr yeah Miss. Margaret but...but I'll try to do it for you if it makes you happy."

"Good girl, now another thing, when we get there you will not argue about what classes I sign you up for. If you do I will be very very unhappy. Understand?"

"Yes Miss. I...I won't complain."

Ralph was dismayed to see his schedule. Instead of his college curriculum he was enrolled in basic business studies designed for administrative assistants plus two electives, home and family living and art appreciation. They did exempt him from physical education but had him down for high impact aerobics classes Monday, Wednesday and Friday as his last class of the day. Margaret started to object but the councilor said he would not be expected to shower with the girls. School would start next Monday. On the way to the store to get his school uniforms Ralph couldn't figure out why he hadn't put up a fight over that stupid schedule.

"I can't believe I just sat there while my chances to get into a good college ran down the drain. What's worse I'm going as a stupid sophomore when I should be a senior. I just hope I don't have any classes with Thad. Its bad enough I have to go out with him almost every weekend. I hate what Miss. Margaret is making me do. I hate these clothes and I despise having to wear makeup. Yet I can't help myself or stop. As much as I hate all this it makes Miss. Margaret happy and while I wouldn't tell a soul, these clothes do give me a rush."

Back at the house he had to show Auntie Clara how he looked in his new uniform and aerobics outfits. The uniform was a starched white blouse, grey, green and red tartan mid-thigh pleated skirt and red blazer. Shoes could be no higher than two inches and makeup minimal.

Ralph didn't mind the uniform so much but the three aerobic outfits embarrassed him. One was a bright emerald green leotard with neon pink tights, a bright pink with white tights and a plum leotard with lilac tights. What embarrassed him was the elastic/nylon material clung to his body like a second skin and the low scooped neckline. Seeing how much cleavage was revealed and how smooth his groin appeared sent shivers

running up and down his spine. He absolutely hated the clothing yet loved them all.

Ooo

“Priscilla you will be eighteen in a couple of weeks and do you understand what that means?”

“Huh Miss. Margaret, it means I’ll be a year older...I guess,” he replied not quite understanding.

“It means that you have reached the age of consent. That means you are free to have sex if you so chose but....you are a girl now and sometimes girls are not given a choice. As you have been learning in your girl studies, a young woman is subservient to the male in all matters. So I think it’s time to advance your dating skills. So far you have been just kissing and letting your Thad doll play with your breasts but we need to move on. There are two ways a girl can keep from having unwanted sex. The first is vulgarly called a hand job the other is referred to as oral sex. Its vulgar name is commonly called a blow job or giving head.”

“In any case you need to learn those techniques starting tonight. Put Thad sitting on the side of the bed, lock him in place then sit next to him. We’ll skip the kissing and breast play as I know you have let Thad have fun with them on your last date.”

“I....I didn’t want him to....,” Ralph said blushing profusely.

“But you did let him, didn’t you. Was it because you really wanted to know what it felt like when he kissed them? Or was it because he was too strong? Now tell me the truth.”

“Kin...kinda bo..both,” he stuttered his blush becoming deeper.

“Having your breasts suckled is very enjoyable and it makes me very happy. So you must have enjoyed it as well?”

“I....I hated it,” he spat.

“That’s not the truth Priscilla. I’ve seen the contented look on your face when your Thad doll does it. You’ve become so girly you must like boys and having your breasts sucked. Now tell me the truth.”

“Ye....yes I....I..I like boys an...and having my...my breasts fondled but I hate it at the same time.”

“You made me very happy by telling me the truth Priscilla. Now pull down the fly of Thad’s pants and his boxers. Good, place your hand around the shaft, oh, you already know how to do that then we’ll skip to the oral sex.”

Ralph wide eyed and scared just looked at the massive tool before his eyes. It looked so real as he saw his hand reach out and grab it around the base. At first he was surprised that he was actually holding it. He was both repulsed and attracted to it.

“Until you can take the whole thing into your mouth remember to keep your hand around the base. That way he can’t force it down your throat. No go ahead and give the tip a kiss then lick the shaft. Just pretend you’re licking a Popsicle. Very good you have it in all the way to your fist. Don’t forget it’s a real turn on for the boys when you look up at their faces.”

“This is so gross and perverted but I can’t help thinking what a real penis would feel and taste like. OMG! What’s that stuff squirting into my mouth?” his mind screamed trying to jerk his head back and off the penis but Margaret’s hand stopped him. He had no choice but to swallow the yucky mixture of egg whites and salt.

**“That’s it Priscilla Ann swallow all of it then suck on the head to make sure you got all of it. There is nothing more satisfying to a man when he sees his girl swallow. Good girl you have made me so happy,” she said removing her hand.**

**Freed from her grip, his stomach doing flip-flops and cramping, he turned his head and threw up his dinner. Fortunately she was expecting that and had a trashcan handy.**

**“Priscilla Ann that was disgusting! You have made me very unhappy. What kind of impression are you going to make on your date if you do that? A prissy girl like you should love the taste of cum. No, that is not real cum. It’s a mixture of egg whites and salt but it’s a close comparison. Now let’s start over and this time I’ll start the pumping action.”**

**After an hour of practice Margaret gave him a break. “You are doing very well Priscilla but practice will make you a great cock sucker. Now for the most important lesson, so pay attention. While you look and act like a young woman we all know you have a very little secret. What do you think is going to happen when your date discovers that little thingy of yours?”**

**“I’m afraid that you are right my dear but there is a way for you to prevent that. If a boy tries to get into your panties you must tell him you are saving yourself for marriage or on your period. Those excuses however don’t always work. Do you have any idea how to stop him from trying anyway? No, well there is a way that always works. All you have to do is tell him he can put it in your ass. You heard me. Don’t look so shocked boys love putting there penises in a girl’s backside. So you will need to be prepared for such event on all your future dates. It requires you to douche at least three times and use a lot of lube before your date. You want to be real clean down there because after he finishes you will perform oral sex. The reason for doing that no matter how disgusting is to make him want more of your rosebud instead of your pussy. Go prepare yourself then we’ll practice on your Thad doll.”**

**While he was doing that, she refilled the doll’s scrotum with more of her cum mixture from a Mason jar that was more than half empty. Sitting back she reached under her skirts and furiously rubbed her saturated panties.**

**“Gawd, I have never had so many orgasms like that before in my life. If watching him go down on that doll gave me such thrills what is this next step going to do? I can’t wait to see that doll take his cherry but can’t push his conditioning too far just yet. No more than just the head in for now and make adjustments over the week. I’ll have to change my panties right now or I’ll be dripping all over the floor.”**

**Ooo**

**The weekend before school Ralph had a date with Thad and for the first time Margaret said she would chaperone them. It was still very warm out and Ralph was dressed in a loose fitting baby doll sun dress with wide straps and loose rounded neckline. It was pastel lavender with white floral print and two inches of white floral lace on the flare skirt hem. Wearing only his skin toned gaffe, bright red panties and matching satin bra Ralph felt totally exposed and vulnerable.**

**“Priscilla Ann, do you want to make me very happy tonight? I’m glad to hear that. To make me very happy all you have to do is practice your oral techniques on Thad tonight. Yes, I told his parents I’m taking you to a movie but not just any movie. We’re going to the Starlight drive in where I’ll park the car in a dark spot and leave you two alone. When I get back I want to see a very happy looking Thad or I will be most displeased. Now when we pick up your boyfriend jump in the back seat and cuddle real nice like,” she said as she pulled up into Thad’s drive way.**

It was a little after seven by the time they entered the out door theater. It wasn't quite full dark as she parked the car as far back as she could. Getting out of the car, she hooked the speaker on the window and told them she would be back after the first feature was over.

Over the past couple of months Thad had been getting bolder and uncontrollable on their dates. Their last date resulted in Ralph finally giving in and let him play with his breast. He hated the feeling of submission and guilt but had to give in to her boyfriends demands. Deep down he knew it was totally wrong and was sickened by letting Thad suckle at his breasts. However he had to admit that it did feel good and hated himself for feeling that way.

As soon as Margaret was out of sight Thad had Priscilla in a deep lip lock while pushing the straps of the sundress off his shoulders. Breaking the kiss, he moved his head down, licking down the neck as he did. Not bothering to unhook the bra, Thad pulled down the straps then the cups of the bra exposing Priscilla's white mounds. He attacked them in a fiery lust sucking and nibbling as Ralph could only lay his head back, eyes fastened on the ceiling of the car, and dreading what he had to do next. As Thad played with his breasts, Ralph was running his hands through Thad's hair and moaning in faked lust as he had been taught. Occasionally he would pull Thad's head up and gave him a long French kiss.

When Thad finally tired of his breast play slid a hand up Priscilla's smooth leg. His hand touched Ralph's red pantied leg hem when Ralph had to stop him. Gulping, he pulled Thad's hand away and reached for the zipper of his jeans. To Ralph everything seemed to move in slow motion and was looking as if a spectator.

He watched his red painted nails reach out and undo the jeans then pull out a six inch engorged penis. It was surprisingly hot and pulsed in his smooth hand. A long ago memory of how his felt the same way when he masturbated popped into his head then vanished as he slowly lowered his head. He licked the mushroom head as he pulled back the foreskin then blew on it as Thad arched his back and groaned. In the deep recesses of Ralph's mind he kept repeating over and over, "Pretend it's just the doll" as he began licking the shaft. Reaching the base of the shaft, he kissed the scrotum, gave it a lick then blew on it making Thad groan loudly and thrust his hips. Moving back up the shaft Ralph saw a large drop of pre-cum glistening on the head. With a flick of his tongue he licked it off, looked up into Thad's eyes and swallowed causing Thad to reach down and grab Priscilla's head and push.

Ralph opened his mouth just in time to swallow the entire shaft where he began licking and sucking. His nose buried into Thad's thick patch of pubic hair the aroma of musk, sweat and cologne was strong. Ralph worked his mouth and lips up and down that shaft for what seemed like an eternity before it was filled. Swallowing as fast as he could Ralph couldn't contain it all as some went into his nasal cavity and some spilled on his chin. Remembering his lesson, looked up at a collapsed and widely smiling Thad swallowed then licked his lips. A mentally and physically exhausted Ralph laid his head down on Thad's lap not caring that a soft damp penis pressed against his cheek.

Neither of them saw the shadow leave the backseat window and the gigantic smile on Margaret's face. Margaret had snuck back to see if Ralph would do as she instructed. As she watched the action she buried her entire hand into her pussy and pumping furiously, had several major climaxes by the time they finished. Now she rushed to the lady's to clean up very happy indeed.

When Ralph finally sat back up pulling his bra cups up to cover his exposed breasts,

Thad gave him a silly satisfied smile. Hoping that was all for tonight Ralph was disappointed to see the lights go up and intermission showing on the screen, "Let's go to the lobby" began playing over the speaker as Ralph hurried to pull up his dress before passer-bys could see him.

Ralph went to the lady's to pee and clean up while Thad headed to the concession stand. When he got to the restroom it was packed with long cues at each of the six stalls. He got into what he thought was the shortest line to wait his turn. The young teen standing beside him in the next cue looked at him and smiled as she pointed to his chin. He didn't understand until she mentioned he had something on his chin. Turning his head to look at a mirror behind him, he turned beet red and quickly wiped the droplet of cum off.

"Don't be embarrassed. We've all been there at one time or another. Hi, my name is Debora," the young girl said smiling broadly.

"Errr, hi and thanks and I guess it could have been even more embarrassing if you hadn't told me. I'm Priscilla. Nice to meet you."

As they moved down the cue they talked as girls are want to do. The conversation was more intimate than Ralph cared for but surprised girls talked about their boyfriends like the guys did. In Debora's case even more graphic than what men told each other. Finally when his business was done, he went over to the sinks to fix his mussed hair and makeup but not before washing out his mouth. The taste and smell of Thad's discharge were still strong as he left to get back to the car.

Ralph wasn't surprised to see Thad sitting in the car with that stupid smile still plastered to his face. "Man I hope the second half of the movie gets over fast. I can't believe I haven't puked my guts out by now. I can still smell and taste him. Thank goodness he has a large soda for me. At least the real thing feels better than that stupid doll I have to play with. Now that I think about it Thad is a whole lot more enjoyable than the doll. OMG! What was I just thinking? I hate this, every bit of it, especially having to do that! I feel so dirty right now but Miss. Margaret said she would be happy if I did. I don't know why I have this compulsion to do whatever I have too to make her happy but I can't stop myself."

Once the lights went out Thad became octopus hands again only this time more demanding. Ralph was surprised that Thad didn't seem to want to kiss him going so far as to push him away when he did try. It didn't take him long to get Ralph's dress up around his waist and the bra shoved over his breasts. Thad's hand found the crotch of Ralph's panties several times scaring the shit out of him each time. Fortunately he was wearing his gaff and escaped detection. There was nothing for it but to go down on Thad once again.

"I've got to get this over with before Miss. Margaret comes back. I certainly don't want her to see me like this. Oh well, at least his cum tastes better than that egg white stuff."

However things didn't go as Ralph planned. Thad was insistent and too strong to resist much longer. Knowing he had no recourse allowed Thad to take him in the butt. It felt much different and not as painful as doing it with the doll but still the act pierced Ralph's soul. His first sexual acts and he was doing it with another boy instead of with Emily. What little of his masculinity that still existed became very small.

With Thad sitting against his side of the car, Ralph removed some tissues from his purse and pressed them into his ass crack before pulling up his panties. He had no sooner fixed himself up than Margaret returned. Thad was snoring lightly as she

opened the door and removed the speaker. The end credits were moving across the movie screen. Margaret's face was blotchy and her hands seemed to be shaking as she mouthed, "good girl."

Thad didn't wake until they reached his house and dropped him off. Before getting out of the car, he kissed Ralph on the cheek and said, "I can't wait until our next date," before running to the front door.

"I just bet he's calling all his boy friends and telling them what just happened. Boys!"

As soon as they were back on the road Ralph broke down in a flood of tears. Slowly through his tears he sobbed out what had happened. Margaret already sexually charged by seeing what they had done, had another climax while almost running off the road.

"This was the most thrilling night of my entire life. Seeing those two go at it like rabbits and knowing how much Ralph hated doing any of it blew me away. I have never had that many orgasms in my life and will probably have more before this night is over," she thought.

She helped him up to his room and undressed him down to his panties and bra. His tears had slowed to a trickle and mind numbed followed her into the bath where she had him insert a tampon. Telling him that he didn't want to lose any more of her man's cum than he had too. As he was finishing up his nightly toilet she kept telling him how happy she was. By the time he crawled into bed he was happy too.

"Those recordings and Dr. Adams' pills are absolutely amazing," Margaret thought as she left the room.

Ooo

It was near the end of October and the school's big Halloween dance fast approaching. Priscilla Ann had dated Thad all the way through September but broke off with him at Margaret's insistence. His dates with Thad had been chaste as Margaret seldom chaperoned anymore. Thad's mom and dad didn't give them many opportunities to engage in much more than a hand job.

Shortly after their breakup, Priscilla Ann was introduced to a handsome muscled twenty year old man by the name of Drake. Drake was a sophomore attending the local Community College. After much searching Margaret had found him and decided he would be a better match for Priscilla than Thad.

Shortly after Thad and Priscilla's sexual encounter, Margaret realized that Ralph's parents would be coming soon. The last thing she wanted was to lose control over her precious Priscilla. Priscilla was her golden goose and couldn't let him get away. She figured that his parents would be extremely upset by the changes in their son but wouldn't say much for fear of losing Aunt Clara's money. What bothered her was what they were going to do once they had him back home. Once home they would surely take him in for medical or psychiatric care. If that happened both she and Dr. Adams would be exposed. When what they had done became known, they would wind up in jail for a very long time.

Those worries only increased as September rolled on and November wasn't that far away. She had to find a solution to her problem sooner rather than later. One Sunday she was idly looking at the Social section of the paper when she came upon a feature on the first openly gay marriage in the area.

"Marriage! That's it! If Priscilla gets married then all my worries about his parent's interference will go away. He's eighteen now and legally an adult. Now all I have to do

is find the right person to make this happen. Dr. Adams, he's got almost as much to lose as I do. Maybe he can make a recommendation. I'll call him first thing Monday morning."

They had a long conversation and the doctor gave her several names and phone numbers he thought would help. The first two she contacted were too macho and didn't care for girlie boys and quickly discarded. The third candidate was too swishy and put into her "maybe" file. The final one proved to be perfect. He was ruggedly handsome with a toned body and had a fondness for girlie boys. What made him ideal was his need for money.

With her decision made, Margaret handed him a contract that would provide him with one thousand dollars a month as long as he dated then married Priscilla no later than November the fifth. He didn't hesitate signing that contract. Next she handed him a pre-nuptial contract to sign which granted him ten percent of Ralph's inheritance.

Drake for his part figured he had nothing to lose and signed the document. "Shit, this dumb bitch thinks this will keep me from getting all that dough but a pre-nup only works if I get a divorce. From the picture I saw of Priscilla I could have a lot of fun with her."

The next document he was handed made him have second thoughts. It was a confession that he had only married Priscilla for her potential inheritance that he actually hated everything about her and once in possession of the money planned on doing away with her. The document was undated but had a notary stamp making it very official. Reluctantly he signed that document and received a check for one thousand dollars.

Ooo

Ralph was relaxing in his bubble bath preparing for the big dance. He wasn't very happy about going out with Drake again but resigned to it. It made Margaret very happy that he was dating an older man. Tonight would be their fourth date and if he had to date, then Drake was better than going with Thad. They were both handsome men but Drake wasn't rash and over eager like Thad. Drake was a gentleman and took his time with Priscilla. Under Margaret's urging, Priscilla performed oral sex on their second date and was surprised when Drake returned the favor. When Drake first forced his hand into Ralph's groin, he was scared to death but as he felt Drake's lips grasp his small penis relaxed.

On their last date Drake had taken him up to his apartment where he experienced his second anal intercourse. Unlike Thad, Drake had taken his time and used plenty of lubricant. Drake even let Ralph try to enter him but his penis wouldn't cooperate. Thanks to the hormones and chastity device Ralph could only manage a semi-hard four inches. Never the less, the experience was actually enjoyable for Ralph which surprised him. It was only after that remorse and guilt bothered him. No matter how accepted he was still a man in the recesses of his mind and that man hated everything he was doing.

Finished with his toilet, Ralph put on his lingerie before applying his makeup. Margaret had to help him put on the wasp waist white satin corset with its pink lace and ribbon detailing. Tonight he was going to be Cinderella to her Prince Charming and the hoop dress required an eighteen inch waist. The stiffly boned corset would be most uncomfortable but the dress was just too gorgeous. As he viewed his reflected image was both very pleased and very sad. He loved the feel and beauty of his clothing but at the same time hated it. He couldn't explain his feelings either. He had

tried writing of his hatred of all he was undergoing in his diary but failed miserably. He had even tried to explain verbally to Auntie Clara how much he hated it but his actual words only reinforced her belief she was doing what was best.

Priscilla Ann wasn't surprised when they left the dance early. Sheryl, Rose and her other girlfriends were really impressed when they met the handsome Drake. When they corralled Ralph in the restroom and discovered he was twenty and a collage student positively drooled in envy. When he got back to classes on Monday Priscilla Ann would be greeted by her friends as royalty.

Priscilla didn't get home until the wee hours of the morning. He was wearing just his panties and one of Drake's white long sleeved dress shirts. On Priscilla the shirt looked more like a mid-thigh dress. He was exhausted and couldn't wait to get into bed. The costume and other items were tucked under his arm and he carried his shoes in his other hand. He snuck up to his room as quietly as he could and was grateful that Margaret wasn't there. He had no desire to tell her everything about her date and what they did.

He performed a minimal night time toilet and hit the bed. His poor backside was burning but in a strangely good way. His dreams were a mix of nightmare and peace. His dreams like his programming a mix of love and hate.

Ralph slept until mid-day before Margaret woke him from his slumber. At first he was surprised to see the diamond solitaire on his left ring finger then he remembered saying yes. Margaret was pleased to see it as well. She had told Priscilla to expect it and that saying "yes" would make her absolutely thrilled.

"OMG! OMG! I can't believe I said yes! I can't possibly marry another man! But Margaret said I had to if I wanted to make her really happy. I wanted to say hell no but I couldn't. I hate the very idea of being with a man, any man, much less marry one. If anything I would want to marry my girlfriend Emily. OMG! Why can't I stop all this?"

Aunt Clara wasn't so thrilled that Priscilla was betrothed but after asking a lot of questions agreed. Margaret's insistence that getting married proved just how right she had been all along about her grand nephew was the clinching argument. Clara had met Drake and thought he was a nice enough man but the rashness of Priscilla's decision bothered her. What bothered her even more was when she found out the wedding date.

"What did you say? November the fifth! Outrageous! No, you must wait until your parents return at the earliest. I think it best if you waited even longer. Why you barely know this man. Priscilla Ann as much as I love you and how you have turned out I forbid it! No! Absolutely not and those tears won't change my mind. I'll contact your parents and have them here within the week. Now I don't want to hear another word out of either of you. I have made up my mind," Clara admonished them.

Aunt Clara's demand was a relief for Ralph on a subconscious level but outwardly cried his eyes out. Margaret was clearly overwrought by her decision. She hadn't planned for ditzzy old Aunt Clara to be so meddlesome. It had been so easy to manipulate the old girl in the past that she didn't figure on this development. Margaret had seriously miscalculated Clara's old fashioned ideas about marriage and now it was going to be a problem. With Ralph's parents present which were the last thing she wanted, a whole new plan of action had to be developed and fast. The only thing she could come up with was to call Dr. Adams.

"I can't believe that girl wanted to get married just like that. Well once her parents are here we'll straighten things out. Right now I want to have a word with Madam

Alexandra. She was supposed to train my darling niece to be a proper young lady and no lady would rush a wedding ceremony. Egad! Doesn't she realize all the preparations needed before a wedding can take place? Why just getting out the invitations will take weeks," Clara thought as she finished her phone calls.

As Clara went to find Madam, Jeb's frantic questions about who was Priscilla and what the hell was she talking about some wedding didn't register. She left Madam's room after telling her to pack her bags as her services were no longer needed. Madam left that afternoon never knowing that her student was anything other than a young girl or to what lengths Margaret had taken her girly training homework assignments.

Priscilla called Drake with the bad news and their conversation didn't go well. He kept insisting they elope and forget Auntie's demands. He expressed his undying love and cajoling until blue in the face until she agreed. Margaret had overheard and smiling decided her plans were solid after all and didn't call Dr. Adams.

What neither of them realized was that Clara wasn't as dumb as they thought she was. After give Madam the boot she contacted her security service and made arrangements to see that an elopement wouldn't happen. Priscilla would be watched night and day beginning that very night.

Ooo

On Monday all of Priscilla's girlfriends at school went gaga seeing the engagement ring sparkling on her finger. They also sympathized when she tearfully told them of her aunt's decision to delay the wedding. Sheryl and Rose told her it was for the best as it took a lot of time to plan a proper wedding. After listening to her friends Priscilla had to agree and put a smile back on her face.

"Gosh, they are so right. I need all the time I can get. I can't even begin to think who to ask to be my maid of honor much less the bride's maids. Margaret wants me to elope though. I have to please her and make her happy. I would like to have a special wedding with all my friends but I can't. I have to make Margaret happy and do as she says."

Late Tuesday night Margaret had packed two bags and had a makeup case ready for Priscilla's escape and elopement. For the first time in ages Ralph had been allowed to wear pants, a skin tight yellow Capri with a red cowl necked long sleeved angora sweater. Another new item was a pair of red flats. Ralph had worn high heels so long he felt very uncomfortable in them but would make running from the front door to the awaiting Drake easier.

At the stroke of midnight, Margaret disarmed the downstairs alarm system and Priscilla waddled out the door. It was difficult for him as the suitcases were bulky and heavy for the frail boy/girl. Off to the side of the house was Drake's car parked in the shadows. Priscilla didn't get half way there when two big private security guards stepped out of the shadows with Drake. Drake's hands were cuffed behind his back and his right eye showed the beginning of a very black eye. Seeing her lover like that Priscilla let out a wail, dropped the suitcases, rushed up to him and threw his arms around his neck. Their reunion didn't last long as they were marched back into the house where Auntie Clara was waiting looking angrily at them.

"Young man I expected more from you than this," she said staring into Drake's eyes. "I was mistaken in my belief that you would honor my wishes. Therefore until I decide the time is right you will not talk to my niece or come back here again. If you are caught trying to elope again, I will have you arrested for trespassing. Now go home."

"And you young lady are grounded," she said turning her attention to Priscilla. "You

will only be allowed to go to classes with a security escort but otherwise you will spend your time in your room. Now take those bags up to your room and get to bed.”

After everyone left except Margaret and the chief security guard, Clara turned her wrath to her. “Margaret I was disappointed by the children but your actions are unforgivable. Love birds doing stupid things are to be expected and planned for but you of all people. How could you defy my trust after all these years? At the moment I’m too mad to decide your fate. Go to your room. We’ll discuss your behavior when I’m in a better frame of mind.”

With just Auntie and the guard left, Clara turned to him. “Something just doesn’t feel right about all this. Margaret has never violated my trust until now and I don’t believe she has my niece’s best interests at heart. Stanley, I want you to thoroughly investigate that young man’s back ground. He’s trying to rush this wedding and I want to know why. Do whatever you have to but get me answers quick. Again, thank you for your service and I’ll see to a proper reward when you get what’s needed.”

Ooo

Wednesday Priscilla was taken to school by a plain clothes security guard who followed her around all day. Of course Priscilla was in tears most of the time and her girlfriends sympathized with her. Thursday it was the same but no tears or the dramatics. Friday when she arrived home was surprised to see her parents waiting for her. Stepping into the house she saw her father talking animatedly to her aunt and his mother looking agitated wringing the life out of a tissue in her hands.

“Clara what do you mean by telling us you turned our son into his true self while we were away. Priscilla Ann! What nonsense, he’s not and never has been a girl. He only wore or used your gifts at our orders. He never liked any of those so called presents and I should have put a stop to it years ago. Yes, he could put on his own makeup and do his hair all fancy like but that was because Myra made him. I’m sorry but if we weren’t so greedy this would have been over and done with years ago. It was innocent enough at first. Just some clothing and makeup while you visited that’s all. No harm no foul to keep you happy. Right now I’m having a very hard time believing that he has voluntarily embraced a feminine side much less wanting to get married. No, it’s time I put my foot down and even if it costs us any kind of inheritance so be it,” Jeb ranted not noticing Ralph standing in the doorway.

“Well dear, why don’t you just ask her yourself? She’s standing right behind you.”

With that statement both parents turned and stared at the figure trembling in the doorway. Both parents were unable to believe their eyes seeing the very pretty uniformed school girl standing there. The silence was intense until a low moan was heard from Myra which quickly turned into a flood of tears amid “What have you done to my baby” kept being repeated.

Jeb’s red face turned even more scarlet as he stared at his son then said, “Is...is that really you Ralph? Di...did you do this on purpose?”

“Daddy...,” screamed the girl then fled up the stairs in tears.

Jeb went over to the side board and poured two tumblers of single malt scotch. Gulping his down refilled it then took the other over to his sobbing wife. “Clara what have you done?”

“Like I have always said Ralph was just too pretty to be a boy and I proved it. You have to admit that she’s blossomed out beautifully and I only gave her the opportunity. I admit at first she wasn’t all keen on the idea but within a month embraced her

femininity. Of course I helped by hiring a woman to teach her all the necessary aspects of being a young lady. I must say Madam Alexandra is a great teacher and assured me that Prissy was an avid student. Other than some corrective measures to get her attention she cooperated fully with Madam. Both she and Margaret swore that Priscilla loved developing her feminine side. If she hated it, she could have always told me and she had plenty of opportunity. Other than saying she didn't like some of the lessons and what a bother being a girl entailed didn't voice any serious complaints. Let's give Priscilla a chance to recover from seeing you then we'll all have a talk at dinner."

That evening over dinner they were calmer and avoided any upsetting discussion until after the meal. Both Jeb and Myra had a difficult time digesting the fact that the pretty girl dressed in a lovely chiffon and satin peach cocktail strapless dress and showing cleavage was actually Ralph.

The table cleared Joan handed each of them after dinners drinks including Priscilla. She was more than aware of the ruckus and the disappearance of Margaret. The last thing she wanted was to be dragged into the whole mess. She had convinced Clara she had no knowledge of anything but she couldn't afford to take any chances. She figured correctly that the drinks would keep things from getting out of hand. Leaving the bottle of twenty-five year old McAllen on the table disappeared into her room.

"Alright we might as well get to it. Would you care to explain yourself Ralph....or....do you prefer Priscilla?" his father began.

"I...I'm sorta use to Priscilla...errr...I don't look much like Ralph anymore."

"No you certainly don't but please be honest and tell us you actually wanted this. Did Clara force any of this on you?"

Ralph so wanted to say how much he hated every bit of what had happened but couldn't. Instead he lowered his head and mumbled trying his best to tell the truth, "I...errr....I...no..she didn't....but."

"Why can't I tell them what those other bitches did to me? OMG! Come on, spit it out," he thought then said, "I love wearing these clothes and being a girl. I love it when I'm in the arms of a strong man. I must make Margaret happy. She is happy when I'm like this or kissing a man."

With that statement even Aunt Clara stared in astonishment. Jeb almost dropped his glass and Myra began crying. Finally Jeb regained his composure and asked, "What do you mean you have to make Margaret happy?"

"I just have too. I don't know why but seeing her happy makes me happy. So I do what I have too so she's happy."

Jeb slumped into his chair taking a health swig of his drink, "OMG! He's been brainwashed."

Ooo

Thursday night Margaret had packed her bags along with a number of very valuable items. She had been told that Ralph's parents would be arriving the next day. Once his parents arrived she would no longer have any control over what happened. She had also been told what the security agency discovered at Drake's. It would be only a matter of time before the truth came out and she wasn't about to be sent to jail. In her rush she forgot to inform Dr. Adams.

Thursday morning the chief of security showed up with a detailed report on one Mr.

**Drake Dartmouth. The man had a minor police record and not much in the way of assets. He was also failing his classes and according to friends had recently come into some money. They didn't know where he got it but didn't mind buying the drinks. When he went to Drake's apartment discovered that he had hastily packed up and fled the area sometime Thursday. In his haste to leave left behind some interesting documents which he handed over to Clara.**

**"Oh my, do you have any idea who wrote these?"**

**"No Ma'am but I did have the authorities put out an APB on him. When he's caught I'm sure he'll tell us."**

**Epilog:**

**Drake was apprehended first and admitted his role in Margaret's scheme but could add nothing else of importance. He had no idea Ralph had been brainwashed nor that anything they did was illegal. He firmly believed Priscilla was just another transsexual he could take advantage of. He was booked for attempted felony theft.**

**Not long after Margaret was caught three hundred miles away when she attempted to hock a very valuable object. She told the authorities everything hoping her cooperation would get a lighter sentence. She didn't and it would be a very long time before she got out if ever.**

**Dr. Adams was thoroughly investigated and would spend the rest of his life in prison. Many of his old patients were interviewed and more arrests were made. Most of those patients after intense therapy decided to remain female.**

**As for Ralph that life was over once all the medical tests were performed. After intense therapy he elected to under go SRS. As with his time with Auntie Clara he really had no choice. He actually missed his auntie when she passed four years later but not nearly as much as he enjoyed getting her entire estate.**

**The End**