

# AUNT CONNIE

## Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

It's that time of year again. I hate the holidays as it's a constant reminder of just how much my life is screwed up. It all started when I was sixteen when my Mother died from cancer. In her Will she gave guardianship of me to Catherine Peters, along with administration of the estate. Catherine or Auntie Connie as I was to call her, was her in-home care giver during the last three months of her life. Why my Mother did that I have no idea but guess it had something to do with her pain medication.

My father, whom I didn't know, had died in prison. My Mother never talked about him or had any pictures. I only found out about my father when Auntie told me. I didn't believe her at first as what child wanted to hear how abusive his father was. I did a Google search and discovered it was true. The court records said he had beaten my Mother half to death. What other blood relatives I might have were also a mystery. Mother never talked about them either. It had always been just the two of us.

Auntie Connie is an imposing and demanding woman to say the least. She is six feet tall in two inch heels, weighing about one-seventy. She keeps her hair in a short bob, seldom wears makeup or dresses. She is impatient, controlling and as I was to find out, quick to anger. I didn't like her from the day she moved into our home. I hated the idea of her being my guardian but had no say.

Me, I'm Sandy Cooper, now eighteen. I weigh one-fifteen and only five foot six with below the shoulder length black hair. Up until her passing I was a typical teenaged boy. I liked sports, video games and girls though at the time didn't know what to do with them. Don't get me wrong I did have an idea but no experience. I did have a girlfriend, Abby, a really cute strawberry blond with sparkling blue eyes back then. We were just getting past the holding hands and quick kissing part when she moved in. After my Mother passed, I moved into Auntie Connie's home and I didn't see Abby again.

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Aunt Connie's home was located in a nice but older subdivision. A three bedroom, two bath brick structure. Like many subdivisions it had a Home Owner's Association and Community Center. The Association used the Center to host parties during major holidays. The only holiday I enjoyed was their Fourth of July fireworks. It was truly spectacular.

Like I said, I wasn't happy being given over to Auntie Connie's care. I disliked her all the more when she sold my house and its contents including most of my personal stuff. After all the legal stuff was finalized, she packed two suitcases with my clothing and that was about it. When she showed me my new room. Well, let's just say I hit the roof.

The room had floral wallpaper, white lace curtains and beige plush carpet. The queen sized bed had white enameled sideboards with powder pink quilted head and baseboards. The bedside table, eight drawer bureau, desk and straight back chair were all white enamel with gold trimming. The chair even had a pink cushion. It was a

girl's room with a heady floral fragrance that made my nose wrinkle.

“What the hell! I'm not staying in this room. It's a girl's room!” I remember screaming. That's when I discovered how strong and aggressive she was. She grabbed my underarm, dug her nails in, painfully I might add and drug me across the hall into the bathroom. I was screaming some very uncomplimentary words as she sat on the edge of the bath tub. All too soon I was screaming in pain as she applied a wooden hairbrush to my backside. When she had me in a blubbering mess, pulled me to the sink and began washing my mouth out with a perfumed soap. Between the spanking and bits of soap left behind, she had my full attention.

“Alright Sandy! It's time you learned my rules. First, you will do what I say, when I say it and do it enthusiastically. Second, you will never raise your voice to me or use any profanity. Third, you will always be neatly groomed and dressed. If you don't follow my rules with a smile on your face, this will seem like a love tap. Is that understood!” she said in a cold menacing voice.

I had never been spanked before much less had my mouth washed out. I may be slow but I'm not stupid and quickly agreed to anything she said. That was the beginning of my new strictly controlled life. For a woman that didn't believe in any sort of violence, she was quick to use her hairbrush for any infraction real or imagined. I could no longer watch any movie, television or computer input above a G-rating. My reading and music was also limited to what she approved. The only sports, if you could call them that, I could watch or participate in were gymnastics and swimming. This wasn't the worst of it though.

The worst were the changes to my personal hygiene habits and clothing. Auntie Connie couldn't stand the smell of body odor and according to her I smelled like a wet puppy dog. Like a lot of teen boys I didn't pay too much attention to such things. I did take a shower every morning soaking my head under the spray but rarely shampooed it. However Auntie wasn't pleased with that. Starting the day I moved in I took a perfumed bubble bath in the morning and before I went to bed. I had to shampoo and condition my collar length blond hair every third day using scented lotions. I had to use a blow dryer and then brush my hair no less than one hundred strokes. When I used the toilet I had to always sit to do my business. Having her supervise me was so totally embarrassing. However the most humiliating new bathroom routine was having to shave all my body hair off. The only exception was a small rectangular pubic patch over my penis which I had to keep neatly trimmed. Her explanation for my shaved body was that body hair traps moisture which creates bacteria which in turn creates unacceptable odor.

Shortly after I moved in she took away most of my clothing. Now I liked wearing boxers and my cargo pants. I also wore my pants low leaving my boxers on display. Heck, most of my friends wore them that way. My shorts were bulky like my pants or basketball shorts. You get the picture. Auntie Connie found my clothing choices totally unacceptable.

The first to go were my boxers replaced with what she called jockeys. There were a few guys in my class that wore such briefs but these were nothing like that. They had thin elastic waistbands, elastic leg openings, made of a thin cotton and no fly. What made them send shivers of disgust running up my spine, were the pastel colors including pink. Pink! I might have been able to get away with the black, blue, red and white ones but pink, aqua and violet. The guys in PE would have a field day kicking my butt if I wore those. In addition to new underwear, she got me matching undershirts in a soft ribbed cotton with thin shoulder straps and low rounded neckline.

My pants were mostly replaced with denim jeans but these were not like the ones my friends wore. These were stretchy, fit low on the waist, hugged my crotch and bottom and almost skin tight on my legs. The pockets were just stitched on and useless for carrying my stuff. Another thing, these jeans buttoned funny and had a shorter zipper. If they were all the same dark blue denim I might have liked them better. Of the four pair she purchased only one was that color. The others were an off white, she called it bone, powder pink, again more of that pink color I hated. The other pair was almost as bad though it was black denim. These had multi-colored embroidery on the back pockets.

The shorts were even worse. I had four pair of denim shorts with no more than a three inch inseam in off white, baby blue, navy and you guessed it pale pink. I also had four pair of nylon shorts but unlike my basketball ones had short flare notched legs. These were in a very bright white, baby blue with a white stripe going up the sides, violet and the hated pink. Now I ask you, what self-respecting boy would ever wear any of this stuff? Auntie's hairbrush and a thorough mouth washing and the answer is I did.

The only decent clothing I felt comfortable wearing was my school's uniform. The required boy's uniform was tan khakis and navy pull over collared shirt or navy dress shirt. The only problem with this was I could only wear them to school. As soon as I got home from school I had to change. Which brings me to another change, a new school.

Auntie Connie took custody of me shortly after my sophomore year at Emerson High. Now that it was September, she had to register me at Tolkien High my old schools across town rival. I had really good grades and expected to be enrolled into college entrance courses. That didn't happen. Yes, I had to take the core courses but instead of higher math and science, I got Office Studies, Choir and Library Science. The only good thing about my classes was my exemption to Physical Education. Auntie explained to me that sports were violent and created aggressive personalities something she abhorred. I really didn't object though I loved sports fearing what would happen in the changing room. Wearing pink underpants with a matching undershirt certainly would prove detrimental to my wellbeing.

I didn't get out of doing exercises though. If cleaning house wasn't enough, Auntie Connie had me doing aerobics with her every afternoon. I hated that at first as I had to wear those girly nylon shorts and black ballerina flats. Over time doing aerobics became a good way for me to vent my frustrations and stress.

I didn't particularly like Office Studies or Library Sciences but being the only boy had its advantages. Advantages if Auntie had let me date or attend school social functions. No, I had to come straight home from school and tend to my chores. If she had me mowing the lawn, washing her car and taking out the trash that would have been one thing. Starting the next day after I had moved in, she had me wearing a ruffled white bib apron, mop cap with a lace brim and yellow rubber gloves. Over the course of that summer, I learned how to keep house and meal preparation. I did my best to resist this assault to my manhood but like I said, she was quick to grab that wooden hairbrush and soap.

Meal preparation or more specifically my diet was the hardest for me to adjust to. Auntie Connie was an ovo-lacto vegetarian avoiding the consumption of meat, fish and poultry but allowing eggs and dairy products. If I had a nickel for every bean I have eaten over the past two years I would indeed be a very rich man. To make up for the lack of protein found in meat, we ate a lot of soy products. It took me a while before I could easily swallow tofu but I learned.

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Now that I have set the backdrop, let me explain why I hate the holidays. It all started in the first week of October when I came home from school on Friday. Auntie called me into her bedroom and made me strip down to my briefs and undershirt. Using a cloth measuring tape took down my measurements. When I asked why she was doing that she informed me that I had to get ready for the Home Owner's Halloween party. I was puzzled at that as what seventeen year old boy wants to dress up much less go trick or treating. However like I said, I may be dumb but I'm not stupid so didn't argue with her. Besides her hairbrush was sitting on her vanity within easy reach.

When I first met Auntie Connie I was five foot four and weighed one hundred and twenty-nine pounds. After living and eating under her roof after six months, I weighted one eighteen and hadn't grown any taller. My school trousers were getting loose around the waist but tighter in my crotch and across my backside. When I turned seventeen in early September, I had hoped to see puberty kick in with a vengeance. I wanted to see hair on my face but prayed for a growth spurt.

Saturday she went shopping and I didn't complain about having to stay behind to vacuum and dust. I hated going shopping with my Mom. It took her what felt like hours just to decide on something she wanted to buy. When she came back home Auntie was loaded down with shopping bags, boxes and a dress inside a protective zippered covering. She had me unload the car and bring everything up to her bedroom. I think it took me five trips to get everything.

When I had brought in the last item, she surprised me telling me to take a bubble bath and make sure my body was hairless. I was going to ask her what for but there was no point. By this time I had become quite submissive and obeyed with a smile on my face. Learning to always smile no matter how I felt and speaking in a soft modulated voice, had been hard painful lessons.

I returned to her bedroom as trained wearing the pink bath towel tucked in around my chest. When I saw what she had laid out on her bedspread, I became confused and a bit embarrassed. A pair of pink satin hip hugger panties with a white lace panel on the front, matching training bra, camisole and half-slip with two inches of white lace trimming. There was also a black straight hobble skirt, cream translucent billowing sleeved blouse and a packet of panty hose. I didn't see them at first but there were a pair of clear plastic pointed toed pumps with a three and half inch slim heel on the floor. What confused me was a garment in neon pink that looked like a small jockstrap. Auntie told me they were a dancer's gaff and I would wear them all the time except during my bath. There were still a large number of bags and boxes scattered around the room. I looked at her questionably seeing a rare broad smile on her face.

"Sandy I have decided on our costumes for the Halloween party and you're going as a Princess. Now, before you say anything, my decision is final. You have no experience with dress management or mannerisms to make your disguise realistic. I know a lot of young men who dress-up for Halloween but they always come off as clowns and disrespectful images of women. Therefore, I expect you to look and behave as femininely as possible. Being a Princess requires a lot of practice so we will start your training today," she stated.

Hearing that I knew she was certifiably crazy. What she had done up until now was demeaning to my masculinity but wearing girl's clothing and acting like one, totally unacceptable. Instead of doing the smart thing, turning and running for my life, I told her what I thought. Before I could act I was back in the bathroom, my bare butt glowing pink and a mouthful of bubbles.

For the next three weeks after school and all day during the weekend, I wore girl's clothing. I practiced makeup application, styling my hair which now reached just past my shoulders, and learning feminine mannerisms. The worst part of my Princess lessons were those horrible shoes and dancer's gaff. At the end of the day my feet were in agony, my ankles and calves burning from wearing those shoes. I tried shifting my body weight, lifting my toes and when sitting rotating my ankles but found no relief. The gaff was very painful unless I pushed my marbles back up inside of me and tucked my penis down and still uncomfortable.

When I wasn't practicing walking, sitting, stooping like a lady or learning how to move my arms and hands when speaking, I was studying from cosmetic company websites or magazine articles. All these Princess lessons as Auntie called them took all my time and concentration. I did my best with a happy smile on my face as she had a very good incentive plan, hairbrush and soap. I wasn't getting my homework done and my grades took a nose dive as a result.

Finally the last Saturday of the month arrived. Auntie Connie took me that morning to see her hair stylist, Francine. She and Francine had been very close friends for years I later found out. When I say close I mean in an intimate way. For the trip I wore a white polyester blouse with cap sleeves and shoulder pads, grey wool flare skirt and pair of white pointed toed pumps with a three inch slim heel. Of course I had on the required lingerie which I now had to call all my underwear and gaff. White nylon brief styled panties with a pert pink bow centered on the waist band. The matching pink lace frilled seamless cup white satin training bra, white nylon half-slip and beige panty hose. Living in Southern California, it never got really cold but today she had me wearing a pink sweater.

My makeup was minimal, earth toned eyeshadow, mascara and coral pink lipstick. Normally she had me practicing and wearing a full glamour look. My hair was styled into a high pony tail held in place with a pink chiffon scrunchy. On my right wrist were five thin metallic bangles and three dainty rings on my fingers. As it happened every time I looked into the full length mirror, chills ran up and down my spine. The kind of chills you get when watching "Nightmare on Elm Street" just before Freddy Kruger appears scraping his bladed hand along the wall. I looked just like a girl my age maybe a bit younger. My masculine identity diminished with every look into a mirror that month.

The trip to the "Cut and Curl" beauty salon left me embarrassed, then humiliated and finally mortified. Francine was about Auntie Connie's age but far more elegant. She wore a pink smock, black above the knee straight skirt, hose and espadrilles with a one inch heel. Her makeup while not quite glamour was tastefully done. Her long Ginger hair was styled in a French braid. The only thing she had in common with Auntie were her cold eyes when she looked at me.

I was embarrassed when she escorted me into a changing room and had me strip down to just my panties and gave me a lavender cover-up and paper slippers. I was humiliated when I was placed on a padded table and had a full Brazilian body wax. During that procedure, my rectangular landing strip was reduced to a small inverted "V". I was mortified when I left that salon. Francine had lightened my blond hair, styled it into a rolled under page boy with bangs. With my hair done, she pierced my ears twice in each lobe using white and pink pearl studs. My nails were given acrylic extensions and varnished a vivid red as were my toes. I looked more like a very pretty girl than ever and wondered how I could explain the feminine hair style and earrings when I went back to school on Monday.

Before supper she had me take a fragrant bubble bath then use a body lotion that left me smelling of flowers. Something I had been doing all month which brought questioning stares from my classmates. The only excuse I could come up with was that I had run out of mine and had to use my Auntie's. My reputation was already questioned due to my girlie looking hair. Thanks to shampooing and brushing it was full of body, glistened and shoulder length. Being a new guy with no established friends didn't help either.

Going to supper I was wearing a baby blue gaff, matching tap panties with two inches of white floral lace hemming. For the first time a real A-cup with gel padding satin bra, floral embroidered garter belt and thigh high white hosiery with a lace welt. I had on my translucent white cover-up with multi-colored floral border and pair of three inch slim heeled strappy sandals. I was still embarrassed dressed like this in front of Auntie but getting used to it.

After supper I went back to my room to put on my face. The vanity which actually was my computer table with a lighted magnifying mirror, held my cosmetics and hair care supplies. For tonight I was instructed to use my MAC matte finish foundation in their palest color, pearl fusion pink lux eyeshadows and Dozen Carnations cremesheen lipstick. I was also to pin my hair up. It took me almost an hour to do it to her satisfaction. I still had trouble using the ebony liquid eyeliner getting the lines drawn just right.

Once I had my makeup on I saw for the first time the dress I was going to wear. First she had me don a four layered organza, taffeta and chiffon petticoat. Each layer was hemmed in blue floral lace interspersed with dainty blue satin ribbon bows. The dress, picture in your minds the ball gown worn by Cinderella in the Disney movie. While I was struggling to get the petticoat and dress on Auntie went to put on her costume. As you might have guessed she was going as Prince Charming. Why she wanted my hair pinned up was answered when she returned and put a brassy blond wig, looking again like Cinderella wore to the ball, on my head.

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We arrived in what Auntie Connie said was fashionably late to the Community Center. With all my household chores and other duties, I hadn't gotten out much. Other than school, I only went to the grocery once a week. I didn't know anyone at the party for which I was very thankful. The first two weeks of my training was in tight straight skirts and last week in full skirts with crinolines. That training didn't really prepare me for the ball gown I was now wearing. The voluminous skirts falling to just above my ankles was both very heavy and difficult to maneuver in. Sitting was a chore too as my skirts ballooned out everywhere. I don't even want to talk about what it was like going to the bathroom. Those clear plastic slippers were already making my poor feet throb.

There were a lot of people there including one woman wearing green and black makeup, dressed as a witch handing out candy. We hadn't been seated long before the DJ started the music. Auntie forced me to dance a couple of them with her at first. Then horrors of horrors boys began asking me to dance. Dancing with Auntie Connie was one thing but dance with another boy made me cringe. Towards the end one boy in particular, Carl something or the other, I didn't catch his last name, kept me out on the dance floor. **I hated it during the slow ones with him.** He would hold my waist, pulling me in close where I was forced to put my arms around his neck. That arrogant shit even had the nerve to kiss me, on my lips. It took all my will power not to toss my cookies when he did that but I had to keep my secret. Everyone took me for a girl and if those boys found out, I was scared to death of what would happen.

**My first Halloween with Auntie Connie. It was a total embarrassment and disaster as far as I was concerned. Auntie thoroughly enjoyed it though and kept reminding me of how many boys danced with me. She especially liked telling how precious and natural I looked kissing that boy. The only good thing I could say was that I was allowed to go back to wearing my boy clothing the next day. I would still have major problems explaining my hair and ear piercings at school. Fortunately she let me replace the pearl studs with plain small gold balls. The only thing I wanted to do was completely forget that entire month but I had nightmares about kissing another boy for a few weeks after.**

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**I thought I had left all that girlie shit behind me but that all changed at the start of the Christmas and New Year's holidays. As soon as I walked into the house on my last day of classes, I found my girlie clothing laid out on my bedspread. There was my emerald green gaff, matching hip hugger panties, bra, camisole, half-slip and panty hose. My white translucent full long sleeved poly blouse with the lace jabot tie and black woolen straight skirt. On the floor were a pair of three inch slim heeled silver strappy sandals.**

**When I confronted Auntie Connie about what was on my bed, she practically beamed. "Why Sandy we have the annual Christmas dance at the Community Center and then the New Year's celebration to attend. I know you're not happy about what I put out but all things considered, I thought it best. Everyone believed you were my niece at the Halloween party and you danced with a lot of the young men there. How do you think it would look if I suddenly showed up with my nephew dressed in a suit and tie? While teenaged boys are a bit dense, I don't think it will take them long to figure it out. I abhor violence but I don't think they will and I don't want to see you get hurt. The best way to stop that is for you to resume your Princess lessons and be my niece once again," she stated.**

**In a way I couldn't deny her logic but didn't want to dress up again. Wearing girl's clothing, especially the shoes and using the bathroom was a royal pain in the ass. I responded in the only way I could.**

**"You can go but I'm staying here," I said.**

**"Oh Sandy, that's not an option. I love these neighborhood get-to-gathers and insist you accompany me. Besides everyone is expecting to see my darling niece again. Now no more argument and get changed. You have a lot of practice to do before the dance," she answered in a tone I knew I couldn't say no to.**

**Still what male pride I had rebelled at the notion and insisted I wouldn't go. That got me a sound spanking and mouth washing, something that I hadn't experienced in some time. Within an hour I was dressed and putting on my makeup. What followed was a week of intense practice from mannerisms, makeup application to hair styling. The big difference this time was that I was constantly wearing shoes with a one inch platform and four inch spike heel.**

**The morning of the dance I was seated back at the Cut and Curl being attended to by Francine. I was wearing a tan cashmere cowl necked top and mid-thigh length black flare skirt with black ankle boots. I had put my hair up in a high pony tail and wore minimal makeup. I hated how I looked as I could pass easily as the young girl I appeared to be.**

**Like the last time it was totally embarrassing and emasculating. I had another Brazilian body wax, since the previous steaking had faded that was redone. Plus it was given a soft perm that left my almost shoulder length hair in flowing waves. Glamour length**

acrylic nails polished in a vivid red gel and my toes painted the same.

Our outing didn't stop there as Auntie took me to Victoria's Secret to purchase special occasion lingerie. There she purchased my lingerie all in slinky black fabric. Hip hugger satin panties, matching underwire, up-lift, gel padded strapless bra, embroidered high waist garter belt and seemed nylons with fancy lace welts. While we were there she decided I needed new pajamas as she said, "to get me in the mood."

Pajamas hell, they came nowhere close to the pajamas I knew. These were made of ice blue shimmering nylon with lots of white lace trim. The top was a camisole with thin spaghetti satin straps and two inches of white floral lace at the bodice and hem. The bottoms were flare legged tap panties with two inches of the same lace hemming the legs. The wrap that came with it was sheer chiffon with three quarter length flaring sleeves. Something certainly no boy would ever consider wearing.

The final insult to my manhood came at the shoe store where she had me try on a dozen shoes. It was creepy having the salesman looking up my skirt and fondling my calves. She finally settled on a pair of black patent leather strappy sandals with a one and half inch platform and five inch pencil heel. I was very concerned about wearing these shoes but Auntie assured me all I needed was just a bit of practice. So instead of wearing my ankle boots home, I wore the new ones.

Before heading to the house we stopped in the food court to have a late lunch. This was the first time being in a mall's food court in almost a year. Having to sit eating Chinese vegetables while the mixed aromas of pizza, fried chicken and hamburgers filled my nose was agonizing. It also brought back memories of my mother and my previous all boy life. Don't know why but I started sniffing then out right crying. Walking back to the car, arms filled with shopping bags seemed to take forever. I had a hard time navigating the asphalt parking lot in those pencil heels. Once in the car the first thing I did was kick off those heels.

For the dance Auntie gave me a red velvet dress with a scooped neck and "V" back with short cap sleeves. The back of the dress covered my bra band but not by very much. The neckline revealed the top of my breasts. This new bra actually made it look like I had real breasts and cleavage. When I viewed myself in the full length mirror, I had to choke back tears. I didn't see anything of myself or even look like a boy in that reflected image. What I did see made my knees almost give way. Auntie gave me a small black sequined clutch purse and white rabbit fur stole before leaving for the party.

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There were two differences at the Christmas party. There was assigned seating at eight chair tables and a live band. Of course there was a Santa and his elfin aide handing out gifts to the children but that was expected. Finding our seats I was dismayed to see that boy sitting next to me. The one who had kissed me at the Halloween party. I wanted to ignore him but that was impossible. Auntie Connie had given me explicit instructions to be nice to any boy who approached me.

"Sandy you are a young lady tonight and I expect you to behave like one. You will be nice to the boys and dance with them if asked. If you don't you will feel my hairbrush or worse, they may discover your little secret," she told me.

I don't know which scared me the most. Her hairbrush or being discovered as a boy in a dress. So I had to talk to that obnoxious boy Carl. When he told me he went to Tolkien High and wanted to know where I went to school, my heart skipped a beat. I couldn't tell him I went to the same school. He would look for me once classes

resumed.

I was going to tell him I went to my old school across town but was stopped when he said, "Do you go to Emerson? I have a bunch of friends who go there."

Apparently Auntie Connie was listening and jumped in, "Sandy goes to St. Luke's. She's a sophomore there."

St. Luke's was the all-girl Catholic school in town. I didn't know much about it. Only what the girls in my Office Studies class said about it. Apparently it was very strict and used corporal punishment on problem students.

Conversation came to a standstill when the band began playing and the lights dimmed. It was loud and not really that good. They were playing music that was popular ages ago. I soon found myself out on the dance floor with Carl. Like before I could tolerate the fast ones but the slow ones were pure hell. Without the layers of cloth in my Cinderella costume, I could feel his erect penis pressing into me. When we sat out a dance, he had the audacity to put his arm around my shoulders. If another boy came over to ask me to dance, he would chase them away telling them I was his date. When I asked Auntie to change seats with me, she gave me a crooked smile and told me to be nice. About half way through the party, Carl guided me under the mistletoe and kissed me fully on the lips. I was so surprised that he managed to get his tongue into my mouth. It took all my will power not to toss my cookies right there and then. On every slow dance after that, he would force me under it and give me a kiss. The only good thing I can say is that I kept my mouth clinched. By the time the party was coming to an end he was nibbling my ears and kissing my neck. I was on the verge of being sick every time but Auntie only smiled when I complained. When the lights came up ending the party, I was never so happy in my life. My feet were on fire from the shoes, I was drained emotionally and physically.

When we got home I actually threw up what little I had in my stomach. As I was getting ready for bed I noticed four bruises, two on each side of my neck. That bastard had given me hickies. Making matters worse was the next morning when Auntie had to mention them and teasing me. It didn't matter how much I protested, she just smiled. She even showed me some pictures she had taken with her cell phone.

"You looked so sweet kissing that boy under the mistletoe," she commented then to my horror added, "I think I'll have this one enlarged and framed. We can hang it on your bedroom wall."

Like I wanted anything to remind me of that or any other part of being a girl. Like in the past my objections were disregarded. The picture of me kissing under the mistletoe was hung on the wall opposite my bed. I would have to see it every night and morning. There was another smaller one framed of me coming back to the table with his arm around my waist sitting on my bedside table. That one was quickly hidden away in a drawer.

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Auntie Connie wasn't into Christmas, so there were no decorations or tree. However she did give me some presents. Presents I normally liked getting but not this time. They were all girlie ones. Six new earrings, a dozen frilly slinky panties with matching camisoles, a pink with lace frills and ribbon bows teddy and a black puffer vest with fur lined hood.

"Sandy you still have to be my niece until after the New Year's party. Since you only have those pearl studs I thought some nice gold hoops and diamond studs would be nice. The teddy you can wear when you go to bed while your other pajamas are being

washed. One can never have enough panties and camisoles. As a matter of fact that silver and gold one can be worn as outer wear with a pretty skirt or your skinny jeans. That puffer vest is the latest fad and you do need something warm.”

The next day I was wearing that gold camisole with my black flare skirt. I wasn't pleased especially about how it revealed my bra straps but Auntie had put it out for me. It was a little after lunch while I was finishing up in the kitchen when the doorbell rang. I was curious when she called me into the living room. My curiosity quickly turned to disgust seeing Carl sitting on the couch.

“Look sweetie who came by to see you,” she said then without asking added, “Go ahead and sit down with him. I'll finish up in the kitchen.”

That hour was the longest hour of my life. As soon as I sat, his arm went around my shoulders. Then as he bragged about how great he was, I had to keep pulling his other hand off my leg. If it wasn't one hand trying to run up my skirt, the other kept toying with my bra strap. The only good things I can say about that visit was he talked so much I didn't have to say much. Plus I refused his request which came out more like a command for a date. When I said no that idiot smile on his face turned into a scowl. Seeing that, I had high hopes I wouldn't see him again.

My hopes were dashed when a day later he showed up on my doorstep with a half dozen yellow roses. How depressing, getting roses from another boy. Making it worse my Auntie insisted I give him a kiss to show my appreciation. I intended to just kiss his cheek. I didn't want to look at him, so I shut my eyes. Big mistake as he turned his face and kissed me full on the lips. You have no idea how hard it was for me not to wipe my lips with my arm. Another forever hour of fighting off his octopus hands and refusing to go on a date later, he left. This time I hoped he took the hint and would leave me alone.

Despite my hopes and desires he kept hounding me. If he wasn't coming over he was calling. Apparently he had gotten our number from the phone book. It got to the point even Auntie told him to go away and stop calling. It wasn't until later that we discovered he was a known stalker. He had hounded two other girls that lived in our subdivision and only stopped when served a restraining order.

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The day I was both looking forward to and dreading arrived. The New Year's Eve party. Back to the Cut and Curl for French braid style, a relaxing bubble bath and then getting dressed. Two days earlier Auntie took me back to the mall to find that oh so perfect dress, shoes and new undies. I hated going out in public looking like I do. This time she had me wearing that silver camisole top and my black skinny jeans with the embroidery on the back. We spent over three hours in the major department stores before she found it. It was a rhinestone sheer neckline salmon pink chiffon floor length A-line style. It had a bateau neckline with cap sleeves and rhinestone floral clusters. The sheer back went halfway down my back. The bodice was criss-crossed pleated and the skirt shirred to give it a creamy flare. Again with the pink. I hate pink. In lingerie for new undies as if I didn't have enough already, for panties, garter belt and hose. I didn't need a bra as the dress had a built in one. Finally the shoe department where she got me a pair of white pointed toed leather pumps with one inch platform and five inch spike heel. Again with the skyscraper heels. I had been wearing them constantly since just before the Christmas party and managed very well in them but they were still killers to wear.

The New Year's Eve party was set up like before only this time there was a Styrofoam

baby wearing a diaper and New Year sash as a center piece. Again the assigned seating had me beside Carl. Like before he monopolized all my time and his hands. Every slow dance I had to keep pulling them off my butt and back to my waist. There was no mistletoe but that didn't stop him from stealing a number of kisses or leaving another two hickies on my neck. During the entire party he kept insisting I was his girl now. I kept telling him I was not his or any body's girl but that didn't stop him.

Later when I went with Auntie and the other women from our table to the restroom, a girl my age approached me while I stood in line. "I see that Neanderthal pig Carl is crawling all over you. He did the same to me last year. My parents had to get a restraining order to make him stop but he still watched me for months after. If his father wasn't the Chief Prosecuting Attorney for the city, he would be in jail. I'm sorry for you but take my advice, get that restraining order," she softly said not wanting his Mother who was in the next queue over to hear.

Back home as I was getting undressed I told Auntie Connie what the girl had said. "Yes, you're probably right but we now have a bigger problem," she said.

"Problem? What kind of problem?" I asked confused.

"Carl's father has a reputation for being a hard ass when it comes to prosecuting homosexuals and others he considers perverts. I understand he is golfing buddies with the Chief of Police who shares his opinions. Now that we know Carl is a stalker, we'll have to be extra careful. If he by some chance finds out our little secret, you and probably me, will face jail time. So you're going to stay my niece for longer than we planned," she said scaring the living hell out of me in the process.

"But what about school? It starts back up in a couple of weeks. I can't go back wearing a dress and looking like this," I gasped.

"You're right but if that Carl is still poking around, I don't see any other way. Besides with the holidays, it will take at least until next month to get that restraining order. Let me think about it and see what I can come up with," she replied.

The day after New Year's guess who showed up back at my house. That's right Carl. I told him I never wanted to see him again and shut the door in his face. Then the phone calls started. He showed up several more times but we never answered his repeated knocking. Auntie was keeping a record of his visits and phone calls. After a week she went to her lawyer and the process of getting that court order started.

After she saw her attorney, Auntie went to visit another old friend. When she returned all smiles told me what had transpired. "Sandy I have some good news and some bad but I have solved our dilemma. Carl knows where we live and that you go to St. Luke's. We both know he hasn't given up on you and probably won't let something like a restraining order stop him. The only solution that comes to mind to keep us out of prison, is for you to attend St. Luke's."

"Wha....what yo....you can't be serious. Go to...to St. Luke's? That's a girls' school. Besides, I'm a boy an...and they won't let me in," I gasped.

"Normally that's true but I pulled a few strings and got you admitted for the spring semester. I'm old friends with Sarah Miles, the Principal there. She has agreed to let you in but with conditions," Auntie replied sounding way too happy about it.

"Wha...what con..conditions?" I asked still not believing my ears.

To be continued

# AUNT CONNIE

## Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

“I’m afraid so. Sarah demanded that she be assured you wouldn’t be a threat or danger to her girls. You will have to be registered as transgender and undergo treatment at the local gender clinic. She must have access to your medical records to guarantee you are being successfully treated. I hope after this coming semester we may be able to get you back into being a boy but only time will tell,” she said.

My life was like so totally over. I was stuck between a rock and very hard place. Like everything else that had happened to me since I moved in with Auntie Connie. I had no real choices. I couldn’t help but let the water works flow and nod my assent. I was going to St. Luke’s as a full time female student but didn’t know what going to a gender clinic had to do with anything.

I spent the rest of the week reading and practicing my feminine mannerisms. Auntie gave me some new magazines, mostly teen idol gossip garbage and instructional web sites geared to teaching young girls all about being young ladies. She also introduced me to feminine hygiene and having a period. Yeah, I had to have periods when I went to St. Luke’s or someone would get suspicious. She made this concoction of a little water, corn starch, red and black food coloring and poured it into a pad. I had to wear the darn things for five days changing them every four hours. She gave me a plastic squirt bottle of that mixture to keep in my purse.

That first day having to wear a wet pad brought me to the edge. I was going to tell Auntie I refused to do it. What stopped me was the doorbell. It was Carl and Auntie invited him in.

“Sandy, Carl is here and you have to see him. That restraining order isn’t in effect yet. Remember be nice but tell him you have plans if he asks you out. If he is insistent about you going out, tell him you’re on your period. That should stop any further advances. Oh, fix your lipstick,” she told me.

It was bad enough having to sit beside him on the couch. Almost as soon as I sat down, he had his arm around my shoulders pulling me in close. He told me how pretty I was then asked me to go get a pizza with him. I hated wearing that pad and telling another boy I needed one but it worked. He left shortly after that exchange telling me he would see me later. As I was showing him out the door, he kissed me. Yuck!

Saturday and Sunday evening we spent three hours going over a questionnaire that Auntie got from St. Luke’s principal, Sarah Miles. It was the standard gender dysphoria test that would psychologically measure ones true sexual nature. I didn’t have the questions, just the proper answers for a male to female sex change. Something I wasn’t told. She did tell me that I had to know the multiple choice answers to get accepted. What she didn’t tell me was how those answers would change my life.

I had an appointment at the gender clinic for early Monday afternoon. I was surprised when Auntie took me to the local Children’s Hospital and their endocrinology department. I wasn’t happy going there wearing lingerie, a cream poly blouse with ruffled jabot and black skirt with my three inch heels.

At the clinic I took the psychological test after an initial interview with a therapist. Then underwent an embarrassing physical. Don’t get me wrong, the hospital’s staff were gracious and none judgmental. However, I still thought of myself as a normal boy

only pretending to want to be a girl. It was important that I go through with this to get away from Carl and possibly prison. Auntie had assured me that it would only be temporary and nothing permanent would happen. So I did my best. Unfortunately I was too convincing.

##

My first day at St. Luke's was both scary and unsettling. I was wearing the school uniform consisting of a grey-blue-green pleated tartan just above the knee skirt, white cotton long-sleeved blouse, blue silk tie and light blue blazer. Matching tartan knee-highs and navy and white saddle shoes and black purse completed my dressing. Needless to say I was wearing a white satin bra, lace frilled camisole, a white jockstrap and glossy white nylon panties. My nails varnished in a blue that matched my tie and minimum makeup.

Our first stop was the principal's office. There I met Sarah Miles for the first time. She, like my Auntie Connie was a severe intimidating woman of late middle age with grey-streaked dark brown hair. We were in there for about an hour where I was basically read the riot act on how I was to behave and conform to the student body. I was to use the girls' restroom and if a single complaint came her way, I would be expelled. All students had to present a neat appearance and lady like manner at all times. Failure resulted in corporal punishment. The course schedule I was given contained all the required core subjects plus my other classes were in, Business Administration and Etiquette. As I expected physical education was not on my schedule.

When Ms. Miles was finished with me called a girl into the office. "Sally would you be so kind as to escort Miss. Sandy here to the supply room to get her books and student ID then to first period class. Thank you," she said.

Sally was a pretty girl with long black hair hanging past her shoulder blades in a wavy waterfall. She had bright blue eyes, a pretty face and a nicely tented blouse. If my poor penis hadn't been trapped in my jockstrap would have quickly hardened. Something that recently took effort to achieve.

Going to an all girls' school was certainly different and waiting in a queue to use the toilets a real pain. It didn't take me long to learn to go before I really had too. My core classes were the same boring affairs as in my old ones. My Business Administration course was the same as my Office Skills class but Etiquette totally alien. Auntie Connie had been teaching me feminine mannerisms but this was so much more. The curriculum not only included feminine mannerisms but silverware savvy, hosting parties and proper decorum when dating, attending special occasions and such. Plus I had a student picture ID with an "F" printed under sex.

Over the course of the spring semester I made some girlfriends, just not the way I would have liked. Occasionally we went out together like to the mall and once I spent the night for a slumber party. That's where I got to see my first none G-rated movie. It was the first "Hunger Games" and I absolutely loved it. With all this feminine immersion and gender clinic treatments, my masculinity was almost totally out of the picture. I could probably justify to my male identity wearing makeup, actors did. The same with wearing a skirt, some men wore kilts. However there was no way to justify wearing a bra and definitely not faking a period. I was becoming more of a girl with each passing day.

I had monthly sessions with my therapist and doctor at the gender clinic. My therapist was really interested in knowing that I faked having a period. I didn't realize it at the time but Auntie had really set me up. Having a period only reinforced the therapist's

Initial assumption that I was transsexual. The same thing happened with the doctor. He was surprised at my estrogen and low testosterone levels.

“Sandy, I need the truth, are you taking female hormones,” he asked on my second visit.

“Why would you ask something like that? No way,” I replied.

“I’m asking because your estrogen levels are high for a male and secondly because your testosterone levels are low. The levels aren’t totally out of the range for a boy your age but we normally don’t see these results,” he said. “In any case, I’m going to start you on some medications based on what your therapist told me and your blood work.”

When I left five hours later, I had been given an injection of gonadotropine-releasing hormones. According to the doctor they would safely suppress further puberty and fully reversible. He also added that depending on the results of my psychological evaluation, cross-gender hormones could be given. Assuring me everything was fully reversible, I didn’t put up a fuss. If I had known then what I know now, would have been kicking and screaming.

Only later did I discover that my Auntie’s strict diet high in soy and herbal teas were the cause of my high estrogen level. On my forth visit, I was told they were going to change my medications to help me better cope with my condition. Apparently my test results, attending an all girls’ school and physical changes had convinced them to advance my treatment. I wasn’t sure what they meant but Auntie was happy about it. I didn’t object and took two shots into my butt. I hate needles. I didn’t find out until much later that they were female hormones and testosterone blockers. Drugs that would make my condition permanent when taken over time.

Then there was Carl. Mustn’t leave him out. He was a constant pest and irritant. He called several times a day. He came to the house at least twice a week constantly hounding me for a date. I kept telling him I was not allowed to date, which did nothing to curb his attentions. Finally in late February, he received the restraining order from the court and stopped calling or coming by the house. I was ecstatic when that happened. I could go back to my old school and get back into being a boy again. Unfortunately my happiness was very short lived.

“Sandy you simply can’t do that. No not anytime soon. That restraining order prevents him from bothering you. It doesn’t stop him from watching you. Also you cannot switch schools this late in the semester or stop seeing your therapist. It would raise too many questions. I’m sorry but things have to stay as they are. Maybe when school lets out and we’re sure Carl isn’t watching...maybe then,” she said bursting my bubble of happiness.

She had a point and did say we would reconsider my disguise once school let out for the summer. However over the rest of the spring semester I did catch Carl watching me either getting on or off the school bus. I even received a bouquet of flowers from an anonymous admirer in early May. Auntie was positive it was from Carl. So much for abandoning my disguise anytime soon.

##

With school out for the summer my therapist scheduled me for a procedure. “Sandy your profile tells me you are having problems dealing with the way your body is developing. While you haven’t said much about it, your Aunt told me. (Auntie had regular meetings with my councilor too and I had no idea of what she said) You are a little young but you have progressed much faster than most. Plus you scored very

high on your psychological test. I would like to schedule you for a simple outpatient procedure. It's called an orchiectomy and I promise it will make you feel better about yourself. It has the added benefit in that we can reduce your hormone treatments. Instead of giving you monthly shots, we'll implant a time-released supplement. It doesn't hurt that much, is injected into your inner thigh and lasts about a year," she informed me.

*"Wow! That's good news. She's right about me not being happy with what's happening to my body. I'm growing boobs," I thought. "No shots every month either. I have no idea what an orch....whatever she called it is but getting one shot every year and stopping my chest from getting bigger is okay by me."*

The procedure was performed and I knew what an orchiectomy was. I was now a eunuch. All I had between my legs was a limp penis and shriveled sack. It took me over a week before I could stop crying. All I wanted to do was crawl into a hole and die but Auntie Connie gave me some anti-depressants. I did feel better but in a ditzy sort of way. She also kept me very busy and my mind on other things. So busy that I didn't have time to think about how bad my life sucked.

Auntie Connie was so helpful during that time. She was always there when I needed a shoulder to cry on. My emotions were flying all over the place. From the way she lambasted the gender clinic for what they did, I knew I had her support. She brightened my mood when she told me she thought she had an idea to solve my problems. Auntie didn't go into any details but said to trust her.

Auntie made a bunch of changes after that. She took my phone and computer away. She told my girlfriends, the school and gender clinic that I had moved back to live with my father. Most knew that my mother had passed but nothing about my father. I also got some new dresses only these were maid's uniforms like you see worn in hotels. Auntie told me it was only logical for me to wear them since I was doing all the housework. On my next trip to the salon my hair was styled into a short page boy and dyed black. She also took all my expensive lipsticks, eyeshadows and nail polish, replacing it with Cover Girl products. The lipstick was their long lasting Really Red, the eyeshadow a Lime Light and Red-dy and Willing nail polish. My new foundation was their long lasting three-in-one in tawny. This was much darker than the natural beige I had been using. Auntie also insisted that I start taking tanning pills and had gotten me birth control pills.

She took my lingerie, better outerwear and shoes giving them to a thrift store. My new lingerie was all white and made of cotton. The panties were all full coverage briefs and Playtex full coverage eighteen hour bras. Instead of my jockstraps I now had tight white panty girdles. My fancy and colorful slippers were exchanged for plain unadorned white nylon. My pearl studs and assorted earrings were also taken from me. Instead she had me constantly wearing large red plastic hoops and green rhinestone studs. I was thankful she took all my stiletto heels leaving my wedge three inch ones and a pair of white sneakers. Besides my uniforms she left me with two straight skirts, a half dozen of my frilliest translucent blouses, two of my plainest A-line dresses and two pair of Capri pants.

I was confused and rattled by all these changes but she explained it to me. "Sandy I had no idea what that so-called clinic was going to do. I'm so sorry but what's done is done and we will have to learn to live with it. However I don't think either one of us want to ever go back there. If you don't show up for your appointments, they'll probably come looking for you. Send the sheriff or someone to find out why you stopped coming. Ms. Miles will drop you out of school too. So what I propose is a

disguise and explanation of why you're no longer living with me. A disguise good enough to fool anyone who comes here to make you go back to that clinic. I'll tell everyone you've gone to live with your father. Too many people know your poor mother passed but don't know about him. This won't be easy for you but I can't think of any other way," she told me.

"What kind of disguise Auntie? I really don't care as long as I never have to step back into that place after what they did to me," I answered.

"Like I said it has to be very good. You have to become a totally different person to save yourself. Remember they will be looking for a Caucasian school girl with fair skin and hair. What could be more different than you becoming my Latino live-in maid? As no Latino maid wears the expensive clothing and makeup you have worn, I had to get rid of it. What I'm doing won't be easy and you're going to have to learn Spanish. I purchased some very expensive CDs that promise you will be speaking Spanish in a month's time. I'm also working on getting you some new identity papers. It's either this or I'm afraid you'll have to go back to the clinic," she said.

I may have been on anti-depressants and ditzy but there was one thing I was most definitely positively never wanted to do again. That was to go back to that place that took my manhood from me. My mental state at the time probably had a lot to do with it too. I agreed to her crazy plan. A couple of days later Auntie, I mean Senora Peters, gave me my new identity. I was Maria de la Madrid, 17, born in Juarez, Mexico. There was even a Green Card stating that I was employed full time by Ms. Constance Peters. She had shot down my pleas to become a boy again.

"Sandy don't be ridiculous. I can't have a Latino boy living with me. How would that look? My reputation would be ruined. No, it's better staying as a girl. Maybe in a year or so when we're sure no one is looking for you, you can go back to being a boy," she explained.

Go back to being a boy. Heck I would never be a real boy much less a man now. The only good thing I had to look forward to was getting out of dresses and wearing all this goop on my face. Having real A-cup boobs didn't help my self-image either but figured surgery would solve that problem.

##

By the end of a month, I spoke fairly good Spanish and Auntie, I mean Senora Peters demanded I speak it all the time now. My skin was a nut brown from taking those tanning pills with a slight orange tinge. I also wore contacts making my blue eyes black. To make my disguise even better, she took me to a dentist and had my front tooth capped in gold.

"See with that gold tooth, everyone will focus on it instead of your face," she explained and I had to agree as it got my attention.

I didn't go out much over the next three months. The only time I left the house was every Wednesday to the grocery and once a month to the salon. Going out those first weeks wearing my uniform was embarrassing but I soon got over it. I was wearing my tan with brown wing cuffs and pointed collar uniform with the white apron tied around my waist and pointed white cap so often, I just forgot what I was wearing. I was surprised one day when I realized I was starting to think in Spanish.

Those CDs were working wonders as I listened to them every night. It was a good thing that Senora Peters was fluent in my language. One day she asked me about where I was from and I was able to describe Juarez and that I had gone to Santa Anna elementary school. When she asked me how I got into the States, I said my madre e

padre had been murdered by the drug cartel and I fled here. I thought it strange at the time that I knew all this stuff but shrugged it off.

By the end of August, even though my Spanish is totally fluent, I still listened to those CDs. I was thinking and even dreaming in Spanish. I was dreaming really strange ones almost every night. It was me, wearing a pretty white dress and very pretty white lace mantilla my abuela (grandmother) gave me. There were other boys and girls standing with me getting our confirmation and first communion at the Guadalupe Mission. In another dream I was having my first date with a boy. He even had a name, Juan Lopez and gave me my very first kiss.

These dreams were really weird, even though I went to a Catholic school I wasn't Catholic and no girl. The one of my first date the weirdest of them all. I knew that I was Sandy, a boy but it seemed like my Maria personality was taking over. As much as I had hated simulating a female's period, I kept having one. Then there was my body. Over the past seven months my chest sprouted tea cup sized breasts with small but thick nipples. My butt and hips had filled out as well while my waist remained the same twenty-one inches.

One day Senora Peters wasn't feeling well and sent me to the grocery store to pick up needed supplies in early September. I didn't think twice about picking up my battered purse and throwing a yellowed white sweater over my shoulders as I left the house. It wasn't a far walk, just five blocks and across the highway from the house. The cashier was looking at me and asking me if I needed help with the bags. I replied as I had been instructed by Auntie, "No comprende. No habla English."

At that the bag boy spoke up in Spanish, "The cashier wants to know if you need help carrying all the bags. I'll be more than happy to do that for you senorita."

I hadn't noticed him until he spoke. He was cute with a thick mop of raven black hair, about my age and Latino. I looked from him to the three full bags. "Yes, please I would appreciate that," I replied.

He grabbed the two fullest bags and with a broad smile waited for me to pick up the other. His name was Juan Sosa, from Honduras and eighteen. When I told him I didn't have a car led me to his. The car was an old model but clean. Back at the house he insisted on taking all three bags as I led the way up the walk. Inside after putting them on the counter top I introduced him to Senora Peters. She greeted him using English then said something I didn't quite catch as I was putting up canned goods.

He nodded his head and replied, "Si, yes, I would like that. Yes, very much."

They continued talking in English while I put away the groceries. I didn't hear most of it but I did catch, "date," and "Friday."

Before he left Senora Peters told me that I should give the nice young man a reward for going out of his way to help me. I didn't have any money. Only the credit card she had given me. She saw my blank response and told me to give him a kiss. I didn't want to kiss any boy but from her look, walked over and gave him a quick peck on the cheek. Only to be scolded by her.

"Maria is that anyway to show your appreciation? Now give Jose a proper kiss," she ordered.

A shiver ran up my spine as I stood on my toes and placed my red painted lips to his. His hands gripped me firmly at the waist, pulling me into him. The chaste kiss I was planning on, didn't happen as he forced his thick tongue into my mouth. When the kiss broke he had a smile reaching from ear to ear.

**“Muchas gracias Maria. Nos vemos noches Viernes,” he said leaving.**

**That left me puzzled. Why did he say he was going to see me Friday night? I had no intentions of seeing him again other than at the grocery.**

**Senora Peters cleared the confusion. “Maria I think its high time you got out. I asked that nice young man if he would like to take you out and he said yes. He’ll pick you up at seven this Friday and take you to that Spanish movie theater over on the other side of town. I told him to have you home by midnight as you have work to finish.”**

**“What? I don’t want to date any boys. You have to call him and tell him I’m not doing that,” I quickly responded.**

**“For one thing I don’t have his phone number and for another, you will go out. Perhaps you have forgotten my hairbrush. Now don’t give me any more static or I’ll refresh your memory,” she icily replied.**

**##**

**For my date Senora Peters put out my black straight mid-thigh skirt and orange cap sleeved chiffon blouse with a lacy jabot. I was surprised to see a black satin up lift underwire bra, matching full cut panties and panty girdle. Back when I became Maria and asked why she was taking all my clothes, I accepted her reasoning. It wouldn’t look right if a poor maid wore such expensive clothing and makeup. When I asked about the new lingerie she said that since I would be dating, I needed something just a bit sexier. I didn’t want to look sexy but like before seeing her expression, I had no choice.**

**Jose arrived early and by the time we got to the movie theater had about an hour before the next showing. There was a cantina a few doors down and he took me there. It was crowded and he introduced me to a number of his friends telling them I was his novia (girlfriend). I felt uncomfortable as he took a seat at the wooden table and pulled me into his lap. He wrapped his arms tightly around my waist prevented me from getting up. His friends were all Honduran and wanted to know all about Juarez and what it was like growing up in the murder capital of Mexico. I was surprised as the names of discos, restaurants and museums flowed easily from my mouth. Later when all the girls went to use the facilities, I even mentioned my first date and kiss. Apparently I said enough to satisfy them and happy to leave for the movie.**

**Jose led me with his arm around my waist to the back row of seats in the theater. As soon as the lights dimmed, slid his arm around my shoulders hugging me into his shoulder. He was too strong for me to resist so I let my head rest on his shoulder. The opening credits weren’t even over and he had his hand over my left breast squeezing gently. When I started to protest he covered my mouth with his. With one hand gripping my neck, holding the kiss, he began massaging my breast through the blouse and bra. The feeling of my satin bra rubbing my nipples sent tingles all over and my nipple hardened. Our lips still touched, his tongue playing with mine and I let out a soft moan. I couldn’t help myself. It just felt so good. I knew this wasn’t right but I couldn’t help myself. His kiss was becoming more demanding as I felt his hand move to my back and begin unbuttoning my blouse. When the kiss broke, Jose bent over, pushing me back a little and took my exposed nipple into his mouth. I don’t know how he did it but my blouse was pulled out of the way and my bra up on my chest. My breast was being suckled for the first time and despite my horror, it felt really good. I tried pushing him away but to no avail. Finally I gave up and let him have his way with my breasts. I don’t know for sure how it happened but I found myself squatting in front of him, his head buried into my chest sucking and nibbling on my nipples making them**

burn and tingle. His hands pulling and mashing them almost painfully. I let out another moan not sure if it was from pain or pleasure.

He moved from my throbbing breast to give me another tongue twisting kiss. When the kiss broke, he placed his strong hands on my shoulders and pushed me down. I was on my knees this time looking directly at his stiff shaft. It was uncut, long and thick poking out of his trousers. The pressure on my shoulders was replaced by pressure on my head as it was forced into his crotch.

What he said chilled me even more than seeing his manhood. "Suck it baby or I'm going to leave you here to find your own way home."

"Leave me in the barrio clear across town? Please, you can't do that," I said shocked.

"Yes I can baby without a second thought. Now get busy and watch those teeth and make sure you swallow. I don't want my pants dirty," he replied.

I use to dream about a girl doing this to me. I never in a million years thought I'd be doing it for another boy. Yet I had no real choice. Swallowing what pride I had left, pulled back the foreskin and took the head into my mouth. It required all my efforts not to puke the hot slimy goo back up but I managed, just barely. I refastened my bra, buttoned my blouse and straightened myself out as best I could as the movie ended.

His only comment as I was doing that was, "Chicca that was good but you need a lot of practice. Maybe next Friday you can do me again."

The only good thing I could say was that he didn't try to kiss me when he took me home. I rushed inside. All I wanted to do was wash my mouth out. I went through half a bottle of mouth wash as Auntie Connie watched with a knowing grin. That grin did nothing to stem the flood of tears running down my cheeks.

It wasn't until I removed my bra that I saw what he had done to my poor boobies. The flesh was bruised and irritated from his beard stubble and hard sucking. The nipples red and swollen. I put on the only nice lingerie she left me, my ice blue pajamas. As I slipped under the covers, I put the earbuds to my CD player in hoping to forget what happened tonight.

##

It was that time of year again. Auntie decided that she would take me along with her. "Maria you just have to go. You rarely go anywhere other than the grocery and salon. I have the perfect costume for you and me."

My costume proved to be a flamenco dancer's. The sleeveless dress was red satin with a low rounded neckline and just below the shoulder blades rounded back. It fit tight on the torso and hips but flared out at mid-thigh into four long ruffles trimmed in black lace forming a train. At the end of the train was a loop I could put my finger through to keep the skirts off the ground. It came with a black floral lace mantilla. The black leather peep toed heels I was given had a three inch block heel and taps.

For the party she had me put my hair into a donut at the top of my head and lacquered my hair until it glistened. My makeup was dramatic using smoky eyeshadows, heavy black eyeliner and mascara, finished off with a very wet looking deep red lipstick. Auntie's costume as you probably guessed was the matador's.

"Remember you only speak broken English. While you're my maid there will probably be some young men that will want to dance with you. You will dance with everyone that asks and you will be very nice to them. You know I can still use my hairbrush even if you're not my niece anymore," she stated.

To my relief I didn't see Carl at the Community Center. Now that I was Maria there was no restraining order and he would probably be all over me. Instead there was a young Latino there with his family. They were sitting two tables down from where we were. The reason I noticed was what they were doing. His father was pulling him out of his chair and pushing him in my direction. The father wasn't exactly quite.

"See, there is a pretty Latina sitting over there. Now go ask her for a dance," I heard him almost shout.

I watched as the young man, dressed as a Gaucho, walked reluctantly over to me. "Excuse me but would you please dance with me?" he asked sounding nervous.

As we danced to a slow tune, he told me his name was Carlito and his parents from Argentina. He also apologized for the ruckus his father had caused. With the song over he led me back to my seat where Auntie was waiting. I was thankful that he was too shy to try and kiss me.

As he started to turn and leave Auntie reached out and grabbed his hand. "Please have a seat," she invited smiling broadly. "I was hoping you could explain why your father had to make you come dance with my maid. I hope it isn't because she's just a servant?"

"Oh no, I, we didn't even know that," he replied.

"Then why the reluctance?" she shot back.

"Eeerrrrrr, it's personal," Carlito answered.

"So you think Maria is ugly? Is that it?" my Auntie countered.

"No, she is beautiful," he responded.

"Then if it's not because she is my maid or ugly, then I want to know why," she demanded.

"I'm not into girls," he answered softly bending down so only Auntie could hear.

"Please keep that to yourself. I'm in enough trouble with my father as it is."

"Oh goodie," Auntie said soft enough so that I couldn't hear. "Maria is not a real girl. Just a pretend one and maybe the answer to your problems. Here's my card. Call me and we can discuss this further."

I was about to ask what was going on when he departed but another boy asked me to dance. By the time the party was over I had forgotten the incident between Auntie and Carlito. I danced with him a couple of more times after that. It seemed like I stayed out on the dance floor most of the night. The best thing about this party was that none of the young men I danced with tried to kiss me.

##

Over the next couple of weeks I settled back into my routine and turned eighteen. I cleaned and cooked like I had since what felt like forever. I did see Jose at the grocery but Auntie was always with me and I ignored him. Just before Christmas, she took me to a thrift store. When I asked why, she smiled broadly and told me I needed a proper dress for the community party. I knew better than to argue and didn't protest when she shoved a lavender satin dress into my hands. It was strapless with a sweetheart neckline, low cut V-back and hobble knee length skirt. It fit but clung to my body like a second skin. When I stepped out of the changing booth, Auntie's smile was radiant.

"Perfect. Just absolutely perfect. Go take it off. We'll get that for the dance," she gushed.

**“But...but it’s too small,” I tried to reason. “It makes my butt look too big.”**

**That’s as far as I got as she just shrugged me off and gave me a dismissive wave. Getting the dress was the easy part. Finding the right shoes took like forever before she settled on a pair. They were silver sequined peep toe pumps with a one inch platform and five inch spike heel. Unfortunately for me, they were a perfect fit. A silver colored clutch and some cheap costume jewelry completed our shopping trip.**

**The afternoon of the dance, it was back to the salon. There I had clip on extensions that made my hair reach below my shoulder blades. The soft perm left it in flowing waves. Glamour length nails varnished a vivid red and matching polish on my toes finished my look. With the low cut back of my dress I couldn’t wear a bra. Auntie solved that problem using two sided breast tape. She taped my breasts so that they were pushed together with some uplift making my A-cups look one cup bigger. With that figure hugging dress on, I had real cleavage and more skin on display than I liked. For lingerie Auntie gave me scarlet high thigh panties, matching embroidered garter belt and sheer black with floral patterned stockings. Wearing evening makeup finished off with scarlet lipstick covered in a very wet looking gloss, I looked like one of those Latina show girls you see on El Mondo.**

**While waiting for Auntie to finish getting dressed the doorbell rang. She sent me to answer it. I was very surprised seeing Carlito standing there with a bouquet of American Beauty roses. I was stunned just seeing him standing there and it took me a couple of long seconds before I remembered his name.**

**“Carlito what are you doing here?” I said finding my voice.**

**“Why it’s my honor to escort you to the dance of course. Didn’t Connie tell you I was coming?” he replied with a slight smile.**

**I was getting ready to respond when I heard from behind me, “Maria let the young man in, put those beautiful flowers in a vase and open that bottle of Merlot in the refrigerator while you’re at it,” Auntie ordered.**

**I found out much later what they discussed while I was doing that. Apparently after scanning my body, Carlito was having doubts about my gender. After the Halloween dance, he had met with her at a coffee shop where she showed him pictures of me before and after going to St. Luke’s.**

**“Are you sure those photos you showed me weren’t photo shopped. I’m not into girls and I don’t see any trace of an Anglo boy in that satin dress,” he said.**

**“Carlito I swear on the Bible that between those legs is a real penis. Unfortunately for you, the gender clinic removed his balls but Maria is really an eighteen year old young man under all that glitter,” she replied. “Like I explained to you, he had to take on a disguise to first hide from that demented Carl character then took on that Latina look to hide from the gender clinic. I’m sure you can discover that I’m telling the truth before the night is over.”**

**Carlito was a gentleman until we got into his car. “Okay Maria or should I say Sandy, Connie has told me all about you. From that look on your face I guess she told me the truth but I want proof. Pull up your skirt and let me see what you have in those panties. Do it now!” he ordered.**

**“Wha....what.....She told you? Everything?” I gasped.**

**“Yes but I want proof. I’m not into girls but can put up with a guy in a dress. Now pull up that skirt...or...I’ll tell Carl. Yeah, I know that bastard and all about the two of you. Now let me see,” he said scaring the living shit out of me.**

To be concluded...

## AUNT CONNIE

### Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

“Please...please don’t make me do this,” I begged. I couldn’t believe Auntie Connie would tell a complete stranger all about me much less my secret. Yet, he knew too much for her not to have told him.

He didn’t answer me right away as he removed his cell phone from a pocket. “I guess you don’t leave me any choice then. I’ll just give Carl a call,” he said.

“No, no you can’t do that!” I squealed in panic. I was so scared I think my voice went up two octaves.

“Then pull up that dress and show me what you have hidden in your panties,” he answered.

You have no idea how hard it is to pull up a skin tight satin dress while hunched over in a sports car. You probably can guess at just how embarrassing it was for me to show him the lump in my scarlet panties. It would have been mortifying if he had demanded that I pull my panties down. Thankfully he didn’t.

Actually having to show him what remained of my masculinity wasn’t the worst part. What really scared me was he knew about Carl. With that knowledge he had me under his complete control. I would have to do whatever he demanded now. My life is so totally screwed now.

##

As we entered the Community Center he told me to be prepared to be interrogated by his family. They knew we met at the Halloween party and I was to tell them we had been dating since then.

Nearing their table, Carlito tapped my forehead and whispered, “Make damn sure only Maria is up there when you talk to them.”

I was introduced to his father, Alberto, then his mother, Juanita, and sister, Alicia. As I was being introduced both his mother and sister were eyeing me from my toes to the top of my head. At first I thought they disapproved how I was dressed and heavy makeup. As the party went on, I found out they were surprised that Carlito actually had a date, a female date. Taking our seats I was sitting next to Juanita. I had barely placed my purse down when she started in with her version of the third degree. She wanted to know everything about me. I guess those weird dreams I had been having came in handy, as later she gave me a big hug and kiss.

When I wasn’t out on the dance floor with Carlito, I was mostly talking to Juanita and Alicia. Those conversations were general in nature, mostly women talk. I could do that easily enough from my experiences going to St. Luke’s. It wasn’t until we went to the bathroom that they wanted to know about my intimate relationships. Juanita even demanded to know if I were a virgin or not. That I could honestly answer as I never had

sex with a girl.

As Carlito drove me back to my place after the dance he was all smiles. “You did well. I saw momma give you a hug and kiss, so she approves. Papa also told me to invite you to have Christmas dinner with us. Now maybe my family will finally get off my back. I’ll pick you up at noon,” he said.

Like I had any choice. I just nodded my head in agreement. At the doorstep, he kissed me. It was a tender kiss rather than the spit swapping rough kisses I was expecting. Inside, the bottle of Merlo was sitting empty on the coffee table, Auntie’s white blouse and bra laying on the sofa arm. There was another green bra and forest green blouse on the other. That perked my curiosity but exhausted I went to bed.

I wasn’t too surprised the next morning when I went into the kitchen and saw Francine sitting across from Auntie. She was wearing the forest green blouse and a tan skirt. Auntie was still in her bathrobe and slippers. It didn’t take a rocket scientist to figure out what was going on. Francine didn’t bat an eye seeing me in my maid’s uniform while ordering me to fix her some breakfast. While they were eating scrambled eggs and toast, Auntie wanted to know all about my date and the dance. They both seemed disappointed that I only kissed him twice under the mistletoe and goodnight. Auntie was pleased that I had been invited to Christmas dinner but told me not to eat any turkey or ham.

##

Christmas morning Auntie gave me a few presents and like last year all were girly. Two satin bra and panty sets, one vivid purple and one hot orange. A long flare sleeved low rounded collar tee in hot orange and finally a pair of red H-banded slides with a three and half inch covered heel. The straps were covered in brightly shining rhinestones.

“The bra and panty sets are expensive for a mere maid but you can say they were a gift if asked. Those gaudy shoes I thought were perfect for a Latina like you,” she had said.

Nothing like a back handed compliment to fill one with the Christmas Spirit not that I had much to begin with. Since I really didn’t have much to wear for dinner with Carlito’s family, she told me to put on my new orange lingerie and tee with one of my black flare skirts. I told her that would be too informal for Christmas dinner, so she looked in my closet and came out with my frilliest translucent blouse with the large lace jabot. The blouse was a crème color and my bra band would be visible in back but the lace jabot pretty much covered the front.

“You can wear your new shoes too,” she said.

Promptly at noon Carlito showed up wearing a suit and tie. “That’s pretty informal wouldn’t you say?” he said walking me to the car.

“I’m sorry but I don’t have a lot of clothing to choose from. Remember! I’m a poor maid and this is the best I have. That is unless you want me to put on that dress from the other night or maybe you’d prefer that flamenco costume?” I snapped back embarrassed and surprisingly a bit angry.

“When we get back to the house I’ll have Alicia see if she has something,” he simply replied.

His house was in the newest filing for the subdivision, a two story Tudor style. It was

where the “rich” people lived in the neighborhood. Entering a blush quickly formed on my cheeks as both women were wearing really nice dresses and Alberto in a suit and tie. I had been so immersed in girlhood I was now thinking entirely like one. Even my dreams lately had been about boys.

Juanita immediately noticed my embarrassment, whispered something into Alicia’s ear then walked over to greet me with a hug and air kiss. “Maria, please don’t take this the wrong way but Alicia has a lovely black jacket that would go beautifully with what you’re wearing.”

The jacket Alicia handed me was a long sleeved cut away front with draped lapels in black velvet. While it didn’t have a closure, the tailored fit left only my lacy jabot exposed. Thankfully it fit and I felt more comfortable. The dinner was excellent and despite being told not to, I did thoroughly enjoy a slice of juicy turkey. Once everyone finished I automatically jumped up and started clearing away the dishes.

“Maria, you are our guest. Stop that!” Juanita stated again making me blush. “You and Carlito go into the living room while we take care of this.”

I was surprised when Carlito went over the big and beautifully decorated tree and picked up a small present and handing it to me. “I got this for you,” he said.

The gift was a thin gold chain with a crucifix on it. “Mother suggested it. It’s the same as what my mother and sister wear,” he explained. “I hope you like it.”

What could I say? I’m not Catholic but most of the girls back at St. Luke’s had worn similar ones. Besides it was a nice gesture. “It’s lovely,” I answered unclasping it and handing it back to him.

Shortly after the rest of the family joined us. Juanita’s face lit up into a big smile when she saw that I was wearing the necklace. We talked for a while until the football game came on and Alicia asked me to come to her room.

“Football, I don’t know how anyone can sit through all that nonsense. Come on Maria, let’s go to my room,” she said taking my hand.

I hadn’t been allowed to watch football in over two years and wanted to stay. With her taking and pulling my hand, I didn’t have much choice but to go along. Her room was much bigger than mine and more girly too. Plus it had a very large walk-in closet.

“We’re about the same size and I have a ton of old clothing I don’t wear any more. You can keep that jacket by the way. It looks really cute with that outfit,” she said beginning to rummage around in the closet.

Back when I had gone to my first and only sleep over, I was very nervous being that close to other girls. I certainly didn’t change in front of them though two of them didn’t seem to mind stripping to just their panties in front of me. As she piled dresses, skirts and blouses on her bed for me to try on, I wouldn’t have the luxury of any privacy. Thankfully this time I had on my panty girdle.

Carlito had to make two trips to his car to load everything Alicia had given me. I protested her generosity to no avail. Both mother and daughter insisted I take them. It was near dark when he took me home. I was scared to have Carlito come in as Auntie had invited Francine over but I had all that clothing. A mental image of them naked, engaging in sex on the living room sofa sent chills running up my spine. Fortunately, they were fully dressed and watching some show on the television.

##

Carlito invited me to the New Year’s party and I had to accept. He and his family had

been too nice so I couldn't say no. I even had something to wear as Alicia had given me a pretty prom dress she had worn. It was made by Blush and I knew it had to be very expensive. It was floor length in a classic sweetheart neckline strapless A-line skirted lilac chiffon. The torso hugging bodice was embellished with sequins in a slightly darker lilac. The back was low cut preventing me from wearing a bra but there was a built in one. Auntie insisted I use that breast tape again to make my boobies look larger.

The dance and party was actually fun for me. I was treated like a member of the family and Carlito was mostly a gentleman. I say mostly because he kissed me a lot both on the lips and neck as we danced. They were however tender kisses not at all like Carl's. His warm hands rubbing up and down my back felt strangely nice. I was having more of those weird dreams about being with boys but that couldn't be the cause of me feeling happy I wondered. After a few, probably too many, glasses of champagne, I didn't worry anymore over why I was so happy.

Back at my place, we spent time in his car before he escorted me to the door. I guess I was tipsy. It's the only reason I could come up with for really kissing him back or that I inserted my tongue into his mouth before he did. I had been forced to give Jose oral sex but tonight when Carlito gently pushed my head down, I didn't mind so much. I justified doing that because his family was so nice and he wasn't forcing me. I felt like I owed him and I could see the girl in my dream doing it. He even kissed me before I went inside. I could still taste his cum but didn't rush to wash my mouth out like I had the last time. I undressed first.

As I was getting into bed that night, I almost didn't put my earbuds in and turn on the player. I was very fluent in Spanish and had no need to listen anymore. I guess it was out of force of habit that I put them in and turned it on. As my head hit the pillow I was still a bit concerned why I had reacted the way I did with Carlito. French kissing and swallowing his cum should have made me nauseous as all get out. Up until tonight when I had been French kissed by another boy my stomach churned. I had vomited on the movie theater's floor when Jose had forced me to do oral. I fell into a deep sleep before I could truly consider what happened.

##

After New Year's I began dating Carlito on a steady basis. We went out at least once a week and sometimes to have dinner with his folks. He was always a gentleman until we were alone sitting in his car. He rarely played with my boobies but when he did, shock ways of pleasure zapped my brain. His kisses had become more demanding and I finished each date giving him oral pleasure. The more we dated the more I wanted to suck his dick. I couldn't explain it no matter how hard I tried. By April I was really good doing oral and could take his entire eight inches. It was almost like a drug addiction now.

My weird dreams had changed too since January. In all of them I was now having sex with men. Not just going on dates, kissing and giving oral but real sex. With each dream, I would wake in the morning and discover my little penis had soiled my panties. Go figure, I was still Sandy, an eighteen year old boy in my mind despite how my body looked. I shouldn't be waking up to a mess in my panties from those dreams either but I did. Somewhere in the depths of my mind I found all this revolting but helpless to do anything about it.

Now that I had some nice clothing to wear thanks to his sister, I felt comfortable in

public. Valentine's Day Carlito took me to a nice restaurant where he gave me a pretty diamond bracelet. I'm not sure why I did it. Maybe because he was being so romantic and nice, I asked him to take me to a motel. Once inside the room, I did a slow strip tease as he sat on the bed. I started to take off my bra but he told me to keep it on.

"Maria leave it. Seeing your chest doesn't really do anything for me. As a matter of fact they're a bit of a turn off for me. Take off your panties instead. I want to see your dick," he said surprising me.

I was disappointed as I liked it when he did play with them. I thought they were much nicer than my little dick. Since I had been going to that dreadful clinic, my once proud six plus inches had shriveled into much less than that. Wearing nothing but bra, garter belt and heels he motioned me to him. I was surprised when he bent over and took my pathetic penis in his mouth. I must say he had really good technique. Carlito actually got my dick hard for the first time in ages. As he sucked, he pushed one of his fingers up my anal passage working it in and out of my back passage. That was definitely a first for me and felt really good.

I must have leaked something out but certainly didn't ejaculate as he released me licking his lips. Then he quickly disrobed, rolled me onto my stomach and slid two pillows under my hips. I felt him squirt something cold into my anal opening then settle between my thighs. I had never had anal sex before and was scared yet ecstatic about losing my cherry. Carlito was handsome, had a nice sized penis and treated me nice. Who better than to take me for the first time. It was almost like a dream coming true, until I felt the head enter. He had thoughtfully used lube but the searing pain wasn't expected. My first reaction was to bring my fist to my mouth and bite down on my forefinger to keep from screaming. Almost at the same time, tears began flooding down my cheeks. Carlito obviously noted my condition because he stayed still, just holding the head of his penis inside of me. Like I said, he is so nice.

He didn't begin pumping into me until I adjusted to the new sensations flooding my brain. When he did, he was slow. He would push it in an inch or so at a time until I accepted him fully. Then he would begin pulling back just as slowly. It seemed like a long time feeling a burning pain but I began to enjoy it, especially when he hit a certain spot. By the time he came, I was pushing back and squeezing my anal ring.

I was sore for a couple of days afterwards but didn't regret my decision to let him take my cherry. I must have enjoyed it as it fit so nicely into my dreams. In my dreams I really got off sucking dick and being taken like that. Besides the unexpected level of pain, I discovered that the recipient was left with a messy problem, leakage. Auntie was helpful by giving me a box of tampons.

##

After Valentines Carlito and I would go to a nice motel fairly often. A couple of times with the help of Viagra, I could stay hard enough to pleasure him. I did ejaculate every time but it was watery and without that power punch I had before I went to that clinic. Instead I had a buzzing tingling sensation that left me feeling mellow and content. I think what really turned me on though was the knowledge that I had made my man so happy. I don't know why this was so important to me even if I wasn't in the mood but it was.

During that time I got to meet a lot of Carlito's friends at the various parties we attended. At many of them I was the only "girl" present but didn't think it that odd. Over the course of the spring and early summer, I became friends with Alicia. Auntie

Connie never gave me a lot of money but encouraged me to go shopping with Alicia when asked. It was on one of these excursions that she shocked me.

“Maria I think I know your little secret now. I must admit you do make a very convincing girl but I know my brother. You had me going there for a while but there are some tell tail signs. For example, your Adam’s apple and hands are a bit large for a woman but not excessively so. What gives you away, is that you and my brother are practically going steady. Carlito has never been attracted to girls and until now rarely dated one. You two have been dating for several months so you have to have something a little extra. I know he is gay therefore you must be too. If I’m wrong I’ll apologize but I don’t think I am especially with that frightened look on your face. You don’t have to worry about me. I love my brother and will protect his and your secrets. I guess what I want to say is that I am very happy that you two are together,” Alicia had said.

Wow that was a shocker. Up until then I didn’t think of myself as being a gay male any more. My beliefs were that I was a girl trapped in a boy’s body with a girl’s emotions and desires. Most certainly the emotions as I broke out in tears hearing that. What she had told me bothered me for a day or two. Was I a gay male or was I really a girl in both body and heart. After some serious consideration, I decided the clinic had been right. I was a girl trapped in the wrong body. The idea of boy on boy sex was just too gruesome but I loved having sex with Carlito. I also loved looking and dressing pretty so I had to be a girl. Right?

##

I was devastated when Carlito went off to college. I had asked him to take me with him but he refused. “Maria what we had was nice and got my father off my back but....but I’m not into girls and..and well you’re too girly girl for me. Now that I’m getting out from under my father’s thumb and going to college, I can be myself. I’m sorry but that’s just the way it is,” he told me the day before he left.

Three weeks later I received a call from Eric, one of Carlito’s friends. I had met him a few times at parties. He was nice looking, not really handsome and came across as the nerdy type. Apparently Carlito told him to call me.

“Maria, Carlito gave me your number and I am hoping you will go out with me. Would you like to go to Rufina’s for dinner this Saturday?” he asked.

Rufina’s was a nice Italian place and getting a real meal for a change had me saying yes. That plus I was feeling very horny by now. I hadn’t had any for almost a month and I was constantly having those sex dreams that left me so frustrated. I don’t think I really had to ask permission from my Auntie Connie as I was Maria her live-in maid but I did. She approved and told me to have fun.

The dinner was fantastic though I barely ate half my serving. Eric was really sweet and the dinner was expensive. I didn’t give it much thought as we parked outside the house. His penis wasn’t as big as Carlito but tasty all the same.

*“I’m turning into such a slut,”* I thought as he walked me to the door.

We had a number of dates after that. The last two were in some cheap motel with me riding him as hard as I could. Eric was okay but not the stud my Carlito had been. That’s when I got a call from Torrance. He was another friend of Carlito’s and if I remember him correctly all muscle. All I can say is that I’m so happy I accepted his request for a date.

He took me to this college football party in the hood where I met three of his buddies. I had my first experience using pot and drinking some cheap wine. At one time football had been a favorite sport but I found this one to be exceedingly boring. What I found exciting was the size of the bulges in those guy's pants. Needless to say, I didn't get home until Sunday afternoon looking the worst for wear and a very sore bottom.

Auntie wasn't at all happy as I was too exhausted to do my chores or cook supper. On Monday she had me sit down at the kitchen table. "Maria I think it's time to discuss your future. I don't care about your dating and having sex but it's affecting your work. That and the neighbors are beginning to talk. You're over eighteen and an adult now. Old enough to make legal decisions and I no longer have guardianship over you. So I'm giving you some choices. You can continue to be my live in maid but get my permission on any future dating which will be limited. It was one thing to date that nice Carlito but this last one unacceptable. You can go back to being Sandy but you will have to do that on your own. I'll give you enough money to move to another city or preferable another State to make that change. Once settled you can re-enter the gender clinic there and complete your transition. I'll give you until Friday to make your decision."

I didn't expect that. It was an agonizing week for me but I reached a decision. I was going to become me again and go through the final SRS procedures. Apparently from the big smile on Auntie's face it was the decision she wanted too. She gave me some cash and a check. Drove me to the bus station and off I went. The ticket got me as far as San Francisco. The cash got me a cheap motel room and the check. Just say in my naivety wasn't enough by a long shot. I quickly discovered I would have to continue working. The motel where I was staying needed a maid. In exchange for paying me a salary I got free rent. To pay for everyday necessities, I proved oral for a price. During this time I applied for Medicaid and began my gender clinic treatments once again. I didn't get to be Sandy again. My only identification was for Maria de la Dred from Juarez. It was a good thing Auntie had packed all my uniforms as I would need them. The only thing she forgot to pack was my CD player. Over time my strong libido calmed and my desire to have sex lessened with each passing month. It wasn't until after my final surgery, paid for by the government thank you very much, that I began remembering.

Remembering things best left forgotten now. I was too far gone to ever go back to being my old male self, much less prove who I really was. I had learned a lot from living off the streets which helped somewhat. I did call Constance and bluffed hard enough to get her to send me another much bigger check. I would still have to work at the only job I knew but I did get a better place to live. I guess this brings us to the conclusion of why I hate this time of year.

The End