

AUNTIE PAT TAKES CONTROL

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Taylor Adams was a typical teenager with modest grades, a few good friends and avid social media participant. He was sixteen with collar length brown hair slightly below average in height and weight. He liked to watch sports but not participating in them. Of course he played some which were required during his physical education classes. However he was the one most always picked last. He preferred playing video football games rather than being forced to participate in flag football.

He was raised in the suburbs in an upper middle class neighborhood. His dad was the manager of the biggest bank in town, his mom sold pharmaceuticals. Like most modern working parents, they loved their only child but stressed out from work. Instead of giving him a lot of personal attention substituted things. He had the latest game box, computer and other stuff a teenaged boy could want. They had even promised to get him a car upon his eighteenth birthday.

Their everyday life was very similar to that of their neighbors. Work and school filled each weekday with weekends spent catching up on personal agendas. Taylor's biggest chore was to cut and edge the yard while his dad went to play golf and his mom doing the shopping. On Sundays they relaxed in their own fashion sometimes having guests over for a back yard bar-b-que. Nothing out of the ordinary, your typical family. However nothing is what it seems. Over the course of time, starting during Taylor's sophomore year, his parents had problems. They tried to keep their problems from their son not wanting to upset him.

He remained blissfully unaware until April of that year when Taylor's life took a dramatic change. His father vanished. One day he was home the next he was gone. No letter nor communication of where or why. It wasn't long after the news broke that the largest independent bank in town was being investigated for mortgage fraud. Apparently a very large sum of money was loaned to none existent homeowners and businesses. Not only was his dad missing but so was his executive assistant, Sheryl Burns.

Sheryl was a young brunette with sparkling blue eyes and fabulous figure. She had been the cause of his parent's arguments. Soon it was alleged that they had skipped the country together along with several million dollars. The fact that they were located living in Uruguay which didn't have an extradition treaty with the U.S. further incriminated the pair. Taylor's mother, June, was distraught, furious and humiliated by her husband's actions. A divorce was quickly granted. Not wanting any reminders of her husband, the house and most of its contents sold. The pharmaceutical company happy to transfer her to wherever she wanted to go.

Her husband's family had divorced and gone their separate ways long ago and her parents deceased. She couldn't send her son to either of them but her job required a lot of travel. Her only option was to move to California where her older sister Patricia lived. Pat, as she preferred to be called, was four years older, single, and a high priced lawyer. She had reluctantly agreed to watch over Taylor. Despite the fact that Taylor threw a major tantrum over the move, they were on their way.

His arguments to stay with his best friend Henry and start his junior year didn't sway her. He was too young and relying on Henry's parents to watch over him too

demanding. They were good people but he was her son and responsibility. So with a very disgruntled Taylor they packed the SUV the day after school let out and headed off to sunny California. There she would be happy to leave the harsh winters behind and start her life anew. Putting up with Taylor's sullen and angry attitude for the long drive stunted some of her happiness.

Ooo

Pat Summers loved her little sister and reluctantly agreed to watch over Taylor. Taking care of a teenager, much less a male, was not even at the very bottom of her things to do list. She had a very strong dislike and disregard for the male population as a whole. If men weren't necessary for repopulation, she would be content if they didn't exist. Her profession, specializing in divorce and spousal abuse cases, had left a very bitter taste in her mouth when it came to males. Plus she was a lesbian though discrete in her relationships and had no permanent partner.

She was tall, standing a little over six feet in her two inch sensible heels. Pat was on the plump side but not obese with slightly graying hair. Her angular jaw line, large nose and thin lips gave her face a mannish look. She kept her hair in a short wedged bob style and wore conservative pants suits. Her makeup was minimal preferring chap balm to gloss or lipstick. Her wardrobe was designed for comfort consisting of plain cotton lingerie and a few dresses. What dresses she had were for more formal occasions she had to frequent as a lawyer. Those occasions she tried to keep to as few as possible. She much preferred shorts and slacks over skirts and blouses for casual wear.

Her home was modest and somewhat isolated on a hillside towards the end of a valley. Soon after she had purchased it, a wild fire destroyed it. When rebuilt had in constructed of adobe brick with a metal roof and the acre of land denuded of all wooded vegetation. The wooded plants were replaced by succulent cacti and most of the land covered in white marble chips. San Pedro cacti, a green fast growing columnar cactus with sharp spines created a tight fence around the house. The only opening in the cactus fence was an iron gate. Like most homes in California it had a small swimming pool. Her house was as immune to wild fires as any could be. Her nearest neighbor was a half mile away and she enjoyed the solitude.

The interior of the house was done in modern Spanish décor and had three bedrooms with two baths. The smallest bedroom she converted into an office. The kitchen was large, modern and contained a dining area. Instead of a formal dining room she had a nice den with big screen HD television, surround sound, Blue Ray player and nice stereo system. The living room was small and seldom used.

With her hectic schedule Pat had a maid/cook named Maria Alvarez who worked Monday through Friday. Maria was portly with heavily grey streaked black hair kept in long pleated pig tails. She had been used and abused by men all her life until Pat saved her. Maria was very devoted to Pat and would gladly do whatever requested. While she wasn't a lesbian, she had absolutely no use for any man at this point in her life. Over time they developed a close kinship and were more like best friends than employer/employee.

Since Maria would be spending most of the time with Taylor when he came to stay, Pat had to have her opinion. It was important that he wouldn't be a burden and Maria understood that she would be in complete control.

"Senora Pat eats too bad Taylor is not a girl but I can manage," she acquiesced after hearing of his impending arrival.

“You’re right about that but, anyway, you have permission to keep him in line however you think.”

“Yes, it is a damn shame I couldn’t have a niece instead. I don’t have time to dwell on it right now. I have to find a nice furnished apartment for my sister.” Pat thought as Maria went back to work.

Ooo

By the time June reached her new apartment complex she was both physically and mentally exhausted from the long trip. Taylor’s constant griping and lousy attitude had drained her completely. The apartment complex was in the suburbs and in a nice neighborhood. It wouldn’t be like living in their old spacious house but close enough. It didn’t take them long to find their furnished apartment on the second floor. Pat was waiting for them as they walked in. June had called her on her cell as they entered the city.

Taylor was intimidated by his imposing aunt. He had only met her a couple of times when he was younger. His father detested her and the feeling was mutual. So her visits were few and far between. The last time Taylor had seen her was over five years ago. She had slapped him head over heels when he used the cuss word, “Muther Fucker.” He hated and feared her ever since.

Seeing them Pat rushed over and gave June a great big bear hug and kiss to the cheek. Looking down at Taylor said coldly, “Go get the car unloaded while your mother and I have a chat.”

Taylor didn’t give them any grief as unloading, walking up a set of stairs and unpacking kept him busy. That didn’t mean he was happy to do the lifting or complying with Pat’s order. By the time he had everything out of the SUV, he had used up every cuss word he could think of. He just made damn sure Pat didn’t hear him.

There was nothing special about the apartment besides being relatively new construction. It had two bedrooms, master and guest baths, living room and kitchen. He didn’t particularly like his new room. It was smaller and somewhat feminine. The walls were painted beige with light tan carpeting and the furnishings in delicate looking furniture. The twin spindle bed and large dresser were in a French Provincial style and the only framed picture in the room a floral print.

By the time he had emptied the car, Pat had left. They were exhausted and June ordered pizza. Both were so tired they ate then went straight to bed. Taylor didn’t even bother to shower. He was pissed that he had to be here and do all the heavy work while his mother had tea with his aunt. The only good thing about his situation was that he would have the whole summer to himself. He stripped down to his sweaty boxers and tee shirt and hit the sack. June took a bubble bath to relax the stiffness before donning a yellow satin night shirt. Unlike her son felt at peace for the first time in months.

They had arrived on a Thursday and June didn’t have to be at work until Monday. She used that time to unpack and shop for the necessities a new apartment needed. Taylor grudgingly helped and went with her to get whatever. He would have preferred staying in his room playing video games and texting his old friends. He had absolutely no interest in shelving paper designs. Unfortunately Pat came over early Friday morning and had him busy helping. The only things he found to be cool were the Valley Girls with their blond hair, boobs and short shorts.

“Sheet! I could get to like this place. There’re hotties everywhere and I have tons of time to find me one. I need to email Henry and tell him what he’s missing.”

Using his cell he took several shots of the girls milling about the grocery store and emailed Henry. The picture he attached was of a nicely tanned big busted blond with a nice tight round ass. She was wearing a pink with small white polka dotted midriff halter top and skin tight white short shorts. His smile broadened seeing the jealous reply.

Taylor spent most of that shopping trip filling up his memory card with good looking babes. That night in bed he jacked off viewing those photos. Masturbation had been one of his favorite night time activities for a couple of years. He dated and had several girlfriends while back home but never got past third base. Some heavy petting yes but relied on jerking his chicken to get relief.

Over the next three weeks Taylor met a number of young people out by the apartment complex's pool. He was the new guy and while the other young residents were nice had established cliques. He didn't mind too much as he had acted the same way towards new kids at school. He knew it would only be a matter of time before he was accepted into one of them. In the meantime he could lay back on the lounge and scope out the hot chicks. He took several pictures with his cell of several young hot girls and sent them to his friend Henry with the text, "Eat your heart out buddy."

As Taylor was getting acclimated, June was doing the same with her new job. Being the new rep in the area she received the worst schedule. Most of the doctors, clinics and hospitals she had to visit were located at the far ends of the metropolitan area. She would have long commutes and forced to spend at least five days a month living in motels. She set her schedule so that those days would fall consecutively the last week of every month. With the heavy traffic on California highways she had no other choice. She would also have to leave very early each morning and return late in the evening during the rest of the month. It would be hectic but she was looking forward to it.

Things quickly settled into a routine for the both of them. His mother left for work long before he got up and came home after dark. During the weekend she caught up on all the housekeeping that had been neglected. It was like pulling hen's teeth to get Taylor to just put the dirty dishes into the washer. They had several arguments over his unwillingness to help out. Faults she lamented over with her sister.

Taylor spent most of his time playing video games and updating his social media when not out at the pool. One day, while out at the pool, a young Hispanic boy about his age maybe a bit older approached. He seemed friendly but made Taylor uneasy. There was something about the way he acted that bothered him. Later he found out that the boy was gay from a cute girl he had made some headway with. If there was one type of person that sent shivers of disgust up his spine it was gays. He didn't gay bash but the idea of two boys doing it made his stomach churn.

Ooo

At the end of the third week of May it was time for Taylor to be sent to his aunt's. She had popped up at the apartment a couple of times and each visit left him disliking her all the more. He was not looking forward to spending the next seven days with her. He had wheedled and bitched about being old enough to take care of himself to no avail. All he managed was to convince her that staying with Pat was the best thing. So that Sunday noon the SUV entered the iron gate of Patricia's remote house.

Taylor was wearing a pair of cutoff jeans and blue pull over shirt. Back home it was still jean weather but here it was much warmer. June had cut off several of his jeans to make shorts until she could get the time to purchase more appropriate clothing. She

was wearing a light weight cotton sun dress Pat had given her just last week. She just didn't have time to acquire new wardrobes for either of them.

After a nice lunch June hugged her son and told him to behave before heading off. Up until the point where the car exited the gate, Pat hadn't said more than a few words to him. Most of those directed at his horrible table manners.

"All right Taylor I might as well get to the point. First you will live by my rules for as long as you are here. Second, you will be expected he assist Maria in taking care of the house and doing exactly what she says. Third, any disregard for these rules and you will be punished. Something that has been long overdue and I'm looking forward....," she was saying when he interrupted.

"Fuck you! You're not my mother and I'm not some stupid.....," he shouted.

His rant was cut off by a swift hard and very painful open handed slap to the face. It was just as quickly followed up by another to his other cheek sending him sprawling to the ground. Tears flooding onto his face, he could only look up at a very angry aunt. Her scarlet face and sneer was so harsh that he paled.

Reaching down she snagged his earlobe between thumb and forefinger, pulled him to his feet and dragged him inside. In the kitchen she picked up a large wooden spoon then sat pulling him across her lap. Blows rained down on his exposed thighs and round butt cheeks until he was screaming for her to stop. Finally she did and pushed him off her lap. He landed in a pile on the tiled floor, curled into the fetal position and cried like he had never cried before. His dad had used his belt on him once or twice as he was growing up but never like he had been punished today.

When his crying settled into sniffing, she swatted him on the thigh and told him to stop his infernal sobbing. It took a few more moments but Taylor raised his head, eyes red and cheeks tear cloaked. Pat could see the fear, humiliation and pain reflected in his eyes.

Satisfied that she had made her point, she rose from the chair, looked down at the cowering boy and commanded, "Get up and follow me!"

Retrieving his suitcase he followed her to the guest room. It was similar to the one he had at the apartment only the walls were covered in a floral wallpaper. The drapery on the only window were powder pink satin and the bed had a matching pillowed satin comforter.

"This will be your room while you are staying here. The bathroom is across the hall. Get unpacked and stay here until I call you," she said briskly turning on her heels and leaving.

Taylor kicked the suitcase he had put on the floor in frustration and sat on the bed. "Crap! She's an even bigger bitch than I thought. She beat me! My poor ass still throbs. She's treating me like some little kid and making me stay in here. Some room, it looks even more girlie than my apartment. I don't know if I can take a full week here. Maybe I can run away and find my way back to the apartment? Shit! This place is so friggin remote and that cactus fence? Some summer this turned out to be. Leaving all my bros and Stacy. Stacy, damn, I was just getting to the point where I could score with her. Damn, why did we have to move here? This just plain sucks!" he thought.

He spent his isolation texting his old buddies telling them mostly how much he hated being here and his awful aunt. He didn't get a whole lot of sympathy as they had seen the "hot chick's" picture and others he had sent. He didn't tell them about what Pat had done to him. It was humiliating enough her knowing. He was in the middle of

replying to one of Henry's texts when Pat walked in and told him it was time for dinner. The only conversation at the kitchen table was one sided with Pat repeating her rules and correcting his table manners. To him the food was just as boring as his aunt's voice. Diner comprised a small skinless chicken breast, broccoli and cauliflower. The vegetables he mostly pushed around the plate until his aunt threaten to keep him there all night until he ate them. Finished with the meal, he was surprised when Pat handed him a pink cotton apron with white sash tie.

"Put this on, clean off the table then rinse and put the dishes into the washer," she stated.

He looked stunned as he took the apron. He had never helped clean up after eating before. Usually he just got up and went to watch some TV. Cleaning was woman's work and he didn't do any of that. As he held the apron debating whether or not to comply, she grabbed it from his hands, spun him around and tied it into a floppy bow then gave his bottom a good swat.

"Stop your dawdling and get to work. You're not getting a free ride here. When you're finished with the dishes, call me and I'll show you what to do next."

At last Taylor was back in his room. "So much for a leisurely Sunday. She worked my ass off cleaning dishes, wiping down the counter tops and even mopping the floor. She's the woman, she should have been doing that and letting me watch the baseball game. Crap! I hate it here."

Ooo

Monday morning didn't start any better than the day before. Taylor was rudely awakened when Maria burst into his room and pulled the covers off. He was wearing his boxers and tee shirt rubbing his eyes.

"Come on you lazy boy, get up and get dressed. We have lots to do today. Now hurry," she yelled glaring at him.

"Wha....what...who..who are you?"

"I'm Maria and Senora Pat said you will help me. Now get out of bed."

"It...It's barely light out yet," he protested.

"Lot to do, Senora Pat say you listen to me. Now hurry, get breakfast then to work," she exclaimed leaving.

Slowly he got out of bed mumbling curse words under his breath noticing that it was only six thirty. Scratching his balls went into the bathroom still muttering. Dressed in the shorts and a fresh tee shirt he entered the kitchen. Maria had a half pink grapefruit, toast and orange juice sitting on the table. He looked to the food then at a scowling Maria. She was giving him a hard stare of disapproval as she examined him.

"Where's my breakfast? I want some eggs and bacon. You got any coffee?" he stated.

"Tsk, tsk he's a miserable excuse for a boy. No manners or respect. Senora Pat was right about him. It would have been much easier if he was a girl," she thought.

"No coffee. You eat what's on table. Senora Pat say if you misbehave I spank," she stated folding her arms under her ample chest.

Maria was wearing a typical black cotton with white cuffs and collared maid's dress, crisp white apron and sensible black gum soled wedge shoes. Her salt and pepper hair was in two braided pigtailed with a white maid's cap fastened just above her bangs. She wasn't much taller but looked like she could easily manhandle him.

Taylor remembered what happened to him when he sassed his aunt and hesitated only a moment before sitting down. He didn't particularly like fruits or vegetables but was hungry. Plus he didn't think he wanted to mess with this imposing Latino woman.

"No friggin coffee. How am I supposed to wake up without my morning coffee?" he thought.

His day didn't get any better as she had him helping her the entire time with few breaks. She was constantly harping on him to do better and to make her point carried a stiff steel spatula. She used it on his backside to get his attention and to encourage his efforts. The chores she assigned him weren't all that difficult. Simple ones like running the vacuum cleaner, mopping the tile floors, scrubbing down the counter tops and such.

At one point she was so frustrated at his incompetence in doing simple chores, she screamed, "Estupido! Idiota! You are a lazy boy and incompetente! Why couldn't you have been a girl and make my work so much easier? I'm spending so much time correcting you, I could have done three times as much by myself."

He was relieved when she finally told him to go clean up and get ready for dinner. "I can't believe she made me vacuum the friggin floors three times. Who the hell looks under the friggin furniture? And the beds. She made me remake them so many times by back is sore. Whoever heard of hospital corners in a house? I'm not a friggin maid," he fumed going to his room.

That afternoon when Pat came home, Taylor decided to confront her. "Err, Peg look, I don't like being here anymore than you do but I'm not a slave. You pay that maid good money and she should be doing the work. Beside its women's work and I'm a man," he blurted then seeing the look on her face changed tactics.

"Peg I'll take care of the outside and the pool, just tell the maid to leave me alone.....," he didn't finish seeing her face turn scarlet.

Before he could defend himself, her hand lashed out and again he was on the floor. Tears flowing freely, she stared daggers down at him.

"Let's get this right this time. I'm not 'Peg.' When referring to me it's either Aunt Peg or Ma'am, understood. When either I or Maria tells you to do something you will do it promptly, correctly and enthusiastically or face punishment. That should be simple enough for even your pea brain to understand. Now go to your room. I've decided you will go to bed without any supper tonight. I sincerely hope that you correct your attitude by morning."

Still fuming she went into the kitchen where Maria was finishing up supper. "Maria, tell me about my poor excuse of a nephew. How much trouble did he give you?"

It took Maria about twenty minutes to relate all the problems from being lazy to breaking a vase. "Senora Pat I don't know why you want hem to help me? He is more of a pain than a help. It would have been mucho better if he was a girl that knew how to care for a house. He is sloppy, lazy and has no respect for me. He curses all the time but don't think I hear. He no good," she finished.

"I'm sorry Maria but I'm stuck with him. However you may have a good idea. Maybe if we made him into a 'proper girl' it would take that cockiness and sass out of him. My punishments haven't seemed to work that well. I had a client once that was abused by her brother. As part of the plea agreement her brother was made to live as a female for two years. By the end of his parole, he was a changed person. His sister probably took it a bit further than planned but he is a sweet submissive person now. Lost all his

aggression and male machismo. Maybe we should try it out on my nephew. We'll have to take it slow and not too obvious at first. I don't think my sister is ready to have a daughter just yet."

It was well past Maria's quitting time by the time she left. They had talked and planned until both had broad smiles on their faces. First they would put him in embarrassing situations, get pictures and threaten to post them to his social media pages. Nothing too horrible at first but just enough to get him to cooperate. As time would pass the humiliations would become greater until they had him. Once firmly under their control using videos and pictures, he would do whatever he was told without complaint. It was decided to initiate the plan on his next visit. They had to get prepared and set things up before they could start.

Over the remainder of his first week with Aunt Pat nothing much changed. He was kept busy helping Maria and she was just as frustrated watching over him. Taylor was elated when Sunday morning finally arrived.

"Finally I'm getting out of this hell hole. Once I tell mom what these two bitches have done to me, I won't ever have to come back," he thought getting dressed.

Over breakfast that morning Pat showed him a picture. Looking at it he paled. It showed him over Maria's lap getting spanked with her steel spatula while wearing an apron.

"Unless you want me to post this picture on your Face Book page, you will tell your mother you had a nice time staying with me. I don't care if you did or didn't but I will find out if you tell her anything different. Do we have a deal?"

There was no way Taylor wanted that picture posted and agreed to her demand. *"The bitch must have looked into my computer. Crap! I can't have her posting that. All my friends will give me so much shit if they see it. Guess I don't have any choice,"* he thought before agreeing.

Ooo

The next three weeks didn't see any changes in Taylor's attitude or willingness to help out his mother. June was becoming more and more dissatisfied with her son. The long work hours were bad enough but having to spend the entire weekend cleaning up his messes left her miserable. It had gotten to the point where she was looking forward to being away from him for a week. She was also frustrated that she didn't have the time to shop for new wardrobes. Taylor was perfectly happy running around in his cut offs but she had few outfits designed for such hot weather.

Other than being noncommittal about his first stay with Aunt Pat, he didn't talk a lot with his mother. He stayed to himself. He played video games, chatted on his social media and spent time out by the pool. Overall he was having a good time and getting to know the other kids better especially Vivian. Vivian was a pretty, an eight on Taylor's scale, Valley blond that had told him about the Latino boy, Victor, being gay.

During that same time period Pat and Maria were making some changes. First they made his room more feminine and installed hidden cameras. Gone was the floral picture. In its place were several posters of boy bands, weight lifters wearing Speedos and a large poster of a prima ballerina. The plain white linens were replaced with floral printed ones and lace shams put on the pillows. The brass table lamp was replaced with a pink ceramic one. Finally tropical fruit scented room deodorizers were put into the room.

Several hidden cameras were added around the house. They were placed in his room,

the guest bath and other communal areas including one by the pool. Pat also purchased frilly aprons with matching mop caps. The aprons were designed for special occasions rather than every day wear. They were in soft pastel colors with lots of ruffles and bow adornments, constructed of organza and chiffon. They both had a hearty laugh picturing Taylor wearing them and the wonderful videos they would get.

His next week with Aunt Pat was worse than his first. His arrogance was taken down several pegs when he saw his redecorated room and his male pride shattered with the frilly aprons and mop caps. He had approached the coming week telling himself that he was all man and could take any punishments. He was still scared of his Aunt and Maria but conversing with Henry convinced him he could outlast them. He had told Henry that his aunt had hit him with a wooden spoon but nothing about the tears.

“Yeah, my old man beat me a lot until I learned to ignore it. Once he saw that it didn’t make any difference he stopped. I think I preferred getting spanked since now he takes my privileges away. Shit bro, I got grounded for all last week and that was a real bitch. I had plans man. The gang was going camping and Bill managed to get two bottles from his dad’s liquor cabinet. They had a blast and I was stuck in my room. All you have to do is man up bro,” Henry told him.

“Getting swatted with a belt is one thing but bitch slapped and spanked over some woman’s knee is worse. Henry’s right, I just have to man up then they’ll leave me alone. I’ll show them whose boss,” he thought with confidence.

He tried to put on a brave front but that didn’t last. After being over Aunt Pat’s knee receiving a bare bottom spanking with a wooden hairbrush then getting his mouth washed out with soap ended his protests. So much for manning up.

He wore the repulsive aprons and mop caps and grudgingly did what Maria told him. Besides helping around the house he was given an additional chore. He had to hand wash Aunt Pat’s lingerie then hang it from the outside clothes line. The lingerie was nothing sexy, just utilitarian cotton, but panties and bras just the same. To Taylor, as with most boys, lingerie was something boys didn’t mess with in that manner.

Sunday morning Pat showed Taylor a number of videos and pictures of him. One particularly embarrassing video, showed him wearing a peach colored pinafore made of ruffled chiffon with an equally frilly mop cap hanging lingerie on the clothes line. His face flushed with humiliation, mouth agape, he looked at his aunt.

“Wha.....what....how did...,” he began but was stopped by her raised hand.

“Doesn’t matter Taylor but what does matter, is what I’m going to do with these. Unless you do exactly and I mean exactly what I tell you they will get posted. You already know I have your Face Book page and can put these delightful video’s there. You are also computer savvy enough to know that once something is posted on the internet, it stays there forever. Now when your mother asks, you will tell her you had a wonderful time and with a smile. Anything less than appearing totally pleased and these go up. Second, you will keep your apartment clean and neat. Maria has shown you the basics, so I expect your mother to be very pleased. Finally, you will show your mother more respect. I think you should start calling her Mommy instead of Mom like you usually do. Do we have an understanding?”

Taylor was totally shocked. If even one of those videos got out he was doomed. As much as he detested doing women’s work, it was better than seeing his life destroyed. Besides, he justified, who would see him doing any of it other than his mother. He was too distraught to speak so nodded his head in acquiescence.

As Taylor was getting his things together, Pat sat with June in the kitchen. “June you

know I had severe reservations about letting Taylor stay here. Well I want you to know that I don't mind. I never realized how special he is until we had some time together. I know this still bothers you but getting rid of that pig of a husband was for the best. Taylor was too much under his influence. We had a long talk and I think you will like the changes."

"Changes? What changes?"

"Oh I think I will keep those a secret. We want to surprise you, so don't say anything. Just wait and see, you will love them."

Ooo

She didn't have to wait long before she had her first surprise. When he joined them in the kitchen with his suitcase, he called her Mommy. He hadn't called her that since he was very small. It brought a smile to her face but she didn't say anything. She was also surprised by his change in attitude about staying with Pat. The last time he was noncommittal but now seemed to have enjoyed his stay and was looking forward to going back. It was strange, knowing how he felt about his aunt before but she welcomed the change. It would take a lot of her worries away. June was totally surprised and taken aback when she came home Monday evening. The apartment was practically sparkling. There were no dishes piled in the sink, there were no sloppy messes in the kitchen and it looked like the carpet had been vacuumed.

"OMG! Pat was right. I think I need to pinch myself to see if this is just my imagination. Ouch, the place is actually clean and not a mirage. I hope this isn't just a onetime thing. I've never known Taylor to be this considerate. Maybe Pat was right about his father's influence," she thought.

Over the next three weeks Taylor pretty much heeded Pat's warning about keeping the place neat and clean. He didn't like it, especially the time it took away from his other endeavors but her threat kept him at it. The only thing he quickly forgot was to call her mommy. Grown men didn't call their mother mommy. It was just too juvenile. Hearing his mother praise him for his effort felt kind of nice but still it was woman's work. He would have rather spent that time with Vivian out at the pool or better yet someplace more private. He fantasized about her every night while jerking off.

He spent a lot of time in contact with his friends back east and having to clean, cut that time short. He really missed hanging with them but modern communications made it easier. His cred with them jumped when he sent them a picture of Vivian wearing a tiny sparkling white bikini. With her blond hair tied in a high ponytail, golden tan and shapely body all his bros were jealous. Other than having to spend time at Aunt Pat's, life wasn't so bad.

One Saturday there was a pool party and Taylor begged off going shopping with his mother. The party was fun but would have been better if Vivian wasn't spending so much time chatting with her girlfriends. He tried hanging with the other guys but they were too busy playing volleyball. Like him, the only other guys not involved were the losers. The ones no one wanted on their team and that included Victor. It bothered him that Victor kept making "eyes at him" which sent a chill running up his spine. He didn't like gays especially if they hit on him. In his mind they were all perverts and the idea of them thinking he was like them made him sick.

He took a lot of pictures of the girls at the party in their skimpy bikinis that he sent to his bros. He even had a few selfies standing near a group of hot chicks which made it look like he was actually with them.

"Just another boring day out by the pool J," he added to the photos.

As with the pool party, Taylor found any number of excuses to not go shopping with his mother or get a haircut. By now his hair was just below the shoulders and needed at least a trim. He kept telling June that all the guys had long hair and he wanted to fit in. He hoped it would bleach out from the sun like the other guys at poolside. With a good tan then maybe Vivian would want to spend more time with him. He had been tagged with the nickname of “Casper” and he hated it. He couldn’t help it that his skin was as white as fresh snow.

Ooo

It was now the end of July and time to go back to Aunt Pat’s. He had a difficult time keeping a smile on his face as his mother drove him there. He also made the mistake of saying, “Goodbye Mom,” when she left. He received ten swats of the hairbrush for that mistake. He was determined to “man up” and managed to hold back the tears. Aunt Pat noticed but didn’t give it much thought. She had other plans to humiliate the boy and the spanking was just to make a point.

“If I find out you’re not using ‘Mommy’ when referring to or addressing your mother I will upload those pictures. I promised her that I would buy you some new clothing. Those ragged cutoff jeans will no longer be acceptable. It’s getting late and the house is a mess with Maria off. I’ll take your measurements then you can get started cleaning.”

As Taylor entered his room, he froze for a second as the overwhelming aroma of fruit hit his senses. He didn’t think he would ever get use to the utter femininity of the room much less the smell. He noticed the baby blue with powder pink lace and ribbon detailed apron and mop cap on the bed. He groaned but went over to where his aunt was waiting. She took a lot of measurements. He did a little hop when the back of her hand hit his balls when getting his inseam. He thought she was more forceful than necessary but didn’t dare say. With measurements in hand she gave him a forceful look then left.

When she was out of sight he gave her the finger then mumbled, “That hurt. I hope she doesn’t buy me anything ridiculous. I don’t want the gang at the pool to think I turned geek.”

He had most of the cleaning done when she returned with several shopping bags. She gave him a self-satisfied grin and said to finish then take a bath. Bath, he hated taking a bath but the guest bathroom didn’t have a shower. During his first week he had asked her to buy a shower attachment but she refused. She said she didn’t want water spraying all over the bathroom. The other problem he had with taking a bath was the soap. The only soap available was perfumed and left a floral scent on his body. The same with the shampoo and conditioner.

Taylor was surprised and horrified when he saw what Aunt Pat had purchased. “*OMG! This is even worse than I thought,*” his mind screamed.

Instead of boxers there was a pile of brightly colored nylon “boy shorts” as she called them. There were a number of tee shirts but not what he expected. These had scooped necklines, tapered waists and funny looking sleeves. These sleeves were shorter in length and wider at the cuff than the ones he normally wore. He not only didn’t like the style but most were in pastel colors including pink and lavender. There were several pairs of shorts but they too seemed different. Most were cotton short-shorts with cuffs, buttoned in front with a large button and had a short fly. Two pair had much longer flared knee length legs with a pleated front. One was baby blue the other tan. There was one pair of what looked like railroad engineer overalls but with

short cuffed legs. Some packages of nylon socks and pair of white sandals with a one and a half inch cork wedge heel. The final item was a pair of bright deep pink with small white polka dotted satin pajamas. The bottoms had flared mid-thigh length legs. The short sleeved top fastened with two large white buttons and had wide shiny lapels. "Well just don't stand there with your mouth open. Thank me, then get dressed. I think the white short shorts with the lavender tee would be nice."

Taylor's mouth dropped, his breathing coming in short quick breaths as he viewed the array of clothing. "*She can't expect me to wear this shit! It's way too girlie,*" he thought as he began to panic.

"Stop dawdling Taylor, it's late and I'm hungry. Since you can't seem to make up your mind, I'll select for you," she snapped.

Quickly she gathered up the lavender colored boy shorts, the matching tee and white short-shorts. "Here put these on. Make sure when you put new ones on that the pa... underwear and tee's match. I'll be checking," she ordered pushing them into his trembling hands.

As she began putting away the remaining clothing, Taylor blushing slid the boy shorts up his legs. The fit was very tight in the crotch, clinging against his ass. He wondered what kind of guy would wear this style of jockey shorts. They didn't even have a Y-front. The tee's fit was snug but not uncomfortable however was short on him. It left his navel exposed. The shorts were tight and the back seam dug into the cheeks of his ass, separating and rounding them. The button gave him a bit of trouble as it seemed to be on the wrong side.

The clothing felt all wrong. The underwear weighed a mere fraction of his boxers and the fit very uncomfortable. He could easily see the outline of his dick and balls compressed by the material. The slim fit of the tee wasn't as uncomfortable but was made of a thinner cotton and his small nipples were outlined. He positively hated the shorts. The shorts dug into his groin, the back seam digging into his butt felt unnatural plus left his bottom cheeks partially exposed.

Seeing his reflection in the full length mirror he gasped, "I look so gay in this get up even worse than that queer Victor," he mumbled.

"What was that you said Taylor? I think you look much improved. According to the salesman, this is the latest style for young men. Put on your sandals and come help me in the kitchen," Pat said smiling from ear to ear.

"But Pa...Aunt Pat these shorts and tee are way too small. You must have gotten the wrong size," he replied blushing.

"No I got you the correct size. Come here and I'll show you how to solve that small problem you have."

Taylor wasn't sure that he wanted her to show him anything especially when it came to his package. It perturbed him that she referred to it as small. He was almost a man after all. Her look of impatience made him walk over to her. She surprised the hell out of him when she undid his shorts, pulled down his underwear the stuck her hand inside.

"All you have to do is with the palm of your hand, push these little marbles back up inside and then tuck your clitty down between your legs like this," she instructed.

He let out a loud, "Oomph" and sucked in his breath as she pressed his balls back up inside. It wasn't that painful but did hurt.

She withdrew her hand and quickly redid his shorts. "There, that is so much better. It should be more comfortable for you that way too. Now let's get something to eat," she said noticing his bright scarlet flush with satisfaction.

If the clothing felt weird the sandals were more so with the elevated heel. There was a wide white leather strap just above his toes and another thinner one buckling around the ankle. With each step they felt funny. Nothing like his sneakers or flip flops.

"OMG! I can't believe she did that to me. She just grabbed my package and shoved my balls. I look as flat as a girl down there now. I hope none of the guys out at the pool ever see me dressed like this. I'd never live it down," he thought following his aunt into the kitchen.

The new clothing wasn't the only new embarrassment he had that week. On Monday on Pat's orders, Maria trimmed his hair. He knew it was shaggy and needed a touch up but not what she did. She had cut off about an inch of the length straight across the back then parted it across his forehead and gave him bangs. She had cut just above the brow. She made it worse by feathering them. Despite his protests she also shortened and trimmed his sideburns into neat "V's". With the clothing and new style, he looked even more like a girl.

The rest of his week was spent learning how to properly take care of a house and do the laundry. Maria was tough on him, making him redo things over and over until he met her expectations. She also began teaching him how to iron. It was a task he disliked almost as much as having to clean the bathrooms. It was tedious, hot and left his arms and legs aching. He was more than happy when Sunday arrived.

As usual after breakfast Aunt Pat showed him videos and pictures. These were even more embarrassing than the others. In all of them he looked like a girl. With the haircut and pinafore aprons that looked more like frilly dresses he was doomed if any of them got out. He had looked all week trying to find those hidden cameras but failed.

Sullenly he mumbled, "So what now?"

"Oh dear why so glum? I think the videos came out beautifully. Let's get down to what I want from you shall we? First, don't forget to refer to your mother as mommy. If she asks about your haircut, you had better be very happy about having it styled. You will brush it one hundred times every morning and night. I will be able to tell if you haven't. Secondly, I'm giving you a supply of hair care products and soap for when you take a bath. That's right, from now on you will only take a bath using the bath oil I gave you when you arrived and shampoo your hair every fourth day. You will stick to the diet I have you on. It's a modified vegan which allows some meats. I have a complete diet plan book for you. Read it and stick to it. Additionally you're getting too much sun. From now on use plenty of this sun block. Make sure you cover every inch of exposed skin including your face. Finally make sure you tell your mother how happy you are staying with me and Maria. You know I talk to her almost every day so don't disappoint."

Pat and June talked while he was gathering his things. Fortunately for him Pat had told him that he didn't have to take his new clothing home. That was a big relief. He would have been happier if she had said he could get a haircut.

"June, Taylor is just so special. I thought I would be having nothing but trouble but he's been an angel helping around the house and such. I hope you don't mind but Maria styled his hair. It came out somewhat androgynous but it was what he asked for. I think it looks cute on him. I'll let you onto a little secret before he gets back. He

asked Maria to teach him how to do the laundry and iron. He's actually pretty good at it. So don't act surprised, act as if it was the most natural thing in the world for a boy to do. If he thinks doing laundry, including your lingerie, makes him less of a man.....well you get my drift so act like it's nothing unusual."

"Seriously, you taught him how to hand wash lingerie and iron? Hell, I haven't been able to get him to pick his dirty clothing up off his bedroom floor."

"Like I've been telling you ever since his macho father left, he's not the same rough and tumble boy you thought he was. No, he has a much nicer personality under all that pretend bad boy shell. Why he's taking much better care of his personal hygiene and decided to lose some of that baby fat. Enjoy the changes dear and encourage them. They will make him a much better person."

"I think I see what you mean Pat. He's been helping around the apartment a lot which came as a delightful surprise. I'm thrilled that he wants to help out more but school starts next month which brings me to a conflict. Registration is the week I have to be away, plus I have a regional meeting to attend in LA. I hate to ask more of you but could you keep him two weeks and get him registered. I'll get a notarized authorization for you to do that, if you don't mind."

"What's a big sister for if she can't help out? Of course that won't be a problem. Oh, I think I hear him coming. Compliment him on his hair. I know he wants you to like it as much as he does."

June wasn't so sure she approved of the feminine style but said she liked it. She was surprised when he did a little hop and clapped his hands saying, "Thank you mommy. I'm so glad you like it. I think it's lovely too." She didn't know it was the well-rehearsed response Pat demanded.

To Be Continued

AUNT PAT TAKES CONTROL

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Over the next three weeks Taylor remembered to call June mommy and follow everything Pat had demanded of him. Pat encouraged his behavior by sending him an email every so often containing one of her photos. With each email Taylor went cold with fear. He caught some flak from the guys out by the pool over his hair but nothing serious. He had tied it in a low pony tail but he couldn't hide the feathered bangs. Vivian made him blush when she suggested he get it permed and said she loved the strawberry smell. He also blushed a bit when he washed his mother's lingerie for the first time. It was much sexier and varied compared to his aunt's. At least he was spared further embarrassment as he hung it up to dry in the bathroom.

June at first was a concerned about her son washing her unmentionables. However when she found them not only neatly folded but pressed as well was delighted. Another surprise was his demand to stick to that vegan like diet. He had always hated vegetables and passing up pizza or a hamburger totally out of character. Yet she had to admit the change was probably good for the both of them. She had packed on more than a few pounds and needed to lose the weight.

It was time for another stay at Aunt Pat's and Taylor was shivering at the thought of what she would humiliate him with next. He also was upset that he would be spending

two weeks with her. First thing Monday morning she took him to his new school. It was bad enough having her take him to a brand new high school but what she made him wear had brought tears to his eyes. He was sitting in her diamond silver Mercedes Benz, CL-63 coup utterly defeated.

He was wearing baby blue short-shorts, bright white cropped top, three quarter length bell sleeved Bolero jacket in baby blue with white piping. On his feet were a pair of white sneakers with baby blue laces. As the two pockets were sewn shut on the shorts he was given a small white tote. He was absolutely miserable and Patricia had gotten to the point of almost hitting the enter button on his computer before he agreed. Having those videos and pictures posted would be far worse than what he had to wear.

June had given Pat Taylor's old school records as well as authorization to enroll him. It wasn't difficult for her to get the disc altered and certain substitutions made. Being the first day of a weeklong registration the school wasn't very crowded. Taylor kept his eyes downcast, doing his best to avoid eye contact with anyone.

He did receive a number of startled looks from both boys and girls as they stood in line before the registration desk. Other than school staff, Aunt Pat was the only adult in the gym which accounted for most of the strange looks. When it came their turn, Pat pushed him back and to the side as she addressed the school enroller.

"Hi, I'm Patricia Summers and I'm here to enroll my sister's child for junior year. Here is my authorization and prior school's records. I believe you will find everything in order."

The older gray haired portly woman sitting behind the desk smiled and took the offered documents. Silently she went over them, slid the disc into her computer and after entering a password transferred the data. Breaking that simple password had been a piece of cake for Pat's administrative assistant Juanita. Juanita was another of her old clients, a wiz with computers and very loyal.

Mrs. Odell spent a few minutes perusing the official document. She wasn't totally surprised that Taylor's sex was marked "Transitioning" nor that he had undergone extensive therapy at his old school. What surprised her was that his school back east was so progressive when it came to such issues. Her experience told her that wasn't normally the case and usually just the opposite.

"Okay Mrs. Summers....oh sorry...Ms. Summers everything looks to be in order and the records are now part of our system. I'm Mrs. Odell, the Vice Principal of Student Affairs. We have a zero tolerance for any harassment or bullying of our students," she paused giving Taylor a hard look before continuing.

While she hadn't said anything directly to him, Taylor blushed brightly when she stopped and looked at him. Despite the coolness of the gym, he had a sheen of sweat on his forehead.

"Here is a listing of the courses offered at Jefferson High. You'll find the mandatory ones in bold face and the electives highlighted. Three mandatory and three electives are the minimum required plus at least one extra-curricular. Based on Taylor's records, I think it best if you selected Course Outline Three for the required courses. There is also a listing of our extra-curricular activities. Choose any to your liking. If you are interested the school does offer free gender counseling. All you have to do is check the indicated block. If you and Taylor will please fill that out and bring it back, we can finish up."

Taylor was distracted and not paying attention as the two women talked. He completely missed the reference to gender counseling. If he had perhaps things might

have turned out differently. Then again with him so cowed, maybe not.

As Pat and Taylor walked away to fill out the forms, Mrs. Odell gave them a hard look. "That woman is a bit snooty and the boy appeared very nervous but he is well on his way. Makes a very cute flat chested girl. I wonder if his old school counselor put him on replacement therapy. Oh well, don't have the time now to check it out," she thought.

Pat found a seat in the bleachers and began filling out the forms as Taylor stood and looked on. He wasn't paying attention as she quickly went over the listings. He was too occupied trying to be inconspicuous and not draw any attention. He felt like a total dork dressed as he was and worse because he was the only student there with an adult. He couldn't think of any high school student who would allow his parent or guardian to come with them. It was just too juvenile. His thoughts were broken when he heard Pat tell him to sign the form. He did it without reading what he had been signed up for.

He would greatly regret that oversight. When he really looked at it on the way home, he was shocked and appalled. At first he didn't believe his eyes. He was signed up for remedial math, history and English. His electives were Home and Family Living, General Administrative Assistant Studies and Art. The extra-curricular activity selected made him very uncomfortable. She had selected the Year Book Staff.

"OMG! My life is ruined! How could she sign me up for that group and remedial courses? I had a three point eight in those. With this, there is no way I'll ever get into college. I've got to get this changed and I certainly don't want to be on the year book staff. That's for losers," he thought.

Turning to face Pat said, "Aunt Pat what have you done? We have to change all this! I want to go to college!"

"Sorry Taylor, you should have said something back at registration. Besides, that Mrs. Odell said to pick course outline three which I did. Apparently, the grades you made back there don't quite match up to the standards here. What other reason could there be for her to place you in that group. The electives were those available under that heading. As far as your extra-curricular activity, I thought joining the Year Book Staff was a good idea. It will give you a chance to meet more of your classmates and participate in all the school's activities. So I don't want to hear any more about it."

Pulling into the parking lot of Wal-Mart, he was reluctant to get out. He had already had more public exposure than he cared for but she insisted.

"Come along Taylor, we have to get your school supplies and now is as good a time as any. Remember I have some lovely videos, so I want to see a big smile and no arguments."

The place was packed and at first he was sure everyone would be laughing at him. To his surprise, no one paid him any special attention though one girl mentioned that she loved his outfit. He thought she was being cruel but when she asked where he got it realized it was a compliment. He was too stunned to answer so Pat did.

"I got it for my niece at Kohl's. It's on sale at twenty-five percent off. You should check it out," Pat replied. The girl thanked her and skipped off.

"I can't believe no one has given me any special attention or made fun of me. If I were back home I'd be dead meat by now. Someone would have surely beat my ass to a pulp. Yet here, I get a girl wanting to know where I got these stupid clothes," he thought pushing the cart beside his aunt.

Taylor's relief didn't last long as they reached the school supply aisles. There Pat put a light gray with pink highlights and strapped backpack into the cart. He was about to protest when she gave him a stern look. A package of pink pens, a pink covered spiral notebook and several reams of copy paper quickly followed. Since most of his school work would be on the computer, she purchased him a new high quality lap top again in the hated bright pink color.

As soon as they got back home, she dropped him off to help Maria as she had to get to work. When she entered her office, handed her assistant the pink computer and a package of decals. She would retrieve it on the way out later that afternoon. Juanita knew what she wanted done and like all good managers Pat let her do her job.

Being Monday it was time to do the laundry. Taylor spent the rest of the day hand washing lingerie, hanging it on the outside line and ironing. Maria had given him a baby blue organza bibbed apron and matching mop cap. She had him change his shoes back to the white wedge heels. He had given up arguing about wearing the utterly feminine garments and grudgingly put them on.

As he was hanging the laundry he looked around the enclosing five foot tall cactus fence. After being totally humiliated today and stuck with a school schedule that royally sucked he was seriously thinking about escape. He was hoping that there would be a gap of some sort he might manage to squeeze through without getting made into a pin cushion. All he wanted at the moment was to somehow get back east and resume his normal life. He gave up seeing no possible way out except the main gate which was always locked.

Back inside Maria called him into the kitchen. On the table was a stack of clothing. "These are missing some buttons, some are just loose and some have small tears. Come, sit, and I'll show you how to mend them."

Letting out a sigh, he sat beside her as she picked up a yellow blouse. "*Just what I've always wanted to learn,*" he thought sarcastically.

He was just finishing up when Pat came home with his backpack in tow. She gave it to him and told him to take it to his room. He was more than happy to get away from the two women. In his room he emptied the contents onto his bed and picked up the computer.

"*If it was any color other than pink I would have been thrilled to get this. It's a Dell XPS 11 2-in-1 Ultra Book with 128GB's,*" he thought picking it up then saw the decals.

"Fuck! What's with the damn Tinkerbelle and Thumper stickers doing on this? Man this really sucks! What's she trying to do to me? Make me into the biggest fairy in California?" he said shocked.

He was even more disappointed when he started it up. First his screen saver was fairies and unicorns bouncing around puffy clouds. There was a post-it note at the top of the screen that said, "Password: Tinkerbelle." He groaned seeing that.

"The first thing I'm going to do is get rid of this screen saver then change the password," he mumbled as he entered it.

He was dismayed and appalled when he opened it. It had strong parental controls set, all his favorite porn sites inaccessible. Any changes had to be done by the administrator and that wasn't him. The worst was his Face Book profile had been changed. His old picture had been replaced with a current one. The one with his hair styled. Closing the computer he rushed to see Pat. He found her with a glass of wine in hand watching the evening news.

“Why did you get me this when I can’t even use it?” he demanded loudly.

“Taylor! That is not the way or tone to take when speaking to me! Show respect or I’ll get my hairbrush. Now, apologize and tell me what’s the problem?”

“I’m sorry Aunt Pat but everything is blocked. I can’t access much of anything with the parental control you set. Why did you change my Face Book photo? I hate the one you posted there.”

“I’ve only done what I thought was best. You can access any school required site to do classwork or homework. I don’t want you looking at pornography or accessing questionable sites. As far as your photo is concerned, let’s just say that I could have posted a lot more. Now go back to your room. Maria will call you when it’s time for supper.”

Taylor did his best to hold back his anger. If those videos and pictures got posted as she hinted, his life would be over. He had already seen enough proof of what she was capable of doing. A few tears ran down his cheeks. He doubted that his life could get any worse than it was right now. If he had known what was coming would have gladly ran naked right through that cactus fence.

Over the evening meal Pat looked critically at her nephew. “Taylor I just realized how ugly your legs look wearing shorts. After supper I’m going to show you how to shave them then they will look so much nicer.”

“Shave my legs? Is she totally nuts. Guy’s don’t shave their legs,” he mumbled when he left the table following his aunt.

In the bath she had him strip down to his purple boy shorts and showed him how to shave. Before she started she had him give her a twirl. His skin was almost back to the alabaster white it had been when he first arrived. It looked healthy and indicated that he had been using the body lotions she demanded. Satisfied, she picked up the pink razor and can of floral scented gel. She did one then stepped back telling him to do the other one. When he completed that task, she decided he should do his pits as well. Shaving his legs was one thing but only girls shaved their underarms. He started to protest but she surprised him by grabbing him between the legs and squeezed. As he went down to his knees she bent, keeping a firm grip.

“I’m getting sick and tired of your constant complaining. You will do whatever I say or I just might get pissed off enough to remove these horrid things,” she hissed.

He had been scared of his aunt since the first day they met but now he was terrified. She was just crazy and mean enough to do it. With tears in his eyes said he would do whatever she demanded.

His hand was still shaking as he first trimmed the hair under his arms then shaved it away. His humiliation wasn’t over as she handed him a bottle of depilatory ordering him to apply it to his chest, arms and groin, wait then get into the bathtub. He was shocked as she watched him remove his boy shorts and totally mortified as she mocked his manhood. When he left the bathroom smelling like a bouquet there wasn’t a single hair on his torso. He wouldn’t find out that everything had been recorded, edited, making it look like he had voluntarily removed his body hair until his mother picked him up.

Tuesday Maria decided he was clunking around like an elephant in his wedge heels. She spent most of the morning teaching him how to take small mincing steps with his elbows kept to his side and wrists loose. He was also taught how to sit with his knees pressed firmly together, ankles crossed and tucked back. She kept him practicing

constantly, using her spatula on his thigh as necessary to keep him focused. To help him keep his knees pressed together, she placed a quarter between them. Whenever the quarter hit the tile floor, she gave him five swats.

On Thursday Pat took the morning off to get Taylor more clothing. With school starting next week he would need more clothing options. She didn't buy him anymore shorts but he was now the possessor of six pairs of skinny low rider jeans and a dozen blouses. The jeans were in ivory, baby blue, black, gray, navy and a very pale pink. All of the jeans had colorful embroidery on the back pockets. All the pockets were for decoration. The front ones would only allow fingers to enter to the middle knuckle.

The blouses with a couple of exceptions were a light weight cotton. If it weren't for the darts and position of the buttons could pass as men's wear. The other blouses were definitely feminine. Two cotton shell blouses with floral embroidered bodices and one off the shoulder peasant blouse. She picked out a dozen new shoes, two skimmers, six one and a half inch heeled pumps and three were cork soled wedge sandals with three inch ramped heels.

For accessories she selected a number of thin belts, another purse and a light weight denim jacket. As with the jeans, the jacket's pockets and cuffs were colorfully embroidered. On the way out she stopped in the lingerie department and purchased four three packs of colorful nylon panties and a number of knee high nylons.

When she gave him the bags of clothing, he was scared. From what she had gotten him already, he had every right to be frightened. He had guessed that the so called boy shorts were really panties but now he knew for sure. The clothing purchased also convinced him that his aunt was making him look like a sissy. He silently prayed that when his mother saw what his aunt did would put an immediate end to all the nonsense.

Pat showed him how to remove all the tags and labels then how to either hang or fold them properly. With the jeans and shirts put away, she sat on the bed and opened the first pack of panties. She had him sit beside her as she handed him the first pair. They were black slinky feeling nylon with a floral lace waistband.

"These are called high cut briefs and go best with your shorts. Now watch as I fold them then you do the rest," she said picking up a pair of white panties.

She opened the next package and tossed him a bright scarlet pair while taking one herself. "These are full cut briefs. They should be folded like this." She almost said they went best with a skirt or dress but stopped. He wasn't ready for that yet.

The next two packages contained a set of lacy thongs and bikini styles. Once all the panties had been folded, she had him put them into his bureau except for a lacy emerald green thong. As he did that she removed the baby blue skinny jeans and a white tee with the rainbow emblem embroidered over the left breast.

She spared him total mortification by turning her back as he stepped into the thong. If he thought the boy shorts felt weird the thong was a thousand times worse. Having a narrow strip of cloth cutting into his ass cheeks and pressing against his anus would take a lot of getting used to. With the panties on, he quickly wiggled the skinny jeans into place. Try as he might he couldn't get the zipper up.

Pat saw him struggling and giggled. "Taylor there's a trick to that. Lay back on the bed, suck in your stomach then try."

It worked but he didn't like how they fit any better than when he tried them on back at the store. The back seam dug deeply into his ass separating and defining his butt

while the tight leg hems didn't reach his ankles. The material had some stretch and clung to him like a second skin. He complained that they were too tight and too short but she said that the fit was perfect. The tee was full cut in a polished white ribbed cotton. The round neck exposed a lot of his upper chest and reached up to form the cap sleeves. The hem covered half his groin. When he went to tuck it in she told him it was meant to be left untucked.

"Here let me show you how this type of tee is worn," she said stepping up, gathered the excess material and tied it into a loose knot over his left hip. "There that's much better," she finished.

Seeing his reflection, he gasped in surprise. "OMG! I look like a friggin girl!"

She smiled broadly seeing his shocked expression. "*Definitely an improvement. With makeup he could actually pass in public with a little padding but that will come later,*" she thought then said, "Alright Taylor what did I tell you about using foul language? Now put on those white three inch wedge sandals and come along. I believe Maria has lunch prepared then I need to leave for work."

The old one and a half inch wedges had been difficult to master and the new ones even more so. His ankles wobbled, the added height altered his posture and weight distribution were all new. He had to take even smaller steps wearing these shoes.

After lunch Maria had him practice walking for a while then sent him off to do his household chores. He was bending at the waist, brushing dirt into the dustpan when she walked over and slapped his round butt. It caught him by surprise and let out an involuntary "Eeek" as he jerked upright.

"That no way to bend. You butt it stick way out and make tempting target. You bend at knees. You know, squat. I watch, see you bend like that again I swat," she admonished.

By the time he went to bed that night he was exhausted and his feet ached. He wasn't looking forward to an additional week under Aunt Pat's roof. He glanced at his cell and saw he had a text from Henry. He opened it and frowned reading, "Hay bro what's with the crazy looking hair?"

"Crap, he must have checked my Face Book," he thought before typing a return text. "Bro," he replied, "it's a bit weird but all the surfer dudes here have theirs like this. Just thought I'd try it out for a while."

Putting the phone down, he began undressing. The jeans were as hard to take off as they were to put on. Pulling off the lacy green thong brought a sigh of relief. The lace trimmed back string had been bugging him ever since he had put it on. With every movement he could feel it rubbing up and down in his ass crack.

Holding the lacy nylon in his hand, he thought, "*Who would have thought such a little bit of nothing could be so distracting. I don't understand why a girl would want to wear something like this in the first place.*"

With the thong off, his cock popped out from between his leg. After he pulled on the skin of his scrotum, his balls descended out of their hiding place. Grabbing his dick he gave it a couple of jerks and pleased to see it responded. Quickly he put on his satin pajama bottoms and headed to the bathroom. He need relief badly. He was at full erection, almost there, when the door opened and Aunt Pat walked in. At the sound of the door opening, Taylor's eyes flew open in disbelief. Before he could do or say anything, she screamed.

"What on earth do you think you are doing? And in my house no less! You little

pervert! That's positively disgusting and I won't stand for it. Wait until I tell your mother what a little pervert she has for a son. You're just a miserable little wanker and I won't stand for that in my house. You should be ashamed!"

"No....please...no don't tell mommy. I prom...promise I won't do it anymore," he managed scared out of his mind.

"Promise, ha, that's a good one. You little pervert, I know as soon as you think you can get away with it, you'll do it as often as you can. That perversion of yours is too ingrained. No, I have another way. You won't even have to make false promises," she said walking over to the linen closet and taking some items out.

She snapped on latex gloves before grabbing him by the hair, pulling him off the commode. To his horror, she then turned him around and began giving him a hand job. The glove only had a dusting of powder and her fast jerking was beginning to hurt. Despite the humiliation of it all, he soon ejaculated into the bowl. Pushing him to the side, she lowered the seat and sat. Opening the box, she removed a pink chastity device. Getting him positioned in between her legs, she fitted his shrunken penis into the pink metal tube which was attached to a metal plate. Pushing his testicles back up into his body, pressed the plate firmly against his groin. Holding it firmly against his groin, took the thin pink coated metal band attached to the bottom of the plate and pulled it up between his legs. Quickly she took hold of the two bands attached to the sides of the tube pulling them into the small of his back. A ratchet locking mechanism took the ends of the bands and a special key tightened them securely. When she was finished only a slight bulge of bright pink could be seen between his legs.

"There, with that on, you won't have to lie and your little perversion is done away with. You can still perform your body functions but you will have to sit to pee. Now clean up and get to bed," she said with authority.

Taylor stood too stunned to do anything for some time. Finally, pulling himself together, he slid his pajama bottom on and left. He spent some time in his room trying to get the device off but it was locked on tight. It had compressed his manhood into a small three inch long pink metal tube fused downward to a plate that smashed his balls firmly up into his body. Groaning in misery he fell back into his bed. He let the tears flow as he softly sobbed. It was a long time before sleep overcame his anxiety.

He woke early the next morning in pain. His body was trying to get its morning woody but sharp pricks to the head of his penis was making it impossible. Thrusting both hand to clutch at his groin, he tried to relieve the pressure but failed. Tears sprang to his eyes and he moaned in pain.

"I've got to get this damn thing off before it kills me," he muttered.

He was so distracted by the chastity that he couldn't concentrate on performing his household chores. Maria ran off string after string of Spanish that he didn't understand but her meaning was clear as day. Several times he doubled over as his penis throbbed in pain. When Maria asked what was wrong he wasn't about to tell her what Pat had done to him. Instead he said he had some stomach cramps.

"I have old time cure for that," she said with false sympathy, knowing what had happened. The tablespoon of Castor Oil did the trick alright as he managed to hide the pain after swallowing it. He didn't want to ever taste that horrible stuff again.

That night after Maria had left, he begged Aunt Pat to remove it. No matter how hard he begged and pleaded, she simply passed it off.

"Taylor give it time. According to the instructions, it can be painful but will not

permanently damage you. You will get used to it soon enough so stop pestering me," she snapped.

"Yes, it won't cut it off but in time will chemically castrate you by keeping your little marbles tucked nicely deep inside. Plus remembered pain will prevent you from achieving an erection should it ever come off. If I have my way, it will be permanent," she thought.

Over the weekend Pat had him practice using a higher tone of voice while speaking softly. She had him listen to a recording of a young woman reading a romance novel then repeat the lines as closely as he could to hers. She also demanded that he start using words like, darling, sweet, precious and lovely as frequently as he could in a sentence. He was not to use the word "nice," instead he would substitute "precious," "sweet" and "darling." He would no longer "like" something. From now on he would "love," "adore," or "fancy" something.

When repeating his lines she had him use his hands to express himself more. By the end of the weekend, he was way short of where she wanted him to be with his hand gestures but his voice showed significant improvement. Maria would see to it that he continued practicing his speech and vocabulary lesson during the week.

His mother had called several times but with Aunt Pat staring at him didn't dare offer up any complaints. As far as June was concerned he was having a wonderful time.

"Yes mommy, I just love staying with Auntie Pat. She is just super and helps me so much. Oh no mommy, I do miss you but if I can't be with you, I don't mind staying with Auntie. Yes mommy, I start school on Monday and I picked out some really cool classes. I think I'm really going to like going there," he forced himself to say. June thought his voice sounded different but decided it was her imagination after their last call.

Ooo

It was the first day of school and the beginning of his second week staying with his aunt. He wasn't looking forward to it as he knew it would be totally humiliating. Even if he were allowed to wear his old boy clothing, the pink backpack and computer would be embarrassing. He had forgotten his feminine hairstyle as what she could make him wear, overrode any other worries.

When he came back to his room after his morning toilet, goose bumps were running up and down his spine. In the back of his mind he hoped to see his old clothing but what was laid out killed any such ideas. Scarlet nylon brief styled panties, blue knee high stockings, ivory low rider skinny jeans and a baby blue oversized tee, a braided multi-colored cloth belt and a pair of blue three inch wedge sandals. Instead of tying the tee in a loose knot, this time the belt went over it. There were several thin colored metal bangles and a gold locket sitting on the bed. What really caught his attention was an eight by ten photo of him naked wearing only the pink chastity sitting on top of his computer. Pat's meaning all too clear.

He figured he would be dog meat by the time school let out wearing what was laid out. But he had a choice to get dressed or let the whole world know. Slowly he reached down and picked up the scarlet panties. When he was dressed put the computer into his backpack and headed to the kitchen. Aunt Pat was going to take him to school and pick him up afterwards. He was dreading the day but what choice did he have.

"Taylor, this is your first day and you need to make the right impression. I strongly suggest you remember to keep your voice modulated and soft. Don't forget the mannerisms Maria has been showing you and everything will be fine. You might want

to consider, as I'm not going to force you, using some lip gloss and mascara. They are very easy to apply and you should have no trouble. Here, I have those in this makeup case that you can put into your backpack. With a bit of makeup, you could pass as a flat chested girl or you can be the class sissy. The choice is yours," she said as she slid the makeup case across the table.

"Makeup! She wants me to wear makeup? She said she wouldn't force me but.....OMG! I can't believe I'm actually thinking about doing it. Oh hell, she's probably right. If everyone thinks I'm a flat chested girl then maybe I can survive the day. No, what I should do is go straight to the school authorities and tell them what this maniac is making me do," with that thought his eyes lit up and a slight smile creased his lips.

Pat had been watching him intently and from her years as an attorney read him like an open book. "Taylor!" she said sharply bringing him out of his thoughts.

"I know what you are thinking but just to make sure, I want you to remember all those videos and pictures I have. You've seen most of them and I have to ask you, does it look like you are being forced in any of them? Think about that for a second. Should anyone else see them, what do you imagine they would think and who would they believe?"

Taylor stared buggered eyed for a moment or two as what she said hit home. *"OMG! She's right! No one would believe me! I'm fucked!"* Flashed through his mind as tears began to form.

When he regained his composure, he reached out and picked up the small transparent plastic cosmetics case. Opening it he found a small bundle of tissues, pink compact, tube of pink lip gloss, mascara wand and to his dismay, a tampon. Seeing the tampon he snatched his hand back. That was something no boy should touch much less be seen with.

"What's the matter dear, find a spider hiding in there?" she asked with an evil grin.

"Wha...what's tha....that doing in there?" he finally managed.

"Oh you mean YOUR tampon. Again, it's your choice to keep it but what if another girl in your class asks to borrow your makeup? Girls always carry something in case of emergencies you know," she replied enjoying his discomfiture and stressing the "your."

"I...I just was...wasn't expecting that," he mumbled blushing.

"It's not a 'that' Taylor. That is a tampon. A Tampax Pearl to be exact in case you are asked. It's time for us to leave. Do you want me to help you put on your mascara before we go?" she replied.

Before they left Pat checked his appearance and was satisfied but something was missing. *"Yes, his outfit is coordinated but....ahhh...needs just a bit extra to make it perfect for his first day of school,"* she thought pulling a colorful silk scarf from her purse.

She rolled the scarf into a cylinder, wrapped it around his neck and tied it off in a loose knot. "Yes, much nicer and adds just a bit more color," she said.

Ooo

Like every first day of school everything was total chaos. His old school hadn't been as big and a three story building whereas Jefferson was big, way big. The campus was spread out and had over fifteen hundred students. He was a nervous wreck as he was

dropped off by Pat. According to his schedule he was to report to orientation in the auditorium. He wasn't exactly sure where that was but followed the other kids heading towards a large building.

He tried his best to go unnoticed, keeping his head lowered and looking straight ahead. His feelings were all over the place from being scared to death to curiosity. He was scared that he would be discovered as a boy pretending to be a girl and amazed at how different this school was. In between he was worried if he could pull off his disguise. At the same time worried about what would happen if he did succeed. Those thoughts only brought about a bigger worry, did he as a boy, want to actually pass as a girl?

His thoughts were interrupted when he bumped into the back of someone. Looking up as the figure in front of him turned and started to shout, "Watch where the fuc...," then softened, "sorry babe, didn't mean to scare you," he finished.

"Cute but no tits," the boy thought as he continued on.

The boy was big, real big wearing a letterman jacket was the school's logo and the number seventy-two inside it and on the sleeves. *"Oh crap! I bumped into a jock. I'm dead,"* flashed through Taylor's mind as he cringed back. His fear dissipated as the boy walked off.

"Got to be more careful. I might not get off so easy next time," Taylor said breathing a sigh of relief. It took a couple of moments before it hit him that he had passed as a girl.

He found a seat towards the back of the auditorium next to a girl he automatically gave a very low rating too. She was fat, her black hair in a short bob, wearing glasses on a piggy-shaped nose, green blouse and gray flare skirt. Taylor may have been dressed like a girl but his mind was still all male. His male mind not interested in the girl. He didn't try to start a conversation which a real girl would. He noticed the girl looking at him but tried to ignore her by looking over his class schedule.

"Oh I see we have the same first period class," he heard a squeaky voice say over the noise that filled the room.

At first he wasn't sure the comment was directed at him but a pudgy hand touching his arm made him turn. It was the girl next to him. "Huh?" he managed a little annoyed.

"I said we have the same first period together. Oh, hi, my name is Petunia. Petunia Ann Wilson. What's yours?"

"Petunia, it figures," he thought exasperated at the interruption then said, "Taylor Adams."

"That's a pretty name. Did you pick it or is that your real name?"

"Huh! What?" he exclaimed shaken by the question, "Of course, it's my name."

"Oh I was just wondering. You make a pretty girl you know."

"What....what are you getting at?" he gasped.

"Well you are a boy aren't you?" she replied grinning. It really wasn't a question.

"How do you know?" he whispered feeling faint.

"Well for starters, your nails are a mess and then there is the flat chest but what really gave you away was how you are behaving right now. I wasn't totally sure until now."

"OMG! Please don...don't tell anyone, please. I'm new here and if anyone finds out I'm dead."

"I don't think it would be that bad. Jefferson High has a very strict harassment rule. Besides, being gay is no big deal.....," she paused seeing the fear in his eyes and realized she could take advantage. "However if we became good friends, I wouldn't let your secret out."

"Yeah sure, no problem. We can be friends....errrr...what was your name again?"

"Petunia!" she replied agitated that he didn't remember.

Further conversation ended when the Principal began speaking. Taylor was furiously thinking about what the fat girl told him and worried. If this girl could figure him out so easily, would everyone else? When the assembly was dismissed, he didn't have a clue as to what had been said.

Petunia sat back, every now and again glancing over at him. *"He really does make a pretty girl but why is he so defensive? Maybe I can take advantage somehow. Obviously he doesn't want anyone to find out. I don't have any real friends, just pretend friends. Pretend friends that like to order me about and do things for them. It's been like that all my life and for once, I would like to have someone do that for me. If he's so afraid people will find out then maybe I can finally have some fun."*

As everyone got up to leave, Petunia grabbed his arm. "Taylor just a minute. I think I can help. Come on follow me."

Taylor's head was still reeling from their earlier conversation and dumbly followed along. She led him outside and around the corner before stopping and checking that no one was watching.

"This will help disguise the fact you don't have any boobs," she said removing his scarf and folding it into a triangle. Walking behind him tied the scarf behind his neck. "It was cute the way you had it but see, this way it covers most of your chest. Also you might want to consider wearing a thong with those jeans, your panty lines are really visible with that tight fit. I understand the boys love seeing them but I hate it. Come on, we have Home and Family Living for first period. I'll do something with your nails then," she said taking his hand.

Everything was happening so fast Taylor didn't know what to think. At least she didn't start screaming and yelling outing him to the entire assembly. Then her idea of the using the scarf to cover most of his chest was a good one. He looked over his shoulder to see if his panties were showing but gave up. The very idea that guys could tell he was wearing panties made him blush. His only problem now was how to get rid of her. He didn't like fat girls.

As he guessed his Home and Family Living class didn't have a single guy in it. There were lots of pretty girls all of whom he had rather sit with than Petunia. He also noted that the room was not like a regular classroom. The desks were small tables with two chairs, off at one end were a dozen sewing machines, dress dummies and long tables. As soon as they took their seat, she opened her satchel purse and removed several items including a bottle of summer plum nail polish. Taking his hand she worked furiously with an emery board until the nail ends were smooth and even.

She was interrupted when the teacher started taking the roll after making a general announcement. Essentially she informed the class that whoever they were sitting with would be their partners and their grades would be a combination of both. If they didn't want to be partners to move now. As a few girls got up, Petunia took hold of his hand.

"You do want to be my friend and partner don't you?" she said giving him a hard look.

Like all his recent life changes he had no choice and nodded his head in agreement.

She smiled broadly and patted the top of his hand. “Okay, as soon as roll call is over I’ll paint your nails. First days are always a total waste.”

Roll call taken she varnished his nails a vivid purple which made his hands really stand out. Admonishing him to keep his fingers spread, she soon had both hands done. As she was doing that he kept looking around the room hoping no one would notice. He was surprised to see some girls brushing their hair, others doing what Petunia was doing and most of the others just chatting. The teacher was busy going to the head of each aisle and putting stacks of papers down to be handed out.

***“What has my aunt gotten me into?”* his mind wailed.**

***“Flutter them in the air Taylor. They will dry faster that way,”* she instructed.**

The rest of his morning went by in a daze. English and math, both such a rehash of what he already knew he would have nodded off except. Except for the fact that his mind was going a mile a minute trying to figure out his situation. He was scared. He was concerned and most of all horrified by what had happened to him since Aunt Pat came into his life. For some crazy mixed up reason she wanted him to be a girl but he was all boy. He never wanted to be a girl but after today did he have any choice. Up until today, he only had to dress and act all swishy when staying with his aunt. A new school, forced to dress like a girl and now wearing bright nail polish was all too public. How could he dare tell anyone he was a boy? With the exception of Petunia, no one questioned that he was a girl. If word got out, he was sure some bad ass homophile would do him some serious bodily harm or he would die of mortification. Raised in rural traditionalist New York didn’t prepare him for the liberal acceptance of California. With that conservative mindset he was very afraid.

He was brought out of his contemplation with the ringing of the bell signaling the start of his lunch period. As he moved down the crowded hall to his locker, the thought to just keep going until he was far away popped up. His adrenaline was at its max, he felt flush and wanting to flee as far as possible. At that moment it seemed like a good idea. The fact that he only had lunch money, was dressed like a girl and had nowhere to go didn’t enter his mind as his feet sped up. He didn’t even realize that he was crying, smearing his mascara as it ran down his cheeks.

His flight ended abruptly. As he turned toward an exit, a shadowy blob stood directly in his path. Blinking, the blob became clear and it was a woman he seemed to recognize. She was a gray haired portly woman wearing a crisp white blouse and knee length black skirt.

“Where do you think you’re going Miss?”* she said blocking his path then saw the tears. *“What’s the matter dear? Why are you crying?”

***“Plea.....please...just let me go. I...I want to go home,”* he stammered as the tears flowed.**

***“I’m sorry dear but come with me and we’ll get things all straighten up,”* Mrs. Odell said taking Taylor’s arm.**

She handed him some tissues telling him to dry his eyes as she led him into her office. It took several minutes before he could get his emotions under control and realize where he was. He was in the Vice Principal’s office and that only meant trouble from past experiences.

***“What’s your name dear and why were you crying? You can tell me. I know how to keep a confidence,”* she said sympathetically.**

Taylor sat anxiously wringing the tissues in his hands into shreds as she examined his

school records. She made several “HmMMMM,” sounds but didn’t say anything making him even more nervous. Finally she looked up from her computer, steepled her fingers under her double chin and smiled.

“Taylor I know it’s hard for a transfer student to adapt to a new environment especially for a young person like you and I’m here to help. Being transgender is no excuse for anyone to either threaten or mistreat you. Jefferson High has a very strong anti-bullying and alternative life style acceptance philosophy. If anyone has violated those policies please tell me. We want your stay here and your education to be the very best experiences in your life. Now, why were you so upset?”

“What does she mean by a student like me? Transgender? OMG! She thinks I’m one of those freaks who likes to dress this way! What am I going to do? Should I tell her how so totally friggin wrong she is? It would be my word against all those videos. They’d think I’m crazy and put me in the loony bin just like Aunt Pat said. Crap!” he thought trying to find something to say.

“Well dear I’m waiting. I’m not judgmental and anything you say is just between us girls,” Mrs. Odell said forcing him to make a reply.

“I...I it...it was nothing. Really I...I don’t know why. I just was and no one did anything. Plea....please, I’m okay now. May I be excused, please, ma’am?” he replied softly.

“I think there may be something wrong and doesn’t want to tell me. His records don’t say anything about hormone replacement therapy except that he had undergone counseling. Hormones can cause emotional swings and he doesn’t trust me yet. I’ll let it go for now. Maybe later I can build up some trust between us,” she thought, then nodding her head dismissed him.

“Somehow Aunt Pat has gotten to the school administration. They think I’m one of those weirdo’s and I guess I look like one. I hate wearing these clothes. I hate what she did to my dick and I hate my aunt. I hate everything that’s happened since we moved here. Damn it dad! Why didn’t you take me with you when you left?”

To Be Continued

AUNT PAT TAKES CONTROL

Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

Thanks to being caught by Mrs. Odell, Taylor missed lunch. His next class was Admin Studies which was nothing more than a glorified secretarial course. Remedial History was more boring than the first time he took it. Art was at least interesting. There was nothing good he could say about his Year Book staff meeting as Petunia was there.

“Damn I can’t seem to shake this girl,” he thought as she came over.

“I missed seeing you at lunch. Did something happen?” she asked in her high pitched squeaky voice.

By the end of his last period Taylor was mentally exhausted and the stress was getting to him. Making matters worse the fat girl was walking beside him as he headed to his aunt’s car. If nothing else Petunia was persistent and didn’t mind carrying on a one sided conversation. She was carrying on about how great friends they were going to be and that she would be glad to help him. All he wanted was for her to disappear and

leave him alone. At last he was at the car and jumped in hoping with the closing of the door to be rid of that girl.

He was in for a surprise as his aunt glared at him and rolled down the passenger window. "Don't be rude Taylor, introduce me to your little friend."

Letting out a groan of frustration, he did as instructed. Petunia beaming, began chatting away a mile a minute. Taylor flushed scarlet as she told Pat all about the classes they had, what good friends they were going to be and how much she wanted to help him adjust. He was relieved when his aunt finally pulled away from the curb. His relief didn't last long.

"So it looks like you have made your first girlfriend Taylor. I must say she is a chatter box though. Did anyone else discover your secret today besides her? Mrs. Odell called you into her office? What did she want? Oh you poor baby, the first day is always the hardest but at least you have what's her name? Oh yes, Petunia. You know I think it would be nice if you invited her over for Saturday. The two of you could get to know one another out by the pool. No, I will not take no for an answer. Invite her for the afternoon."

It didn't help that Pat had noticed his varnished nails and told him he would keep them polished. Arriving at the house she asked Maria to teach him how to properly care for his nails when she had the time. All he wanted to do was go and lay down alone in his room. Maria would have none of that and tossing him a white organza apron with pink lace hemming put him to work. He complained that he had a ton of homework but Pat told him it could wait.

"Taylor, Maria needs the help preparing supper. You told me you already knew your basic courses so forget doing them. Just concentrate on getting your electives done. No more arguments," she stated.

Ooo

The next morning Taylor made sure to put on a pair of purple thongs. He knew that when he was a boy, he enjoyed looking at panty lines and trying to figure out what color they were. Now he cringed at the thought boys were looking at him the same way. Today Pat had laid out a pair of white leggings and a short sleeved tan cashmere tunic top with a scooped neckline. A wide white leather belt with large gold buckle went over the tunic at his waist. She had him wear his three inch tan wedges without stockings and put half a dozen brightly colored thin metal bangles on his left wrist. A gold toe ring went on his right foot and several delicate rings for his fingers. After he brushed out his hair she had him put on plum lip gloss that matched his nails.

Feeling more girlie than before, she dropped him off at school. He was at his locker getting the books he would need when Petunia came up beside him. He tried to ignore her but she kept pulling at his elbow. Giving up, he looked at her.

"Come with me. I have something that I thought of last night that will help keep your secret," she said pulling his arm.

He had no choice but to follow but skidded to a halt before the door she was going in. There staring back at him was the blue circle with a woman's stick figure in it. She was taking him into the women's bathroom. There were other students nearby and one girl coming out. She gave both of them an irritated stare but didn't say anything.

"Come on before you attract more attention," Petunia whispered.

Before he could object further he was inside and taken into the handicapped stall.

"You're supposed to be a girl, so loosen up and take off your top. I have something

that will help a lot," she whispered digging into her backpack.

He stood there like a log not knowing whether to stay or run. When he saw what she had in her hand decided to flee. He wasn't quick enough as she gripped his arm tightly spinning him back to face her.

"Unless you want all the girls in this room knowing your secret, you better calm down and do what I say," she whispered harshly.

Not waiting for a reply she unfastened the belt and pulled the tunic over his head. Without his top there was no way for Taylor to escape now. Petunia quickly had the red satin bra fastened around his chest and the straps adjusted. Pulling tissue off the roll, she stuffed it into the cups with just enough to fill them out.

"There that's much better but you really need to get some inserts. It's an old one of mind and you can have it. Now put your top back on. Remember to ask your aunt to get you your own. You'll pass and feel much better about yourself now. Come on, it's time for class," she admonished him.

It had happened so fast and in such circumstances that he didn't have a chance. Looking down at his padded chest in disbelief, the bright red satin with the pink bow stood out in sharp contrast to his alabaster skin.

"A bra! She put a bra on me! OMG! She thinks I want this! I can't wear this!" His mind screamed as he reached up to pull it off only to have his hand batted away.

"Taylor you can check it out later. We're gonna be late. Here let me help you put on your tunic," Petunia said misinterpreting his reaction. All she knew about Taylor was that he was in transition and she wanted to help. After all they were now best friends.

Walking down the hall he was very self-conscious of his new assets. With every step, every movement of his torso, he could feel the straps and band pressing into his flesh. He was very aware of how his tunic stuck out which made him blush all the harder. It was hard to concentrate in his morning classes. He was too distracted by wearing a bra. It seemed every time he moved his arms, they brushed up against his bra cup or a strap dug harder into his shoulder.

Several things really bothered him. One was that he noticed boys staring at him. Worse, a couple of them tried to hit on him and third was other girls who talked to him. While he looked and acted pretty much as they did, he had little in common to talk about. He knew virtually nothing about fashion, makeup or the difference in interpersonal relationships between girls. Those that did try to talk to him left with the impression that Taylor, being new, was shy but nice. While girls are more observant than boys, only Petunia had seen through his disguise. It was thanks to her, that the other girls didn't as well. Plus the other girls were just being friendly before class started and didn't have time to really talk.

He had lunch with Petunia and let her do all the talking. He lost his appetite as he had to look over his protruding chest to see his tray. Seeing those two mounds, while small, no bigger than a B-cup, only reminded him of his enforced femininity. After they had eaten, she led him to the girl's restroom. He needed relief and there was no way he could go into the men's. With the chastity he had to sit anyway but his stomach did flip flops as he entered. There were lines in front of all the stalls, something he wasn't used to. At the wash stand Petunia nudged him, holding up her lipstick. He took the hint and refreshed his lip gloss.

"For someone who is undergoing transition Taylor, you sure have a lot to learn," she stated as they headed to their lockers.

As he walked out to his aunt's Mercedes, he was almost used to the rubbing of his inner arms against the sight bulges on his chest. *"Only two days of classes and I'm already wearing nail polish and a friggin bra. There is no way I can come back next week as my boy self. Everyone thinks that I'm a girl and the few that don't, think I'm a transsexual. I can only hope that mommy puts a stop to this nonsense. She just has too! I don't want to be a girl."*

Tossing his backpack into the back seat, jumped in front. He was upset over his day and didn't bother to say hi to Pat. She looked at him with a frown then smiled broadly noticing the tenting of his tunic.

"Taylor are you wearing a bra?" she gushed.

He paled, *"Crap, I was going to take it off before coming out here but Petunia wouldn't leave me alone long enough. I should have known I couldn't keep it a secret from her,"* he thought as she reached over and touched his chest.

"Oh my goodness, you are! How perfectly delightful. So tell me where did you get it?"

"Petunia, it was her stupid idea of helping me out," he sullenly replied.

"I knew there was something about that girl that I liked the moment we met. By the way, did you remember to ask her over for Saturday? No, well make sure you do tomorrow or better yet call her when we get home. In a way I was kind of hoping to get you your first but I can have fun buying you your own bras," she said with a giggle.

"I don't need any more bras, thank you," he spat.

"What kind of attitude is that? Do I have to get out my hairbrush again? Just for that we're stopping at Victoria's right now. Young girls shouldn't be using other girl's bras or lingerie for that matter," she answered angrily.

When they arrived back at the house, Taylor was the proud owner of a dozen new bras in various styles and colors all in sparkling satin with gel enhancements. Maria quickly put him to work preparing supper. Later he called Petunia to invite her over hoping against hope she refused but she accepted. Then he spent over an hour learning about the different styles and hooking and unhooking his new bra. Pat was determined to teach him how to do it behind his back. His sleep that night was filled with nightmares in which he had humongous breasts of his own.

Ooo

He was happy to hear the final bell on Friday as he had only two more days with his aunt. He went over and over in his mind what he was going to tell his mother when she picked him up on Sunday. He had to find a way to get her to stop his aunt and transfer him to another school. The big question in his mind however was how he could stop Pat from posting all those damning videos.

Since his arrival he had been sending tons of photos of hot chicks and bragging about what a stud he was living in California to his old friends. What if they saw those videos? Well, they lived back east but he had a new concern. What if the kids at Jefferson saw them? That idea scared him so much he didn't want to think about the consequences. By the time Saturday arrived he was no closer to resolving his problems and had another one coming up. The arrival of Petunia.

Saturday morning he was dressed in pink hipster panties, pink satin Wonder Bra with pink shorts and a white floral shell blouse. Right after lunch Aunt Pat accompanied him to his room and had him strip. Instead of fresh lingerie she gave him a neon pink bikini to put on under his shorts and blouse. When he asked why, she said it would be

easier.

“Look Taylor I’m trying to make this easier on you. Would you rather change in front of Petunia?” she said.

Aunt Pat also had him put on some makeup. Coral lipstick, black mascara and for the first time pink eye shadow. She then brushed his hair into a high ponytail. They were finishing up when the intercom buzzed announcing the arrival of Petunia.

Petunia was wearing a red flare skirted dress with white polka dots and carrying a large tote. When Taylor opened the door, she gave him a hug and air kiss squealing how happy she was to be invited over. He returned the hug much less enthusiastically, stepped back and said, “You remember my Aunt Pat.”

He spent the next hour showing her his room and wardrobe. She was talking incessantly in that high pitched squeaky voice that drove him nuts. The only good thing was that he didn’t have to say very much. Aunt Pat saved him by telling Petunia to change into her bathing suit and that she had prepared a snack out by the pool.

Taylor decided there was nothing pretty or appealing about Petunia when she came out to the pool. Her bathing suit was a bright yellow one piece with orange polka dots and white pleated short flare skirt. She waddled over to the lounge chair and began emptying her tote. Soon she had a large stack of magazines on the side table.

“Taylor I brought a whole bunch of magazines for you to look at. You know, for being transgender, you don’t know a whole lot about being a girl. Here take this one,” she said tossing one to him. “You really need to read it. It’s full of information on fashion, makeup and the latest trends. Plus sometimes it has some racy articles about sex,” she informed him with a giggle.

Groaning he looked at the cover, “Seventeen,” was in bold face type with an absolutely drop dead gorgeous girl on the cover. “*This might not be so bad,*” he thought then looked at the headlines: “New Fall Fashions,” “Better Skin Care with Organics,” and “10 Ways to Keep Your Boyfriend Interested.” Another was tossed on his lap, glancing at it saw that it was a Hollywood gossip rag. That magazine was quickly followed by another entitled, “In Style.”

“Hey slow down. I can only read one at a time you know,” he said not intending to read any of them. “*Well, I might look at the pictures in the first one,*” he thought then grimaced in pain as his dick tried to stiffen.

“Taylor be nice. I’m sure Petunia is only trying to help and she is right. You are seriously lacking in knowledge and you will take her advice. You two spend the afternoon out here in the sun and read your magazines. I’ll check on you every now and then,” Pat admonished.

Taylor was happy to walk Petunia out to her pink VW Beetle as the sun was setting. He had spent the last five hours in the hot sun reading and then being quizzed on what he had read. She was really tough on him making him re-read articles where he missed too many questions. Fortunately she didn’t make him read the article on how to keep a boyfriend but said he really should.

Petunia was very happy as she drove off. She had spent the afternoon with her new best friend and enjoyed helping him understand fashions, the latest gossip and makeup. His Aunt Pat was a sweetheart as well, bringing them cold drinks and encouraging her. She smiled broadly as Pat told her how happy she was that Petunia was taking her nephew under her wing. He needed to learn so much about being a girl and she was just the girl to teach him.

“Damn right I am,” she thought.

Taylor wasn't happy stepping out of the bath and noticing very visible tan lines. Tan lines no boy should ever have. His torso had a light reddish glow but where his bikini protected the skin alabaster white remained. The white triangles on his chest actually made his man boobs look larger. He cursed himself for forgetting to put on sun screen.

“First she makes me dress like a teenaged girl and enrolls me into high school as transgender. Now I have tan lines making look even more like a girl. I can't wait to get back home and away from her. She's crazy,” he thought pulling a pink nylon robe on.

Sunday morning Pat showed him more of the videos taken by her hidden cameras over the past two weeks. The most humiliating was the one of him standing with a ridiculous smile, nude, wearing just his chastity device while cupping none existent breasts. He was twisting and turning before the full length mirror, checking out the fit of the device. It was a pose Pat made him take and the smile was forced.

“Taylor, I don't think you are stupid enough to try and go back to school dressed like a boy. Well, unless you want everyone to know that you are a boy who likes to dress. You should be happy that I'm letting you take your new clothing with you. Over the next three weeks, I expect you to maintain your appearance at school including makeup. You may change as soon as you are home; however, you will not remove your mascara or your panties. I fully expect you to continue the beauty regiment I have taught you, maintain the apartment and most importantly read every one of those magazines that Petunia left. I mean every article and take notes on each one in a feminine script. I will review them the next time you come over. They had better be complete and neat.”

“Bu....but what about mommy? I can...can't....,” he started but stopped by her out stretched hand.

“Taylor, your mother leaves well before you get up and arrives well after you get home from school. You do all the laundry, so that isn't a problem and wearing a bit of mascara of no import. Monday I won't be picking you up. From now on you will be riding the school bus. Your mother will give you the details. You know what will happen if you don't do as I say. Go wait in your room until I call you.”

Ooo

Monday was very stressful. It was the first time he would be venturing out of his own apartment dressed, wearing makeup with baby blue varnished nails. He silently prayed that none of the other teenagers in the complex that knew him were riding the school bus. Making matters worse was the outfit Aunt Pat demanded that he wear. It was the gray and white stripped engineer denim overalls with the short cuffed legs, baby blue crop tee with his jeans jacket and two inch gray wedge sandals. The only thing he liked about the outfit was the jacket. It helped hide the two round bulges on his chest created by the blue satin Wonder Bra.

Beads of sweat sprinkled across his forehead as he made his way to the corner. There were at least a dozen teens standing around, talking, some rough housing at the bus stop. He stayed back from the group trying to figure a way to get on the bus without being noticed when it arrived. There was no way he couldn't be noticed but if he timed it right, might avoid unwanted attention. The bus pulled up and when the last three kids were getting on board, he rushed in. Like he planned, he was the last one on but only two seats left. One near the front was beside Victor the other, in the back, between two very large Neanderthals.

He chose the seat next to the gay boy. A few students looked at him as he made his way down the aisle but most were preoccupied. Sitting, he pulled his backpack into his chest and stared straight ahead. Hoping beyond hope that Victor wouldn't recognize or try to talk to him. Like everything else those hopes were dashed soon after he took his seat.

"OMG! Is that really you Taylor?" Victor gushed. "Oh, yes, it is. You're darling. So tell me sweetie, how long have you been keeping this secret?"

"Please, don't tell anyone and lower your voice. I...I don't feel like talking about it. Please, now leave me alone."

"WeeeeIIIIIII, be that way. I was only trying to be nice. Besides, I don't go for dudes like you. I like my men muscled in all the right places if you know what I mean."

The bus seemed to take hours to get to Jefferson but Victor didn't bother him anymore. Yet he was shaking when he got off. He was sure Victor would spread the word all over the school and complex before the day was over. Petunia was waiting for him by his locker and noticed he was upset. After he explained his problem, she smiled and told him not to worry. She would be happy to pick him up and bring him home.

"Look Taylor if you're so afraid of riding the bus I'd be more than happy to pick you up and take you home after school. I don't really think you have much to worry about that...what's his name...oh, Victor. School rules you know," she said.

As they walked to their first period class, she thought, *"This is great. He lives out of the way but I get to spend more time with my BFF. I also didn't say I would take him directly home either. He needs my help and I did promise his aunt I would do whatever I thought necessary to make him the best girl he could be."*

Classes were no better with the worst being his Home and Family Living class. He had no desire to learn about nutritious meal planning, child care much less interpersonal relationships within the family. Two days of the week were lab days dedicated to learning the basics of sewing, cooking and child care. Child care was the worst as each student was given a realistic high-tec baby doll. Not only did it look real but automated to create mewling or crying sounds. It also needed changing and constant attention. If not fed, cuddled or changed according to preset programing, its crying would be noticeable to the whole class. He might have enjoyed the class more if it didn't have lab days or the relationship part didn't concentrate on the feminine view point. Of course it was Petunia's favorite and determined to make it his as well. When the final bell rang, Taylor was more than happy that the day was over.

His hatred for what he was being forced to do had not lessened and the chastity was a constant reminder. Beautiful girls were everywhere wearing skinny jeans, shorts, leggings with sexy tops and he was all male. Despite the fact that he was dressed similarly, didn't keep his manhood from trying to respond. By the time he got into Petunia's Beetle, he was in agony. Being stuck with her for the thirty minute ride had one advantage, it ended any erotic thoughts.

As soon as he got home Taylor stripped and got back into his cut offs and wife beater tee. That shirt quickly came off as he could see white tan lines and red indentations where none should be. With those tan lines and bra marks there was no way he could go out to the pool. He had homework plus the reading Pat demanded, he could do his mother's laundry or he could watch ESPN. He chose to watch television and grabbing a diet soda, headed to the living room.

"This has been a horrible day and I'm going to chill and try and forget all this girlish

nonsense I've been forced to endure. ESPN should have some pre-season highlights on. Chores can wait. Aunt Pat doesn't have any hidden cameras here. So I'm safe and can finally watch some sports," he said.

While at his Aunt Pat's sports and action/adventure shows weren't allowed. He really missed his baseball especially now that it was getting into the World Series. Plus college and Pro football were getting under way and he had missed a lot of the action. Just as he was getting comfortable, his cell notified him he had a message.

Opening it, he screamed, "Shit!" tossing it onto the sofa.

It was a picture of him in his bikini with the text, "Get Busy! You know what to do."

Turning off the TV he went to do his mother's laundry not ready to tackle his homework or reading those women's magazines. By the time his mother got home, he was pulling the broiled chicken breasts with mushroom sauce out of the oven. Preparing a nutritious dinner was one of his homework assignments. This was a new and unexpected experience for June bringing a bright smile and thank you.

"OMG! Ever since he has been spending time with Pat, he's gotten so much better. I could really get use to this," she thought giving him a kiss to the cheek in thanks.

The rest of the week was pretty much the same. Aunt Pat had called him a couple of times checking to make sure he was heeding her advice. She was disappointed when he told her he was riding with Petunia instead of taking the bus. However, after thinking about it for a day, decided it had many advantages. Petunia was the one who had gotten him into a bra and was enthusiastic about helping him become more feminine. Maybe she was the one to push him even further. Aunt Peg decided to give her a call.

Ooo

While he didn't have to go through the trauma of riding the school bus, he did have to put up with Petunia. She was constantly harping on him to use more makeup, act more feminine and do something with his hair. When she mentioned that he would look cute in a shorter cut, he actually listened.

Brushing his long hair one hundred strokes and shampooing it every four days was becoming a royal pain. He liked long hair as long as he didn't have to bother with it. Getting a haircut would solve those problems. He agreed and she called her salon to get him an appointment for Saturday. In retrospect he should have known better than to let Petunia set things up.

With his features she figured he would look absolutely darling in a pixie cut, bleached California blond with pink highlights. When she got home, she called Betty, her stylist, and told her what she wanted and to keep it a secret. She wanted to surprise her new girlfriend and Betty agreed. Saturday morning she picked Taylor up and was disappointed to see how he was dressed. He was wearing a pale yellow tee with his cut offs and flip flops.

"Taylor there is no way I'm taking you to my salon looking like that! Now go change and for goodness sakes put on a bra or would you rather embarrass the both of us?" she exclaimed as he met her at the front door.

"Huh? I'm just getting a haircut," he replied confused as she pushed him inside.

"Not like that, you're not. Let's go to your room and I'll help pick something out more suitable. If your aunt could see you now, she'd flip out," she answered exasperated.

Mentioning Aunt Pat caught his attention. *"Shit, all I need is for her to say something*

to her and no telling what will happen. All I want is a regular guy's cut and I never dressed up to get one before. I don't want to wear a bra but at least mommy isn't home. Shouldn't take too long and I can get it off before she gets back," he thought before replying, "Yeah, okay, but let's make this quick. I have other things to do besides getting a haircut."

When Petunia saw his bedroom she was dismayed. It looked like a typical boy's room. It had various sports posters and other masculine items scattered about. *"No wonder Taylor has problems. Just look at this room. Way too much testosterone still here. I guess part of him still want's reminders of his past life. Well, this has to go. I'll see what I can do about that but first we have a salon appointment."*

The Cut and Curl Salon wasn't like your typical unisex salons found in most malls. It was a beauty salon with lots of pinks and lavenders. The stylist, Betty, was a chubby middle aged woman with bright orange hair and flamboyant personality. She was wearing a luminescent pink smock and bright floral patterned black leggings. Her makeup was plastered on and had eight inch pink hoops in her ears and emerald stud in her left nostril. As soon as Petunia introduced Taylor, she led him to her station and put an equally bright pink drape over him. Like Petunia, she was a chatter box and he could hardly get a word in or tell her how he wanted his hair cut.

Coming back to her station after getting his hair washed, he notice the mirrors at Betty's chair had been covered up. "Why are the mirrors covered?" he asked.

"Petunia said she didn't want you to see what I'm doing. It's supposed to be a surprise. Now sit still."

"You're going to cut it short right?" he asked worried about what was going on.

"Look sweetie, I'm going to cut most of this off just like you want. So relax and let me get on with my work."

An hour and a half later a stunned Taylor left the salon with a pixie cut. The sides and back were short and sculpted with a sweeping full top. It was bleached honey blond with pink highlights. She worked fast with her shears and talking constantly. As with Petunia he tuned out whatever she was talking about. When his hair was bleached and dyed, he thought she was shampooing and rinsing it again. He had never been in a salon before and the multiple washings just something they did different he assumed. By the time he saw the results, the dastardly deed was done.

Betty, over his objections, waxed his brows into nice feminine arches and pierced his ears, twice in each lobe. To calm him she had said she was shaping them just a bit. He did object strongly at the piercings but Petunia said they were a gift from Aunt Pat. When he saw the final results, his mouth opened and closed like a guppy with no words coming out. Both Betty and Petunia thought he was so delighted that he just didn't have the words to express his happiness.

It wasn't until they were outside the salon that Taylor found his voice, "What? Why did you do this? OMG! How am I gonna explain this to my mommy?"

"Huh? It came out perfect an...and I...I thought you would like it. Yeah, it's totally different and short just like you said. Plus it's really easy to maintain. I think your mother will really like it. I know I do and your aunt paid for all this, so why all the drama?" Petunia asked confused as the results made him look adorable.

"Aunt Pat? Besides the earrings what else did she have to do with this?" he snapped still agitated and afraid.

"She not only recommended everything but paid for it as well. Like, I wish I had an

aunt like her. You should thank your lucky stars for having an aunt like that. Honestly Taylor, I don't know what's gotten into you. You're very lucky to have such an understanding aunt," she replied feeling angry and frustrated.

"I can't believe he's making such a big deal over this. Maybe having it cut so short after wearing it long is a shock but still he should be grateful. I think it came out beautiful especially with his facial features. He'll thank me and his aunt once he appreciates how easy it is to care for that style," she thought as they walked back to the car.

The hair cut was bad enough but when they got back to the apartment his mother's car was there. Seeing it Taylor began to panic. Explaining his very feminine hair was one thing but how he was dressed another. Petunia had insisted that he change completely before she would take him to the salon. He had no idea how to explain his yellow bra, pale yellow shell blouse much less his makeup.

Ooo

What Taylor didn't know was that Pat had kept in daily contact with June every evening. She was preparing June for the big changes she had created. All along she kept telling her sister what a "Special" boy Taylor was. Now it was time to show her some videos and reassure her that they depicted the real Taylor. She carefully selected the pictures and videos that she emailed to her sister. The last video was the one where he was putting on lip gloss and dressing in his leggings and tunic. To say that June was shocked would be an understatement.

She was flabbergasted. The Taylor she knew wouldn't put on such girlish attire much less makeup without a fight. Yet there he was preening before a mirror, standing by the wardrobe in purple nylon hip hugger panties and a matching bra before dressing. She examined the videos closely, zooming in on his face occasionally and never saw any sign of coercion or duress. There was always a smile on his face and there were a lot of videos.

He seemed very happy as he traipsed around cleaning or just brushing his hair. Not only that but he was dressed femininely in all the videos and photos. Nothing seemed forced or repugnant. There was no visual evidence to show that he didn't love what he was doing. Two things convinced her Pat was right despite her instinctive beliefs. First, he had been going to school for a full two weeks as a girl yet didn't complain to the authorities. Second, was of his face screwed up in concentration learning to fasten a bra behind his back and the big smile when he accomplished it.

If he wanted to be her daughter, then fine. It was a shame in some respects that her son wanted to be a girl but she would support and encourage him. Besides, after thinking it over, coming home to a clean apartment and respectful child wasn't so bad. It would take some getting used to but she wanted what was best and the videos said so much. When she picked him up after her business conference, she noticed how different he had become.

"OMG! Sis was right. How could I have not seen the changes? The way he walks, how he holds his arms, the voice....all so feminine yet I never noticed until today. You don't pick up those mannerisms overnight. What kind of mother am I not to see that? He's even wearing mascara. I only have myself to blame. With the divorce, the move and my job I've had so little time with him. I want to give him a big hug and tell him it's okay but Pat said to wait. As much as I want, I have to pretend everything is normal until he's ready," she thought when she picked him up.

She knew it was only a matter of time before he could no longer keep his secret from

her. Her emotions were a mix of anticipation and fear. Her sister had warned her that Taylor would be embarrassed at first and probably deny that he wanted to be a girl. According to Pat, he was so afraid June would disapprove, that he may even get violent in his denial and say he was forced.

“Darling, like I could force him to do anything. Besides, if that were true don’t you think he would have rushed to the school authorities that first day? You saw the video of him with his friend Petunia out by the pool. Did it look like anyone was forcing him? I thought he looked precious in that bikini. Right now he is a very distraught and frightened boy and very confused. Remember you have to be firm, no matter what he says or does. It’s nothing more than posturing. Inside he wants to be a girl and your daughter but very afraid of losing your love. Be strong and the both of you will be better for it.”

Ooo

Taylor stood in the parking lot staring up at his apartment, sweat beaded on his brow and hands trembling. He was alone for the moment, thinking hard about his options. He considered stripping down to his shorts, kicking off his heels and telling his mother he had been at the pool. Still that wouldn’t explain the hair, pierced ears or those horrible tan lines. He considered running but had no money or place to run. He could man up and face the music, telling her everything but Aunt Pat had those damning videos. It would be his word against his hers and the videos would make her the more believable. Making matters worse, he hadn’t gone to the authorities that first day of school. Instead, he didn’t do anything to change anyone’s perception.

“How did I ever let things get so out of control? First it was wearing those stupid aprons I didn’t want my old friends to see. Crap! I’ll never see them again anyway. So why did it bother me so much? Why didn’t I tell Mrs. Odell when I had the chance what Aunt Pat was doing? Now everyone thinks I’m a girl except for Petunia and the school officials. Even they think I’m some kind of cross-dressing freak. I don’t care what kind of policy the school has. Once I’m found out, I’m dead. Petunia....I wish I had never sat down next to her...look what she’s done to me! I’m so screwed! I can’t stay out here forever so might as well go in. Maybe she’ll believe me and help me get back to being me,” Taylor thought trying to figure a way out of his dilemma.

He was very surprised finding his mother and Aunt Pat in the kitchen drinking tea as he quietly opened the front door. The last person he expected was his aunt as he hadn’t seen her car in the lot. She saw him and broke out into an ear to ear smile but didn’t say anything. June had her back to him and apparently didn’t hear him enter.

“Maybe I can get to my room and change before I have to face her,” he thought as he entered the apartment.

However seeing his aunt staring right at him and her smile he knew he was screwed. When his aunt didn’t say anything, the thought of getting out of the bra and blouse returned. He hadn’t taken more than two steps towards his room when his mother turned around. She had seen her sister’s reaction to Taylor’s entrance. Despite seeing the videos and what Pat had told her so many times, she was stunned. Her son was actually very pretty and so feminine. Seeing him freeze and the fear in his eyes, she quickly got her thoughts under control and responded.

“Taylor, you cut off your long hair. I love it! Come here dear and let me get a closer look. Wow, those highlights are precious. Oh, you pierced your ears too. I have some great earrings you can wear once those keepers come out.”

Taylor didn’t know how to respond. His eyes kept going back and forth from his aunt

to his mother. He saw in Pat's eyes a look of triumph. His mother's, first surprise then something more than acceptance. It was a look of approval and love. That was something he didn't expect or want.

"Mommy....I....I can explain," he started but she was up and out of her chair giving him a tight hug.

"It's alright baby. I just love your new look. There's nothing for you to explain. I understand completely and love you very much. Your Aunt Pat has told me everything. I've always wanted a daughter and now I have one. A very pretty one at that. You know I saw the cutest sun dress at Macy's the other day. Maybe they have the same one in your size. We'll go shopping tomorrow and see if they do. Besides, you need more clothing options other than those shorts and jeans I saw in your closet. Oh, this is going to be so much fun," she said positively glowing.

"Bu...but Mommy."

"No buts darling. It's a date. Why don't you join us and tell me all about school. Pat tells me you have a girlfriend too."

Taylor spent over an hour rehashing the events at school and his friend Petunia. June wasn't very happy that he wasn't enrolled in college preparatory classes. However Pat explained that his previous school's standards were much lower than Jefferson's. She went on to add that the electives and extra-curricular program were all Taylor's idea. Taylor almost objected but between the look Pat gave him and the kick under the table to his shin silenced any protest.

Back in the safety of his room, Taylor threw himself on the bed and cried himself to sleep. He didn't awaken until June knocked on his door telling him dinner was ready. He went to the bathroom to freshen up.

"I look like a damn raccoon. Should have removed that mascara. What am I gonna do now? Mommy thinks I wanted this. After what happened today, I doubt that I can change her mind. I've dug myself in too deep by not exposing Aunt Pat from the first. My life sucks."

True to her word June took Taylor to Macy's. That morning she surveyed all his feminine apparel to get a better idea of what he needed. She went through his closet examining each item. There were only a few pair of jeans and the shortall. His shoe selection was woefully lacking.

"Honey shorts and jeans are great for casual wear but you are in desperate need of some nice dresses, skirts and blouses for those school dances and such. I didn't see any nice heels either," June said examining what he had in the closet.

"What? School dances? I'm not going to any dance dressed like this," he thought.

Moving over to the dresser, she opened the top drawer to check on his lingerie. Besides his panties and boxers there was a box of tampons and some maxi-pads.

"Taylor, what's the meaning of this?" she asked holding up the box of maxi-pads.

"Errr, Aunt Pat....It was her idea....she....she said I had to have them. You know, in case someone looked in my purse," he stammered blushing furiously.

"That makes sense I guess," she said replacing the box then picked up a pair of his boxers. "Taylor you won't be needing these anymore. Go get me some trash bags."

Taylor watched in dismay as his mother stuffed several bags with all his boy clothing. He tried to think of some way to keep some but every excuse he came up with was rebuffed. He almost cried when he tossed the last bag into the dumpster. She didn't

stop with just his clothing. She had also collected anything masculine in the room for the garbage bin.

“Now that I know you want to be my daughter, you won’t be needing any of these things. We’ll get you some nicer things for your room now that you don’t have to pretend. You know some pretty linens, nicer drapes and feminine nick-knacks.

They spent most of Sunday at the mall doing a marathon race to get Taylor a suitable wardrobe. This was his first feminine shopping trip. By the time they got home he was completely spent both in mind and body. Even then he wasn’t given any respite. He had to remove all the tags and labels, fold or hang then put everything away before he could rest.

“Now you know where the expression ‘shop to you drop’ comes from. You’re a girl now and you’re going to have to get used to such excursions,” she responded when he complained.

As he was removing tags and labels she was busy changing his sheets and drapery. His plain white sheets were replaced with powder pink ones. She then added pink bed skirting and matching ruffled lace pillow shams. A white satin pillowed comforter with pink rose bud imprint completed the bedding. The drapes were pink lace over a deeper pink satin. Finished with the bed and window she put floral scented room deodorizers in the electrical outlets.

“I think your room looks so much better now. Should you have any friends over you won’t be embarrassed. Which reminds me, why don’t you ask that girl friend of yours over? From what you and Pat told me, she sounds like a very nice girl. Maybe you could even have a sleep over.”

“A sleep over? No way! That’s never going to happen,” he thought.

Ooo

Pat was more than pleased, she was elated over the progress she had made with Taylor and her sister. When June had called and told her all about the shopping excursion and the redecoration, she knew her plan was a success. Humming a happy tune went to tell Maria of their achievement.

“Maria I just heard from June and she’s convinced Taylor has always wanted to be a girl. Apparently, since she didn’t mention any quarrel, he thinks his mommy approves. We’ve got him right where I want him but I want more. He may look and act like a pretty girl but inside he’s still a male. Being immersed in girlhood twenty-four seven has forced his sense of self into the background but it’s still there. Now I want to destroy that as well. I want him to recognize the fact that he will never ever become the loathsome male he had been. I need to find some way to change that male ego and libido into a more feminine one. Do you have any ideas?”

“I don’t know Senora Pat but maybe...maybe if he...you know had a boyfriend. The kind of macho man we’ve dealt with. That kind of man would teach him mucho plenty. Like show him his place and what it like to be a real woman.”

“Maria you can be a real bitch sometimes but I like it. Having him dating would definitely convince my sister that Taylor wants to be a woman. Making him date a man like he was growing up to be.....Damn...that’s a brilliant idea. However, not the kind of men we have had to deal with. No, someone strong but not abusive. Now all we have to do is get a man who wouldn’t mind finding something different between the legs.”

Pat spent a lot of thought on getting someone to date Taylor. It’s not like there were a lot of men out there that liked boy/girls. Plus being a lesbian she only knew a few men

and they were fellow lawyers or judges. It was almost time for Taylor's monthly visit when she remembered Tiffany. Tiffany was an old client. A transvestite client who had been badly beaten up by her boyfriend. If anyone could help her find a suitable male for Taylor it was she.

At first Tiffany was reluctant but agreed to help. "Yes, Ms. Summers I know what's it like to be lonely and needing companionship and I do sympathize. I don't know anything about your Taylor or the kind of man she likes other than what you told me. Look, let me check around and see what I can find. You were a great help when I needed it, so I'll see but no promises."

Tiffany not only found a potential date but three. Billy Ray was nineteen, recently graduated high school and currently working for FedEx. Norman was twenty and attending community college learning to be a refrigeration mechanic. Dalton, twenty was a deputy sheriff. All three were gay but not fully out of the closet and needed a passable companion. Dalton was especially interested in Taylor.

But that's another story.