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79 pages **20** illustrations

AUNTIE'S GIRL TIME

Story by Cheryl Lynn
Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack



SERIOUSLY
Sissified



C H E R Y L L Y N N

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A Seriously Sissified Story**



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AUNTIE'S GIRL TIME

David Clarke looked up into his Aunt Margaret's face as intense, bone-rattling fear ran roughshod through him. "Please, please, please! You can't do this to me!" he pleaded. "I can't! *I can't!*"

With a full, vise-like grip on her nephew's shoulders, she wasn't about to let him get away. "Well, of course you can do this Honey Bunny! It's your birthday. Put a smile on your face and let's go," she sternly replied.

The last thing David wanted to do was walk out that door. He tried to plant his feet and resist his aunt, but the soles of his dressy shoes slid across the hardwood flooring. Despite his resistance, Margaret was much bigger and stronger than him, and she was also very determined to humiliate him beyond the point of breaking. This was the moment where it would all cave in on him, where he would be forced to bend to her will now and forever. If she had to drag her nephew out the door to the party, she would.

Wearing heels, Margaret stood six feet tall, a full-figured woman who could easily force David to do whatever she wanted. David was definitely no match for his aunt. She was the only thing that he was really, truly scared of.

And he had every right to be.

"Now, be good and meet your friends!" Margaret scolded. "You're being horribly rude to your guests!" She broke David's resistance with a simple push and he lost his leverage. "They've been waiting to see you, and you must not disappoint them!"

"Never!" David objected, taking one last ditch effort at being thrown out for all to see. He grabbed the sides of the door frame and tried to brace himself.

"Now you're being silly," his aunt said. "You will comport yourself as I've trained you, and you will be a perfect host to your guests!"

"No!" He replied, with every ounce of strength that was left in him. "You don't know what will happen! My life will be over! I'll lose everything! You'll ruin my life!"

"You're overreacting," his aunt replied. The truth was, he didn't even know the half of it. For when he did go through that door, his life would be essentially over. No, even David couldn't have possibly contemplated what she had in store for him after this moment.

Or maybe he did, she thought. That pure, animal terror in his eyes might indicate that he truly did understand what was about to happen to him. It might have been possible that he had seen what his future would be like after this point in time. For even Margaret, as sinister as her intentions were, could sym-

pathize with that a little bit. But it was too late now. "I've lost my patience with you," she said approaching him, menacingly.



Ten months ago, David Clarke had just gotten his driver's license fresh in the mail and was looking forward to his independence. His mother wasn't particularly happy about it, thinking he was still too young, but her ex-husband had already given his approval. A car was one of the few things David really, truly wanted. It was his freedom. It was his maturation. With a car and a license, the world was open to him. Getting his license would finally give him all the freedom he wanted. Transportation to come and go as he pleased – within certain limits of course.

"Dude, I got it today!" David said to his friend Dalton, on his phone.

"What?" Dalton replied.

"The license! I'm officially an adult now!"

"Well, technically, it's a year until..."

David interrupted his friend's unnecessary clarification. "Ten months. You know what I mean."

"So you still gonna get that sweet mustang you're always talking about?"

"Cherry red and black leather seats. I almost have the money. When I turn 18, I can sign the papers myself. That's all I'm waiting for," he said, boastfully. "Open roads, here I come."

"You're gonna give me the first ride, right?" Dalton asked.

"First ride is goin' to my lady," David answered.

"If you have one by then."

"Details details..." David had five more friends to call and brag to, so he wrapped it up. "I'll see you tomorrow in class."

He had been mowing lawns since he was ten, saving every penny to buy a car. It had always been a dream of his and his dad matched his earnings. David's life was working out just like he planned it. A car was just months away, and soon he'd be off to college. He'd be his own man and live on his own terms. Life couldn't be better. Well... That was until the divorce.

The swiftness of the divorce shocked David, as the obvious signs of verbal or physical abuse in his parents' relationship never showed themselves. One day, he had a father and the next, he was gone from his life. What David didn't know was that his father was caught red-handed with an underage girl. She was seventeen, but looked and dressed much older. As soon as they were discovered by her father, she claimed rape. The sex was perfectly consensual, but



what young lady could tell her father, when caught in the living room, that she had instigated the whole thing. Appearing in court without her usual heavy makeup and wearing a dress more fitting for a fifteen year old, the conviction was assured.

In any case, his mother, Nan, sold the house and moved near her sister's place in another city. In all the turmoil caused by the trial and divorce, David's purchase of his dream car was put on hold. Within a month of moving, his mother found a job selling copy machines which paid the bills, but required some travel. Most of her work was in the city, but for the last week of every month she had to make a circuit of her region, requiring her to be out of town for a full week.

During those trips, David was dropped off at her sister's house on Sunday afternoon for seven days and picked up the following Sunday morning.

The routine rarely ever changed. After a week flying around the country and working herself ragged, Nan would come to her sister Margaret's house, to pick David up. She and her sister had tea while listening to how wonderful her son's stay had been. Then, when he went to get his things, she took the opportunity to talk privately to her sister.

Nan had always looked up to her older sister from a very early age. Their family could only be described as dysfunctional, but Margaret had always been there for her. It was Margaret who helped her through trying times and paid for her college tuition. Yes, she had tried to keep her from marrying David's father, but other than that had always supported her. When Nan was older she discovered that her big sis was a lesbian, but discrete about it, and didn't let that little quirk interfere with their relationship. Nan trusted her sister and was in profound debt to her for all she had done.

Margaret was very self-reliant, and owned a successful women's clothing store. Her reputation as a ruthless, determined business woman was well known. Margaret savored that reputation and carried that attitude into her personal life. She had never married, and didn't think much of the male population. She wasn't pleased when Nan initially asked her to look after David every month, as she disliked him almost as much as his no-good father.

However, she consented to David's presence, not as a way to help her dear sister, but because she had a plan. A devious plan to make his father suffer as much as possible. By the time she was finished with David, he wouldn't be the son, the pride and joy, he thought he was.



Once it was decided by Nan and Margaret that David was going to spend a week at his aunt's house every month, he had protested vociferously. After all,

he was seventeen, and was old enough that he could look after himself, in his opinion. On the very first morning he was due to go, he was demonstrably pissed off.

"This is garbage," David said. "You're not leaving me with that crazy lady. I'm almost 18! This is unfair!"

His mother was having none of it, knowing how much trouble a young man like David could get into. She knew he was a responsible person, mature and clear-minded, but what teenager could resist the temptation to throw parties with their parent out of town? Even as it pained her to have to treat David like a child, she wasn't going to risk the consequences.

"It's done and that's that," she said.

David stood on the doorstep to his aunt's house along side his mother. He had met 'Aunt Margaret' a few times over the years. His Dad hated her, but would allow her to visit every now and again. Those visits were brief, always contentious and David perceived her in much the same way as his father had. She was a bossy, demanding and interfering bull dyke – according to his Father's loud statements to his mother. At the time, David had no idea of what a 'bull dyke' was, but from the way he talked about Aunt Margaret, David knew it wasn't a good thing.

So here he was, standing nervously, waiting for her to open the door. It would be the first of many seven-day stays with his aunt over the coming year. Nan had given him the lecture about being 'good' and minding 'Auntie Margaret,' but what echoed in his mind was his father's hatred towards her, a hatred which David thought was fully justified. He wasn't looking forward to this extended visit, but had no choice.

Even as they stood on the steps, he was still desperate. Knowing that trust might be an issue, he begged to be allowed to stay at his friend Dalton's home. "Aunt Margaret can check in on us any time!" He offered. "That would work, right?"

"It's too late," Nan said, even as she started to have serious doubts. Maybe he wasn't being fair to her son, but it really was too late to make new arrangements.

When the door opened, David saw his aunt for the first time in years. She was a tall, full-figured woman, six years older than his mom. She was wearing a white, long-sleeved cotton blouse, tan slacks and brown loafers. Her blond hair was in a short no-nonsense bob and she wore little makeup. For a full-figured woman, her face was not that pretty. Rather, it was angular with a large, slightly crooked nose. She greeted her sister warmly with a huge hug and an air kiss. She extended a hand to David with a forced smile. The handshake left David hurting from its firmness.



During the entire time his mom was there, Margaret didn't say more than a couple of words to him. Her lack of warmth and cold demeanor reaffirmed what his dad had said about her in his mind. As soon as they finished waving goodbye, and his mother drove off, David felt a chill run through him. Now it was just him and his aunt. Silently, Margaret led David to his temporary room. As David entered the room, his suitcase hit the wooden floor with a bang as his mouth dropped in stunned surprise. It was a girl's room.

The walls had floral wallpaper, the window treatment was soft pale chiffon over bright pink satin drapes. There was a large poster-sized picture of a Disney Princess framed on one wall, a similar one of a Prima Ballerina on another, and a poster of Justin Bieber across from the bed. Beside the bed was a large white fuzzy throw rug. The furnishings were French Provencal with delicate gold piping accents. There was an eight-drawer dresser, a mirrored and lighted vanity with pink satin skirts plus a matching pillowed bench seat, a twin bed with rosebud-imprinted white linen sheets, pink plush satin comforter and two fluffy lace-edged pillows. The bedside table had a white lace doily covering, a princess lamp with soft pink shade and alarm clock. A table with a pink and white daisy decal-covered computer, a solitary straight backed-chair and a large fancy pink-and-blue doll house stuck in the corner that completed the furnishings. A strong aroma of flowers filled the air. It was a room any young girl would love to call her own.

"Aunt Margaret I... I can... Can't stay here. It's a... A girl's room," he finally managed to say.

"Of course you can, and you will," she replied stiffly, giving him a slight shove, moving him further into the room. "I showed this room to your mother, and she just loved it. And it's the only guest room I have available," she finished. David looked up at her, astonished.

Of course, Margaret had shown another version of this room, a very boyish room, to Nan when they discussed him staying over. After her inspection, Margaret had the whole place redecorated.

All David could wonder was why his mother had approved of this bizarre interior for what was to be "his" room for this and several more weeks to come.

From the bedroom, Margaret led the confused boy across the hall to the guest bath. It was a standard bathroom layout with a large white enameled tub instead of a shower. He was shown the linen closet where the towels were kept, along a whole bunch of things he wasn't familiar with. As he stood looking into the closet, she told him to undress while she filled the tub.

"Huh? A bath?" He answered in shock. "I already took a friggin' shower this morning and it's not even nine o'clock yet."

Margaret grabbed him by the waist band of his jeans and jerked him towards her. Staring down at the startled youth, she snapped angrily, "Let's get one thing straight right now. I give the orders you follow them. Is that clear?"

"You're not my friggin' mother and can't tell me what to do! You... You bull dyke!" he screamed, not realizing what he said in his own wrath.

David wasn't exactly sure how it happened, but before he could do anything was over her lap, kicking and screaming as she pounded his bare ass with a wooden hairbrush. When the spanking ceased, a bar of sweet smelling soft soap was thrust into his mouth. He was left gasping, choking and puking into the commode.

Throughout his punishment, Margaret kept up a constant tirade. "You are a spoiled brat who has no respect for his elders. You arrogant filthy-mouthed boy! You're just like that no good father of yours! I hated his guts! Prison's too good for him!" She was as angry as David had ever seen a woman. "But you will be different. I'm going to teach you respect and discipline even if I have to wring your scrawny neck! I won't tolerate disrespect or disobedience! You will do whatever I tell you, when I tell you and do it happily or I will blister your ass! Do... You... *Understand?*"

David understood all right, as he lay scrunched up on the bathroom floor hugging his aching stomach, the tears flowing down his cheeks. He burped and a small multi-colored bubble formed at the corner of his lips. The horrible taste of the soap was a strong reminder of what just happened. He had never been punished in his life, and as his aunt turned on the faucets, David decided that it would be best if he didn't argue anymore. He would tell his mother what had happened once he was safely home. That was his best option. All he had to do was make it through the week, and this insane bitch would get what was coming to her. He was positive he would never have to spend another day with this crazy woman.

As the tub was filling, Margaret went to the linen closet, removed a white plastic disposable apron and gloves and put them on. Filling her hands with a large number of objects from the closet, she went over to the counter giving David a smug grin as she went past.

She poured scented oil into the bath water and tossed in some bath beads filling the room with the scent of flowers. Turning to face her nephew, she ordered him to get up, take off what remained of his clothing and come over to her. He did as instructed, clearly afraid of his aunt. She opened a container and removed a large dollop of pink-colored cream and began covering his lower face, neck, chest and arms. It stank and burned, making him hop from one foot to the other. When he thought he couldn't stand it any longer, she told him to get into the tub.

Kneeling beside the tub, Margaret picked up a large natural sponge and began washing the cowering boy. He blushed scarlet when she had him stand and roughly washed his genitals. It was embarrassing to have an older woman wash him there, but it was downright mortifying when she picked up a pink razor and began shaving away the mat of pubic hair. Back in the tub, she raised his left leg, covered it with shave gel and began removing the fine hair on his legs. With his legs shaved, and as smooth as a baby's bottom, she did the same with his underarms.

"You will keep your body completely hair free from now on," She demanded. "You will use this depilatory cream on your face, neck, arms and chest. I never want to catch you shaving your face, understood? But use the razor for the rest." She put the razor down, in clear sight of the frightened young man.

That was almost too much for David to comprehend. She wanted him to shave himself clean, head to toe, every day. He immediately backed away from the sink, resisting the idea, but there was no place to go in the small room. He had to make it to next week and let his mother, and probably the police, take care of deranged Aunt Margaret, so as long as he knew it wasn't going to materially hurt him, he was going to have to do it. So for now, David just had to go ahead and keep his skin perfectly smooth. He only hoped the guys in Gym class weren't going to notice.

Once out of the bath, dried and his body coated in a floral scented body lotion, Margaret had him bent over the sink. She shampooed and conditioned his scruffy chestnut hair. Grabbing a pink hand towel, she wrapped it around his wet hair, turban-style, then took the bath towel and fastened it around his chest. He was marched back into his room and seated at the vanity. There, she removed the hand towel and placed it around his neck. Opening a drawer in the vanity, she took out a rat-tailed comb and a pair of scissors. She trimmed the frayed ends until the back was straight and not that much shorter. She parted it across his forehead and gave him a set of bangs that fell just above the eyebrows. David could only look on in shock as she began rolling the back of his hair with large yellow curlers. She dried it with a hairdryer and set it with hairspray before covering his head in a bright yellow nylon scarf.

Satisfied with what she had done, she picked up his suitcase, placed it on the bed and removed his jeans and a shirt before closing it and putting it outside the room. Later, she would lock it securely away so he would be forced to wear what she gave him. Going over to the dresser, she opened the top drawer and took out a pair of bright yellow nylon brief-styled girl's panties with a white lace heart shaped insert on the front, a matching training bra with lots of white lace with yellow satin-ribbon bow detailing, along with a matching camisole.

Why didn't she take out my underwear? his mind screamed. *Oh my God! What is she doing? Those can't be for me!* He shivered, as she walked back to him with underwear in hand.

Scared at what she intended, David jumped up from the bench seat only to have the bath towel drop down to his feet. He quickly snapped his hands down to cover his now hairless crotch while trying to back up. The vanity blocked his retreat as Margaret advanced, smiling wickedly.

"Just where do you think you are going? Didn't my lesson in the bathroom teach you anything? Now come here and let me get you dressed... or..." She didn't actually have to say the words 'or else.'

David slowly, gingerly, walked over to where she stood, keeping both hands covering his parts. Margaret watched, giggling as he complied. It didn't take her long to get him dressed in the frilly underwear along with his own jeans and yellow shirt.

That was the kicker for David. Now he understood what she was doing. At first, he thought it was just some crazy hatred of male body hair, but now he knew for sure. He wanted him to look as much like a girl as possible. Now, he had to reconsider his strategy of waiting for next week.



This was more than he could handle.

Margaret had him sit at the computer and pulled up a site catering to young girls. There were a number of subjects to pick from, all dealing with fashion, makeup and relationships. She gave him explicit instructions to read every subject, and he would be tested when she returned. It was a whole new level of horror for David, as he imagined himself in some bad slasher film where he was the prisoner who was being tortured and broken.

But he did what she said. All he could do right now was find a way to get out of this, and he would need to play along until he found his moment of opportunity to escape. When she came back in, a few hours later, she asked a number of basic questions. His mind was in no shape to do this task, as he was trying so hard to repress his panic instinct that reading and memorization was beyond him. He failed her test miserably, and received ten hard strokes of her brush. By the time he went to bed, and much earlier than normal, he was happy to be away from her. He tested the knob of the door and found it locked from the outside. The windows were nailed shut.

That woman is out-of-her-mind insane, David thought. Dad was right about her. I wish he was here then none of this would have happened. Mom will have a fit when I tell her what she did to me though. All I have to do is make it through this week, he told himself as sleep took him. *All I have to do is play along.*



Monday morning, Aunt Margaret bathed him and put his hair back up into the rollers. This time, she gave him a powder pink nylon matched set of bra & panties and the same jeans and shirt he had been wearing. When he was dressed, she grabbed her purse and keys from the coffee table, and taking his hand, led him into the garage. He tried to pull back when he realized it was time to take him to school, but she jerked him forward forcibly.

"I... I can't go to school like this," he sputtered, clearly frightened.

"I called you in sick. I have other plans for you today. You give me any – and I mean *any* – trouble, and I swear you won't be able to sit down until your mother comes to pick you up. Now come along, I don't have all day," she barked.

His butt was still sore from his latest spanking and he knew he was defeated. Bowing his head, blushing in shame, he got into the car. It wasn't until he pressed his head against the headrest that he remembered that he was still wearing the curlers and scarf.

"Eerrrr, Aunt Margaret ... eerr ... I still have those *thingees* in my hair ... nnn ... this scarf," he ventured holding the edge of the scarf between two fingers.

"Those *thingees* are called hair rollers or curlers and no, I did not forget," she snapped. "You'll keep those on, and the scarf, until I *tell* you to take them off."

The temptation was there to open the door and take his chances by surviving a jump from a running car. But breaking his bones didn't seem like a very good option. How would he explain the hair and panties to anyone? No, all David could do was slouch down in the seat as far as he could. He didn't want anyone looking into the car to see him. He was ashamed of how he looked and afraid of what people would say if they saw him. Here he was, a seventeen year old boy in curlers, wearing a lady's scarf – not to mention the lacy underwear and being completely devoid of any body hair. Sitting with head bowed, a tiny trickle of tears began running down his cheeks. He was beaten for the moment.

"You're going to my little boutique," Margaret explained. "Isn't that nice? You can see where your aunt works for a living. It isn't the biggest ladies' store, but it's mine. I've spent a lot of my life making it a successful business."

Margaret pulled up behind her store and parked. Away from any onlookers, David followed her inside. Another woman, slightly older than his aunt, met them in the store proper. David nearly had a heart attack, with someone else seeing him like this.

"Be nice, David," his aunt scolded. "Darlene works for me."

She was tall, slim, and dressed in a black straight skirt with baby blue cotton blouse and sensible low-heeled pumps. Her black hair was styled into a bun at the back of her head and streaked with grey. She wore more makeup than Margaret, but it wasn't over-done.

"Darling is this ... errr ... this your nephew?" The older woman greeted, sounding quite surprised.

"Yes, Darlene. This is David. The one I told you all about, and he's staying with me for the week," Margaret said in way of introduction.

"He's so cute! Come here dear and give me a hug," Darlene said holding out her arms. He was hesitant, but a look from his aunt and he stepped into her welcoming arms. She gave him a quick hug and air kiss before stepping back.

"Why is he wearing that scarf and in curlers?" she asked.

"My nephew is being punished. He's an arrogant, foul mouthed little snit just like his father. I think having him spend some girl time is a suitable punishment, don't you?" Margaret answered.

Girl time? The phrase flashed through his mind. *What does that mean?* *Isn't busting my ass punishment enough?*

"Girl time. Why, now that I think about it, yes I agree wholeheartedly," Darlene teasingly responded. She was in on Margaret's plan but not the details. She, too, had an intense dislike for the male population and had no problems helping out. They just didn't want David to know that.

"I'm glad you agree," Margaret replied. She had no doubt Darlene would help. They were of the same mind when it came to men. "Maybe you would like to help me finish getting him appropriately attired while the other girls manage the shop."

David stood trembling in fear and humiliation in a small area just outside the changing rooms. They had taken him there, where he was told to take off his jeans and shirt leaving him in just his feminine underthings. If you could literally die from embarrassment, poor David would have. A boy dressed in lingerie, with hair curlers and scarf having a strange woman with touchy feely hands poking and prodding while saying how lovely was more than enough. Having to see his reflection staring back at him from the three full-length mirrors surrounding him, and all in a public area did nothing to ease his mortification. He wanted to run and hide but he had been given strict orders that he dared not disobey. Besides, there was nowhere to run dressed in a lacy panties and cami-sole set.

A young woman walked by, carrying some clothing and entered a changing room, giving him a brief smile. Soon after, a mother and her little daughter walked past carrying a baby-blue velvet party dress. The girl gave him a hard look, giggled, but said nothing as she followed her mother into the change room.

"That poor little girl having to stand out in the open in just her underthings looked so embarrassed," he heard the girl say. "I'm so glad you don't make me do that anymore, Mommy."

Margaret and Darlene returned, carrying arms full of clothing, as the first lady left the changing room. She smiled, said hello, and kept on walking. David was surprised that she didn't seem to recognize that he was a boy.

The yellow satin party dress his aunt gave him to put on was a welcome relief, despite the fact that it was a dress. Anything was preferable than standing out in the open with what little he had. The dress had a "V" neck trimmed with three layers of overlapping ruffles that also formed the short sleeves. The top ruffle was yellow satin and the others white lace. A white satin ribbon sash tied in a bow at the high waist front. The full circle skirt was buoyed up with three built in white net petticoats. About two inches of the lace trimmed hems of the crinolines with their bright yellow satin bow decoration were visible.

As the two women fiddled and adjusted the fit of his dress, the mother and daughter came back out of the change room. They stopped momentarily and watched the proceedings.

"What a lovely dress," the mother said as they continued on their way.

David didn't think he could blush any harder, but felt his face flame. *They think I'm a real girl.* With his hairless skin, the neat but long-ish hair and his slight frame, it was no wonder. David was only five-foot-five (and a half), and a

slender 140 pounds. His doctor had said he was due for a growth spurt, with his family history and other indicators showing he would grow to at least six feet, and probably more, by age 21. But for now, he wasn't so far off from the average height and weight of a young girl.

The dress was removed from David and he was given a pair of short-shorts to put on. Again, they were a bright yellow with a large white button fastener. A thin white leather belt came with it. The shorts fit like a second skin with the back seam pulling into his rear, separating his ass cheeks, and the front mashing his boy parts painfully. It was matched with a thin white cotton midriff blouse with a round collar, that was trimmed with three layers of ruffled white lace, and like the dress, they formed the short sleeves. The waist was elasticized and came to just above his belly button. If it weren't for the lace trim at the collar, his bra would be visible.



"Oh dear, that just won't do Margaret," Darlene exclaimed pointing at David's crotch.

Panicked, David glanced down where Darlene was pointing, and reflexively shut his thighs together.

"You're right... Run down to the dance wear shop and get me a few of those dancer's thongs," Margaret said. "That should keep it out of sight and out of mind."

Darlene didn't need to be told twice, and was off on her task. David, with a furrowed brow, looked at his aunt for some sort of explanation.

"I will simply not tolerate it," she said. "You made pride yourself on your male anatomy, David, but in time, you'll understand what a detriment it is to becoming a useful member of society."

"You're crazy," he said. "What makes you think you can get away with this, you dumb..."

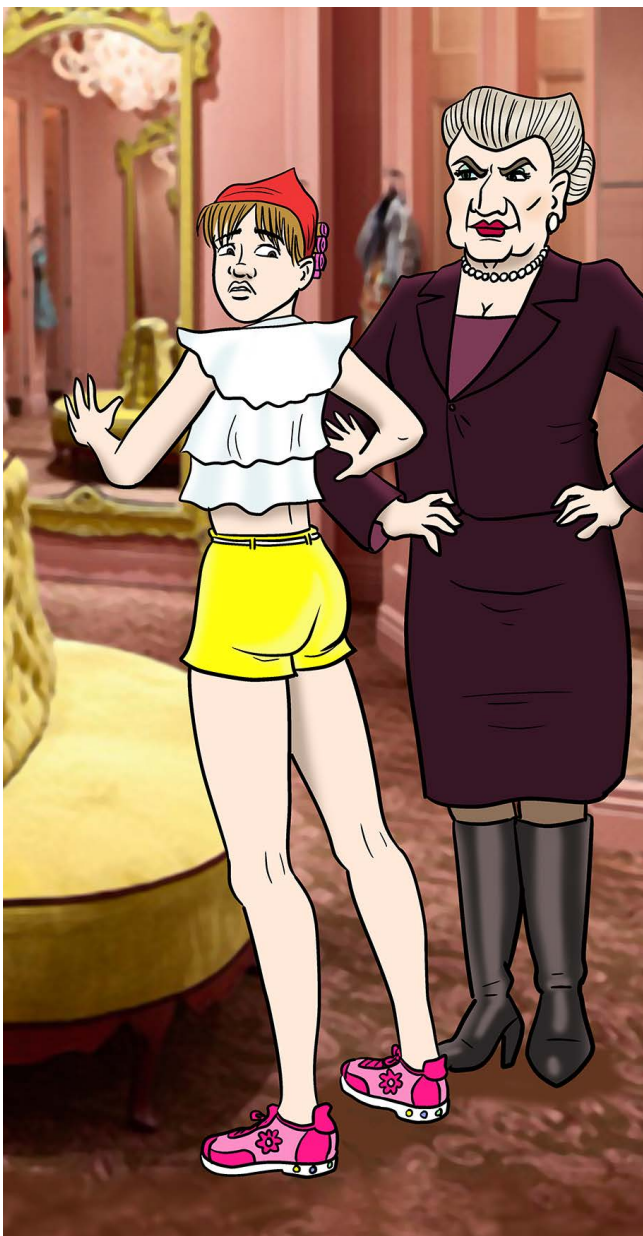
With a lightning-fast move, she slapped him right across the cheek. "And your aggressive bullying proves my point."

David decided the best tactic to take was the silent one. He had no leverage at the moment and fighting his aunt would attract the curious. He just rubbed his face where it stung and waited.

They had to wait quite a while for Darlene to return, and Margaret was getting impatient, muttering, "What's taking that girl so damn long?"

When she finally walked back into the store, Margaret looked peeved. Before she could say anything, Darlene spoke up, "Sorry to take so long but when I told Dallas what I wanted, and what I wanted it for, she sent me some place else." She held her bag open for inspection. "Come here, I have something you just have to see."

Margaret walked over and looked at what Darlene had brought. Intrigued, they huddled, whispering back and forth for a few minutes before they came



over to where David had been left standing. He was taken into a changing room. Standing nude from the waist down, Darlene read aloud the instructions that came with the garment as Margaret pulled the thin, nude-colored item up his legs.

"What...?" David started to ask. He was quickly shushed.

"It's called a gaff. Don't make a noise," Margaret growled to David. Placing the palm of her hand flat against his testicles, she forced them back up into the canals from which they had descended. David grunted quietly in pain as they went in. Quickly, she took hold of his penis, forced it into an elasticized cloth tube which would keep it flat, back between his legs, and pulled the waist band all the way up.

"There," Margaret said, standing up. "That takes care of his little bits and pieces very nicely. His crotch is as flat as a doll's now. David, you don't have to take it off to pee but you will have to sit from now on. She gave his flat groin a pat.

"Errr, Margaret," Darlene whispered, "You don't intend to keep him in that all the time do you? The instructions clearly state not to leave it on for more than a few hours at a time."

"Of course I do. It would be such a bother to take off and put back on," she replied.

"But it says that keeping it on for too long could cause potency problems," Darlene whispered back.

"It says 'could' and that is the operative word here. Besides, since when have either of us ever worried about a man's potency? If those she-male pole dancers can wear them, he certainly can, and if he thinks they're just dance thongs so much the better," she harshly whispered. Turning her attention back to David, she raised her voice back to normal. "Darlene, lets get our little darling back outside and see how some other dresses fit."

When they had finished trying on all the garments, David had enough girlie clothing to last more than just a week. He had several straight hobble skirts with heavily ruffles and a number of lace-frilled polyester, nylon and satin blouses. He had five satin and organza party dresses suitable for a very young girl with lace hemmed petticoats in contrasting colors. He had two pair of short-shorts: a yellow one and the other white. Three pair of Capri-styled pants in yellow, lime green and black. Shell-styled blouses in lightweight cotton were chosen to go with the pants. To complete the clothing selection, a white bikini with red polka dots, cream-colored sheer cover up and a wide brimmed straw sun hat were selected.

With the clothing bagged, Darlene looked at David who was wearing the black Capris with a yellow shell top and said, "Margaret, what about underwear and shoes?"

"Shoes? Yes. But I think I have enough undies already at the house," she replied.

David was then seated in the shoe section, his feet measured and a pile of boxes slowly grew next to him. He tried on shoes for almost an hour and he hated each and every one of them. Most were Mary Jane styled in bright patent leather. They came in white, pink, baby blue, yellow, red, sparkling pink, sparkling light blue and one pair with rainbows. There were also several flats with little bows at the toes, fancy slippers, and an assortment of dress shoes in polished, shiny leather with kitten keels. Finally, he ended up with a pair of trainers, in white with pink detailing and blinking LED lights on the heels was on his feet.

"That should do it, Darlene," Margaret stated. "Let's get these boxes packed up and everything taken to the car. I want to go to the dance shop before we leave. David needs at least one workout outfit and we might as well get it while we're here... Oh... Bring a few of the Mary Janes. I understand they can put taps on them."

Tap shoes? What is that supposed to mean? David asked himself.

At the dance wear shop, which was just two doors down from Margaret's store, he was introduced to the store's owner, Dallas DuFontaine.

"Dallas, this is my prissy nephew David. He just loves to do aerobics and dance. When I told him about your lovely shop he insisted on coming and getting a few things," she had said. Dallas had looked at him with surprise written on her face. If Margaret hadn't said he was a boy she never would have guessed. She knew about David from talking to Darlene earlier, but she didn't expect him to look so cute.

"Is he already wearing the gaff? He looks wonderful," Dallas asked.

"Thank you for suggesting it. There's no time to waste in getting David adjusted to it," Margaret replied.

"Oh my... Where does he take his lessons?" she inquired, as they were going over to a display of leotards.

"Until now, nowhere. He and his mommy only moved here recently," Margaret hastily replied. Then she was intrigued. "Why? Can you suggest a studio that wouldn't mind him attending dressed in a cute leotard? His mommy travels a lot and I get him for a week each month. I'm afraid that he could only attend once a month but it would be for that week."

David wanted to stop his aunt right there and then, but he was practically paralyzed by the sheer terror of walking around in public like this.

"That's a tough one," she replied. "As you know, most studios have classes a few times during the week or on weekends. Let me think and see I can re-

call..." Dallas pointed to a chromed display rack filled with colorful leotards. Ahh here we are."

David became the proud owner of two leotards, one in a luminous hot pink and another in amethyst. White tights, matching fuzzy leg warmers and sheer dance skirts were purchased to compliment the leotards.

The boy could only watch, drained of emotion from so much humiliation in one day, as taps were fastened to the shoes they had brought with them.

They were standing at a workbench as the tap plates were being fastened on when Dallas suddenly smiled and said, "I remember now! Madam Helga... Yes, she gives private lessons and would probably be happy to teach David. Let me get her number. It will only take a second."

When they got home, David spent the rest of the afternoon removing tags and labels, hanging or putting the new clothes away. Margaret left him alone once she was satisfied that he knew what he was doing and where he was to store the items. While he did that, she contacted Madam Helga arranging for David to take both ballet and tap classes. One week he would take tap dancing and the next ballet. For ballet, he would need to have a tutu and slippers.

Margaret sat back satisfied when the call was over. *My, my. Things are certainly moving into place*, she thought. *I got him a complete wardrobe and enrolled in tap and ballet. I didn't think about doing that. Dallas certainly had a good idea there, and Madam Helga seemed more than willing to take David on. However, I still have a long way to go and a lot to do yet.* She smiled broadly to herself.



The next six days seemed to drag on forever as David was constantly bombarded with all things feminine. He was taught both a morning and night-time beauty regimen concentrating on skin and hair care. He didn't wear a single piece of clothing that wasn't designed specifically for girls – except when at school. In the morning, his aunt took him to his school and picked him up as soon as it was over. On days when he didn't have physical education, he was required to wear panties, bra and camisole under his regular clothing.

School days were especially hard on David. He was "that new transfer student," and as such, only had a few friends such as Dalton. If any one of his classmates had discovered he was wearing lingerie, he would be totally ostracized, ridiculed, and who knows what the principal would do. Despite the stress on his life, no amount of pleading would change his aunt's mind about it.

When he got home every day, he immediately had to change into his girl's clothing, then Aunt Margaret led him through exhaustive poise and mannerism lessons. Sitting, standing, talking with your hands, gesturing, eating and even

how to laugh like a girl. Each night he went to bed completely drained. His sleep was sound, but nightmares interrupted any hope of a deep refreshing sleep. As a result, he was always mentally frazzled when he woke, making Margaret's harsh demands easier for her to enforce. It required a number of reminder spankings over her lap, but he was learning the basics of womanhood.

What kept David going was the thought that as soon as he got back with his mother, he would be free. Once he told her what Margaret had done she would be sure to never bring him back. Finally, after the most grueling and degrading week of his life, the day arrived when Nan was coming to get him.

As he was getting dressed in his own attire, so relieved to have some sense of control over his life again, Margaret waltzed into the room and silently slid a disc into the decal-ridden computer on the desk. She then clicked a few times before something started to play on the screen. He watched in growing horror as a video played.

With mounting shock, David realized she had surveillance video from her store and video from cameras hidden around her house. It had been edited down to remove his aunt's intimidation and discipline, and all it had left were pictures of him. She would occasionally pause it at certain points. There he was, wearing panties and training bra, brushing out his hair, and looking into the vanity mirrors with a smile on his face.

Of course, if David didn't have a smile on his face while performing some feminine function, he received three hard slaps of the brush. He received a lot of those before he got in the habit of smiling most of the time.

The next "freeze frame" showed him rolling his hair on bristle curlers. The following one displayed him pulling a baby doll nightie of double layered emerald green nylon and chiffon over his training bra and matching ruffled panties. The next, him at the store in his beautiful yellow party dress, the hems pulled out between his thumb and finger dipping into a short curtsy and with a broad smile. He remembered that incident all too well. He could still imagine the pain from the spanking he got for not doing that right. The rest of the video played out with David unable to hold back the tears.

When it was finished, Margaret smiled down at him and said, "Well David, I think you're smart enough to know where all this is headed. Unless you do exactly as I say, this my dear, will go on the internet and to all your friends and family." She waited for it to completely register with the tearful young man, and then she continued. "Your mommy will be here soon and I want you to greet her happily and tell her just how much fun you had staying with me. Make it real, and make it believable – or else. Is that clear?"

All David could do was to nod his head, unable to talk. He was petrified with fear. He was completely at her mercy, and he was gutted. He had thought she was just crazy before. Now he knew she was cruel beyond his imagination.



“When you get home,” his aunt continued, “you will continue practicing your morning and bedtime beauty routines including keeping your body hair free. No, you don’t have to roll your hair but brush it one hundred times. I will know if you haven’t. Additionally, no more haircuts. I don’t care how much your mommy complains or anyone else for that matter. You will get it cut only when I say you can.” She could see that this had shattered David, and his eyes were devoid of any thought. All she could see was pain, fear and betrayal. With a little smirk of satisfaction on her lips, she turned to leave him to his misery. “Now finish up your packing while I fix some tea for your mommy and me.”

It wasn’t long before David’s mother arrived, running just slightly late. By the time she did, David had already told himself what he had to do. Being exposed like his aunt threatened to do scared him to the core. He was going to have to do what his aunt told him to do and act how she wanted him to act.

When he greeted his mother in the kitchen, he was all smiles. The only thing his mother commented about was how nice his hair looked. David looked sideways at his aunt then burst out, “Oh mommy, Aunt Margaret trimmed it for me...” He desperately wanted to tell her how the truth, but he couldn’t risk it.

"...And I like how it came out." He said, with a clear tone of forced enthusiasm. Aunt Margaret shot him a look, as if to say: 'And?' David took another breath. "And I'm going to keep it this way from now on," he said.

Nan sat back stunned. *Mommy?* She thought. *He hasn't called me that in years. David said he loves that style?* She didn't pick up at all on David's subtle plea for help. She was much more focused on him changing his hair. *I've tried for years to get him to fix that greasy mop of his. Wow! What a pleasant change. I'll have to remember to thank Sis later.* She took an admiring look at her son's new hairstyle. "Well, I like it too darling," she said with enthusiasm.

Aunt Margaret sipped her tea, smugly satisfied at how well that went off. David did exactly what she told him to do. Using his fear against him, she would be able to control him easily. He was also susceptible to suggestion. The whole week she had been intentionally using the term "mommy" in David's presence and he had adopted using it. He was a very impressionable young man, and this made what she had planned for him all too simple.

When they arrived back home, David didn't say much about his stay with his aunt. Only when directly asked a question did he offer anything, and he was as evasive as possible. Within a week, though, he had slipped out of using the term 'Mommy' and reverted back to 'Mom.' He did stick to his new morning and evening beauty rituals, fearing that Margaret would find out if he didn't. He also kept his body hair-free. Again, his fear of his aunt was much greater than being discovered shaving his legs.

However, David's posture worked its way from the upright posture he had been drilled to keep back into the teenage slouch he was used to. He stopped gesturing with his hands and his perfect toe-heel walk returned to a shuffle.

Even as he struggled to cope with his situation, David found the rest of his life easing back into its normal groove, which was of some small comfort to him. For the next three weeks, he was going to have to work on his mom and get her to change her mind. He was absolutely not going to go back to Aunt Margaret's.



One month later, he was back at Margaret's front door, early Sunday evening, his mother at his side. Days and days of pleading had no effect on his mom's opinion of her sister. He couldn't be specific as to why he didn't want to go back to his aunt's house, so his vague and ill-defined complaints were far from convincing. So, now, here he was again. This time, though, he was going to have to stand his ground and get her to back off. He was 18, after all, and he wasn't about to let anyone tell him how to live his life. Especially not a woman.

"I'll see you in a week, David," Nan said to her son as she left. "Don't give your aunt any trouble."

"Yeah, sure, Mom," he replied.

Hearing that, Margaret decided that it was going to cost him ten strokes of the brush. Once the door was shut and Nan's car had pulled out, she gripped her nephew by the collar of his shirt. "You will show courtesy to your mommy, David!" she scolded him in between swats. "Now how do you address your mommy?"

"Hello... Mom...mmy..." He said, fighting back the urge to cry.

She spanked him again. "And thank you?"

"Thank you mommy!"

Another spank. "And please?"

"Please, mommy!" he started to scream, unable to keep his emotions in check. Three weeks of telling himself he could fight back dissolved almost instantly.

Margaret was breaking him down. Eventually, he would do these things habitually and out to a desperate need to please her. David would learn to respect her, like a drill sergeant earns the love of his troop through grueling torture.

Once he had the feeling back in his posterior, David spent the evening hand-washing and ironing all the panties, camisoles and bras he had worn on his previous visit. With that chore completed, Margaret spent two hours making him go through more poise and mannerisms lessons. By the time he fell asleep, in a silk nightie with his hair pinned up for sleep, David had lost all resolve.

Before taking him to school that next morning, Aunt Margaret made him put on his gaff, red nylon panties and matching training bra. Once again, his friends noticed how David was acting withdrawn, just like he had weeks ago. They thought he had gotten over it, but now he was acting as distant and nervous as he ever had.

Picking him up that afternoon, his aunt told him to go straight to his room and put on his leotard. He was going to see Madam Helga for his tap dancing class. Reluctantly, he put on the amethyst leotard over his lavender training bra, bikini-cut matching panties and white tights.

Margaret came into his room as he was putting on his pink patent leather Mary Jane tap shoes. "Come over to the vanity. I want to fix your hair before we go," she instructed.

Seated at the vanity, David hoped that she wasn't planning to put any makeup on him. Instead, she brushed his hair to the sides and fashioned them into two short but perky pig tails tied off with pink satin ribbon bows. Before he was allowed to get up, she dabbed a spicy floral perfume behind the ears and at the juncture of throat and shoulders. With that, they were ready to go.

Madam Helga was an old, severe, woman in her early sixties with snow white hair tied into a tight bun on the back of her head. She was wearing a black leotard and white tights, as she probably did every day of her life. She was surpris-

ingly fit for a woman her age and had sharp beady black eyes that didn't seem to miss a thing. David cowered under that steely gaze. After all the forms were completed and a check passed hands, it was time to start learning how to tap dance.

"We'll do two hour sessions," Madame Helga said to Margaret. "Don't expect too much as he needs time to build endurance and stamina."

"My little darling will try harder than any other student," Margaret said as she got up to leave. "And we won't be any trouble, will we?" She glared in David's direction as she spoke.

David shook his head, silently, to confirm. He knew the consequences, or at least he feared what they could be.

The two hour session was rigorous and he was exhausted by the time class ended. The repetitive 'one, two, three, four shuffle left' and 'one, two, three, four shuffle right' instructions were echoing in his mind endlessly by the time he was told it was time to stop. The two hours seemed more like ten to David, but he secretly wished it would have lasted longer. He didn't like tap dancing or dancing in general, but it kept him away from his aunt.

Before leaving, Madam Helga gave Margaret an assessment of David's first attempts. "He's stiff and moves like an ox, but I think in time he will make a reasonable tap dancer – certainly no professional, but a capable dancer." She handed Margaret a small booklet. "These are stretching and limbering exercises he must do for an hour each day. See you tomorrow, then."

For once, David didn't mind soaking in the hot bubble bath. His body ached all over. "I never hurt this much even after a game of football. How can stomping around cause this much pain?" He groaned.

Returning to his room, David found the clothing Margaret had laid out for him. Grumbling, he picked up the dainty pink-with-white lace training bra and hooked its one fastener behind his back. Doing that feminine chore wasn't easy for him, as the elastic band slipped from his fingers a number of times. Margaret had assured him that in time it would be as easy as carrying his purse.

Gently, he eased his testicles back up inside his body and pulled the gaff into place before putting on the brief-style pink nylon panties. He kneaded the sheer-to-the-waist white pantyhose up his legs. Stepping into the pink patent leather Mary Jane shoes, he reluctantly picked up the last item of clothing. The fuchsia satin party dress had three built-in layers of white organza and net petticoats with one inch of pink floral lace on the hems. The square neckline was trimmed in white lace that matched the lace on the puffed short sleeves. Two rows of small white satin bows went down from the bodice to the narrow waist forming a "V" pattern. The mid-knee-length circle skirt was box-pleated and flared out from his hips. All in all, it was a very little girlish looking dress.



The dress buttoned up the back with small pearl buttons and he had to call for Margaret to do it up for him. She came in smiling as if she had been waiting just outside his door.

“What is it Honey Bunny?” She asked, stopping just inside the door. “Do you need Auntie to help you finish dressing?” Again, she did this on purpose, in order to make him ask for her help. Margaret had taken several advanced psychology classes and used that knowledge to her advantage.

“Eerrr... Aunt Margaret wou... would you plea... please button up the... the back of m... my dress?” he haltingly responded, blushing slightly. He had great difficulty saying “my dress,” as if it was really something of his. The blush on his cheeks came the humiliation of having to ask her help.

"Call me 'Auntie' from now on, Honey Bunny," she replied. "Sure, I will be more than happy to button your adorable dress for you. You know that sometime in the future I'll expect you to do this by yourself. I'm going to help today by placing your fingers into position and let you do as many as you can."

After much fumbling, David managed to button the lower buttons, but had to stop. His arms and fingers were practically numb by then, from being in such an awkward position. Margaret quickly finished up and tied the sash into a big floppy bow in back. Dressed, she led him over to the vanity where she pulled out a large white satin bow and pinned it to the back of his head. Again, David was relieved that she didn't put any makeup on him. It was a small victory. The top of the vanity and the drawers held more cosmetics than he had ever seen before, and just looking at the array sent chills up the back of his spine. After a meager dinner of tuna fish salad, he was taken back to his room. There, she handed him two dolls and instructed him to sit by the doll house and play.

"Honey Bunny, its time you learned what all little girls love to do and that's play make believe with their dollies," she said. "That doll there is a baby dolly and you can feed it from that small baby bottle filled with water then change its diaper. The other dolly you can play dress up with." She looked over at her nephew and saw a look of disgust come over him. She relished in his discomfort. "There are plenty of doll clothes in that small case by the doll house. You will sit here and make up a story line then act it out with your dollies. I'm going to sit over here and watch, so do your very best... Or Auntie will have to spank."

"Bu... But Aunt Mar... Auntie, I have homework," he stuttered hoping for a reprieve.

"Honey Bunny, you can rush through it later. After all, you don't need to worry about such difficult and complicated things," she snidely commented. "I know you would much rather play with your dolls than do some stupid homework."

Even though there were a million different things in the world David would have rather been doing than playing with dolls, homework was not one of them. It was rare to ever be told by an adult not to do his schoolwork, and truthfully, he didn't want to do it anyway. For once, Margaret was right. He didn't want to do his stupid homework.

For the next two hours, David sat with a never-ending blush on his cheeks playing with the dolls. The initial sentiment of being a complete idiot changed as he acted out the story he created with the baby doll and its mommy. A new feeling of being a great big sissy overwhelmed him, and made him feel like he just wanted to die. The relief he felt when Margaret said it was time for him to do his stretching and limbering exercises was almost palatable.

For his limbering exercises, David was dressed in a white nylon cami top, pink nylon flare-legged shorts and his pink trainers. From the materials Madam Helga had given her, she unfolded a large poster illustrating the various

stretching maneuvers. She placed it where he could see it and watched as he performed them, doing each five times before moving on to the next. Most of the maneuvers were easy, if not taxing, but the leg split was nearly impossible. Margaret had to help by holding him steady as she pressed down on his shoulders. By the end of the week, he still couldn't do it on his own, but managed with help. Sitting on his butt, one leg straight out in one direction, and the other one hundred eighty degrees in the other, wasn't easy and somewhat painful.

It was approaching nine o'clock when he finished, sweating profusely and exhausted. After another hot soak, he did his nighttime beauty ritual and then put on a light blue baby-doll nightie. Under the nightie he wore a royal blue training bra with lace detailing, matching bloomer panties and a dancer's gaff. Margaret wanted him to be constantly aware that he was wearing a bra.

A bra was something only a girl would wear. It would add to his humiliation, and over time, play havoc on his male ego. She told him he could do his homework but to be in bed, lights out no later than ten. David groaned loudly as he looked at the stack of homework sitting beside the computer.

"I'll never get all this done tonight. I'm just going to do my early classes and hope I can finish the rest during lunch," he thought.

The next four days were an exact repeat of Monday. The daily dancing and exercise routines burned a lot of calories. Along with the sparse diet his aunt had him on, he had shed a lot of weight. He had been slightly pudgy, but not fat, before. On Saturday morning when his aunt weighed him, he had lost seven pounds.

"Good, you're beginning to shape up. Over the next five months I want your weight down to one hundred and ten pounds, understand?" She instructed. "That means when you go home tomorrow, you stick to the diet I have set out for you. When you come back and haven't lost the required weight, I'll give you ten swats of my brush for each pound you don't lose. I put the clothes I want you to wear today on your bed. Get dressed and meet me in the living room. We have some shopping to do."

One hundred and ten pounds? I'll be as thin as a stick, he thought, leaving the bath.

On his bed, neatly stacked, was his clothing for the day. A peach-colored bra and matching panty, white pantyhose, a thin peach-colored cotton shell blouse and skin tight black Capri's. Sitting next to the pile of clothing was a white clutch purse, a white banded girl's wrist watch and a white block-beaded necklace. Beside the bed was his white two-inch heeled sandals. After he finished dressing and brushing his hair one hundred times, he grabbed the purse and went to meet his aunt.

She made him do a little twirl and smiled when she saw the distinct panty lines. "That looks good on you. Now come along, I have a surprise for you today," was all she said heading to the garage.

David became very antsy when she pulled up into the mall's parking lot. "Aunt Margaret..." he started, but was stopped when she loudly reprimanded him.

"I thought I told you to call me Auntie! It seems that you have a hard time remembering names. Maybe a session with my brush will help you."

"I'm sorry Auntie! I won't forget again. I promise, please don't punish me again," his voice cracked a bit in fear.

"Very well, I'll give you another chance but you had better behave and act very happy with your surprise," she answered.

Once in the mall, she made a beeline to a kiosk called 'The Piercing Pagoda.' With only a few tears, his earlobes were pierced and small gold studs inserted. The piercing and small studs weren't that bad of a shock. A lot of his classmates had at least one ear done. What bothered him were the earrings his aunt then purchased, drop pearl with pink rhinestone studs and golden teddy bears. He was relieved to hear that he would only be required to wear the fancy earrings when he stayed with her.

From the mall, they went to the dance wear shop. "You're starting ballet next time you come over and you need some more leotards and ballerina shoes," she said in way of explanation.

Leaving that store, he was the 'proud' possessor of four new leotards, two in lavender, one a metallic yellow and the last baby blue. He also had two stiff white tutus, a pair of pink satin 'en pointe' ballet shoes, with matching leg warmers and hair bands. Back at the house, he had to change into his tap



dancing outfit, then ate a small chicken salad for lunch. It was then time for another grueling afternoon at Madam Helga's, and this session still left him tired and aching, but not as bad as that first time.

That afternoon, instead of playing with his dolls, Margaret sat him before his computer. What she pulled up on the screen, sent shivers up his back and gulping down his fear. Afraid to even ask, he said, "Auntie what's this?"

"This, my dear, is a fun game children like you love to play. It's a modern version of paper dolls," she said. "It's called 'Mega School Girl Dress Up' where you get to select makeup, hairstyles, uniforms and accessories for your on-screen doll. It's used to teach about coordinating outfits, hair styles and accessories. Doesn't that sound like a lot of fun? Come on, let me see the happiness on your face. Remember what I told you about keeping a smiley face on."

For the next hour, David did his best to keep that smile plastered on his face as he played the silly game. Every time he felt himself lapse, he quickly corrected himself, forcing himself to look happy. He was in constant fear of what would happen if Aunt Margaret would do if she caught him. His only satisfaction from doing this was that it wasn't as humiliating as playing with his doll house. It wasn't that bad a game, actually. The tasks and quests to accumulate in-game currency were challenging enough, and the choices he needed to make to get top scores for his outfits were intriguing and even addicting. After an hour, he was told it was time for him to change into his exercise outfit and begin that day's stretching and limbering session. He was actually sorry to have to give up the game.

After another meager supper, Margaret had him put on a pair of opaque tights and one inch heeled slippers. "Its time you learned how to walk properly in heels, Honey Bunny," she said. "Walking properly in heels takes practice and awareness unlike when you wear your boy's shoes. An elevated heel reacts differently when it comes into contact with different surfaces such as concrete with all its cracks and fractures or going from a hard surface to a carpeted one." She instructed the young man on the finer points of the feline stride as he wobbled in front of her. He was more than happy when told to go to bed. His toes, ankles and calves were burning.

Before his mother arrived to pick him up, he was seated before his little computer screen and shown the video Aunt Margaret had made of him during that week. It had been carefully edited and every single humiliating scene made it look like he was thoroughly enjoying it. Example after example of his dressing as a girl and his apparent delight at doing it flashed before him. He hadn't even seen a camera all week, and had almost convinced himself that he'd avoided being captured on video. He thought that maybe he was free of any more humiliating blackmail. He was wrong. David could only bury his face in his hands and let the tears flow as the video finished.

Margaret gave David specific instructions. "Honey Bunny, you will be wearing your dancer's gaffs all the time, as well as keeping to your beauty regimen, practicing your dance steps and continuing your stretching exercises. No, you don't need to wear your tap shoes and yes, you have to wear the gaff for physical education. If anyone asks, just tell them it's your jock strap. I also want you to spend an hour of girl time each night playing that computer game you started Saturday. I will know if you don't. You have to log on and I can track that." She was impatient with her charge and threw a tissue at him. "Stop crying, your mother is going to be here soon."



Over the next three weeks, Nan could tell something was wrong. David wasn't his normal jovial self, and seemed withdrawn, spending an unusual amount of time in his room. Strangest of all, he wasn't eating like he used to. It seemed like overnight he went from being a normal teenage boy who could scarf down a burger on one bite, to eating like a bird. When she asked him what was wrong, he would only reply, "Nuthin's wrong." She was still concerned, but after talking to her big sister, she didn't pursue it.

That was because Margaret assured her that David was probably just being a moody, fussy child. "Baby sister, don't worry," she said on the phone. "I'm sure it's just a phase. You know young kids like Davie go through all kinds of phases at that age. Hell, we did the same things when we were that young. Don't worry about it."

"Well, I guess you're right," Nan replied, the relief in her voice obvious.

"Although..." Margaret added. "Well, he did confide in me that he thought he looked a little fat. I personally think he has his eye on someone and wants to look good, you know what I mean. So I picked out a diet plan for him to follow. Don't worry darling, he'll get over these mood swings."

Reassured by her sister, Nan – like any other hard working mother – had bigger things to concern her than David's mood swings. But David, during that time, was despondent and miserable.

On the one hand, he was thrilled to be away from his hated aunt and able to be a normal teenager. On the other hand, he was upset at having to stick to his diet, wear the uncomfortable gaff and constantly playing that sissy computer game.

He didn't mind the stretching, or practicing his dance steps, as those activities took his mind off his troubles. He wanted to spend as much time as he could being a regular guy with his friends, but doing his aunt's assignments, left him little time to do that or even to complete his homework. As a result his grades

began to suffer. His straight-A grades, which he had worked so hard to maintain, were barely B's by the end of those three weeks.



As soon as his mother dropped him off for his next stay with Aunt Margaret, David caught the riot act. Although he had done what his aunt had told him, in exercising and hygiene, she was incensed when she saw his sour expression. She sternly lectured him about maintaining a happy face at all times.

"As punishment," she said, "You're to help your mommy around the house." He was to do all the laundry and ironing – which he had learned at his aunt's – plus clean the house. He was to mop, dust and vacuum as necessary. In addition, she told him to "wear one of his mother's fanciest aprons while doing it."

David attempted to desperately argue that with all these other assignments he wouldn't be able to do any homework. Of course, it was just an excuse – in reality what he wanted to get out of was wearing one of his mother's fancy aprons. She had several very fancy chiffon, taffeta and lacy aprons that looked ridiculous.

"Find the time," Aunt Margaret said, emphasizing her words, "Besides, homework is hard and your mother doesn't have the time."

"I don't have the time either!" David objected.

Aunt Margaret grabbed him by the waistband in his pants. She gave him twenty solid swipes of her hairbrush. "You're happy to be Mommy's Little Helper! Say it!" She growled.

"I'm happy to be Mommy's Little Helper!" David repeated, for every swat.

Finished with his punishment, she sent him to take a bath and put on the clothing she had left out on his bed. A very dejected David slowly got dressed. There, on the bed was a bright blue dress with elaborate white net petticoats that could only be described as a 'Bo Peep' little girls dress. It even came with a large blue satin bonnet dripping in lace. The outfit didn't have the ruffled pantaloons that a full Bo Peep outfit would, but did have a pair of bright blue satin white-laced ruffled panties with matching training bra.

Once he was dressed and wearing blue Mary Janes, Auntie sent him out into the backyard for 'play time,' as she called it. Last week, she had a wading pool and swing set installed in the backyard. The backyard was fenced in but anyone looking out of their second story houses would be able to see him. He wasn't about to get into the wading pool, but sullenly sat on the swing for the hour he was stuck out there. His relief was palatable when she called him back in.

"If I get any more complaints about you acting like a spoiled sullen little brat," she said as he entered the kitchen, "plan on spending every evening out in my

backyard. If you're good, I'll let you go out in that precious bikini. Go change." She pointed in the direction of his room.

When he came back downstairs, he was wearing his dark yellow Capris, a white lightweight cotton shell blouse with embroidered floral pattern and yellow Mary Jane shoes. The yellow satin training bra could be recognized through the thin cotton material. The loud taping of his shoes announced his coming long before he got there. The taps on all of his Mary Jane styled shoes had really bothered him when he first got them, but now he was used to the sound.

He had pinned a yellow satin floppy bow to the back of his freshly brushed hair, added a half dozen metal bangles on his left wrist, put a girl's watch on his right and the gold teddy bear earrings as accessories. David looked like any average pre-pubescent girl when he walked into the room. There was nothing he liked about the clothing, but at least he was out of that horrible little girl dress.

"It's early yet and I have dinner in the slow cooker. Get your purse and we'll take a walk down to the park. It's too pretty of a day to stay cooped up inside," she said.

"Like *this* auntie?" he asked, frightened. This was the first time he would be exposed to his aunt's neighbors and the thought terrified him.

"Of course like that..." she answered. "Or would you rather change back into your adorable Bo Peep costume?"

As they neared the park, David became very nervous. *What if somebody recognizes me?* He thought. *I'll die, just die of shame. Hasn't she punished me more than enough?* Man, I hate this girl time shit!

It was early May. The sky was a deep blue with scattered white puffy clouds and the park was filled with children of all ages and a lot of adults. A game of softball was going on at one of the fields and hardball at the other. Margaret led them over to the softball field and purchased two diet cokes from a vendor. Taking David up into the stands, they found seats behind the dugout.

As the girls played, David kept looking around hoping that he wouldn't see anyone he knew. He didn't care for softball, as it was primarily a girl's game, but figured he had less of a chance of seeing anyone he knew here. When they finished their drinks, Margaret led him over to the playground and told him to go have fun.

"Fun? Like I could ever have fun dressed and looking like this. I hope no one bothers me," he grumbled as he slowly walked over to the swings.

He hadn't been on the swing for more than two minutes when three girls and a little boy ran up. One girl looked to be in her late teens and very fine looking, the other two were much younger perhaps ten and twelve. The older one helped the little boy onto the swing and began pushing him. David was staring

at the older girl when the ten year old sitting on the swing next to him got his attention.

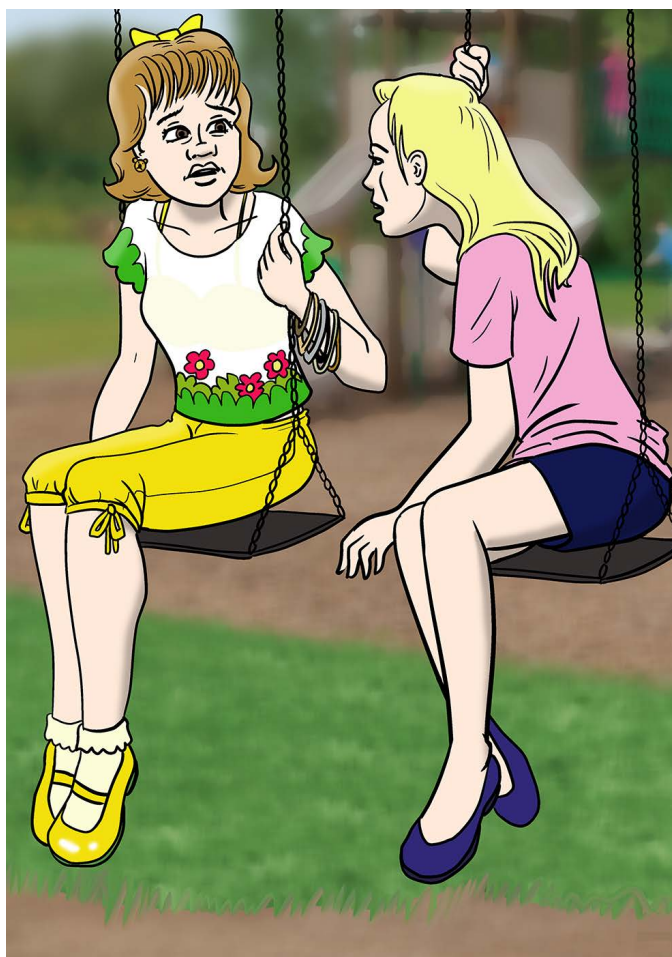
"That's my cousin Daphne pushing my little brother," the little girl said without prompting. "She's really pretty and I hope to grow up just like her. I'm Becky. Who are you? I haven't seen you here before."

"Eerrrrr... I..." He was not prepared for a conversation, let alone to give his name. He just spat out the first, most feminine name that popped into his head. "I... I'm Charlotte," he stammered. 'Charlotte' was the name of one of the hottest girls in his class and he had a massive crush on her. However, Daphne with her large rack, put all his female classmates to shame. If his penis could have gotten hard, he would have had a great big boner watching her push the little boy on the swing.

"Are you new to the neighborhood?" Becky asked staring at him.

Oh shit, I hope she thinks I'm a girl too. Got to get my mind off that hot chick and act the way she expects, he thought. He then replied, "No, just visiting my Auntie Margaret. She watches over me when my mommy is away at work some-times."

"That's nice," the little girl said, not terribly interested in his reply. This just gave her a chance to talk. "Where do you go to school? I go to Saint Michaels. It's okay but I have to wear their stupid uniform. Do you wear one where you go?" The girl was a bit of a motormouth. "Oh, I like your hair and that outfit is pretty. I'm a little cold wearing these shorts but Daphne



says I have cute legs and should show them off. Do you think I have pretty legs? Do you have a boyfriend? I have one, Billy, but he teases me a lot. I guess all boys do that when they like a girl. That's what Daphne tells me anyway. Does your boyfriend do that to you too?" The girl rattled on and on not really giving David time to answer any of her questions. Her continuous high pitched voice irritated him no end but at the same time was greatly relieved at not having to say anything.

He wanted to get up and walk away, but Margaret was watching him closely. So he kept swinging beside the young girl listening to her prattle on about everything under the sun. After what seemed like hours to David, his aunt walked up to the swing and told him it was time to go.

"I hope to see you again. It was so much fun talking to you," Becky said as he got off the swing making him blush scarlet. "Bye Charlotte!" She added.

"Charlotte?" Margaret asked smiling from ear to ear making him blush even harder. The conniving little grin on her face made David's stomach turn.

I'm in deep shit now! He thought. Why did that girl have to sit by me and ask me for a name? Now auntie will never let me forget it. I'm so screwed!

To his surprise auntie didn't say anything on the way back to the house. It wasn't until he was eating a small serving of beef stew for dinner that she finally said what he knew was coming.

"Charlotte? Hmmmm... That's a very nice name, Honey Bunny. I think it suits you." She smiled at David, scaring him even more. "Remember to take small bites and chew your food 32 times before swallowing. So, why did you choose that name?" She waited for an answer, knowing full well that one wasn't coming. "Charlotte is a very girlie name, and one no real boy would ever want. If I told your mother once, I've told her a hundred times that you were a 'special' boy. So has mommy's special boy decided to come out of the closet? Come on you can tell me, I won't punish you," she said grinning broadly at his discomfort.

"I'm not a girlie boy and not in some 'closet' – whatever that is. I only dress this way because you *make* me and I *hate* it! I... I picked that name cause it popped into my head. I'm David! I only do this 'cause you spank me if I don't do what you say," he spat out, almost in a single breath. His frustration was getting the better of him but she took his outburst in stride.

"Goodness Honey Bunny, you're in such denial. Poor baby, but auntie knows how to bring out your real inner self. I'm only doing this for you. In the long run, you will thank me one day," she cruelly answered. "In any case, you are a girlie boy and I'm going to do my best to see that you become one. I have all the proof I need that you are a girlie boy. Those videos I have of you when you think no one is watching show what's really in your heart. So best you keep do-

ing what I say. Understand, *Charlotte*?" She said, stressing the name 'Charlotte.'

She left a steaming glass of milk by his bedside to help him sleep, just like she used to have when she was a little girl.



Monday morning, dressed in the required frilly undies beneath his shirt and jeans, Aunt Margaret dropped him off at school. He dreaded having to show up in girlie undies, but if he was his usual careful self, none of his friends would discover his shameful secret. As with every other time he was staying with his aunt, he made sure not to participate with his friends during lunch break in any physical activity.

Even though he had kept much secret, he still had the faint odor of perfume and powder and his long hair kept on growing. The teasing from other students about how sweet and girlie he smelled was tough. If they found out about the underwear he would be dead meat. Each school day left his nerves frazzled. Fortunately, he only went to the lunch room on Mondays and Fridays. All the other days he was sequestered in the library furiously working on all the homework he didn't get done the night before.

After school, back at his auntie's, he changed into leotards, tights and ballet shoes. For his tap classes he had his hair in pig tails, but ballet required the bun. Margaret showed him how to style his hair in a tight bun at the top of his head, now that it was long enough. By the end of the week, he would master style.

Madam Helga was just as demanding and strict with him as she had been during his tap lessons. By the time he left her private studio, he was hurting all over, despite all the stretching and limbering exercises he had done. The positions he was forced to assume were quite different, and combined with all the bending, made him ache in places he didn't know he had muscles.

Back at his aunt's, and after a light supper, he was put through his poise and mannerisms lessons. For these lessons he wore color coordinated underwear set consisting of panties, panty girdle, bra, camisole, half-slip and hose. Over the lingerie he wore one of his satin party dresses with built in petticoats and three inch spike heeled shoes. He also had to accessorize using the knowledge he had gained from playing his computer dress up game. He hated the poise lessons, not because they were hard, because they weren't anymore, but because they were dull and repetitive.

At nine o'clock he put on a clean leotard and tights to work on his ballet steps, until bed time at ten. His sleep was deep from exhaustion, but even a full night's rest left him tired and listless every morning. His nerves were a mess.

"Try these, Honey Bunny," his aunt said, giving him a small pile of pills. "You look so tired. These will help with your energy." She provided him the same pills with breakfast and supper every day. David didn't think they helped much, as he was still sluggish every morning.

With his constant exhaustion, nervousness and fear of his aunt, David was under constant stress for the entire week he stayed with her. The only time he was out of her sight were those precious minutes sitting in the wading pool, catching the afternoon sun. By the end of the week he was regretting even *that* freedom as his body now showed darkening tan lines no boy should have.

Margaret still preferred calling him 'Honey Bunny,' but every now and again would call him 'Charlotte.' She liked to see him cringe whenever she used it.

David's usual schedule was kept for the entire week. Between the ballet classes and the poise and mannerism lessons, by the end of the week David was so used to walking and carrying himself in a feminine manner, he didn't even notice that was what he was doing. It felt perfectly normal to take short steps and shimmy his hips as he walked – and that was just how Margaret wanted it.

On Saturday, his schedule was changed. "You've been working so hard, Honey Bunny, I thought we'd just have a day of pampering," Aunt Margaret announced. He was dressed in one of his many, many frilly part dresses and taken to the car. The first stop was a nail salon. Of course, David was as nervous as a cat, but Margaret had told him that if he behaved and acted the way he had been taught all week he would have no problems. "Just focus on being as much of a girl as possible, and put everything else out of your little mind," she told him. She made sure to emphasize that failure would result in him being discovered as a pervert. She introduced him as her niece Charlotte. Without any difficulty or fuss, David was treated to a manicure and received detailed instructions on how to do it himself. He left the salon with buttercup pink polish on his rounded nails and a complete manicure set in a bright pink leather case.

The nail salon was nerve-wracking for David, but not nearly as bad as he thought it would be. The little oriental girl that worked on his nails didn't seem to notice anything outside the normal. David looked like a young teen who wanted to learn how to do a manicure from a seasoned professional.

From there, he was taken to a Merle Norman studio to learn how to prepare and apply makeup to his face. He had been afraid that this day would come when Margaret wanted him in makeup, but was even more petrified that it would be out in public. His aunt's threats of severe punishment and public disclosure were the only things keeping him from screaming in panic as the cosmetologist began working on his face. His hands were trembling as he left the studio with several bags of cosmetic supplies.

His day in public didn't end there. She took him to a tea house for a light lunch. As they finished eating, he was feeling more relaxed. He had been out in

public, in areas where men never dared to venture, and everyone seemed to accept him as the young girl he appeared to be. It was a comforting thought, but at the same time frightening to the core of his being. He was seventeen, going on eighteen, and almost a man; yet he easily passed as a much younger girl.

Back at the house, as he was expected to, he changed into his ballerina outfit and then Margaret took him to class. Ballet was becoming easier, but taxed his abilities to the limit. Madam Helga was mostly pleased with his progress but told him he needed to spend at least one hour every day practicing. She informed Margaret that alternating between tap and ballet wasn't going to work and one or the other had to be chosen if David was to ever be good at either. Margaret quickly decided that ballet would be her choice. She didn't give David a chance to voice his opinion, of course. As they were leaving, she promised Madam Helga that he would practice dutifully everyday.

Sunday finally arrived and David was desperate to be going home. This week had been the most nerve wracking and demoralizing so far. Getting away from his aunt would lift a great burden off his shoulders – or so he thought.

Aunt Margaret showed him the newest, even more damning video of him happily prancing through ballet practice, then getting his nails and makeup done with a pretty smile. With that as a threat, she informed him that she expected him to wear his panties, bras and camisoles *all the time* except during his physical education class. He wasn't to wash his dirty lingerie until he returned for his monthly visit. That way she would know for sure that he had followed her instructions. As an after-thought, she told him to keep his nails neatly manicured and to let them grow. Seeing the fear that came into his eyes was satisfying, but she told him he didn't need to wear colored polish, only the clear coat.

As he was gathering his things, including most of the silky, frilly underwear he would need in the coming weeks, Margaret and Nan had a nice chat. Just before David came back into the kitchen, she gave Nan the large bottle of vitamins telling her that David was taking them to lose weight and keep his energy up. Nan looked at the large plastic bottle. The label indicated they were a popular brand of mega-multi-vitamins, she gave it no more thought. Not being a doctor, she would have never recognized the pills for what they were: female hormones.



On Monday, David reluctantly put on his black dance thong and a pair of purple nylon panties, along with the matching bra and camisole. He had hidden all his girlie stuff far back into his closet. He would die if his Mommy ever found it. Quickly, he pulled up his cargo pants and school sweatshirt. The shirt would

be hot, but provided bulk to cover up any chance that his bra would be detected. He sighed as he put on his shoes, thankful that he only had two more weeks of school. The classes moved slowly, with David unable to do much more than concentrate on keeping his secret hidden. Accordingly, his grades had fallen like a rock. When the day was over, he rushed home instead of staying and playing ball with his friends like he usually would have.

His mother wouldn't be home for another two hours, and he had the house to himself. He decided to practice his ballet as he didn't want to take the chance she would catch him doing such a sissy thing. When he completed practice, he plopped down in front of the television to watch ESPN. It wasn't more than ten minutes later when his cell rang. He was surprised when he noticed that it was his aunt.

"Hello?" He said, tentatively, fearing what she was going to tell him.

"Charlotte darling? How was your day?" Came the gratingly chipper voice he had grown to hate. "I wanted to know how things are going when you're helping your mommy out with the household chores! I know you were looking so forward to that. I can imagine how wonderful you look in one of those fancy aprons I know your mommy has. You have been helping her, haven't you?" She paused for a moment, overhearing the faint noise of the television in the background. "Well, maybe you should stop watching television and get busy," she said with a snarl in her voice. "You won't like the consequences if you don't," she added, before hanging up.

As she put down her phone, Margaret was fuming. "That little snit was watching some asinine sports show and not doing what I had told him. Well, I'll just have to put a stop to that. No more sports for him! Girlie boys don't like sports and neither will he. He's going to get even more girl time from now on!"

That evening, as she headed home, Margaret stopped at a drug store as she left work. Going over to the magazine rack, she selected all the teen fashion, gossip and advice publications she could find. Then, as she gathered them in her arms, she spied a copy of a book titled "Modern Scrapbooking."

That's something that didn't occur to me, she thought. Having a visible record of his new life that he has to hold in his hands will certainly make him more aware of his situation. Plus I think I'll get him a diary. Making him write down his experiences on a daily basis will do him a world of good. Besides, they will give him something later in life to reminisce over. She quietly laughed to herself.

Nan was more than surprised when she came home that evening from her job. She was stunned, seeing David wearing her apricot chiffon apron with all its ruffles and small decorative ribbon bows, wiping down the kitchen counters. When she was able to speak, she said, "David what on earth are you doing?"

That's my very best apron! You know I only wear that when we have guests over. Take it off this second!"

David was already blushing when she came into the kitchen, and his blush turned scarlet hearing what she said. Quickly, and somewhat happily, he untied the bow and placed it on the table. He was embarrassed to be seen in that bit of fluff, but upon reflection, glad that she insisted he take it off. His happiness didn't last as she went over to her apron drawer and removed a white cotton one with floral border.

"Don't get me wrong. I appreciate the effort, but if you must help then wear one of these. If it gets dirty we can throw it into the wash. That apron you had on has to go to the dry cleaners," she said tying the sash behind him.

She left him to go change out of her work clothing and into something more comfortable. David, blushing slightly, finished wiping down the counters. When his mother returned, she had him help prepare dinner. As they ate she commented, "Margaret told me she had asked you to help me around the house and I really appreciate it darling, but please wear one of my sensible aprons." She said, in between bites. David said little, as he counted his 32 chews before swallowing. "Oh, and use my rubber gloves. Mopping, using harsh chemicals and cleaning bathrooms can damage your hands and it's so germey. Using gloves will protect them."

I thought she would have a fit seeing me in that stupid girly apron, he thought in disappointment. I just didn't think she would react this way. She was more concerned over getting the apron dirty than finding her son wearing it.

The remaining two weeks of school seemed to drag on and on. Wearing his sweatshirt in the warm weather was uncomfortable, and he caught more than a little flack over it from his buddies. He also was questioned over and over why he didn't join them after school to play ball. At the end, he was running out of excuses, but by then they had pretty much stopped asking him.

During that time he tried to get his grades up. He wanted to go to college and B's wouldn't get him into a good one. Beside the mental strain he was under from wearing lingerie all the time, dance practice and housework didn't leave much time. His diet and stress left him tired and listless making it hard to concentrate on his school work. It didn't come as a big surprise when his last report card had mostly C's, and even one D. As he sat at his school desk, those grades made him do something he had never done before. Seeing them, he suddenly broke out in tears.

Like any young man his age, David didn't cry unless he was really, truly in pain, but lately his emotions were all over the place. He even had some stomach cramps and felt nauseous a couple of weeks ago. He initially chalked it up to a stomach virus, but that didn't account for why he'd feel giddy one moment

and sad in another. He wiped the tears away with the sleeve of his shirt hoping no one saw him crying. As soon as the last bell sounded, he headed straight home. This time no one called out for him to join them at the ball field. He was the “new kid” anyway so they didn’t really care.

Trying to gain control of himself, he concentrated on his assigned work. He dusted the house and mopped the kitchen floor. He was in the final minutes of his ballet practice when his phone rang. Practicing his positions definitely helped keep his mind off his problems and the interruption bothered him. It was his aunt, and he almost let it go to voice mail, but decided to answer.

“Charlotte sweetie, I bet you’re so happy that school is over for the summer.” He cringed when he heard her say ‘Charlotte.’ Whatever she had to say wasn’t going to be good. “Guess what? I have some wonderful news for you.” David was almost nauseous, hearing how happy she sounded. “I talked to your mommy and she’s agreed to let you work here at my shop for the summer. Isn’t that wonderful Honey Bunny?”

“Please, why are you doing this to me?” David cried.

“Don’t talk back to me!” His aunt scolded. “Just make sure you tell her how much you want to. You know, give her a great big smile,” she said. “Oh, and I have just the thing. Show her one of your cute little dance steps you’ve learned. That will show her on how much you are looking forward to it.”

“A dance step? She’ll think I’m crazy!”

“You do it or I’ll make your life even more miserable! How would like it if I invited her to one of your ballet practices?” She then calmed down. “I’ll pick you up at nine tomorrow morning and we can get started. Bye sweetie,” she said. As usual, she was not giving him any chance to argue.

The day before, Margaret had approached Nan about hiring David for the summer, and the divorced mother was hesitant. “David has always cut lawns and done odds and ends around the neighborhood to earn money,” she said. “He’s not the kind of boy who wants to stay inside on a summer’s day, Sis. I just can’t picture him wanting to work inside, much less a ladies dress shop,” she ended with a giggle.

“Nan, that was when his pedophile father was around – and he, thankfully, is gone now,” Margaret answered. “Davie confided in me that he really hated doing hard labor and getting all hot and dirty. I’m only doing this to make him happy and help him earn some money for that car he wants so badly.”

“Well... All right, but I still don’t think he’ll agree to it,” Nan said smiling.

“Great! Just do me a favor and don’t say anything to him just yet. I want to call and surprise him,” Margaret said.

By the time Nan got home, David told her that Margaret had already called to ask what he wanted to do for the summer. She was awe struck by his answer. It

wasn't just that he said he wanted to work in a dress shop with a big smile, but the jaunty little hop and skip he gave her, accompanied by a hand clap. "If I live to be a hundred, I'll never understand him," she mumbled going to her room to change.

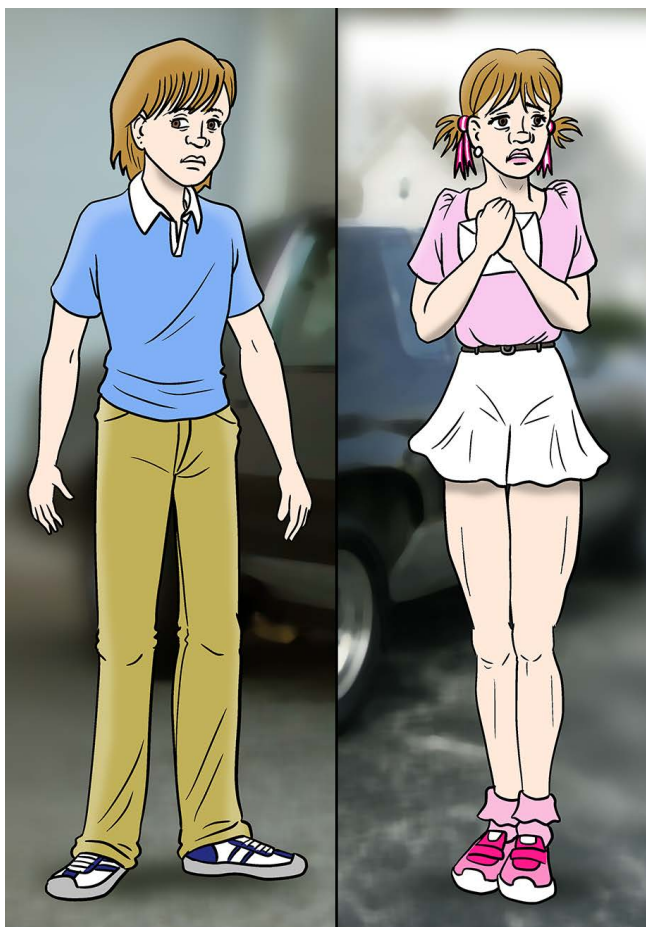


When Margaret picked him up for his first day of work, he was wearing tan slacks and collared pull over shirt. Under that was a bra & panty set and gaff. Margaret hadn't even instructed him to do it, he just put them on because she knew she would require it. By the time he arrived at the store, he was wearing white flare-legged short-shorts, a pink shell blouse thin enough to show the lace of his camisole, pink nylon socks with ruffles and his pink-detailed trainers with the LED lighted heels. His hair had been brushed out and formed into two short, but cute pigtails tied with bright pink and white satin bows. To complete his pre-pubescent look, she applied black eyeliner, mascara and light pink lip gloss.

Walking into the shop holding his little white purse, Darlene rushed up and gave him a breathtaking hug and air kiss. "Oh David, it is so good to see you again. My, how you've changed – and so much for the better," she gushed.

"Darlene – *Charlotte*, my niece will be working with us for the summer," Margaret said, stressing his feminine name. "I think putting her to work in the store room, stocking inventory and helping to clean would give the staff more time to spend with our customers."

"Oh yes, of course it



will be wonderful working with Charlotte,” Darlene quickly replied, looking around to see if the other two sales girls had noticed them. They were on the other side of the store and couldn’t have overheard her enthusiastic greeting.

“Come along, Charlotte let me introduce you to Sheryl and Evelyn. Then I’ll show you around and get you familiar with my store,” Margaret said, taking his hand.

David was very nervous meeting the two young girls. They were only a few years older than he, and very pretty. Sheryl was blond with deep blue eyes and Evelyn a brunette with sparkling brown eyes. They both had great figures, but Sheryl was the better looking of the two. As she bent over to give him a girly kiss and hug, her blouse opened up and he could see her blue satin bra and the firm full mounds it supported. He gulped when she stepped back and felt a sharp pain coming from his groin.

“What a cutie pie, Margaret!” Sheryl said. “Give her a few years and she’ll be fighting off all the boys who will want to get into her pretty panties.” She smiled broadly.

“I’m sure she will,” Margaret said. “Charlotte will be stocking the inventory but if you need any clean up help, just give her a call. Now, let me show you what you will be doing for the rest of the summer, Honey Bunny.”

David worked from ten in the morning until three. Margaret wanted to get him home well before Nan got home from work. It would also give him time to change, remove the makeup and get in his hour of ballet practice. That first day had been trying on him, but he stayed mostly in the back removing clothing from boxes and hanging or folding as necessary. His only contact with the women occurred when they came into the back to use the break room.

Margaret had to force him out of the car when she dropped him off. He was still dressed and in makeup, carrying a hanger with tomorrow’s outfit and his purse. The last thing in the world he wanted was to be seen like that going into his house.

It took Margaret’s threat to bring him home in a dress after his mother was back from work to get him to jump out of the car. He ran as fast as he could to the door, fumbled around in the purse to find his key and a few more precious seconds to get the door open. He was panting and his heart beating a million times per second as he slammed the door shut and put his back to it. Catching his breath, he went to his room, quickly got out of his girlish attire, removed the makeup and hid the clothes as best he could in his closet. When he was home these days, he only kept the gaff on. Margaret didn’t tell him that he had to wear his female undies then, only when he went to school. It may have been a technicality, but one he took advantage of.

Back in his regular clothing, he set about cleaning the house wearing one of his mother’s aprons. It was a navy blue with small white dotted pinafore apron,

and compared to her fancy ones very plain looking. It was large on him, making it look like a dress, as it wrapped around his torso. The ruffled hem reached his ankles. He was tired from work, ballerina practice and stretching exercises, but thankful there wasn't that much housework to do.

With the house cleaned, he pulled out a cookbook and thumbed through it, looking for a recipe he could put together for supper. He hated everything about what his aunt was making him do, but cooking was the least disliked activity. His mother's praise for his cleaning and cooking helped ease the internal embarrassment of doing women's work. Still, he would much rather be out playing with his friends.

Over the course of the past couple of weeks, Nan had been showing David the tricks of putting a simple meal together, and he was doing exactly that when she walked in. Knowing what he had been instructed to do, he swallowed hard, skipped over to meet her, and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek, just as Aunt Margaret had told him.

That's something new, she thought as he stepped back. "Thank you dear that was so sweet of you," she said.

"Mommy I can't thank you enough for letting me work this summer with Auntie. I just love working there," he gushed. They were the words and body movements Margaret had him memorize and practice. He felt sick doing such a prissy thing but had no choice. He knew that she talked on the phone to her sister a lot and couldn't take the chance of what she would say or do.

"That's nice, dear," she replied, surprised at his excitement. "You go ahead and finish what you were doing. I'm going to change and will be back to help in a minute or two."

He never acted that excited when he talked about his yard work. His car yes, but never about work, she thought, going to her room. *Sis has been telling me that he's 'special' and all sorts of things I never knew about him. Maybe he's not the macho rough-and-tumble boy I thought I knew. I guess it's like she says, being away from his father's influence has let his real self emerge. He never kept his hair this neat and clean, much less do any kind of housework and cook, voluntarily.* A smile crept across her face. *I think I could get used to this.*



David dreaded this day. It was time again for his mother to go on her regional sales tour, and Margaret would have him in her clutches for the whole week. Not only that, but tonight was the seventh and final game of the basketball championship, which he had been following all year. Now he was going to miss it because he would be prancing around in dresses for his depraved aunt. He wanted to just stay home one more night.

At least when he was with his mother, he could relax and chill out. Being the stock girl at her store for most of the day was very hard. He was constantly afraid someone would see through his disguise and expose him. The only time he was in the store proper was to bring in new or replacement inventory, but there were always shoppers milling about. Auntie had assured him that if he behaved like she had taught him he had nothing to worry about – but he did. He worried all the time, and having to concentrate so hard on maintaining a girlish persona wore him out.

This time Margaret picked him up at his house and had tea with her sister while he got his things together. There were a lot of items for him to pack, like all his used girly undies, all his work clothing, plus his clean things. Margaret had previously made him keep his dirty undies as proof he wore them to school. Now that school was over that wouldn't be necessary. The dirty clothing went into several large trash bags and the clean into his suitcase. He never would be able to explain what he had packed to his Mother, so Aunt Margaret kept her sister busy while David loaded up the car. Margaret wasn't ready for her little sister to discover what she was making David wear or do.

Nan still felt guilty about leaving her son for a week and wanted to keep him close until the last minute, but her older sister was always so comforting and convincing. It was odd, in that Nan was thinking that Margaret and David had bonded in some way, even though he had detested her sister for years. Now he was always so happy when talking about his time with Margaret. Of course, Nan was oblivious as to her sister's true motives. It was Margaret's plan that by the end of summer David wouldn't think twice about putting on panties, bras, girl's clothing or makeup.

After they drove off, Margaret didn't waste any time getting him to her house. As soon as they arrived, she sent him off to take a perfumed bubble bath and dress in the clothing she had put out on the bed. David dreaded that he would find that horrible Bo Peep dress laid out for him. Instead, he found something almost as bad. The undies were plain white cotton, the blue cotton bibbed dress was mid-thigh length, the cap sleeved blouse white thin cotton with a bit of eyelet lace trim. White nylon socks and blue patent leather Mary Janes completed his outfit.

Following Auntie's orders, he sat at the vanity and applied minimal makeup, eyeliner, blue shadow and mascara for the eyes, a vivid pink for the lips. The makeup wasn't done well, but it was the best he could do. Next, he brushed his hair the required one hundred strokes before fashioning it into pigtails sitting high on his head tied off with blue satin ribbon bows. Standing before the full-length mirror, David looked like a thirteen year old girl dressed like Dorothy from the "Wizard of Oz" movie.

Back downstairs, Margaret had him sit at the kitchen table where she gave him a large scrapbook. It had a white cover and in bold gold letters reading,

"My Book of Memories." As he looked at it puzzled, she placed a cardboard box up beside it.

"Honey Bunny, you need to keep a scrapbook of all the events happening in your life," she said. "Over time, we tend to forget a lot of those things that made us so happy growing up. I gathered up a few things that you can paste or tape into your book and you can write a notation about each."

David reached into the box and removed the first item that came to hand. It was a small box, but an embarrassing one, as it was his "very first training bra" container. Auntie smiled broadly as he pasted it and wrote, at her direction, "What joy, my very first bra ever. I just luv it." The next item was the printed paper insert that went in the package containing his first set of panties. "My first panties ever! I will never forget how delightful they felt when I put them on. I've never worn nylon undies before." There were a number of other "first ever" items in the book by the time the box was emptied. As he worked, it was difficult to keep a smile on his face, as Auntie demanded, but he managed to look happy.

Finished with the scrapbook, she placed a small but thick pink leatherette book with a white French poodle decal and locking strap. Curious, he opened it and saw the first page was marked January 1 but otherwise blank. He looked up at his aunt.

"A girl needs more than a scrapbook to keep precious memories. This is your diary and I want you to make daily entries into it about what happens each day," she explained. "I'm going to review it each night and if it isn't written in a nice girlie script with little hearts for dots, and says how delighted you are with all the girlie things you are experiencing, I will not be happy. You know what happens when you don't make me happy. Now I want you to start from the first day you came here to stay and as much girl time as you can remember up to today."

He didn't like where this was going. The videos were one thing, but having something filled with his own handwriting and 'thoughts' was another thing altogether. It was particularly irksome to write down things that were totally alien to what he actually believed.

"Dear Diary, Mommy dropped me off at my Auntie Margaret's today. I can't begin to tell you how much I just loved my new room. It has everything I ever dreamed of and so much more. I think I'm going to want to stay here forever. It even has a doll house, whoopee! I've always dreamed of having one and lots of dollies too. She is so sweet and understanding of what I truly want." That was his first entry, practically dictated by his aunt.

After supper she sent him up to his room, telling him to practice putting on his makeup until she told him to stop. "I'll be running a quick errand, Charlotte darling," she told him. "I'll be back in an hour or two." She handed him a sheet

of paper with a list of websites to major cosmetic manufacturers. They all had tips on how best to use and apply their product lines. He then picked up her purse and headed out.

Given time to himself, David was of half a mind to rip up the paper and toss the pieces in the air. He knew what the consequences of that would be, however. But he couldn't resist turning on the TV to catch the seventh game of the basketball finals. This was probably going to get him in trouble, but maybe if he was clever, he could get out of it.

Only a few minutes into the game and he was starting to feel a little queasy. An hour later, and he was as sick as he had ever been in his life. He had to run to the bathroom to throw up three times. Each time, he'd come back, and as soon as he got into the game, he would be sick again. Even before the game was over, he had to turn it off and go to his room and lie down. He never did learn who won.



Monday morning, David went to the dress shop wearing a skirt and blouse for the first time. Margaret had previously dressed him in girly shorts and Capris before, so now he was a nervous wreck about being seen wearing a dress. It was short, and he would have to be extra careful in his movements. The full skirt was a black fingertip-length. It was smooth from the high waist down to the crotch where it was box pleated and flared out. The blouse was a soft pastel blue shell that buttoned up the front. His bright blue satin bra would be visible on close inspection through the thin material. Instead of Mary Janes that he normally wore to the store, he had on a pair of flat, sparkling silver strappy sandals. His hair had been brushed out and left in a cute tucked bob with a blue satin ribbon bow attached at the back. He had painted his finger and toe nails to match his blouse and wore simple daytime makeup. When he walked into the store, the staff greeted him warmly and complimented him on just how adorable he looked.

He carried a pink and white tote bag filled with his ballerina class clothing. This was another first. He would change at the store before Margaret took him to his dance class. Of course, he was asked about it, and he had to tell them it was for his ballerina lessons, making him blush. He didn't want anyone to know he was taking ballet. The girls' oohhed and aahhed at his admission, telling him ballet would make him graceful in his movements and was "just great" for all young ladies.

It was halfway through his shift when David got the scare of his life. He was covering for Sheryl's lunch and working the sales floor for the first time, which had him scared to his sheath. As he started to approach a middle-aged woman for help, she turned around. It was Dalton's mother. She was holding up a pair

of panties. "Do you have these in a mauve, sweetie?" She asked. Just as he tried to choke out the reply, the front door opened and in came Dalton himself.

"I gave the meter thirty minutes, Ma," he said. "How long are you gonna be here?"

David nearly crumpled in a ball of shame. He was just about to be recognized by his closest friend in this town.

Dalton's mom was trying to be tolerant of her son's impatience. "Well, I don't know, Dalton. I was just about to see if they have what I'm looking for." She turned to address David. "Do you have it?"

David was well within his rights to bolt from the sales floor and head to the back room, but since he already knew the answer, he didn't have to go. Besides, his legs weren't working right now, as they were frozen in terror. The question was still out there, so both Dalton's mother and Dalton were looking squarely at David for an answer.

This was it, David thought. This is where I get caught and my life is over. He couldn't speak.

"Well?" Dalton asked, still impatient. He approached David, and as he did, it was hard to believe this really was Dalton. He was so much bigger than David remembered. He had to be at least six feet tall, and he had put on maybe sixty pounds.

"We can place an order," David finally squeaked.

"Well, I can probably find it online faster," Dalton's mother said, disap-



pointed. "But I'll still get two pairs in nude. I love this style."

"Y... Yes, Ma'am," David replied. He couldn't believe it. Both of them were looking right at him and didn't even recognize him. He was point blank, right in front of both of them, and he was almost invisible.

"Are you done?" Dalton asked his mother.

"In a moment," she replied. "Why don't you wait in the car?"

"It's hot," he said. "And I want to get some new stuff right now! I don't want to go one more day looking like a freak."

"He's been growing like a weed all summer," Dalton's mother said to David. "Six inches. He has nothing that fits anymore."

That almost sounded like an understatement. Dalton was a giant compared to David. He felt weak and fragile in his commanding, dominating presence.

What David didn't know was that the hormones his aunt was having him take would never let him grow another millimeter. He may have been told he was going to be six feet tall, or more, by the time he was 21, but that was before his body chemistry had become essentially female. Now, he'd be five foot five for the rest of his life.

"Ma!" Dalton complained. He had had enough, hanging around in women's store. "I'll be outside, okay?"

"All right, Dalton. I'll be just a couple more minutes."

David took the panties and went to the counter to wrap them, bag them and process her card. Still, she didn't recognize him. By the time he had said the perfunctory "have a nice day," and waved her goodbye, he was almost despondent. He was hoping that maybe she would show some sign of recognition – if only for a millisecond. But she didn't, and she left, just another satisfied customer. And David was just another sales girl.

At the end of the day, when he came out of the bathroom wearing his shiny amethyst leotard, white tights, fuzzy leg warmers and the stiff tutu, Sheryl and Evelyn gushed over how cute and precious he looked bringing a glow to his cheeks. That glow darkened as they took pictures with their cell phones.

This is so embarrassing to be seen like this, he thought. *I didn't want to tell anyone I was taking ballet much less let anyone see me like this. Why do they have to make such a big deal over it and take pictures?*

When Margaret came to pick him up after class, Madam Helga praised his efforts telling her that he was greatly improved and he was ready to join her regular summer classes for girls his age if he wanted.

"David has greatly improved and shown that he can do the work. He is good enough to join my regular class of twelve to fifteen year old girls," she said.

"However as much as he looks and dresses like one of them, a student named David would cause a major distraction."

Margaret looked from Madam to David detecting the fear in his eyes. She wasn't *quite* ready for him to be around other young, girls but with a little work, he should fit in. He had been reading those teenage girlie magazines while at work, so he should have been able to converse with them on an equal basis. His pathetic look of distress convinced her to go ahead and do it, if for no other reason than it would further humiliate him. It would force David to act even more feminine to avoid total humiliation and detection, and that quashed her concerns.

"Madam, I am very pleased to hear that, but didn't David tell you? He chose a feminine name that he prefers and I'm surprised he didn't say anything," she said watching David squirm. "David shame on you, why didn't you tell her you want to be called Charlotte?" She scolded. Then she turned back to the ballet teacher. "That class you mentioned, doesn't it meet every other day?"

Oh God! She's not really thinking of putting me in a class full of girls, is she? He thought, beginning to panic. It was exactly the reaction she wanted to see.

"Yes, it does. I teach it from noon until two, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday during the summer," Madam responded enthusiastically. "At the end of the summer session, we have a recital so the girls can show off what they have learned to their parents and relatives. I also teach a class of young men and have them participate in the recital as well. It would be a wonderful experience for Da... Charlotte."

Madam had a very liberal outlook, and if a transgender student wanted to participate with the other girls on an equal basis she had no problems with that. It wasn't like they would be showering or naked together. In David's case, he could easily pass as a girl and Margaret thought the experience would be a great boost to his budding womanhood. Now that he had a feminine name there wouldn't be any disruption in the class.

Oh my, this is getting better by the second, Aunt Margaret thought to herself. The noon till two session will work and I can have him back at Nan's early enough... A recital? With boys? David will positively hate that. What the hell, interacting with girls his age will really force him to become even more feminine. And then to David's dismay, said, "Of course that sounds fantastic. Charlotte would love the chance to make some new friends. The poor child really hasn't had anyone his age he can relate to. When do we start?"

"First thing Wednesday," Madam replied smiling. She didn't see the tear fall down David's cheek but Margaret noted it.

"Auntie ... why did ... why did you do that? You... You know I don't want to be with girls. They... They'll find out that I'm really a boy," he said sobbing once they were in the car.

"Don't be foolish, Honey Bunny," she answered. "Has anyone at the store figured out you're a boy? When I took you out to have your nails and makeup done, did anyone call you out? I don't even have to mention the incident at the park. You don't have anything to worry about, trust me."

"Yea... Yeah but... But I... I didn't have to... to *talk* to them," he cried.

"Is that all that's bothering you? Now you're just being silly," she replied.

"Haven't you been reading and studying those magazines I gave you? Girls your age usually talk about fashions, makeup and gossip about movie stars and music. As long as you keep up on your reading, you will have plenty to talk about and will fit in. Your voice isn't that deep. Just keep it soft like you already have been doing." She took a tissue out of her purse and handed it to him. "Now dry those tears, you're ruining your makeup," she said, sternly.

After his bath, he found fresh clothing on his bed. Alongside, a panty and bra set in a bright floral pattern with a white background and white tights. The bra was a real one and not a training bra. It was a soft, seamless, slightly padded A-cup in satin with underwire support, and three hook-and-eye closures. He was surprised to see that when he had the bra on, it looked like his flesh actually filled the cups. The clothes were a pink satin mid-calf length pencil skirt dress, with balloon long sleeves and a bright floral decoration on a white background, very similar to his undies, with a high neck and fluffy cravat tie. On the floor was a pair of white satin flats.

Before he put on the dress and shoes, he sat at the vanity and brushed out his hair, then applied his makeup. He had practiced, but wasn't proficient. Getting liquid eyeliner just right was the hardest thing he had to do. He never liked anything getting near his eyes but after several tries managed a passable look and he hoped Aunt Margaret would approve. He finished off his makeup with coral lipstick and several spurts of a sweet floral perfume.

He found it extremely difficult walking in the tight fitting dress and he had some difficulty. As he approached the stairwell and looked down, he gasped in fright.

Oh my God! I'll never make it down these stairs without breaking my neck in this stupid dress, he thought.

David didn't know how long he stood petrified but Margaret walked onto the landing and broke him out of his trance. "Honey Bunny what's the matter. You've walked down those stairs in a dress before. So what's keeping you?" she yelled up at him.

"Thi... This dress... I... I can't move my... My feet. I'll fall," he said, dismayed.

"Is that all?" she said. "Just take the skirt in your finger tips and raise the hem up. If you're still scared, hold the skirt with one hand and the banister with the other. Take your time and you'll get down just fine. Now hurry up. You obviously need more poise and mannerism lessons."

By the time he reached the landing, he was relieved that he had made it down safely. He followed as quickly as he could behind Margaret into the living room. There, she put him through two hours of walking, sitting and stooping. He had to really concentrate to keep from falling and still do what she wanted. There was a lot to remember: keeping his elbows tucked to his sides, arms bent slightly, wrists limber but not swishy. Going through all the motions left him exhausted by the time lessons were over. It wasn't just his feet, ankles and calves that were screaming in agony but his butt from the many swats of the hairbrush used to correct his errors.

During supper, Margaret kept correcting his table manners but he didn't mind so much, as long as he was off his feet. Again, the meal didn't come close to easing his hunger – a small boneless, skinless chicken breast, broccoli and cauliflower side with a glass of iced tea.

With supper over, the table cleared and dishes washed, David sat at the table with a stack of magazines. "Seventeen," "Cosmopolitan," and several others sat beside him. He concentrated on the articles Margaret had highlighted for him to read for the next hour. After that, he was relieved to change into his dance gear and practice his ballet for the next hour. Finally dressed for bed, he sat at his computer desk and filled in his diary entry for the day as Auntie looked over his shoulder. She left him his usual glass of warm milk, but he didn't need it, as sleep came quick and undisturbed, because he was so exhausted.

On Tuesday, he was dressed in a lightweight bright yellow sun dress and white kitten-heeled strappy sandals for work. His hair was left loose but brushed until it shined, and he used minimal makeup on his face with a touch of frosted pink lipstick. He spent most of the day at the shop reading and taking notes from the various girls' magazines. Knowing that he would be spending time with other girls his age lent him a good incentive to remember all that he had read. That night, he spent most of his waking time practicing makeup application under Auntie's tutelage. He finished his day by adding a few items to his scrapbook and filling in his diary.

As Margaret escorted him into Madam Helga's studio, holding him by the hand, David was pale and so nervous his hands were shaking. He was wearing his pink leotard, white tights, fuzzy pink leg warmers and white tutu. Looking up with fear filled eyes, he tried one more time to persuade Aunt Margaret to take him home.

"Please Auntie. I don't think I can do this. I'm scared. What if they find out?" he pleaded.

"Charlotte, how many times do we have to discuss this? You are going and you will be just fine," she answered. "Remember all you have been reading and taught. I don't know why you are so nervous about this. You'll be practicing most of the time anyway. So try to relax."

Try to relax? How can I relax in a room full of real girls who think I'm one of them? He thought, as they entered the studio.

Around the room, there were seven girls already loosening up or mingling in small groups talking. When David entered, they all stopped and stared at him before going back to what they had been doing. Margaret handed him his tote, gave him a quick hug and air kiss and left him. As he walked over to find a seat to take off his trainers and put on his ballet slippers, two girls came over.

"Hi I'm Ellen and this is Janie. You new?" Ellen said stating the obvious.

"Yeah, I'm... I'm Charlotte. Madam Helga wanted me to join your group. I hope you don't mind?" he tentatively replied.

"Oh no, we don't mind at all. We're just glad you joined us," Janie happily said. "We needed one more girl anyway to make our troop an even number. That way, when we have our recital all the boys can participate and have a partner."

"Come on, get your slippers on and we'll introduce to all the others," Ellen said smiling.

I hope the rest of the day goes this good. They think I'm a real girl but I'm worried about this recital thing. I don't want any boys seeing me like this, David thought, getting up.

As Madam Helga started the lesson, David was feeling better. He met all the girls and they seemed to accept him as one of their own. If anything disturbed him, it was that no one questioned his sex. That fact further diminished his ego as no teenaged boy wanted to be mistaken for a girl.

Margaret showed up just as the practice session was ending, for which David was thankful. He could leave without having to spend time talking to the other girls. During the four breaks, he was able to hold his own in the various conversations he had been involved in. Of all the questions he had to fend off, the queries about who he was dating and if he had a steady boyfriend were the most troubling. Remembering an article he had just read on relationships, he told them he wasn't dating anyone since he broke up with a jerk of a boyfriend. That seemed to satisfy them, and the conversation moved on to other topics.

After his bath, Auntie had him put on whatever he wanted and to practice makeup application. He was still a bit sore from the hard workout and his nipples were itching like crazy for some unknown reason. As he put on his white training bra, he noticed that his nipples were enlarged and were sensitive to the touch. With a shrug of his shoulders, he pulled the bra into place. What he didn't notice was that the once-flat nylon cups were now filled with his flesh, or that he had suddenly prominent nipples.

Sitting at the vanity, he opened the magazine to the article, "Great Looking Summer Shades." Following the directions, did his best to copy the steps and techniques listed. He still had some difficulty working on his eyes, but was getting better. After an hour of putting on and taking off eyeliner, shadow and

mascara he moved on to his next assignment. Picking the next magazine, he turned to "The Brow Perfected."

When he had gone to Merle Norman, the technician had plucked out a few stray bushy hairs, having only a minimal effect on his look. Now Margaret had given him specific instructions to thin them even more. He had been given a choice: he could do it or she would. That wasn't really a choice, so he opted to do it himself and selected the least feminine brow illustrated in the magazine.

Following the instructions, he used a small ruler to measure out two and a half inches using a white pencil to mark the distance. That was the easy part – pulling out individual hairs with the angled tweezers very hard. He had a few tears in his eyes by the time he had finished. The tears weren't just from the minor pain. The brows were even, with a slight arch and taper, a style that was not overly feminine but to his eyes something no boy would have.

When he came down for supper, Margaret looked him over and said, "Much better." She had given him the option of wearing 'whatever he wanted' and not only had he freely chosen frilly underwear and a childish party dress, but she didn't even need to check on him to see if he was doing his makeup practice. David was coming along very well.

After the supper, dishes were cleaned and put away, she sat him at the table and handed him a teen romance novel. It was the first in a series of 12, called 'Clearwater Camp Confidential.' "Tonight, I want you to read this, take notes, in a neat script, explaining the story from the girl's point of view. I also want you to read it aloud in a soft modulated voice. When I



come back I will grade your notes. If I'm not satisfied, it's ten swats of my brush," she ordered.

Before bed she gave him ten of her best, just to keep him honest. The rest of the week followed pretty much the same routine. By the end of the week, David wasn't getting any more swats. He was doing just what his aunt asked of him, and keeping himself out of trouble. David, as Charlotte, was feeling much more at ease around the girls at ballet practice. Wearing tight skirts had practicing every night had imprinted on him a nice swaying gait and natural small heel-and-toe walk. By the time his week was over, he would never be able to walk like a man without serious concentration.

Saturday after ballet, she had him dressed in his gold short-shorts, black puff short-sleeved chiffon blouse with lace ruffles framing the front buttons, yellow ankle socks with darker yellow ruffled lace and his black strappy sandals. For accessories, she had him wear his pearl drop earrings, a thin three-stranded delicate gold necklace, his wristwatch, several gold bangles for his wrists, a yellow clutch purse and yellow fingerless lace gloves. His hair had been teased and back-combed giving it more body, and he wore full daytime makeup. He had painted his lengthening fingernails in a gold lacquer.

He never knew what was going to happen on Saturdays, as Margaret always did something different, and today was no exception. This time he was taken back to the salon to have his hair trimmed and given blond highlights. While his hair was being done, he received a facial. The highlights weren't over-done but they were plenty noticeable, and David was crushed when he saw what had been done.

"Now, don't you just love your big hair, Honey Bunny?" Margaret gushed. "Don't you even think of trying to change the color."

"Auntie, how... How will I explain this to Mommy? Boys don't get blond streaks, much less wear it in such a poofy style," he complained as they got into the car.

"If it bothers you so much, all you have to do is shampoo it in the morning and it will flatten out," she said, leading David out by the hand. "As for the lovely streaks, you can tell her you're going for that surfer look. So stop whining, and put a nice big happy face on!"

From the salon, she drove them to a nice restaurant where he drew a few stares. Most of the looks come from the young men and a couple of older ones – and that bothered him. David was quite aware of them, and although the fear of discovery reared its ugly head again, it also diminished his male ego even more. Taking his seat at the table, his fear was replaced by anxiety. Lately, everywhere he went, he was mistaken for a girl, and just how easily he passed made him very upset.

I'm all boy, he thought to himself. I love sports, doin' guy stuff and going out with girls. Now I'm mistaken for one. I'm no longer sure what would be worse. To be discovered as a boy in a dress and face all the humiliation, or passing, which is just as bad.

That evening, after a snack, David was once again left alone while his aunt ran an errand. She needed to pick up something for breakfast, and that left him alone for the first time in forever. "Just work on your makeup a little while I'm gone," she had told him.

Of course the first thing he did was get to the TV and click it on. There was supposed to be some exhibition football on today, and he was eager to see it. The moment he got relaxed, he was dizzy and sweating. Then he felt like he was going to throw up. He quickly changed the channel to something else. An afternoon movie came on, and he instantly felt better. After gathering his strength, he tuned in a baseball game and then felt the dizziness come back. Once more, watching something else made him feel all right again.

There was no way for him to know that Margaret had rigged her TV with a high-pitched siren that he couldn't hear – but his body could feel it. The ultrasonic frequencies were strong, but beyond the range of a human's ear. Just like last time, when she had set him up to watch the basketball game, which she knew he would find irresistible, David became sick when he tuned into sports channels. The siren was tuned to activate whenever he did so, and he would almost immediately become ill. She made sure David had a full stomach when she left him alone with the TV.

That was something she had learned from her psychology experiments back in college. She had done a paper on it for her second year, detailing how an ultrasound-induced sickness would make a patient unknowingly associate nausea and discomfort with whatever was around them when the siren went off. Soon, David would permanently connect feeling horrible and queasy with sports.



Sunday, his Mother was coming to pick him up, and he was looking forward to getting out from under Auntie's strict control. He was worried over how to explain the blond streaks and hoped the surfer excuse would be enough. As he was packing his lingerie and the outfit he would be wearing to work on Monday, Margaret entered his room.

"Charlotte?" She said. "Oh, good you're already dressed in your undies. I like your choice, dear."

David looked down at himself, and found he was already wearing a pale pink bra and matching panty, which startled him, because he didn't even remember

doing it. It was just automatic now. He only dressed in female underwear, and some part of his brain already accepted them as his normal clothes. Embarrassed, he started to tug his jeans up his hairless legs.

"Now, Here's what my instructions are this month. I want you to start wearing mascara all the time," his aunt continued, "You don't have to over-do it but you will give your lashes at least two strokes. You will keep reading your magazines and finish the teen romance books. I'll check your progress when I pick you up for work every day," she ordered. "Now this is important – no more watching or reading about any sports. As a matter of fact, I want you to only watch the women's channels, specifically the shows I have highlighted in this TV Guide, understand?"

Actually, to David, he didn't mind that a bit. Sports were quickly becoming less appealing to him, for some reason.

Margaret continued. "Believe me, if I find out from your mother that you've been watching sports again, be warned. Oh, and make sure you pack that pretty blue sun dress for Monday. Before you know it, it will be girl time again."

When Nan came to pick him up, she gave him a double take. It took her a few moments to register that he had streaks in his hair. She was so shocked, she failed to note his narrow, slightly arched brows or that his lashes were a bit darker and fuller.

"David, what did you do to your hair?" she gasped.

"Don't you love it, sister dear?" Margaret broke in. "I wasn't wild about it when he asked me if he could streak it but now I really like it. Makes him look more like one of those 'surfer dudes,' don't you think?"

"Yea... Yeah, Mommy," David said, trying desperately to cover for his effeminate hair. "I thin... think it's just lovely. It's cute like this." He didn't realize his terminology. Few boys would ever think something was "just lovely" or declare themselves "cute." But hanging around with little girls, reading their magazines, books and watching their TV shows had severely altered his vocabulary.

Other things he didn't notice were his poise and mannerisms. They were no longer those of a boy. He minced when he walked with a gentle sway to his hips, he kept his elbows in and wrists loose. As Nan drove her son home, she couldn't help but notice that he was frequently using his hands to express himself and using words like "darling," "precious," and "adorable." Those changes had begun from his first visit and were so gradual that David never consciously noticed it. Nan, however, was starting to wonder.





That night during David's bath, and away from his aunt's scrutiny, he reached down and began rubbing his penis. Like most boys his age, masturbation had been a very regular part of his day-to-day life, but between wearing that hated gaff and his auntie's oversight, he had few opportunities. His mother was used to him spending a long time in the bathroom, so he didn't expect her to interrupt. He slowly stroked it and tried to imagine Sheryl naked...

But nothing happened. He shifted his imagination to one of the prettiest girls in his ballet class... Still nothing. He finally gave up, almost screaming in frustration.

When he got out of the tub, he patted himself dry like Auntie insisted, and looked into the full length mirror on the bathroom door. He didn't see anything unusual at first. Then he looked down between his legs.

If I didn't know better, I think it looks smaller... And my balls look shrunken. Maybe it's from wearing that stupid gaff all the time... Or not having any hair down there. Then, turning sideways, he noticed that his butt was bigger and more round than he remembered. However, what really got his attention was his chest.

How did that happen? He thought. *My nipples look way bigger and my chest looks puffy too! What's going on? Am I getting tits? Boys don't have tits – but why does my chest look swollen? Could having to wear a bra all the time cause that? I wish I could talk to someone about this... But I can't! I'd look like an idiot!*

He minced back to his room, wrapping his towel around his chest to hide his development, and pulled on his regular pajamas for the first time in a week. They felt a bit rough against his skin and not nearly as comfortable as his nylon

and chiffon nighties. As the flannel of the top rubbed against his nipples, they hardened and poked out. He didn't notice as he raised his hand and gave one a little scratch. He had been doing that so much lately the action didn't register in his mind. But it was irritating him, so he slipped on a pair of nylon panties and a camisole under his pajamas just to feel comfortable.

Getting his diary, he began writing in that day's events. "Dear Diary: Mommy came and picked me up today," he wrote. "I really missed her. I think I shocked her when she saw what I had done to my hair. She didn't say anything but I know it surprised her but I just love how it turned out. She didn't seem to notice that I shaped by eyebrows some or had on mascara. I really adore how my brows came out. I followed the directions as best I could and am happy. I just wish I could wear more makeup when I'm home with her. Putting on makeup is so much fun and makes me look pretty." Most of that entry was at his aunt's direction. By now, he knew exactly what his aunt expected him to write about, and how he needed to pretend he was excited and happy about the things she was forcing him to do.

"Like putting on makeup could ever be fun – or that I would want to do it in the first place. The only true thing in that diary is that I missed my Mommy," he mumbled, as he put it away.



David rolled over in bed as the light shone through gauzy curtains. It was morning. For a moment, he was confused, as he opened his eyes. He was back at Aunt Margaret's place, back in that girlish room he was forced to stay in.

He saw that his diary was on the table and he picked it up. A whole years worth of entries had been made in it. But it hadn't been a year since he started writing in it. Had it?

David tried to focus, but it was hard. He was in some sort of hazy state of mind. Getting out of bed, he walked out to the hallway. The house appeared empty. "Auntie?" he called out. "Mommy?" he called. There was no answer.

Quietly, he walked barefoot down the stairs, and heard some activity from the kitchen. It was laughing. Two women laughing.

He was curious, but he thought that his aunt was in there, and he didn't want to provoke her in any way. He headed back up the stairs, but as he did, he heard footsteps approaching.

"Charlotte?" Came his mother's voice. "What are you doing out of bed so early?"

David turned around to see his mother, coming from the kitchen. Only, there was something strange about her. She was dressed in much the same way his

aunt dressed, in conservative, slightly dated clothes in a muted colors. She had put her hair up in a tight bun, just like Aunt Margaret did.

"Charlotte? What are you doing up?" She asked.

"Mommy?" David replied, shocked and scared witless that his mother had just used his feminine name. "I can explain!"

"I suppose you smelled breakfast. Your aunt is cooking up some bacon for us." She then sat down in a chair and crossed her legs. In every way, she behaved like his aunt.

"She made me dress like this!" David said. "I didn't want to do it!"

"Didn't want to do what, darling?" his mother said, puzzled. "You're dressed like you always are for bed."

A full length mirror was by his mother's side. It was strange that he hadn't noticed it before, but there it was. He caught his reflection in it, and in a stupor over what he saw, slowly walked towards it.

He had long blonde hair, styled into tight ribbon-like curls, resembling Shirley Temple's old hairstyle, but longer. His face was soft and pink, perfectly clear and with a hint of baby fat in the cheeks. His whole body was thin and dainty, clear of any blemish or trace of body hair. David was wearing a candy-cane striped silk top with short puffed sleeves tied off in bows. It was short, revealing his pink tummy. His bottoms were a match to his top, puffed pantaloons that exposed his slim legs.

He wasn't anything like David anymore. He looked like a young girl of thirteen, a girl who had been living in silks and slept in stain, with a body like a porcelain doll. He felt small and helpless, and as his outstretched hand and pink oval fingernails touched his reflection, he couldn't believe it.

It was Charlotte in the mirror. He had become Charlotte.

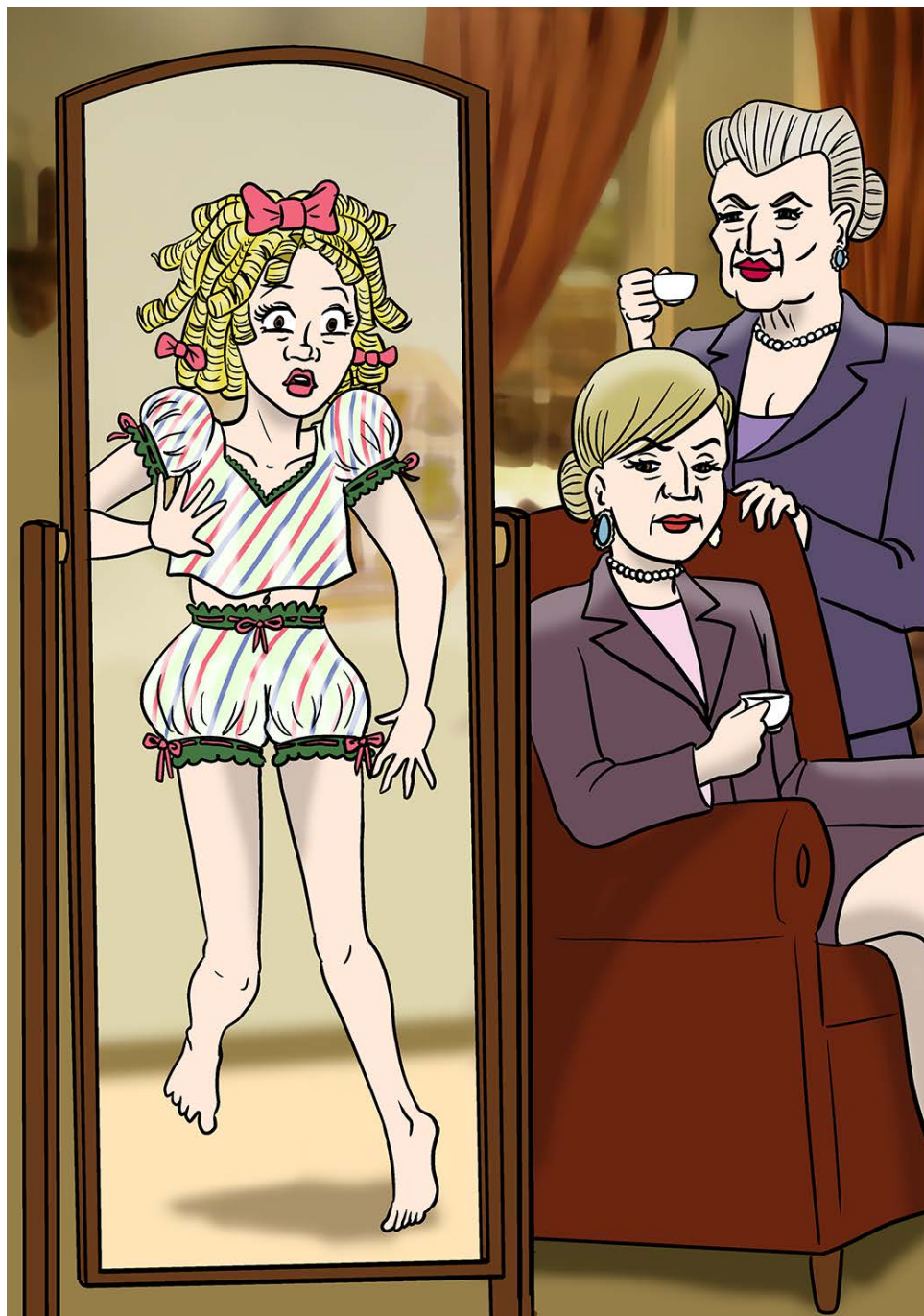
"Please take me home, Mommy!" He said, almost coming to tears. "I hate Auntie!"

"Your Auntie has made all this possible, Charlotte. She's been a real life-saver and a true sister to me."

"This is a horrible place! I want to go home!"

"Oh, darling," his mother said, sweetly. "You are home. We moved in with Aunt Margaret last year, of course. After I lost my job, it only made sense to go where we had a roof over our head."

"That's right, Charlotte," his aunt said, arriving from the kitchen, carrying a tray with two steaming cups of tea. She placed one down by her sister and then one down by her usual chair. They were dressed almost identically. "It's as if you have two mothers, now. What little girl wouldn't love to have two mothers to pamper her?"



“No!” David objected. “But I’m not a girl!”

“I think the little darling is having another relapse,” Aunt Margaret said, adding a “tsk-tsk.” She sat down and crossed her legs, just like her sister.

His mother was trying to be patient with David. "Charlotte, we've been over this. Since your aunt found that nice judge who changed your records, you're now Charlotte Madeline Webb, 13 years old... and female."

"What?" David was so confused. It couldn't be the truth, but somehow it all felt very real to him. "That's not true. Is it?" Little made sense, and everything was so hazy. He was certain about one thing. "That's just laws," he said, standing his ground. "That's just what papers say. I know I'm not a real girl."

"Charlotte..." His mother said. "Honey Bunny. You've been a real girl ever since the operation six months ago. You're *all* girl now."

"What?" He yelped. "No!" Frantically, David felt in between his legs. There was too much fabric.

Aunt Margaret looked on with a smile. "You're our little girl now, and the happiest, cutest, most real girl you can be."

David began to wildly tear and rip off his clothes like he was on fire, desperate to see for himself. "No, no, no!" He cried. He started to get dizzy and just when he had cleared himself of everything that was blocking his vision, it all went black.

He woke up.

With the sweat rolling down his forehead, David tried to forget about his nightmare and go back to sleep. What was difficult for him to put aside was how real his dream felt. It wasn't like some crazy dream where everything was mixed up and weird, this one was so real and so authentic. It didn't even really feel like a dream. It felt more like a premonition – as if he was seeing his future.

He checked in between his legs just to make sure it was still there.



Before she left for work, David had breakfast with his Mother in his pajamas. She gave him a puzzled look but said nothing. Kissing him on the forehead before leaving, she told him to mind her sister and be a good boy. With her safely out of the way, he rushed to his room and began dressing. Auntie would be there soon, and he needed to be ready.

He changed into his navy blue nylon brief-cut panties with white lace trim around the leg hems, a matching A-cup seamless bra, a full skirted half-slip with two inches of floral lace at the hem and a pair of ecru pantyhose for his underwear.

Grabbing his pink makeup bag from where he hid it in his closet, he went into the bathroom. There he brushed out his hair using a round bristle brush to turn the ends under before putting on his makeup. He did his best to apply the

liquid eyeliner, which came out just fine. Then, David added a touch of blue eye shadow and black mascara to finish off his eyes. It took him a few moments to decide if he should use his frosted pink lipstick. Auntie would expect it, so he did. Back in his room, he pulled the dress over his head being careful not to smudge his lipstick on it. He had done that before, and Auntie blistered his behind for it. He was stepping into the blue satin round-toed one-inch pumps when the doorbell rang.

He looked through the peephole before opening the door to let his aunt in. "Well, well. Don't we make a pretty picture this morning Honey Bunny?" She said in greeting. "I think you're actually getting the hang of it now. Come along, we're running late this morning," she said taking David's hand as if he were a child.

And so another work week began for David, and by now, he was in a routine. They arrived at the shop no later than nine thirty, where he went to the stock room and read his magazines. Aunt Margaret quizzed him briefly on the television shows she wanted him to watch, questions he answered easily. At noon, he was at dance practice and back home at his place by three.

There, he removed all his girlie clothing and makeup except for the mascara. He did an hour of ballet practice before donning his boy clothing, and went to clean up around the house and begin supper for when his mother came home. His routine went like that for four weeks, an entire month. By the time it was time for his mother's regular sales trip, David was more used to being in dresses and makeup than he was in his rough, abrasive clothes at home.

The first thing Aunt Margaret did, once Nan had dropped him off for another week under her tender mercies, was check his diary and notes from his teen romance novels. Finding them satisfactory, she sent him up to his room to get dressed.

He was shocked to find his bright yellow bridal satin and organza party dress with its layers of crisp white petticoats laid out for him. He hadn't worn his little girl dresses in a long time and wondered why she put that out. Normally, on his first day back at Auntie's, he would don his bikini and take in the sun. By now, his tan lines were very obvious, but he had rather do that than put on this dress. Along with the dress was his matching satin frilly underthings. Aunt Margaret had left a note telling him to put his hair up into pigtails and tie the ends with the yellow ribbons.

He was just finishing up buckling the yellow Mary Janes to his feet when she walked in. "Good, you're dressed," she said. "I've decided I want my little girl back tonight. Grab your dollies and bring them downstairs. You're going to have a tea party with Darlene." She saw David's eyes grow wide with shock. "Yes, she's coming over for a visit and I thought it would be nice to show her just what a perfect little girl you can be. Darlene doesn't get much of a chance to

see you outside of work. She'll just adore you." Her smile turned into a nasty grin.

Why does she have to humiliate me like this all the time? He wondered as he followed her down the stairs.

When he reached the landing, Darlene was waiting. She rushed over and between giving him a bear hug and air kisses, said how precious he looked. Releasing her grip she had him do a twirl and then fussed with his dress, telling him over and over what a cute little girl he made. David was blushing fifty shades of red by the time she stepped back.

I feel like such a... Such a... He was trying to think of the right word. His vocabulary of words that would fit had shrunk dramatically. Previously words like "fucktard" or "asswipe" would have come first to mind, but no longer. *I feel like such a silly billy*, he thought to himself.

Also changed was his feelings about being out in public in a dress. If this had happened a few months ago, he would have felt completely different. He would have been mortified to the point of violence, being seen by another adult dressed the way he was. Now, after being immersed in total femininity for so long, he just felt embarrassed to be seen dressed like a child.

For the next hour, as Aunt Margaret video-taped, he played 'tea party' with his dollies and Darlene. She seemed to be having a world of fun at his expense and his blush never dimmed. Of course, she added to his humiliation by telling him how to do things, or what to say to her and the dollies as he served the imagi-



nary tea. When he thought he couldn't take any more, Aunt Margaret came in and told them to clear the table because supper would be ready soon. For the rest of evening, he kept silent, as the two women shared many a laugh at his expense.

That night, before he got into bed, Margaret watched as he filled another page in his diary of that evening's activities. "Dear Diary: I had the most wonderful time with my dollies and Auntie Darlene having a tea party. I've always dreamed of doing that but never had the courage before. I love my Auntie for letting me do this. She has set my spirit free," he wrote. She didn't have to tell him the words anymore. He just knew to write the opposite of how he really felt.

Sleep didn't come easily, as images of the video she took that night and what he had to write in his diary kept popping up in his mind. If anyone were to read his diary, it would 'prove' that he participated voluntarily and was enjoying every minute.

It's a lie, all of it. She made me write that stuff. I hate every minute of this. I hate it, I hate it, I hate it, were his last thoughts as sleep over took him.



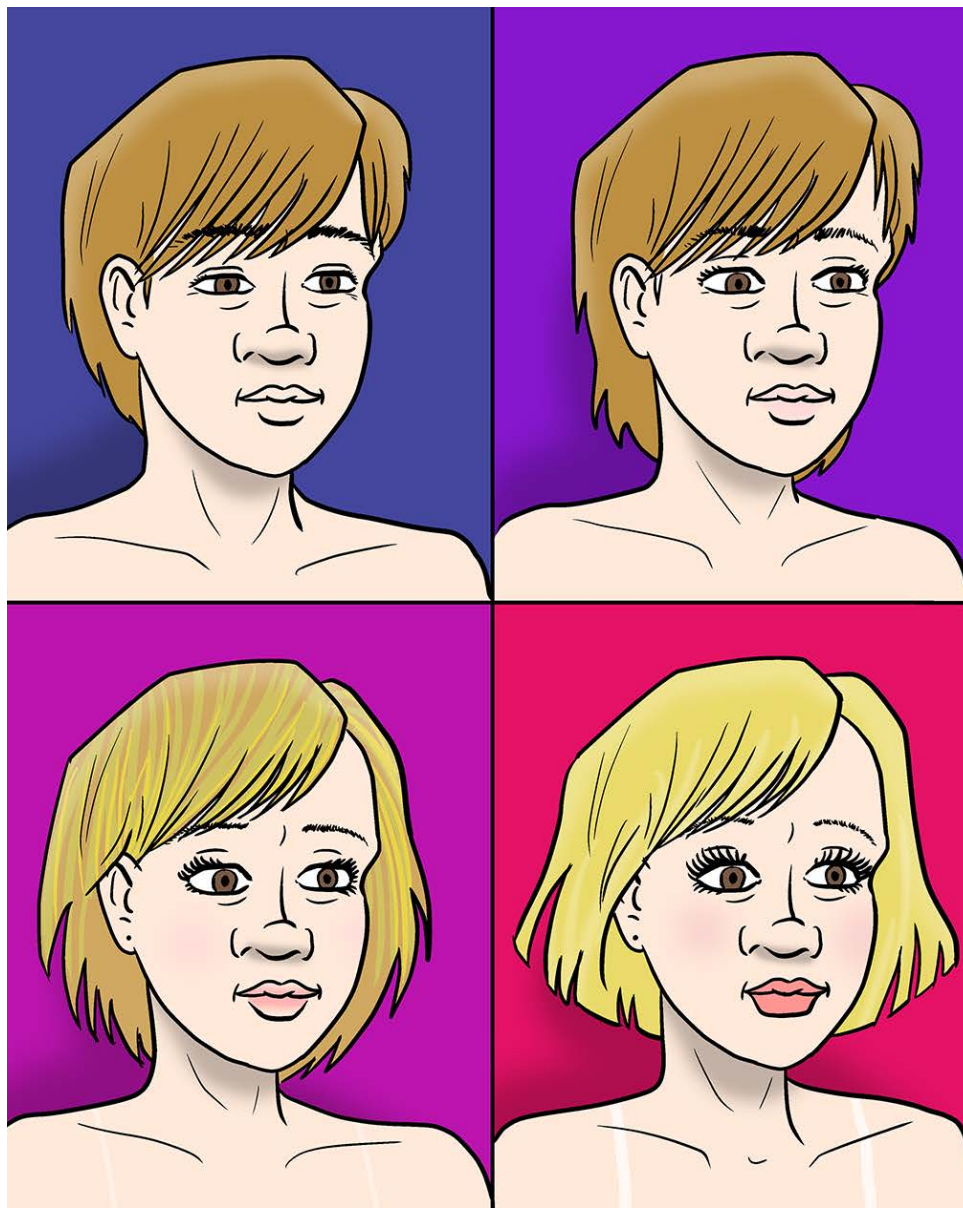
Margaret opened the door to David's room and flipped the lights on. There was no danger that he was going to wake up, she had drugged the warm milk he drank just before bedtime. This wasn't the first time she had done so. Margaret, on three previous occasions had done this same thing.

She sat on his bed and turned his face so she could see it. Margaret was more than pleased at the changes in his appearance. The hormones he had been taking had smoothed his skin out nicely, ridding him of the traces of acne he used to have. She was jealous of how smooth and perfect his skin was.

Also pleasing was how David's eyes had turned out. A small dose of eyelash-enhancing drugs in his daily vitamins had caused him to grow full, feathery lashes, like any young child would have. Even without mascara, they were enviously thick and dark.

The lip gloss she had made him use was a special formula she had bought on the Asian grey market. It had a gradual tinting effect, so slow David would never notice – and its effects were permanent. With months of daily usage, the young man had been unknowingly coloring his lips a nice rosy red, and would be that way forever.

David's weight had been dropping almost by the day, and it wouldn't be long until he was the same weight as a young teen girl. His body had lost all definition, and his features were already soft and youthful. She could already picture the feminine, child-like figure he would soon have. Soon enough, the poor boy



would probably even forget what it was ever like to have a penis hanging in between his legs.

Margaret plugged in her hair-removal home electrolysis device in and began to work on David's hairline. Over the last three nocturnal visits like this, she had been removing just a little bit of his hairline, so slight it was undetectable. After three sessions, though, his large, round forehead was obvious and made him look particularly youthful and girlish at the same time. She was also removing any stray hairs from his face that he had grown in before the hormones took



hold. David would never grow another facial hair again, or at least, no more than any natural woman would.

It was also a good opportunity to work on David's brows, removing permanently the eyebrow hairs he had been plucking out on his own. David hadn't even noticed that his eyebrows were getting thinner and thinner thanks to these little visits from the epilator fairy.

"And if you ever do notice," Margaret said to herself, "it'll be too late anyway, Honey Bunny."



After dance class on Monday, Aunt Margaret had David dress up in another one of his little-girl party dresses and spend two hours playing with his dolls. After associating with girls his age, having to regress into a little girl was especially humiliating. On Tuesday when they came home after work and he saw her taking out yet another party dress, he had to object.

"Auntie, please – not that again. I'm too old to be acting like a little girl. Please, I'll do anything you ask, but please no more little girl stuff," he begged.

"So you want to be a big girl?" she answered. "You'll do anything to be a big girl you say? Well then say it. Tell me you want to be a big girl all the time."

"Yes, anything Auntie, I want to be a big girl all the time," he replied, "Please let me be a big girl." He found himself actually meaning it.

"Very well... But any objections or whining will get you right back into little-girl mode all the time," she said. "Do you understand? No complaints, no disobedience or resistance – or it's right back into little girl mode even when you come to work in the morning."

"Oh yes, Auntie, I won't complain one bit," he promised.

Margaret smiled and nodded her head. *It seems as though my nasty nephew is finally coming around*, she thought, as she put the dress back into the closet. *He's more afraid of being seen as a little girl than being in dresses and makeup. Kept constantly under girl time punishment over the summer he has developed into a proper young lady.* She smiled smugly to herself, as her plans were finally coming to fruition. *Between that, being with girls his age, the hormones, and wanting to be seen as a big girl, my plan is a success.*

She nearly felt like humming a little tune of victory to herself as she congratulated herself. But this wasn't the ending, this was just the beginning. *School will be starting soon*, she thought, *So let's see how much further I can take this. I've been working on Nan too. Telling her how 'special' he is, and that all her concerns were nothing to worry about. Now that he wants to be a big girl it's about time to let her discover just how 'special' he is.*

"Well now that you are a big girl I guess I shouldn't be calling you Honey Bunny anymore. I just want you to know, Charlotte, that you will always be my little Honey Bunny no matter how old you are," she said. "Now, I think your decision calls for a reward. Since you are a big girl, it's time we did away with all those training bras. So get dressed and meet me downstairs. We have some serious shopping to do. Wear that cute yellow sun dress."

"Oh my God! What did I just talk myself into?" David thought.

Sitting at the vanity, David brushed his below-the-shoulder hair into a high pony tail, tying a yellow satin bow with long-notched streamers to hold it in place. As he puckered his lips, preparing to put on pearlescent pink lipstick, he sighed, "Well at least I won't have to wear those childish pig tails again or those ridiculous party dresses."

He was surprised when Auntie didn't take him to her shop to get his new bras. Instead, they went into a very high-end lingerie store. When a sales woman approached and asked if they needed any assistance, Margaret embarrassed him once again.

"Yes, my niece Charlotte needs new bras. Do you have someone qualified to accurately measure her? Young girls and a lot of women often get the wrong size and pay for it, if you know what I mean," Auntie said.

"Yes, I know exactly what you mean. I'm qualified and if you will come with me, we'll get Charlotte measured properly," the woman replied.

As she took David back behind a blind, she saw her customer was looking uneasy. "No need to be embarrassed dear," the woman said, "we're all girls here, and getting measured is necessary. Bra sizes vary from one manufacturer to another and from country to country, so getting an accurate measurement is necessary." She wrapped the measuring tape around David's nipples and it caused them to go stiff again. "Oh dear, you're between sizes. You're more than an A but not quite a full B," she said, seeing the bright blush on David's face as he stood bare-chested in front of her.

From his magazine reading, David knew what the difference was between an A-cup and B-cup. An A-cup had a measurement difference between the band and cup of about one inch and a B-cup two inches. When she stated his breast size, he blushed all the more.

Boy's don't have breasts! She must be mistaken, his mind screamed.

"I guess my niece is embarrassed because she was hoping that her little girls had grown up into young ladies by now," Margaret said with a little giggle.

He spent the next hour trying on bras of many different styles and colors. In the end, Aunt Margaret had purchased a dozen bras for him including a black bustier with claret satin detailing. When she informed him it was for those special dates, his face went pale.

"Wha... What do you mean Auntie? I'm not going out with any boys," he gasped, afraid of what her answer might be.

"Remember, you're a big girl now, almost eighteen, right? Girls should be dating by the time they turn sixteen and you're way behind. Dating is how girls learn to interact socially with men," she admonished. "It teaches them how to use the power that comes from being feminine. It's an important lesson you have yet to learn. Now don't get your pretty panties in a bunch, I'm not planning on you dating just yet."

No... Not yet... She thought.

In addition to the bras, she bought him several wide, elaborately embroidered and lace-frilled garter belt/waist chinchies, and two dozen packets of expensive hosiery.

Beginning Wednesday, she had David dressed like girls his age. Gone were the short-shorts and pants, from then on it would be dresses, skirts and blouses. Plus, at work, she moved him out of the stock room and onto the main sales floor. Sheryl was put in charge of teaching him how to be a good sales clerk. Having him relate to and emulate girls his age was now to be a permanent part of his mind set. Getting him to do the same with older women would further his feminine development. It would also be a great opportunity to teach him about fabrics, styles and accessories.

"Can I help you, Ma'am?" David said, sweetly and professionally as he approached one particular woman. She was holding a negligee up in front of her, before a mirror.

"Oh, uh..." The woman replied, startled. More than startled, she appeared alarmed.

For a moment, David was sure he had just given himself away. He had been spotted and outed as a male.

"You work here?" The woman asked.

"Y... Yes, Ma'am," David stuttered out an answer. He was scared stiff. "My aunt owns the s... s... store."

"That explains it," the woman replied, visibly relieved. "Normally, I'd say you were too young a girl to have a job yet! Why, you must barely be a teenager."

"Oh," David said, startled. But he was dressed in big girl's clothes doing a big girl job. Did he still look that young?



"Could you ask one of the older girls to help me? I want to purchase some mature, adult, clothing. Nothing for a little girl like you to see!"

Mortified, he found Sheryl and explained the situation. With a humiliating giggle, she went off to help. David was perplexed. He couldn't have been mistaken for a girl who was 'barely a teenager,' could he? From the startled responses of the rest of his customers that day, David had to conclude that he, in fact, was.



David turned eighteen that Thursday, and his Mother planned on giving him a party on her day off, which was Saturday.

At the dress shop, his co-workers even noticed that 'Charlotte' was in a sunny mood for once. Instead of his usual slightly sullen demeanor, David was humming a little song to himself. *Happy Birthday to Me*, it was. The 18th was the magic number. Now, he was legally an adult. Now, he could use his bank account to buy a car. Most importantly, he could now get away from his crazy aunt, and if it came to it, even get away from his mother.

Unbeknownst to David, his aunt was at that moment talking to her sister. Margaret was holding her younger sister's arm for stability as she escorted her up the stairs of David's house. "Nan, I have to tell you something that you may find very difficult to understand. We've been keeping something from you for a long time now. It might be easier if we go to his room. I want to show you some things – but first promise me that you will keep an open mind. Can you do that?"

"Yes, of course, Margaret," Nan replied. "You know I trust you."

"Good, I think when you see everything for yourself, you will accept it."

In David's room, she showed her what he had hidden in his closet. Nan was shocked. "Nan," Margaret said holding up the yellow sun dress, "this is one of Charlotte's favorites."

Nan had a puzzled, broken expression on her face.

"Oh, from that look, I guess I forgot to tell you. David picked out that name himself for when he dresses. When I asked him why he picked that name, he said that was how he thought of himself. He told me ever since he saw that movie, 'Charlotte's Web,' he identified with the spider. He felt like he was trapped in a web until I let him free. I suppose with our last name of Webb, it was a natural." She put the dress down and looked around the room. "Let's see, where did he tell me he kept it? Ahhh, here, Nan this is his diary. I have no idea what's in it, but I think it will explain everything. Maybe it will convince you. Go on read it."

It wasn't until she read his diary that she broke down and cried. "I... I never... Never realized... How could I have been so blind?" David's mother was weeping, unable to hide her broken heart. "Yes, I noticed when he started streaking his hair and letting it grow. I was even pleased when he began showing and interest in keeping the house clean and learning to cook." She wiped her tears with her sister's handkerchief. "Getting out of those baggy jeans and cargo pants with his boxers showing and into those androgynous styles I thought a bit drastic, but I liked it." She took another look at the looping, girlish script in the diary. "So why didn't I see this long ago? My poor baby, why didn't you come to me?" She looked up at her sister through her teary vision. "Oh, Margaret why didn't you tell me sooner?" She said, getting her crying under control.

"I wanted to darling but Dav... I mean *Charlotte* begged me not to say a word." Margaret comforted her sister with an embrace. "I kept telling you that he was special and even a delicate boy. I had hoped you would have taken the hint." She let her go and held both of her sister's hands. "I've let him be the person that he is on the inside while I took care of him. I have to admit that I was even surprised to see how far he took it over the summer. I could only encourage him to go with his true desires." It was time to pour on the emotions, something Margaret had practiced in the mirror several times over the last few days.

Wonderful! She's buying all this! Margaret thought. *But I need to make sure...*

"Nan sweetheart, there's another thing you need to know," Margaret said, with as much faux sincerity as she could muster. "Charlotte doesn't know I talked to you. If you confront him, he will probably deny everything, maybe even violently. He's so afraid you will think less of him and stop loving him. I just don't know what he would do."

"I can't believe this!" Nan said, cradling one side of her face with her hand.

"Well, after all, you're the only parent he has now. He couldn't tell you for fear you would abandon him, too. All I can say is, stay the path, be supportive and especially don't pay attention if he tries to repudiate what I just told you. After all, the proof is in the pudding and you've read his diary and seen his clothing."

Nan looked around at the evidence again, and she started to well up once more. "He was hiding all this from me?"

"Now dry those tears," Margaret said, "he will be home soon. Right now, I strongly advise you not to be here. You're upset, and he isn't ready to tell you. Give me some time. If you want me to, I'll have a heart-to-heart talk with him. I'll convince him it's the right thing to reveal everything and you will have some time to think about it."

"Oh, could you?" Nan said, relieved. "This is all so much to digest."

"Of course, I'll do that for you, dear sister," she patted Nan on the knees. "But from what he's said, I think he's feeling that he must show Charlotte to the

world at his party on Saturday. He's been waiting for so long. He has a lovely outfit he has been dying to wear. He's been trying to convince me that I should let him wear it to the party."

"Ye... Yes this has been stressful an... And I do need some time to gather my thoughts. You're right as always, Sis. I don't know what I would do without you," Nan replied, sniffing.

Oh yes, I think that went perfectly, Margaret thought as she left the house. *She bought my story hook, line and sinker. As for you, David, after your behavior today you have earned the right to wear my prettiest, frilliest outfit. It's sure to impress your mother and when your father gets the pictures, well, that will truly be the icing on the cake. Wait until he sees what I have done to his only son – that bastard!*

Meanwhile, David wasn't looking forward to getting home, as he had to ride the bus. He was thankful no one from his neighborhood was on it, but once he got off at his stop, it was two blocks to get home. He would have to somehow cover those blocks and get inside without anyone seeing him dressed in a stupid leotard and tutu.

He was lucky. Once he got off at the bus stop, he looked around and didn't see anyone nearby. He made a mad dash all the way to his front door. He didn't see anyone outside, thank goodness. By the time his Mother came home, he was chopping vegetables to put into the salad he had made for supper.

"Isn't the baseball game on?" She asked her son.

"Ew!" David replied, the very thought of watching sports was making him feel sick. "I hate sports, Mommy!"

She looked at him for a long, almost uncomfortable moment, before giving him an air kiss, and went into her room.

What's gotten into her? I hope something isn't wrong. She seemed so distant, he thought.

Over dinner, Nan couldn't help but examine her son. For the first time, she consciously noticed his plucked brows, the eyelashes and the pinkness of his lips. She couldn't deny that he had been wearing lipstick. Those little tell-tale distinctive discolorations where the lipstick had seeped into the very small creases in the lips.

How could I have missed all that? She thought in dismay. *A good mother should have noticed that sooner. Maybe I should say something. No – Sis said to let him come forward on his own. If I make an issue of it now, there's no telling what will happen.*

She watched her son clean up the table and put away the dishes without even a hint of complaint. No boy she had ever known would have done such a thing. As he did so, she had to admit that he didn't carry himself like a normal boy,

either. His walk was more or less a flounce, as he held his hands out to his sides, keeping his elbows in, like a girl would. His steps were short, refined and fluid. *Sometimes he moved like a ballerina*, she thought to herself. *I pray that she gets him to come out to me. I do want to be supportive and help my baby... No matter what.*

As it was time to get ready for bed, David carried a small glass of warm milk up with him, as he couldn't fall asleep without one anymore. Back in his room, David looked around. Everything seemed to be in place, his secrets still safe. *Mommy has been acting strange ever since she got home*, he thought. *What was really weird, was that I had the feeling she was checking me out. Could she have discovered my secret? Everything looks like how I left it... Maybe I'm being paranoid. If she had discovered something, she would have said something, wouldn't she? Gosh, I hope she didn't lose her job, or something terrible happened that she didn't want to talk about.*

Over breakfast the next morning, he asked her if anything was wrong. He was worried that something bad might have happened. "You... You didn't lose your job, did you? You're not sick?" He ventured.

"Oh no darling, nothing like that. I... I've been distracted that's all. Baby, I love you and only want the very best for you, that's all. You know you can always..." she paused. *I don't want to scare him off. Sis said not to say anything and now is not the time to bring it up*, she thought. "It's nothing, I'm just rambling. Nothing you have to worry about. Oh dear, look at the time. I have to get to work," she said, ending the awkward conversation.

David's mind was elsewhere most of the day Friday. His mother's explanation bothered him. At work, when Margaret pulled him from the sales floor calling him into her office for a private meeting, something she had never done before, he was frightened. He closed the door and took the seat in front of her desk. He was expecting the worst, and he expected it to be about his mother.

"Charlotte, I've had a long talk with your Mother," she began.

David swooned, thinking the worst. The he righted himself, still looking troubled and upset.

"No, she isn't sick or lost her job, so calm down," Aunt Margaret said. "She is just very upset that you haven't confided to her about your girl time. Yes, she knows all about it and has for a long time now."

"You *told* her?" David almost shrieked.

"No, darling. She came to me with it. She's always felt that you were just a girl inside, waiting to come out, and wanted me to help."

"What?" David yelled. "That's not true!"

"Now, don't get into a hissy fit, she whole-heartily approves and loves you. She's just tired of waiting for you to tell her that's all. She's your Mommy and

only wants what we think is best for you." Margaret was enjoying the wild look in David's eyes.

"Y... You didn't! You told her what you make me do?" He blurted, tears forming in his eyes. "No, she would never approve of what you have done to me. I'm David, her son no matter what you say, she'll see that. She'll make you stop!"

"No! She's happy about your flowering into Charlotte. And she will not let you go back to being the self-centered disrespectful child that you were. We've had a lot of long heart-to-heart talks and yes, she fully approves. She loves the changes and only wants her daughter to appear full-time. She's tired of Charlotte hiding from her."

David was trying to be defiant, even as he was starting to cry. "This is a trap! You're making this up!"

"Yesterday, she showed me your diary. Yes, she had read every page and had a tear of happiness in her eye when she finished. She was only sorry that she wasn't there as the changes took place. You know mothers love mother-daughter times spent together, and she missed that."

David, in his seat, appeared to be dissolving into a mound of tears and sniffles.

Margaret continued. "So get it through that fat head of yours: Mommy dearest wants her daughter full-time. You'll spend the night at my place tonight. She has your birthday party to plan, and I promised you'd be there ready and willing to be Charlotte for her. I've given her the names of your friends at dance and ballet so they can be invited to your party. Sheryl and Darlene are going, too. They'll all be there and for your sake, I hope you understand your position," she said smiling triumphantly.

David fled the office crying. He found a back corner in the storeroom and sat down on the floor, letting the tears flow. *My Mommy wants me to be a girl. My life is over!* He thought. He tried to 'man up' and dry his tears, and even as his new feminine emotions overwhelmed him, he fought a valiant fight. *I never would have thought she would approve, but Auntie's right. She never once said anything. When she caught me in that frilly apron, when Auntie had those stupid streaks put in my hair, when it grew below my shoulders and kept it in that feminine bob, she never said a word. She must have known and approved all along, otherwise she would have stopped this long ago.*

His mood was little changed by the time he got to dance class. There, he was warmly greeted and the girls told him how eager they were to attend his birthday party. Their warmth and friendliness improved his mood some, but it bothered him that they would be attending. He worked extra hard during class, hoping that by losing himself in dance he could forget his problems.

All of them said they were coming, he thought as he got back into his aunt's car. It only proves what Auntie told me. Mommy wants Charlotte and not

David. I don't want to be, nor ever wanted to be, a girl – but what choice do I have now? If I don't show up at the party as Charlotte she'll just try to force me into dresses, just like Aunt Margaret.

He was so distressed that he swore to himself. *Fudge!* He thought.

David tried to rationalize his way out of this mess. *Surely Mommy can't send me back to school looking like this.* That made sense. *Maybe I will have to run away after all. I love my Mommy, but if Auntie has her convinced, I don't have a choice! Thank goodness I'm 18 and old enough to do it!*



At Margaret's house, she let David sleep in Saturday morning. She had even let him sit out back in his bikini until the sun went down. She didn't do it out of kindness. She did it because it gave him more time to ponder his fate. She had him right where she wanted him, and today she would deliver the final crushing blow that would keep him that way.

After lunch, she had him take a long bubble bath and then got him dressed in an orange crop top and white short-shorts to take him to the salon in. Telling him if he put up any resistance, she would expose his disguise, she led him into the beauty salon by the hand, as David had grown used to. His hair was put up in small curlers and given a perm and style. When the stylist had finished, David was horror-struck. His fluffed out hair, now hung to just above his shoulders, in tight, flat, thin curls. The cosmetologist had thinned his brows into much finer arches and used pink shadow and blusher on his face and hot pink color on his lips, shaped into a cupid's bow. His oval-shaped nails had half-inch extensions and were varnished in the same hot pink as his lips.

"Lollipop?" The girl at the desk said as Aunt Margaret paid the bill. David took it and put it in his mouth without even realizing how juvenile an act it was.

As he licked, he turned to see himself in a mirror for the first time. "I look like Shirley Temple," he gasped. That thought seemed familiar to him, but he couldn't quite place it.

When they pulled up in David's driveway, he was patient as his aunt parked and then got out of the car. He waited like he had been trained to, waiting for his aunt to grasp his hand and lead him to where they were going. He was at the point where if he didn't have someone's hand to grab on to, he wasn't quite sure what to do with himself.

If the salon visit wasn't enough of a shock to his system, what he found waiting in his room was. It made his stomach flip flop and he felt bile rush up his throat. The undies were new, bright pink satin, white lace frilled with ribbon bows. The panties were pantaloons with row upon row of white lace with delicate small pink bows trimming the lacy edges down almost to his knees. The

bra was a balconet push up, the wide band a lacy confection. The pink nylon just-below-the-knee socks had a large white satin bow attached to the back of the elastic lace tops. The bright white organza-and-net petticoat had yards and yards of material with pink ribbon bows and lace at each of the four hems.

Then there was the dress. It was a bright lavender satin with immense wire-supported white chiffon balloon-puffed short sleeves with three layers of white floral lace, embellished with small pink bows at the cuffs. The bodice had a low, rounded neckline from which more of the translucent white chiffon reached up to form a pleated ruffled high collar. The full-circle satin high-waist skirt would stick almost straight out once it settled over the full petticoat. A pink satin sash was to be tied in an immense stiff bow below his shoulders in the back. There were long-notched streamers falling to the skirt's hem. It was the most childish dress he had ever seen.

His accessories were pink patent leather Mary Janes, a pink heart-shaped satin purse on a long golden chain strap, a gold locket with a picture of his Mommy and Auntie on the inside for his neck and a pair of white lace fingerless gloves. His teddy bear earrings completed his juvenile outfit. Dressed, she sprayed him with a perfume that smelled sweet but gave off an undertone of baby powder.

Of course, David put up a fight, seeing what she had in mind for him to wear to his party. It was expected, and it took a session over her knees to get him to comply with her wishes. She was enjoying every second of his debasement. After today, even his friends would never have second thoughts about his gender. That is, if they stayed friends after seeing him in such a ridiculous outfit.

Then, a knock came at the door.

"I couldn't wait another minute," David's mother said, from the other side. "I've been thinking about it all night and I just can't wait to see my new little girl!"

"She's not ready yet, Sis," Margaret replied. "You'll just have to wait."

David could hear their exchange, and had tried to hide so his mother wouldn't see him. Aunt Margaret wasn't letting her in, though. She only opened the door a crack.

"I did want to thank you again for letting us move in with you," Nan said. "It was a blow to get fired today. I don't know what I would do without you."

"Think nothing of it," Margaret replied.

"You've been a real life-saver and a true sister to me," David's mother replied.

That phrase triggered something in the back of David's memory. He wasn't quite sure what it was, but it felt like a forgotten dream. He had this weird sense of *déjà vu*.



"I look forward to it," Margaret said. "It will be like Charlotte having two mothers, now."

"It will be like old times, the Webb sisters back together again."

"That's right, sis. Now, scoot! Charlotte will be ready for you, soon." She closed the door.

David stepped out from where he had been listening. "Moving in? Lost her job?"

"Oh yes, it was such a shock. She was let go this morning from her sales job. Such a shame. But I'm delighted to have the both of you move in with me! Won't that be delightful?"

"How...?" David began to ask.

"How did she lose her job? It seems some anonymous customer of hers complained about some underhanded sales tactics she was using." She picked up her cell phone from her purse and held it up for David to see. "Now, I wonder who would have made such a call to her bosses?" She dropped the phone back in her purse. "No matter, now we'll all be together."

"You got her fired?" David yelled.

"That's an unfounded accusation," Margaret replied. "Now, stop delaying. It's time for you to go meet your little friends. Oh, and I also invited that Dalton boy. I certainly hope he doesn't recognize you. But he probably will. That's certainly going to cause a stir in the neighborhood. It's a good thing you're moving soon."

"You planned this all!" David suddenly realized. This was much more than just some sort of sick perversion. His aunt had planned everything, and he just was now starting to realize how deep the scheme was. He knew his aunt was evil, but this was beyond anything he could have imagined. He wanted to unleash the grandest, most devastating insult he could think of, but his childlike vocabulary wasn't up to the task. "You're mean!" He said.

"And I have one gift from me to you, Charlotte. A special gift for a special little girl." She handed her nephew a pink box tied closed with a white ribbon.

"You can't make me stay! I'm 18 now, I can leave anytime I want! I'm a legal adult!"

"Open the box, Charlotte," was all his aunt had to say.

With his hands shaking and his fingers numb, he pulled apart the ribbon and opened the box. Inside, he pulled out a small toy car. A cherry red mustang with black plastic seats. It was the exact kind of car he wanted to buy for himself. His dream car. Or, more accurately, a parody of it.

"What a wonderful little car for your dollies to drive around in," Margaret taunted. "That's the only kind of car a little girl like you should ever be allowed to have, don't you agree? Oh, and look what's in the front seat, Charlotte!"

Curled up in a tube was a thick certificate with an embossed, official stamp on it. He unrolled it slowly, afraid to see what it was. Then, when he could see it, he read it to himself.

"Charlotte Madeline Webb," Margaret said aloud, to make sure he knew what the words printed on the certificate meant. "Born thirteen years ago today, a bouncing baby girl."

"This isn't..." He paused, remembering his dream. His premonition. "I'm David Clarke."

She pointed to the paper. "That's an official birth certificate from the state. Your own cute little baby fingerprints and footprints and everything. No such person named David Clarke even exists anymore," Margaret said with a grin. "Clarke was your father's name, and you will no longer have anything to do with him. Webb is the name of the women's side of the family. Our side."

"But... How?" David croaked through his increasingly tight throat.

"It pays to know people in high places. An old sorority sister who's a judge now." She leaned over and said, in a low, breathy voice. "You *are* Charlotte Webb, you're a child of 13, and you're not living on your own anytime soon, Honey Bunny."

The certificate fell out of David's hand and landed on the floor. His whole head was empty of thought. His aunt's victory was complete. His mother was convinced he wanted to be a girl, he was legally a girl and his friends were all about to know what he had become. There was no way out.

A copy of that certificate, along with a DVD burned with hours of home videos was on it's way to



David's father already. The videos showed the gradual change of David Clarke into Charlotte Webb, and was the ultimate humiliation for David's incarcerated father.

Margaret opened the door. "The moment you step through these doors, Charlotte, it's all going to be over. Everyone who matters in your life will know *who* and *what* you've become. For you, it will be girl time, *all* the time."

All of the sudden, David could fully recall the entirety of his dream. He saw himself as that tiny, weak, helpless thirteen year old, permanently trapped as a girl and under the heel of his aunt. Everything he had feared had come true. Then he recalled how his dream ended, and he knew that his nightmare had not yet reached it's blood-chilling conclusion.

With one last push, David was thrust through the doorway, into the bright daylight and waiting smiles of his friends. This was Charlotte's birthday party.

This brings us to the present, and you now know why he didn't want to go out that front door.

The End



Titles by Sick Puppy Press

Sick Puppy Comics

Making Friends

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice...

Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

The Pet Sitter

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

A Curious Curse

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

Boys Will Be Girls

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes anew group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

Teens Transformed

She Made Me Into My Sister

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

Gone Girly for Good

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

Students, Exchanged

"French Dupe" by Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue's convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 57 pages / 15 illustrations

He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

From Boys to Bridesmaids

"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom" by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

Little Mis-ter Popular

"My Two Moms" by James J Craft, illustrations by rock-etxpert. Thanks to his aunt's "Confidence Club," Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

Bride to Be

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

Tales of Transformation

He's the Wrong Girl

"Office Chemistry" by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

City Boy, Country Girl

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's long-forgotten aunt is sick, and he goes to care for her. His calls back home leave his wife Janice confused and unsure about his return. So she goes to find him. But is there much left to be found? Book / 64 pages / 25 illustrations

Thames Greene

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

Hiding in High Heels

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

I'm Your Dolly

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

His Life as a Trophy Wife

"The Puppy Mill" by Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Book / 210 pages / 16 illustrations

Male Monday, Girl Friday

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

The Happiest Place on Earth

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

Hello, Nurse

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care" Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

My Boss, The Bimbo

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

He's the Girl They Want

"Rallies" by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

Demoted and Degraded

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

I, Candy

"Sissy Sweets" by James J Craft, illustrations by rock-etxpert. Inheriting his family's bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

Boyz II Girlz

"The Making of the Ballroom Brats" by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

His Strangest Desire

"Employee of the Month" by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he's going to find himself hurtling headlong into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

Hard Time or High Heels

"I'm Turning into My Mother" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he's on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

Seriously Skirted

"The Show Piece" by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

Stories of the Supernatural

Changed and Rearranged

"Wrongs Make Wright" By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris' dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

From Pals to Gals

From the files of TGStories.com: "Mandate of the People" By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

Crossed Fiction

Sisters for the Summer

"Camp Counseling" By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he's no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

They're the Girls for the Job

"Peace and Harmony" By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Summer

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl's dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

I Never Wanted to be a Woman

"Politically Corrected" By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael's politically active mother has decided she's going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

Seriously Sissified

Revenge of the Cheerleaders

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

He's Got His Mind Made Up

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinkyrocket. Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

Web Classics Revisited

Two Forms of ID

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only



Reading is Fun de Mental!