

BROKEN HOME

By Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A NEW WOMAN™ NOVEL

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BROKEN HOME

BY CHERYL LYNN

Dale sat on his bed slowly packing away his junk into another cardboard box. It was time for another move, but this time he was doing it on his own without following his mother around. This was going to be a very different life he would be moving into as well. It was a life he did not ask for, but now had to live with it. A strange tale in the making it was; and, if he had known how things were going to turn out, well the ending would have been much different.

Dale paused in his packing and began reminiscing.

First, his parents got divorced and he and his mother moved away. She needed a fresh start and she did not want to be within five hundred miles of her ex. His mother had remarried quickly after she split from his father, but the marriage did not work out. Now he was having to move yet again. This time, his Mom had found a guy he could, given some time, accept.

While Dale had missed his father, their relationship was never close. His father was a tri-athlete, and Dale, well to be kind, was the kid everyone liked to kick sand on at the beach. Dale was a skinny little kid without much of a physique. He tended to be bookish and shy while his father was deep into all sports and very extroverted. Dale was too young for his father to build much of a relationship by the time of the divorce and now Dale barely remembered his real Dad.

Not long after moving to Scotsdale, his mother fell in love and married Benny. Benny moved in and cared enough about Dale to adopt him. Everything settled down into a typical family routine until three years later. Suddenly, his mother developed cancer and after a short illness passed away. Her passing left Dale alone with Benny, as his real father had long since washed his hands of them. Dale did not care anyway as he had long since accepted Benny as someone to look up to and emulate. Benny had become the father he never had.

So for four years it was just Dale and Benny.

Benny's business was surging forward by leaps and bounds, but it was taking more and more of his time.

Dale was growing up fast for an eighteen year old, but it was obvious that he took after his mother. He was now almost five foot four and weighed eighty two pounds soaking wet. Barely bigger than a twelve year old boy, despite his eighteen years. At his age he should be at least three inches taller and twenty pounds heavier, but he was small framed. So small that he was often mistaken by busy body matrons, who reported him as a child playing hooky, even though he had already a senior in high school.

Dale had few friends and no one close enough to call a “best” friend. Their Latino maid was probably his closest friend, if he was forced to name one. They couldn't even converse as she spoke only Spanish and Dale only knew a few words. His was a lonely existence. Private school, home, Lydia the maid and Benny the step-dad and that was pretty much it.

Then, that spring, Benny met Grace. Grace was thin and all angles but she did have breasts. Great big, full figured garbanzos, if you know what I mean. How such a thin frame could support such big breasts was a wonder to both Benny and Dale. Dale did not find out until much later that Grace's figure wasn't all natural.

Dale had the feeling that something just wasn't quite right about Grace, but it did not matter as Benny loved her. It wasn't anything that he could put his finger on, but he felt it nonetheless. Perhaps, it really radiated out of Grace's sister, Aunt Ellen, and her daughter Beverly. Aunt Ellen was three years older than Grace, as thin and bony, but without the boobs. Beverly was homely at best, a bratty fifteen year old, flat as an ironing board and temperamental. Dale did not initially like either one, but maybe he was wrong. He'd give them a chance, and in any case, he would have little say in the matter anyway.

During his courtship, Benny sought Dale's approval and while Dale had misgivings offered his encouragement to Benny. Benny was working entirely too hard; and well, so what if Grace had shifty eyes and looked like she was hiding something. Dale had decided that Benny needed his support and was old enough to decide for himself if Grace was the kind of woman he wanted.

Not long after, Benny and Grace decided upon a June first wedding. Dale served as Best man and Grace's sister Ellen served as Matron of Honor. Beverly was the Maid of Honor. The women all wore bright pink satin and the two men wore gray tuxedos. It was a modest civil ceremony with the Justice of the Peace presiding. Neither Benny or Dale had any other family to call on. It was just the two of them standing in the groom's corner. The ceremony was short and to the point with the newlyweds leaving immediately after for Mexico. Just before Benny left he instructed Dale to make sure that his new Aunt and sister were comfortably settled in the house.

“I'm counting on you to see that everything goes well while I'm not here. If you have any real problems, just contact my office. They will know how to get hold of me, but only in an emergency Dale, understand?” Benny had told him.

While Benny and Grace were on their honeymoon, Dale helped Ellen move all their things into the house. Both Ellen and Beverly were going to move into the spacious house. The idea did not please Dale, but there was little he could do about it. Benny wanted to please his new wife and since the house was so big he did not think there would be any problem with her relatives moving in with them. After all, the house had six bedrooms and four baths; which should have left plenty of room for everyone.

Right from the minute his step-dad and Grace left for Cancun, Ellen and Beverly started ordering and bossing Dale just like he was their servant. By the time he had finished moving all their stuff into the master bedroom and his old room he was exhausted. His worst fears were coming true all too soon. Unfortunately Dale did not have the faintest idea of just how bad things could be.

The first thing that his Aunt did was fire the maid, Lydia. The plane had barely left and his Aunt was making major changes already. This did not bode well for Dale, but he shook it off as just one of those “Woman” things that happened when a new hen entered the roost.

“Well I’ll give her the benefit of the doubt,” he thought as he watched Lydia drive off. He was going to miss her, but he wasn’t given much time to dwell on Lydia’s leaving.

He promptly forgot all about Lydia once he found out what Beverly was doing to him. Beverly took one look at the size of her bedroom and decided it was entirely too small for her needs and demanded to move into Dale’s. Not only did Beverly decide that she did not like the guest room, she did not like the “fru-fru” canopied bed, frilly vanity, or matching dresser that Benny had purchased for her arrival. Nothing about this house pleased her one little bit, but she could learn to live there if she had Dale’s more spacious room. The other guest bedroom had been fixed up for Ellen, and of the remaining rooms, one was for the maid and the other was bare to the carpet.

Dale raised his voice to protest and demand that Beverly move into the guest room, but she just did not pay him any mind whatsoever. Beverly simply walked past him into his room, tossed her overnight bag onto the bed, walked over to the dresser, and swept his model cars and airplanes onto the floor with one sweep of her arm. Instead of knocking her on her pompous ass like most bigger brothers would, Dale just bent down on his knees and started picking up the pieces.

Beverly walked over to where he knelt and deliberately stomped her foot down, crushing his P-38 model plane!

It had been his favorite. His real dad had helped him put it together. The shock of seeing it crushed plus all the stress of the past few days was more than this gentle boy could handle and he started to cry. Great big tears poured down his face as he got madder and madder. Standing up, he raised his fist in the air, finally having all he was going to take from this teen bitch when Ellen walked in.

She reached out and grabbed his hand in mid-downswing, throwing him off balance.

He was forced to follow his momentum around and wound up facing Ellen. His arm now behind his back in a half-nelson. If looks could kill, Ellen’s eyes would have had him six feet under.

“What is the meaning of this?” she almost screamed in his face. “How dare you! How dare you even to think that you could strike my baby! I can see right now that we are going to have to set some matters straight. Right this minute before anything else gets done! It is time to make very sure that you fully understand your new place in this household and what will and will not be acceptable conduct! You, you shameful child!”

He was still crying and the pressure Ellen was applying to his imprisoned arm was making it worse. He stood there as if petrified. His new aunt had a very firm grip on him and using her other hand on his shoulder she kept him her prisoner. When he had tried to squirm away from her grip, she just jerked his arm up a bit higher.

“Bev, dearest,” She said. “Come over here and undo his pants. We're going to see just how much it is going to take to tame this juvenile delinquent.”

Then turning her attention back to Dale. “All right you bully, march over to the bed. Come on! I'm not letting go of you. Oh, no! Not yet at any rate. Now stand still or I'll be forced to really hurt you and I do not want to do that!” she said tugging his arm up even higher.

Dale had to stand there almost on tip toe and let Beverly unbuckle his belt, unfasten his jeans, and pull them down his legs. He turned bright red as she bent down in front of him to pull his jeans to his feet. His embarrassment became all the more humbling when to his amazement she did not stop there, but pulled his jockey shorts down around his ankles as well!

She was kneeling on the floor in front of him with his jeans and drawers piled around his ankles. With a grin as big as Wyoming on her face, she stared at his manhood.

“Ooooooh, Mamma!” she exclaimed with amused delight. “Look how small it is. I would never believe that one could be this little. He's like a little baby with a wee wee. Hehehehehehe.”

Beverly reached out a finger and twanged his penis right on its head. It twitched and started to engorge despite his humiliation and embarrassment of being so exposed before Beverly and her mother.

“Get up from there Bev, dear. It is not nice to taunt and tease those who have a deformity. You really should know better darling. Now be a good child and bring me your hair brush.

“And you, young man, and I am using that term very loosely, bend yourself across my knees right now!” she ordered as she tugged him into position across her lap.

Dale was crying for real now. He was totally embarrassed and was going to be spanked besides. In all his years, nothing like this had ever happened to him. He did not have the faintest idea of how to either protect himself or what to do. Obviously there was little he could do with his pants pulled down and his arm locked behind his back by a much stronger and older woman, he was helpless and he knew it. The worst part was knowing just how helpless, these two women could do anything they wanted.

Beverly was back. She was smiling down at him enjoying his torment.

He felt the cool touch of the hair brush on his bottom. Ellen rubbed it around and over his exposed cheeks for a few agonizing seconds before she let the first blow land.

Dale yelped out in both surprise and pain. It had really stung.

“Careful Mamma,” Beverly protested. “Don't break my brush on his backside. I don't think you have to hit him very hard to make him cry. After all he's only a LITTLE man, hahahahaha.”

Beverly's wise cracks about his male equipment were beginning to annoy him. Yes, he was a scrawny kid and he knew that.

"Hell" he often thought, *"I'll have to gain weight just to become a ninety-eight pound weakling."*

However, it wasn't until now that he doubted his masculinity. If it had been just Beverly, he might have been able to blow it off, but Ellen seemed to agree. *Did she say that he was deformed?* The seeds of self doubt were sown and planted. Yet, it began to grow as he felt it press against his Aunt's thighs.

The brush came down in steady but paced blows. Ellen seemed to enjoy letting the brush rest on his cheeks for a few moments between swats. While the brush rested on his backside, she teased him about the "Little Fella" trying to grow up.

"Pity it can't even act normal, the little pervert," she chided him. "You like it when you're spanked like a little baby, don't you. Maybe you'd like it if I treated you like one, huh? Its probably the only enjoyment you will ever get out of something so small and otherwise useless."

Dale was bawling his eyes out and great sobs escaped from his trembling lips.

Ellen was quite efficient in her work.

"Well," she said at last letting the bristle side of the brush rest on his flaming cheeks. "Do you think that you can apologize to Beverly now? Come on! I want to hear you, nice and loud, say how sorry you are. Understand? Or do I need the brush some more? Come on, stand up! My, my just look at you. Pity it's so small. Genital defect, I suppose. Are you sure that you are not really a girl? No, well we'll see. Now apologize to my baby!"

Dale could only stutter out a sob filled, "I...I...I'm sss..sob..sssoo...sob..sorry..sob! Pl...plleesss..sob sob...please...sob...don't span..sob...spank me...sob..an...sob..any more! I'll be...sob..good! I....I..sob..pr...promise!"

"Humph! Sorry indeed! You don't sound that sorry to me," Beverly countered.

"Dear, maybe we ought to give the little baby another chance," Ellen suggested. "Well, Dale what do you have to say for yourself? Are you going to do what Bev and I tell you from now on without question or complaint? You do want to let my daughter have your old room, now don't you? Come, come, child! What do you have to say for yourself? Speak up, I do not have all day to wait for you."

Dale looked up into his new Aunt's face. "Y...e..yes! She...she can have my...my...room. Now leave me alone!"

"Oh Dear! I was afraid of that!" Ellen said as she reached out from the bed and pulled Dale over onto the bed and let the brush fly one more time. SMACK!

It hit his sore tail and he was crying even harder.

"Dale I thought that you were smarter than that, but obviously I was wrong. You are just a child it seems. I guess I am just going to have to treat you like one. I guess it can't be helped though, all THINGS considered."

Her reference to his manhood poked at his ego once again as he lay on the bed. It was another stab at his self-esteem that would persist like a thorn digging its way into

his very soul. By the time these two vicious women were finished with him, Dale's soul would be riddled through and through.

They left him crying with his pants hanging around his ankles. It was some time later when he arose, wiping at his nose with his forearm.

"Darn them," he mumbled. "Just wait until Benny gets back home."

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That night after he had put his things away in the guest bedroom, he slid between the pink satin sheets covering the canopied bed.

This was a girls room, but it was his room now. He was not happy with all the white and pink colors, but he could learn to live with the satin sheets. They were cool and slippery to the touch and he did not know that sleeping in them would feel so good. He might not have put up such a fight if he had known how comfortable the sheets would feel.

As he lay enjoying the softness of his new bed, looking up into the overhanging pink and white lace frilled canopy, he couldn't help but rehash the events leading up to this night.

He had heard, much louder than he wanted, Beverly and Ellen's comments about the size of his manhood. It preyed on his mind for most of the night. He even had a crazy dream in which his secret girl friend at school, Darla, caught him with his pants down and laughed. How he got his pants down in the dream he couldn't remember. All he remembered was Darla's laugh at his expense.

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He was already awake when Ellen came into his room without even knocking.

"Come on, Lazy Bones!" she announced as she entered. "Its time you were out of bed and making us breakfast. Bev and I wore ourselves out with the wedding and all. Now it is your turn to earn your keep."

He was about to say something, but at the last moment remembered why he was where he was. He could only sit up in bed with his mouth working with nothing coming out.

"Out of bed this instant!" she ordered as she pulled the covers all the way to the foot of the bed.

Dale tried to grasp the sheet, but it slipped right through his hands. Instead he found himself trying to cover his groin. He was only wearing his tee shirt and jockey shorts.

"Modest are we? I can't for the life of me think of a reason for that. After all, you barely have anything worth hiding anyway! Hahahaha. Oh dear! Have I embarrassed the poor little thing? Hehehehe! Enough of this! Come on out with you. You have fifteen minutes in the bath. If you aren't in the kitchen by then you will be sorry."

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Dale was stacking the breakfast dishes on the counter. After he cooked and served the two women their food, he was allowed to eat the leftovers which weren't much. Two slices of toast, half an egg yoke, and a cup and a half of black coffee.

When he started to protest, Beverly patted her palm with her fingers while looking at his butt.

He did not need any additional hints.

They even made him wear a pale peach colored, nylon apron with great big ruffles along the upper edges and down the front hem. It tied in the back with a big fluffy bow.

Beverly had tied it in a knot.

Since he couldn't get it off, he may as well do the house cleaning as his Aunt had said. So while Beverly followed him around the house telling him how to clean and do the other household chores, his Aunt was finishing the unpacking.

It was soon lunch time and Dale was set to work fixing them a Chef's salad. He piled on the lettuce and tomato, chopped some diet lite ham, and tossed in some chopped carrots, cucumber, and celery. Placing five saltines on each plate as instructed he served the two women their lunch. His meal consisted of the leftovers once again.

Lunch over and the dishes washed and stacked, Dale was given a pair of bright pink rubber gloves.

"OK, the bath is an intolerable mess," his Aunt told him. "This afternoon, I want the master bath thoroughly cleaned. I want it so clean that you could eat off the commode. Is that understood, Dale. When you have finished in there, you can do the guest bath. Bev, do me a favor and keep an eye on our little darling. Now scoot, you all have things to do."

Dale scrubbed and cleaned until his knees were almost rubbed raw and his hands hurt from the effort. Both bathrooms sparkled and even the grout in the tile at the base of the commodes shined. He was exhausted by five o'clock, but he was not allowed to rest.

It was supper time and he had to get it prepared.

Crisp garden salad, tomato soup, fresh trout, sautéed mushrooms, and new potatoes. All this was followed by freshly brewed coffee and cheese cake. The only thing Dale did not have to make from scratch was the cheese cake.

After Ellen and Beverly had been fed, he was allowed to fill his plate. As he thankfully headed to the table with his plate in hand, Ellen blocked his path.

"And just where do you think you are going, little one?" she admonished him. "I believe I promised you a different table to dine at this evening. Perhaps you forgot, but come along. I want to make sure that you eat your entire meal. Well, maybe not the cheese cake after all, you should watch your weight, hahaha."

Ellen made him turn off the water leading into the commode basin and then flush it until it was empty. Very deliberately she emptied his plate into the bowl.

"There now, all in its proper place. I want you to finish every last bit or I will see to it that you lick your plate. Now here's your spoon. Don't dawdle, you still have the dishes to finish and other chores before bed time."

While Dale knew that the bowl was sparkling clean, the very idea made him nauseous. He managed to swallow his bile, and began slowly at first; then faster, digging his spoon into the mixed heap that was his supper. His hunger temporarily over riding his sensitivities.

He was one tired puppy by the time they let him go to bed. There wasn't a bone or muscle in his body that did not hurt or ache. He made his way slowly to his room, opened the door and stood open mouthed in the entry.

Oh the room was still the same ultra-feminine place it had been, but now every open space contained a doll or stuffed animal. On his bed, covering the pillows, were several large dolls dressed in elaborate clothing. One wore Victorian regalia, another a bridal outfit, and yet another was dressed like an Indian Princess. In the middle of the dolls was a great big stuffed Teddy bear. At the foot of the bed and covering it cross ways was a huge stuffed lion with a brown mane.

"Isn't it lovely," he heard from behind his right shoulder. "I really did not have a place for them in my room. Besides, they are just too precious to allow to go to waste. So, even though I am much too old for them, I just can't seem to let them go, if you know what I mean. I thought that you would enjoy them as much, maybe even more, than me. Mom put them in here while we were cleaning the living room tonight. Don't you think it's just too neat. Teddy is my favorite. You take real good care of Teddy or, or, well you just better!"

Dale turned to face her and tell her exactly where she could put her damn dolls. Almost as soon as the idea entered his mind, it dropped out of thought. The punishment to his rear end last night was still too recent to forget easily. He just shrugged his shoulders, turned back, and entered the room leaving her standing in the hall.

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Dale woke the next morning finding himself hugging the Teddy. The smell of sweet perfume and floral powders filled his nose as he hugged it close. In his sleep encumbered mind, Dale vaguely remembered dreaming of hugging his mother.

Whatever the reasons, he woke with Ellen shaking his shoulder, smiling down into his face and that damn Teddy in his arms.

"*Shit!*" Dale thought as he shoved the Teddy away. "*That's all I need for her to see me hugging this stupid bear.*"

If Dale thought that yesterday had been bad, he had more to learn today.

Ellen was on his case like bees on honey all day. Her verbal attacks on his abilities and manhood were almost as painful and sharp as bee stings. His only reprieve during the day was an hour in front of the TV looking at Beverly's favorite soap. By the time he had been told to sit and keep quiet, he was only too glad to oblige. He watched, but did not pay too much attention.

Later that afternoon, when he and Beverly were supposed to be doing the ironing while Ellen folded, the girls made a game of the show. Needless to say, Dale was forced to play along. They each got to ask a question about what had happened or something about one of the characters in the soap they had all watched. The loser had to finish the chores of the winner.

Within a few minutes, Dale was doing both the ironing and folding. He vowed to watch and pay much closer attention in the future as he had not only lost out on the chores for the day but the entire week.

As Dale was doing the folding, he noticed that all his jockey underwear, tees and undershorts, were pale pink. A red pair of cotton shorts seemed to be the culprit. Dale did not remember owning a pair of red shorts and when he held them up in the air, he could see the flair legs, pleated cut, and back zipper.

"Now how in the HE__ did these get into my wash?" he asked himself.

The wash, all folded and ironed, was carefully put away. Dale had been given that chore as well. Beverly watched him to make sure that he put each piece away neatly and in its proper place. He was given very careful instructions as to where each type of feminine lingerie was to be placed in which drawer. It was very important that the lingerie be put in its proper place, "because, well just because!" Beverly stated when he asked her what difference did it make if panties went in the top drawer instead of bras.

Once again, he was forced to eat the leavings on the women's plates. When he complained that he was still hungry, Ellen called him an ingrate and wouldn't let him have any dinner. He went to bed much hungrier than the night before and to add insult to injury, she forced him to suck on a pacifier that she tied around his neck with a purple ribbon.

When he complained as she tucked him in and placed the Teddy under his arm, she threatened to put him in diapers. She kissed him on the forehead. Before moving off, she plopped the pacifier into his mouth and tied the ribbon tight so he couldn't remove it.

"You untie that ribbon and let that pacifier fall out of your mouth and I WILL put you in diapers, Understand!"

He understood. It was another very uncomfortable night for him. One plagued with dreams of his inadequacies and failures. What coulda and shoulda been filled his mind, intermixed with nightmares of his masculine shortcomings.

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During that entire week, Dale worked his butt off. He was doing all the household chores, plus now he was having to pamper the girls.

What started off as a simple, "Please rub my aching feet for me, Dale," from Ellen, soon escalated to "Massage my neck," "Ooooh, rub my back like that," to "run my bath" and "Get my robe after you dry me off."

He was so tired from all the chores and so upset with the two women that he did not have any sexual thoughts whatsoever. Well, other than hostile intents of course, he really did not have any feelings for either woman. He would be more than happy

just to see them off. Any where but here in his house. So why should it be surprising if he did not have any sexual inclinations towards them?

The major problem with not exhibiting a physical interest was when the women brought it to his attention. The fact that he should have a hard on after drying their naked bodies...

"Well that is, unless of course, you were one of those kinda guys!" Ellen and Beverly both hinted to him.

His frail male ego was shot down in flames as he had to ask himself the same questions, and he was left wondering.

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In a matter of days, Dale had lost all self-confidence and his male ego was left in shreds. Both his Auntie and Miss Beverly, as they now demanded to be addressed, used every opportunity to humiliate and badger the poor lad.

At weeks end, he was doing all the household chores and acting as their personal maid. Some of the chores. because he did not get the soap questions right, and most of them because he was ordered to do so by either of the women.

As his Auntie told him, "Why Dale sweetie, you're just too precious for words and besides!" She emphasized the word "besides," and paused to let him dwell on it for a second before continuing. "You are so safe! I mean," here she paused hiding a giggle behind her hand as she did so, "your little thingie, well you know what I mean, dear."

He blushed beet red and tried to sink into the flooring of the bathroom. He stood wearing a bright white ruffled nylon apron holding up a large fluffy towel for his dripping Aunt to step into. Her nudity displayed before his eyes in unashamed splendor.

The fact that she was skinny, angular, and lacking much of a bosom was not even a consideration in her mind at all. Unfortunately, Dale did not think to mention or notice it either, so disturbed was his mental condition. Heck, he hadn't ever seen a naked woman before his new Auntie and Miss Beverly moved into his life.

He gently patted her down as he had been instructed; then, draped it around her upper body tucking it in at her breasts.

She dismissed him as she walked over to the sink. "Go on now dear," she instructed, "I'm sure that you have other chores that need to be finished. Maybe, if you're a real good little boy, I'll teach you how to wash and take care of my hair. Come to think of it, be a darling and tell Bev to come here. Now scoot."

He found Bev watching the evening news and went to sit beside her on the sofa. "Your Mom wants to see you in the bathroom. What's happening on the news? I haven't had a chance to see or hear what's been going on lately?"

Beverly shut the set off and turned to face him.

"You're not supposed to have time for watching television or listening to the news. It will only upset or hurt your brain! Didn't my Mom tell you that? By the way, what did you call my Mother? Dale you know better than that! Do you need Mom to give you another spanking? She's my Mom and I am the only one who can call her that. You were

told to always call her Auntie! Now say you are sorry. I want to hear an apology or I'll tell!"

Dale quickly apologized and trying to hide his embarrassment at succumbing to Beverly's authority, got up and went into the kitchen to finish cleaning. Small tears of frustration and helplessness began filling the corners of his eyes. He grabbed the hem of his apron and blotted at them.

"Darn their hides!" he thought as he occupied his hands with stacking the dishes. *"Uncle Benny when are you getting back? I can't take much more of this?"*

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While Dale was finishing in the kitchen, Bev and her mother were discussing other ways to take advantage of the situation.

"So Bev, my darling, what do you think? Dale is so gullible and pliable that we really should take advantage of every opportunity. Grace's idea that we use our time alone to establish full control and permanently dominate him was good. We don't have to lift a solitary finger if we don't want to."

"Oh, yes," Beverly answered. "You can't possibly think that I would want to do any house work do you? So far he's been pretty good about doing like we tell him. That hair brush threat has kept him obedient and I like having him rub my back and hand me a towel so I don't have to get out of the tub first. The only misgivings I have are that he is a male after all. What if he starts really fighting. Mom, do you think that those hormones will really keep him tame?"

"Hahaha, yes, Bev dear, those vitamins I have been giving him contain enough female hormones to neuter a raging bull elephant. That is the key you know. Keep his testosterone levels in the nil range and he's guaranteed not to have the least little urge. As a matter of fact, they are so potent that he may develop bigger breasts than you have, my darling."

"Mamma!" Bev cried in dismay.

"Oh hush dear, I did not mean anything mean. Your bosom is just fine like it is. At least you should be happy that you have very little chance of getting breast cancer. Big breasted women have a much greater incidence you know. Wouldn't that be something if your new cousin got breast cancer and you didn't.

"In any case, darling, I personally do not mind having him see me naked or at my worst. After all, I am not trying to impress him or lure him and neither are you. Right?"

Seeing her nod in confirmation, Ellen continued, "We still have a few weeks before Grace returns home and I want to make sure that little Dale fully knows his place in our new home. We have an awful lot riding on this, you know."

"Grace had a few thoughts that may help us. She believes that we should continue following her six point plan as she outlined it before she left. First, we destroy his self-confidence; second, we make him doubt his masculinity; third, we humiliate and embarrass him; fourth, we physically weaken and exhaust him; fifth, we chemically neu-

ter him; and, sixth, we take control and dominate him. Remembering, at all times, to never let up on any of the six points.”

“I just received a letter from Grace telling me that everything is going according to plan. She also suggests that we ought to consider making Dale laxative dependent. Then, all we have to do is stop giving him his laxative and Viola! He soon does everything that we want. So, tonight we start making little Dale dependent. It shouldn't take more than a week and another two or three days to teach him just how dependent he is. By then, he will do and say whatever we tell him to. Judicious use of the hair brush should be more than enough to convince him to cooperate fully, don't you think?”

“As a matter of fact, we had better start developing our story to explain what's happening. After all, the changes in Dale and his attitude will be very pronounced. If my guess is correct, Dale should be sporting some very unmasculine bulges soon.

“We are going to have to come up with a believable story and it is going to have to sound like it was all Dale's idea. Now, baby what do you think if we...”

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Dale groaned in misery while clutching at his abdomen. His guts were cramping and churning and still he couldn't go. When he complained to Auntie Ellen, she had recommended a cleansing douche. When he asked if that was anything like an enema, she laughed.

“But of course, silly! Only, it is a much more personal function for women. Perhaps, it would be better if you learned to refer to it in the same manner then, maybe we could help you.”

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It was bad enough that all his underwear was now pink and he had to do all the housework plus help them to bathe and dress. Now they wanted him to start doing feminine things to himself.

“*Douche, of all the cock-a-maimme BS,*” he thought as he lay curled on his side.

That and bleaching out his hair. They had gone around-and-around on that issue for several days. It was part of his training they had said. Imagine all this abuse just because he had asked to get his long hair cut.

If he was going to be responsible for shampooing, rinsing and taking care of their hair, he should know what it was like, they had insisted when they denied him his request.

“How can you possibly know what it is like if you cut your hair off, stupid!” he had been scolded.

It was bad enough having to shampoo and use a flowery smelling conditioner on his head, but bleaching it out was too much.

He had tried to talk them into giving him some money so that he could get a haircut anyway, but Auntie said she could do it just as good as any barber. As a result of that request, he now sported bangs that hung just below his brows and bugged the heck out of him. A part also ran down the middle of his scalp. He looked like Prince Valiant, except his hair was much longer **and soon to be very much blonder.**

“Ooooooh,” he let another groan escape as a spasm worked its way in his gut. It had been three days since he was able to go and during that time he did not skip any meals. Maybe that was his problem, he considered briefly, too much food. It seemed like the girls had left him unusually large portions of it on their plates lately.

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He couldn't take it any longer and going to his Aunt begged her to give him a cleansing douche.

She acted like she did not know what he was talking about, and made him describe what he wanted.

“Yes, Auntie,” he begged, “I want my very own douche kit, please! Yes, I will use it on a regular basis like a good girl should. And, Yes Auntie, I will tell anyone who asks that I begged you to let me have my very own kit. Please, Auntie can't we get it now? I'll do anything you say, please? Yes, even let you bleach my hair. I promise. No, Auntie I want you to bleach my hair. No, Auntie I'm not saying that just to please you. I really, really want you to bleach it for me. I....I swear!”

How totally humiliating!

She made him get dressed in his thin cotton stone washed jeans, pink T-shirt, and pink cotton sport socks and go down to the drug store with her. With a shove of her hand, she made him go ask the druggist where he could find what he needed. He did not realize at the time that you could see the pinkish outline of his underwear through the jeans or the small but noticeable bumps on his chest poking up through the T-shirt!

While he blushed to the roots of his hair, he asked the druggist where the douche kits were kept.

When the pharmacist said in what seemed to be an unusually loud voice, “Miss, if you mean the feminine syringes, they are in aisle three, along with our other feminine hygiene products such as: sanitary panties, pads and tampons; PMS relief pills; and, feminine hygiene sprays,” poor Dale turned even redder.

To make matters worse, his Aunt decided that she needed some sanitary napkins, PMS pills, and a hygiene spray along with his douche kit. Picking out the biggest, brightest packages she could find, she handed them to him along with some money telling him to go check out while she was next door.

He was petrified with fear and shame that the clerk would make a public display of his purchases. The feeling that this was somehow a major offense, kept nagging at the back of his mind.

All his fears were for naught as the clerk smilingly took his purchases, rang them up, packaged them so that the pink top of the sanitary napkin package clearly identifying it showed from the top of the plastic shopping bag which was so translucent that he could easily identify the other all too feminine hygiene products that it contained, and handed it to him.

The sales clerk's only comment was, “Is that all you need, Honey?” embarrassed him even more than he expected.

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Dale sat on the commode still blushing for all he was worth.

Auntie Ellen had watched as he opened the box and removed its contents; The bright pink, soft rubber, open mouthed bag, the rubber tubing, and the large, flaring white plastic bulbous headed nozzle spilling out in his hands. She told him how to put it together and had him fill it with warm sudsy water.

Now, he was seated on the commode with the nozzle shoved all the way up his rectum. At her instruction, he was slowly working the nozzle back and forth with one hand while the other held the bag aloft. Uncomfortably he felt the long fat nozzle as it eased its way past his anal sphincter to pass his tender prostate until it entered his bowels, bringing to his mind the shameful thought of a similar penetration by something equally degrading to his mind as his little penis began to throb in response to the hard rubbery thrustings. Then, when it could penetrate no deeper he released the clamp that held back the fluid of the soap like sudsy hot water and feminine douche. He wasn't supposed to stop until all the fluid had been injected inside of him and allowed to expand until he couldn't stand its pressure any longer.

While he was occupied doing that, Beverly entered the bathroom carrying a brown paper bag. She went over to the basin and pulled out several items and placed them on the counter. Walking over to where her mother stood, she smiled down at him.

"Mom, I got everything. My doesn't he look just so feminine sitting there like that. I bet he's really going to grow attached to that thing judging by his little thingie down there, hehehehe."

Beverly was right about one thing, his penis was, for the first time in a very long time getting hard. He tried to cover his immodesty up with his arm as his other was holding the bag above his head. Blushing furiously, he only managed to further embarrass himself.

"Tsk, ts, Dale, you don't have to be so modest in front of us. We've seen everything and it is perfectly natural for a child of...er...of your...er..leanings to enjoy...er..how should I put this...ah yes.. artificial stimulation of the anal area. You shouldn't feel embarrassed around us. At least we understand as I am sure Benny would. We're all family now, anyway!"

"What, Uncle Benny! You wouldn't tell him would you? Please promise me you won't tell him about this, please!" Dale begged from his sitting position feeling the ever growing pressure.

"Well, I don't see anything wrong with what you are doing even though others may think it a bit unconventional, but if you insist. Ahhh, Dale, since **you** brought it up! Teehee.... So to speak, teehee...I won't tell Benny **provided** you do keep yourself **clean** from now on," Aunt Ellen emphasized. "I do not think that it is healthy for you to hold back on your desires because you may think others would not approve. So, if you promise me that you will use your douche kit at least weekly without anyone having to tell you, I won't tell Benny. Agreed?"

What choice did the poor lad have. She had him where he could do nothing but agree to her terms. He couldn't look her in the eye as he whispered his agreement. At last they walked over to the basin to examine the items Beverly had brought back.

The two women were still standing by the sink, when the bag emptied itself and a spasm jerked through his bowels. He barely got the nozzle clear of his anus when a jet of water spewed out of his rectum. Along with the debris of his intestines being ejaculated into the bowl, his watery looking semen spewed forth as well. He could only grab his stomach with both hands and hug himself tightly as the cramps passed away along with the contents of his bowels.

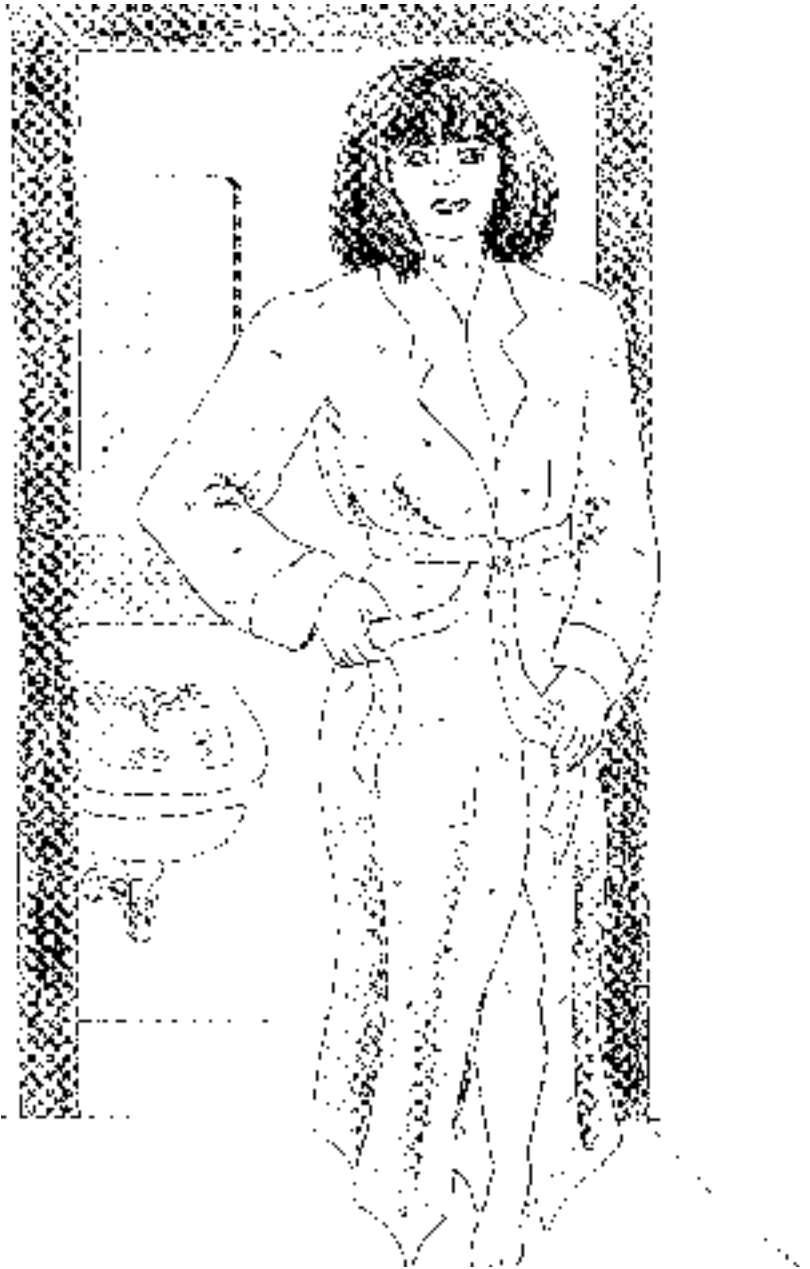
Finally finished, he cleaned himself and sat on the commode, still weak from the experience. Looking up to where the women were, he asked them to please hand him a towel to cover himself with. Instead, Auntie Ellen went to the door and removed a bright yellow satin quilted robe from the hook.

"Here, put this on if you are so concerned about your modesty cause that is all you are going to get to wear."

"Mom!" Beverly cried, "But that's mine! If you let that little cry baby wear it then, I don't want it anymore!"

"All right, Bev darling don't have a cow! I'll buy you a new one. Can't you kids learn to share? I'm surprised at your attitude. Haven't you always asked me about getting a baby sister for you to share your things with." Here she paused to look over at Dale and then back to her daughter.

"Well, Dale is not a little sister, but see how precious he looks in your robe. Why, my lands, doesn't he look like the cutest thing you ever saw. See, Bev, dear! You should share more of your older things with Dale at least. Maybe it will help him to be happier and more accepting of his true nature. Wouldn't that be nice Dale, honey?"



Dale was busy tying the sash around his small waist and did not pay that much attention to the conversation going on. He did look up when he heard his name mentioned and quickly shook his head yes. He wasn't sure about what he was agreeing to, but he did not want to further antagonize Auntie.

He walked over to them feeling the hem of the silky robe brushing against his calves. It was surprisingly lightweight compared to how heavy it looked and so soft and cuddly feeling. As he prepared to sit on the stool Auntie indicated, Bev broke into his thoughts telling him that if he insisted on wearing her clothing he should treat it right. So he had to get back up and brush the robe smoothly under him before sitting to keep from wrinkling it.

He let the douche kit fall into the sink and carefully cleaned it under the warm water tap following his Aunt's instruction. Finished, he placed it on a towel and sat it on the counter to dry.

Next, following his aunt's instructions he wet his hair thoroughly before using a generous amount of shampoo to lather it up. Working his fingers into his scalp, massaging it deeply into his hair, he worked up a good lather. Rinsing it out completely, he then poured a generous portion of conditioner in his palm and worked it into his hair.

He let it sit while he used a nail brush to clean his nails under both Auntie and Beverly's watchful eyes. With his hair conditioned and once again rinsed completely clean and dry, he was approached by Auntie Ellen. She was wearing a pair of disposable gloves that looked ten sizes too big for her hands. A succession of foul smelling liquids followed and he was kept bent over the sink for the longest time until the neutralizer was applied. Once this foul smelling fluid was rinsed from his scalp he was allowed to rise and sit up as his hair was briskly towel dried by Bev.

Before he could get a good look at his now blonde locks, he was turned away from the mirror and told to sit still. He could feel his Auntie taking segments of his hair and pulling them tight and rolling them up in something. He soon could feel the sharp plastic points of the rollers biting into his scalp. When he tried to question them as to what was going on, they told him to be quiet and relax. As if he could now, not knowing what they were doing to him.

Soon his head was completely covered in pin pricks and the tightness of the hair on the rollers was beginning to give him a headache. Bev made him turn without looking at the mirror and bend his head over the sink. He felt, then smelled a very pungent odor fill his nostrils as a liquid setting lotion was poured over his head. It had a terrible lingering aroma that made him want to gag, but he managed to cope. The consequences of him gagging were strong enough to keep him still and swallowing his bile.

He was allowed to sit back up, a towel laid across his shoulders protected his robe.

"Now, I want you to sit still for a while while the lotion has a chance to set. While that is going on, I want you to shape your nails. They are positively unsightly. File them into neat rounded ovals, not flat across or into sharp points, but nice narrow ovals. Here like this," she paused while she grabbed his finger and began filing it with an emery board. Soon it was shaped into a long oval, while not pointy like some

women did theirs, his was much more femininely shaped than any man would have worn.

When he had finished, he was bent back over the sink and another lotion poured over his very smelly head. This stuff killed the odor and his head felt much cooler after its application. With the rollers still in place, Beverly patted his head dry and helped him up.

His butt was numb from all the sitting and his legs were a little unresponsive, but he was quickly led into his bedroom. Here, he was seated at his vanity where Auntie Ellen had set up the portable dryer. The dryers plastic cap was covered in great big white daises and pulled over his headfull of with bright blue plastic curlers. He could see them for the first time sitting in row after neat row in the vanity mirror.

The dryer hummed loudly in his ears as he took the buffer and began shinning his nails. Beverly showed him how it was done, threatening him with a coat of bright red enamel if he did not do a very good job. Dale worked hard and soon his nails glistened as if they had been polished. His hair was still not dry, so Beverly took it upon herself to teach him how to apply cleansing cream to his face. He tried to resist, but in the end surrendered to her.

They knew all his weak spots and did not hesitate to use them.

"Besides," she had said, "it was only something to keep him from getting zits."

How could he argue that explanation. So he dipped his fingers into the white glass jar and began smearing the creamy floral smelling paste into his face. Once on, in a thin layer, it was allowed to sit and soak into his skin. While that was happening, he was told to rub the excess into his hands and elbows to keep them smooth and soft. With that done, he was shown how to fold a tissue over his fingers and wipe away all the excess lotion.

At last the dryer bonnet was pulled from his head and the still hot rollers removed as well. He held the bright red plastic pail in his lap so Auntie could drop the plastic rods into it. With each plunk that a roller made as it hit the bucket, another curly strand of bright yellow hair was revealed. It stood like a blonde spring sitting prettily on his head.

"How perfectly awful," he thought as more and more of his head was uncovered. *"I look just like a blond Orphan Annie,"* his mind cried.

He was so absorbed in his hair that he did not realize just how girlish he had become. His already delicate features were even more pronounced with the changing of his hair coloring. The bright yellow satin robe gave the rest of his figure a definite feminine appearance. What remained of his male condition would steadily deteriorate at an advanced rate now that the women had accomplished so much. All they had to do now was push the right buttons and he would jump to their commands. His resistance to their desires was dwindling to nothing. Their use of his laxative dependence, proved to be a valuable tool in his training.

Auntie Ellen had already planned his further exposure under the public eye. Starting tomorrow morning he would accompany them to the mall. There she intended to expose him to the lingerie department and cosmetics counter. Next, it would be off to

visit Benny's place of business. It wouldn't hurt for Benny's employees to start gossiping about his "funny" ward. Then, just for the fun of it, she thought that they might drop by the dance studio to enroll him in a ballet class.

It promised to be a very interesting summer.

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That morning after he had prepared breakfast for everyone and tidied up around the house, his Auntie called him over and told him to go change as they had errands to run.

He walked back to his room, his curly hair flopping saucily on his head, to find a pair of white short shorts, pink ribbed undershirt and briefs, and pink sports socks on his bed.

The clothing was his with the exception of the shorts. He did not recognize them, but after taking a quick shower as instructed, he pulled his cotton briefs up his legs, sat on the bed and pulled up the socks, and pulled the undershirt over his head wondering why he hadn't been given a shirt to put on over it.

Standing, he pulled the shorts up around his waist and struggled to fasten the button. Sucking in his stomach, he managed to get it fastened and the zipper pulled up. For some strange reason the zipper seemed too high above the crotch to permit him to stand and pee. Undoubtedly the shorts must have shrunk in the laundry, just as his underwear had turned bright pink. The shorts were very tight and he could feel it molding to his body. The legs had a slight flare to them with a one inch cuff and did not bind like the crotch did. He could barely squeeze two of his fingers into either of the two side pockets. If he had looked in the bright light of his bathroom at the seat of his shorts he might have noticed the unmistakable panty line shadow of pink briefs. Slipping his feet into the running shoes he headed out the door.

He stood still while Auntie quickly brushed out his hair while telling him that this was something he was supposed to do on his own. Cupping his chin in her palm, tilting his head up, she quickly smoothed out his brows with a spit dampened finger tip. Pronouncing him fit, she turned and they followed her out the door. Dale did not comprehend all the changes that had come over him in the past three weeks.

He was soon to find out.

The first stop was the city's largest mall complex.

Holding Dale by the hand, Auntie Ellen brought them to the lingerie department. Keeping a firm hand on his, she began slowly moving from one table of panties to another of slips; then, to the bra display. Occasionally, she would pause to examine a particular item and even ask Beverly or Dale what they thought of it.

Dale was very uncomfortable as his Aunt handed him several frilly and brightly colored items to carry for her.

It wasn't until she held a pale peach colored nylon bra up to his chest that he began to squirm.

At that point, the sales lady came over and asked if she could be of any assistance. She looked pointedly at Dale, smiled, and without looking away said, "Are you looking

for your very first bra dear? It looks like you are just about ready. We have some exquisite training bras with just the right amount of padding and support. May I show you some Ma'am?" She finished turning to face Auntie.

Dale felt insulted and in righteous indignation started, "What? You...." He was going to tell her in no uncertain terms that he was not a girl but a boy and if she were too stupid to see that, then, but his Aunt's elbow into his side made him close his mouth.

Dale thought that he would just die when his Auntie announced loudly enough to drown out his protest, while drawing attention to herself and Dale, "Why of course! Thank you so much. Isn't it nice of this young woman to offer to help you select your very first bra darling? Come, come don't act shy now. Unlike little **boys**, it is perfectly natural for young **ladies** of your age to begin wearing a bra full time. Come along and let the nice lady help you. You do not want to cause a scene now do you?"

As the clerk turned and began walking to another aisle, his Aunt leaned over to whisper in his ear, "I cannot believe that you are just that stupid!" she noted while digging her fingers into his arm.

He squirmed in her grip, but she held him fast.

"What were you just going to do, tell her you were a boy?" she scolded. What were you thinking? What were you going to do when she told everyone who you really are? What do you think they do to little boys sneaking around in the woman's lingerie department carrying girl's panties, and wearing a pair of pretty pink panties under what must be junior miss shorts?

"Now, I recommend that you do whatever is necessary to keep making her believe that you are a young girl. I don't know about you, but I will be mortified, just mortified if the whole world found out that I am related to...to...a pervert!

"Now keep your mouth shut and listen to what I tell you and we can pull this off. If Grace or Benny ever find out about this... but you won't let that happen will you, dear?"

There was no way out. His aunt's threat about potential consequences was enough and he believed her about boys being in the lingerie section. He followed meekly to the display case. The clerk put a measuring tape to his chest, just under his nipples, noted the size and then placed the tape over his nipples. When she first fitted the tape to his chest, he jumped in surprise and did so again when after measuring him, she cupped his little titties in her hands.

"Don't be afraid dear," she had said, "I'm just checking to see about the cup size. You do know that a woman's bra has two measurements. One for the girth of the chest and the other for the size and shape of the breast itself. I bet that you did not know that most women have one breast slightly larger than the other. It is perfectly normal you know."

Until the clerk had placed the tape measure around his chest he hadn't noticed just how noticeable they were. What surprised him was just how much they pushed out his tee shirt in the first place. No wonder the sales clerk had mistaken him for a young

girl. Maybe he had better go along for now. Just maybe his Auntie would drop the entire matter once he had tried the damn thing on to satisfy the clerk.

"Yeah, that had to be it, Auntie Ellen was just trying to avoid making a scene," he thought.

The clerk handed him several bras and with a gentle push sent him on his way towards the dressing room. All the women paraded behind him, accompanying him into the cubicle. He was blushing to the roots of his blond hair as Auntie helped him remove his under shirt.

Once in the cubicle with his undershirt off, he noted that his nipples were distended and swollen looking. They seemed to resemble gum drops stuck onto a dark brown disc attached to his chest. He did not remember his chest looking like this before nor seeing that patch of darker skin surrounding his nipples.

"What was happening to me anyway," he silently asked himself.

The first bra was a plain white nylon with a tiny rose florette in its center.

The clerk fitted it around his chest, had him bend slightly while cupping his breasts with his hands; then, pulled the shoulder straps tight. She then had him turn and bend as his Auntie and Beverly watched with approval. He was asked if the straps cut unduly hard or if he felt any looseness or chaffing. Satisfied with his answers, that one was removed and another placed about him. This one was a pale champagne with lace edging and florette center piece. The cups were fiber filled and had underwire support. This bra made him look like he had real titties!

"It is designed to give body to her budding flesh" the clerk said. "Isn't it just wonderful. See how it builds on what's there and improves upon it. It is one of our more popular styles with the teen set."

Auntie made all the appropriate responses and approved fully everything the sales clerk recommended. By the time they had left, Dale was the proud possessor of six new bras. Three white in the style of the first bra he had tried and three of the padded style that improved upon nature. He was wearing the seventh bra, a purple lacy confection in which the cups were lined in soft nylon tricot, lace frilled, and had a firm outer shell. It made his breasts stand out pointedly and proudly.

"This is our most popular bra," the clerk said as she hooked it closed. "It is called our Madonna Show Piece. Actually, most of the young ladies wearing this style wear it exposed. You know, like, with no top covering it or if they are modest, they might wear a translucent blouse over it. Notice the pointy cone shape, just like on her album cover except it isn't silver; although, I do have one of those in stock. Would you care...No! Well it was a thought."

"No one in our family would do such a thing," his Aunt stated frostily. "I cannot imagine that anyone with half an ounce of self-respect would cheapen herself so."

"But Mother!" Beverly interjected, "All the girls are wearing them. Isn't that so, baby doll?" she asked of poor Dale, who nodded his agreement in hopes that his Aunt would not change her mind. "You know that you are just simply dying to own one, aren't you, Dale?" Beverly pressed causing poor Dale to half whisper his agreement causing her to

giggle as the sales lady nodded. "It's the gnarliest. Like its really radical, you know! If you don't have one, you're a dweeb! You don't have to wear it so all that much shows you know! I mean, just having it lets everyone know you're totally awesome."

"I suppose that you want me to buy you one as well now?" her Mother inquired.

After Beverly whined some more and the sales girl reconfirmed the styles popularity, Auntie Ellen stepping closer to Dale, placed a finger between the bra strap and his back to check the fit, nodded her head.

"Oh all right, Beverly, I suppose! If you really think that you have to have it, go ahead and pick out one for yourself. Clerk, Dale will just wear what she has on since it is so stylish, but under the blouse if you will dear. Here hold still while I remove these tags."

This bra had been Beverly's suggestion and it was her enthusiastic endorsement of it that made Auntie Ellen get it for him. It was horrible and it made his chest point out radically in two well defined cones. He looked positively horrendous in the mirror. He wanted to be sick, but knew better. Maybe this would be the last of it for the day. Just maybe they would go home now and he could get this horrible thing off his chest.

Standing at the check-outs, the sales clerk asked them if they were members of the store's panty club. Seeing their negative response she explained. "Oh, it is a great bargain, just buy three bras and the fourth is free. So if you sign up and you buy the six bras we looked at; then, the two Madonna bras are free. Also, if you buy ten pairs of panties, the next pair is free. So, do you all want to sign up?"

"Well I can't speak for them, but I most certainly will. What about you Dale, are you already a member of the panty club?" Auntie Ellen asked. "No!" she continued seeing his head shake. "Well dear, I can only offer my advice based on many years of shopping experience to tell you this is a fantastic offer that any young woman would be foolish to ignore. So what do you say?"

"Don't forget, today we have our deluxe panties on sale buy six get four free and if you get the bras, well those two would be free as well," the clerk butted in.

Dale did not know what to do. It was bad enough having to go through the dressing room routine and try on bras in front of all those women, but to actually buy them!

Now to be faced with this added humiliation of joining a panty club using his name, address and social security number as well. Imagine, him, Dale Cummings, joining a panty club.

Damn! Where would it end.

Then again, he did not want to bring unwanted attention to himself, as they were all looking at him. There was also a line of customers forming behind them.

"That's a fantastic deal dearie," he heard someone in the background say.

Reluctantly, he said he wanted one and reached out to take the application card from the clerk. Dale did not want to bring any more attention his way and judging from the expectant look on the clerk's face, he knew he would stick out as being strange if he did not offer to sign up for this bargain.

"Now children, print neatly," his Aunt warned. "Where are those panties I asked you to carry for me, Dale? In the dressing room! Oh, dear, well you two finish filling out those cards while I go get them. Did you say buy six and get four free? Great!"

His Aunt was back carrying even more panties in her hands. She placed them in a pile on the counter saying that it was just too good of a bargain to pass up.

"Dale, dear, you did sign up for the panty club membership because you really wanted too didn't you? I mean, no one has forced you to, have they? All by yourself then, OK. Now, since Dale needs some clean undies, and as a new Panty Club member, I think it would be silly not to take advantage of it. So, I'm going to buy you some fresh ones, OK? You do want to wear some nice pretty new undies, now don't you?"

What else could he do. He looked down at the carpeted floor, rubbed the toe of his right foot into it, and nodded his head in agreement.

"What was that dear, I did not hear you?" he heard his Aunt ask. "Well?"

"Yes.....pl..pleeeaasee," he finally managed to get out. He was blushing once again. "*Oh will it ever end,*" he thought as he reached up to retrieve the pink plastic ID card with his name and panty club account number printed on it. He put the card in his pocket and followed the two women away from the counter carrying the large bag containing his very own bras and panties.

"Come along dear," his Aunt said, "keep up or must I hold your hand? Emmmm, let's stop here for a moment. I want to check out their new facial cleanser line. Bev darling, why don't you let the cosmetologist give you some advice. Your are getting to that age where you need to be concerned about acne."

"Oh! Mom! Why don't you shout it out to the entire store that I got zits! Here, Dale hold these packages for me while I have my face analyzed."

Dale took the package and stood shuffling from foot to foot while the girls were tended by two sales people or what- ever they were. Each was heavily made up and wearing a bright pink nylon smock. Dale could smell them a block away judging by the amount of perfume they had on. They were pretty, but wore too much paint for his tastes.

His feet were getting tired so he found a stool standing empty nearby, and hopped up onto it. His packages piled at his feet, Dale tilted his head back and lazily examined the ceiling in the ornate store. He did not notice the young woman walk up to where he was sitting.

"May I help you Miss? We are running a special, today only, for a complete make over and skin consultation. If you decide to buy our Lady Beautiful complexion cream, we'll also give you a sample kit containing our most popular products for free. If you'll just sit up straight, I have the most wonderful product that I am sure you'll just love."

"Er, ah, just a minute," Dale said as he sat up on the stool.

"Oh good!" his aunt piped up seeing him being looked at by the young woman. "Dale, honey, as long as we are having our faces analyzed, you may as well have yours done. Now don't let me force you or make you do something that you do not want to do, but you could learn something about skin care and pimples. If you listen carefully

to what the young lady has to tell you, I'm sure that you will thank me later, understand?"

The young woman tilted his head up and into the light. "I see you are developing a little hairiness at the sides of your lips. While I am sure that it is nothing, we just received a brand new product that will take care of that. It is an enzyme genetically modified to toxify the follicles. It's called 'Exfoliate'."

She pronounced it, ex-foe-le'-aja, dragging out the aja; then, paused waiting for a comment or question perhaps before continuing. "This is such a new product that if you would be willing to let us use your face in a promotion of the product we'll give you the treatment free and two samples to take home with you. You know that if you had to pay for them, each sample would cost \$119.95, each!"

"A hundred-nineteen ninety-five each!" Dale repeated in amazement as the woman held up a white glass jar about the size of one of those paint containers you get in a paint-by-numbers kit. "You have got to be kidding? Why would you give it to me for free anyway?"

"Oh, no. Once the introductory period is over, we plan to sell it for one forty-nine ninety-five. Word of mouth and a few photographic examples will make it hard to keep in stock. Since you have some noticeable growth, there at your lip line that will readily show up, it would help us if you would let us do this. I can appreciate your concern that none of your friends recognize you, I will only use close up photos just of your lip area. What do you say?"

His Aunt stepped in at that point exclaiming that Dale could not afford to pass up an offer like that.

"Imagine getting the equivalent of almost \$500 in free products and care. Of course Dale would just love to volunteer. Wouldn't you darling?" She did not wait for an answer, but encouraged the woman to get started.

The flash blinded him for a few moments then blinded him yet again and again. Six photos later, he sat still as the young lady pressed paraffin wax to his upper lip. "First we will want to get rid of the outer hairs; then, the Exfoliate can get at the follicle much more directly."

"Ouch! Damn!" Dale said as the woman stripped the wax treatment from his lip. It felt like she had pulled his skin off along with any hairs. He reached up to rub his lip, but she brushed his hand aside.

"Sorry, but it is better to pull quickly. No, no keep your hands away, we don't want you getting the skin contaminated. This may sting just a little, but try to hold still just a moment longer dear."

He grimaced as she slowly spread the lotion on his upper lip.

It stung a lot, but he kept his mouth closed. He did not want to take a chance of drinking any of that stuff. It burned, but before it reached an intolerable level it began to cool. Within a few minutes, it no longer bothered him in the least.

The flash of the camera caught him off guard and blinded him once again. The camera whirled and flashed six more times.

"There that does it," she said holding a mirror up to his face. "What do you think? Can you see any hairiness at all? No, you can't can you? As you can see I only used about a third of the jar, but I'll give it to you plus two extras as promised just in case, but I doubt if your lip will need it. Exfoliate is safe to use anywhere on your person. It's guaranteed, you know.

"Now while you are still here, why don't I help you with your skin care. We have some really terrific new lines of cosmetics that you'll just love, I guarantee it! Of course don't forget our special today as well. If you buy our skin cleanser, our sample kit is yours free. We guarantee it!"

"*You'll guarantee my ass,*" he thought as he started to get off the stool, but said, "I.."

"Dale, don't be an ingrate! Sit still!" his aunt interrupted. "Go on now! Be nice to the young lady, after all she has been very generous. The least you can do is cooperate a few minutes longer. We have the time and no need to rush. Besides, after all she has done for you today, you should at least buy the skin cleanser. I'll even loan you the money!"

Dale frowned at her orders, but decided to obey anyway. He was somewhat concerned about the effects of the chemical they put on his upper lip, but there were so many things happening to him already today. Things had gotten so far out of his control that it no longer seemed to matter. Maybe what they had been telling him was true. What if he was too stupid to manage on his own, much less stand up for himself.

The cosmetologist, cupped his chin in her hand and lifted it slightly. "I think that you are going to enjoy this," she said. "After I clean your pores, I'm going to make you look like a brand new person. Won't that be lovely? We have our new line of extended wear cosmetics in and the colors are just too beautiful to describe."

She paused to begin rubbing a cooling lotion into his skin from a cotton pad.

"While no make-up can really claim to be permanent, unless of course you have it tattooed in, which I do not recommend, our line is as close as you can get. It uses a synthetic form of enzyme activated natural dyes and penetrating oils to adhere to the individual cells of the skin. We call it 'ExtenSensation'. We're so sure that you will positively adore it, we've included it in our gift pack, should you buy the cleanser."

An hour later, it was a totally subdued Dale walking hand in hand with his Auntie Ellen to the car. His face, oh what they had done to his face. If it would have done him any good, he would have cried until his tears washed away his shame. His face was powdered, painted, and primed just like those girls working at the counter had looked.

Even that wasn't quite as bad as the view he had of his chest as they walked back to the car. He couldn't see his feet for the pointed peaks of his Madonna enhanced chest. All he wanted to do was get home, wash off the layers of paint and most of all get out of that accursed bra.

Oh, but they had done a job on his face, too. He had a dark burgundy blusher slashed across his cheeks. Metallic royal blue blending into wedgewood blue blending into silver eye shadow feathered to the corner of his temple. It made his eyes wide and expressive, according to the young woman who worked on him. His brows and lashes

were complete with delicately arched eyebrows and long permalashes above and below his feminine doe like eyes! His lips were painted a rich velvety rum raisin. They were both wet and inviting.

Dale was so preoccupied with his own thoughts over what he had let himself in for that he did not pay any attention to where they were going. He kept licking his lips, tasting them and feeling their sleek, smoothness with his tongue.

He had to concentrate to keep his fingers from touching his face. He could feel the weight of the make-up on his face and it was driving him to distraction. Even his nose now filled with the aromas of the various make-ups, itched and begged to be scratched. His aunt's constant reprimands and reminders along with Beverly's grabbing of his hand as it reached up to his face kept him from doing so.

The car pulled to a stop and they all got out.

Dale came out of his thoughts to realize that they were entering Benny's business!

Benny was an independent insurance agent and underwriter with a staff of thirteen. He spent many sixteen hour days building it up from scratch. Dale had only visited him at work a few times and even then it had been after normal working hours so most of the staff did not know him. It was too late to turn back, his Auntie was holding his hand tightly and they were in the doorway.

"May I help you, Ma'am?" the receptionist asked. "Oh! It's you Ms. Hartzell. I'm Debbie, we met at the wedding. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, yes, hi Debbie. You remember my daughter Beverly and Benny's ward Dale, don't you? We're here to pick up any mail which may have come in. Grace had all her's forwarded here and said she would mail any honeymoon pictures and letters here as well. At least those pictures she thought were safe to put in the U.S. Mail that is, hehehe."

"Oh, you're so right," Debbie giggled in response to Ellen's insinuation. "Hi Beverly, Dale. Funny, I thought that Dale was a boy. Now where did I get that silly notion; especially when Dale is such a pretty girl? Silly me! Well, it's nice to meet you Beverly and Dale. I have the mail stacked on Benny's desk. I can't begin to tell you just how happy all of us are. We think the world of Benny, you know! If you'll just wait a second, I'll buzz Helen and she'll bring it right over."

Dale tried to hide behind his aunt's skirts, but she pulled him back around to the front telling him to stand still.

"Dale you must thank Debbie for her compliment. You are entirely too old to have to be reminded about your manners. I see that we are going to have to teach you proper etiquette and behavior when we get home. Now say thank you and apologize to Ms. Debbie like a good child."

"I'm sorry and thank you," Dale responded, wincing at her referring to him as a mere `child'.. "I should know better."

Not for the last time, Dale wanted to just sink into the floor and disappear. This mistaken gender was completely out of his control. What was Benny going to think?

"Here she comes now," Debbie said as another somewhat older woman came over to the desk carrying a small pile of mail in her hands. "Helen, I want you to meet Ms. Hartzell and her daughter Beverly and Benny's ward Dale."

"It is so nice to meet you," Helen said as she handed Ellen the mail and glanced at the trio. As her eyes fixed on Dale she continued. "I'm Benny's private secretary, Helen Armstrong. So sorry to have missed the wedding, but it was my youngest's first baby you know. I didn't know that Benny had such a pretty ward, one would have thought from the way he talked that you were a real tom boy honey."

"Your youngest's first?" his aunt's voice broke into Helen's commentary. "Say thank you to the nice lady Dale!"

By the time Auntie Ellen had finished looking at: Helen's daughter's baby pictures; a packet of pictures of Benny and Grace enjoying their honeymoon; and, all the employees had ventured by to see what the commotion was all about, Dale was mentally and physically exhausted.

Auntie Ellen just naturally had to share the pictures and chit chat while the two girls were ignored. All except Dale who continued to get "I thoughts" from just about everyone. If anyone really believed that he was a boy, they did not let on and it appeared they all accepted him as presented. A very pretty young lady. Not only that but he was included in their feminine chatter and commentary regarding marriage and a woman's lot in general.

On the one hand, he resented the fact that they accepted him so readily as a girl; then again, on the other hand, he wasn't very pleased at the thought that they should discover his true gender. He was caught between the devil and the deep blue sea. His thoughts on his situation were conflicting and treacherous at best.

If he had shouted out that he was a boy, everyone would know that he was a very big sissy and probably laugh at him. Maybe even arrest him! At least, if he let them know that he was a 'He', he would have some satisfaction. The satisfaction of knowing that he had guts and could stand up for himself unlike what his Auntie kept telling him.

Deep down, he realized that if he did speak up, he would spare himself a lot more misery. If, however, he kept his mouth shut, he may just get away with it and nobody would be the wiser. Oh, Benny would ultimately find out, but that was later. Explaining to Benny would be both embarrassing for Dale and Benny, who would be forced to explain things to his employees, but by then he might have a good story to explain it.

After considering both scenarios, Dale felt that explaining things to Benny would be far easier. The decision made, he had just stood in silence. He looked at the honeymoon pictures by holding them out, away from his chest as they were handed to him. The Madonna bra certainly made simple things complicated. He noted that while Grace looked tanned, Benny seemed pale and waxen. Well, Benny would be back before much longer and Dale hoped by then to have an acceptable story cooked up.

Finally they got into the car. Almost an hour and a half had passed since they had entered Benny's.

Auntie Ellen drove with Beverly and Dale in the back seat. Beverly was pulling out various pieces of clothing and oohing and ahing over them like they were really something. Dale never could figure out what it was about girls and how they reacted to clothing. Didn't make any sense, but they never did anyway.

The car pulled up into a parking spot in front of an older wooden framed building. As the tires squashed on the gravel of the parking lot, Dale looked up to see posted in gold letters on a sign:

***Madame Tanya's Dance
Academe***

He got out of the car on his Auntie's instructions and followed her into the building.

"Bon jour," a tall elderly woman wearing a gray leotard and ballet shoes said to them as they entered. "I am Madame Tanya and welcome to my academe'. May I be of assistance?"

"Yes, please," his aunt responded.

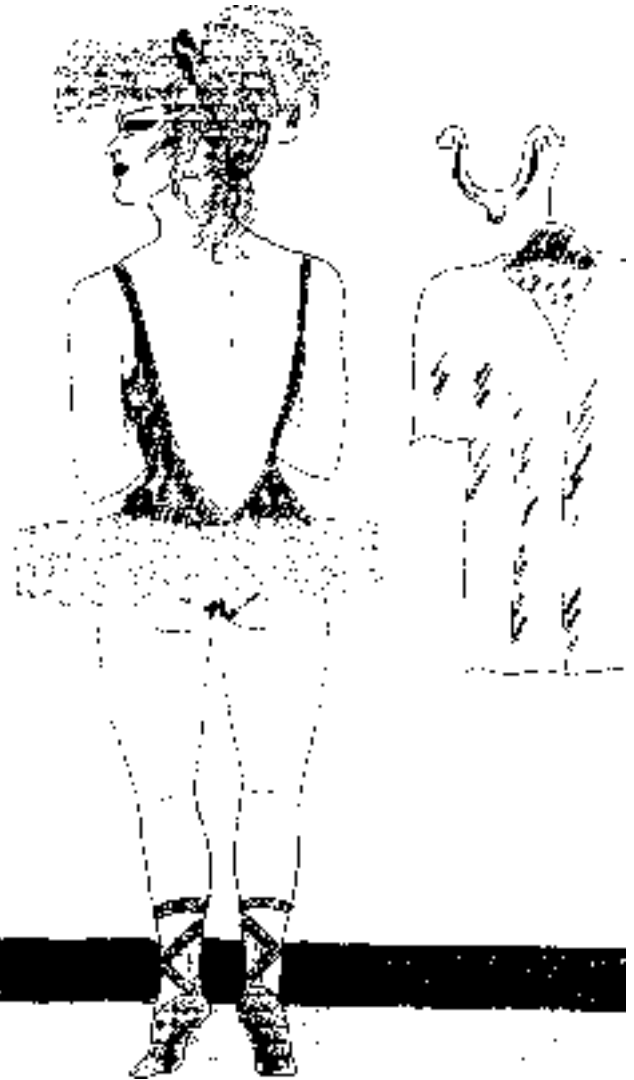
"I am Ellen Hartzell and I want to enroll these two lovely children in your class. Beverly on my right has had seven years of ballet while Dale here hasn't had the opportunity to learn any dance. Do you think that you could find places for them for the summer. It would be most convenient if they could attend at the same time though."

"Ah, but of course, Madam. I am just starting a new class even as we speak.

"However, I must warn you that I take the dance very seriously. I demand full cooperation and discipline from my charges. I will not be easy on them and they will work and work hard, believe me." She picked up her dance baton and suddenly walked over to a girl practicing her Demi-Plie' and Releve in Second Position before a ballet barre facing a mirror as Ms. Tanya struck the soles of her feet smartly ordering, "Lift! Up to your toes like a fairy on the wing!"

She paused to let what she said sink in as she glanced at Beverly and Dale in turn.

"Classes are every Wednesday and Thursday and will be two hours in length.



"I will insist that they have supervised practice at home at least another hour each day, two on weekends.

"Is that acceptable? You will assure me that nothing will interfere with this. Now do you still want to enroll your children in my classes. There is a good school of dance being taught at the Y if you'd rather."

"Oh no! I am sure that you will be just what they need to instill a sense of balance and grace to their demeanor. Where do we sign up? Right kids?"

Dale did not want to take any silly dance classes, but once again it did not look like he was going to have any choice in the matter. He followed along behind the others into the teacher's small office. There his Aunt signed them up after giving each of them a piece of paper with the rules and requirements of the class to read and sign off on at the bottom.

Dale read:

Students will all wear appropriate attire during classes. Each child must have clean, black leotard and white tights, leg warmers and tutu (pink), and black half toe ballet shoes. Hair bands must be used to tie hair into a ballet top knot. (Children with short curly top hairdos may wear white head bands to keep their hair from their eyes.) White sports bras and panties are required for older or more endowed girls. Wristlets are optional but must be either pink or white. It is recommended that each student have at least two complete sets of dance attire.

All students will obey the dance instructor and behave in a properly modest and demure manner at all times. Students will be on time and in proper First position on line with the other girls ready to start when their class is called.

He reluctantly signed his name at the bottom of the paper and handed it back to Madame Tanya, who was talking in a near whisper with his Aunt while she signed a check to pay for the girls' tuition.

Soon they were back in the car headed for one more stop. It was the store recommended by Madame Tanya. Once again, he was humiliated but managed to get through the fittings and embarrassment. At least it was only Beverly and his Auntie in the dressing room with him this time. The tights and leotard fitted his torso tightly and revealed his every embarrassing bulge.

"We're going to have to do something about that distraction now aren't we," his aunt said noticing a decidedly unfeminine groin. "Wait here, I'll be right back."

Like he was going to go anywhere dressed or rather undressed like this. She was back, and handed him a white spandex panty along with an uplift style sports bra. It looked like a pair of his briefs, but made of an elastic shiny material. It had a diamond front panel with small rosette at the center of the high waist and a wide seam running up the middle of the back which divided into two hemispheres at the rear. He held it in his hand, weighing and staring at it. It looked impossibly small, but pulled it up his legs at his Aunt's demand.

"It's called a sports pantygirdle and should help you maintain some semblance of modesty. Push your little thingie back under your crotch; then, pull it up tight. You don't want everyone seeing that nasty bump down there do you?"

The leotard cut into his crotch while the high waisted pantygirdle compressed his waistline to create the illusion of hips. The combination of the girdle, tights and leotard left a smooth impression of feminine flatness in the front and nicely rounded globes in the rear caused by hemisphere 'cups' designed to lift and part his now quite obvious derriere.

The sports bra brought out two bulges perched on his chest that he least wanted displayed as they stood out proudly.

"Madame Tanya, must have thought that your Madonna bra supported 'more endowed' charms because she urged that you wear a bra to prevent your breasts from bouncing when you danced," his Aunt commented casually as she checked the tight fit of the sports bra cups. "The sports panty girdle has the added advantage of holding a sanitary pad in case it is your time of the month. I'm certain that you don't want to be too strange..."

Poor Dale blushed a bright pink as Beverly giggled her delight over this suggestion.

The final insult was the pink translucent nylon tartan style tutu. It barely covered his rounded butt as it was tied around his waist. It was a skimpy looking skirt rather than the bunched netting that was usually worn. To go along with the tutu were bright neon pink leg warmers with matching head band. The half toe ballet shoes were also in black kid with a black elastic arch strap.

His Aunt watched with interest as he changed back into his Madonna bra, matching panties from his new collection, pink under shirt, and white shorts before he handed his new ballet wear along with a copy of Ballet For Beginners by Draper and Atkinson to the matron at the sales counter.

Taking their purchases to the car, Dale sat in the back. His mind worrying over just how he had managed to let things get so complicated. What had started out as a simple shopping trip turned out to be so, so much more than he ever expected. Things were just not panning out like they were supposed to. Now he not only wore a bra and make-up, but was going to take ballet and wear a stupid tutu to boot.

"Dale, Dale come on child, it's getting late and we don't have time to waste," his aunt's voice brought him out of his self-reflections. "Grab your packages and let's get into the house. We still have lots to do."

"Yeah," Dale thought as he gathered the many packages and slid awkwardly out of the back seat. *"Like what else could you have done to totally fuck up my life!"*

Ellen followed him back to his room where she helped him remove the various tags and labels from his "delicates" as she had called them. She was dead serious about him not only keeping the feminine underwear, but intent on him wearing it as well.

The day's activities were a little too much for him as he let his mouth overload his brains.

"Oh for crying out loud! Haven't you done enough to me for one cotton pickin' day! Isn't wearing this make-up and bra enough?"

The words seemed to just pour out in a gush of emotion he could not control. His frustrations at not only his Aunt but himself were getting the better of him.

"My oh my! Why you little wimpy ingrate. I thought that we had this conversation already? Obviously, you have not learned your lessons! Nor have you shown any respect for all that I have done for you. Come to think of it, I don't believe that I have heard a single thank you for any of the things I have purchased for you today! Perhaps I am being too kind and generous. Maybe, just maybe you enjoy being punished?" his Auntie suggested in a cold swelling anger. She called out to her daughter, "Bev, dearest, please get Mommy your hair brush."

Turning her attention back to the cowering boy, "I cannot believe that you are trying to weasel out of taking any responsibility for all of this. I was not the one to join the panty club, I was not the one to sit and have my face worked over professionally, and I was certainly not the one to stand still with my hands behind my back in Benny's office accepting all those pretty feminine compliments! You could have, at any time, mind you, any time at all, corrected their mistake. Well! Couldn't you?"

"Answer ME! You little snit," she demanded, shaking him; then, she jerked his shorts and panties down to expose his bare butt, and pulled him across her knees. Bev handed her the brush and without waiting for him to answer, she began spanking him soundly.

He was soon in tears crying hard and begging for her to stop. He promised her anything she demanded including his agreement to wear anything and everything that his aunt decided would be appropriate for him. He also agreed to accept responsibility for his actions and tell anyone who asked that, "yes it was all my idea in the first place and I chose to do so voluntarily." He also thanked her over and over for all she had done for him.

She was not finished with him yet, oh no, not by a long shot. She wanted to make sure that he learned this lesson and after handing him a tissue to blow his nose continued berating him.

"Just what do you think you are trying to pull here?" she continued. "If you think that for one solitary minute that I am going to just toss this very fine clothing into the trash or otherwise you are sadly mistaken!"

She had to pause to catch her breath before continuing yelling at him.

"I did not spent my good hard earned money on you... And! I might add!...At your request! Didn't you say, in front of the sales clerks, you wanted this? Didn't you voluntarily sign up for the store's PANTY CLUB? Did I force you? Well? Did I? Answer me? You had better say that you not only permitted but actually assisted in making those sales people believe that you were a girl."

She paused to catch her breath, still wagging her finger under his nose.

"You even told all those very nice people at Benny's place of business that you were a girl. Well, not in so many words, but you didn't tell them any different. Now did you?"

“So, since I spent my money on you, you will not only wear these beautiful things, you will take care of them as well. That includes the make up because I am not going to let this family be associated with some freak! You not only will dress the part that YOU CHOSE, but will look and be accepted in that role as well. Do I make myself perfectly clear!”

Dale was at a total loss. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he physically tried to shrink away from the rage being aimed at him. To make matters worse and drive even more nails into his coffin, it was impossible to counter her arguments.

“Yes,” he had to agree, he did not tell anyone that he was a boy and “yes,” he did ask the clerk to give him the panty club card. “Yes,” he had to repeat and repeat to each of her accusations. When she had finished with him, he would have agreed to anything and probably did. It was a very chastised and mentally destroyed Dale that slunk off to the kitchen to begin dinner.

That night after he had served the girls their food, Dale was sent to his room without getting any leftovers. Auntie followed right behind him to his room, and supervised his toilette as she called it. He did not even bother himself over her being there in the bathroom with him.

She watched as he went to the commode, but made him sit rather than stand.

“From now on I think it would be best if you chose to sit to do your business. It seems much more modest that way,” his Aunt instructed. “You haven't forgotten your promise to use your douche kit regularly, have you?”

Once again under his Aunt's orders, he took a bath using plenty of bath beads and oil. Finishing his bath, he cleaned the tub, and pulled the yellow satin robe closed around his body. He then went over to the sink where his aunt gave him a small jar.

He dipped his finger tips into it and began spreading the lotion onto his face. He carefully smoothed it under his chin and down his neck all the way down his chest and stomach to just below his navel. By the time he had covered all the areas of his body that his aunt indicated, he had emptied all of the small containers. As the lotion began to tingle and burn just a bit, he realize it was the Exfoliate ointment and not the cleansing cream Auntie Ellen had purchased for him.

“Too late to worry about it now anyway,” he thought. “Maybe it will get rid of this paint covering my face.”

He was dismayed to see that the make-up was still very fresh looking after wiping away the residual cream. He rubbed his flesh hard with a pink tissue, but it did not even smear the make-up. His skin was just as smooth looking and soft as a baby's. No stubble or residual hairs anywhere. That was all it took to completely and irrevocably defeat him. It was hard, but he managed to hold back the tears that threatened to overflow his lids.

Back in his room, Beverly was standing by the vanity, a mid-thigh length nightgown hanging over her arm. It was a very full cut empire waist with an overlapping layered skirting of gossamer white nylon covering a wet looking bright red undergown. The gathered, pleated neck was scooped and it was held up by spaghetti straps. A matching pair of panties in red with plentiful white lace overlay covering the front and

back were laying on the padded stool. Beverly had a grin as big as all outdoors on her face.

He seated himself on the bed wearing only the yellow satin bath robe while Auntie Ellen worked his curly hair into two tight braids and fastened red satin bows to them. She asked Dale if he would rather sleep in just his nightie or would he prefer wearing panties as well?

"What the h-e double tooth picks kind of question was that," he asked himself. *"She's got me coming and going. Oh, What the Fuck! Like I have any choice any more. I quit, I'm too damn tired to fight anymore."*

"The panties, if you please," was his only comment.

"Good," she replied. "Now here is your sleep bra. I want you to wear a bra all the time until you get used to it. I watched you pulling and picking at your bra straps all day long and it positively drives me to distraction. So until then, I want you to wear it all the time, except of course, when you are in the bath.

"Now dear, I want you to get a good nights sleep, we have much to do tomorrow. After all it is summer and you kids deserve to enjoy it. Heaven only knows just how soon you'll be grown and won't have this freedom. Kiss me nightie-night, baby."

Dale did as he was told kissing both his Auntie, after giving her a hug, and Beverly. He then carefully slid under the covers keeping his hands to his sides as his Auntie instructed.

"Let your arms and hands hang loosely to the sides dear," she had said. "Be sure to use your wrist to press the skirt to your body, fingers pointing outward, that will keep your skirts from riding up your legs."

He was roused from a deep exhausted sleep. It was a sleep that did not refresh or restore his mind and body. Slowly, groggily, he forced his eyes to open at his Aunt's voice. He managed to swing his legs out from under the covers, feeling the nightie bunched up around his waist exposing the crotch of his panties. He stood up pulling at the skirting and for a moment the room spun on him; then, he shuffled behind his Auntie into the bathroom.

Still half asleep he made his way to the commode, started to pull up his skirts to pee, but his Aunt's voice rang out stopping him.

"That is no way to behave! Didn't we discuss a more proper and modest way last night? Also, I believe you promised to do something else on a regular basis and I don't see you complying. Do I have to show you all over again? You're not that stupid are you?"

"No Ma'am," he promptly replied walking over to the closet and pulling out the pink rubber kit. Any hope that he would be spared further embarrassment was soon evaporated as she watched every move he made. She even turned and looked directly at him when he began manipulating the nozzle, bringing a flush of red to his cheeks.

"From the way your little thingie is reacting, I am surprised I have to remind you to perform this minor function. Oh my, am I embarrassing you dear? Well! I certainly didn't intend to. It's just that, well, you poor dear. It's no wonder you are **THAT** way.

Dear me, grab some tissue child and cover that dripping little thing up. Do you want to dribble all over the seat? Have some consideration for others Dale!"

Dale's face felt like it had burst into flames as he quickly grabbed some tissue to comply with her demand. If only he could pull the lever and flush himself down the drain. He dared not look at her, as he wiped away his shame.

"Come, come don't dawdle!" she said. "Tsk, ts, child, do you think that you can hurry it up a bit? We certainly have a lot to do today. Go on dear, I know you really enjoy it, but do work it faster."

Finished this humiliating task, his Aunt had him get into the bubble filled tub. While he scrubbed his elbows with a pumice stone, she assembled some new items for his morning toilette. He looked out of the side of his eye to see her place a pink wide bladed woman's razor, coarse sponge, and jar of pink liquid on the utility tray fastened to the tub's corner.

He was instructed in the proper way to shave his legs.

"Take care and do not rush," she informed him. "While nicks can be painful you really need to worry about how much they will show through your nylons. Hose tends to make nicks more noticeable and uglier. When you finish, I want you to scrub your body with this sponge. It's designed to scrape off dead cells and leave your skin fresh and healthy. When you have done all that, rub this emollient cream into your legs. I want you to pay particular attention to your heels. Now get busy."

When he sought to question her about these feminine tasks she was making him perform, he was told to keep quiet and do as he was told. She threatened to get the brush if he did not satisfactorily complete the tasks she wanted him to do.

Getting out of the tub, all fresh and practically hairless, he was handed a large fluffy towel and told to blot his skin.

"DON'T rub, BLOT it!" she stated, "Rubbing damages the skin. When you finish, get over here by the sink."

Standing at the sink, she began instructing him in the proper way to perform his morning toilette. Before she had him do anything else she made him stand naked in front of the mirror with hand raised and curled back over his head. Telling him exactly what to do step by step she had him with his other hand, press and feel first one then the other breast for possible tumors. She even made him pull his nipples and roll them between his thumb and forefinger. She watched in satisfaction as the rubbery nipples grew hard and erect as he followed her instructions.

The self exam completed, he was shown how to wrap the towel around his body, under his arms, and tuck into his cleavage. His toilette was a detailed lesson, and he was questioned later that day to make sure that he had learned it. Auntie Ellen would attend his toilette for the next several days to make sure he had not only learned but automatically performed them.

Walking back into the bedroom, Dale saw that his torment was only just beginning. On the bed was a pile of feminine finery obviously meant for him!

A pair of yellow floral printed panties with a wide black lace elastic waistband; matching underwire push-up demi-bra, with half print half lace cups; the yellow pantygirdle; a pair of mocha colored hose; and, pale yellow delicately laced and pleated camisole with matching half slip frilled with a wide band of floral lace on the hem.

"Isn't this just too lovely dear," his Auntie said as she went over to the bed and picked up the panties. Handing them to him, she continued, "Beverly spent some time picking out this outfit. Yes, go on put them on and then I will help you with your bra. You must remember to thank her when you see her at breakfast. She really put some thought into it, don't you think? My they do look good on you. So much nicer than those ugly pink cotton drawers you were wearing."

The undergarments fitted him smoothly and softly. The lace edging itching his skin slightly.

"Most women and girls no longer bother with real nylons. Too much trouble I guess, but since you are wearing a pantygirdle with tabs, I thought that you should enjoy wearing the real thing instead of pantyhose."

Next he was given an ultra-sheer, cream colored poly blouse with padded shoulders to put on. It fastened down the back with small pearl buttons. A layered lace jabot and billowing full sleeves with lace trimmed ruffled cuffs enhanced the very feminine blouse. A pleated tartan skirt in a wool blend reaching to well above the knee, and a wide black patent leather belt to accentuate his waist with matching mary jane patent shoes with two and a half inch heels completed the outfit. As he looked in the mirror he thought about the high school girls he had seen, and although the make-up he wore was a bit overdone, he could have fit right in with a group of such girls, which was more than he could say about his efforts as a high school age boy trying to keep up with the others.

A new very full cut, bright teal colored nylon apron with great big full sleeves awaited him in the kitchen. Beverly stood smiling from ear to ear as she handed it to him.

"Oh, you look positively breathtaking, Dale. My, I thought that you would look good in it, but not this good! Well, in any case, I am glad you look so beautiful in it and I hope you like it, hehehehehe. Mother thought that you would like this apron, so I got it for you the while they were finishing your face in the department store yesterday. Isn't it just too fine!"

"Thank your stepsister Dale and give her a kiss like a good child. Don't forget to curtsy and tell her just how much you appreciate her thoughtful consideration in loaning you her old clothing today.

"No, no! Don't you even know how to do a simple little thing like a curtsy?"

"Bev, my darling, would you please show our little **dunce** how to do it! Thank you darling. When Dale finishes the breakfast dishes, I want you to show her how to behave like a lady. You will have some time before I'll be ready so until then make sure Dale learns how to walk, sit, and stand."

With the kitchen cleaned, Dale was told to go and sit in the chair. As he started to squat down, Beverly screamed out, "No! Stop! You don't sit like that. Here watch me."

Walking over to the chair she turned sideways to it, brushed her hands back under her butt, and eased herself into the chair.

“Now you try it. Remember to keep your feet and ankles together, brush the skirt back to keep it from wrinkling, and once you ease, not fall or plop your ass in it, make sure that you keep feet, ankles, and knees together with your hands in your lap. Now show me.”

“OK, that was much better, but you let your knees spread out too much. You have to remember to keep your knees together all the time. Well, that is, unless you want everyone to look up your skirt and see your pretty panties. Another thing, don't fall into the chair, sit! Let your body slowly sink into the chair. Now get up and do it again. Better yet, walk away from it over to the kitchen door, turn gracefully; then, return to the chair and sit. Make sure that when you walk, you take small short steps. I want to see you keeping your chin up, chest out, and butt in gliding across the floor heel to toe. I don't want to see you stomping around like you're wearing combat boots. OK, let's do it!”

After what seemed like hours, Dale's feet were pounding in the tight heels, but Beverly seemed satisfied with him.

When his Aunt walked back in he breathed a sigh of relief thinking that he would now get a break. Which turned out to be wishful thinking.

“OK, children, let's get moving. Bev sweetie, go get your purse and one for Dale if you would. I do not want to spend the entire day just on Dale like yesterday, so please hurry.”

“Uh, Auntie,” Dale asked as Beverly left the room. “I...I haven't had any breakfast yet and since there was no dinner last night, uh, I...I.” Dale was saying when his aunt interrupted, telling him that missing his dinner was his own fault and that Bev had left an almost full glass of milk and a piece of toast on the counter.

“You can take your vitamins and eat what is left of the toast. If you behave yourself, I might let you have lunch with us while we shop.”

Dale quickly did as instructed and soon after cleaning the remaining dishes, Beverly walked back in and handed him an ivory colored leather purse on a long gold toned chain.

Soon they were back in the mall. Browsing through the racks of clothing, Auntie Ellen picked several items out for Beverly. This did not upset Dale in the least. After paying for two new dresses and three skirts with blouses, they started down the main corridor when there was a loud yelping.

“Oh, Mother, listen, puppies! Please, pretty please may we go see them. Just for a few minutes please?” Beverly practically begged.

“Well, I don't know dear. You know we cannot have a pet as your Aunt Grace is allergic, but if you promise that all you are going to do is look then, OK.”

Turning down the side corridor they proceeded to the pet store where they looked and played briefly with the puppies. Beverly picked up a little ball of red fluff with a long pink tongue that just couldn't stop licking her face. Beverly was enjoying herself

and Dale was too. Playing with the fuzzy puppies made him forget for the moment all his problems and worries.

“OK, come along now. I want to check out the store across the hall. With Dale having so few nice things, I want to see what they have to offer there. Put the puppies down Bev and Dale.”

Dale followed Auntie Ellen into the store. It was called Sallie's Uniforms and while small it had racks and racks of various uniforms. His aunt pulled him by the hand over to one in the corner that had a 40% off sign posted on it. Telling him to turn around, she pressed several uniforms to his back, checking the fit. Apparently satisfied, she pushed him in the direction of the fitting rooms.

“Here, take off your blouse and skirt and put this on,” she said handing him a pink cotton, button front A-line dress. It was relatively simple with white cuffs and collar for highlight. A white with pink piping and small ruffle edging apron was fastened to the skirt with a safety pin. The dress fitted him surprisingly well. The waist was a little tight and you could see a slight pucker at the button at navel level.

“Hmmm, that shouldn't be any problem we can't take care of,” his aunt said while sticking her finger into the gap. “Take it off and try on this one. Bev, darling, help Dale while I go out and see if they have anything else suitable.”

Dale put on the gray then the pale blue uniform. Each was slightly tight in the stomach and had its own attached matching apron. Just as he was removing the blue dress, his aunt returned carrying a large rectangular plastic zippered bag.

“Make way darling,” she said to Beverly. “I think I have found a superb bargain. It is the last one they had in stock and its marked down 75 percent. I only hope that it fits. Come on Bev move that stuff out of the way so I can open this up.”

Beverly moved the uniforms and Dale's street clothing out of the way as Ellen settled the bag on the cubicle seat. Unzipping it, she pulled out a soft pink satin French Maid's uniform. It had full white net petticoats attached under the flaring short skirt. A small white nylon with heavy lace trim bib apron and frilly cap were pinned to the bodice. A pair of white lace open fingered gloves wrapped in their own plastic fell out on to the floor.

“Ooooooh, Mother,” Beverly said as it was held up before a cringing Dale. “It will look positively radical on Dale. I mean like wow!”

“Yes, I think so too dear,” Ellen said. “Dale hurry and take off that camisole and slip. You have just got to try this on this instant. According to the clerk, this is an extra uniform some singles bar ordered, but didn't need.”

Dale was in it soon enough and he was blushing for all he was worth. The low cut neck revealed two small plump mounds thanks in part to the uplifting demi-bra she had made him wear and the stiff boning support in the uniform itself. It was too tight to zip all the way up the back, but did not lack doing so by much. The padded shoulders with capped long sleeves clung to his arms like a second skin, but Auntie announced that it would do. The skirt did not reach below mid-thigh and with the heavy net petticoats, his pantied bottom was plainly visible.

His protests fell on deaf ears.

"Don't fret over your panties showing, silly. We'll get you some that are designed to be shown off," Auntie told him. "The sales girl said that she had some and I'll pick them out before we check out. Now how does it feel around your shoulders? A little tight I would guess, but I don't think its too tight. Here move your arms like this. See not too bad if you take your time and are careful."

In no time they were walking back down the corridor with Dale loaded down with packages. His aunt had purchased all the uniforms and the special panties. He almost died when she held the rumba styled bright pink panties up to his waist. She purchased two pairs in the bright pink rather than the white he tried to get her to buy.

He was guided into another store, this one was a specialty lingerie boutique. This was the place where Auntie Ellen took care of his little problem and thick waist all at the same time. The wasp waisted corset in a white satin spandex was wire reinforced and had an elasticized nylon cotton lined gusset strap. It would nip in his waist very nicely as well as his male bulge.

When his Auntie pulled it taut between his legs and fastened it to the hook closure in the back hem, he thought he would faint and vomit all at the same time. As his testicles were forced up inside of his body, they were pinched and roughly jammed up into him by the force of the strap. It brought tears to his eyes and surprisingly, an apology from his Aunt.

Once she had hooked all the hooks and pulled the laces as tight as she could, his waist would have no problem fitting neatly into any of the day's purchases. Including the fancy satin French Maid's uniform. Auntie Ellen picked out two more corsets, one in yellow with fancy floral lace overlay, and the other in burgundy with a pale frost colored floral lace overlay. Dale could hardly breathe and his ribs felt like they had been broken, but his waist had been narrowed by four inches.

Leaving the boutique, Dale was forced to carry the added packages while the two women walked on both sides of him. He had to walk much slower as he quickly grew short of breath if he hurried in the slightest.

"See," his Auntie said, "That corset is working wonders already. I have been telling you to take shorter, slower steps all day and now you are doing it all by yourself. I should have gotten you these yesterday and saved my breath. Oh, look here is another darling store I simply must step in. Come children."

The shoe store was a typical one you seem to see about every ten yards in any mall. Open on two sides displaying primarily women's and athletic shoes. In short order, Dale had two pairs of black and one pair of pink patent leather five inch spiked heeled pumps.

One last stop in the drug store and it was off to a nearby restaurant for grilled chicken salads, chocolate brownies with vanilla ice cream, and one tuna on wheat sandwich with a diet coke. Three guesses as to who received the sandwich.

Back at the house, Dale was aided in hanging all his new clothing in the closet. He would have to hem the everyday maid's outfits himself according to his Auntie, but he could begin later as his aunt was too tired to show him right then.

With the clothing put neatly in its proper place, Dale was told to meet his Aunt in the master bedroom as soon as he had finished freshening up. He was instructed to put on the gray uniform so Beverly could pin it up. Once pinned, he could use it to hem up all his remaining uniforms, but that could wait until tomorrow.

While he stood with Beverly at his feet slowly sliding pins into the material, Auntie Ellen fussed about his ears. At first he did not know what she was doing, but as soon as he saw the white and pink plastic thingamajig in her hand he guessed what she was getting ready to do.

"You hold real still now or this thing just might cut you bad," she said as she pulled back on the pink plastic plunger, fastened a gold stud into one end and the clasp at the other. Carefully she slid his lobe between the pieces and pulled the trigger. With a loud 'snap' he felt a numbness in his lobe. His aunt repeated the process three more times. Twice in each lobe, she affixed golden lobes in each one.

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As Dale meekly walked along side of Beverly, his thoughts were more on what his Auntie and Beverly had done to him rather than the fact that he was actually walking to his first ballet class. He could not escape the obvious fact that, in just a few short weeks, he had somehow found himself living as a girl!

Nor did it escape his thoughts that he seemed to be an almost willing participant in this odd transformation. In fact, if his Aunt's, and Beverly's, insinuations were true, he actually was seeking this new lifestyle to escape his inadequacies as a boy!

Perhaps they were right? As he walked in the 'heel and toe' fashion that Beverly had taught him he could hear the sound of his high heels as they clicked against the concrete. But, it was all so very confusing. For instance, how old was he? Oh, he knew he was eighteen, but when he was not dressed as a maid he was dressed in Beverly's things. ("Hand me downs save money, Dale. And Bev's old clothes are quite suitable for you.") Since Beverly was fifteen years old, he considered the fact that he did look pretty much like her, except that he seemed to be a bit better developed.

In fact, as he paused to glance at their images caught in a reflection from a store window. Since they were dressed pretty much alike for ballet class he could detect the differences. They both were dressed in black patent leather mary janes with one inch heels, white ballet tights, black leotards, pink silken tartan wrap around tutus, and white cotton knit sweaters across their shoulders. There the differences began. Beverly wore her hair up in a top knot and her heavy mall styled make-up had been replaced with an almost subdued look in comparison to Dale's. Unlike Beverly's nearly childlike form Dale was wearing his form fitting sports pantygirdle and bra set underneath his ballet clothes that gave him the all too sexy form of a young woman with a rear end that swiveled invitingly with each step and proud young breasts that jiggled despite the bra's efforts to 'contain' them. Still wearing the mall make-up Dale nervously saw in the glass the image of a rather sexually precocious high school girl wearing too much make-up, or the look of a street walker trying to look that way!

He almost wished that he looked like a preteen boy again. With a shrug to dismiss his troubled thoughts he rushed to catch up with an irate Beverly, who did not want to be late to ballet class.

When they arrived at Madame Tanya's school Beverly was sent to an intermediate group while poor Dale received yet another shock to his remaining masculine ego. He found himself in a separate dressing room surrounded by the little girls of his beginner's class ranging in age between six and ten!

Despite their staring amusement he uncomfortably sat on the floor with the other little girls and replaced his mary janes with a pair of black kid half toe slippers. Next he joined them at the rosin box where followed the lead of the other girls and rubbed the rosin unto the bottom of his slippers realizing that the rosin would help prevent his falling on the slippery wooden dance floor. Then he followed his group out onto the dance floor to stand as best as he could in the First position by mimicking their basic stance of heels together with feet pointed out to opposite sides in a straight line.

Madame Tanya paused to correct his stance before she announced that the first half-hour would be spent doing stretching exercises.

"Now girls," Madam Tanya instructed, "I want to see you stretch skyward. Pretend that you are sun flowers reaching for the sky and waving in zee breeze. Like so, oui!"

She reached out holding her hands facing away from one another with arms straight. Then on tip toe, began waving her body from her waist up to and fro from side to side surprisingly supple for a woman of her obvious years. "OK! now you do it."

Some time later all the girls were sitting with their legs widely split apart. One leg pointing straight out in one direction and the other stretched out in the completely opposite direction. Dale couldn't even begin to imagine how they managed to do that.

Dale either couldn't get his body to perform a leg split or he was just too afraid to try. He was stuck in a sort of half- sitting half-standing position with his legs wobbling and his hands windmilling trying to keep his balance. He certainly looked ridiculous. Needless to say, he was the object of the entire class' laughter.

Finally, Madam Tanya had enough of his disruption and went over to him.

"So you cannot do zee split,er? Well we shall zee what is the matter with you, oui? Relax, I'm going to help you so you do not need to feel afraid, oui!"

With that she held a steadying hand to his shoulder while she walked behind him. Steadying him with both hands firmly planted on his shoulders, she stood just touching his back. "Now, Let yourself relax cher, just relax. Now cher, let zee little feets slide out parallel to one another. Careful now sweet, remember to point zee toes. Ah, **NOW!**"

As she uttered the word "now", Madam Tanya shoved down with both hands forcing Dale into a full split. Dale tried to scream as he felt muscles give under the pressure and something else pop as his bottom hit the hard oak floor. Bile rushed up into his mouth, but he couldn't spit it out or swallow. For a few moments he couldn't do anything. Finally, with an audible swallow, he gulped the bile back down.

"Good," she said looking down at him, "now that you are ready Missy Dale, we may begin. OK? Class! Now stretch out with both hands and grab your right big toe. Carefully, remember to bend only from the waist. Now, one...two...raise straight up ...three...four bend over and grab zee other toe..five...six. Again."

Dale fought his nausea and managed to follow along. He had trouble reaching out and touching his toes at first, but by the time Madam Tanya was finishing up the exercise, he could at least reach the toe. He did not hurt, but he knew that once he stopped and cooled down he'd have hell to pay. He had played enough ball to know when he had over extended himself and he felt it now. Every muscle began to ache as Madam Tanya told them class was over.

By the time Auntie Ellen returned to pick them up neither one of them were in any shape to argue over anything. They were two tired little kittens.

“Ma'am, your young ladies did very well for their first time. You said Ms. Beverly had lessons for seven years, oui? She should be back at that level in a few weeks, but poor Ms. Dale, she is very behind. You know? She, herself, needs practice. You may have to use some muscle rub on her tonight as she may stiffen up real good, yeah. You make sure she come back tomorrow and I will work the stiffness out of her, oui!”

By the end of Dale's second week of ballet classes, he could just manage to walk without help in the mornings to the bathroom. It wasn't until he soaked in a hot tub that he was limber enough to move easily. He also noted that his testicles stayed pushed up into his body after that first lesson. He guessed that it was due to wearing either a corset or pantygirdle all the time, plus his stretching exercises in the leg split position.

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Dale was just finishing the dinner dishes when the door bell rang. Wiping his hands on his apron, he checked his pink uniform, straightened the apron, and patting at his hair went to open the door. The apron's bow at the small of his back flopped in rhythm to the swishing of his hips.

His mannerisms had changed a lot in the last few days. Forced to behave like a girl at all times was making a permanent impression.

His body constantly crushed by the corsets and tight fitting high heels, was numb most of the time. He breathed from his chest automatically and he learned to pace himself. He discovered very early in his corset training that slow and easy was the only way for him to have any strength. If he moved quickly or exerted himself to any real degree like he used to, he would get groggy or collapse in a painful faint.

He had adapted quickly to wearing high heels once his feet became numb. Since the only shoes he was allowed to wear outside of ballet class were his five inch spiked pumps or slippers, it did not take long as he was standing much of his sixteen hour days.

Opening the door, he asked, “May I help you?” to the messenger standing on the porch in a soft pleasantly sweet voice. His Auntie had him working every day at developing his voice. He was required to read aloud from romance novels at every opportunity. Auntie Ellen coached him, as necessary, wanting Dale to develop a natural sounding, soft, throaty, bedroom sound. She also worked on developing his finger, hand, and arm movements to reflect a more feminine style. Dale was getting very good at it by the end of the week.

"I have a special delivery telegram here for Ms. Ellen Cummings. Is this the right address?"

"Yes. It is." Dale said while exaggerating his lip movements to show more smile and pucker. He also remembered to bat his eyelashes as instructed so many times by Beverly. ("Always look shy and demure when talking to any real man. You should always accent your lips, too. You know, like pucker them a lot and lick them with the tip of your tongue, you know." Beverly had told him. "You should bat your lashes as well and smile. Yes, you know, great big sunny smiles. If you forget to smile, I'll remind you by putting a wedge of soap under your lip.")

"This is her home, I can sign for it. Where?" Dale said.

The courier not taking his eyes off Dale for a second, handed him the special delivery letter. Dale did not have any money to tip the man, so he dropped into a curtsy instead. The delivery man did not say a word as he got a good look at Dale's obvious cleavage. The view of the young girl was better than any tip.

Dale found his aunt in the master bedroom. She not only moved all of Grace's things into the room, but hers as well. Dale wasn't sure if Benny would approve of Auntie Ellen moving into his room, but there was nothing Dale could do about it. Actually, he looked forward to Benny's arrival, maybe then things would be straightened out and he could get out of those damn skirts.

"Oh dear!" His aunt said as she read the telegram. "It seems that your guardian, Benny, is dead. From what I gather in Grace's letter, he had a massive heart attack. Oh what a shame! Well, at least it wasn't a prolonged affair. Grace is having him cremated there in Mexico and will be back in three or four more days. I guess her arrival will depend on the red tape and other bureaucratic bungling she will have to wade through. Well, can't be helped. What are you waiting for, he's dead and there is nothing that either one of us can do about it. Don't you still have duties to finish up. Go on now, you can cry like the little sissy you are later."

Dale felt tears begin to fill his eyes as he slowly walked out of his aunt's room. The recent thoughts of his homecoming forgotten. Benny had been a really neat guy. He had actually been Dale's friend or at least had tried to be, but his long work hours prevented them from becoming really good friends. Benny's death meant he would not have to come up with a story to explain why he, Dale, looked entirely too much like a her, but Dale still felt a deep sense of loss. He wiped at his eyes with a tissue retrieved from his uniform pocket as he walked out the room. He wrapped the tissue over his nose and blew gently. Wiping away the last of the tears, he put the tissue back into his pocket.

As he neared the kitchen he heard the timer on the oven buzzing loudly. He tried to hurry, but almost tripped himself up on the pink satin ribbon tied around his ankles. It had been several days since Beverly had tied the ribbon around his feet to force him to take small feminine steps. The ribbon even made him swivel his hips more. Dale, by necessity, shortened the length of his step and even paused a second to catch his breath before reaching the oven.

In the many days since his total change over, he really had changed. The constant lectures and correction emphasized with an occasional swat to his round butt, and the

physical transformations taking place were having their effect on him. Not to mention the vitamins and strict diet he was on. Dale was behaving more and more like, first a maid; and second, a girl. His every waking hour was devoted to feminine pursuits and activities of a menial nature. With the death of his guardian, he lost all hope of salvation.

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Over the next five days, his training intensified, if that were possible. He went to bed each night completely exhausted and was too tired to even dream. When he did dream, it was visions of cleaning this, dressing like that, putting on make-up like so, elbows to the sides and ankles crossed when sitting all the time such that when he was awakened by the alarm ringing at five thirty a.m., he was more tired than when he went to bed. He was beginning to operate in a vacuum and daze.



His body was on automatic. Arise promptly at five thirty a.m., perform necessary toilet using his "Friend" at least weekly; bath with plenty of bath beads, shave legs and underarms at least every three days, use cleansing creams instead of soap and water on the face, dust with talc, and finish with perfume. In the evenings, it was use the facilities, cleanse face with lotions and creams, put hair up in curlers and cover with night cap or net, pluck brows as necessary, finish toilet.

Monday do the laundry, Tuesday do the ironing, Wednesday do the floors, Thursday do the dusting and vacuuming, Friday do the polishing and grocery shopping, Saturday do the mending and sewing, Sunday do whatever was missed on the other days and prepare a special supper. Make the beds, clean the bathrooms, and pick up around the house were an every day chore. Of course he had to be appropriately attired with full make-up maintaining a big happy smile at all times.

Oh, yes, don't forget the ballet lessons. It was bad enough working all day long, but then having to take dancing lessons at first seemed to be more than any one body could stand. Dale for some strange reason, however, began to look forward to it. It was an opportunity to get out of the confining house and away from his Auntie. Even with Beverly coming along it wasn't as bad as it could have been since she was placed in a

different more advanced class. So Dale began to enjoy going. He was just sorry that he couldn't develop any friendships among the other girls attending. Auntie Ellen and Beverly did not give him any spare time to do so.

Beverly especially enjoyed bossing him around. She made it a point to follow his every footstep nagging, nagging, nagging all the time. "Swing your hips, bend at the knees, elbows in, hands out, here, here you missed a spot. You're going to have to learn to see the interplay between the characters in this soap like a woman does, you stupid twit. Oh, are those laces too tight on your precious corset?" On and on without a moments peace.

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The door bell rang repeatedly until Dale could get to the door. Beverly was sitting not ten feet away watching a soap and eating popcorn. Dale had had his arm up to the elbows in hot sudsy water washing out the girl's lingerie in the basement. Dale looked in disgust Beverly's direction but knew better than to say anything. Quickly checking himself in the hall mirror, he reached out and opened the door.

"Well, it's about blasted time someone opened this damn door!" Grace said standing on the porch. "Oh, who are you? This is 15521 isn't it? Of course it has to be, so who are you?"

"Dale, Ma'am."

"Dale? Dale, oh yes, Dale! Ellen told me all about you, but I didn't realize just how perfect you would turn out. My oh my! I thought that you would, er...Never mind! Well, if you're Dale; then, this must be yours." She said handing him a brown paper wrapped box tied with brown twine.

"It's what's left of your guardian, Benny. I'm sure that he would want you to have them. Now, get my bags and bring them to my room!"

Dale lugged the heavy suitcases into the master bedroom where he found Auntie and Grace in a close embrace kissing passionately. It was a totally unexpected sight and he dropped the suitcases on the floor.

They parted at the sudden noise and turning faced an embarrassed Dale.

"What do you think that you are doing you little pansy? Spying on your betters? Don't just stand there come on in and put those suitcases over by the bed. Then get your simpering butt outta here."

Dale stood a moment in confusion not knowing whether or not to curtsy, apologize, or just do as he was told. As Grace started moving towards him, he decided the better part of valor was to pop a quick curtsy and do as he was told; then, get the heck out of Dodge as soon as possible.

He still caught a sharp swat to his rounded rear end as he moved past her.

"Honestly, Ellen, I thought you told me you had this little fairy trained. I want you to see to it that he doesn't have to be told twice again."

"I don't know what happened, Grace. He is usually much better than this. It's just that he is not used to strangers, I guess, but I can assure you that he will not have to

ever be told twice again. Hurry up you do it! Put those down and go to your room. I'll be there shortly."

"And don't forget Benny, hahahaha," Grace laughed.

Dale waited in his room as he had been taught after placing Benny's remains on the shelf in his closet. Heels together, legs and back straight, hands clasped palm to palm behind his back, and head bowed. "A right proper stance for a penitent," according to his Auntie. He did not have long to wait until his aunt came into the room.

"Well you certainly know how to start out on the right foot with your new guardian, now don't you? What am I going to do with you child? I have put up with your pretending to be a girl and your swishy ways, but I will not have you spying on any of us like we were some kind of criminals. Now before I punish you for your indiscretion, I have some instructions from Grace."

She paused for effect and cleared her throat before continuing, "First, you are to call her Mistress or Mistress Grace at all times around the house. The only exception is when strangers are present in which case you may refer to her as Mrs. Cummings. Is that understood? Good.

"Now, second, you are to bring Grace and myself breakfast in bed promptly at eight fifteen in the morning unless either of us specifically tell you otherwise. You will bring each of us, a pot of coffee, cream and sugar, scrambled eggs, lightly buttered and toasted bread with the crusts neatly trimmed, orange juice, and....let's see...oh yes, salt and pepper and a fresh cut flower. Is that very clear in your mind? It's not like it was something kind of hard, duh! Are you there? If so answer me, did you understand all of that?"

"Yes, Auntie," Dale whispered. "Er, Auntie, one or two pots?"

"One or two pots of what? Honestly!"

"Coffee! You said to bring each of you a pot or just one pot in the morning?"

"One pot, stupid. Are you trying in your own little cutesy way to make fun of me, Missy? Cause if that is the case, I'm going to see to it that you don't sit down for a week. No! You sure? Let me hear you, girlie, tell me you're so sorry."

Dale did as he was told trying to sound as contrite as possible. He did not want the hair brush hitting his behind any harder than necessary.

"OK, that is much better. It's a good thing that you are only a pretend girl otherwise I would be ashamed to be of the same sex. While you are a blonde, it's not like you have to be so stupid. Now, get me the hair brush, I have other things to do as I am sure that you do as well."

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Bright that next morning Dale entered the master bedroom carrying the breakfast tray. He set it down carefully on the bureau and opened the drapes letting in the early morning sunshine. Turning back to face the bed, he noticed them stirring and went over to the tray. They were sitting up in the large king sized mattress ready by the time he placed the tray across their laps.

“Good morning Mistress Grace and Auntie Ellen,” he said politely giving a curtsy. “Will you require anything else?”

Grace growled that his behavior was much better and to get the hell out. He did not wait, but immediately gave another bobbing curtsy and quickly backed out of the room. That was another lesson he had learned the hard way last night. Backing out of her majesty's presence.

When he had failed to do so while serving the evening meal, she had him across her knee with his butt bared for all to see and given him eight sharp swats with her hand. It hurt almost as much as the brush. Adding insult to injury, she made him stand in front of everyone while he fumbled with the gusset strap to his corset and pulled his clothing together.

She made him stand there just behind her right shoulder during the entire meal. If anything he did was not to her complete satisfaction, she swatted his outstretched out palm with a tablespoon after making him repeat out loud what he had done amiss. When they were having dessert, Grace decided to humiliate him further by demanding he tell her how he came to be dressed this way.

Dale tried to explain that it had all been a drastic misunderstanding, but Auntie Ellen broke into his story. She made him admit that it was all his fault in the first place. That he personally misled everyone into thinking he was a girl. So to save the family name, he now had to dress and pass as a girl.

“Yes,” he admitted. “If Auntie Ellen hadn't been so helpful he would not have been as convincing as he was. Yes, He did owe all of them a great deal because if it weren't for them he would have no one and nothing at all. Yes, he recognized that he did owe them a great deal and yes, he was very happy to be of service to the family. Yes, he really enjoyed being a girl and even hoped to one day have a family of his own.”

He stood there with head lowered almost to his heaving chest. His eyes filled with the so obviously feminine mounds that were his own true flesh. Blushing furiously, he, with Grace's urging, admitted that, “Yes...yes he was....probably... no not probably, but really a girl anyway. Cause why else could he pass so easily and even look so convincingly female in so short a time.”

He was in tears, his fingers clutching and unclutching at his apron. He pulled the edge of the apron up to wipe his eyes without realizing just how feminine it made him look.

“Yes,” he said with the tears streaming freely down his cheeks smearing his mascara. “Auntie Ellen just brought out the real me! Yes, I owe her more than I can ever repay.”

Over the next few days, Dale was left pretty much alone. He did all his household chores and when not busy doing that spent his time studying beauty care books and reading women's magazines. It had been decided that when school started at the end of next month, Dale would be enrolled in beautician school instead of public school. His nature would not lend itself to public school exposure, in their minds, and this would be an acceptable alternative under the auspices of the School Board's Vocational Educational Program.

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A few weeks later, the door bell rang and when Dale answered it, a young man of perhaps twenty-eight or nine, wearing a black pinstriped suit, red power tie, and carrying a brief case stood there. "Hi," he said, "I'm, Neals Crawford Esquire, Attorney at Law. I'm here to see Mrs. Cummings. I have an appointment."

"Yes, sir, won't you please come in," Dale offered with a bobbed curtsy. "I'll get her for you. Please have a seat in the living room. Would you care for anything to drink while you are waiting?"

The young man couldn't take his eyes off the very attractive maid. Neals could not help enjoying the view offered him by the sexily swinging derriere leading him into the living room. When the maid turned to face him, Neals' eyes focused on the shapely breasts. He did not mean to be so obvious, but Dale's blushing face alerted him so that he averted his eyes.

Neals managed to get out a croaked, "No," to her offer of a drink although he certainly could use one. Telling him she would be just a minute, she turned and left him standing there. He unconsciously reached down to his crotch to move his penis into a more comfortable position.

Soon Grace and Ellen came into the room and greeted the attorney. Dale stood off to one side silently and waited for any instructions before leaving them to their discussions. As he left the room, he heard the attorney say something about being there to discuss Benny's will and the estate.

Dale was in the kitchen when Ellen came for him.

"Dale, the attorney, Mr. Crawford, wants to speak to you personally. Now when you get in there make damn sure that you do not give yourself away. Just imagine the embarrassment you would cause everyone if he thinks for just one second that you are not what you seem. I don't think that I could get Grace to let you remain here with us for one minute, if you embarrass the family. So, if you know what is good for you and don't want to wind up out on the streets all by yourself, be careful. Watch what you say! Now come along and act your normal stupid girlish self."

"Oh, you're Dale Cummings? Benny's ward? I...I thought that Dale was...was a young man? I'm so sorry, Miss."

"Don't think any thing of it Mr. Crawford. It's seems to be a natural mistake. Why, you wouldn't believe just how many people have made that same mistake. For the life of me, I can't understand just why, but I guess my poor Benny didn't make it clear. You know, he wanted a son so bad, you know. Well, I guess that may be the reason so many people think our Dale is a boy. Stupid isn't it? It should be plain to everyone that our Dale is certainly a young woman," Grace stated.

"Come here child! Don't let the big attorney scare you, hehehehe. She is a bit dull and shy, if you know what I mean. Even the School Board is going to place her in the vocational education class. At least our Dale enjoys doing domestic duties and has a talent for hair styling. So I'm sure its for the best, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, Mrs. Cummings. Dale is certainly a pretty young woman. If you know what I mean! Now, if you would excuse us, I would like to talk to Dale in private," Neals replied.

"Come over here and have a seat Dale," Neals said indicating the sofa. "I just need to talk to you for a moment to get some details straightened out."

"Well, I'll leave you two alone then," Grace said as she walked out the door. Giving Dale a meaningful stare as she left.

"All right Dale, you can talk to me, she's gone and we're alone. I want you to understand that I'm here to not only protect but help you if you need it anyway I can. Tell me everything."

"Everything?" Dale started, "But I don't know anything."

"Oh cut the crap, Dale! I know for a fact that you are a boy not a girl! So what in the Sam Hill's going on here? What are you doing all dressed up like that and playing the friggin' maid? You that way or what? Come on spill it! I have to know if I am going to be of any help."

"Y...You....You know? I mean....about ME!" Dale's frightened voice finally made itself heard. "I...I...did this all...all by myself. I...I like dressing this way just like Mistress...er...I mean... Mrs. Cummings says. N'...and....er...everyone knows...knows that I'm really a girl. I...I even have titties cause I'm a real girl, see!" Dale was getting teary eyed as he finished.

Neals handed him his handkerchief and told him to blow his nose.

"Thank you," Dale replied. "What do you want from me. I didn't do nothin', I swear! Please, don't tell them that you know my secret, please! If you do, they will throw me out and I...I haven't any place to go."

"Oh, don't worry about that Dale. You will be able to go anywhere that you want to if my hunch proves correct. I need your help and I need you to be totally honest with me. OK? Are you going to help me prove that Grace and her friend Ellen plotted to murder Benny."

"Murdered Benny!" Dale cried out in disbelief.

"Shhhhhhhsh!" Neals broke in while covering Dale's bright red lips with his palm. "What are you trying to do! Get both of us killed! Keep it down! I don't want them to suspect a thing."

"Why...why do you think that Mrs. Cummings or Auntie had anything to do with Benny's death? I heard it was his heart and besides, even if it were true why would she do it?"

"Why, I'll tell you why. Two reasons. First, Grace and Ellen stood to get a very sizable fortune. Your fortune, I might add! The second reason, Benny just had a complete physical before he married Grace. His heart was as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. That and the way it just so conveniently happened in Mexico. Plus the cremation before anyone and I mean anyone had a chance to examine the body. It all adds up, but I need proof. If I only had those remains I still might be able to come up with some chemical tracings that I know have just got to be there!"

Neals looked so intent that he had to be telling the truth as he saw it.

“Why are you so concerned about my welfare and Benny's fate?” Dale had too ask.

“Benny was my mother's second cousin, but more than that he was like a father to me. If it hadn't been for Uncle Benny, I never would have graduated from law school. I owe him!”

Dale was impressed with the determination in Neals' face and decided to cooperated no matter what. He owed that much to Benny himself.

“All right Neals, I'll do what I can to help, but if you're wrong. Well, what happens to me? Mrs. Cummings will kick me out sure as shootin'. I won't have anything or anywhere to go! Especially looking like, like I do now.”

“Don't you worry about that kid! You won't have to go anywhere if we can prove my theory.”

“OK, I'll help if for no other reason than the fact that I owe Benny. I have Benny's ashes, if that will help, but if I go and get them right now, they'll be suspicious. So what do you want me to do?”

“Lean in close and I'll tell you exactly what we have to do and how we are going to do it. Slide over next to me.”

Twenty-five minutes later Dale and Neals left the living room hand in hand. Dale walked him to the door and standing on tip toe started to kiss him on the cheek. Much to the amazement of both Dale and the on lookers, Neals pulled Dale into a tighter embrace and kissed him soulfully on the lips. Breaking the kiss at last, Neals said that he would be calling Dale later.

“What was that all about?” Grace demanded after Dale shut the door on Neals.

“Oh, I think he likes me,” Dale replied after pausing to catch his breath. He had been as surprised at Neals' passionate embrace and kiss as anyone. To his own surprise and mounting confusion, he rather enjoyed it. Of course it was all part of their plan to get enough evidence on the women to send them to jail. If they believed that Neals had a romantic interest in Dale; then, hopefully they would allow them to get together privately.

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That Wednesday night the telephone rang. Dale answered it. It was Neals. After a brief conversation, Dale called Grace to the phone.

“It's Neals Crawford, Mistress. He wants to ask me out on a date for this Saturday night. He would like to ask your permission for me to go out with him. Please Mistress! Don't make me go out with a man! I can't date a man! After all, guys don't go out with guys! Please?” Dale pleaded.

“Hrump!” Grace cleared her throat. She looked intently at him for a moment; then grinning from ear to ear, went to the phone. Picking it up, she said, “Hello. Yes, it is. Emmm, I don't know? She is a little young for you, but.....”

She looked up to see Dale making signs that he did not want to do it. So broadening her smile into an evil leer readily agreed with Neals that Dale should go out. And

yes, she thought it very nice of him to set an eleven o'clock curfew, but she did not think it would be necessary. After all, he was a professional and Dale was mature for her age, but if he insisted then why not midnight. Yes, that would be fine with her and she was positive Dale would be more than happy to oblige. However, she thought that he should know that Dale had a reputation, you know.

Dale actually looked like he was going to faint when he heard her say that. *"What was she trying to do to him anyway? It did not matter in any case. This was just an excuse for him to get out of the house for awhile. Wasn't it?"* He thought.

It would also be an opportunity for Dale to get some of Benny's ashes to Neals. If the tests came back positive; then, no telling what would happen. At the least, Dale would get back into men's clothing and that in itself would be worth the chances he was taking. He was happy that Mistress Grace bought into his act and agreed to let Neals take him out. It would be great just getting out of the house and away from the dominant influence of the women.

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Saturday afternoon was here at last and Dale's nerves were close to coming unraveled. He did not have to pretend to be afraid as his entire body was shivering while he stood naked in his bathroom.

Both Auntie Ellen and Mistress Grace were there with him wanting to make sure he was more than ready for his first date. He was cleaning his "Friend" at the sink while they were filling the tub with plenty of fragrant floral scented bath beads.

One of the first things they had done was to make sure he was squeaky clean inside and out.

Grace got a great big charge out of watching Dale's little thingie come alive while he sat on the commode working the nozzle. It caused him no end of embarrassment as well as worry. While his penis got hard, it didn't get hard! If you know the difference and there is a difference. It did not erupt in that all consuming spurt of relief that use to accompany such episodes in the past either. It just oozed out in a sticky mess onto the tissue.

While in the bath, he shaved his legs and underarms; then, soaked in the oily fragrant water for almost a half hour. Getting out to the tub, he put on the yellow robe and walking over to the sink, sat on a stool where his Auntie rolled his hair onto pink plastic rollers. It was time to freshen his bleaching and permanent wave. After all, he had to look his best for his first date and he did not want dark roots to show now did he?

Sitting under the dryer cap, Dale worked on his finger nails. He had buffed them into nice feminine pointed ovals; then, painted them a bright flashy hot pink. Very carefully, under his Auntie's watchful eye, painted tiny white daisies with bright yellow centers and green leaves on each nail. A final protective clear enamel coating finish each one. By the time he had finish his nails and applied a bright fresh pink coating to his toe nails, his hair was dry.

He brushed at his now shoulder length flowing waves of bright blonde hair with a natural bristle brush. It had other uses as his tender butt could tell, but it left a shim-

mering sheen to his hair that plastic bristles just couldn't do. He was required to stroke his hair at least one hundred times. By the time he finished, his arms positively ached from the strain.

With the two woman standing behind him, he carefully applied perfume behind his knees, to his groin area, just under his protruding nipples, behind the ears, and across his wrists. Earlier, he had made liberal use of a similar scented talc to powder his entire body.

His make-up needed just a smattering of touch up here and there to be perfect once again. Even without freshening his make up, his skin maintained colored tints of the long lasting cosmetics. Those sales girls had been right about their longevity. His lips were repainted and carefully glossed to make them look fuller, much more inviting with a luscious pucker. They teased him about making sure to keep his lips glossed in order to prevent his boyfriend from getting blisters from all the heated passions. They thought it was funny at any rate.

Finished with his toilette, they brought him into the master bedroom where they had a special set of clothing arranged for him to wear. The wasp waisted corset had a strong spring wired frame. It was a bright red satin covered with black lace netting. It had four ruffled garters with black lace trim attached. The top was an underwire supported demi-bra with push-up and softly padded half cups. It hooked in the front and laced tightly up the back. All around the bottom hem, a one and one-half inch skirting of black tightly pleated nylon tricot was stitched.

A very narrow belt of stretch spandex in bright red with black lace edging was pulled between his legs compressing his manly tools deep into his body. Dale no longer felt pain when this was done to him. While it was a relief not having sharp daggers piercing deep inside of him, it worried him at the same time. There were too many things worrying him these days; especially when it came to his body. The lace edging tickled his thighs.

The corset fitted him like a glove and was most uncomfortable, but it gave him a figure to die for. Dale's already narrow waist was drawn-in another four inches. His breasts were made to appear a whole cup size larger, and the hips looked fuller, more feminine. His breathing was easier than he'd thought it would be. The flair at the chest did not constrict as much as he had feared, rather it enhanced his breasts. They were pushed up and together forming nice enticing mounds to delight any man.

A pair of very sheer smoke colored hose with a vine of black roses growing from the insides of the ankle to mid-calf came next. Five inch spike heeled black patent leather pumps with gold buckled ankle straps were then forced on his feet.

A very sheer, almost transparent pale champagne camisole with spaghetti straps and white lace "V" insert in the bodice was pulled over his head. A short, mini-length matching half-slip was held for him to step into and pulled up to his waist. You could clearly see the corset through the material of the camisole.

The white transparent poet's blouse with flowing ruffles and billowing sleeves did nothing to hide the lacy colorful lingerie. A bright candle glow satin lined miniskirt in a soft gray kid leather was pulled up his legs and hooked at his side. The black patent leather two and a half inch belt with gold and rhinestone buckle made his waist look

even smaller. The dress fitted him like a well made glove. When he walked, every shimmy, every ripple shouted out '**sex machine**'!

"Now what do you have to say for yourself?" Auntie demanded as Dale stood before the full length mirror.

"Thank you Mistress and Auntie, I don't deserve such fine gifts."

"True, but we feel that your first date should be extra special," Grace told him. "Speaking of firsts, has your Auntie explained the facts of life to you. No! Well, I'd better leave you two alone so that you can have that all too important discussion."

"I guess we had better. Come over here Dale and sit by me here on the bed."

Dale walked over to the bed, turned facing away from it, brought his hands under his buns and smoothed the skirt behind him as he sat gracefully. His hands automatically came down in front grabbing at the hem of his skirt to keep it from riding up his legs. The hem of the leather skirt still rode high enough to reveal the tops of his hose.

"Oh, Auntie, this dress is way too short. I'll never be able to keep it from showing my undies." he complained as he sat there with his knees tightly together and ankles crossed.

"Skirt dear, skirt. Not dress, but never mind about that. Your Mistress went to a lot of trouble finding you just the right outfit. Just be careful and I am sure that you will have no trouble. Now settle down, we have a lot to cover."

"Now Dale, when your young man comes for you, it is always appropriate to be a little late. It's even expected, but once you leave the house, you must do your best to please your man. Now we have established the kind of person you are. We know that you are submissive and obedient and that, well how should I say it, ah, yes, a delicate child. Isn't that so dear?"

"In short, you will let your date know what kind of girl you really are. It is important not to play games in relationships and it is best if you are up front about what you are. No, no I don't mean letting him know your true, though immature gender. I mean that you are a kind, giving, and loving person and he should know that up front."

She paused to let that sink in while she fiddled with a stray curl on the side of his head. Patting it in place, she began again.

"Now when he takes you to the car, just as soon as you're seated, move over to his side while he is still walking around to get in. If it is locked, open it for him, but in any case you will sit on his side. That will let him know that you are thoughtful."

She reached over and pulled the hem of his skirt up to reveal the very tops of his hose.

"While you are in the car, it is also your duty to place your hand on his thigh and leave it there unless he moves it. Is that clear? It's to let him know that you are caring, that's why."

She reached out and patted his knee drawing his attention to it.

"Now, see where I have your skirt. While you are alone with your man, it is all right to let him see as much of your legs as he wants. Understood? A man has certain rights you know. Good! Now, if he hasn't made any attempt to move your hand away from him or place it any where else; then, you must put your hand gently into his lap. That will let him know that you are loving. Do I make myself clear?"

She waited a moment for his response.

"But Auntie," he started, "I...I don't ...I mean isn't that going too far. No girl ever did that for me when....er...when..I."

"Don't be ridiculous dear," she replied. "Of course that never happened when you went out on dates with mere teenyboppers ...well back then of course you were so very immature. You were much too young then, hardly bigger than a child with a child's natural modesty. Now you are a big girl. You will just have to believe me. At your age men expect and demand so much more. And rightly so. Do you have any idea what it costs to take a girl out on a date today? So what I am telling you, is the very least that you can do for your fellah."

Finally he nodded his head.

"Yes! You will leave your hand there unless he moves it away. It is all right if he wants you to very gently rub his manhood through his pants. Just remember to do it where no one else can see. You do not want to embarrass your date. Do you? You must always be aware of your man's needs. How else can you properly respond and let him know that you are obedient?"

Auntie Ellen reached out with her arm and placed it around Dale's shoulders. Leaning close to his ear she continued, "Now for the important part. Your man, if he really likes you, may want you to do more than just play with him. Now if, and I say if, he indicates that he would like you to do more for him, it is allowed and even expected. Understand? At least to a point. Let him touch your breasts, that's what they are there for anyway, but don't let him actually see them. Keep your blouse on at any rate. You may even want to encourage him by rubbing them against his chest when you kiss. Remember, it is your responsibility to entice him, but only so far. Just remember since this is your first date and you will want him to come back for more, not to give him everything all at once. Tease him along with samples, understand?"

Once again she waited for him to acknowledge that he understood.

"Now, this is important so listen up! If he decides to try and take some liberty, you know. No? Well, I should have guessed. I mean, if he starts anything funny, like grabbing your breast or tries to fondle your private parts, understand? Well, that kind of behavior should not be tolerated on the first date at any rate."

She paused to let that sink in before continuing in the same confidential tone.

"Now later, if you really like him, you may begin to grant him some liberties, but only gradually. You know what they say about giving away the cream. The same thing applies here. Once he gets what he wants from you, he'll drop you like a hot potato. So on this date don't let him feel you all up. Not yet anyway. Just let him play with your titties this time. Make him wait a date or two before going any further. OK?"

"You should learn what it is to be like a sweet innocent young lady. Going out on this date should help you overcome certain limitations shall we say. Just remember, to be obedient to your man's wishes and let him think that you are hanging on every word he says. It wouldn't hurt to tell him just how great he is or how manly. They seem to really like it when they are told that. You know!"

At that Dale shifted uneasily on the bed, distracting his Auntie.

"Oh, settle down! I know how hard it is to keep from squirming at the thought of having a real man for a date instead of some awkward kid. Oh, yes indeed I do! Now pay attention, you can get antsy in your panties later. Let's see where was I? Oh, yes. Once you know that he is interested, you mustn't let him become satisfied by giving him his way. Make him earn it over time. Tease him just a bit, after all it's like spice to food. It enhances and titillates the senses."

"I guess that you are wondering why we decided to let you go on this date in the first place. Well we have two very good and sound reasons for doing so. One, we want you to see what a real man is like to be with. This is important so you will know in your own mind that what we have been telling you is the truth. Second, we want you to appreciate what it is like to have the power we women possess over mere males. While you are just a simpering little sissy, you should have this experience."

"But Auntie, I....I'm a man too," Dale tried to intervene.

"Nonsense! You're no more a real man than the Man-in-the-Moon is. I told you that this will be for your own good, now pay close attention!" she said while shaking her finger in front of his nose.

She saw the shock and disbelief written all over his face. Suppressing a laugh enjoying his discomfort tremendously, she continued.

"Now letting him kiss you and even, yes, even letting him sneak a feel of your breasts as long as he does it in a decorous manner will be expected. It will be the least you could do to express your appreciation for the date. It is surprising how so little affection can be expended to put him right in the palm of your hand so to speak."

She had to stop talking while she laughed at her innuendo. Oh yes, she was enjoying this tremendously and couldn't wait to tell the girls.

She stopped laughing, suddenly cutting off in mid-ha and became all serious looking as she finished.

"No, I don't want to hear any objections or complaints. We have decided that this is for your own good! Once you have done this, you will no longer have any self-doubts as to who and what you are. This is the test that will prove once and for all just what kind of wimp you are. Remember, we will know everything that happens. Now think about what I have told you until I call."

While he waited, he pulled the box of ashes down from the shelf in his closet and put it on the vanity. Opening it, he examined the pile of gray ash with speckles of black scattered in it.

"Oh, Benny!" he thought, *"What have they done to you and me?"*

He pulled out a small hand full and put it into an empty cleanser jar. Putting it in his leather purse, he placed it by his side and waited for his aunt's call. Her words echoed in his mind and he knew that he was helpless. He would have to do as he had been instructed. Neals wouldn't be able to help him out of this fix.

It was seven fifteen when his aunt finally called him to come into the living room. He made his entrance and greeted Neals with a warm smile. Holding out his purse in front of him, Dale patted it so that Neals would know that he had the ashes.

"Dale, let me see your purse!" Grace demanded.

His face visibly paled under his make-up when she asked to see his purse. *"How stupid can you get!"* His mind screamed at him. *"She knows, stupid! She knows!"*

Hesitantly he handed over the purse. He watched as she opened it and in front of everyone thumbed through it; then, shaking her head in mock disbelief, put two one dollar bills and some loose change into it.

"Dale you should always have pocket change. One never knows when it will be needed. Oh! What's this?" she said holding up a foil wrapped condom. "My, I didn't realize just how old you were. Oh well, it is always better to be safe than sorry I always say."

Dale was positively mortified. Where had that come from. He did not remember ever seeing it before. Then it dawned on him that Grace had palmed in on him just to humiliate him all the more. After a short conversation with his aunt and Mrs. Cummings that seemed to drag on forever, they left for the car.

Dale did as instructed, sliding over to the drivers' side before Neals had a chance to get there and opened the door for him. Auntie Ellen and Mistress Grace watched as they drove off, two heads very close together silhouetted in the rear window.

As they drove off, Dale settled back in the car seat and laid his head on Neals' shoulder. Getting over his misgivings, he then placed his hand gently on Neals' thigh. Neals seemed to tense for a second, but relaxed.

Without turning to look at Dale he said, "You are very beautiful tonight. Your perfume is....er...Did you get it? The ashes I mean?"

He turned his head to look at Dale feeling the youth's soft feminine hand on his thigh; then, quickly looked back at the road. His hands seemed to tighten on the wheel turning his knuckles white.

"Yes. Didn't you see me pat my purse? That is why I almost died when Mister...Mrs. Cummings asked to see it. I thought that she found out that we...er...you know...we were in cahoots. Anyway I have it right here in my purse. You want it now? No. OK."

They sat in silence for awhile, until Neals spoke up, "I thought we'd go to Blue Bayou and get some seafood. It's a new Cajun place just opened on Broad. Ever been there? No, well I here its real good and afterwards we can take your sample to a friend of mine, OK?"

The dinner was even better than Neals expected and Dale enjoyed his tremendously as it was the first complete meal he'd had in ages. Up until tonight, all he had been allowed were leftovers. So this was a real treat and he even had three glasses of wine.

Unfortunately with the corset pinching in his waist so much, he couldn't eat everything, but enjoy what he was able to consume.

Everyone treated him just like the pretty woman he appeared to be and the attendant in the lady's room even complimented him on his pretty corset. That had brought a blush to his cheek, but the final touch came when the waiter brought him a long stemmed red rose. He had never felt so feminine, even while trying on lingerie in the fitting room.

From the restaurant they went to see Neals' chemist friend Luther. They sat around and discussed things and how best to proceed in gathering more evidence. It was decided that Dale would continue in his role of maid. He was told to look for any documentation or other clues when he cleaned up in the women's room and to keep his ears open.

Neals admitted that he had Benny's original will which left a trust fund for Dale, but Grace had returned from Mexico with a newer one, notarized in Mexico leaving everything to her. Maybe she had been careless and kept some other documents or clues that would show that the newer will was a forgery.

Luther suggested that maybe they ought to see if they could find the attorney in Mexico who wrote up the will.

"Maybe the attorney could tell them something that would add to their investigation. If they couldn't confirm the identity of the Mexican lawyer, perhaps Neals could find a way to have it nullified." Luther added.

Neals said that he had already thought of that and started the ball rolling. The only trouble was having to conduct the investigation in a foreign language and did Luther know how many Maria Garza's lived in Cancun? Literally thousands it seemed according to Neals. After several more glasses of wine, they left Luther and headed for home.

It was nearing eleven thirty.

They arrived back at the house with a few minutes to spare and Dale invited Neals to sit with him on the porch swing. Soon his head was resting lightly on Neals' shoulder, his pink tongue wetting his lips while his hand began moving to the inside of Neals' thigh. Dale was feeling very mellow from all the wine he had and Neals wasn't such a bad guy. Kinda handsome as a matter of fact.

Dale let a soft moan escape as Neals hugged him closer. Soon, Dale found himself being kissed deeply, feeling Neals' tongue press against his in a very demanding way. Dale's nipples fairly tingled with anticipation and expectation. Neals' mouth demanded more of Dale's tongue as it was sucked on greedily. Dale could feel his lips and mouth being assaulted by Neals' beard stubble. He was sure that his mouth was going to be very red and irritated before much longer, but he didn't care as he fervently returned Neals' affection. Dale became lost in a swirling mist of passions he was completely unfamiliar with.

After Neals had left, Dale was forced to sit at the kitchen table and tell everything. Every single detail while it was still fresh in his mind, was displayed for all three women to examine and comment upon. They, especially Grace, made him delve into his own emotions during critical moments of his heavy petting session. He had been

forced to admit that yes he enjoyed it very much when Neals accidentally brushed against his budding breasts. By the end of the evening, Dale was completely humiliated and convinced now by the women of his real gender.

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Now that he was dating, Mistress Grace decided that he would need an expanded wardrobe. Early Monday morning, he was taken to a nearby dress shop. There he watched Grace and Ellen as they picked through rack after rack of dresses. He tried on baby doll, slip, fit and flair, peasant, simple A-lines and even sarong styled dresses until they were satisfied he had enough clothing to get his man.

Most of the dresses they looked at were cotton blends, but they purchased quite a few for him in flimsy rayon polyester. They were all of the fit and flair variety. Meaning they were close fitting about his chest and waist, but flared out in short skimpy skirts to reveal as much of his legs as decorum would allow. The neck lines were also chosen to reveal more than they concealed.

From the dress shop they all went to the mall where Dale using his personal panty club membership, purchased dozens of lacy frilly little bits of nothing. The big purchase was a sensuous silk confection for that "overnighter" as Grace called it. That generated some laughter as he just stood blushing in front of the sales clerk.

The night gown was a full length column of softly flowing silk charmeuse. It shimmered on his body when he had tried it on like a pool of black India ink. The gown was fitted with a ruffle of chiffon around the scoop neck and low back that further emphasized his femininity. It was a gown no woman would stay in for very long. Dale's long blond hair and full red lips assured that the gown wouldn't be in the way very long at all. A final stop in the shoe department for a pair of black mules with five inch heels and black boa feathers completed the outfit and the shopping spree.



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In the middle of the week, Neals called wanting to take Dale out once again. Mistress Grace accepted on Dale's behalf telling Neals that the poor dear hadn't stopped talking about him. She was so glad someone was taking an interest in the girl.

"Usually," she had told him, "the boys seemed to be satisfied with only one date. She couldn't understand why that was so as Dale was such a loving child."

In the meantime, Dale had searched the master bedroom and the bath and came up empty. Nothing that even remotely could be used to prove Neals' accusation. Well, there was nothing else he could do. He would have to talk to Neals and plan their next course of action. Dale prayed that they would come up with something to either prove or disprove what had happened to Benny.

By Friday night he was more than ready for his date. When his Mistress questioned him about being over eager, he tried to look down in the mouth over his forced dating. He wasn't too sure how much Grace believed him. She looked at him kind of funny like as if she had just read his mind.

"Dale, I think its about time for us to have a little talk," she said motioning him into the master bedroom. She had him sit on the vanity stool where she stood towering over him. "Dale, I think I know what your problem is. I think that you really enjoyed your little petting session with Neals last week and are afraid to admit it. Further, I think that all this reluctance you have been showing about having to go out again is nothing more than fright."

She paused to let her words sink in; then, looking him right in the eyes continued, "You're just a scared little pussy, Right! Just because you enjoyed French kissing your man is no reason to get flighty on me. There is nothing wrong with having certain feelings, you know. There is absolutely nothing wrong with it."

Dale hung his head in shame. Not wanting to acknowledge that she may have a point.

She did not stop long enough for him to regroup, but continued, "Well, Dale forget it. I'm not going to let you back out now. You are what you are! If that young man wants more dates with you, you will accept and accept eagerly is that clear?"

"Heck, after tonight you probably won't be able to wait for him to take a lot more liberties with you, but you will have to be careful. I want you to think about THAT for next time. You'll probably just pee in your panties thinking about it all night, but if you are careful there should be nothing to worry about. Now go get ready for your lover boy. I'll be in shortly to check you out."

Dale did not like the thoughts that were running around in his head. He could not deny a lot of what she had said because it was so very obviously true. Telling himself that he had to do it and that he had no choice in the matter did not bring any relief to his tormented soul.

The corset was tied to its last possible notch and was the only undergarment that he wore tonight. A pair of shear navy hose were attached to the garter straps and white Grecian styled three inch heels were on his feet. His dress was in a polyester rayon in a rose floral pattern on a navy background. It was one of the new fit and flair

dresses they had recently purchased. The hem barely reach his upper thigh and the low cut "V" neckline prominently displayed his swelling breasts.

A string of cultured pearls was hooked around his neck, several small silver rings pushed onto his fingers and three silver bracelets were on his left wrist. His hair had been braided into two pig tails and tied with navy colored velvet ribbons. He thought that he look like a little kid when he saw himself in the mirror with the exception of the very noticeably adult size breasts.

Once again, they went over to visit with Luther and find out what he had discovered. While they sipped at glasses of white wine, Luther explained the results of his tests. "Let's see what we got here besides finding human remains and trace elements of cleansing cream chemicals. You really should have put that sample in a plastic baggy Dale, but it was clean enough not to negate all the tests."

He stopped to glance over some notes before continuing, "Oh, the only other finding was a residue of glycosides not usually found in make-up, but....well..there just...maybe maybe not....I don't know, the sample was not as clean as it could be. Dale, could you get me another? While the glycoside maybe nothing I would feel a whole lot better if I could check another sample. Other than that, I could find no traces of any known poisons or anything else suspicious."

"Well it looks like we're back to square one," Neals said as they drove back to the house. Dale had his hand resting on Neals thigh. "Dale, honey. If you keep that up I'm going to cum in my shorts. How about giving it a break, OK?"

Dale snatched his hand back like it was on fire. "Oh, I'm sorry Neals. I didn't think....er..I...."

"Oh, don't let it get to you. Besides, I kinda enjoy your company and all. I know that you're a guy Dale. Hay, now don't get me wrong! I nearly went out of my mind last week when we kissed and all. If I didn't know any better, I'd swear....maybe we'd best just let this sleeping dog lie for now, shall we?"

Back at the house, Dale and Neals sat for awhile on the swing. It was a cool evening, crickets chirped and harped while moths fluttered around the porch light. They sat side by side not saying anything, just gently swinging. Without realizing it, their hands met and clasped. They sat there for almost an hour before Neals got up explaining it was time for him to go. They kiss briefly under the porch light and Dale waited until the car was out of sight before going into the house.

He was a very confused young man.

The rest of the week was miserable for Dale. He threw himself into his duties and dance class to help him get his mind off his problems. It was while he was cleaning out the medicine cabinet in the master bath that he discovered the empty brown pill bottle. He almost tossed it into the trash, but at the last second decided to save it when he noticed that the label was written in Spanish. Putting it into his apron pocket, he thought, "Maybe Luther could translate it and find out if it was anything important."

Dale did not get to see Neals for almost three weeks and he was getting worried. He missed the only friend that he had and the opportunity for him to get away from his overseers.

Finally, Neals called and with Grace's permission, set a date for that Friday night. Grace kidded him or was she really kidding when she wanted to know if it was going to be a sleep over. Seemed a shame to let that beautiful nightie go to waste she said.

Friday night came none too soon for Dale. By the time Neals arrived, Dale almost flew out the door. He could hear Grace and Ellen making snide comments about the little teaser he had become as he hurried Neals to the car.

"What's the rush baby?" Neals asked as he got behind the wheel. "I missed you too, but we got all night."

"Oh, Neals, shut up for a moment," Dale surprised even himself with that. He hadn't been assertive in a long time. "I found something when I was cleaning last week. I think you ought to give it to Luther to check out. It's this medicine bottle. I found it in Grace's bathroom. See!"

Neals looked out of the corner of his eye and nodded his head. "Sure, we can get a quick bite after. Let me pull over to that phone booth and see if he can see us now. I've been meaning to call him anyway. My you must think that is something important cause you haven't bothered to even ask me where I've been. Now that is some howdie do and welcome."

"Oh, Neals! I'm so sorry. Its not like I haven't been worried sick.....I...I thought that you maybe didn't want to see me again or somethin'.....an...and its only a stupid ole medicine bottle anyway. Probably nothing but Mexican aspirin. Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive?" Neals said as he pulled the car up to the curb. "Hay, Dale, there ain't nuthin' to forgive. But aren't you going to ask me where I've been? Well since you ask, I've been in Cancun. Yeah, I got tired trying to find that Maria Garza woman from here. Thought I'd take a little trip down Mexico way and dig this character up personally. Took damn near the entire three weeks to do it too."

He paused to look into Dale's eyes.

"Hey, have I told you that you have beautiful eyes?" He jerked his head back to avoid Dale's playful swat. All right, all right, I'll tell you what happened. Geez, can't take a little joking. OK, OK. Well I found Señor Maria Lopez once I realized that using their mother's names was a common practice down there."

Neals shifted his weight and in the process wrapped his arm tighter around Dale's shoulders.

"Well anyway, I found this Jose Maria fella and he didn't speak a single word of English. He couldn't even say 'sue the bastard' in English. Now what kind of lawyer is that, I ask you? It seems that your new stepmother Grace did all the speaking. Did you know that she spoke fluent Spanish? No, huh! Well seems like, according to my interpreter Grace, dictated the entire will with Benny just nodding his head every now and again."

"So we got her then?" Dale asked starting to get excited.

"No, not really. This only proves that a will was written in Benny's presence and perhaps, mind you just perhaps, did not know what he was doing. We don't know from

talking to ole Maria there that our assumption is correct. But do you want to hear the better news?"

Dale punched him lightly in the arm just like any girl would more with his palm than fist. "Oh, you!" was all he said.

"Well, it so happened that while I was waiting to see our Maria, I had a drink in this little cantina below his office. And can you guess what? Yeah. They stopped in that very same bar and had a few drinks while they waited. The best part is a little shoe shine boy there. Seems he speaks perfect English and he remembered doin' Benny's shoes. While he polished shoes, he distinctly remembered hearing Grace telling Benny that as soon as she gave the lawyer her report on the theft of her jewels from the hotel, they'd get back to the hotel so he could lay down."

"Seems Benny was having some physical problems even then. According to the hotel manager Benny complained to him about not feeling well and wanted to know if the hotel had a doctor. Seems Benny hadn't been eating enough to make him as nauseous as he said he was. Complained of vomiting, stomach pains, and diarrhea. The hotel manager thought it just a good case of the Montezuma revenge and gave him a reference, but Grace didn't think it that bad."

"I can understand the hotel manager remembering Benny, but how did that little kid remember? You'd think that he sees a million tourists and hear all kinds of things. So why did he especially remember Benny?" Dale interrupted.

"The shoe shine boy remembers Benny quite well and said he looked real bad. All puny and waxy looking, real weak too according to the kid. Why he remembered? OH, Benny gave him a ten spot after Grace kicked the kid's shoe shine box across the room. Seems Grace doesn't get along very well with our southern neighbors."

Neals waited for Dale to digest that bit of news before continuing. "I have a sworn deposition from both the lawyer and shoe shine boy. Now, if we can get some collaborating evidence we just may have a case."

Shortly after, they were sitting talking to Luther once again. Dale handed him the medicine bottle and another sampling of Benny's ashes. Only this time, they were in a plastic baggy.

"Great!" Luther said. "I'll check this stuff out first thing tomorrow morning. It will take a few days to get all the results, but I'll do a mass spectrographic analysis first. Should give us an indication of what we have here at least."

Luther was particularly interested in the empty medicine bottle. He tapped it with his finger nail and said, "Now this will be interesting if it's what I think it is. See you in a couple of days. Now get out of here! I've got work to do."

The meal was a typical blue plate special and nothing to brag about, but they enjoyed each others company.

While Neals finished his beer, Dale sat back in the booth, his hand resting on Neals' thigh once again. Neals had his hand resting across Dale's shoulders. His fingers gently playing with the lacy edging of the blouse Dale wore.

Suddenly Neals sat up straight and pulled his arm from around Dale's shoulders.

“Dale, er...its hard for me to believe that....well that I....I...shit! What I'm trying to say is I'm having a hard time with this. You know? I like you. Like you very much and....and...oh never mind....” Instead of finishing what he was going to say, Neals just shut his mouth and let a palatable silence settle over them.

It was a most uncomfortable silence that seemed to stretch on forever. Finally, Dale whispered, “It's all right. I know that I am different, Now! I...I don't think that.....er...that I could go back now. I mean back to being a man again; even, if I wanted to. Neals! They changed me! I mean really changed me!”

He said that last part a little too loudly and he perked up his head to see if anyone was listening. Fortunately, they were several tables away from the nearest couple well out of ear shot.

They were quite until they got back into the car. There the chill evaporated between them and once again began making small talk. Talking, mainly about Benny and everything else. They carefully avoided bringing up the topic that was still pressing on both their minds.

That night under the porch light, Neals kissed Dale good night full on the mouth but wouldn't let Dale talk him into sitting on the swing.

“I have a really, really big day tomorrow,” he said, “but I'll call soon. We'll get together real soon, a couple of days at the latest, OK?” With that he turned, walked several paces down the sidewalk before turning and waving bye; then, got into his car and drove away.

“Well that wasn't much of a good night by any stretch of the imagination,” Beverly said to him as he walked into the house. “You two love birds have a spat or what? Come on, you can tell me. What's the matter? Li'l birdie got your dickie, hahahaha”

“Oh come off it Beverly!” he retorted curtly. “Is my love life all that you have to concern your little mind with? Geez, get a life won't cha!”

Dale knew that he messed up almost as soon as the words left his mouth. Talking back to any of the woman resulted in painful reminders of his status in this household.

He quickly tried to cover his tracks.

“I'm sorry Miss Beverly,” he said contritely as he turned to face her and give a little dip of a curtsy. “I'm really, really sorry! I didn't mean anything! Honestly! It's....it's....just...well you are right about Neals and me. I...I just didn't want to admit it, that's all.”

He paused long enough to look up at her through lowered lashes and bent head. He was trying to make himself look as pitiful as possible.

“I did not mean to take it out on you like that. Like, I mean, you've never ever been turned down by a man like me. You're so beautiful n' all. If I were pretty like you; then, I'd...I'd have a chance to get a man. You're not like me, you can pick your dates. Please don't tell, I won't do it again.”

Dale lucked out as Beverly told him not to worry, but he'd better watch his tone or she'd personally bust his butt. She also made him agree to sneak her some chocolate

the next time he went shopping. Auntie had made Beverly give up sweets; especially chocolate since her face was breaking out.

The next two days went by slower than molasses in January. Dale was getting real jumpy and was afraid if he did not hear from Neals soon, he'd go to pieces. It was with a super human effort that Dale did not jump up and run to catch the phone every time it rang. He knew that if he didn't become much more careful, Grace or Auntie Ellen just might catch on, but it was so hard. At last the phone was for him and Grace allowed him to speak to Neals.

She seemed more reluctant to let him have the receiver as if she were having second thoughts, but handed it to him anyway. She did not move off, but stayed close by within ear shot. This time her permission for him to go out was filled with indecisive errs, and ughs. After what seemed a week to Dale she agreed that he could go out that Thursday night.

Thursday night and Dale felt butterflies in his stomach even more this time than when he went out on his first date. Tonight he wore a sheer purple chiffon blouse with delicate black lace bib front, high frilly collar and long billowing full sleeves. A black straight skirt, nylons, purple silk five inch pumps, and leather purse completed his dressing for the night.

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When Neals finally got there, Dale was about to have a nervous breakdown. Too add to his already frayed nerves, Grace wanted to talk. Dale wasn't sure what game Grace was playing, but it was almost like she new why Dale was so anxious.

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Dale couldn't tell by looking at Neals' face, but could feel his worry just by the way he was squeezing Dale's hand. Neals was obviously anxious to leave as well. Fortunately, Grace took their worry for something completely different and waved them off with, "I've kept you two love birds apart entirely too long. Go on, be off with you. We'll talk later."

Dale managed to wait until they were in the car and on their way before he asked what Luther had discovered.

"I don't know," Neals responded, "but he wants us to meet him at the lab instead of the house tonight. We're already late, but I'm just happy we're on our way. I thought there for a minute she wasn't going to let you go tonight. You didn't let anything out did you?"

"Oh, no! I don't think so at any rate. She's been awful antsy this week. I don't know why. She, she almost seems to sense that we're up to something, but just doesn't know what. It's either that or, or.....she.....thinks that you know, er....you.....and I are doing it."

"Well is that so far fetched?" Neals asked. "That may be why she's acting that way, but I thought that she would like it if you and I, you know. Didn't you tell me she made you pick out a special nightie just for me?"

"Neals!" Dale almost screamed at him. "How....ho...How can you even suggest that I would pick out a special nightie just for you. What makes you think that it had anything to do with you to begin with? N' what if it did? Besides, I only told you that she made me get a fancy nightie, I didn't say it was for anyone special."

By the time they had reached Luther's lab, they still were no closer to an explanation to Grace's behavior than before they had started. The big sign at the gate said, "Diagnostic Inc." and a uniformed guard stood sentinel.

Neals told the guard who they were and were admitted. Soon they were in Luther's plush office.

"Come in, come in," Luther said. "Here I want you two to meet Captain Gerald of the local constabulary. I think that he will want to be in on our little conversation."

After the introductions, they all took seats around Luther. He started looking directly at Dale and Neals, "Well you two! I think we have what we have been looking for. Remember me telling you that I found more glycosides than I expected from a cleansing cream jar. Well that new sample, when I shot it through the spectrometer, indicated abnormally high levels of C41H64O13. You might know it better as Foxglove. You know, the flower."

Luther stopped to savor his little by play seeing the confusion on their faces. Taking pity on them, he continued, "You might also recognize it by its medicinal name, Digitalis! Not unusual to find in a man Benny's age. However, uncommon for someone not suffering from heart problems which the recent doctor's report gave no hint of. In Benny's case, the digitalis was present in very significant, measurable quantities. Based on my tests those quantities could only lead to intoxication and death. The drug acts as an enhancer of excitation in the heart."

Neals interrupted Luther's presentation, "Luther, what in the world do you mean by that?"

"Enhancer of excitation? Oh, it's a contraction coupling, that process by which chemical energy is converted into mechanical energy when triggered by membrane depolarization. In short, it induced a massive coronary shut down by making his heart work in overdrive so to speak. Killed him dead, it did for a fact!"

"Can we prove it?" Dale and Neals both said simultaneously.

"You can thank Dale for that," Luther replied. "You know that medicine bottle you gave me, well it contained a drug that was primarily digitalis. The label translation gave the specifics of the drug, but unfortunately, in Mexico, it's available across the counter. That means no prescription is necessary and ergo no way to trace it to anyone specifically."

Luther paused to consider what he was going to say next. Looking Dale straight in the eyes, he sighed then began anew, "It's my guess that is the same methodology they used to get all those female hormones they have been pumping into you Dale. Don't

look so shocked, didn't Neals tell you that we knew of your....ah..your real identity. However, there is good news. On the inside of the cap there was one perfectly formed finger print in pink no less. The other prints on the outside of the container were smeared, except for one little finger print. I had Captain Gerald here check it out, Captain!"

"Hurmp!" the Captain began, "We did a routine file check, contacted the Bureau in Washington and all that. We got a perfect match identifying Grace Cummings a.k.a. Grace Deviline a.k.a. Joisey Conswello Gomez. It is your stepmother, Dale. We did some additional checking and discovered that the woman who poses as her sister Ellen a.k.a. Ellen Deviline a.k.a. Mable Sue Ellen Allford is wanted for several felonies in two other states. Seems your benefactor married into the wrong family, I'm afraid. I wanted to hear what Luther had to say before I sent the squad cars out. So unless you have something else, Luther, I'll go make that call. If ya'll excuse me."

It was all over but the shouting. Dale felt surprisingly empty. He felt that he should be feeling something-hate-anger anything but this lonely empty feeling. Now, he was truly on his own, maybe that was the source of his problems. He did not have long to contemplate; however, as Neals pulled him out of his seat and gave him a great big hug that drove the breath out of him.

"Neals, put me down!" Dale finally managed to get out. Neals put him down, but not until he had kissed him full on the lips.

"Er, maybe I ought to see what the Captain is up too," Neals said with a slight blush seeing that Luther was watching him carefully.

When Neals had left an awkward silence was broken by Dale.

"Er, Luther, how did you know? I mean about me? Did Neals tell you?"

"Well, my dear," He began, "it really wasn't that hard. I am a scientist and my training makes me a keen observer. I couldn't help but notice your adam's apple, for example. While not overly large, it is slightly bigger than a woman's; then, there were other things, like your pelvic girdle."

Luther had to stop and chuckle at the confused young man standing before him. "No, no not because you're wearing a girdle, but your bone structure around the hips! Its much too narrow for a woman."

He stopped to look carefully at the young person standing before him. Dale would be very hard to detect as being something other than what he appeared to be.

Luther cleared his throat before continuing, "There are other things, but we needn't get into that. All in all, I wouldn't worry about being 'made' as they call it. You are surprisingly feminine in most aspects. I should like to get a sample of those pills they have been feeding you. It should prove interesting."

Once again he paused as if his mind were wandering off in a day dream or something. Just as suddenly as he stopped, he began again, "You should have absolutely no trouble passing. You know? If you are planning on staying the way you are, I would suggest that you consider some minor surgery to resolve some of the more obvious deficiencies. I can recommend a very good doctor."

By the time Dale arrived back at the house, the police had already been there. The house was empty and vacant, Dale was by himself once Neals had left. With the arrest of the women and his return to the house, Dale only wanted to go to bed. The adrenalin high that he had experienced earlier was gone along with the emotional frenzy. It had left him completely drained.

Stripping off his clothing, Dale tried unsuccessfully to remove his corset. The best he could do was unhook the top three closures and then only by squeezing his breasts together making them appear huge. With an audible sign, he gave up until in the morning when Neals would be back over. Dale would get him to help then, but for now he just wanted to get into bed.

He quickly pulled a hunter green empire waisted knife edge pleated shortie nightgown over his head. He had to tug it over his breasts and tie its pale green satin bow accent just below and between them. The six inch streamers floated down in front and the skirt just reached his slightly curled finger tips at mid-thigh. Pulling his white nylon ruffled net night cap over his hair, he climbed in and under the covers.

Dale awoke still tired and groggy in the early morning. He pulled his yellow satin robe on and walked slowly into the kitchen. Plugging in the coffee pot, Dale turned and almost walked into Beverly.

"Ahhhhh!" Dale screamed. "You nearly made me pee in my panties! What are you doing here anyway?"

"Caught you off your guard did I? You little fairy piece of shit! Did you think that I was in jail where you sent my mom and Grace? Why, I ought to carve you up into little itty bitty pieces right here and now!" Beverly held out the carving knife waving it under Dale's nose.

"Maybe, I'll just cut you up a little bit at a time starting with you baby dick!"

Dale had to start thinking fast if he was going to save himself. Just as he was about to give up, he had an inspiration.

"Beverly, hold on for just a minute! I don't know what you are talking about. I was out on a date with Neals! Remember? I haven't the faintest idea where any of you were when I got home late last night. No note, no nothing! Until you said Auntie and Mistress Grace were arrested, I didn't know where you all had disappeared to. Now why don't you put that knife down and let's talk about it. Shall we?"

Beverly looked like she didn't know what to do for a minute and the knife wavered uncertainly under Dale's chin. At last, she let it drop to her side still clutching it in a white knuckle grip. She let herself sag into the kitchen chair, and looked up at Dale.

"They took Mommie, Dale. they took her and Grace. What are we going to do?"

Dale breathed a sign of relief as he half leaned half fell back against the kitchen counter. He stood silent for a few minutes, then gathering his courage walked to the kitchen table and sat across from Beverly.

"Beverly what happened? If they got your Mother and Mistress Grace where were you last night?"

"Oh, I had to take the garbage out. YOU forgot! Anyway, while I was outside, the cops drove up and I ducked behind the hedge. I watched as they took them away. They were in handcuffs Dale!"

Beverly hung her head and sniffled. "Dale, I heard one of the cops say something about murder. You don't think that they found out about Ben.....er..found out anything like that about MY Mom do you?"

Dale gritted his teeth when he heard Beverly almost admit knowing about Benny, but forced himself to stay calm.

"I don't know Beverly. Look, I've gotta go to the bathroom. Why don't you wait for the coffee to finish brewing and then bring me a cup, please."

Dale did not have much time, so he quickly went into the master bedroom and picked up the telephone located on the bedside stand and dialed Neals' apartment.

"Neals, pleeeeeessssssseeeee hurrrrrrrryyyyy!" Dale whispered into the receiver. On the fourth ring he heard "Hello."

"Neals, it's me Dale. Listen and don't say anything, Beverly is here in the house and she has a knife. Help me please. Come quick. I".....click!

The phone went dead as Beverly jerked the plug out of the wall socket.

"You damn bitch! You, you were in on it! YOU...YOU flaming faggot! YOU! I'll kill YOU! Cut your rotten filthy stinkin' heart out and stuff it down your cock sucking throat!" Beverly screamed insanely as she began approaching Dale. "I'm gonna cut your little dick off and stick it up your..."

Before Beverly could finish, Dale slung the telephone at her head causing Beverly to duck. The phone slammed with a loud clang into the sheet rock leaving a large indentation. Dale leaped across the room to the window, but couldn't draw Beverly far enough away from the door to get out.

"Now, now Bev.....er...you don't want to do THIS! It will only get you in deeper! Come on Beverly! Put the knife down before you hurt someone!"

"Before I hurt someone, HA! If that ain't a laugh! What the hell do you think I have it for in the first place. I'm gonna need it to carve you a new ass hole, bitch! Now hold still, ahhhhhhhh!"

She screamed as she lunged with the knife fully extended straight for Dale's stomach.

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Neals stood in his pajamas stunned into inaction by Dale's words and the sudden termination of the call. He stood yelling Dale's name several times before his mind connected with his motor nerves and he dropped the receiver and ran to change. He tore off his pajamas and pulled on his pants from the night before and pulling on a shirt as he headed for the door, suddenly realized that it would be a whole lot quicker if he called the police.

Ten minutes later, he was barreling down the street headed to Dale's house. The phone call had taken longer than he expected and when he reached Captain Gerald

several minutes had already passed. Now he had to make up for lost time. He was doing almost a hundred miles an hour in a thirty mile zone. He chuckled in delirious frivolity at the thought of the size of the speeding ticket he'd get if he was stopped.

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The knife point glinted in the morning sun, shining through the window as it headed straight for Dale's belly button. It and everything around him was moving in slow motion. He could almost watch Beverly's eyelids slowly cover her eyes then rise back up again. The knife blade absorbed all of Dale's interest though. The point and the shining blade seemed to get bigger the closer it came, but Dale stood frozen in place.

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Neals almost crashed into the police cruiser as it cut across in front of him after making a turn. It was headed in the same direction as Neals with all its strobe lights flashing and siren wailing. They were bumper to bumper as they screeched to a stop in Dale's front yard. The tires of the police car tearing big long swatches out of the carpet like grass in the process of sliding to a stop.

It was almost like a scene from the keystone cops when the officers jumped out of the car and collided with Neals knocking all three of them flat out in the yard. Scrambling up, they started for the house and collided again, but this time managed to keep their balance. Neals took the lead and lowered his shoulder and ran full speed into the front door intending to knock it in and rescue Dale.

Just as he reached the door, it opened and he went flying head first through the foyer, into the living room, over the couch, into the lamp and side table, and finally wound up in a ball inside the fireplace. A big cloud of soot filled the air and caused him to start hacking and coughing until he couldn't catch his breath.

Pulled to his feet by one of the officers, Neals rubbed soot out of his eyes making his face look like a mask.

"Dale! Dale are you all right!"

Dale suppressed his laughter and going over hugged him tightly and kissed him.

"Oh, Neals you came to save me! Oh, I don't know how to thank you, but I'm all right now. Really. But look at you, you poor thing! You are absolutely covered. Here let me get you a wet towel and help you to clean up."

"Dale if you do not tell me what in the Sam Hill happened, I'll bust a gut. So come on spill it!" Neals demanded once the police had left with Beverly in tow.

"Well, when I called you, Beverly caught me on the phone and disconnected it. She was going to kill me, Neals. I could see it in her eyes. She really was going to kill me! So I tossed the phone at her hoping to distract her so I could get out, but that didn't work. She had me cornered by the window and I knew she had me. It was just a matter of seconds before she would do it, when I saw the sun glinting off the knife blade. Well, that reminded me of where I was and I just pulled the drapes down. That's about it. I pulled and they came down on top of Beverly. I scooted out the side and picking up a vase popped her on the head. I used the sash to tie her up and had just finished

doing that when I heard you drive up. I'm sorry if I hurt you when I opened the door on you. Hehehehehe. Oh, I'm sorry Neals, I don't mean to make fun of you. I think, I think.....Neals I love you!"

Neals looked deep into Dale's eyes.....but that is another story!

FINIS