

CHASTISED

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Billy Ray was a typical teenager. He loved sports, getting dirty, girls and most of all masturbating. He had been at that age when just smelling a girl's perfume would give him a raging hard on for several years. Also typical for a boy his age, actually having sex to alleviate the problem was out of the question. So the discovery of masturbation was an eye opening experience. He practiced that art form daily while looking at pornographic web sites on a daily basis.

He was five foot six and weighed a little over one hundred and twenty pounds. Other than the hair growth at the pits and groin fairly hair free. Like the other kids he let his dirty blond hair grow long and kept in a low pony tail. His personal hygiene could use improvement along with his grooming habits. He preferred baggy cargo pants hung low on his hip exposing the top of his boxers and tee shirts. Flip flops in the summer and trainers in the colder weather were his preferred shoes. He walked with a casual shuffle, shoulder's slumped and tried to look cool. His friends shared a liking of skateboards and video games. He made reasonable grades but hanging with his friends was more important than school work.

Everything was great for Billy Ray until Mildred moved in with his widowed mother. His mother, Dana, had to work full time and between the stress of her job and raising Billy felt she needed support. Mildred was an old college friend who just moved into town and needed a place to stay. Mildred had never married and moved around, never staying in one place for long. Dana remembered her as being dominating and controlling and missed that aspect in her life. In the past her husband provided for the family and made all the decisions and she missed that. She hated having to go to work but worse still making important decisions by her self. So when Mildred showed up back in her life she was more than happy to have her come live with them.

Mildred was tall for a woman at five foot nine and weighted one forty-five. She kept herself fit working out and jogging. Her face was angular, not ugly but not beautiful either. She kept her black hair in a wedge cut and wore minimal makeup. Her dress was elegant but not feminine. Her style was more unisexual than anything else as was her manner. When not dressed in jeans or slacks and a simple tee or blouse, she wore pants suits and very rarely dresses. She was a strong type A personality and made no bones about it.

Dana on the other hand was the complete opposite. She was shy, five foot six weighing in at one fifteen with chestnut colored hair hanging in waves to her shoulder blades. She enjoyed her femininity and dressed accordingly. She preferred dresses to slacks, adored her high heels and seldom seen without makeup. Dana enjoyed being Suzie Homemaker much more than being a secretary, prancing around the house dusting, cleaning and making meals didn't require any serious decision making. At times she longed for a daughter to share her delight in being feminine.

When her husband passed from cancer two years ago, she almost had a breakdown. Being thrust into situations that required a quick decision left her an emotional wreck. She managed to get through those tough years and was now employed as a secretary. The job required very few important decisions and she liked it that way. She was pretty and attracted a lot of male attention that first year but didn't feel it proper to date so

soon. She had turned down so many offers that after a time they stopped coming. Since she rarely went out and then only with some of the girls from the office, her social life was nil. Six months after the funeral she fell into a comfortable rut of going to the office then coming home to cook dinner for Billy Ray.

During the first couple of months living with Mildred not much transpired. Billy didn't like Mildred from the start when the first thing she did was take over his room. He considered his room to be his very own castle and inviolate. However it was much bigger than the guest room and Mildred needed the space. Needless to say there was a big argument that he lost in the end.

"Mom, come on. Can't you see this is my room? All my stuff is here. She's just a guest. Make her use the guest room," he had argued.

"Well dear it's your room alright...but...but Mildred really needs the space. Come on, would it hurt so much to move into the guest room for awhile?" she answered.

"Dana, just tell him to move. You're his mother and don't need to ask permission. I need the space for my work and clothing. You know I work from home and the guest room is just too small. Now show some backbone and do what we discussed earlier. Tell him to move," Mildred demanded.

Making matters worse, he absolutely hated the guest bedroom with its egg shell white with floral boarder walls and beige plush carpeting. It was all dainty with floral drapes, a twin spindle bed in antique white with a floral pillowed comforter and bed skirts. The other furniture which matched the bed style was just as bad. The bedside table had a beveled round glass top with a white doily covering, white ceramic lamp with a small knife pleated lavender shade and clock radio. Besides a rocking chair there was an eight drawer dresser and vanity with bench seat. The vanity was skirted in lavender satin with a matching quilted bench seat. A large crystal bowl sat on the dresser filled with pot puree that left a very distinct floral aroma in the room. They got into another argument when he wanted all that "sissy stuff" moved out. Again he lost that one. As punishment for his attitude and lack of cooperation, Dana accepted Mildred's suggestion that he not be allowed to change anything about the room.

"Dana darling, making him stay in the room just as it is may have a calming influence. Grounding him won't change his attitude you know. You decorated that room to be soft and inviting for your guests. Perhaps it might rub off on him given some time," she had suggested.

Billy Ray hated the room but spent much of his time there. When he got home from school the last thing he wanted was to spend time with Mildred. He had been allowed to bring his clothing, computer, game boy and television but none of his other boy stuff when he moved in. All his sports and other things were put down in the basement. The room was way too small to bring all his models, sports equipment or other mementos with him. Making things worse was that he was only able to hook up one of his devices at a time. If he wanted to watch television, he had to first unplug his computer, put it on the floor then plug the cable and wires in for the set. It was a pain but he had no choice.

Avoiding Mildred wasn't easy. She worked from home using her computer. Neither Dana nor Billy Ray knew exactly what she did but she always seemed to have money. She paid Dana half of all household expenses including the mortgage. Dana had initially refused but Mildred was insistent. Mildred's dominant personality and her need for the extra income easily over-rode Dana's objections.

“Mildred is so strong and decisive. I wish I had her confidence and she’s right I do need the money. Maybe having her move in with us is for the best. Maybe now I can let her make those difficult decisions I hate,” she thought taking Mildred’s check.

After two months Mildred had total control of the household. Dana for her part welcomed the change as it meant she wouldn’t have to make any major decisions. Billy Ray of course hated every bit of it as she was now forcing him to keep his room clean and neat at all times. Much worse, she had him doing some of the “women’s work” like vacuuming the floors, sweeping the kitchen and horrors of horrors cleaning the bathroom that he and Mildred used. Of course he did those tasks half heartedly sometimes forgetting to do them at all. This didn’t go well with Mildred but she didn’t want to force the issue just yet.

After everything was settled and Mildred moved in, she made another major change that Billy Ray hated but could do nothing about. She instituted a healthy diet plan for them all to follow. Dana welcomed that change as she needed to lose weight so his complaints fell on deaf ears. They were now on a strict vegan diet. To make sure everyone received the necessary nutrients, gave them all vitamins. Billy Ray’s supplements were just a bit different than theirs.

Within two months both mother and son had lost ten pounds. Weighing one hundred five pounds made Dana look years younger while Billy Ray looked skinny at one hundred ten. He was a growing boy and needed a lot of calories especially proteins to build muscles. With the diet only broken by his school lunches, he didn’t develop muscle mass. He wasn’t a ninety-eight pound weakling yet but if Mildred had he way would soon be one.

During that time Dana was happy to turn over all the household accounts into Mildred’s care. Scheduling and paying bills had always given her a headache so turning that job over was a big relief. She also enjoyed spending her evenings with Mildred. They would sit and talk for hours over an evening glass of wine or single malt scotch that Mildred preferred in hand. During the weekends when Billy Ray was out playing, Mildred would be watching some sporting event while Dana happily served her snacks and beer. For the first time in ages, Dana was content playing Suzie Homemaker. It was almost as if she had her husband back.

With the approach of summer vacation and no more school, Billy Ray was looking forward to spending all of his time away from home and with his friends. He wouldn’t admit it but eating hamburgers and hot dogs at the baseball field were his main reason for playing with the guys. Thanks to his diet his baseball and other sports activities didn’t measure up to what they had been. He had never been picked last for a team but that was happening all too often of late. No matter the reasoning, he was looking forward to being away from the house and Mildred.

Ooo

The last day of school and a whole three months to play with the guys but unknown to him were Mildred’s plans. She had spent numerous evenings alone with Dana while he was in his room or out with his friends. Mildred had to use her growing domination over Dana to get her to agree to that plan. Basically Billy Ray would spend his summer days learning to be a housekeeper.

“Dana, Billy Ray needs to help you out in a big way. I’ve seen how stressed and worn out you are every night when you come home. I’m too busy working myself to do much around the house. Billy Ray is out of school in a few days, so what could it hurt if he learns to take care of this house and do the other chores that need to be done. I’ll

be here and have enough time to teach him all he needs to know. He's not some little kid anymore and needs to learn responsibility and not go off gallivanting with his friends all summer. He can do that on the weekends. Yes, I know he is a boy but with a bit of work he can become a better person. With him taking care of the house you can relax after work. Besides, I want to spend more time with you. You know, take in that movie we've wanted to see or better yet the show at the little theater instead of worrying about cleaning or getting dinner ready. Billy Ray is quite able to do all those things and more," she said one night.

"I don't know Mildred. I can't remember when I've last gone out to have some fun but I want to be a good mother and all that. Billy Ray has been looking forward to being with his friends. I don't know if it's right for him to be cooped up inside all week. Besides I don't think he is ready for that kind of responsibility. Boys tend to be preoccupied you know. He might do it for a day or two but then he'll just take off to do boy things," Dana replied.

"Oh don't you worry about Billy Ray Dana. He'll stay and do all that is necessary to help you around the house. At his age he needs the discipline of having a daily routine to follow. Do you want him to become just another juvenile delinquent like so many others? That's what happens when children are not given responsibilities. It will also give me a chance to rid him of his slovenly ways. I know you hate seeing his boxers as much as I do and it wouldn't hurt if he began better grooming habits either. Now I'm forbidding you from doing any more housework or cooking for the rest of the summer. You need that time to relax and I insist! Besides, I think we could have some real fun together. You know like we use to," Mildred shot back authoritatively.

"We use to have a lot of fun together and...eeemmmm...I wonder. I haven't gone out in ages and sexually frustrated at times. I've pretty much given up on men as Billy Ray was so much against me dating. We did do some experimenting and I wasn't that much into it then but now," she thought before replying.

"Oh, alright, if you think it best. I agree and admit, I could use some alone time with another adult," Dana capitulated.

"That kid of hers will be just like I want him by the end of summer. At the moment he's just a royal pain in the ass but I'll change all that. He's been on hormones over two months now and I see some change but it's slow. Like they say, "You can't rush Mother Nature" but I certainly can change her. Dana has always been submissive and it's time I took more control. I'll start deciding what she does and wears from now on. Take away all her decision making and give her no other options. She's always been such an air headed girlie-girl so it shouldn't be a problem. She was a pretty good pussy lapper back in college but really wasn't that much into it. Maybe now I can convince her that her life would be a whole lot easier if she really got into it. Hasn't had a man in her life since her husband died so that shouldn't be hard to accomplish," she thought later that night.

Ooo

Billy Ray rushed home when school let out to get his baseball gear from the basement. Mildred was waiting with anticipation knowing that he wouldn't willingly agree to do what she demanded. She was prepared for the confrontation. He came in the back door tossing his backpack into the utility closet as he wouldn't need it anymore. Entering the kitchen Mildred was there tapping a wooden hairbrush in her open palm.

He gave her a look that said, "Don't fuck with me bitch. I have plans" but didn't dare voice them. He had told her just after he learned she was taking his room to "fuck off" and received a very humiliating mouth washing as a result. It made him careful to watch his language when around her.

"Hold on there, just where do you think you're going?" she demanded.

"Huh? I'm meeting the guys for a game at the park," he replied.

"No you're not. You're going to stay here and start cleaning the house. The kitchen hasn't been mopped in months and the house dusted. I've talked to your mother and she agrees that for the summer you will be responsible for all the household chores. It's high time you started baring some of the burden around here. Come on, I'll help you get started," she said.

"What? You've gotta be kidding me. I'm not going to mop no damn floors. I have a game to get to," he shouted back clinching his hands into fists defiantly.

"Just the reaction I expected. Good thing I brought my hairbrush plus he earned another session with the soap for cussing," she thought reaching out and grabbing hold of his upper left arm and pulling forcefully.

The way she pulled his arm forced him to turn his back to her. He tried to break free but didn't have the strength and found himself bent over the kitchen table. He kicked back feeling his trainer's gum sole strike something. He was rewarded with an "ouch" then a burning stinging pain on his right ass cheek.

"Dare to defy me, will you. Well you're going to learn how much disobedience will cost you right now," Mildred shouted. The kick to the shin didn't hurt but it really pissed her off. By the time Mildred had finished using her hairbrush on his backside Billy Ray was bawling his eyes out and willing to do anything to stop the punishment.

His first stop was the downstairs bathroom where she washed his mouth out with soap. The perfumed soap had its desired effects and he docilely followed her to the utility closet. He was given a mop, bucket, yellow rubber gloves and his mother's white pinafore apron. He was half way finished when the rubber band holding his hair in place broke. Mildred saw him constantly pushing stray hair out of his face and went to her room. Returning, she brushed his hair into a high pony tail and secured it with a bright pink chiffon scrunchie.

"There that will keep your hair out of your face. Now hurry up and finish you still need to do the living room and den before you start on preparing dinner," she said.

Billy Ray was in the living room vacuuming when he glanced into the wall mirror. "Shit! She put a damn scrunchie in my hair," he mumbled reaching up to touch it. For a moment he thought about taking it out but remembered the hairbrush.

He was tired and sweating by the time Mildred inspected his work. "I'll let this pass for now but next time move the furniture out of the way before you vacuum. Come with me, you're sweating and filthy. You can't make dinner like that and a nice bath will make you feel much better," she commented.

"Bath, I don't take baths," he stated.

"Hummm, I didn't literally mean a bath but he took it that way. Hates baths does he? Well, I think a nice bubble bath with lots of fragrant oils will take some of that machismo out of him," she thought.

"Perhaps you'd prefer another sample of my hairbrush," she stated.

"Alright! I'll take a stupid bath," he answered with a look of dismay.

“Watch your tone when talking to me. Take off those dirty clothes and put them in the hamper while I get your bath ready,” she ordered as they entered the bathroom.

“What? With you still in here?” the surprised boy replied. That wasn’t what he wanted to say but didn’t dare.

“Of course, we don’t have much time and you still need to prepare dinner. Now get those clothes off or I’ll take them off for you. You don’t have anything that I haven’t seen before,” she snapped back.

He had never been naked in front of a woman much less a girl before within memory. He stood trembling in embarrassment, hands covering his groin as Mildred smiled down at him. As she looked him over she got an idea that made her smile. She found what she was looking for in the linen closet, a pink woman’s razor and feminine shave gel.

As she approached him, he stared wide eyed at the items in her hands. “Wha..what are you....you going to do?” he asked backing up until he was against the door.

“What do you think I’m going to do little boy?” she said smiling broadly.

“No!” he shouted, turned and fumbled with the door knob. It took him another second or two before he unlocked it and turned the knob but it was too late. She grabbed his long hair and pulled him into her.

“Oh you’re being a very bad little boy and it looks like you’re getting another taste of my hairbrush,” she sneered.

Billy Ray was crying as he sat in the aromatic bath. Mildred had shaved his legs, groin and underarms. It was another new experience for him. He hated it and was mortified as she shaved his groin. Her comments about how small he was down there didn’t help ease his embarrassment. Now she bathed him using a floral scented soap and natural sponge.

“I look like a little kid and she’s washing me like one. I’m no baby to be treated this way. I’m gonna tell mom when she gets home. I hope she gets good and mad and sends Mildred packing,” he thought as she scrubbed his back.

Out of the tub she dried him with a fluffy towel, powdered him in floral scented talc and wrapped the towel high on his chest. Bending him over the sink, she shampooed and conditioned his long hair three times as it was so greasy and dirty. While doing his hair she noticed all the frayed ends and decided to give it a trim.

“Go sit with your face to the wall on the commode. Your hair needs to be trimmed and I might as well do it now,” she said.

“Please, don’t cut my hair. I like it long and all my friends have there’s just as long,” he said afraid she would cut it all off.

“Don’t worry, the last thing I want to do is cut this mop you call hair off. I’m just going to give it a trim to remove the split ends,” she replied.

She trimmed up the back, parted it down the middle and across the forehead before giving him a nice set of bangs that reached to just above the eyebrows. As a final touch, she picked up the razor and trimmed the sideburns into sharp “V’s.” Plugging in the hairdryer, using a round bristle roller brush began drying his hair tucking the ends under as she worked. Finished, she set it with hairspray enjoying the look on his face when she did. Satisfied with her accomplishment, she sent him to his room to dress. Looking into the bathroom mirror on his way out, Billy Ray hated what she had done to his hair.

“Mom’s going to have a fit when she sees what that bitch did to my hair. I look like some dumb fruitcake,” he thought.

He was surprised and put out by his mother’s reaction when she got home. She was running late and dinner was on the table. He tried to tell her as soon as she walked in the door but she told him to wait until she had changed. Sitting at the kitchen table he told her what Mildred had done and demanded she be sent packing. He didn’t care that Mildred was sitting at the table. He was confident that his Mom would take his side. He was flabbergasted when Dana took little sympathy for his plight as she found a hot meal, a clean son with neatly brushed hair a welcome change.

“The hair is a bit much but he’s clean, doesn’t smell like a wet puppy and helped prepare dinner. So what if she made him take a bath and brushed his hair into that Buster Brown style, I can live with that,” she thought.

“Billy Ray, so you had a bath and got a hair cut. I love a nice hot bath and as far as the hair cut goes, I like it. I think this is the first time in ages that you’ve come to the table washed, smelling pretty I might add and not stinking like a puppy dog,” she said then turned her attention to Mildred.

“Mildred I don’t know how to thank you enough for getting my unappreciative son to clean up so nicely. I haven’t been able to do that in a long time and I for one really appreciate it. As for you young man, not another word and let’s eat. I’m hungry,” she said smiling happily.

Mildred who was at the head of the table sat mute with a smirk taking it all in. Billy Ray was too mortified to tell his Mom that she had shaved his body or that she had actually given him the bath. Mildred was enjoying the look of dismal defeat on his face as his mother berated him.

“Oh this is going to be so much fun,” she thought as she told Dana it was nothing and was happy to do it.

After dinner he started to leave for his room but was stopped by Mildred’s harsh command to pick up the plates, rinse them off and put them in the washing machine. He looked at his Mom but she nodded her head. With a resigned sigh he began picking up the plates. When he had completed that task, she set him to wiping down the counter tops and kitchen table. A very sullen teen rushed to his room before she could find something else for him to do.

He was mad that his mother hadn’t taken his side and having to do the dishes was so demeaning. Deciding the easiest way to relieve his frustrations was to watch some porno on the computer and jack off. Billy Ray quickly stripped down to his boxers and tee. The computer was hooked up and sitting on the corner of the vanity. It took him a few moments to pull up the hidden screen with all his favorite sites and hit enter on the one he was looking for. He wasn’t stupid and kept that file well hidden amongst his school work. He doubted his mom would have the computer savvy to find these files. She did check his web usage on occasion but didn’t really know what to look for. What she knew about computers was strictly business related, like excel and word programs.

The “Big Un’s” paged popped up and Billy Ray got down to business. He was almost there, when the door to his room opened and Mildred poked her head in. Seeing what he was doing and watching, a sly smile spread across her face. As quietly as she could, she made her way across the thick carpet until she was standing right behind him. He was pumping furiously, his dick wrapped in a pair of his Mom’s panties, eyes closed and his head tilted back moaning softly.

“Oh this is just too good,” she thought as she thumped him on the forehead.

His eyes popped open, saw Mildred standing looking down at him and let out a squawk before falling off the side of the stool in a faint. He hit the floor with a soft thud, coming too very shortly after, face aflame in humiliation. His embarrassment didn't last long as a combination of fear and hatred took its place.

“What the fuck are you doing in my room! Get out of here now!” he screeched as his anger took over.

Mildred ignored him, reached down and picked up the purple nylon bikini panties from the floor. Holding them up at eye level in her outstretched arm with a disgusted look on her face, she waved them back and forth.

“So the little pervert likes playing with his mommy's panties. Do you wear them too, you filthy little boy? Does she know that you wank off in her pretty panties? Do you want me to call her in here and show her what I found her filthy little boy doing? Do you think she will like that or that disgusting filth you are watching on your computer? You're nothing but a filthy perverted little panty boy wanker aren't you?” she hissed.

Billy Ray's anger quickly dissipated now replaced by absolute fear. Of course he didn't want his mother to find out or anyone else for that matter but he was caught red handed so to speak. Tears filled his eyes as he begged her not to tell his mother and making false promises about never ever doing it again.

As he blubbered and made excuses, her disgusted look became one of anger. “You little shit. Do I look that stupid to you? I'm so mad at you right now I might do something we'll both regret. So I'm leaving. We'll have a long talk tomorrow morning while I think about an appropriate punishment,” she said tossing the panties into his tear filled face.

“Oh, I'd better not catch you doing that again tonight. I may be too mad to wait for that talk,” she added just before walking out the door.

Needless to say Billy Ray didn't get much sleep that night. He tossed and turned as one nightmare ran into another.

Mildred went to her room feeling ecstatic after catching Billy Ray doing his thing. “I've got the little bastard now. After tonight he'll do whatever I say to keep me from telling his mommy what I saw but that won't last. He's going to rebel when his pea brain understands what I'm doing to him. The hormones will take time to lessen his testosterone driven ego and aggressiveness but I know just the thing to keep him docile,” she thought sitting down at her computer.

Shutting down her computer, she got up with a broad satisfied smile and joined Dana on the living room couch. “Dana darling, why don't you get us some drinks? It's been a tiring day for the both of us,” she asked. Dana was watching her favorite show, “Dancing with the Stars,” and in the middle of a performance and was reluctant to get up.

“Now!” Mildred said forcibly then more gently, “please.”

Dana almost jumped out of her seat and went to fetch the drinks. “What am I doing? I don't want to miss that act. Mildred can be so demanding at times but she's been such a help lately. I guess the least I could do in return is get her a drink.”

When she returned Mildred thanked her and told her to sit next to her. As the show continued, Mildred slid an arm around Dana's shoulders pulling her closer. Dana was uneasy at first but it had been such a long time since anyone held her close. By the

time the show was over, she felt safe and protected snuggled up to her. Feelings she hadn't had in a very long time began to surface. Later as they got up to go to bed, Mildred kissed her lightly on the lips and said goodnight. The kiss had sent an electrical spark up her spine reminding her of times long ago when they were roommates. Part of her yearned to follow Mildred into her room but the other part dismissed the idea.

"No, that was years ago and I'm just being silly thinking that she would still want me that way. It was just a peck and nothing more. I really enjoyed cuddling on the couch though. I haven't had anyone do that in a very long time and missed it. Mildred is such a good friend," she thought.

"That went well but I need to place that order tonight. If I express deliver it, it should be here before the weekend," Mildred mused heading over to her computer.

Ooo

Billy Ray was surprised when Mildred didn't bring up the subject that had cost him most of a night's sleep. He saw her briefly at breakfast when she tied one of his mother's fancier aprons around his waist and told him what cleaning to do. He didn't see her again until lunch time. She examined the work he had done and seemed satisfied. Then she had him help prepare a tuna fish salad. What conversation there was, was brief and to the point. As he began washing the luncheon dishes he was puzzled. He was happy she didn't bring up last night's debacle but knew it was only a matter of time. What puzzled him was why she didn't say something. The suspense was really beginning to bother him.

"That bitch is just jerking my chain," he mumbled as he put the last of the dishes away.

His next assignment was to clean the bathroom they shared. It was a task he loathed but decided he didn't want to piss her off any more than she already was. He knew she was mad from the curt way she had spoken to him all day. He put on a pair of old pink rubber gloves and retrieving the cleaners began with the commode. He was coming out of the bathroom when he saw Mildred in his bedroom doorway.

"What's going on? What were you doing in my room?" he asked.

"First of all, I don't answer to you and secondly, when your mother isn't here I'm the boss," she coldly responded. "Now, let me see what you did in there. You weren't jerking that little pathetic chicken of yours were you?"

Mildred almost laughed seeing the expression that crossed his face when she had said that. "OMG! He blushes more than any little girl I know," she thought then quickly added, "I haven't forgotten my promise from last night. One of your punishments is restricted access to your computer. I've reset all your viewing options and keyed in a few new sites for your mental stimulation. I don't think you will like them but that's just tough. I fixed it so you can't make any changes."

Instantly, his embarrassment was replaced by anger. "You did what, you...you bitch!" he screamed and started for his room to see the damage she had done.

He didn't get more than two steps before Mildred had his arm bent up behind his back in a half nelson. Keeping his arm almost up to his shoulder blades she frog marched him into the bathroom. Grabbing the soap she forced it into his mouth. She worked it until bubbles were coming out of his nose then released him. He had swallowed a lot of the slimy foam and his stomach was cramping threatening to toss the meager salad he had for lunch all over the freshly cleaned floor. He just made it to the commode before everything came out in a rush. Weak kneed he made it to the sink and began to

furiously flush the foul taste from his mouth. When he finished, he looked up to see Mildred glaring down at him. Her look was one of pleased satisfaction rather than one of anger but Billy Ray wasn't about to take any chances.

"I...I'm so....sorry," he mumbled red faced.

"I told you before what would happen if you used dirty language again. Next time, I'm going to tape that soap in your mouth and leave it there. Now, go to your room. I don't want to see or hear a single word from you until it's time to start dinner," her tone was harsh but calm.

He was only too glad to get away from her. He was cowed but not enough to keep him from slamming his door shut. Wiping his forearm across his lips, he headed to his computer. The screen was dark until he moved the mouse. What appeared made him sit back in his chair in disgust. His new screen saver depicted dancing pixies, unicorns and butterflies. Opening his web browser he checked his favorite's list. All his favorites had been replaced with ones he'd never seen before like "Mac Cosmetics," "Barbie's Playhouse," and other strictly female sites. He went to his "Hidden" folder and it too was wiped clean. He typed in the address of his favorite, "Big Un's," site but it was blocked. Quickly, he typed in several others only to get the same response.

Sitting back in his chair he said, "Shi...shucks!"

He sat brooding for several minutes before getting back to his computer. Timidly, he tried to open his Facebook page but his password didn't work. Quickly he went to his other social media pages and had the same result.

"Dang it, she's changed my password. So what, I'll just open a new account," he thought.

He tried for several minutes to get a new e-mail address but couldn't change the one he had or get a new one. Giving up in frustration, he shut his compute down and went into his closet to dig out his cache of pornographic magazines. He found a large stack of magazines alright but not the ones he was looking for. These were all women's and teenage girl's magazines from fashions and makeup to entertainment gossip rags. Frantically he tossed them out of his closet one by one hoping to see one of his but they were all gone. By now he had a migraine and decided to lie down. As he settled on his bed, tears began streaming down his face.

Mildred walked into his room without knocking, she paused seeing all the magazines lying haphazardly on the floor and smiled. "Looks like he found out what I've done and cried himself asleep. Well can't slack off now, he has housework to finish," she thought.

Over the next couple of days she taught him how to do many of the everyday chores expected to keep a household neat and tidy. Vacuuming was really a no brainer but other tasks such as the laundry required thought. She showed him how to separate the clothing, colors from the whites, delicates from machine washable and what cleaning solutions to use. With the laundry came his most hated task, ironing. Ironing was tedious, hot work leaving his arms and legs aching by the time he had finished. Meal preparation was his least odious task but still he thought of it as woman's work and demeaning to his masculinity.

Ooo

Friday morning Billy Ray was busy doing the family's laundry, a task he hated yet found erotic. He was some what surprised that Mildred's was plain white cotton while

his mother's were exceedingly feminine with lots of decoration. Hand washing his mother's lingerie especially the panties and slips gave him an erection. It wasn't so much a result of touch as he had to wear pink rubber gloves when he washed them. The sensuous feel of nylon and satin made his penis jerk in his boxers as he gathered the lingerie into a pile. What brought him to rock hard attention were the strong mixed feminine aromas that came from the pile of dirty undies. The aroma was a mix of pheromones, perfume and body discharges and it made him hard as iron. It was an aroma he was familiar with from taking them for his personal pleasure but never as strong as when piled before washing. If you asked him, he couldn't explain why he got so hard that he had to run to the bathroom and relieve himself. What he did know was that he couldn't help himself as he gathered the pile of panties and held them up to his nose. Of course he made sure Mildred was nowhere about when he did that. He would be mortified if she discovered him doing that almost as much as when she caught him masturbating.

He was coming out of the bathroom greatly relieved when the doorbell chimed. "Get that," Mildred yelled from her room.

Billy Ray shrugged and went to do her bidding. Just as he got to the door, he remembered he was wearing one of his mother's ruffled and floral decorated aprons. Hurriedly he removed it and tossed it into a corner. Opening the door he saw a UPS delivery man holding out a small package who asked for a signature. He didn't recognize the return address but noted it was for Mildred. When he brought it to her, she immediately told him to get his apron and put it back on. She examined the brown paper wrapped package, turning it over in her hands. The smile on her face got bigger as she opened it.

"That little perv doesn't think I know why he's spending so much time in the bathroom but this will certainly stop that. Once this is on he won't be jerking his chicken anymore," she thought then giggled with pleasure.

The device she removed from the box was made of a pink tinted hard plastic and devilish in design. The main part was no more than three inches long, tubular in shape with a rounded head containing several small rectangular slots and inward pointing barbs. Across the length of the tube were larger horizontal slots. Small inserts with jagged teeth pointing to the head could be inserted into those slots and once in, could only be removed with a special tool. Connected to the base of the tube was a thick round ring that closed with a screw that required another special tool to secure.

According to the instructions once the inserts were put in, removing it would be impossible without severe damage. It also cautioned that prolonged use could permanently prevent any future erections. It also noted that the device should be removed at least monthly for cleaning. Mildred's smile only grew as she read the instructions. The product brochure that was included, pictured several similar devices each one progressively smaller than the last. According to the manufacturer, by using progressively smaller units, the male penis could, in time, be reduced to no more than one inch by one inch in size when erect.

For the rest of that day Billy Ray did all his assigned chores with enough skill as to pass her inspection. He received a number of cell phone calls from his friends wanting to know if he could come out and play. He would ask Mildred if he could go. Each time he asked with a hope she would relent and let him and each time she said no. He went back doing whatever he had been guessing that come Saturday he would be able to join his friends. She surely wouldn't make him do chores with his mother there and it being the weekend. By late afternoon he was exhausted.

Mildred called him to the bathroom they shared and he wasn't surprised to see the tub filled with multi-colored bubbles and reeking of flowers. It was an experience he had endured every evening for the past week. He still wasn't at all comfortable having to strip naked and let her wash him like he was some baby. Her wooden hairbrush was incentive enough for him to meekly comply. He was surprised when she told him to wash and left the room. For a moment, just a moment, he thought about jumping into the shower but the hairbrush was sitting on the counter top. He was patting his body dry like she had taught him when she returned carrying a plastic bag filled with crushed ice in one hand. She placed the bag of ice on the counter where for the first time he noticed a small cardboard box.

"Turn around," she ordered.

When he did, she pulled his wrists together behind his back and secured them with a plastic tie wrap. He wasn't expecting that and before he could put up any resistance, the deed was done. He was even more surprised and upset when she sat him on the edge of the commode lid, forced his legs back behind the commode and tied them with a piece of rope. Satisfied he was secured and couldn't get away, she retrieved the bag of ice and the small box.

"Hey, wha....what are...are...you planning on doing to me? Let me go right now. I'll tell Mom," he sputtered in fear and a bit of anger.

"What? You'll tell mommy that I caught you wanking your pathetic little wiener while looking at porn and doing it in her panties? You gonna tell her that you've been running to the bathroom after sniffing our panties? Don't look so surprised. Yes I know what you do with that little and I mean little man of yours when you do the laundry. Why, I even have pictures of you rubbing dirty panties all over your face then rushing to the bathroom. I don't guess you noticed all those small nanny cams I have hooked up in your room and the rest of the house did you? I think if you tell her, she'll happily agree with what I'm about to do," she said jamming the bag of ice into his crotch as she stooped down in front of him.

Billy Ray shrieked when she smashed the bag into his groin at the sudden pain. It hurt like the dickens and brought a few tears to his eyes. "Wha...what are you doing?" he managed to ask through gritted teeth.

"Remember, I promised to punish you when I caught you the first time. Well, you are about to be punished. When I'm finished you can tell your mother what I did but you will also have to explain why I did it. Do you honestly want your mommy to know what you do behind her back and with her panties? No, I didn't think so. What I'm about to put on you is called a chastity device and it guarantees to stop that nasty filthy habit you have," she answered.

Billy Ray stood, his eyes as wide as saucers looking down at his transformed groin. The pale pink tube forced his penis back between his legs and was painful. The small barbs hurt like all get out when they came in contact with his sensitive flesh. As soon as she released him, he reached down and tried to tug it off. Almost as soon as he touched it, he withdrew his hand and moaned loudly in pain.

"OMG! Take this thing off me! It hurts! It hurts! Please, I'll do anything you want just take this off me," he begged.

"No, I'm not taking it off. It's supposed to hurt if you try to remove it or more importantly whenever you get hard. The good news, provided you do everything I say, is that I may take it off and the bad news is that you are going to have to sit to pee from now on. Of course you are going to have to wipe after you pee since that device must

be kept dry. Now get dressed, you have supper to prepare,” she replied.

Mildred dressed provocatively that evening for supper. While she rarely wore dresses of any kind, she still had that feminine essential little black dress. When Dana saw her, she cocked an eyebrow in questioning surprise. “Oh, this, well I thought after supper I would take you out to see that new romantic comedy everyone is talking about. It’s not too much, is it?” she answered.

Of course she didn’t wear the LBD for Dana but did so to see how effective Billy Ray’s new attachment worked. Billy Ray was bringing a bowl over to the kitchen table when she walked into the room. The bowl fell from his hands almost immediately as he dropped both hands to clutch at his groin. In seconds, he was on his knees, tears flowing freely down his cheeks and groaning in obvious pain.

“Goodie, I see my LBD still works. The only way for you stop the pain is by making your little thingy shrink sweetie. I understand that calculating complex mathematical problems or baseball statistics helps and, of course, there is always the cold shower. However we don’t have time for that if we are going to eat anytime in the near future,” she said smiling as he rocked back and forth clutching his groin.

She got a plastic baggie and filled it with crushed ice from the refrigerator door. Walking back over to the still groaning boy, she handed it to him saying, “Use this dear and if I were you I’d tuck it into your panties and keep it there.”

Billy Ray snatched the baggie from her extended hand, shoving it into his boxers and grimaced. In a matter of minutes the pain lessened to a bearable level. Able to stand, a hand still clutching at his groin, he whimpered, “You’ve got to take this off. It’s killing me. Please, anything, I’ll do anything.”

“Sorry sweetie but you’re going to have to learn to control yourself. No, it’s staying on and you will still do whatever and I mean whatever I say if you have any hope of seeing the last of that thing,” she hissed.

Mildred couldn’t remember having a better supper. The crotch of her panties was soaked by the time it was over. Seeing the many expressions that crossed Billy Ray’s face as they ate and him doing his best to evade his mother’s questions about his health were a real sexual kick. Mildred had to bend low, exposing a lot of flesh as she reached across the table to pat his hand in sympathy to his stomach ache. She was looking directly into his eyes as they went wide as saucers before squinting in obvious pain.

“Oh dear, perhaps you had better go to your room sweetie. You don’t look so good,” she purred.

“Billy Ray, come on. I want to take your temperature and get you something for your stomach,” Dana said getting up then added, “Mildred perhaps we had better cancel our movie plans for tonight.”

“Yes, of course darling. You take care of Billy Ray and I’ll get us some wine and put on a DVD instead,” Mildred answered.

She was waiting on the couch when Dana returned and said that he was taking a shower before going to bed, didn’t have a temperature and was feeling better. She only got up once to check on her child but was happy to see him fast asleep. Mildred had quickly removed her makeup, changed into a white tee shirt and tan kakis. She wanted to have a much more masculine appearance before Dana joined her on the couch. It was important to her that Dana perceived her as dominant and in charge at all times. Her dressing up and in full makeup was a one time thing, not to be repeated.

She had done that just to antagonize Billy.

Dana hadn't been sitting on the couch for a minute before Mildred had pulled her close in a hug, used her hand to push Dana's face into her cleavage in feigned comfort. It wasn't long before their lips met in a passionate kiss. Mildred didn't push it and they sat watching the movie cuddled like a pair of kittens. Occasionally, Mildred whose arm was around Dana's shoulders would lightly brush her hand over a breast or tug her such that they could share a quick kiss.

At bedtime, Dana went into Billy's room for a final check. He was moaning softly in his sleep in a fetal position. She didn't want to wake him though concerned about his pain, kissed him lightly on the forehead before leaving. Mildred who was waiting by the door told her not to worry that it was probably just a minor bug, gave her a quick kiss and went to her room.

As Dana went to hers, she had very mixed emotions. On the one hand, she was worried about Billy Ray and on the other wanted to join Mildred in her room. "I hope she's right about my Billy. He doesn't get sick often but it does make me worry. He didn't have a temperature and said it was just a tummy ache....yeah..Mildred is right. He'll be fine in the morning. She's a darling and so caring. Gosh, I loved cuddling up to her tonight. She's so strong. I haven't felt this loved in a long time," she thought.

Ooo

When he saw Mildred walk into the kitchen, Billy Ray couldn't believe his eyes. She was not only wearing the first dress he had ever seen her in but full evening makeup as well. His eyes darted from her made up face down to a very sexy, black low scooped necked dress that revealed a lot of flesh. Immediately, he felt a sharp stinging and very painful response coming from his penis. The pain was so sharp and sudden that he dropped the plastic bowl he was taking to the kitchen table. Grabbing his crotch, he looked up pleadingly but again, the sight of her breasts sent an even sharper pain radiating like a hot poker into his brain bringing him to his knees.

His mind in a fog of pain barely registered her saying something about mathematics and baseball statistics. It wasn't until she handed him the bag of crushed ice that he began to feel some relief. He was on the floor holding the ice to his tortured groin pleading with her to take that thing off. He would do anything and he really meant it but she refused. The only advice she gave was to stop getting an erection.

"Like how can I stop that? Ever since I reached puberty my junk had a mind of its own. It's like breathing and I can't help it. OMG! This hurts so much. This ice helps a lot but I can't go around with a bag of ice taped to my nuts. OMG I've got to find a way to stop this but how?" he thought as he stuffed the bag into his underwear.

Supper was almost as bad but he tried concentrating on his food and must have counted the peas on his plate fifty times. Just the aroma of the two women's perfume made his trapped penis throb. It hurt but he seemed to have it under control until Mildred bent over, reached out a hand and touched his hand. The top of her dress was loose and he had a fantastic view of her cleavage and black satin red lace frilled bra. That sudden sharp burning pain made him pull his hands back to his groin. The ice bag was still there and he pressed it against his enflamed rod. He couldn't stop the loud groan of pain that escaped his lips drawing his mother's attention.

"OMG, how am I going to explain this? I can't tell her I got a stiffy and it's trapped in this dang thing," he thought then gasped that he had a stomach ache. She seemed to buy that excuse but demanded he go to his room and she would check his temperature. He made sure to walk behind her in a semi-crouch with one arm holding

his stomach the other making sure the ice pack didn't fall out.

The cold shower helped and the pain was gone but his poor dick head throbbed. He crawled under the covers and hoped that nothing else would happen. He was still awake when his mother came in to check on him but he pretended to be asleep. His mind was too busy trying to figure a way to get out of that horrible device. He lay still, curled up in his bed hoping she wouldn't do anything that would remotely cause him to stiffen even a little bit. He spent a very uncomfortable night and what sleep he got was filled with nightmares. Some of those nightmares caused him to moan out loudly as his penis tried to stiffen.

To Be Continued

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

A sharp burning pain woke Billy Ray from a deep sleep. It was his morning woodie and the chastity device's barbs dug into the expanding flesh. The barbs weren't sharp enough to penetrate the skin but it felt like his penis was being shredded. With one hand clutching his groin, he pulled back the covers and headed to the bathroom. The cold shower stopped the intense pain but left him shivering.

"I don't know if I can take much more of this. I've got to find some way to get her to take it off. It doesn't look like it is bleeding but the head is really irritated almost like someone scraped it with sandpaper. Since I can't keep jumping into the shower or taping an ice pack to my crotch, I've got to stop thinking about anything that will give me hard on. What did she say, oh yeah, work math problems or baseball stats. Got to keep my mind off anything sexual," he thought.

It was Saturday and his only chores were to cut the grass and wash his mother's car. Activities he usually tried to avoid but today relished. Cutting grass and detailing the car kept his mind completely off sex. He usually cut the grass wearing just a pair of cut-offs and sneakers. However, since Mildred had shaved his body hair, wore jeans and a long sleeved shirt.

At breakfast his mother questioned him about how he was feeling and why all the clothing on such a hot day. He was able to ease her worry and said that the grass cuttings irritated his skin. She accepted his explanation and told him not to overly exert himself. Usually he cut the grass and washed the car in about an hour and a half. This time he took almost all day to accomplish his chores. He had just finished the lawn when he was called in to eat lunch. His jeans were covered in grass clippings and soaked in sweat. Mildred sent him to take a shower and change. As he was coming out of the bathroom, she handed him some clothing.

"Billy Ray, wear this when you wash your mother's car. Just remember what you have to do if you ever want that thing removed," she stated with a broad smile.

He took the bundle of clothing and examined it. The nylon short-shorts were a bright orange with white piping on the notched hem and a white top similar to his undershirts except in a ribbed nylon with thin shoulder straps. There was also a pair of orange hipster styled nylon panties and white ankle socks. His gaze went from the clothing back to her then back to the clothing.

"She's got to be kidding?" he thought.

Mildred noted his questioning look as her smile broadened and answered his unasked question. "You said you would do anything, remember?"

"Bu....but these....these are...are.....," he started to reply.

"Girlie, maybe, but you will wear them and do so with a smile. If your mother asks, just say they are light weight and perfect for washing cars in this heat," she interrupted.

"If I had big tata's I'd look like a Hooter's girl," he thought as he looked at his reflection.

As he left his room he didn't realized that he had distinctive panty lines. Fortunately his mother wasn't around when he ate a quick lunch then went out to wash the car. It was parked in the front driveway where it could be easily reached with the hose.

"Man I hope nobody comes by that I know. I'll never be able to live this down," he mumbled as he turned on the faucet.

He was busy waxing when the neighbor girl across the street came out to get the mail. Melody was a short fat mousey looking girl that he had made fun of on many occasions. They were in the same grade and had known one another for years. When they were younger, she had a crush on Billy Ray but his constant teasing and mean treatment quickly ended that. Walking to her mailbox, she had to stop and stare. She rubbed her eyes not believing what she saw across the street. At first she thought some girl was waxing the car but on closer inspection realized that it was Billy Ray.

"OMG! Would you look at that? I thought for a moment it was some girl but it's Billy. He looks like a total fag in that outfit and haircut. Oh, I just have to get a picture of this," she thought digging into her pocket to pull out her cell phone.

She snapped a couple of pictures but couldn't resist the urge to talk to him and maybe get a couple of close up shots. Billy Ray didn't notice her as she crossed the street. It wasn't until she said hello that he turned and faced her. As soon as he did, he heard the click of her cell taking a picture.

"Hey, what do you think you're doing?" he shouted holding up his hand.

"Hi Billy, I just wanted a picture so all my friends could see how nice you look waxing your mother's car. That's a really cute outfit you're wearing and so revealing. Are you wearing panties under those precious short-shorts?" she replied.

"Give me that! You fat pig," he screamed reaching out to take her cell.

Melody skipped back laughing as his hand slid through empty air. "Who are you calling a fat pig when you look like a fairy? You turn gay Billy Ray?" she asked moving further away.

"You fuckin' bitch give me that!" he yelled moving toward her. His anger was plain to see and now she was scared.

She was about to bolt when a loud voice stopped her. "Billy Ray! What do you think you are doing? Freeze right there young man!"

Unnoticed by either of them, Mildred had been watching and now she was standing beside the car, hands on hips staring daggers at Billy Ray. He froze, turned and saw her. His face was still flushed with anger but it quickly faded into fear.

"What did I tell you if I ever caught you cussing again? Were you threatening this pretty young girl? It certainly sounded like that to me. What have you to say for yourself before I take the soap and start washing out your filthy mouth?" she harshly said picking up the bottle of liquid soap he had used to wash the car.

She didn't give him any time to answer. Grabbing him by his long hair, she pulled his head back and squirted the soap into his open mouth. Her attack was so swift he didn't have a chance. He swallowed some of the soap instantly making him sick in the stomach with bile rushing up. As he bent over double retching, Mildred's open palm connected solidly to his round bottom.

Melody stood off to the side, eyes wide and mouth open in stunned amazement. She had never witnessed such a sight before and was too stunned to think of taking any pictures. She had no idea of who the woman was but thankful that she had intervened. Billy Ray had been so mad no telling what he would have done if he had caught her.

"Oh, I really like this woman," she thought.

Melody didn't think to take another picture until Billy Ray was crying like a baby, his balled fists rubbing at his tear stained eyes. In his darling outfit, he looked like a great big sissy baby.

"I can't wait to show these to all my friends. Talk about payback being a bitch. Well this bitch is going to get back at you real good for all the years of calling me Miss. Piggy and Petunia," she spat sticking out her tongue.

Mildred walked up to the young girl and introduced herself. The girl was quite obese, had large round black framed glasses and mousey brown hair styled in a short page boy. She was wearing knee length wide legged red and green plaid shorts and a pale yellow shell blouse. After Melody explained why Billy Ray was so angry, she decided she liked this girl.

"I'll tell you what Melody, how would like to post those pictures on his media pages. That will give them more credibility and we can have him write an apology to you there as well. So how does that sound?" she asked after reviewing the photos.

"Wow! Can I really, you know, post them on his pages? Won't he object?" Melody asked concerned.

"He may not like it but he will let you. Our little boy here is undergoing some life style changes and sometimes he gets a bit fussy. He's having a bit of a struggle coming to terms with his real inner self. I'm determined to help him overcome his fears of coming out in public. Perhaps you would like to help me? I could use someone like you to help Billy Ray become all that he can be," Mildred said grinning wickedly.

Melody didn't understand exactly what Mildred was getting at but she wasn't stupid. She could tell that she was being offered an opportunity to right all the wrongs he had done to her over the years. It would be a chance to get even. No, not even, but better, much better and beaming agreed to help in any way she possibly could.

Melody almost busted a gut laughing when she saw his bedroom. It was prissier than hers and she had to take pictures. A few whispered comments by Mildred into his ear and he gleefully showed Melody around his room pointing all the beautiful furnishings he loved so much. All the while she made malicious comments, enjoying for the first time a feeling of power. A power that made her tingle with excitement as she watched the cowering mortified boy.

After Mildred had opened his social media pages, let her post the first pictures of him in his cute outfit then made him write an apology, she knew she had him. All the other photos of him crying and his bedroom weren't up loaded. These pictures were her insurance that he would obey her and do what she said if Mildred wasn't around. The picture she loved the most was the one of him on his knees kissing her feet that

Mildred took. Billy Ray would never be teasing her again and she would have her revenge. Once his media pages were updated he was sent back outside to finish waxing his mother's car. Mildred used the opportunity to talk with Melody.

They sat on his bed as Melody told her how at first she had a crush on Billy Ray and when she told him, he had pushed her into a mud puddle and called her Miss. Piggy. She went on to tell her about all the mean things he did to her over the years. By the time she finished telling all the details, she had tears in her eyes.

"Oh you poor dear, boys can be so mean at times and it seems our Billy is worse than most. I could tell you really enjoyed putting him in his place this afternoon. Doesn't revenge feel great? Now answer me truly, do you really want to see him put into his place and punished for his behavior?" she asked.

"Ms. Watkins I will and yeah I really felt good seeing him kiss my feet...but....but exactly what can I do to help?" Melody responded happily.

"I'm doing something drastic and please call me Mildred. Now before I continue, I want your solemn word that should you object to any of what I'm about to tell you that you promise to never tell anyone, promise? It will be a secret between just the two of us. Yes, fine, then what I have planned for him is to walk a mile in our shoes so to speak. Beginning today, I am going to gradually turn him into a sweet well behaved girlie-boy. Do you have a problem with that? I need to know how you really feel," she said.

"No Mildred I kind of like that idea. Having to be a girl serves him right. Maybe then he'll know how it feels to be humiliated like he did to me. Because of him I don't have many friends and never any dates. A boy asked me to go to the prom with him this year and Billy Ray scared him off. He's always been real mean and I want my revenge. Can I really do whatever I want with him?" Melody said very seriously.

"Yes, anything that doesn't cause permanent damage. So promise me that and we have a deal then. Just remember, tell no one, not even your mother or best friend what we are planning understand. We want this to look like he's doing it all by himself. Now let me go wake his mother from her nap and then we'll all go have some tea and cookies. How does that sound?" Mildred happily responded.

Melody, Mildred and his mother were sitting at the table talking as he managed to sneak past them. He didn't want to explain his attire to his mother. They were still there when he came in to get a glass of iced tea wearing jeans and tee. He mumbled a hello, grabbed a glass, filled it with ice and then the tea. It was his intension to get out of there as fast as possible.

He froze as Melody piped up, "Oh Billy Ray, don't forget you're picking me up a seven to go to the movies."

"Wha....," he started to reply but stopped seeing her holding up her cell. "Crap! She has those friggin photos," he thought then nodded his head and headed out the door.

Billy Ray was miserable. He had taken Melody to see some stupid chick flick, bought her the super sized popcorn, hot dog and giant soda. The movie had cost him a small fortune and making matter worse a lot of his friends saw him with that pig of a girl. He tried to distance himself from her but all she had to say was, "photos." From that point onward, he was glued to her side and even had to kiss her on the lips no less than right there in the middle of the lobby. He'd never be able to live down the embarrassment and his friends wouldn't let him forget it either. At her front door he had to kiss her again, only this time, she reached down between his legs and squeezed. He bent over in pain and the barbs of his chastity bit into him.

“Yeah, I know all about your little secrets. As of tonight you are my steady boyfriend and that’s what you will tell all your friends. Now, unless you want me to show them my pictures, you make damn sure they believe you. Be here by ten tomorrow. You’re going to take me to the mall,” she stated.

Ooo

At ten he rang Melody’s doorbell dressed in his usual jeans and tee. She stood in the doorway waiting as he looked at her confused. Seeing her pucker her lips finally understood and kissed her.

“That took you long enough. When you first see me and when we part, you will give me a kiss. As a matter of fact, I want you to kiss me every time I tell you to do something. That way I’ll know you really want to do whatever. You can give me a kiss on the cheek then. Now come in, I want you to change out of that tee,” she said again puckering her lips.

“Crap!” he thought as he kissed her.

Inside she handed him a pink cotton extra large tee with “Melody” written in sparkling silver sequins across the front. “Here, put this on and no complaints. Your mine now and I want everybody to know it,” she ordered as she tied the excess material into a large knot at his left hip.

“Please Melody...errr....this looks so gay. Can I have my own shirt back,” he asked blushing.

“No! And get used to it. You embarrassed me more than enough and it won’t kill you,” she said gathering her purse and heading for the door.

Billy Ray had no choice and meekly followed. The mall was one embarrassment after another. First they went into the big anchor store. She chose the entrance that led through the cosmetics section where a young good looking woman was giving out perfume samples. With an evil grin, Melody told the girl she wasn’t interested but her boyfriend was. The woman looked at Billy Ray and back to Melody.

“Go ahead and tell this nice woman you want her to spray that lovely fragrance on you. Oh, don’t forget to kiss my cheek and say thank you when she does,” she whispered.

They left that store with Billy Ray reeking of a floral spicy scent and a small bottle of perfume. She took him into all the intimate wear shops, held up lingerie to him which made him blush scarlet and generally did everything she could to humiliate him. When he complained about taking a break, she took him to the arcade where a lot of his friends hung out. He definitely didn’t want to go there looking like he did and accompanied by this fat pig. He didn’t want to go there with her even if he was wearing a regular tee and had his hair like normal.

“You wanted a break and I think if you played a game or two it will relax you. Now when we get there you better be smiling while you give me a kiss on the cheek. Then I want you to play that dance game. You know the one with the colored dots on the floor. It’s either do what I say or I show them those pictures we never uploaded. I bet they would love to see you wearing that cute orange outfit with the panty lines. Oh, don’t forget, you’re my steady boyfriend and adore me,” she said with a glint in her eyes.

The game she picked was one of those games that mostly young girls played. Sure enough, a half dozen of his friends were there along with his current girlfriend Ellen. They started to welcome him but stood in shocked silence seeing how he was dressed

and kissing Melody on the cheek. They were even more confused when he handed her pink purse back to her and went over to the dancing game.

His best friend Ricky couldn't believe his eyes. "Hey Bro, what's going on? You playing some kind of joke on Miss. Piggy?" he shouted.

Billy Ray swallowed hard before responding. "Man I don't want to do this but if they see those pictures I'll be in worse shit. Gotta do what she wants," he thought.

"No man, Melody is my date and I wanted to...to show her some of my moves," he replied.

When he started hip hopping to the dance moves required to get points on the machine his so called friends hooted and hollered out all kinds of derisive comments and insults. As he was dancing Ellen walked over to Melody.

"What did Billy Ray mean by a date? There's no way he'd go out with a fat girl like you, Miss. Piggy. He's my boyfriend and why is he dressed like that? The only way he'd go out with you is if you had something on him. What is it?" Ellen demanded.

"My name is Melody not Miss. Piggy or Petunia. Besides you heard him, he's my steady boyfriend now. He's wanted to wear that tee to show everyone that he adores me. As for you, well, you're history. Billy Ray sweetie, come over here and set this bleached blonde bimbo straight. She thinks I have something on you but we know better don't we," she replied.

Embarrassed to his core, he stopped dancing and went to her side. He couldn't look Ellen in the face as he said that they were now going steady. Ellen's eyes blazed in fury and slapped his face, hard leaving her hand print on his cheek. Adding insult to injury, Melody handed him her purse and told him to "come along darling."

Making him carry her bright pink leatherette hobo bag all the way to the food court drew a lot of unwanted stares. He blushed even harder as he held the purse while she took out the money to pay for their lunch. She made it plain to the cashier that the double meat double cheese burger, large fries and strawberry shake were hers and his was the large salad and diet soda. Sitting eating a lousy salad with that big pink bag in his lap, Billy Ray only wanted a hole to open up and swallow him.

"Billy Ray you've been such a darling today I want to get you a nice gift. What do you say sweetie?" she said as they left the food court.

"Huh? Oh no, that's alright Melody. You don't have to get me anything," he replied. He instinctively knew that whatever she got for him he would hate.

"That's okay sweetie. I want to do it. Now give me a kiss on the cheek and say that you love the idea," she replied.

His fears were justified as she took him to the Piercing Pagoda and had his ears pierced twice in each lobe. It was obvious that the young girl had a hard time holding back her laughter as she fastened a bright pink faceted stud in each lobe and a pearl stud above that one. When Melody paid for the studs, the girl burst out laughing as Billy Ray kissed Melody on the cheek and said thank you.

"Melody please, enough already. Haven't you humiliated me enough and these earrings? How am I going to explain these to my mom? She'll have a fit," he said choking back tears.

"Well I guess we've done enough for today but I'm not through with you by a long shot. You've humiliated me for years and this is only one day. As far as your mom is concerned, tell her you did it for your new girlfriend, Moi and don't even think about

taking them out if you don't want those pictures plastered everywhere," she replied.

He tried to avoid his mother when he got home. However she caught a glimpse of his new pink earring and brushing back his long hair had a fit. "What on earth did you do Billy Ray? Have you lost your mind?" she yelled.

"Mo....mom you...you I mean, Melody made me get them. I...I did it for her. Sh...she even paid for them," he stammered.

"Well they look ridiculous on you. Go and take them out," she replied.

"Dana, darling, don't be so hasty. I think they are cute besides, his girlfriend bought them for him. You know how young love can be. I'm sure you did some crazy things too. Now let the boy be," Mildred interjected.

"I don't know Mildred. I think I could put up with him having his ears pierced even twice but....," she started to say.

"It's alright Dana. Let him be. I agree that most boys wouldn't want a pink solitaire and pearl set but if it pleases his girlfriend, why not. Boys today can get away with wearing a lot of what use to be considered strictly for girls. Come on let's get some tea and we can chat some more," Mildred interrupted. Mildred had a long chat with Dana and in the end convinced her that it was perfectly alright if Billy Ray wanted to express his more feminine side.

The only good thing Billy Ray could say about his day was that his chastity device hadn't bothered him too much. He had been too humiliated to get anything near an erection. The only time it had hurt was when Melody had him in the Victoria's Secrets. He caught a glimpse out of the corner of his eye a very good looking stacked chick in just a pink satin bra and her mini skirt.

Ooo

Monday morning Billy Ray woke up suddenly, his eyes filled with tears and clutching at his groin. "OMG! This thing is killing me," he mumbled rushing to take a cold shower.

Getting out of the shower, he saw his reflection in the full length bathroom mirror mounted on the door. He seldom paid attention to his reflection but something caught his eye. Mildred had long ago removed all the foods he liked, such as eggs and red meat. His only protein came from either fish or chicken. Now that he was kept in the house he couldn't get his beloved hamburgers or hot dogs at the ball field. As a result of her vegan diet, he only weighed one hundred pounds. He had lost over twenty pounds since he began her enforced diet and all of that seemed to be muscle loss. His image showed that loss but what caught his attention was his shape. His butt seemed bigger, rounder than it had been. That didn't bother him as he figured it was probably caused by his much thinner waist. What had specifically caught his attention were the two small mounds on his chest. They really couldn't be called breasts, looking more like two fried eggs with swollen brown nipples. When he cupped them in his hands, they felt hot and sent a tingling sensation up his spine.

"If I didn't know any better I would think I'm growing tits but guys don't get tits. I must have done something to irritate them. They feel warmer than they should. I wonder if I have an infection or something. They don't hurt except for the tingling and itching. Heck, I must have an allergy from that car wax I used on Mom's car the other day," he thought dismissing his concerns.

When he got back to his room with a towel wrapped around his waist Mildred was waiting for him. She was dressed in loose fitting blue jeans and red and green checkered men's styled shirt. She smiled enigmatically as he approached.

“Yes, the hormones are starting to kick in. His ittie bittie titties are beginning to develop. I wonder if he has noticed yet. Well if he hasn’t, he soon will and I had better plan for that eventuality. I can’t wait to see his expression when he sees what I have selected for him to wear today,” she thought.

“What the he....heck, I...I can’t wear this,” he caught himself before he could say hell. He definitely didn’t want another session with the bar of soap.

On his bed was a pair of black nylon brief styled panties with lacy elastic waistband, white flare legged pleated front shorts with turned up cuffs, pink nylon ribbed camisole styled top, pink nylon socks and white Kids with pink laces.

“You looked so cute when you washed your mother’s car I couldn’t wait to see you in something similar. Stop gawking and put them on, you have a lot of chores to do today,” she said.

He gave her a look that she ignored but pulled the panties up his towel covered legs. Billy Ray picked up the shorts to put on but Mildred told him to drop the towel as she wanted to see how the panties fit. Blushing, he let the towel drop to the floor. Then he did a twirl at her direction.

“A little loose in the back, not much of a bulge in front but a good fit. Adding more fat to his diet should quickly fill out that backside and the top side too,” she thought suppressing a giggle.

He spent the rest of the day cleaning the house from top to bottom. He only stopped long enough to fix a light luncheon salad for them. She had him wearing pink cotton with white lace hemmed apron to do his chores. As a result he didn’t notice that you could see his black panties through the thin cotton of his shorts or how the back seam separated and lifted his butt cheeks.

He didn’t like the way the clothing felt as he moved around. The ribbed nylon top made his nipples tingle and enlarge as the material rubbed across his chest. He didn’t like the pull and tug of the shorts at his groin and backside either. Having to do all the household chores while Mildred worked in her room was another aggravation. All these aggravations weren’t totally conscious thoughts. Rather more subconscious until he paused in his vacuuming and looked into the large mirror hanging in the living room.

The tight top clearly showed two prominent nipples and small round mounds that boys shouldn’t have. With the frilly apron and the way his hair was styled, he had to do a double take. Shaking his head the thought that he was looking at a girl entered his mind.

“With this darn apron and stupid top I look like a girl, a girl with small tits. What’s happening to me? Is doing all this girly stuff making me look like one? He wondered.

Around three, Melody came over to visit. She was wearing a purple with white floral print sun dress that did nothing to hide how fat she was. She smiled broadly when she saw what he was wearing but it quickly turned into a frown.

“Where’s my welcoming kiss?” she demanded.

After he kissed her, she smiled seeing her red lipstick transferred to his. “Oh sweetie you look sooooo cute. I think you should dress like that all the time. You know, I think I have some old stuff of mine that would fit you. I think it would be tremendous if you wore some of my old cast offs. That way every one would know that you are mine. Now be a dear and tell Mildred I’m here,” she said.

Shivering at the very thought of wearing her old things, he went and got Mildred. He fixed them a pot of tea then sent her back to finish his cleaning. "Like I'm going to wear anything of hers, that's totally ridiculous," he thought turning on the vacuum.

With the noise coming from the vacuum Billy Ray couldn't hear what the two girls were talking about. Perhaps that was a good thing. If he had he would have been scared, very scared.

"Mildred I was just thinking. I have some old clothing stored in the attic that just might fit Billy Ray. I mean they are really dated but if they fit would be really embarrass the hell out of him. Do you have his measurements?" Melody asked.

"What kind of clothing are you talking about dear? And, yes, I do have his waist and height measurements but that's it," Mildred answered. "I'm not sure what she's getting at but I'm definitely interested," she thought.

"Well, I've always been kinda big for my age and I have some darling outfits I wore when I was ten and eleven that might fit him. You know, darling satin party dresses, some fancy baby doll nighties and such," she replied.

"Satin party dresses? I bet he would die from humiliation if they fit. Oh, by all means, let's go get them and we'll see if they fit. We have a couple of hours before his mother gets home," she laughingly replied picturing him in a frilly beribboned pink satin little girl's party dress.

The next hour and a half Billy Ray never stopped blushing as the girls had their fun. The first items out of the box were a pair of violet nylon rumba panties frilled with rows and rows of white lace on the back and the matching training bra. They were in Billy's room with him standing there in just his black panties. When he saw what they wanted him to put on he bolted. Unfortunately he wasn't quite fast enough. Mildred caught him and after a sound spanking with her wooden hairbrush became their doll.

The panties and bra were a bit tight but fit. The bra's band dug into his flesh leaving bulges but it also made his little boobies really pronounced. Dressed in them he was made to sit at the vanity while Mildred brushed his hair into two pig tails and tied them off with violet colored satin ribbon bows. For a bit of extra humiliation Melody put a coat of her red lipstick on his lips. He was then made to pose for them while Melody took more pictures with her cell phone. Billy Ray was blinded by his tears and didn't notice the picture taking as Mildred put him in different positions.

Next he was put into the satin party dress with its built in white net petticoats. The petticoats had a lilac satin hemming with small lilac satin bows embellishments. The dress was designed to show off three inches of the petticoat hems. The empire styled dress was made of lilac satin with a rounded neckline from which violet chiffon rose into a pleated chin high collar and formed the puff short sleeves. A bright violet satin sash tied into a large floppy bow in the back just below his shoulder blades. The skirt flared out dramatically from above the hips revealing his precious panties. White nylon ruffled socks were put on his feet but unfortunately the black patent leather Mary Jane's were too small. They eventually found a pair of black flats of his Mother's that fit. White lace gloves finished off his look. Again he was made to pose and skip around the room while Melody took pictures until she used up all her memory.

The girls were having a marvelous time at Billy Ray's expense when Mildred noted the time. "I hate to end this but it's almost time for Dana to get home. We can do this again tomorrow. Melody, do you want to stay for dinner? Good, let's get him out of that precious dress so he can begin making our dinner," she said.

Billy Ray showed up in the kitchen wearing a pair of yellow short shorts with turned up

cuffs and one of his white pull over shirts. Under the yellow shorts he was wearing a pair of bright sun flower yellow full cut panties. He had left his shirt tails out but they didn't completely hide the panty lines. While he was getting dressed the girls had started dinner preparations. Now they grabbed their glasses of iced tea and went into the living room to watch television while he finished up.

They were sitting on the couch when Melody said, "You know I was surprised not to see a big bulge in Billy Ray's panties. From what I heard he was supposed to have a big one."

"I have him in a chastity device. I've almost completely forgotten about it. I'll show it to you tomorrow. Did you have fun today? I thought it was hilarious," Mildred replied.

"Oh yes it was a blast to see him humiliated like that. I got some great photos want to see them?"

The girls were laughing when Dana walked into the room. "What's so funny?" she asked.

"Oh nothing really," Mildred replied. "So how was your day?"

"Okay, you know the same old boring day as usual. Can either of you two tell me why Billy Ray's hair is up in pig tails and wearing red lipstick?" she asked which startled Melody.

Thinking fast Mildred calmly answered, "He's being punished. Melody go see how Billy Ray is getting along."

"Punished, for what?" Dana asked when Melody left the room.

"Errrrr, punished for being caught wearing one of your slips and masturbating," Mildred replied.

"What?" Dana gasped flabbergasted by the response.

"Dana I didn't want to tell you and I guess when Melody came over I forgot to tell him to take it off. I just thought that putting his hair in pig tails and a bit of lipstick would stop him from...errr....you know. Look, don't make a big deal over this, please. Kids go through phases and I can handle it. Just let me do it in my own way and don't say anything to him. He is embarrassed enough without you bringing it up. Act like every thing is normal. It's either that or you can make your own decision on how to handle him digging in your lingerie drawers and, well, it's too disgusting to say more," Mildred answered.

"OMG," Dana said sinking into a nearby chair.

"My son is a pervert....I...I never would have thought. What am I going to do about it? Mildred seems calm and rational whereas I'm having so many mixed emotions I don't know what to do. It makes me sick to even think about what she caught him doing and in my slip too. I haven't the faintest idea of how to correct him but Mildred could always make the right decisions. I'll do what she says even if it rips my heart in two," she thought.

Billy Ray didn't realize his hair was still in pig tails and wearing lipstick until he got back to his room. He stood frozen staring into the vanity's three mirrors. "OMG! Mom saw me like this and didn't say a word during dinner. What must she be thinking about me? I've got to talk to her and try and explain," he thought pulling the ribbon ties from his hair.

He scrubbed his lips with a soapy washcloth but there was still red color in the creases of his lips that refused to come off. He was heading out of his room to try and explain

but Melody walked in. He tried to get by her but her bulk filled the doorway.

“Sweetie where do you think you are going? We have all these boxes to empty and properly put away,” she said pointing to all the boxes they had brought over from her house.

“Look Melody this has gone too far and you have had your fun. Now let me go and try to explain all this to Mom,” he said as he tried to push his way out.

“Oh I want to see that. I think it will be hilarious when you tell her about masturbating in her panties and being in that chastity device. Come on, I’ll follow you unless....you would rather stay here and unload all these boxes before your mommy sees them. What do you think she will say when I tell her you begged me for my old hand-me-downs? she smugly replied.

“What? I didn’t beg much less ask for any of this stuff,” he snapped.

“Who do you think she will believe when Mildred backs me up and sees all these great photos I have? So what’s it going to be? Go to mommy or empty these boxes,” she retorted.

“Photos, crud, I forgot all about them. There’s no way I can explain that away, not with Mildred backing her up. I’m doomed,” he thought then defeated replied, “Alright, you win. Let’s get these unpacked before my mom comes in.”

“Oh goodie, I thought you would see things my way,” Melody answered clapping her hands.

It took him almost an hour to unpack then either fold or hang his new clothing. While he was unpacking, Melody went to the kitchen and retrieved several black trash bags. As he was putting neatly folded lingerie in his dresser drawers, she was throwing his boxers and undershirts into a trash bag. He protested but she reached down between his legs and began rubbing. Almost immediately he groaned in pain and begged her to stop. He didn’t object as all his underwear and most of his socks were deposited into the trash. When he had finished unpacking his dresser was filled with panties, bras, slips, hosiery and foundations. In his closet were four dresses, three skirts and five frilly blouses.

As he was putting everything away, Melody was sitting on the edge of his bed watching. “OMG! I can’t believe what a turn on this is. He was such a bully but look at him now. Wow! Mildred was right. I feel empowered for the first time in my life. I lived eight years of humiliation and hurt because of him and now it’s his turn. I going to love turning him into my personal prissy toy,” she thought.

To Be Continued

Part Three

Again Billy Ray woke in pain and rushed to the shower. “I’ve got to get this thing off somehow. It’s tearing me up down there. I just know it,” he thought jumping from one foot to the other under the ice cold shower spray.

Out of the shower he examined as best he could his poor penis. The head was red and there were some red splotches on the shrunken shaft but no blood. Most of the time it didn’t bother him as he was too embarrassed to get an erection but his morning woodies really hurt. Back in his room he gave serious thought to going commando as Melody had taken all his boxers but doing so caused his device to move around

painfully. He took a pair of purple with white stripes brief styled nylon panties and put them on. They were the least feminine he could find. Putting on his jeans and pullover shirt he headed to the kitchen.

When he arrived he found his mother and Mildred conversing over coffee. He mumbled a good morning and poured himself a cup. His mother asked him how he was doing and was he feeling alright. Of course he wasn't feeling alright but said he was okay. She gave him a hard look but turned her attention back to Mildred.

"Well if he doesn't want to confide in me why his hair was in pig tails or wearing lipstick then I guess I'll leave everything in Mildred's hands like she suggested. I don't understand what's going on with him but if he won't talk about it I can't force him. Yes, it'll be easier to just leave it in her hands," Dana thought.

Mildred was only wearing a white terry cloth robe as she drank her coffee and talked to Dana. Billy Ray sat down at the table across from her with his cereal and coffee. He tried not to pay attention to either woman but couldn't help looking up as he sipped the coffee. When he did he noticed that Mildred's robe exposed a lot of her breasts. Immediately he felt the barbs pricking his dick. He kept his head down not daring to look back up but the barbs were beginning to hurt. A soft moan escaped his lips making his mother look over at him and ask if he was okay. He blamed the moan on the coffee which burned his tongue. There was no way he could tell his mother the real cause of his pain. After Billy Ray had cleaned up the kitchen and his mother went to work, Mildred took him back to his room.

"Melody will be over soon and I want to surprise her today so strip," she ordered going into his closet.

"Mildred, please no more. I can't take anymore of this," he begged seeing what she brought out of the closet.

"It's just clothing Billy Ray and your girlfriend really enjoyed seeing you all dressed up yesterday. She is such a sweet darling young lady that it would be a nice if you met her wearing a cute outfit. If you don't please her she might let all your friends see some of those pictures. So what's it going to be?" she replied.

He had a choice if you could call it that but he couldn't take the chance she would post those horrible photos. He stood in his panties watching as Mildred removed a purple with white lace training bra, matching camisole and ecru panty hose out of his dresser. Frowning he took the bra and slid his arms through the shoulder straps. He had no idea as to how to hook it until Mildred walked behind him and placed his fingers into position. It took a few tries but he managed to hook it properly. Again the bra was on the small side and the straps dug into his shoulder and left bulges along the band. The camisole was a no brainer but she had to show him how to properly put on panty hose. He felt like a complete idiot as he wiggled his butt to get the panty hose into place.

He was having a hard enough time trying not to look at Mildred who was still in her terry robe but an errant thought made him groan in pain. It was a passing thought of how great it would be watching a pretty girl putting on panty hose that did him in. He stood still taking deep breaths for several moments before the pain stopped. He looked up to see Mildred smiling in satisfaction with most of her breasts exposed. Again he groaned loudly and doubled over. It took him a bit longer to gain control but this time made sure not to look at Mildred as she handed him the next item.

It was a dress, a real sissy dress if there ever was one. It fit like a second skin, made of satin and chiffon with a square neckline. The bodice was violet satin with two rows of

fuchsia bows running down to the high waist. The skirt was purple chiffon in billowing over lapping horizontal folds to just above the knees. Across each fold fuchsia satin ribbon bows with notched streamers were sewn two inches apart. The short sleeves were also in overlapping folds of violet chiffon reaching to just above the elbows. Again, each fold had a fuchsia satin bow with streamers hanging down to mid-forearm. A pair of violet satin "en pointe" ballerina slippers were forced onto his feet and laced high on his calves. Mildred had tied off the satin ribbon in a neat bow at the back of his calf. To complete his outfit, she had him put on a pair of white lace gloves, a necklace of multi-colored fresh water pearls and a pair of dangly fresh water pearl earrings.

Dressed she had him sit at the vanity. In that full skirted dress Billy Ray had his hands full. Not quite succeeding in controlling his voluminous skirts. Every time he put his hands in one place, the skirt would rise up in another. Mildred had a good laugh at his expense as he fussed with his skirt. When he rose from the vanity his hair was styled in a tight bun at the top of his head with a bright violet satin ribbon tie. She had put some makeup on him, black mascara on his lashes, purple eye shadow and plum lipstick. She removed his gloves and painted his nails in a bright violet varnish.

As Billy Ray was putting his gloves back on, the door bell rang. "Go get the door sweetie, that should be Melody," Mildred said.

"Like this!" he screeched.

"Yes.....no...I have a better idea. Here hold this and wait here. I will get her. I think the surprise will be greater," she replied handing him a violet satin heart shaped purse with gold chain strap.

"I look like such a fag. I can't believe I'm letting them do this to me but I can't let anyone see those photos," he said seeing his reflection in the vanity mirror.

A loud ear drum piercing shriek brought him out of his thoughts. It was Melody. Mildred had told her she had a surprise waiting for her but this was beyond expectations. Billy Ray was wearing her old ballerina recital costume and looked so cute. She had a wonderful time that morning making him learn the five basic ballet positions and taking loads of pictures. By the time her phone's memory was at capacity, he was exhausted and his legs ached.

"Mildred I can't get anymore pictures my memory card is full. Can I download some of these on Billy Ray's computer," she asked.

"Wha....what, no, please I don't want anyone to see any of your pictures. Please, I will never be able to live down the humiliation," he gasped.

"Relax sweetie, we won't post them to your media pages unless...unless you stop cooperating with us will we Melody? Now if you promise, cross your heart and hope to die, to keep a happy smile on your face and do everything we tell you, it will be our secret. The pictures will be on your computer for you to enjoy to your heart's content. Of course we will email them to Melody's and my computer so we will have a record too," Mildred replied smiling triumphantly.

"With these and the other photos I have we will own you. By the time I'm finished there will be no going back to being that loathsome brat you use to be. Getting Melody involved is a big plus and she's thoroughly enjoying your debasement. With her help I won't have to keep an eye on you all the time. She knows all your friends as well as your enemies. With that kind of leverage you'll be putty in her hands," Mildred

thought.

After a lunch of tuna salad that Billy Ray had to prepare and serve, the two women put him through a series of wardrobe changes and taught him feminine mannerisms. The next outfit was a blue gingham dress with short sleeved white lace trimmed cotton blouse. They had him put on four stiff white net crinolines to fill the full skirt out. A pair of three inch spiked heeled blue stain pumps from his mother's closet crushed his feet. He was given a white patent leather letter purse to carry. They had him walking, sitting and stooping for over an hour before they decided on another change.

This time he was put into a black satin pencil skirt and bright pink satin balloon sleeved blouse with a lace ascot and black three inch spiked heeled pointed toed pumps. Again the shoes were one size too small and pinched his aching feet. With the tight skirt, he could only take very small mincing steps. He was put through another hour of walking, sitting and stooping. As he moved at their direction they concentrated on the placement of his arms and hands. Billy Ray was completely exhausted by the time that session was over. He ached all over but his feet and legs hurt the most. Mildred decided he had enough physical activity for the day. Back in his room he was stripped down to just his chastity device. Melody was surprised to see how small it was.

"OMG! It's so small. From what I heard he was suppose to have a really big one," Melody exclaimed making him blush all the more.

"I have a big one but this darn thing won't..." he started to say but stopped too embarrassed to go on.

"Oh," Melody said reaching down and stroking his balls.

"Aaaaahhhh, stop you're hurting me!" Billy Ray screamed reaching down to push her hand away.

"Awe you poor baby. Some steady boyfriend you're going to be if you can't get it up. Oh, well, I guess it's for the best. You always said that hell would have to freeze over before anyone would want to fuck me," she replied giggling.

Billy Ray was given some privacy as they allowed him to take a long leisurely bubble bath. He didn't like taking baths especially one with floral scented oily water but he didn't complain. The hot water was soothing and the burning aches in his legs and feet began to ease. It had been a most mortifying day and he was happy being left alone. Happy was a relative term as his mind was occupied worrying over everything that had happened since school let out.

"Crap, with all the pictures and this chastity thing I'm stuck between a rock and a very hard place. Unless I can delete those photos and get out of this infernal device I have to do whatever they say. Maybe if I can get away from under them for a bit, I can find something in the garage to cut this thing off me. With it off and some tools I can pull my hard drive out and destroy what's there. Then all I have to do is figure some way to get at Melody's and Mildred's computer to destroy what they have stored. Yeah, like that's going to be possible. If I can only get this cage off then they will put all those pictures on my media pages. So I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't. Some choice," he thought.

His bath was interrupted when the girls entered the bathroom giggling at some private joke. Melody had something in a plastic bag that she placed on the counter top. Out of the tub, he patted himself dry and applied a liberal coating of the fragrant body lotion Mildred insisted he use. Melody instructed him to stand over the sink so she could shampoo and condition his hair. He hesitated only for a moment seeing that she

had put on a pair of those overly large clear plastic gloves. When she had finished his hair was a full shade blonder.

“What....what...have you...you done? You....you bleached my hair,” he sputtered seeing his reflection.

“Only one shade lighter than your natural color, no one will really notice. Every week I’m going to lighten it one shade lighter until you are a true blonde, maybe even a platinum blonde if you give me any static,” Melody replied.

“Wh....why?” he whispered stunned by what she wanted to do.

“Cause all your girlfriends were blonde haired bimbos. Since you like them so much, I thought you would love to be one yourself,” she replied smugly.

“Mom will have a fit when she sees what you have done. How am I gonna explain this?” he asked worry clearly written on his face.

“That’s your problem sweetie but I don’t think she will really notice. At least not for another week or so,” Mildred answered with a giggle.

When Dana came home that evening she gave Billy Ray a double take but said nothing as she went to change into something more comfortable.

“There’s something different about him but I’m not sure what. Maybe it’s because he is taking care of his hair and brushing it daily. It really shines tonight. I think he smelt of strawberries too, probably because he is using my shampoo. I will ask him if he wants me to get him some unscented shampoo. What boy would want to smell like strawberries?” she thought.

She was stepping out of her skirt when Mildred entered her room. “You look lovely darling and in need of a hug,” she said smiling broadly.

Dana felt a bit uncomfortable wearing only a black bra and half slip as Mildred gave her a tight embrace and kiss to the cheek. “Wha..what’s that for?” she asked.

“Oh, I thought you looked worried when you came in and besides I needed a hug too,” Mildred replied.

“Yeah, I’m worried about Billy Ray an...and I did need that hug. Mildred I really appreciate all that you have done for me and Billy Ray but I’m worried. After our talk about his...his sexual behavior..it’s been on my mind. I know you said you would take care of it but.....,” she said.

“Baby don’t worry I do have it under control. I had a long talk with him and I know what’s wrong. He’s experiencing an internal conflict over his sexuality. That’s all and I’m going to help him resolve that conflict. You know I minored in psychology, so stop worrying and let me take care of everything. If my analysis of his problems is correct you are going to see some significant changes over the next few months. All I’m going to do is encourage him to express his inner most desires without having to be scared of your reaction. Now listen closely. No matter what changes you see, you must accept them at face value and most definitely, never say anything derogatory. He needs your support and encouragement otherwise he may withdraw back into his old persona or at worse become suicidal,” Mildred explained.

“Wha..what become suicidal? What’s wrong with my baby?” Dana gasped frightened.

“He is transgender darling, that’s all. Deep inside he wants to be a woman but society has made him very fearful. One of the reasons he’s been such a handful for you over the past few years is that fear. All his macho posturing is nothing more than a reaction to that fear. With our support and encouragement he will let out his softer side. I think

by the end of the summer you will have a lovely demur daughter. Can you accept that?"

"OMG! I never expected anything like that. My son...he..he wants to be a woman? I never would have guessed, no not in a million years. I guess that's why you caught him going through my lingerie and wearing lipstick. Oh dear, I love him and if that's what he truly wants then I guess I can handle it. I'll have a talk with him tonight and tell him that I will love him no matter what," Dana said wiping away at the tears forming in her eyes.

"No, Dana darling, whatever you do, don't say anything about what I just told you. He's in a delicate situation right now and if you say anything he'll deny everything. He'd tell you I or Melody forced him or that he is being blackmailed. You know neither of us could do anything like that. As a matter of fact Melody has been a tremendous help. Her acceptance of Billy Ray's feminine side is amazing and so helpful. They're going steady and that should prove that I'm right. You knew some of his old girlfriends. Did any of them look like Melody? Again his dating preferences were nothing more than a cover up of his true desires. Their relationship is based upon a mutual acceptance of each other and not based on their outward appearance. So, please, don't say anything about what's happening. Not until he fully accepts his feminine self at least."

"You're right as usual. You have always been a rock for me whenever I had problems at school and even more so now. I have such a hard time making decisions and your advice has never failed me. I'll do whatever you think best. It's such a relief having you here," she said embracing Mildred.

The kiss she intended to put on Mildred's cheek wound up on her lips. The kiss became deeper, the embrace tighter. Dana let her worries fly out the window as she felt emotions she hadn't felt in a long time well up. When they left the bedroom both women had a glow about them and an old relationship rekindled.

Ooo

Billy Ray woke the next morning with only a slight pain coming from his chastity device. "Another morning woodie but this time it doesn't hurt so bad. Maybe I can skip that cold shower and just take my bath," he thought heading to the bathroom.

As he sat back in the fragrant water he realized he needed to shave his legs. He reached over to the corner where Mildred kept her razor, hoped that it was a new blade and began shaving. He despised having to shave his body but Mildred would check and he didn't want a spanking. Finished with his pits, he stroked his chin finding it strange that it was smooth.

"I should have to shave my face by now but I don't feel any stubble. I didn't have much of a beard but still. Maybe it's that gunk she makes me put on my face every night before I go to bed. I can't remember the last time I shaved my face. Gawd, I hate having to shave so I guess that's a good thing," he mumbled.

Back in his room he didn't think twice about putting on a pair of bright green with white lace front panel panties on. If he had his choice it would have been boxers but they were all trashed by Melody. Not for the last time he wished Melody had some plain cotton panties instead of these fancy nylon ones. Next he put on a pair of marigold colored terry flare legged draw string shorts of Melody's stash that she had replace his own with. The shorts were followed by a "V" necked tee in a bright raspberry and his sneakers.

"Dang, I look like a fruit salad in this but it's the least feminine clothing I have. It's too hot to wear my jeans and Mildred would make me change anyway. Maybe this morning

mom will say something. She's acting kinda weird lately. Like she doesn't see what they are doing to me. She didn't even comment on my hair last night," he said looking at his reflection.

Ooo

"I wonder if I should ask him if he wants me to get him some unscented shampoo but Mildred said not to say anything. She's right of course," she thought as she kissed his cheek with the strong aroma of strawberries filling her nose.

"Be good darling and mind Mildred while I'm at work," she said grabbing her hand bag.

As soon as his mother left Mildred had him back up in his room. This time she showed him how to back comb and tease his long hair using hair gel. When his got up he had what he thought was a beach ball sitting on top of his head. She also showed him how to paint his fingernails using a varnish that matched his top. The only changes she made in his attire was to give him the matching green training bra and a pair of three inch spike heeled yellow strappy sandals. The shoes were still a tight fit but not as tight as the pumps he had worn yesterday.

He was put to work cleaning the kitchen then sent to make the beds. He was finishing up when the doorbell rang. It was Melody wearing white Bermuda shorts and a pink shell top. As he gave her the mandatory first kiss, she reached between his legs and stroked his groin. He let out a muffled groan and brushed her hand away.

"Melody, please don't do that. It's bad enough as it is without your help. This thing really hurts," he said backing away from her.

"Baby do you have a booboo? You want me to kiss it and make it well?" she asked giggling.

"For crying out loud Melody I'm frustrated enough. Stop kidding around," he said with real fear in his eyes.

"Well baby if you're so frustrated, why don't we go sit on the couch and make out until all your frustrations come out. By the way, I really like your hair and your pretty nails. It turns me on. You sure you don't want to sit on the couch for a bit?" she teased.

Any further banter ended when Mildred came into the room. "Hi Melody, you ready to go shopping with us this wonderful morning?" she said giving her an air kiss in greeting.

"Yeah, sure, I can't wait," she answered.

"Whoa! I can't go anywhere looking like this," Billy Ray gasped backing further away from the two women.

"Nonsense of course you can and will," Melody snapped.

"We'll go across town to this little shoe store I know about. If you behave that is. Otherwise it's the main mall and we'll stop at every shoe store there," Mildred added.

"Walk and sit like we showed you yesterday, keep your voice soft and you shouldn't have any problems," Mildred said as they got out of the car.

He was a nervous wreck and only talked when asked a direct question. There were only two other customers in the shop which eased his concerns and hoped that no one would call him out. They spent over an hour picking out various shoes in his size. He was somewhat relieved as they were in a far aisle and sitting with his back to the store front. Every shoe selected had at least a three inch stiletto heel but these fit. Mildred picked out one pair of black flats and a pair of pink Kids to give him some relief.

Leaving the store he had eight pairs of brand new shoes in his size and a large bright pink leatherette hobo bag that Melody got for him.

On the way home they stopped at a drug store. It was more crowded and Billy Ray kept his eyes on the floor as they walked down the aisles. Melody got another hair coloring kit one shade lighter than the previous one. Mildred picked out a number of cosmetics, cotton balls and pads, several makeup brushes, a manicure set in a pink leather case, some large bristle hair rollers and instructional books on makeup and hair styling. As the items were placed in the cart he was pushing, he didn't think they were for the girls and that really bothered him.

"What's with all this stuff? I got a funny feeling they are going to want me to use it. Why are they doing this to me? I'm not some kind of fairy or girl." He thought.

Back at the house he spent the rest of the day learning how to put on and remove makeup. Between Mildred and Melody he was an apt pupil. They alternated doing one side of his face while he tried his best to copy what they did on the other side. Mildred did a heavy night time makeup while Melody did his day time look. After about a dozen attempts Melody started grabbing his groin if he didn't show sufficient progress. Before he started supper, Mildred let him remove most of his makeup and nail polish but insisted he wear some light pink gloss and mascara.

He was dressed back in his shorts and tee but wearing his new pink Kids. As he prepared the evening meal dreaded what his mother would have to say. His hair was still styled in a big hair look and while the lip gloss was light pink it did make his lips shine unnaturally. He was more than surprised when his mother only said that he looked good.

That evening after he had gone to his bedroom, they were enjoying their after dinner drinks on the sofa. They were sitting close with Mildred's arm draped across Dana's shoulders. Dana was wearing a simple sun dress and Mildred in her usual casual slacks and pull over collared shirt. In her free hand Mildred was swirling the ice in her single malt scotch. To a casual on looker they appeared to be a man and woman sitting together.

"Mildred, what's going on? When I came in this evening I had to do a double take. I thought there was a girl preparing dinner then realized it was Billy Ray."

"We made a lot of progress today dear. I've convinced Billy Ray to relax and be himself. Why, he even begged me to take him to the shoe store so he could get some pretty shoes that would fit. Then to my amazement he asked if I could help him pick out some makeup. He's still very worried about you accepting him for who he really is and I'm proud how you handled it tonight. Keep encouraging him and I think he will come out of his protective shell. No darling, you don't have to worry. I have things under control. All you have to do is accept your baby as your new daughter. That's who Billy Ray really wants to be. Oh by the way, he has a feminine name that he calls himself when dressed. It's Petunia May."

"Petunia May? I don't think I ever heard of a name like 'Petunia' before,"

"It use to be somewhat common back in the day but has been out of favor for some time. He told me it just sounded so feminine and the name of his favorite flower. Please don't call him that, at least not until he is more relaxed about being himself darling. Like I said, we made a lot of progress today and I think I need a reward, don't you?" Mildred said pulling Dana in close for a deep passionate kiss.

Ooo

The next morning Billy Ray was dressed all in purple from his lingerie to his dress. The dress had a sleeveless shell top with a short pleated full skirt. She didn't give him any petticoats to wear as she wanted the skirt to move freely. The skirt was short enough so if he wasn't careful his panties would be on display. A pair of white nylon socks with purple ruffled tops and three inch white strappy sandals completed his dressing. When Melody came over she wanted to put a big floppy purple satin bow in his hair but Mildred said she wanted him to learn some hair styling techniques.

Melody thoroughly enjoyed her morning teaching Petunia May how to put her hair up in the bristle rollers. To encourage his performance she would reach down and rub his encased penis every time he didn't show improvement. By lunch time he could roll his hair tightly in neat organized rows. He went to prepare lunch with his hair up in the pink rollers and a purple satin scarf tied over them. He cringed every time they called him Petunia May. The fact that Melody told him his new name didn't go unnoticed by Billy Ray. It was one of his favorite nick names he planted on her except he used the middle name of 'Pig.'

After lunch he spent two hours learning feminine mannerisms and poise. His feet and calves hurt but not nearly as bad as when he had to wear his mother's smaller shoes. After he was given a short break, he was dressed back in Melody's ballerina costume and made to practice his positions. Again, Melody's cell memory will filled with his pictures.

The rest of the afternoon had him back sitting at the vanity learning how to apply makeup. When it came time to start dinner preparations, he was wearing light makeup and his Buster Brown styled hair was in waves. For the first time Mildred insisted that he keep his purple bra with its white lace decoration on under a light purple tee and a pair of kaki short shorts. The shorts fit snugly and distinct panty lines could be seen. To tone down his groin area she had him put on a purple panty girdle that pulled his groin in and separated and enhanced his round bottom. The tee pretty much concealed his bra but looking closely it could be detected.

Dana stopped in her tracks when she saw him but quickly recovered and walked over to him. "You look very pretty tonight dear," she said giving him an air kiss to the cheek making him blush.

Over the next month Billy Ray's routine was the same but as each day went by a little more was added. His hair was now blonde and kept in the big hair style Mildred loved. He was almost an expert at putting on makeup and doing his hair. He wore nylons, high heels and bras constantly even when his mother was home. He spoke in soft tones using his hands to express him self like most young ladies. His movements were naturally feminine from his constant training and ballet lessons. By the end of the month he was wearing dresses or a nice skirt and frilly blouse. He answered to Petunia May without thinking about it. The only good thing he could say about that month of intense training was that they didn't take him back out in public. However both Melody and Mildred were getting bored as Billy Ray was becoming too compliant. They decided to up the ante.

"Melody I think it's time to take our little fairy public. He has the moves and appearance of a young girl but we need more. He needs to start thinking like a girl and the best way to achieve that is public exposure. You've seen how he reacts when we threaten to post all our pictures on his media pages. He's scared to death that someone will discover his little secret. So taking him out where he is forced to interact with others as a girl should motivate him into thinking like one. We'll start out slowly. Say a trip to the salon or grocery store. His hair could really use a professional's

attention now that I think about it. As he gains confidence we'll do some serious shopping. Your things are nice but really don't fit properly especially the bras. I think we both would enjoy watching him get properly fitted for a bra. Once he gets comfortable around others, then I want him to have a boyfriend. I can't think of a better way to make him feel like a submissive girl than that."

"A boyfriend! Wow, wouldn't that be great. Oh my gosh! I can just picture him in the backseat of a car getting groped by some dude. That would be a hoot and serve him right. Who knows, maybe he'll learn to like it," Melody said gleefully.

"I doubt it. He's hated everything we've done to him so far. He may be doing everything we tell him but only because he can't stop us. He'd go back to being the old Billy Ray in a heart beat if we let him. No, he's just embarrassed right now. When he has to make himself learn how to be a girl by thinking like one to keep his secret, now, that will be humiliating."

While Billy Ray's metamorphosis into a feminine girlie girl was going on, Mildred and Dana's relationship blossomed. Mildred had moved into the master bedroom and taken over all decision making in the household. Dana retreated into a comfortable submissive role and was content to let Mildred have her way in all matters.

To Be Continued

Part 4

"Oh man, I'm so glad this chastity device has finally stopped hurting me in the mornings. Now that I think about it, it hasn't hurt me for the past couple of days and I'm so frustrated. I need release but this thing hurts so much when I get even slightly hard down there. I thought I was going to rip it to pieces when Melody first started rubbing me down there but at least that isn't as painful as it used to be," Billy Ray thought rubbing the sleep from his eyes the dream still vivid in his mind.

He had dreamt of masturbating to a glorious explosion and finding the release he so badly needed. It had been so long ago since he had been able to do that. He dreamed of actually touching and stroking his member. He felt the velvet smoothness of the mushroom shaped head and the heat radiating from the shaft in his dream. The rush and pounding in his head as he spewed forth his seed were there. However there was absolutely no real feeling in his groin only a seepage of a mostly clear liquid.

He slid out of bed and stepped into the pink bunny slippers and quilted pink satin robe Melody had given him. As he drew his bath, he removed the thick blue night time mud pack and put a pink plastic shower cap over his rolled up hair. It wouldn't do to get it wet as it took forever to dry. For over a month he had been under strict guidance enduring hours and upon hours of intense feminine training. Performing a morning and evening toilet were natural to him now and required little thought.

In his bedroom he selected his lingerie for the day. That endeavor required even less thought as the primary criteria was that it had to be color coordinated. Deciding on just which lingerie needed took a bit of effort as that depended on what outer wear he selected. Today he was going to wear his sunshine yellow sun dress with the halter bodice. So his lingerie selection consisted of lemon nylon full cut panties, strapless bra and half slip with three inches of white floral lace on the hem. The thin cotton of the dress would become semi-transparent in the sun light so the slip was necessary. It was suppose to be hot today and he decided not to wear hose. The white leather strappy sandals with the three inch spiked heel would show off his coral pink toe nails

better without the hosiery. He didn't like going outside but lately the girls made him spend time walking in the backyard to get some color. His upper chest, arms and legs had a nice tan on them now but he hated the tan lines. Tan lines only a girl would have.

Dressed he sat at the vanity and removed the bristle rollers from his hair. His hair was a golden blonde and reached just below his shoulders. He brushed and teased it until he had the big bubble hair style Mildred insisted he keep. Sometime to embarrass him she had him put it up into pleated pig tails or a high pony tail but mostly she liked his big hair look. With his hair done he put on his day time makeup finishing up with a coral pink glossy lipstick and misting of a floral spicy perfume.

Going to the kitchen for breakfast Billy Ray still had qualms about his mother seeing him dressed this way. She never said a disapproving word about his mode of dressing. Dana only praised him for how pretty he looked. Her acceptance and approval really bothered him more than he cared to admit. Her approval meant that she was in on everything Mildred and Melody did to him. Often he wondered why his own mother would want to do this to him. She must know that he was all boy and hated what he was being forced to do. As usual she met him in the kitchen and gave him a brief hug and air kiss to the cheek before she went to work.

As soon as he finished his breakfast of cottage cheese, peaches and the two vitamins Mildred had him on, he began cleaning the kitchen. With the kitchen done, he went to make the beds and do some minor cleaning. He was bringing the dirty linens to the utility room when the door bell rang. It was Melody. She was wearing long white flare legged shorts, a powder pink with floral decorated baby doll blouse and white Kids. Billy Ray longed to be able to get back into shorts, a light weight top and Kids. For the past two weeks the girls insisted that he be in dresses or skirts and fancy blouses with heels all the time.

"Hey Petunia May sleep good last night," she said as their greeting kiss ended and she reached for his groin.

He slapped her hand away and stepped back out of reach. "Come on Melody, you know I hate it when you do that and yeah, I slept good not that you really care," he lying about how he slept. Actually he couldn't remember the last good night's sleep he had. Ever since Mildred started making him do all this weird stuff his nights were filled with nightmares or longings for sexual release.

"Where's Mildred?" she asked giggling at his response.

"Working on her computer," he answered picking up the pile of dirty linen and heading to the utility room.

When he came out of the utility room both Melody and Mildred were waiting for him. Melody handed him his big pink hobo purse. He looked from Melody to Mildred confused. His confusion didn't last long as Mildred said, "Petunia, fix your lipstick and let's go. We have an appointment at the Cut and Curl salon."

"Oh no, please I can't go out looking like this," he replied startled.

"Petunia, we've had this discussion before. Now freshen your lipstick and let's go or we'll be late," Mildred snapped letting him know from her tone that he had no choice.

As they were getting out of the car Mildred took pity on the obviously frightened cross dresser. "Just remember your lessons and voice training. You do that and no one will guess you are a boy under that pretty dress."

The light summer breeze and his swaying walk caused his light weight skirt to move

about his legs in a most disturbing way. Stepping up to the door to the salon an upward draft sent his skirt flying. He let out an involuntary “Eeek,” as he thrust his hands down to keep the skirt from exposing his panty covered round ass. Getting it under control he heard giggles coming from the two girls which made him blush.

Billy Ray had been to several of those salons that catered to both men and women but this one was different. It was obvious that this salon, rather beauty parlor, catered to women. Unlike those salons with their gender neutral decoration, these walls were painted powder pink with a white tiled floor. All the various posters hanging from the walls of different hair styles were strictly women. All the stylists that he could see were women, the air was filled with the aroma of permanent wave solutions and perfume.

They didn’t have a long wait before Maude, his stylist, came to get him. She was a tall plump matron about fifty plus years old. Her makeup was heavy and her black hair was obviously dyed and styled in a short bob. She was wearing black leather leggings and a loose pink nylon smock. She had eight inch gold hoops dangling from her ears and half a dozen thin metal bracelets on each wrist. A heady floral perfume surrounded her as she introduced herself.

“Come along dearie, my station is right over here,” she said leading the way.

Billy Ray hesitated only a moment as Mildred gave him a push and said they would be back in a few hours. “You...you’re not leaving me here?” he gasped.

“You don’t expect us to just sit around waiting do you? Go on, you’ll be fine. You’ve been reading your fashion and gossip magazines so you will have plenty to talk about. You have nothing to worry about. I told her exactly what I wanted done and all you have to do is cooperate with her,” Mildred replied.

Maude placed a lavender smock over him and lowered the chair. “Petunia, I’m going to wash your hair then we’ll bleach it like your aunt wants so just relax,” she said.

He hated what they had already done to his hair and what she said made him very tense. Maude was good at what she did and the way she massaged his scalp as she washed it did relax him some. She kept the conversation general as she worked and he found that he could respond without too much effort.

While he was under the dryer another woman came over and began giving him a manicure and pedicure. With the noise of the dryer he couldn’t hear what she said and was happy that he wouldn’t have to talk. Having his feet soaking in the warm foot bath was enjoyable but he tried to pull his hand back when he saw that she was putting two inch extension on his fingers. She just slapped his hand while shaking her head and continued working on his fingers. He breathed a sigh of relief when she trimmed and rounded them into neat ovals but they still extended a half inch past the end of his fingers. When she had finished he had a yellow varnish that matched his dress on his fingers and toes.

Back in Maude’s chair, she trimmed away the frayed ends but not much else. Next she began sectioning it, covering each small section in aluminum foil and applied a solution to it. Back to the dryer then back to Maude where the foil was removed and he was given another soothing wash. With his hair still wet she rolled it onto large pink rollers and put him back under the dryer. By this point Billy Ray was shell shocked from the experience. He didn’t get a close view but his hair was a very pale honey blond and streaked with bright almost neon pink highlights. He wanted to ball his hands into fists and pound the arms of the dryer chair but with the long nails couldn’t make a fist. All he could do was sit and grit his teeth in frustration. The girls arrived

just as Maude was finishing up on Billy Ray. She had styled it into a big bubble and lacquered it in place with a whole can of hairspray. As a finishing touch she had pinned a large yellow satin bow at the back of his head.

The girls couldn't stop gushing over how wonderful Billy Ray looked and heaped praise on Maude's capabilities. Maude was distracted by the girl's enthusiasm and didn't notice the shocked look on Billy Ray's face as he peered closely into the mirror.

"You know I haven't done a style like that since I first started in this business but I think it's a perfect fit for your darling Petunia," Maude replied to the happy women.

As Melody was asking Maude what she thought she could do for her hair, Mildred pulled Billy Ray close and whispered, "Put a happy face on and you had better tell Maude how much you just love what she did...make it enthusiastic, make it very happy."

"Happy? How can I be happy with what she did? I'm probably the only person with hair styled like this much less with these darn pink highlights. It's not Maude's fault. She only did what Mildred told her," he thought as he plastered a big fake smile on his face.

They stopped at a drug store on the way home to pick up some cans of hairspray. Modern girls didn't use it except for special occasions but Billy Ray would need it every day. While they were there they purchased some assorted hair bows. On the way out Melody spotted a large fluffy pink stuffed pig in the toy department and just had to get it for Billy Ray. Of course the stuffed animal didn't go into a bag and he carried it out tucked under his arm.

Ooo

Over the rest of the week he was kept busy doing his household chores. His new longer nails made a lot of his tasks much harder. Even dressing was a major hassle and it took him several days to learn how to use his fingers with those nails. When his chores were completed, Mildred or Melody sat with him while he read aloud in the soft breathy tone they wanted him to use from various romance novels. Whenever he lapsed back into his old voice Melody would grab his balls but Mildred preferred her hair brush as a reminder. Billy Ray seldom lapsed by this time and when he intentionally tried, found it becoming more and more difficult to find his old voice. After dinner while his mother and Mildred retired to the living room, he would go to his and practice makeup techniques or work on his hair.

Saturday he was dressed all in pink. Powder pink panties, bra and panty girdle for lingerie. Pale pink cotton pull over short cap sleeved shirt, bright butter cup pink short shorts. Like all his shorts they were very tight fitting. Thanks to the girdle his butt had a very feminine heart shape and his front was smooth. White nylon socks with pink lace frills and his pink Kids completed his dressing. When his mother saw him she cocked her eyebrow but didn't say anything about how he was dressed.

"Darling you...you look cute. I have to go into the office today. They're doing inventory but I'll be home early. Have a nice day dear," she said picking up her car keys.

Melody came over at ten a.m. and was delighted with what he wore. Soon thereafter, he found himself sitting in the back seat of the car as Mildred drove to the mall. He had whined and complained about going but Mildred grabbed him behind the neck and shoved him at the full length mirror.

"Does that look anything like Billy Ray? Go on, I'm sick and tired of your whining and

bitching. Take a good look! So stop your complaining and let's go," she yelled.

He was a bundle of nerves as she parked the car even though he had to admit that he made a very passable girl. He was led into the large anchor store which was on the other side of the mall from where they parked. Mildred did that for two reasons. One, she wanted to expose Billy Ray to as many people as possible and two, when he realized no one was paying him any special attention would relax. She didn't exactly achieve one of her objectives, he did get some special attention but it was primarily from other boys and young men. From the comments she overheard, she was more than pleased. It seemed like those young men loved "that one fine booty." She could tell Billy Ray heard those comments as well for his face was a hot pink.

At Macy's she took them up to the lingerie department. "Petunia sweetie, I have a surprise for you today and it might embarrass you but stay calm. If you panic or don't act excited, you will draw unwanted attention. Now smile," she admonished leading him over to the bras.

"How may I assist you ladies today," a middle aged sales clerk asked.

"Hi, I need my niece here to get properly measured for a bra," Mildred answered then lowering her voice added, "She's a little behind in the growth department but I think she's big enough to get a real bra. Anything you could do to give her a little help would be appreciated."

"Yes ma'am I'm qualified and will be more than happy to assist. Please if you all will follow me back to the changing room we can get started."

Billy Ray was mortified as he stood naked from the waist up as the woman placed a cloth measuring tape around his chest. As she took the measurements it seemed like his whole torso was blushing and his hands were trembling. The red indentions in his shoulders and around his chest from the too tight training bra were clearly visible

"Sweetie I know you can see those horrible red marks left by your training bra. That's a clear indication that you are wearing the wrong bra. Now there's no need to be embarrassed about getting measured for a proper fitting bra. With the right bra you won't have those red marks and your breasts will be supported and enhanced with a good bra. You know a lot of young ladies are slow to develop but what Mother Nature doesn't provide we here at Macy's can," the clerk said attempting to ease his anxiety.

Her comments made him blush all the harder if that were possible and the two girls almost burst out in laughter. They were having a very hard time concealing their glee at his discomfort. When the clerk left to select a variety of bras, their giggles burst forth.

"Oh Petunia you should see the look on your face. Come on chill, the worst is over. Now all you have to do is try on some nice bras," Mildred said.

"I got some great pictures on my cell. I'll show you when we get home," Melody added.

"Look all of us need to calm down before the clerk gets back. Petunia, take some deep breaths and relax. Melody stop that giggling and pull your self together," Mildred ordered.

Some how Billy Ray made it through the agonizing ordeal and didn't think the clerk figured out that he was really a boy. That thought bothered him as it brought conflicting emotions. On one hand he didn't want to be mistaken for a girl. He was all boy but on the other hand, he wasn't exposed either. If that clerk realized that he was a boy he would have been humiliated beyond endurance.

He left the lingerie department with eight satin seamless cup gel filled B-cup bras in various styles. Matching panties, high waist garter belts, slips and half slips had to be purchased as well. Of course they were the laciest and frilliest the girls could find. He was wearing the bright yellow with white lace trim push up bra and the bag contained two white, one black, one red, one baby blue and two pink bras. The clerk assured him that these bras would add one full cup size to his breasts. To him they seemed to make his chest stick out way too much for comfort. Plus with the added size they seemed to get in the way of his arm movements and when he looked down blocked his view. His mind didn't make the connection when the clerk told him the bra added one cup size that his own were a full A-cup.

His day wasn't over with the bra purchases. From lingerie they went to find him some more things to wear. It was embarrassing but not nearly as much as his bra experience. Billy Ray left Macy's the possessor of three pairs of leggings, one black stretch satin, one in pink satin and the third peach satin. Of course he had to have the proper tops to go with his legging and Melody chose mostly very frilly baby doll styles and others in a cami style. Billy Ray didn't mind the baby doll blouses as much as he did the skimpy cami blouses. Those blouses revealed way too much of his flesh to be anything but indecent to his mind.

Leaving Macy's they slowly walked down the corridor window shopping. Melody or Mildred would occasionally point out an outfit or accessory they thought would look good on Billy Ray. They wouldn't move on until he made a detailed reply why he either liked it or didn't. It was Mildred's way of testing his knowledge of what he had learned reading all those fashion magazines.

At a bridal and formal wear shop there was a gorgeous dress on display. The dress was an empire style with square neckline. The bodice was white satin with an overlay of powder pink floral lace which formed the elaborate puff short sleeves. The puff sleeves were about the size of soccer balls and supported with wire boning. The cuffs were three tiers of overlapping ruffled lace reaching to mid-upper arm. A wide bright pink satin sash tied into an elaborate bow in the back just below his bared shoulder blades. The full knee length skirt also had an overskirt of powder pink floral lace with a scalloped hem leaving three inches of white satin exposed. When asked whether or not he liked it, he responded that it was too juvenile but admitted it was stylish for an eight year old.

"Melody, isn't there a forth of July formal scheduled at the civic center? I thought I saw an announcement in the paper yesterday," Mildred said.

"Yeah, there is. Why? You know I never get invited to go to anything like that," she responded.

"That's a shame dear and we'll rectify it right now. Wouldn't you like to attend with your boyfriend? I'll be more than happy to pay."

"Would I? You don't even have to ask." Melody gleefully replied.

"Good, come along then and we'll get an appropriate dress for the occasion."

Billy Ray groaned as they went into the shop. "The last thing in the world I want is to be seen in public with her especially at a formal dance. My friends will have a field day giving me shit when they see us together," he thought.

"Hello, we saw that lovely formal gown in the window with the pink lace overlay. Do you have it in my niece's size?" Mildred said as a sales woman approached.

Billy Ray wasn't paying attention as they entered the store but hearing, "niece's size"

became instantly alert. "Did I hear her right? Did she say 'niece'? No, can't be. She doesn't expect me to wear that!" he thought with growing panic.

When they left the shop carrying two very large plastic clothing bags Billy Ray's face was still flushed scarlet. He was going to the formal dance wearing that hideous dress. At first he thought Mildred was just pulling his leg as the dress certainly wasn't cheap. She was just intending to embarrass him right? Stripping down to his lingerie was embarrassing and putting on the pink organza and tulle petticoat then the dress not quite as embarrassing, more on the feeling stupid side.

"Okay, you've had your fun. I feel like a complete idiot in this. Now can we please go to the car?" he said as he undressed in the changing room with Mildred helping.

"We still have some shopping to do sweetie but first we will have to go to the car," she replied with a smirk.

They did some more shopping purchasing several dresses, skirts and blouses. One stop was the shoe store to get him a pair of shoes that matched his formal. Mildred selected a pair of pink matte satin pointed toed pumps with a five inch stiletto heel and half inch platform sole. As they headed to the checkout, Mildred picked up a small white sequined covered clutch purse with a long gold chain strap and pink lace fingerless gloves with a frilled cuff.

They stopped at the crowded food court for lunch. They held their trays looking for a table without much luck until one opened up. Four young teenaged boys saw them and called them over saying they could have the table. The stares Billy Ray received from the boys made him cringe but what one said as he brushed past made him want to cry.

"Babe you got one hot ass and I'd love to give it a good squeeze," the boy said giving his butt a pinch making Billy Ray jump.

"Looks like Petunia has an admirer," Mildred giggled.

"If you hurry Petunia you can catch him and get his phone number. I think you'd make a really cute couple," Melody chipped in.

"Stop it! You know I'm not that way," he lashed out forgetting where he was. He looked around quickly and was happy no one seemed to be paying attention to him. Lowering his voice he added, "Look, please stop all this. I don't want to date any boys no matter how you dress me. Now can we go home please? I'm really tired."

The girls decided that Billy Ray had enough for one day and they headed home. All the way back to the house he was complaining about what they had done to him and how would he explain it to his mother. Mildred assured him that she would take care of his mother and not to worry. That comment only made him worry all the more.

"No telling what she's gonna say but I'm sure it will be some outrageous lie. What little I heard her say in the past always made it look like it was my idea. I hate what they have done to me," he thought.

Luckily his mother's car wasn't in the garage when they arrived. Melody went with him to his room to help remove the tags and put away his new clothing. She actually didn't help but sat on the edge of his bed making comments that kept a flush on his cheeks. She had him hold up each item as she mentioned how cute, how sexy or how lovely it was. She had him remove his pink shirt and shorts and put on the pink satin leggings and the white with pink rose bud decorated baby doll blouse. The blouse had short puffed sleeves trimmed in pink floral lace, a square neckline and the hem reached to mid-crotch level with two inches of pink floral lace trim.

Billy Ray wasn't all that pleased with the change but it was better than the short shorts and tight tee. The loose fitting blouse helped hide his enhanced bosom but the spandex satin leggings didn't feel right. The seam bit deeply into the crack of his ass separating and plumping them up while the crotch pulled tightly at the front. To make him feel even more self-conscious, she had him replace his pink lipstick with a vivid hot red. She had him put on the pink platform pumps saying that he needed to break them in before the dance next week.

With the clothing put away they went to the kitchen. Billy Ray was having some difficulty in his stilt heels. They forced him to take very small careful steps and his ankles threatened to give way. His mother and Mildred were having coffee when they entered. Dana's face dropped when she saw him but quickly recovered. The big hair style with its pink highlights was not as surprising as seeing her son walking in the towering heels.

"OMG! Mildred told me what he begged her to let him do but...but I don't think I could manage that well in those heels. He's more of a girl than I thought. I never imagined him in that hair style and going to a dance wearing a formal gown. Mildred was right as usual, this isn't just a passing fancy like I hoped," she thought.

Ooo

Billy Ray was dressed in his formal gown with full night time makeup. His neck was adorned with a beautiful pearl necklace and drop pearl earrings. His hair still styled in that old fashioned beehive had a wide pink satin ribbon separating his pin curled bangs. He was sitting waiting nervously wringing his pink lace gloved hands for Dana to call him to come meet his date. He was going to the July fourth formal at the civic center. There would be a lot of people there probably including some of his friends from school. Shivers of fear ran up and down his spine at the thought of meeting any of them. He stood and went over to the full length mirror for the tenth time.

"Do I really look like a girl? With this darn hair, heavy makeup and dress I think I do. A bit strange looking maybe but.....still....I don't have a choice in any case. If I don't go all those horrible photos will be posted and everybody will definitely know. If I go there is a chance someone I know will see through all this fluff and recognize me," he thought as he swayed his hips flaring the skirt.

"Petunia dear, your date is here," he heard as he studied his reflection.

"OMG! It's time already. Oh please let me get through this night without being discovered," he mumbled picking up his white clutch and checking its contents.

"Lipstick, mascara, compact, tissues, id, a few bucks, comb, extra bobby pins and tampon. Oh that is so gross but Mildred said it would help confirm my girlhood," he thought.

Entering the living room, Billy Ray stopped dead in his tracks. There was his date, Melody, wearing a blue tuxedo with white ruffled shirt, blue satin pleated cummerbund and matching suspenders. Her hair had been cut into a short wedge and she wasn't wearing any makeup or jewelry. There was nothing really feminine about her. She looked more like a gay young man dressed and looking the way she did.

"It certainly looks like Petunia's date has made an impression." Mildred remarked with a slight giggle.

"Just don't stand there dear come on in and say hello," Dana added.

Melody handed him a clear plastic box containing purple orchids. His mother stepped up to him, took the box and removing the corsage pinned it to the dress. She gave him

a hug and air kiss before stepping away.

“Now for the best part, you two step close and let me get some pictures,” Mildred announced.

He had some trouble managing his skirt and petticoats getting into Melody’s car. It was a pink VW Beetle and there was not that much room. The taffeta and tulle petticoat made a loud rustling sound as he tried his best to keep the skirt from wrinkling as he slid onto the seat. It was even more difficult getting out when she parked at the civic center to keep from exposing too much petticoat and leg.

Like a proper gentleman Melody put an arm around Billy Ray’s waist and escorted him to their table. As they walked to their table he kept his head down hoping that no one would recognize him until she whispered harshly into his ear.

“Petunia, hold your head up like you’re proud to be with me. Walk like you have been practicing and I better see a great big smile on your face.”

He tried to keep his head from turning as he scanned the crowd around them to see if he knew anyone. However as they approached their table he noticed Tommy Elliot and Tammy Wyatt and another older couple sitting there. The teens were from his school. They weren’t close friends but they did know him.

“Melody, please we have to get another table. I know those guys. I had a couple of classes with them,” he desperately whispered coming to a halt.

“Petunia I don’t know them and looking like we do, I doubt they will recognize either one of us. If they ask us about school tell them we go to Runnels, the public high school. Besides, this table is assigned to us on our tickets. Just remember to call me Mel tonight and remember you’re the girl,” she whispered back pulling him forward. To make it a bit easier for him Melody sat the closest to the teens putting Billy Ray next to the older woman.

After the introductions, Janice, the older woman commented on how precious Petunia looked. From his training and readings he knew that when a woman gave another woman a compliment it had to be returned telling her that her dress was gorgeous. Janice kept him engaged in conversation until the band began playing.

As the night went on Billy Ray became more comfortable. Melody kept him on the dance floor so he wasn’t stuck at the table with the others. With the loud music conversation at the table was limited but animated. At one point the older gentleman asked him to dance which he reluctantly did at Melody’s urging. As they moved around the dance floor he was happy that he had spent the past week practicing. He wasn’t much of a dancer to begin with but dancing backwards the first few times had been very awkward.

When the band went on break the older woman got up and invited the girls to go with her to the lady’s. Billy Ray felt the need but was hesitant. He didn’t relish going into a woman’s restroom. A slight poke in the ribs from Melody and he rose to go with Janice and Tammy. The queue in the bathroom was long and he found himself conversing Tammy for the first time. Being younger than Janice, she wanted to know about his relationship with Mel and whether or not they were doing it, what was his favorite band and where had he gotten such a rad hairdo.

By the time it was his turn to use the stall he was in real need and desperate to get away from Tammy. “How do girls do this?” his mind screamed as he pulled, tucked and removed his underwear just to sit to pee.

He was at the point of peeing on himself when he managed to sit without letting the

skirt or petticoat spill onto the floor. It took even more time readjusting everything when he finished. Stepping out of the cubicle he headed over to the sinks and makeup mirrors. Like all the other women and girls, after washing his hands, checked to make sure his hair was okay and reapplied his lipstick. Then he waited just outside for Janice and Tammy before going back to their table. When they got back to the table, Billy Ray only saw Mr. Hanson, Janice's husband. He stood as they approached and said the boys had gone to the bathroom then to pick up some more sodas.

"What? Melody couldn't possibly have gone into the men's room. He must be mistaken. She probably only went to get some sodas," he thought taking his seat and putting his small purse down on the table.

Back out on the dance floor he had to ask. "Yeah, sure I had to pee bad. No big deal. I just didn't use the urinal. Besides I'm the guy and had to keep up appearances," she laughingly replied.

Billy Ray was completely exhausted both mentally and physically when Melody said it was time to go. He was more than glad to bid the others goodbye and get out of there. His feet were killing him and getting out of those heels a major priority. He was so preoccupied about getting out of his heels and dress it took him by surprise when she stopped at a Motel 6. Before he could say anything she had jumped out of the car and headed into the office. She came back swinging a room key in her hand.

"What are you doing? We can do this! It's got to be illegal or something," he said in shocked panic as she got back into the car.

"Look sweetie, you owe me big time for destroying any chance I might have had to go to any school dances much less the formal. Because of you and your bullying friends no boy would ask me out so now you are going to start making it up to me," she angrily snapped.

The room looked frequently used but clean with a king sized bed. As Melody locked and latched the door she told him to start stripping. She went over to the small table by the curtained window, took off her jacket placing it over the back of the chair and sat staring at him the whole time.

"Come on get busy. I told you to strip. If you don't cooperate then I just might get up and leave your sorry ass here and you can find you own way home," she threatened.

"She would do it. The last thing I thought I wanted was to be naked in bed with her fat ass but dressed like this and having to find my way home? No I can't do that," he thought as he reached behind him to undo the floppy bow.

"Make it slow and sexy bitch," Melody said.

Gathering his courage he replied, "Melody what's the point. You know I got that darn thing on and can't do anything."

"Whatever made you think I wanted your pathetic little dick inside me? But you are the girl tonight and girls don't have dicks. Oh no, I have a much better idea of how you are going to please me and one of them is to do a slow sexy strip tease," she answered.

Billy Ray had seen enough porn to know how to do a sexy strip tease and it humiliated the hell out of him to have to do that. He was down to his lingerie when Melody stood up and began undressing. He fat round very white belly jiggled as she took the elastic bandage from around her small triangular breasts. Tossing the bandage onto the table she told him to keep his bra, waist cinch and hose on and get on the bed. Like a frightened puppy he did as he was told as she approached wearing just a pair of plaid boxer shorts.

She had left the side lamp on but even in the relative darkness Billy Ray could see more than he wanted. Fat girls no matter how pretty their face or big their busts never turned him on and Melody didn't have either of those. It would have been much better if the room was in total darkness. Then he could imagine being with someone else, someone much prettier.

Melody was a bit uncomfortable as she was a virgin but Mildred had given her some great advice. She knew he hated the way she looked but she was on a fabulous power trip that sent sparks of electricity radiating throughout her body. At the moment she didn't give a damn about how he felt. She immediately became the aggressor, kissing him passionately, pushing his bra up over his A-cup breasts, biting and sucking on the exposed nipples. Kissing his neck she had her first orgasm seeing the fresh hickie she had given him. Her second came as he was kissing and licking her big fat belly and a more powerful one when his tongue entered between her legs. She had several more orgasms as he paid homage to her neither regions until almost day light. Her biggest and final one came as he plunged his tongue into her ass hole. It was a night of sexual pleasure and power she would never forget and she had Mildred to thank for that.

What she didn't understand about her actions but Mildred was counting on was how hooked she would become on having her pussy worshiped or how much she would embrace that feeling of power. Having only bad experiences with boys and a virgin, it was her hope that Melody would embrace lesbianism enthusiastically.

A much humbled and ashamed Billy Ray got back into the VW shortly before noon. He was too exhausted and devastated by the night's events to even care who saw him still wearing a formal gown and smeared makeup. Melody had really done a number on him and there was very little macho much less man left.

To Be Continued

Part Five

Mildred and Dana were having coffee in the kitchen when Billy Ray came in blushing. Melody wouldn't leave until he had given her a deep kiss right out there in the open at the front door where any of the neighbors could see. The only things he wanted to do were get out of his clothing, take a hot bath and go to bed. The absolute last thing was to sit at the table with the two women and talk about his date.

"Darling you're home. Come in here and tell us all about your date last night. It must have been wonderful considering how you look this morning," his mother sang out with a laugh.

"Yes Petunia I can't wait to get all the gory details," Mildred added with a crooked smile.

"Yeah you bitch, like you don't already know. Melody was screaming your praise for most of the night," he thought as he stepped into the kitchen.

Turning his attention to his mother he said, "Look Mom if you don't mind I'm worn out. Please can't this wait until later? I promise I'll tell you everything then."

"Sure honey, you go ahead and get some rest. It can wait until this evening," she answered to his great relief.

"I hate this! I'm dead on my feet yet it took me almost two hours just to get ready for bed. By the time I got that damn dress off, took a bath, washed my hair then put in

rollers, I could barely keep my eyes open. When I was me all I had to do was pull off my pants and jump into bed. Now look at me. I hate this," he thought as he settled under the covers.

Mildred had gone out on an errand leaving Dana sitting on the couch leafing through a fashion magazine. She was wearing a pair of pale blue shorts and white sleeveless shell top. Her bright pink flip flops were on the floor and her feet propped up on the coffee table with a foam spreader bar between her toes. She was waiting for the varnish to dry on her toe nails. She looked the picture of calm relaxation but her mind was in turmoil.

Seeing her son coming home at mid-morning with hickies on his neck and his dress in disarray bothered her. What bothered her even more was how much he had changed over the last couple of months. Mildred had assured her that his exploration of his feminine side was probably temporary but after this morning she wasn't so sure. She was never good at making decisions and Mildred had stepped in to help her out. Mildred told her to just accept what Billy Ray was becoming but now she was having second thoughts. She found it hard to believe that she had misjudged her son for so long and that thought really bothered her. Dana had always believed that he was all boy but after this morning, had to accept that he was anything but that. He had become so convincing as a girl since school let out in early May that she had to accept that was who he really was. Dana didn't think anyone who didn't like what they were doing could have progressed so much and so quickly. She didn't particularly like it but with Melody as his steady girl friend indicated to her that he wasn't gay. That had been a relief but seeing how she had been dressed as a boy last night also made her uneasy. She wanted to talk to him but was afraid of the answers he might give her. In the end she couldn't make a decision, flipped the magazine away and began taking the separators from between her toes.

"I guess I will let Mildred continue to work with him. Thinking about Billy Ray just gives me a headache. At least he seems happy and I admit he has turned out to be a very good housekeeper and cook," she mumbled as she slid her feet into the flip flops.

With the dance over Billy Ray went out at least once a week as Melody's date. Each time he was dressed to impress a young man and each time she showed up dressed like one. Each date ended the same with him giving her oral pleasure. After their third date she introduced something new to her routine. Mildred had purchased a life like dildo that was designed for a lesbian. The flesh colored gel penis was six inches long and one and a half inches around. What made it special was the base. The base had a soft silicone brush device that rubbed over the clitoris and a round nub that just entered the vagina. Not long enough to break her maiden head but thick enough to stimulate and attached with a series of belts.

At first Melody was reluctant but Mildred assured her that she would love it and making Petunia suck it even more humiliating for him. Watching Billy Ray's bright pink glossy lips moving up and down that shaft plus the pleasure from the brush at the base made her scream in absolute satisfaction. She had never felt so sexually satisfied or powerful using that device on Petunia. She had to slap his face hard several times and threaten to release all her photos to get him to do that dastardly deed but he did. He tossed his cookies the first few times but now all she had to do was point to her crotch and he immediately began undoing her slacks.

Billy Ray for his part was absolutely disgusted with what Melody made him do and at himself for not resisting. Between Mildred's mental abuse, constant training, hormone treatments and Melody's sexual abuse he was completely broken. With each passing

date he was becoming more and more submissive. It was just so much easier to get it over with or comply that he stopped fighting.

The only sexual pleasure he received in return was her kissing and manipulating his budding breasts. Mostly she would unbutton his blouse or unzip his dress and force his bra up before turning her attention to his exposed feminine mounds. She had heard from her girlfriends how much they hated it when their boyfriends didn't unhook their bras and delighted in turning the tables on Petunia. If she hadn't been so rough sucking and biting on his tender nipples it might have been enjoyable. A surprising after effect of her rough treatment was the pleasure emanating from his nipples as they rubbed against the soft lining of his bras. It was both a pleasure yet at the same time heightened his sexual frustration. He couldn't remember the last time he actually ejaculated and felt the glorious rush of cumming.

Ooo

Mildred sat on the sofa enjoying her evening single malt scotch. She was wearing cotton men's pajamas in a blue pinstripe pattern with her other arm draped over Dana's shoulders. They were watching a romantic comedy on the DVD player. She put her drink down and pressed the pause button.

"Dana darling we need to talk about Petunia. Oh, it's nothing serious but I wanted to run an idea by you. Petunia has a bad school record and barely passed into her senior year. With her record she would never get into any college. Now given her drastic change over the summer I think it would be best if we pulled her out of school this year. I have a good friend and mentioned our predicament and taking her out of classes. She's a very accepting woman and was willing to give Petunia a job. It only pays minimum wage and no real benefits but our little darling would be accepted as the young woman she seems hell bent on becoming. Plus having a job will get her out of the house and associating with people. She spends entirely too much time inside and that can't be good. Being around other young people will help her blend in as Petunia and not be afraid of detection. You do want her to be accepted as the young woman she appears to be, don't you? She won't like the idea of course, well not at first, but it's for the best. Good, you agree so if she comes to you and tries to get out of it make sure you tell her it's for her own good and you support my decision one hundred percent. Where will she be working? Oh the Kiddy Day Care. We don't want to start her off where there are too many adults. We need to do this slowly."

Ooo

It was mid-August and school would be starting next week and Billy Ray was getting very antsy. He had been waiting for Mildred to tell him he could have his boy clothing back and get a real haircut but she hadn't picked up on any of his hints. With only a week to go, he couldn't wait any longer and flat out asked her for his boy clothing.

"What? You want your boy clothes back? Petunia don't be ridiculous and what could have possibly made you ask such a dumb question?" she laughingly replied.

"Eeerrrrr, school...school is starting up next week and....and I can't go there looking like this. I....I need a real haircut and my pants back," he sputtered shocked by her response.

"Petunia I thought we had settled this already. Billy Ray is gone for good and Petunia May is here to stay! As far as school, you can forget that. I've informed your school that you are dropping out. Your grades weren't that great to begin with and you turned eighteen last week. No, I've gotten you a job instead at the Kiddy Day Care over on Berkley. It's close enough so you can walk and the work doesn't take a brain surgeon.

I think changing messy diapers and wiping runny noses will be a great experience for you. You start next Monday morning at five a.m. and work until three five days a week. I've already talked this over with your mother and she fully agrees. So it won't do you any good to go crying to her. All we need to do is go over there and do some paperwork before then. I'll take you there tomorrow afternoon. Won't that be lovely?" she stated then turning went back to her work leaving him standing with his mouth open in disbelief.

"She got me a job changing messy diapers at the Kiddy Day Care? She can't be serious. Like I would ever want to do that! I don't know what she told Mom but I'm not going to let her get away with pulling me out of classes. I've got to set Mom straight and end all this bull shit. I want my pants back," he thought as a few tears dripped down his cheeks.

He reached up carefully wiping the tears from his cheeks. "I'm crying again...oh man, now I've got to check my makeup. I never cry. Boys don't cry....but I can't seem to stop," he mumbled.

He was in the kitchen preparing the evening meal when Dana walked in from work. Billy Ray quickly checked to make sure Mildred wasn't near and began begging his mother not to pull him from class and make him take that horrible job. When she soundly rebuffed his pleas he half expected it and went to his plan B.

"Look Mom, if you're pulling me from school then at least let me find my own job. I don't want to work at that place, please."

"Darling where would you find a job that would accept you? I mean look at how you are dressed and act. Don't get me wrong, you do make a wonderful, pretty daughter and I'm proud of you. However you would first have to legally change your name and get a new social security card before anyone would hire you. Mildred went to a lot of trouble getting you this job. No, you will start there Monday. If you want to legally change your name, we can start the process and when it's done, you can find your own job dear. That is unless you want people to know who you really are. No, I didn't think so. Now I don't want to hear another word and I need to get into something more comfortable," she answered.

"Change my name? Get a new Social Security card? I can't do that. I won't be me any more if I do something like that. I'm stuck at that stupid day care place for sure now," he thought with a small tear forming in his right eye.

Ooo

Emma Gonzalez owned the chain of five Kiddy Day Cares and had known Mildred back when they went to college. They had a good thing going until Dana entered the picture. She hadn't seen Mildred in years and when she suddenly appeared was pleasantly surprised. Emma had been devastated when Mildred left her but now she had her own life partner and quite happy with the arrangement. She still harbored some resentment toward Dana for that breakup. So when Mildred explained what she had done to Dana's son was more than happy to help.

When Mildred explained her long term plans for the boy Emma became even more agreeable. Her life partner had a nephew who was gay but being Latino had to be seen as macho as possible. Having a girlfriend like Petunia would solve a lot of Ramon's problems. Mildred was more than happy to hear that and wholeheartedly agreed.

"This has turned out even better than I could have ever hoped. Making Dana's brat enter into a gay relationship with a macho Latino....Oh my, what a wonderful idea. Serve him right for all those derogatory comments about lesbians and gays he's made

since I got here. Emma assured me he would be spending most of his time changing diapers. Oh how he will hate all this but powerless to stop any of it. He's in way too deep to get himself out of it now. Between the hormones, training and discipline even if I let him have his old clothing back, he'd never pass as a real man. Plus with him dating Ramon I will have a chance to console Melody. I would love to be the one to take her cherry," she thought leaving Emma's office.

Ooo

Billy Ray was nervous as a cat walking past a dog house as he stood on the sidewalk in front of his house. It was four thirty in the morning and much too early for a young girl to be walking the streets. Arrangements were made for a young man named Ramon to pick him up each morning and take him to the Kiddy Day Care. He was wearing the required uniform of bright pink nylon smock, straight above the knee black skirt, white support hose and white gum soled shoes. Mz. Gonzales had given him a stack of forms to fill out and told him to report to Mrs. Nathan on Monday morning. She assured him that only Mrs. Nathan would know his true identity but that didn't ease his misgivings.

He was seriously considering running back inside when a battered red Crown Victoria pulled up to the curb. The passenger door swung open with a loud screech of metal rubbing on metal and he saw a young Hispanic smiling at him.

"You must be Petunia. Come on get it. I'm Ramon," he said sliding back into the driver's seat.

Ramon was wearing tight blue jeans and white undershirt. His head was shaved except for a long braided pony tail low on the back of his head. His muscled arms and chest were covered in tattoos. When he smiled two gold teeth sparkled at the top center of his mouth. His nose had been broken but otherwise he was handsome and well built. It was obvious that he worked out regularly.

Billy Ray was scared seeing what appeared to be a Latin gang member telling him to get into the car. Not only was Ramon intimidating but everything he wasn't. Ramon's masculinity was almost overpowering for the feminized boy. With a shudder, Billy Ray got into the car doing his best to keep a smile on his face.

"OMG! If he even suspects that I'm a guy I'll be dead long before I could explain this," he thought.

"Come on Chica slide over here next to me. I won't bite," Ramon said as Billy shut the door.

He didn't want to get any closer but he didn't want Ramon to suspect anything either. He looked over at Ramon seeing an ear to ear grin and a commanding look in his eyes, decided to move just a bit closer. As he slid over Ramon reached out with his arm, wrapped it around his shoulders and pulled him up right beside him.

"Now that's much better Chica," he said putting the car into drive.

It was a very uncomfortable ride for Billy Ray but fortunately a short one. Other than pulling him in close, Ramon didn't try anything else. The conversation was general, mainly about Petunia working at the Kiddy Day Care. When they arrived, Ramon leaned across Billy Ray and flipped open the door latch. Sitting back up he smiled and said he would pick him up in the morning unless he wanted a ride home. Billy said thank you but no thank you to the ride home. Just being with Ramon for those few minutes and breathing in his powerful manly scent was more than enough for Billy Ray.

“OMG! The nerve of that guy! He leaned right into my boobies on purpose when he opened the door. He gives me the creeps. I’ve got to find another way to work in the mornings,” he thought as he entered the Kiddy Day Care.

Mrs. Nelson was a nice looking older woman and manager of this branch. She introduced him to Linda and Natasha who would be his co-workers. Linda was a Latino and mother of five, two of which were there at Kiddy Care and seemed very nice. Natasha was a young girl of color and struck Billy Ray as a bully. Once Mrs. Nelson was sure Petunia could change a diaper and clean the baby correctly, she put Natasha in charge of his further training. Being the “new girl” Natasha made sure Billy Ray got all the messy diaper changes and crud work no one ever likes to do. Billy Ray had never been so happy to go home which was something he thought would never happen. The smell of tending messy diapers, baby spit up and cleaning solutions clung to him as he walked home. He was tired and couldn’t wait to get into a hot bath.

He was headed to the bathroom when Mildred stopped him. “So sweetie how was your first day working a real job? From the smell I would guess that you were up to your elbows in diapers,” she said condescendingly.

“Please I don’t want to talk about it now. All I want is a hot bath to see if I can get this smell off me,” he replied almost in tears.

“Okay sweetie but I’ll be back in a few minutes. It’s time I cleaned your little device.”

“Crap! With all that’s been happening I forgot about that thing. Maybe I can convince her to keep it off. I can’t remember the last time I felt anything down there,” he mumbled.

Billy Ray had just finished dusting with his scented talc when Mildred entered the bathroom without knocking. A small golden key and something else swung from a chain on one hand and the other held a small rectangular box. She walked over and sat on the commode lid telling him to stand with his legs spread in front of her. The golden key unlocked the device and the other tool freed the sharp teeth inserts. With the device removed, she grabbed his small penis and examined the area. Smiling with satisfaction, she handed it to him and told him to soak it in alcohol then wash with soap and water.

“I can’t believe it but his penis is half the size it was when I put that thing on him. The instructions did say that with long term use the penis would shrink and become none functional. I wonder if I move those barbs in closer and combined with the hormones just how small I can make it. Wouldn’t it be a hoot if only that round head was left,” she thought.

Billy Ray hadn’t seen his privates in ages and wanted to reach down and fondle it but didn’t get a chance. He looked down but his small breasts got in the way. He hoped to get a glimpse when he turned after cleaning the device in the bathroom mirror but it was fogged over. Despite his begging she quickly reattached it after moving the barbs into the closest notch to the base of his groin. Almost as quickly he grasped his groin and moaned in pain.

“If you keep having nasty thoughts you will be in considerable pain. I suggest you think only nice thoughts to stop the pain. I told you before, you have a filthy dirty little mind and that I was going to cure you of that. From your reaction, I guess you still need motivation and that device will give you that,” she sneered.

Later over dinner he screwed up his courage and brought up the subject of Ramon taking him to work in the mornings. His mother seemed to consider taking him for a moment then shook her head.

“Darling I would like to help you out but I don’t have to be in the office until nine. My day is hard enough without getting up that early to take you. Maybe...,” she started to say when Mildred interrupted.

“Petunia how can you be so insensitive! Your Mother works hard and under a lot of stress yet you want her to get up almost five hours before she has too? Well, that’s just totally inconsiderate and Ramon is a nice young man. You will ride with him every morning and not only that, you will be real nice to him, understand? He’s going out of his way to help you and all you can do is sit there and complain. I don’t want to hear any more. Now finish your dinner,” she angrily snapped.

Ooo

With his new job Billy Ray had to go to bed no later than nine o’clock which meant he started his nightly beauty regiment no later than seven thirty. He wanted to stop brushing his hair one hundred times but Mildred insisted he keep to his rituals. As a result he got at best only six hours of sleep each work night. He felt lucky when Mildred let him get a thirty minute nap after he cleaned up after work. By the time he had the day off, all he wanted to do was sleep but that wasn’t allowed. Saturday he had to do all the chores he hadn’t gotten around to during the week. He was allowed an extra two hours of sleep on Sunday but still responsible for making the evening meal. He wasn’t left idle on Sundays as Mildred made him continue working on his department, voice and reading.

Melody of course wasn’t happy about Billy Ray working and the strict limits it put on his free time. She had gotten too much pleasure when they were together and it really pissed her off. His first Saturday off couldn’t come soon enough for her and when it did, she had decided to punish him for taking that job. Instead of going to the movies she took him to a tattoo parlor in a seedy part of town.

Mildred had chosen his clothing for that date. The lingerie consisted of black push up bra, garter belt, bikini cut panties and lace welted hose. A simple yellow cotton flirty crop top that left most of his midsection bare and a mid-knee length gray, green and black plaid pleated flare skirt completed his dressing. When he asked her why she selected that outfit, she replied that she thought it would look cute on him. She of course knew what Melody had planned and wanted to make sure he wouldn’t have to undress.

When his date arrived Billy Ray was only slightly surprised. She was wearing black men’s slacks, white cotton men’s button down collared shirt and a grey sport’s coat. Nothing unusual for their dates but it was the prominent bulge at her crotch that caught him off guard. Melody looked like a horny fat dude with her hair slicked back and no makeup.

When she parked in front of the tattoo parlor he complained but his objection was half hearted. A hard squeeze to his groin stopped any further resistance. He walked out of the parlor with a tramp stamp and belly ring. Running three inches up the small of his back was a pair of intertwined pink roses. Horizontally across the hips was a complex and colorful interwoven floral pattern. The design was such that when looked at from a distance it appeared to be a male figure lying on his back with the roses forming a big dick. The belly ring was a simple gold hoop with a small ruby encrusted letter “M” attached. After that date Billy Ray wasn’t sure who he hated the most Mildred or Melody.

Ooo

Mildred sat at her in-home workstation staring blankly at the monitor. She was a

programmer and worked from wherever she wanted. She was very good at her job but today her mind was elsewhere. She was alone. Dana and Billy Ray were both at work and Melody in school. Except for an occasional house noise the place was silent as a tomb. Today she was distracted by thoughts of Melody and Billy Ray.

“Petunia has been working for a month at that day care center and has yet to go out with Ramon. I know he has been asking him out for the past several weeks but he keeps refusing. I’ve got to figure out a way to make him accept Ramon as his new boyfriend. After what Melody did to him a few weeks ago he has refused to go out with her as well. I don’t mind that as it fits into my plans but I need him out of the way and dating Ramon will do that. Plus I know just how much he will hate doing that as he doesn’t have a gay bone in his body,” she paused as the monitor flickered “Complete” and she closed the app before returning to her thoughts.

“The hormones are really starting to kick in now. His body easily passes for a young teen girl with B-cup breasts and a nice tight ass. His dick has practically disappeared and his emotions are all over the place. I believe he knows he’s gone too far to ever go back to being a real boy but that little snit still refuses to accept it. The only way I’m going to be able to fully break him is to make him enter into a gay relationship and Ramon is perfect for that. He’s all macho on the outside but is totally gay and accepting of a feminized boyfriend. A gay man like that is very hard to find. Most of them prefer other manly men and totally turned off by truly feminine boys.

I need him out of the house permanently so I can have Dana all to myself and Melody on the side. She said she wanted to talk to me today after school and I think she is ripe for a relationship now. Since that Fourth of July dance she has come a long way. She dresses and acts like a boy even wearing that strap on all the time. At first she wasn’t all that agreeable but has really gotten into it. It is a real power trip for her and dating Billy Ray did what needed to be done. According to her Petunia is a great cock sucker. He never would have consented to doing that with a real man but a girl dressed like one worked. Making him go down on a man shouldn’t be that difficult now. Oh, he’ll refuse but subconsciously he’ll accept it. After Ramon forces him to do it once, he’ll become just another submissive cock sucker thanks to Melody’s training.

She is really pissed that Billy Ray won’t go out with her anymore. I had a hard time convincing her not to post those photos. Even if she did post them I don’t think anyone would care. He hasn’t seen or talked to any of his old friends since summer started and he’s no longer going to school. They’re still good as blackmail but that won’t last much longer. That’s why I need Ramon to get involved. Better give him a call and have him come by tomorrow after Petunia gets home so he can ask her out. With me there Petunia won’t be able to refuse.

I promised Melody we’d talk about it today so Ramon will have to wait until tomorrow. I think Melody is ready to become a full time lesbian. I’ll pretend to be sympathetic, then with a little cuddling and foreplay, see how far I can take it. I wonder how much of a power trip she will get from using that dildo on a real woman?” her thoughts were interrupted when she heard Petunia enter the house.

“Gosh, is it that time already? Melody will be here soon so better keep him out of the way. I’ll tell him to take a long nap, that should do it,” she thought getting up from the workstation.

Mildred rose carefully from her bed as she didn’t want to wake Melody. She threw on her blue terry bathrobe and stepped into the bath after checking to make sure Billy Ray was still asleep. She quickly cleaned herself up and with a broad smile on her lips went back to her room. It was almost time for Dana to get home and time for Melody to

go home.

“I can’t believe how well that went. She resisted some but when she found out I was being the submissive one got into it. I let her get away with a lot of stuff I usually don’t allow but being the bottom for a change wasn’t so bad. I was surprised at how flat her breasts were but nothing a couple of good implants can’t solve. Once I have her under my control I’ll put her on a diet and exercise program too. I’ll let her continue to think I’m the little girl in the relationship until next time. When I show her what dominant really means and bust her cherry, she’ll do just fine. Once we get rid of Petunia I’ll have her move into his room then I will have the family I always wanted,” she thought bending over to kiss Melody on the lips.

As Melody opened her eyes, she smiled up at the woman sitting beside the bed. “Oh Millie I must have drifted off for a minute or two. What time is it? We still have some time left don’t we?” she asked.

“Not much my darling. Dana will be home soon and we don’t want to let her see us like this,” she replied bending down to kiss her more passionately this time.

When Melody left a short time later Mildred called Ramon. “Ramon, yes it’s me. I want you over here no later than four tomorrow afternoon. No, I don’t care what you have planned. Just get your ass over here if you ever want to make Petunia your girl. I want you to ask Petunia out on a date for this Saturday night. Don’t worry I’ll make sure she says yes. Now listen carefully and I’ll tell you what I want you to do on that date. Believe me you will like what I have to say.”

Ooo

Billy Ray wasn’t happy not in the least as he went to the bathroom to get ready for his date. He wasn’t gay nor did he like Ramon. Ramon scared him and until Mildred stepped in had avoided going out with him. Earlier in the week when he had just finished cleaning up from work he came over. He didn’t know what to think when Mildred called him into the kitchen and there he was. He was sitting at the kitchen table drinking a cold beer with Mildred standing nearby putting some flowers into a vase.

“Wha....what are you doing here?” Billy Ray gasped in surprise.

“Hey Chica I’m here to ask you out on a date for Saturday night. I even brought you some flowers. See Senora Mildred, she is putting them into that vase. Aint it romantic, Ramon is a very romantic guy and I figured once you saw that, you’d go out with me,” he answered.

“Well you figured wrong and like I told you before, I will not go out with you,” Billy Ray replied somewhat angrily.

“Petunia May is that any way to talk to this nice gentleman when he has brought you flowers? Now put a smile on that face and tell him you will be very happy to go out with him this weekend,” Mildred snapped.

Seeing the look in her eyes and knowing by experience that he didn’t want her mad, nodded his head. Forcing a smile, he turned his attention back to Ramon. “Su...sure I’ll...I’ll be glad to go out with you this Saturday,” he dutifully replied. While thinking, “I can think of a million other things I would rather do than go out with this Spic. He scares me and if he even thinks that I’m a guy will slit my throat.”

“Great Chica, I’ll pick you up at seven,” he said getting up and leaving.

“I hate it when he calls me that,” Billy Ray said turning to go back to his room.

“Calls you what?” Mildred asked.

“Chica, I’m not some dumb Latino girlfriend of his and don’t intend to become one. Why did you make me go out with him anyway?”

“He seems nice, he brought you flowers and seems to really like you sweetie. He even picks you up every morning to take you to work and doesn’t ask for gas money. That alone is reason enough for you to go out with him. Besides ever since you broke up with Melody, you haven’t gone anywhere and being cooped up isn’t good for you. Now scoot and finish putting on your makeup and get back down here. You have dinner to get on the table.”

He had dreaded this date all that week and now he had no choice but to go out with him. Back in his room Mildred had laid out his outfit for the night. The white tunic dress had a sexy square cut neckline in both the front and back. It was mid-knee length and would show off his long, toned legs. To go with the dress she had selected bright red lacy lingerie. A very lacy pair of tap panties with two inches of floral lace trim, an elaborately embroidered garter belt with red satin bows covering the six tabs and balconet bra lay beside the dress on his bed. A package of new red hosiery with lace welts and his four inch spike heeled red satin pumps would complete his dressing.

“OMG! She can’t expect me to wear this on a first date much less with Ramon. He’ll be able to see my lingerie right through that darn dress and the bra straps will show. I can’t wear this,” he thought picking up the dress.

As he tossed the dress back onto the bed Mildred walked in. She knew he wouldn’t want to wear what she put out for him and had to nip any objections quickly. It only took three swats of her hair brush to get him to agree. She stood there with her arms folded underneath her breasts as he put on his lingerie. With his lingerie on she helped him put on his makeup and style his hair. She made him go for a dramatic night time look and painted his lips in a vibrant very glossy red. His eyelids were brushed to give the appearance of peacock feathers using blues, greens, purples and a hint of black. His hair was brushed and teased into a full bubble style and set with lots of hairspray. A broad stiff red satin ribbon bow separated the bangs.

With his makeup and hair done, she had him put on his Tabu perfume before the dress. Large red plastic hoops were inserted into his lower lobes and a red beaded necklace placed around his thin neck. A matching beaded bracelet went on his right hand and a feminine watch on his left. Stepping into the pumps she handed him a red sequined clutch purse with a thin gold chain strap. When he opened the purse to put his makeup in he noticed several colored condoms and a tampon. Glancing up at Mildred with a bewildered look asked her what they were doing in his purse.

“A girl can never be too careful sweetie especially in your case,” she replied with a smirk.

“What do you mean by ‘in my case’?” he fearfully asked.

“Well Petunia, you don’t want Ramon discovering your secret and if he were to let’s say, get frisky, you need to be prepared,” she replied with a big grin.

“Well I won’t let him get frisky and I’m not gay no matter what you’ve made me look and act like,” he sullenly said.

“All I’m saying is that it doesn’t hurt to be prepared. He should be here any minute and I’ll call you when he gets here. Now don’t get your panties in a bunch and count to sixty before you come down,” she answered leaving the room.

Billy Ray was feeling very mixed emotions as he waited. He was scared to death of the implications Mildred had made. He was also feeling frustrated and angry that he didn't have the guts to refuse her demands. Nervously he walked over to the full length mirror to re-check his appearance. Just like he had thought, you could see the red tint of his lingerie under the thin fabric of the dress. It was early September and it was still warm out and he wouldn't be able to cover up with a sweater or jacket. He had to admit except for the outdated hairdo that he looked hot. It was not a look he either wanted or desired especially for his date tonight. Billy Ray knew he was going to have his hands full keeping Ramon at a respectable distance.

To Be Continued

Part Six

"Petunia your date is here," he heard his mother call.

Those few words sent a shiver of dread up his spine. He counted to sixty like he had been told and slowly rose from his vanity bench. Casting a quick glance at his reflected image to make sure everything was in place and he didn't have lipstick on his teeth, went to meet his fate.

"I don't want to do this. I don't want to do this," kept repeating in his mind as he approached the living room.

Ramon was standing by the mantle wearing a blue polyester suit right out of the disco era. The jacket was open with wide lapels revealing a half buttoned multi-colored nylon shirt and a very hairy muscled chest. Several gold chains hung from his neck and his thick black hair slicked back. He was smiling from ear to ear as Billy Ray made his entrance.

"Wow Chica you look beautiful," he gushed as his eyes scanned the feminine image before him.

"OMG! Who dresses like that anymore," was Billy's first thought as he managed to put a small smile on his lips. "Oh man, I really don't want to go out with this guy. He looks like someone right out of 'Grease.' Mildred is staring daggers at me and I better do as she said. This is so embarrassing," he thought moving towards his date.

"Than...thank you Ramon..errr...you...you look nice too," he managed to stammer reaching his side.

He could see Mildred making a nodding motion with her head off to the side. "Might as well get this over with," he thought bending slightly to kiss Ramon's cheek.

Instead of the kiss to the cheek Ramon turned his head, grabbed Billy Ray around the waist and pulled him in for a deep lip to lip, tongue to tongue kiss that left Billy gasping. The kiss was brief but seemed to last an hour to Billy. Just before he managed to pull back, he was blinded by a flash. Stepping away from a grinning Ramon, he saw Mildred holding her digital camera.

"He kissed me! On the lips! I think I'm gonna be sick. Crud, she took another picture when he was kissing me. Oh why didn't I have the balls to tell her where to go with this date thing?" Billy Ray thought in horror.

Billy Ray wasn't the only one to gasp at the kiss. Dana was as surprised as Billy had been. "Oh my, I can't believe it. My baby is actually kissing that boy on the lips. I

didn't think he was....was that way. Dating Melody was one thing but this....oh this is too much but Mildred warned me. I guess his dressing and acting like my daughter isn't some passing fancy. He's mine though and I will accept him for who he is no matter what. It's just so unsettling," she thought.

"Come on Chica we gotta go," Ramon said snapping Billy Ray and his mother out of their thoughts.

"Ye...yes, you two go ahead. Petunia dear, you need to repair your lipstick before you go," his mother stated handing Ramon a tissue before continuing, "You hav...have my dau...daughter's lipstick....," she didn't finish as still grinning from ear to ear he wiped away the smear.

After they were gone Dana turned to a smiling Mildred and sadly said, "I can't believe my...my son actually kissed that boy. I always thought he was straight but now....I find it unsettling. Yes, I know you've told me at least one hundred times how much he wants to be a girl but I didn't think. I mean, he's had so many girlfriends and acted so tough. Seeing him kiss that boy was a shock."

"Seeing that great big smile on Ramon's face tells me that Petunia will be getting more than a kiss. Don't worry your pretty little head Dana, he..I mean she's a big girl now. Being gay isn't all that bad as you should know," Mildred replied stepping up and giving her a light peck on the lips. "Come on, we have the house to ourselves and let's take advantage of it."

Ooo

Melody stared out the window watching Ramon help Petunia into the car. "Damn it! I wanted that little perv all to myself. I know he said he never wanted to go out with me again after that last date but shit, he's mine. Doing it with Mildred was fun but...not nearly as much as how Petunia makes me feel. I'm gonna have to do something about this. Just thinking about him quivering under me as I pound his ass sends hot flashes up and down my spine. What a power trip and I want that feeling again. I don't get anything like that with Millie. No, I'm going to have a talk with her first thing in the morning. She better let me have him again or....or I'll tell his mom what's really going on," she mused.

Ooo

"Where are we going?" Billy Ray asked as Ramon got behind the wheel.

"To a big party, my prima..err..cousin Estansia is celebrating her fifteenth birthday. It's a big deal as it means she is now a woman. My best amigo Raul has been waiting for this so he can make her his wife." He replied.

"Wha...what? You can't be serious, getting married at only fifteen?" he replied his shock.

"Si, it is common to get married that young but they will wait a year. Besides they in love. You gonna love me like that Chica," he said starting the car.

It was indeed a big party with at least fifty to sixty people. A Mariachi band was playing and tables were laden with food. The beer and tequila flowed freely and everyone seemed to be having a wonderful time. Estansia was wearing a beautiful lavender layered lace gown almost like a wedding dress. Her dark tresses were piled up on her head and a beautiful intricately detailed lace Mantilla was draped across her bared smooth brown shoulders. The full skirts were held out by several bright plum organza and tulle petticoats and the rounded neckline revealed enticing full breasts.

As Billy Ray looked around, he was surprised to note that besides the honoree, he was the best dressed “female” at the gathering and the only Anglo. The other girls at the party were dressed primarily in skin tight stretch jeans or Capri’s, frilly blouses and wearing sky scraper heels. The men were mostly in dirty looking jeans and undershirts with bandanas on their heads. All the men and a lot of the ladies had numerous tattoos covering their arms, necks, chests and backs. He was surprised to see that most of the girls had letters in black ink etched into the first knuckle of every finger. He thought those tattoos were very unflattering and wondered why they had done it. Otherwise what tattoos they had were very colorful.

He was introduced as Ramon’s Chica which Billy Ray found disconcerting. He didn’t like how the men looked at him when he was introduced but the other girls seemed nice. Estansia seemed to like him and pulled him away from Ramon to sit with her and her friends. Estansia spoke pretty good English but most of the other girls didn’t. After a few beers he loosened up but his conversation was limited for obvious reasons. Estansia wanted to know all about how he met and became Ramon’s chica. When he replied she translated for the other girls benefit. Most of them just giggled the way girls do. What Billy Ray didn’t know was that his basically none committal responses were greatly embellished by Estansia. He wasn’t all that comfortable sitting among a bunch of giggling girls but it was far better than being stuck with Ramon. He didn’t understand ninety-nine percent of what was being said so he sat sipping on a beer and tequila smiling and occasionally nodding his head.

He was getting a really good buzz going from all the beer and tequila when Ramon pulled him from his seat. Billy Ray didn’t realize just how drunk he was until he was standing. The ground seemed to be spinning and he reached out to grasp something to hold on to. His outstretched hands hit Ramon’s chest and slid up around his neck. Before he could react, he was pulled into a tight embrace and given a sloppy wet tongue kiss. He could feel Ramon’s hands kneading his ass cheeks and a very hard dick pressing against his groin. As if from afar he could hear loud cheering and girlish laughter coming from the table. When the kiss broke Billy Ray was left gasping and still pressed against Ramon’s hard body. He managed to pull Ramon’s hands away from his ass but the effort made him dizzy. He sat ungracefully back into his chair letting the hem of his skirt rise to expose the red floral lace trim on his tap panties. He blushed scarlet as a number of wolf whistles and laughter broke out all around him.

“Oooohhh, girlfriend that must have been one fantastic kiss!” he heard Estansia say gleefully.

Billy Ray was too stunned to say or do anything other than pull frantically down on the hem of his dress. As he was doing that Ramon leaned down and kissed his neck hard before leaving.

“Chica I gotta go with my homies but I’ll be back soon,” he said licking the side of Billy Ray’s neck that he had just kissed leaving a dripping track of saliva.

“Petunia that was some bad ass kiss. I think Ramon loves you and that’s gonna leave a big hickie by tomorrow,” Estansia laughed as he wiped at his neck with a tissue.

To calm his shaking nerves and get the taste of Ramon out of his mouth Billy Ray did three quick tequila shots followed by a beer chaser. His protestations about not liking or wanting that kiss were completely dismissed by Estansia. Her translation to the other girls would have really upset him if he had known she had told them that only someone in love could kiss like that. Trying to get Estansia to talk about something else besides Ramon he asked her why she had tattooed letters on her knuckles.

“Oh these, it’s how you say traditional. When we find our man, we tattoo his name on our knuckles. See R, A, U, L on my left hand closest to my heart. Raul Longoria is my man and I want the whole world to know it,” she answered with a big glowing smile.

“Yeah, but what if...errr...what if you break up? Isn’t that kind of permanent?” he asked.

“He wouldn’t dare. He promised to be my man and we’ll be married. If he did that I would cut off his cajones and stuff them down his throat,” she stormed then began laughing. “No, my Raul would never dishonor me like that,” she finished.

Ooo

That conversation was about the last thing Billy Ray remembered. There was more beer and tequila, vague remembrances of dancing and body contact. Loud salsa music still rang in his ears and he literally fell out of bed that next morning. He just made it to the commode when whatever had been in his stomach exploded out. His head throbbed unmercifully and his left hand stung. It took all his effort just to get up from the commode and make it back to his bed. He had never been so sick in his life. All he wanted to do was die and get it over with as he fell back to sleep.

Someone was pushing at his backside, pressing against him, a burning pain then his eyes flashed open wide awake. The dream faded into the mists as he tried to take stock of where he was then saw Mildred standing over him.

“Wher....errrr....what time?” he mumbled turning over onto his back.

“Almost noon and high time you got out of bed. Damn, you stink like a dumpster and look like road kill. Get into the bath and get cleaned up,” she said with an evil grin.

Billy Ray wanted to go back to sleep but there was a very foul taste in his mouth and he hurt all over. Staggering to his feet and putting on his white quilted satin shorty robe headed to the bath. Placing both hands on the counter top to steady himself he peered into the mirror.

“OMG! I look like a great big pile of dodo and feel like I’ve been run over by a truck,” he mumbled.

The first thing he noticed was the makeup smeared all across his face and messed up hair. The second thing was the great big black, blue and green hickie on the side of his neck. What made him rush to the commode with the dry heaves was the bold black lettering across his left knuckles. The ink spelled out “R, A, M, O, N.”

The hot bath felt so good and eased his various aches and pains. Try as he might he couldn’t remember much of what happened last night. What he did remember, shooting a bunch of tequila, made him nauseous. What puzzled him was how he got Ramon’s name imprinted on his knuckles. Estansia had told him it meant that Ramon was his man when a girl did that. He gagged at the very idea but nothing came up.

Between his headache and shaking hands it took Billy Ray forever to put on his makeup and brush out his hair. His mother came in several times to check on him but he dismissed her concerns saying he had a hangover. She noticed but didn’t say anything about the Band-Aids covering his knuckles. In a strange way she hoped that he had gotten into a fight and bruised his knuckles. Despite all of Mildred’s affirmations of his femininity and his actions she believed that her manly son was still there somewhere.

Ooo

Billy Ray dreaded Monday morning. He didn’t want to see Ramon but he didn’t have

any choice. As he stood shivering in the early morning chill waiting to be picked up for work he was determined to tell Ramon their date was a one time thing. When the battered Crown Vic pulled up to the curb, a sudden vision of himself with his knees drawn up under him in the back seat with Ramon on top filled his throat with bile. Shaking his head to clear the horrible vision, he got in.

“Olla Chica, come on, scoot that booty over here next to your Ramon.”

Billy Ray sat as close to the passenger door as he could, not daring to look Ramon in the eyes. He was shivering uncontrollably as the vision popped back into his mind only this time he could feel a burning pain. Instinctively he reached for the door handle but it was too late. The car was already racing down the street.

“Chica, you’re cold. I’ll turn up the heat but you’ll warm up quicker if you move that booty over next to me,” Ramon said patting the seat next to him.

“No....no more...,” Billy Ray started but was stopped as Ramon reached out and pulled him close. He was so much stronger than Billy that he had to scoot his butt over to keep from falling face first into Ramon’s lap.

“Now Baby is that any way to treat your man and where’s my kiss?” he stated.

“I...I’m not your baby, chica or anything else! Please, just take me to Kiddie Care,” Billy Ray said trying to sound confident.

Ramon tightened his grip on Billy’s shoulder making him wince in pain. “Chica, let’s get one thing straight. You’re my duendecilio! My fairy girlfriend! Got that? Yeah, I know all about you! You have my name on your hand so that makes you mine. You stop acting stupido and show me proper respect or Ramon will get very mad. You don’t want to do that.”

When Billy Ray walked into Kiddie Care he had a bruise on his upper right arm and a stinging cheek. Ramon had made his point. “I’m so fucked,” he mumbled as he punched in on the time clock.

Ooo

Melody was nervous as she pressed the doorbell. She had spent most of the school day thinking about what to say to Mildred. Waiting for the door to open she rehashed her talking points in her head. “Yes, I enjoyed our time together Millie but..., it wasn’t like my time with Billy Ray. I can’t get him out of my mind and want to be with him again. I’m sorry but if you don’t help me I...I’m going to tell his mother the truth. Yeah, that threat should make her agree. Of course I’ll sweeten it up a bit by telling her we could still spend some time together but she had better agree first.”

Mildred answered the doorbell wearing tan Dockers and a blue pull over collared shirt with a scowl on her face. “Oh, it’s you. I thought it was some salesman. Come on in,” she said replacing the scowl with a tight smile.

Melody began talking almost before the door was shut. She went through her rehearsed speech hurriedly as her nerves were getting the better of her. Mildred was an intimidating person and seeing the flash of anger in her eyes made Melody back away while mumbling that they could still see each other.

She flinched when Mildred spoke not in the loud verbal assault she expected but in a moderated cold voice. “So you want Billy Ray back do you? Want to tell his momma all about how you took advantage of her baby do you? Well think again my sweetie. You think I’m the only one to catch hell for what WE did? You forget your place bitch! I run this house and Dana does what I say. Do you think she would believe you over

me?"

"Mil....Millie I.....I.....," she started to reply.

"Don't Millie me bitch!" Mildred snapped as her hand lashed out.

Melody staggered back from the stinging blow to her cheek and tears immediately flowed. "Mildred....please....I...I only meant....," her reply ended with another blow to the face.

"I've put up with your little girl nonsense long enough. From now on you refer to me as Mistress. Understood? You do not tell me what to do. You will do everything I tell you or you'll find an apple stuck in your mouth roasting over hot coals. I have plans for Petunia and I don't need any of your interference, understand? I said do you understand?"

"Ye.....yes Mistress," Melody said falling to her knees, hands pressed against her stinging cheeks sobbing loudly.

"Now that's the proper attitude I want to see from now on but you need something to remind you of who's the boss. Get your fat ass over to the barber shop and tell them you want a nice tight Marine Corps boot camp hair cut. Maybe when you look into the mirror every day you will remember your place. Now get out of my sight before I think of another punishment."

Ooo

Billy Ray was wearing a pale yellow shirtwaist dress in a silky polyester with a full knee length skirt, white hose and yellow leather strappy three inch spike heeled sandals. A white angora sweater was draped over his shoulders and the arms tied loosely around his neck. His eyelids were shaded in pink tones matching his coral pink lipstick, the hair lacquered into a bubble and he had painted his nails to match his dress. He was holding a white leather clutch purse as he stood on the sidewalk. He was waiting for Ramon to pick him up for their Friday night date.

He was surprised to see Melody walking towards him. "OMG! She really has gone butch," he thought.

Melody kept her head down not looking at him as she came up to him. She was wearing bulky tan cargo pants, men's sleeveless ribbed undershirt, black leather biker's jacket with lots of chrome chains and studs and black combat boots. Her head only had a strip of dark short hair, wore no makeup and it looked like she was letting her underarm hair grow out. Not only that but it seemed like she was shaving as there were small bits of tissue stuck on several places about her face.

As he stood with his mouth gaping, she went past him without saying a word. He followed her with his eyes until Mildred ushered her into the house. He didn't have long to ponder over what was going on with Melody and Mildred as Ramon pulled up. It was their third date in as many weeks and Billy Ray felt no better about it. He hated what he was being forced to do but Mildred insisted and after all the time under her thumb put up only a token resistance. As a "reward" for his compliance she did remove his chastity device. A lot of good that did him as his penis was half its previous size and his balls shrunken into small marbles with a shriveled sack.

When she had removed the device he stood before the full length mirror gazing in horror at what he saw. He was used to seeing a very feminine figure with nice firm B-cup breasts with dark nipples, the shapely hips and round heart shaped rear but the little boy dick and balls was a shock to his system. Up until this point he had hopes of returning to his old self but no longer. What woman would want to have anything to do

with a man that small? The last of his masculinity drained out with the tears as he realized he was doomed.

It was a very subdued Billy Ray that swept his skirt under his bottom before sliding his feet into the car. Ramon had his usual ear to ear grin as he slid over to be near him and accepted the kiss. They stopped at a hole in the wall dumpy bar in the barrio where his homies hung out. Billy Ray went and joined the other girls sitting at the back of the bar while Ramon joined his buds.

Billy Ray felt out of place and uncomfortable but not as bad as the first time Ramon had brought him here. The girls were all wearing too tight clothing, overdone makeup and heady perfume but friendly enough. Like his first date very few of the girls spoke English and he had to rely on Rosa or Isabella to translate. As he sat most of the girls started giggling with a few saying something he didn't understand while pointing at him.

"Errrr Rosa, what's the matter? What did they say?" he asked.

"Oh it nothin', It's just you are so Anglo. They think you too pale and over dressed, you know, like you are going to Mass instead of for your man. You need to show off your assets more and brighten up that face girlfriend," she laughingly replied pumping up her breasts with the palm of her hands.

Rosa was wearing a pale blue with a powder pink floral designed satin sheath dress that appeared to be two sizes too small with a low rounded neckline that revealed most of her ample cleavage and black satin bra. The hem reached to mid-thigh where it flared out in multiple layers of blue netting to just above the knee. Most of the other girls were wearing similar dresses but a couple had on pants that looked sprayed on with low revealing satin mid-rift blouses.

"Well I am Anglo and I....I thought I looked okay," he replied blushing.

Rosa said something in Spanish that got the girls laughing again making Billy Ray's blush brighten.

Seeing his reddened cheeks, Rosa grabbed his hand and patted it saying, "Don't worry amica, we'll help you."

"Yeah," Isabella broke in, "We're going shopping tomorrow and you can come with us. I can even get you into my cousin's salon. We're stopping there anyway before we hit the store."

Rosa broke out in a big smile, said something in Spanish which got all the other girls excited before turning to Billy Ray. "Amica, we'll pick you up at seven and make you one hot Chica for Ramon."

"OMG! The last thing in the world I need is for them to make me more hot for Ramon," he thought before saying, "Tha...that's really nice...but..but I don't have much money. So...so I really can't go."

Rosa gave him a look then yelled out, "Ramon, get your cajonies over here!"

Ramon shuffled over to their table with beer in hand. "What? You're interrupting business."

"What kind of hombre doesn't take care of his woman? Huh? We're going shopping and your woman needs some money. Come on, give it to me and don't be stingy. She needs a lot of work and I promise you will be pleased," she said in a demanding tone.

Reluctantly Ramon reached into his pocket and pulled out a wad of cash and handed it to Rosa. Turning to Billy Ray he said, "You do whatever she says! I want my money's

worth.”

Shortly after, Ramon and his posse took off to do some business. The girls sat drinking beer and talking about their men and all the shit they had to put up with. Billy Ray didn't understand most of what was said content to sip on his beer and hoping Ramon wouldn't make any demands. He hated giving him head but like Mildred said it was better than the alternative. With enough beer he didn't really taste the cum but it wasn't any easier on his ego.

On their second date Ramon made it very clear what he expected after a date. Billy Ray shivered as that memory came to mind. It was horrible, degrading and humiliating. It was the first time he had done something like that but Ramon had a tight grip on his hair forcing him to bob up and down on his stiff eight inch shaft. He tried to pull away as the first pulse filled his throat, spewing sperm out of the corners of his mouth and out his nose. Ramon was pissed by that and smacked his face several times telling him to be a good Chica and swallow it all next time. That was two weeks ago and it didn't get any easier over time.

Ooo

Saturday morning was crisp and cool so Billy Ray wore a pair of powder pink jeans with chromed stars running up the outside seams on the above the ankle legs. A loose fitting woolen long sleeved fuchsia sweater was chosen along with black leather ankle boots with a three inch heel. He didn't want to go with the girls but since Ramon had given Rose money had no choice. He was also annoyed at having to get up so early on a Saturday. He was tired after a long work day followed by his date and he usually slept in on the weekends.

No one was around when he grabbed a quick cup of coffee before leaving which brightened his mood somewhat. Isabelle drove up in a battered white Dodge Charger with Rosa sitting in the passenger seat and another girl in the back. He got in and all too soon parking in front of the Salon de Rosalinda. Rosa promised him a complete make over to tone down his Anglo looks that Ramon would really like. As she told him that, she rammed her right forefinger into an “O” formed by touching her left thumb and forefinger. The implication was not missed by Billy Ray and resulted in loud laughter from the other girls.

He was introduced to Rosalinda, Rosa's cousin, and owner of the salon. Rosa assured him that her cousin would make him look fabulous and to leave everything in her hands. Ramon's threat echoed in his ears as he followed Rosalinda to her station. When they left the salon over three hours later, he was speechless.

Billy Ray's hair had been dyed a midnight black and set in waves hanging to mid-shoulder. She had teased and back combed until it had a lot of volume. His ears were pierced by an additional three golden studs in each lobe and his belly ring replaced with a large “R” filled with sparkling rhinestones. The earrings in his lower lobes had been replaced with large golden chandeliers that touched his shoulders. The most painful were the injections into his lips filling them out and making them plump. His makeup was replaced with a darker foundation, bright iridescent blues, green and aqua eye shadows, deep red and plum colored glossy lipsticks. He had tried to protest but with Rosalinda's limited English and being told how much Ramon would like it complied with their demands.

From the salon they went to a large thrift store where Rosa picked out a number of dresses, pants and blouses. Again he wasn't given much choice in what the girls decided would be his look. The dresses were all made of shiny satin with low rounded

necklines and very form fitting. The last dress was for the Latino Community Center's dances. It had a halter neck leaving his back bare down to the base of his ass and a very full skirt. The bodice of the dress was lavender satin and the skirt a shimmering grape. To make the skirt flare four stiff net bright red petticoats were purchased.

Two pair of satin Capri's in black and purple clung to his body like a second skin. Seeing how tight they fit in the crotch Billy Ray was glad that he had worn a panty girdle. His complaining that the pants made his ass look too big only brought laughter. "That's what they are supposed to do," Rosa giggled.

Two mini skirts in black and neon pink satin that didn't reach mid-thigh and white and pink satin billowing sleeved blouses were added to the growing pile. The white blouse went with the pink skirt and the pink for the black. Other purchases included a black satin with red lace corset, several gel filled push up bras in bright colors and one black with red lace and satin ribbon bow accented teddy. As it was getting colder a brown and white rabbit fur coat with a champagne satin lining was put into the cart. They wouldn't let him leave the store without purchasing three new pair of shoes. The shoes had a half inch platform sole and five inch spiked heels.

Leaving the store Billy Ray definitely had lost most of his Anglo look. With dyed hair, heavy makeup wearing skin tight black satin mini skirt, pink blouse, skyscraper pink pumps and his rabbit fur jacket he fit right in with the others. When Mildred saw him enter the house she laughed so hard she had tears in her eyes.

"OMG! That look is so you," she managed to gasp. Then seeing the other girls standing behind him carrying shopping bags forced her self to stop laughing. "Hey girls what do you have there?" she asked pointing to the bags. "If those bags have what I think they do, he's going to look like a trashy whore. I can't wait to see what they got," she thought.

Billy Ray was forced to put on a fashion show for Mildred and the others. With each change of outfits, Mildred gushed over it, telling him what a guy magnet he was. She particularly liked the formal community center dance dress pulling on the skirt's hem exposing the layers of red net.

"This is just precious and I love it. All these stiff petticoats and that exposed back will make Ramon go nuts. I bet you can't wait to wear it and feel his rough hands rubbing your back. I wouldn't be surprised if he flipped up your skirts and took you right there on the dance floor," she gushed making his face flame red and the girls laugh.

Ooo

Melody was bent over the bed, her trousers and boxer shorts around her ankles. A plastic trash bag covered the bed under her and a ball gag kept her quite. Mildred had her hand pressed against the back of Melody's neck as she rammed the eight inch long ribbed double headed dildo into the now gapping pussy. A few moments ago Melody had been a virgin but no more. The loss of her hymen was both mentally and physically painful. It certainly wasn't the way she had wanted to lose it but Mildred had insisted.

Petunia hadn't been gone long with his Latino friends before Mildred made her desires known. "You may look like a bull dyke but you're still my bitch, Bitch. I think you need another lesson so you will always remember your place," she said pulling the double headed dildo from the bedside table.

Melody had never seen one before but knew what it was. Stepping back, her eyes filled with fear, she begged, "Please no. Not that please. I've done what you said. I...I even

got one of the girls at school to go out with me and joined the GLBT Club.”

“Of course you did. You’re a fucking lesbian after all. All I did was help you out of the closet but you are still copping an attitude. When I take your cherry you will know your place. You can be the bull in your other relationships but here you’re my docile cow. Now get those pants down,” Mildred demanded.

As Melody walked bowlegged out of the house, she rubbed the back of her hand across her eyes. “She’s right. After Billy Ray I could never let a boy do that to me but did she have to be so rough. That really hurt, hurt a lot. The last time was so nice, so tender I realized I was gay but this hurt. I might have to cower to her but she has taught me a lot about controlling someone,” she thought.

Ooo

Billy Ray was scared as Ramon pulled up into the driveway of his chartreuse painted wooden house with its purple eaves. They had been at the Latino Community Center’s monthly dance. Rosa had been right, Ramon had been all over him and if that was an indication of things to come, he was very afraid. The only good thing he could say about his satin dress was that the massive red petticoats prevented him from sitting too close to Ramon.

This was the second time Ramon had brought him to his house in the barrio. The first was to introduce him to his Madre Maria Elaina Alvarez who immediately took a shine to Billy Ray, pinching his cheeks and patting his butt and telling him once she put some meat on his bones would make a fine companion for her Ramon. Senora Alvarez was a shorter wider version of her son and very animated. She was a big hugger and pincher of cheeks with a ready laugh unless she was mad. Not much made her mad but a threat to one of her babies woke the momma bear within her.

Unfortunately Billy Ray learned that lesson on his first visit when they were left momentarily alone in the kitchen. Senora Alvarez was gushing how she couldn’t wait for Petunia to move in and become part of her familia when he blurted that wasn’t gonna happen. The brown friendly eyes suddenly narrowed and seemed to glow, the smile became a stretched slash across her face and her finger darted between his eyes.

“Listen duendecilio, si, I know what you are and I know my chico Ramon. I know ever since my cousin told me about you when you go work for her. Who you think set all this up? Huh? Ramon he love you and you make him look macho, so no more this no happen talk. You no go along with this and I cut your cajones off myself. So no more this, you no become me familia, comprende,” she said in a soft yet penetrating voice that sent shear fear into his depths. There was no doubt in his mind that she meant every word and the fact that he had been set up sent his mind spinning.

“OMG! Mildred and Emma Gonzales are old friends and Ramon’s mother knows both of them. They all planed on this happening! I don’t want any of this but I don’t have anyway out. No, not now! I’ve been royally played by a bunch of lesbians and freaks. Like I can do anything now, I’ve even got real tits, no male clothing and it wouldn’t fit anyway and no money,” his mind screamed.

As quickly as her anger had appeared it disappeared. The hand that had been poking at his eyes pinched then patted his flushed cheek. As she turned back to making refreshments for him to take to Ramon added, “Bien, it good we got that settled.”

The rest of that evening was spent in a darkened living room. Once Momma had been satisfied that they were comfortably settled with plenty of refreshments had left. Not long after that they were engaged in a very heavy make out session that left Billy Ray’s

nipples aching, a ring of hickies around his neck and the taste of Ramon's thick fluid filling his mouth.

Not wanting a repeat of that night, he made one last desperate attempt to change his mind, "Ramon, it's getting pretty late. Shouldn't you be taking me home?"

"Chica, this is our home now and it's about time I make you mine. You wear my name on your hand and we've been going out a long time. My homies are starting to ask questions. Besides, the way you moved those hips dancing to the Salsa got me really turned on. For a duendecilio you were one of the prettiest girls there. Ramon has bought you fine clothes, taken you to meet all his friends and been very nice to you. Now don't make me mad. I don't like it when you do that. Tomorrow we get your things and move you into me casa. Mamma say she can't wait and took the day off to help," he answered.

It was the answer he feared but with a heavy sigh gave in to his future. He had tried to figure out ways to escape his enforced homosexual feminized life but hadn't come up with any answers. Everything was stacked against him, even his body denied him any opportunity so what options did he have. Escaping wouldn't provide any real relief either without significant resources which he had no access too. His choice was between a life with Ramon and no life at all. Some choice, without any self confidence and no assets it was either live with Ramon or on the streets. The only way to make it on the streets was as a "whore" and that was definitely no option.

The End