

CHOICES

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Edmond Wilson, aka Eddy Wilson, wasn't looking forward to his summer vacation. He was going to spend it with his Step-mother's older sister Mable. His father, Ralph was going to Europe on a job and taking Maude, his Step-mother. As a matter of fact, Eddy hated spending any time with Mable. She treated him like he was a sissy just because he had long hair. He couldn't help it that he was small for his age, only five foot six, weighed one thirty five and had shoulder length brown hair. He liked his hair tied in a man bun. It was the latest style going around in school. However, Maude demanded he keep it hanging loose when home. She also insisted, that if he kept it long would have to take proper care. He had to shampoo and condition it at least once a week and bush it one hundred times each day.

For his last birthday Mable had given him a huge pink teddy bear of all things. When he tired to trash it, his Step-mother forced him to put it on his bed.

"Edmond Wilson," she loudly yelled as he was about to put the bear into a garbage bag. "What do you think you're doing? Mable just sent you that. Is that anyway to show your appreciation? What are you going to say when she visits? She'll want to see it. I will not allow you to embarrass us like that. Now, take your teddy, put her on your bed and leave it there. It's the only way she'll know how much you appreciate her gifts. Don't give me any grief or I'll blister your behind."

When she used his full name and in that tone of voice, Eddy knew not to argue. He also knew going to his father wouldn't help. Maude ruled the roost in this household. Reluctantly, he took it and placed it between the pillows on his bed.

"If any of my friends see this, I'll be so screwed," he thought.

When Mable first saw him with his hair touching his shoulders declared that with his cute face and small frame he should be a girl. Eddy rightly guessed that the teddy bear was his aunt's way of telling him to get a haircut. Both women detested long hair on men. The reason he let it grow out was to piss off Maude. He thought his father made a big mistake marrying her two years ago. She was bossy and quickly let him know she wouldn't put up with any boyish nonsense. She insisted he keep his room spotless and clothing put neatly away. Worse, she had placed strict parental controls on his computer. No more porn to assist his frequent masturbation sessions. His only means of defiance was to let his hair grow out.

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The last day of school was a half day. The only good thing Eddy could say about it was he graduated and a Senior next fall. His parents were waiting in the SUV as he came out. Maude had packed his bags and they were taking him to Mable's house three hours away. A trip he was dreading; yet, hoped it didn't end.

"I can't believe they're making me do this. I even had Tommy's mom call and tell Maude I could stay with them. A lot of good that did me. Said she was angry and insulted that I would ask strangers take care of me. They're not strangers. Tommy been my best friend since grade school," he thought.

Mable was like her sister, bossy and overbearing but not what Eddy considered pretty. She was thirty-six, divorced and dominating. The divorce left her with a large sum of assets and she would never have to work. She wasn't obese but big boned and a good head and shoulders taller than Eddy. When she arrived, Mable was wearing her customary tan slacks, white men's styled dress shirt and loafers. Her black hair was in a short pixie cut and pink lipstick the only makeup.

His parents only stayed long enough for a cup of coffee and use the facilities. Once they left Mable grabbed Eddy's chin raising it so their eyes met.

"So, what's with that large bun on the back of your head? Only girls do that. You want to be a girl? You're cute enough," she demanded.

"No, it's what a lot of guys at school are doing. It's called a man bun," he answered defensively.

"Oh, a lot of guys you say. Now you're telling me you're gay too?" she asked.

"N...no," he stammered shocked.

"Well, that didn't sound truthful but I'll give you a one-time choice. Before you decide on a choice, understand this is the only time I will give you this one. Once you have decided, you will live under my rules while you're here. Your choice is to either come with me now to get a proper haircut or not," she stated.

"Some choice. I have to live here anyway for the summer and I don't want my hair cut," he thought then said, "I like my hair this way. I don't want a haircut."

"Very well, you had your chance to man up. Now it's my way. Best to get started in the bathroom," she replied taking a strong grip on his upper arm.

Wincing from her grip, looked up and said, "Hey, let go. You're hurting me."

"You're more of wimp than I thought you were. Unless you want to be hurting a lot more you best cooperate," she spat.

"What are you going to do?" he gasped

"Just make you a proper girly to fit with that long hair of yours," she said pulling him into the master bathroom.

"Like hell you will!" he screamed trying unsuccessfully to pull away from her vise like grip.

The first stop was at the sink where Mable picked up a bar of Camay soap. There she thoroughly washed his mouth out. She left him kneeling at the commode while she took a number of items out of the linen closet. Donning a white plastic bib apron and latex gloves began filling the tub.

Coming out of the bathroom Eddy's skin was pink from embarrassment and humiliation. Not only had she given him a bubble bath like a baby but removed the hair on his body. She left a small trimmed triangle of hair just above his shriveled penis. Out of the tub and dried, powdered him in a floral scented talc. Worse, she used a cloth measuring tape to get his measurements including the size of his soft penis.

"I don't know why I kept this. Probably to remind me of all the money I got from my ex-husband. It will be a bit large on you but wearable," she said rummaging in her walk-in closet.

What she gave him was a baby doll chocolate nylon and crème chiffon lace frilled nightie with matching rumba styled panties. A short white translucent nylon robe and white satin slippers completed his attire. At the toe of each slipper was a large white flower. Of course he complained but two stinging slaps to his bottom, put them on.

Seated at her vanity, Mable undid his man bun. After brushing it out, put large hot rollers at the neckline. Rolling them up until his hair was off his shoulders. Setting it with a dose of hairspray. Eddy couldn't hold back the tears as the scent of hairspray filled his nose.

"This will have to do for now. We'll get you a proper wardrobe in the morning. Come on, I'll show you to your room," she said gripping his arm.

She led him to her guest room. It, like the rest of the house not overly feminine. Still there was a white floral patterned satin comforter and white sheets with a rose imprint on the bed. The furnishings were also delicate but not overly so. A large crystal bowl with potpourri left a distinctive floral fragrance hanging in the air.

"Tomorrow we'll move my vanity into your room. I rarely use it any more and would get better use here. Don't bother getting your luggage. I'll pick something out for you to wear in the morning. I'll bring you something to eat later. Right now I don't need to hear your sniffing or being under foot," she said.

"Ca...can I have my computer at least? It's in my book bag," he dared to ask.

"Very well, go get it but only that; then, get back to your room. I have some calls to make," she agreed.

As he started to run out of the room, she barked, "No running in the house. Walk!"

Walking to get the bag, Eddy was fully aware of what he was wearing and feeling the hot rollers moving about his neck. For a moment he thought about opening a suitcase, grabbing some clothing and running. That idea died as Mable followed him. She continued to watch as he went to the desk,

put the computer on it and sat.

“Don’t leave the room unless I call,” she said leaving.

Later she brought him a P&J sandwich and glass of milk for his supper. He was still at the desk playing a game of monopoly. That and similar games were all that Maude had allowed. He didn’t particularly like it but it gave him something to do.

When she returned to get the plate and glass, put a pink hairnet on him and said not to remove the rollers. She placed a white glass jar and box of tissues on the table.

“This is a moisturizer. I want you to put it on your face. Wait for it to soak in then wipe off any remaining with a tissue. Brush your teeth and into bed. We have a busy day tomorrow,” she instructed.

After she left, shut the door. Eddy clearly heard her lock it. *“She’s lost her friggin mind. I’m not some silly girl just because I like my man bun. I need to get away from her but not dressed like this. I’ll have to wait until I get my chance and hitch a ride back home,”* he thought.

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The next morning, he had another bubble bath and dusting of floral talc. This time she let him bathe himself. Mable had him wrap the towel around his chest before taking him back to his room. The clothing laid out on his bed shocked him.

“You can’t be serious Mable. I’m not wearing that,” he spat getting angry.

“It’s Auntie Mable or just Auntie from now on and yes, you will,” she stated slapping him on the face making him stagger. “You ever use that tone of voice on me again, you won’t sit for a week. Now, tell me you’re sorry and will gladly wear what I have provided.”

With tears running down his face Eddy had no choice, “I...I’m sorry..Auntie,” he mumbled.

“And what else,” she demanded.

“I...I wil..will glad...gladly wea...wear..wha..what you..you want,” he managed through his tears.

The clothing was embarrassing and he reluctantly put it on. A pair of brief styled purple nylon panties, a matching camisole both of which were a bit large. Mable had to use a safety pin to keep the panties up. An extra-large pink tee with a large yellow daisy imprint and his own khaki shorts quickly followed. Mable pulled up the shirt’s hem and tied it into a big knot over his right hip. His white somewhat scruffy tennis shoes without socks completed his dressing. At her vanity, Mable removed the rollers and brushed out his hair leaving it in a tucked under page boy. Pinching his face, put coral lipstick on Eddy’s lips followed by black mascara to his lashes.

“You’re beginning to shape up Eddie but put a happy smile on your face. We have errands to run. If people see those tears and frown, they will think you’re a boy pretending to be a flat chested girl. I really don’t care what people think. I’ll just tell them you’re my sissy nephew. It’s strictly up to you but we’re going shopping,” she said.

“She called me Eddie and taking me out looking like this? Shopping? Shit what am I going to do? The way I’m dressed and with this makeup, I look like a girl. I’d die if anyone guessed I was a boy looking like this,” he thought following her out of the room.

There first stop was at Betty’s Cut and Curl beauty salon. “Before we get out of the car put a happy smile on that face. That is unless you want everyone in there to know you’re a boy. Ever girl loves going to a salon to get their hair beautiful. Since you have such long hair, I know you’re going to love having it done,” she said and slapped his face but not hard. “That’s just a reminder of what you can expect should you embarrass me in there,” she added.

When they emerged from the salon Eddy’s hair was in a tight spiral perm and his nails painted a vivid purple. “Next week we’ll come back and get your hair dyed. Betty told me that she thought you’d be much prettier if it was a sexy strawberry blond and I agreed. All girls love to be pretty, don’t you?” Mable said as they got into the car.

“Bu...but I’m a boy. Please can I get a real haircut now? I don’t want to be pretty much less looking sexy,” Eddy replied as tears leaked down his face.

“You had your choice! It was your decision not to get a haircut and there is no going back. Now, you’re paying the consequences. Dry those tears and accept the fact that you’re going to be a girl while you’re here for the summer,” she answered gruffly.

The next stop was La La's Boutique. "Listen up Eddie. Sheila is a good friend of mine and I told her about you. She is going to fit you for your first bra. All girls get excited and happy to get their first bra. Now you can do this the easy way or the hard way. Again, it's your choice. If you chose the easy way and act like this is the very best day of your life, no one will know you're a boy. You choose the hard way, Sheila will have you model your bra all around the boutique and let everyone know you're a boy. If that happens, we'll be here a lot longer. They're bound to be people in there who would love taking your picture. It's your choice."

"How can I act happy and excited about getting a bra? Like I have a choice. I either do that or face humiliation modeling one so everyone can see me. Pictures! What if they were posted on the internet? My friends could see them! I'd never be able to live that down if that happened," he thought panicked.

"Mable, I've been waiting for you and your niece," a tall statuesque woman said seeing them enter.

"The salon took a little longer than I anticipated Sheila but we're here for Eddie's bra fitting," Mable replied louder than Eddy thought necessary.

"Now everyone here is going to know," Eddy thought looking around.

He blushed seeing several women turn from what they were doing and look his way. They all gave him a smile but quickly turned back to what they were doing. Mable's elbow poke into his ribs, made him look up.

"The easy way or the hard. Time to choose," she whispered.

Eddy quickly forced a big smile but was still blushing. "Can we get this over quickly," he whispered back.

"Sheila we're going to need some pretty matching lingerie to go with her new bras as well," Mable said as the woman approached making Eddy blush even more.

"Why Eddie you're the cutest little thing. I can tell you just can't wait to get a properly fitted bra. I have some lovely matching bra and panty set I know you will want. Aren't you happy that your Auntie is getting you pretty delicate lingerie for a girly-girl like you?" Sheila asked making him blush even more.

"Keep smiling, keep smiling and act happy," he thought, *"or everyone is going to see me in a bra and no telling what else."*

"Oh, yes and Auntie is so...so great for doing this," he forced himself to say trying to make it sound enthusiastic.

"Yes, she is. Let's go into the fitting room and get started shall we," Sheila replied sounding a bit disappointed.

"Okay Eddie, strip down to your panties and I'll get started," she said once they were in the curtained off cubicle.

"Yo..you wan..want me to take off my...my shorts?" he asked shocked.

"Of course, how else are you going try on your new pretty panties? You are going to want to make sure they match. Maybe show them to the other customers to see if they agree even," Mable broke in smiling sinisterly.

Seeing him in his overly large camisole and pinned panties, Sheila giggled. "My, my if anyone needed a proper fitting it is certainly you Eddy. It's not every day a get a cute boy like you wanting to look so femmie."

It was a mortifying time for Eddy in the fitting room. Sheila and Mable had their fun while he tried on seven matching sets of bras and panties. Their comments about how his boyfriends would just love to get into his panties the worst. It took all his will power to stifle the tears and keep a smile on his face. It was humiliating just having to wear the gel enhanced bras that gave him a full A-cup.

"Until Eddy decides to get his own breasts, I guess he can be a member of the itty-bitty titty club," Mable commented at one point.

"Mable, there are some fairly realistic prosthetics out there now. They're expensive and if interested, I have the name of a shop. I have no problem getting a larger cup size you can get while you're here," Sheila replied.

“Eddy would you like your own breasts? I think a girl your age would be less likely be discovered as a boy if you did. Have you ever seen a seventeen-year-old girl with titties as small as yours?” Mable asked smiling broadly.

“Is she giving me another choice to make or just trying to embarrass the hell out of me? She has a point about how big they are though. None of the girls I’ve dated or seen in school have tits this small. I’ll stand out even more like this. Some choice,” he thought.

“I’m waiting. Have you decided?” Mable asked bringing him out of his thoughts.

“Ma...maybe as..as long as they’re not...not really big ones,” he stammered.

“Very well since it was your idea, I’ll get you some nice C-cup ones. Go ahead Shella, replace these A-cup bras for the same in a size C please,” Mable pronounced.

“What he doesn’t realize with C-cut falsies and gel padded bras, he’ll appear to have D+ cups. They’ll really stand out like beacons in a nice tight blouse or sweater,” she thought.

When they left the boutique Eddy not only had seven satin bra and panty sets, more panties, matching camisoles and other items. There were matching lacy full and half-slips, seven matching panty girdles, two very feminine nighties and two dozen packets of pantyhose. Eddy was wearing his new C-cup pink satin bra stuffed with tissues, pink nylon panties, pink panty girdle and nude hose. His face was glowing almost the color of his lingerie.

“I should have kept my mouth shut. This bra makes my chest look humongous,” he thought.

The stop at Miss. Jeans Prosthetics didn’t take long and no less embarrassing for Eddy. The falsies Mabel bought looked very real, were heavy on his chest and securely glued on. Getting breasts wasn’t the most humiliating though. It was what the technician recommended since Eddy said he wanted breasts to really pass as a girl.

“I often get men and boys in here to help them feel more like their inner person. I can tell that you are wearing a panty girdle but there is still a slight bulge showing in your crotch. I have a very realistic gel vagina prosthetic that would make such unsightly bulges impossible under the tightest clothing. You will be embarrassed but I promise to make this as easy for you as I can. Would you be interested?” she suggested with a kindly smile.

“I would be very interested,” Mable popped in. **“I was going to mention that particular problem when we got home. Still, it’s Eddie’s choice if he want’s to be sure no one else notices. I plan on getting him some tight skirts later. If he decides to get it; then, he wouldn’t have to wear those tight girdles all the time either. It would be just horrible for him if someone were to humiliate him in public.”**

“There she goes giving me choices again. Choices I really don’t have a say in. She obviously wants me to do this but I don’t know. If I don’t agree then I’ll always be worried about someone noticing. Besides, she already has me with these boobs and this girdle is killing me,” he thought then said, **“If..if you thin..think it would help.”**

After wiping his pelvic area with alcohol, the technician sprayed it with something very cold. The spray left the region numb and she quickly went to work gluing it to his groin. He could feel her moving his testicles and penis about but nothing painful. When she finished he sat up and looking down almost fainted. The vagina closely matched his skin tone and looked so very real with its landing strip of pubic hair and lips.

“You will have to bring Eddie back here in two months so I can remove the prosthetics, clean the skin and replace them. If he had oily skin I would have you back in a month but I don’t think that will be a problem. As far as cleaning normal bathing will do but the vaginal canal should be douched daily to prevent bacterial build up. That could lead to a urinary infection if not performed. Any of the commercial products or water and vinegar will work. Eddie, with those prosthetics, you could run around naked and I doubt anyone would guess,” the smiling technician said.

“I’m stuck with all this for at least two months! I hadn’t planned on that. Nothing was said about gluing them on when asked if I wanted them. I’m so screwed! I didn’t think how much these boobs weighed and bounce around either but I certainly feel it. I don’t know if I can get used to that,” he thought leaving.

Their shop to you drop session didn’t end there like Eddy hoped. He had more than enough already. The mall was their last stop. Thankfully the first place was the food court. Eddy was starving but disappointed when she only allowed him a chicken salad and diet soda. Making matters worse he

could smell the cheese burger and fries from the next table over. Another problem was his need to pee by the time they finished.

"I need the lady's as well. Come along. Now that you have a girl's plumbing, you'll have to sit. You'll be using the girl's restrooms from now on. Don't stare, remember to wipe," she commented.

Eddy was nervous as they entered but his only problem came when it was time to do his business. The girdle and panty hose gave him fits.

"It was so much easier when I was a boy. I almost peed myself," he thought with a sigh.

A quick stop at the Piercing Pagoda was not without some pain as his ears were double pierced with pink studs. An assortment of earrings and bangles were also purchased.

At Macy's he was happy that no one seemed to think of him as anything but another girl. Still he wasn't comfortable modeling all the dresses, skirts and frilly blouses for his Auntie's approval. Eddy wasn't the least bit happy about having to wear any of it; especially the almost sheer frilly blouses. Again, he was given a choice.

"It's your choice. it's either this one," she said holding up what amounted to four triangles of neon pink cloth, "Or this one," holding up an emerald green full cut bikini bottom and halter top bathing suit.

"I don't want either but I'll take the green one," he answered. "I'm really tired. Can we please go home now?"

"We're almost done. Just two more stops for today. You need shoes and your own hygiene kit," she replied sounding a bit tired herself.

"Hygiene kit? What's that?" he asked.

"Remember what that lady said about having to keep yourself clean down there. We'll also get something to absorb any leaks. Would you prefer a tampon or pad?" she replied staring at his smooth crotch.

"Not that! I don't want to have nothing to do with either. Certainly not a tampon," he thought then said, "pads."

It took four trips by the both of them to get all the purchases into his room. Another hour clipping off labels and tags. Eddy was exhausted mentally and physically from the long day. As Eddy cleaned up the trash, Mable went to make them a light supper. When they finished he hope to be able to set back and watch some television. That was not to be as Mable had him put on a knee length black straight skirt and a pair of two-inch wedge sandals. He spent the next two hours leaning how to walk, sit and stoop like a girl. It wasn't easy and too tired to really concentrate. Mable saw how tired he was and decided tomorrow would be time to really begin his training.

"It's been a long day and I know you're tired Eddie. I think it's time for you to learn a bedtime routine. Go take a bubble bath like I showed you and I'll be up in a bit," she instructed.

If he thought he was going to just hop into bed sadly mistaken. After he had put on a lavender doubled layered baby doll nylon and chiffon nightie, performed a facial routine. A routine of cleansing and moisturizing, brushing his hair one hundred times then put on a hairnet. As he was doing that constantly distracted by his swaying boobs. When he was allowed to get into bed was asleep almost instantly.

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Yesterday had been humiliating and the next morning wasn't any better. A sharp pain coming from his groin woke him. Eddy's trapped and tucked morning woodie was trying to make itself known. While in the bathroom Mable taught him the basics of performing a douche. Back in his bedroom, spent an hour learning how apply a day time makeup and another half hour fastening a bra behind his back. Today Mable had him wearing black lingerie with a lavender semi-sheer chiffon blouse with full billowing sleeves and black wool blend hobble skirt.

A pair of three-inch black spike heeled strappy sandals she gave him required time just to stand. The heels combined with his breasts made Eddy feel like falling over doing a face plant. Once he was steady, Mable gave him a few pointers, supporting his arm as he walked. Satisfied he could at least stay upright, handed him a small pink leatherette hobo bag.

"This morning you're going to learn how to walk the walk and move like a proper young lady. I expect

you to apply yourself and do your absolute best. See this hairbrush? If I don't see you trying your best, then I'll use it to encourage you. Help me get breakfast ready then we'll start," she told him.

Four hours later as they broke for lunch, Eddy's legs, ankles, feet and backside were in pain. Another five hours and he could take no more. His entire body was hurting; especially his lower half. Mable sent him to take a bubble bath while she prepared supper.

When he came out of the bath, found his clothing laid out for him. Red satin bra, panties, full slip and black panty hose for underwear. A red and white checked rayon house dress and pair of two-inch wedge cork soled shoes completed his outfit. Supper was again a disappointment as it didn't ease his hunger. After helping to clean up, Mable gave him her laptop. He spent the next three hours looking a You Tube. What he was looking at were makeup tutorials and various others of teenaged girls interacting. Mable spent much of that time observing, making sure he was paying attention and learning. Another hour of practicing mannerisms while wearing a full skirt; then off to get ready for bed. Eddy went thru two full weeks under this strict schedule before Mable let up. By the end of the second week, Eddy's mannerisms and grooming were becoming habitual.

The next week saw a reduction in the time spent on mannerisms but much more on his voice. Eddy, naturally a tenor but Mable was intent on making him speak in an alto range. She had found a You Tube feature teaching males how to talk in a feminine voice. Using the hairbrush as incentive, over the course of that week, Eddy's voice was passable. When he was practicing his vocals watched You Tube to learn the proper feminine vocabulary and body language. By the time Mable was satisfied Eddy could pass as female, it was the end of June. Of course there was some fine tuning but she was satisfied.

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Saturday morning over breakfast Mable told him to change into his bikini. "Eddie, today as a reward for your good behavior we're going to the beach. Change into your bikini and you can wear a nice sun dress as a coverup. I'll pack some food and drinks and we'll make a day of it," she said.

"Please Auntie, I really don't want to go out of the house looking like this," he replied nervously. "*I don't want is to wear a bikini and be out in public. The last time I was out of the house was mortifying,*" he thought.

"Nonsense Eddie. You need to get out and make some friends. Now that I have you looking and acting like a lady, you need to spend time with kids your age. What better place than the beach? We don't want the day to start off with me giving you a spanking, do we?" she replied sharply.

"N...no Auntie," he said in surrender.

It was the Fourth of July holiday and the beach was packed. Mable rented a spot near the volleyball courts under a large umbrella. As Mable began laying out the towels told Eddy to retrieve the cooler from the car. It was heavy and he had to strain just to lift it. He wasn't looking forward to carrying it the hundred yards back to the beach. He hadn't gone five when a young man rushed up to him.

"Here, let me carry this for you. I'm Brad, Brad Cummings," he said with a smile.

Brad appeared to be in his late teens with bronzed sun toned skin and buzz cut black hair. His muscles were firm on his six-foot frame from being athletic rather than from weight lifting. His smile was contagious and Eddy returned it nervously.

"Err..thanks. I...I'm Eddie," he replied. "*I don't know if I could have made it to the beach carrying this but I'm not sure I want his help either,*" he thought.

When they arrived where Mable was waiting, she gave Eddy a look. It was a look of surprise and enigmatic. "Well, who is this nice young man Eddie?" she asked.

"Brad, errr, he helped me bring the ice chest," he replied stating the obvious.

"Brad, welcome and thank you. Would you like to join us?" Mable inquired.

"Glad to help. I would like to but I have a volleyball game. It's mixed doubles and would like Eddie be my partner. If that's alright with you and she doesn't mind? The girl that was supposed to join me can't make it," he replied with a crooked smile.

"How marvelous! My niece is visiting for the summer and doesn't know anyone around here. I sure she would love to," Mable gushed.

"*What? No way. It was awkward enough just having to talk to him,*" Eddy thought.

“Eddie, just don’t stand there give me your sun hat and take off that cover-up,” Mable stated giving him a look daring him to defy her.

Reluctantly Eddy gave her the broad brimmed straw hat and removed his sun dress. He was blushing as he noticed Brad staring at his chest. *“This is so embarrassing and I don’t like the way he’s staring at me,”* he thought.

Two hours later when they returned to where Mable was enjoying the sun, Eddy’s exposed skin was a bright pink. Brad excused himself saying he had to get back to his friends but asked for Eddie’s phone number. Before Eddy could object Mable gave it to him.

“Why did you do that? It was bad enough that you made me go play volleyball with him,” he asked upset at the prospect of Brad calling him.

“Like I said Eddie, you’re a girl now and need to be with other people your age. Brad’s a handsome young man and seems to be interested in you. So, it’s only natural to give him your phone number. I do hope he calls and asks you out on a date. Now, sit down and put some sun screen on before you blister. Something you should have done before you went to play,” she stated handing him the plastic bottle.

Back at the house Eddy was dismayed to see distinctive feminine tan lines. *“I hate this, I hate this! I’m not a girl no matter what she says or how I look. Today I was damn lucky no one guessed. That Brad had his hands all over me too. He even tried to kiss me but I turned my head in time. Oh, how I hate this,”* he thought.

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A couple of days later Mable took Eddy back to the mall. “You know Eddie, I couldn’t help be see several of those young ladies playing volleyball had the cutest belly rings. So, today I’ve decided to reward you. We’ll stop at the Piercing Pagoda and get you one,” she said.

“A...a belly ring? No, please I don’t want one. I didn’t even want my ears pierced,” he replied.

“No, I think a belly ring would look precious and you would fit in better. Okay, I’ll give you a choice. I also noted that some of them had tramp stamps. I thought the floral designs very pretty. Would you rather that or the belly ring?” she replied smugly.

***“Some choice! Like I want any of this. Well, a belly ring isn’t permanent at least,”* he thought then replied, “I’ll take the belly ring.”**

When they left the Piercing Pagoda a cute gold fairy with a small pink rhinestone in its belly dangled in his navel. The piercing didn’t hurt that much but there was a tear in his eye. His day didn’t start out good and that afternoon, it got worse. Brad called wanting a date for that Friday night.

“It’s that cute boy Brad on the phone. I’m pretty sure he wants to ask you out on a date. You don’t have to go but I’ll give you a choice. Either you accept or I’ll drop you off at that teen club. You know the one we saw in last Sunday’s paper. I’ll make sure you’re wearing your shortest mini-skirt and tight blouse,” she said with a broad grin.

***“That’s a dance club. I don’t want to go there. Again, some choice she’s giving me,”* he thought picking up the phone.**

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Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

“So Brad, what did you think of my new niece? I’m your Godmother and wouldn’t lie. I told you I would find you someone when you confided in me that you were gay. I know, despite how she looks that’s all silicon and gel. Yes, I guarantee Eddie is one hundred percent male. Eddie is perfect for you. No one would suspect you’re gay dating her. Now, when you come to pick her up be a gentleman. She’s never been on a date with a boy before. If you decide you want to continuing dating with her looking so feminine, fine. Yes, the prosthetics can be removed so you can have your fun in a couple of months. Once summer is over but she’ll have to keep the fake breasts. Now trust me and try to have a good time. Okay, bye,” Mable said hanging up the phone.

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Friday night came all too soon and Eddy was getting ready for his date. Mable had selected his clothing as she didn't approve of his conservative choices. Scarlet thigh high cut satin panties, matching uplift bra, camisole and half slip for lingerie. A black polyester baby doll dress with cap sleeves and rounded neckline falling to mid-thigh. A pair of three-inch patent leather open-toed pumps completed her selections.

Seated at the vanity in his lingerie, Mable helped Eddy apply a date night makeup. Brushing out his hair decided to give him a more playful look and put it into pigtails. She tied them off with scarlet satin ribbons. Taking his red leatherette shoulder purse, placed his makeup into it along with a strip of colored condoms.

"Wha...what are you..you doing?" he gasped seeing the condoms.

"Girls who aren't on the pill need to be careful," she giggled in reply.

"Despite what you..you did to me, I...I can't get that way an...and I'm not gay," he stated.

"What do you mean? I didn't do anything to you other than give you a choice. You made your decisions and now you're going to learn to live by them. You're the one who decided to be a girl for the summer. You decided to look as much like one as you could. Not me! Now I'm going to give you another choice. You can do whatever you have to in order to get Brad to keep dating you....or....I will take you to that club every Friday and Saturday. If you chose the club; then, I expect you to dance with any boy that asks. Plus, you will accept any dates. I will be watching to make sure you do," she countered angrily.

"Again with the fuckin choices. Having to date one guy I sorta know once a week is better than dancing and dating a bunch of guys every weekend," he thought.

"Alright, I'll try to keep him interested," Eddy replied.

"Who are you going to keep interested?" she snapped.

"Brad?" he answered wondering where she was going with this.

"Okay, you've established that Brad is your boyfriend. Since he is your boyfriend, I expect you to act like it. Girls your age are boy crazy. From now on I expect you to constantly think and talk about him. When you refer to him, you will always say 'my Brad'. I'll give you a diary so you can write down stuff all about him and how much you love being a girly-girl. Before you write anything in your diary, you will let me preview it to make sure it sounds genuine. You are a seventeen-year-old girl. I expect your diary to reflect that. When your date gets here, I expect you to give him a kiss. He is your boyfriend after all," she stated.

"Keep a diary of how much I love all this shit much less some damn boy? She's got to be kidding," he thought.

The worst part of his date was having Mable taking pictures of them especially of Eddy kissing Brad. The date itself was to a pizza joint and movie afterwards. Other than having Brad's arm around his waist or across his shoulders not that traumatic. The goodnight kiss at the front door made him want to vomit but something he had to do. As he walked inside, Eddy was mentally exhausted from keeping up the pretense of a love-struck girl.

The next morning true to her word, Mable handed Eddy a pink leatherette diary with a golden poodle attached to the cover. Along with the diary she gave him a pink feathered pen and piece of paper.

"You have a month's worth of entries to make Eddie. Go ahead and start with how much you loved getting your hair done and shopping. Finish up with your date last night. Remember a girl's diary is used to express all her hopes and desires. I expect your entries to be very convincing or we'll have a session with my hairbrush," she instructed.

It took him all morning to fill in his diary and a session over her lap before Mable was satisfied. Later, he went over some of the entries shuttering at what they said and implied. Tossing the diary onto the bedside table, turned over in his bed and cried.

Dear Diary: Today was the bestest day of my life. Auntie Mable bought me some very realistic breasts and better yet, a vagina. Now I look and feel the way I have always wanted. According to the woman who put them on, I can even have sex like a girl. Something I have often dreamed about.

"Reading that I sound like I'm loving every minute of this. Worse, it makes it look like I'm totally gay,"

he thought as he cried himself to sleep.

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Three days later Mable gave Eddy an eight by ten framed picture of him kissing Brad. "I thought this was such a darling picture I had it framed. You can put it on your beside table. Have you called him to tell him how much you enjoyed your date yet? No, well get to it. That is unless you rather go to the club."

"No girl ever called me to say they enjoyed going out. If they had I would have thought they were easy. I certainly don't want Brad thinking that. Maybe I ought to reconsider about going to that dance club," he thought.

Dear Diary, I can't believe I just called my darling Brad to tell him what a wonderful time I had on our date. I know it was very daring of me but I couldn't help myself. He is just so precious that I want to hug and kiss him so much. Just being near him sends thrills running up and down my spine. It was so worth it though. Brad asked me out again.

"I can't believe she had me write that. She even made me kiss it leaving my red lip imprint. The last thing I want is to go out with him again. Everything she's had me put in it makes it sound like I'm having the time of my life. My life would be over if anybody reads this," he thought with tear brimmed eyes.

"Eddie stop that infernal sniffing. Get dressed in a nice dress and wear your three-inch heels. Today you're going to learn how to dance like a girl," Mable said bringing him out of his thoughts.

"As if I don't act girlie enough already," he thought rolling his eyes and going to the closet.

For the first thirty minutes Mable had Eddy watch You Tube videos of girls fast dancing. An hour spent on practicing those dance moves; then, another video of slow dancing followed by more practice. This time Mable took over the male part. Leading him around the floor had Eddy place his arms around her neck and lean his head on her shoulder.

"Girls love to dance. It gives them a chance to shake their bootie or cuddle up to their man. Slow dances also let them know if their boyfriend really likes them. They get satisfaction feeling his erection pressing into them. In a way dancing is like a mating ritual," she instructed as they danced.

"Girls are very touchy, feely. Especially so with their boyfriends. It's a subtle way for them to communicate to other girls that he's taken. When you're with your Brad, hold his hand, put your arm around his waist or just touch him as much as you can. Always smile and do whatever to keep him happy," she continued her instruction over lunch.

After lunch Eddy's day didn't get any better as he watched You Tube of girls interacting with their boyfriends. Mable made sure he concentrated on the girl's flirting techniques; then, made him practice those moves. Later, she had him back at the vanity learning elaborate date night makeup styles. Before going to bed he added more into his diary.

Dear Diary: Today I learned how to dance like a girl and I can't wait to dance with my Brad. To put my hands around his neck and rest my head on his manly chest would be divine. Having a boy holding me close, guiding me across the dance floor is something I have dreamed about for ages.

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"I have another date with my Brad....damn...I'm even thinking of him as 'my' Brad. He's not 'my' anything but she has me saying that so much I can't stop. Every day this past week she's had me telling her how much and what I just love about 'my' Brad while we slow dance. It's sickening! Now he's taking me to a beach party this evening. Auntie bought me a new bikini I have to wear. It's a hideous lavender satin/spandex skimpy one at that and doesn't come close to covering me up. Said I needed to 'flaunt' it and keep Brad's attention. Hell! I don't want his attention much less go out with him. Still, I guess it's better than going to that club. One guy is one too many but she'd have me dating anyone who asks me to dance. Crap! I hate this," he thought as he began dressing.

For his date Eddy wore the new bikini and a bone colored gauzy puffed sleeved sun dress with a floral bordered hem. Mable insisted that he wear glamour makeup and his hair in pleated pig tails. Fluffy lavender scrunchies holding them in place. She had insisted that when he came to kiss him. This time a real kiss to the lips.

"This is your second date and I expect you to show him more affection. When he arrives, you better have a big smile and give him a real kiss on the lips this time. I expect you to do a lot of that tonight

and maybe some heavy petting. I'll find out if you don't. It's still your choice but you know the consequences. Brad is a sweet boy but I'll make sure the dates you get at the club aren't," she said.

"Damn, she took me to that place the other night so we could check it out. Thankfully we didn't stay but I saw enough not to want to go there. There were kids out in the parking lot making out like crazy too. The inside was okay but I didn't like how some of those boys were looking at me. Some friggin choice. He's taking me to a wiener roast out on the beach this evening. Should be a lot of people there so don't think he can do much," he thought with a shudder.

When Brad arrived, Eddy forced a smile and greeted him with a quick kiss on the lips. He caught out of the corner of his eye the flash of Mable's cell phone. A couple more pictures were taken with them standing close together, arms around each other's waists.

"Crud! More damn pictures of me with him smiling like I'm having the time of my life. If anyone sees those pictures and reads that friggin diary, they'll think I'm loving every moment of this shit. Auntie gave me a midnight curfew and I'll have to spend the next four hours acting like a silly girl in front of a bunch of people. I hate this," he thought leaving the house.

The first couple of hours weren't too bad. Brad introduced him to the group of fourteen boys and girls. Some he already knew from the volleyball match. While the guys were setting up for the wiener roast, the girls huddled together for some girl talk. It was nerve wrecking but he managed to hold his own with the others. Of course, some of the talk involved boyfriends and Eddy automatically referred to Brad as "my Brad." When he realized what he had said, blushed.

As the girls got together, Linda brought over a cooler and began handing out pink hard lemonade. Eddy had no idea that it contained alcohol and do to his nerves quickly gulped it down. By the time the boys had everything set up, Eddy had a good buzz. Two hot dogs and another hard lemonade, Eddy was feeling very relaxed. So relaxed, he didn't realize Brad was kissing him until a tongue was plunged into his mouth. There was no moon, only the twinkling of stars and it was pitch black. Eddy could feel hands on his false mounds and tried to push Brad away. That broke the kiss but those lips just moved to Eddy's neck. Brad was just too strong for Eddy to push him away. Remembering what Auntie had told him to do, stopped resisting.

"Damn, he's strong. I don't have a choice in any case. Auntie said she expected me to do some heavy petting and would find out if I didn't. I just wish he wasn't such a sloppy kisser, it would be easier than having to swallow his spit," he thought.

"Oh shit!" Eddy gasped as he felt a finger enter the slit between his legs.

"Shhhhh, not so loud Eddie," Brad hissed placing a hand over Eddy's mouth. "I don't think someone like you would want undo attention right now. Your falsies are good, damn good but I know what you really have hidden under them. Now I'm going to let you up and you're going to lay your pretty head in my lap. Then you're going to suck my lollypop or everyone here will know your secret too. It's your choice."

As they got back into the car Eddy was still trying to compose himself. He was completely sober now. Shortly after he swallowed, tossed everything in his stomach onto the sand.

"I can't believe he made me suck his dick. It was either that or the others would probably have killed me. At least he's taking me home now and I won't have to see him again," Eddy thought drinking some more water to get the foul tastes out of his mouth.

"Now that I know your secrets we can have a lot more fun together. So, what's your real name?" Brad said starting the car.

"Errr...Eddy...n..and you still want to go out with me?" he replied shocked.

"For sure Eddy. I'm not really into girls but...but you're a special case and I see a lot of advantages. For me anyway," he replied.

"What do you mean?" Eddy gasped in fear.

"Well, for one thing, I get to teach you how to give a really good blow job. Plus, you're going to happily do that service for me and not throw up when you finish. Why else would I keep your secrets?"

"You're blackmailing me! And I'm not gay!" he shouted now getting angry.

"I wouldn't exactly call it that since you're presenting yourself as female. A guy and girl who have sex is not gay in the least," Brad calmly answered.

"But..but my Auntie is forcing me do this. I hate it!" Eddy shouted.

"You don't have to shout. You trying to tell me you had no choice? I find that hard to believe. She just an old woman after all," he replied.

"She's a lot stronger than me and she punishes me if I don't do what she says. I hate what she's made me do and how I dress," he stated.

"She didn't give you any choices? You've had plenty of chances to tell somebody," Brad said with a broad smile.

"I...I couldn't te...tell anyone. My life would be over if I did," Eddy answered.

"Well, that's a choice you made isn't it? So, what other choices did you make?" he asked still smiling broadly.

"Choices? Like I had any choice when she made me get this stupid perm or all the rest," he spat.

"You could have told whoever did your hair? You could have told me. Yet you didn't. Therefore, I don't believe a word you're saying and I like you. Now I wouldn't like to have to tell the world your secrets but I will if you don't do what I want. So, I'll give you a choice. Be my loving girlfriend or choose to let everyone know. That's your choice to make of your own free will. Think about it. I'll give you until I get you home to decide," he offered.

***"Again with the choices that aren't choices. It doesn't matter which choice I make. They all wind up getting me in deep shit,"* he thought as a tear fell to his cheek.**

"Okay, we're here. You have a choice to make. If you want to be my loving girlfriend, slide over here and give me a soulful kiss. Otherwise, just get out," Brad said as he parked in the driveway.

After what seemed like ages to Eddy the kiss broke. "Smart choice Eddie. Here's my Senior ring to seal the bargain. I'll expect to see it hanging around your neck from now on. We'll be seeing a lot of each other until I go off to college. Now tell me how happy you are about being my steady girlfriend and it better sound like you really mean it. You wouldn't want me to change my mind, now would you?" Brad said with that ear to ear grin Eddy hated.

***"It was mortifying just having to kiss him. Now he wants me to act like I'm loving all this? He's enjoying humiliating me,"* Eddy thought.**

"Oh Brad, my darling, I'm the happiest girl in the world being your steady girlfriend. I love you so much," he managed almost sounding enthusiastic. Getting that out had taken a few tries before Brad was satisfied. What Eddy didn't see was Brad putting a small digital recorder back into his pocket.

Eddy counted himself lucky when he got home from his date. Auntie had gone to bed and he was spared the feared interrogation for now. Tossing the ring on the vanity, sat down and began removing his makeup. As he was about to do that noticed two large hickies on the left side of his neck.

***"Damn, Auntie is bound to see this and I'll pay dearly for it I'm sure. It would be bad enough her just seeing that ring hanging around my neck. I hadn't planned on wearing it except when we go out but he said he could drop in anytime. I hate having to do what Auntie is making me do but now I have to deal with Brad which is a lot worse,"* he thought braking out in tears.**

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"Dear Diary: Yesterday was absolutely the best day in my entire life. My Brad asked me to be his steady girlfriend and gave me his Senior ring to prove his love for me. Ooohhh, I'm so thrilled to finally have a real man like my Brad in my life. I so want to be a part of his life, I'd do anything for my Brad. I love him so much I want to be his wife. That's my heart's desire to be Mrs. Brad Connors, Mrs. Bradley Connors. Oh be still, my aching heart."

***"I knew it would be bad with her seeing those hickies but that ring. Now look what she made me write. Said she was going to get me a subscription to 'Modern Brides'. That's all I friggin need now,"* he thought.**

True to his word Brad dropped by that afternoon and Mable invited him in. He agreed to have a cup of coffee, told him to sit at the kitchen table while she went to get Eddie. Mable found Eddy cleaning the bathroom.

"Eddie, Brad is here to see you. Freshen up your makeup and greet him properly. I'll get the coffee started but hurry up. You can't keep your Brad waiting," she said.

“He said he would drop by but I didn’t expect him this soon. Damn,” he thought heading to his room.

When he walked into the room, Brad stood up. Seeing the look in Mable’s eyes hurried over, flung his arms around Brad’s neck and kissed him on the lips. Eddy was embarrassed having to kiss another boy while his Auntie watched but kept the smile on his face. After Eddy served the coffee and sat down next to Brad, Mable spoke up.

“Brad you’re such a nice boy. You two make a wonderful couple I must say. You must really like her if you asked her to go steady after just three dates. Was it love at first sight?”

“Well Ma’am, Eddie is really special and I have to go to college the last week of August. I just wanted to spend as much time with her as I can before I go. I hope you don’t mind. I would like, if she doesn’t have other plans to take her out for a drive,” he responded smiling from ear to ear.

“There he goes smiling like that. I’m beginning to really hate that smile,” Eddy thought.

“Well, she has her chores but nothing that can’t wait. Of course, I understand. I was once a youngster myself. Go on you two love birds and have fun,” Mable gushed.

“Oh no, I don’t want to do that. Not after last night. Not this soon,” he thought in a panic.

“Auntie, I still have a lot to do. The bathroom is only half way done,” Eddy tried to argue.

“Like I said, nothing that can’t wait. Go on and don’t worry. I’ll finish that up,” Mable retorted.

“Where are we going?” Eddy asked as they got into the car.

“It’s not that far. Just a place I know where we can have some privacy,” he answered.

Eddy was getting worried as Brad drove down a dirt road. They were several miles from the city surrounded by pine trees. When he finally stopped, they were in a small clearing with a pond and old picnic table.

“We’re here. This place is owned by an uncle and we use to come here to fish and swim. Come on, I brought a blanket and a cooler of beer,” he said getting out.

“Please Brad, I’m not comfortable being way out here. Can’t we go back into town? What if something should happen?” Eddy asked frightened.

“Well Eddy, maybe that’s something to think about now come on,” Brad snapped. **“Screwing a woman never did anything for me. I think I might get a charge out doing you since I know what’s hidden between your legs.”**

It was well after dark when Eddy got home and he rushed straight to his bathroom. Mable saw that he was distraught and followed. **“Eddie, what’s the matter?”** she asked seeing him getting his douche bag from the closet.

“He raped me! He’s not a nice boy like you keep saying. Now I’ve got to clean up the mess he made. That’s what happened,” he sobbed.

“Calm down. It’s not like you can get pregnant or even catch a STD with that device. Consider it another lesson on what all women have to deal with. You’re going steady now. Having sex with your boyfriend under those circumstances is okay by me. It doesn’t matter if you’re in the mood or not. It’s your job to keep him happy and satisfied. If you’re not in the mood; then, give him a blow job. That usually settles them down,” she said annoyed that he would accuse her dear God Child of such a thing.

“H...he already mad...made me do...do that. Twice!” he said with tears flowing down his face.

“Well, get used to it Eddie. You were the one who chose to be a girl in the first place. That’s what girls do. Take a nice bubble bath, it will help,” she replied.

“I’m not a girl and I never wanted to be one. You did this to me!” Eddy shot back.

“We’ve had this argument before. I just gave you choices and you made all the decisions. You only have yourself to blame. Count your lucky stars that I understand how you’re feeling now. So, I won’t get my hairbrush for that attitude you have. When I see you next, you better be smiling or I will give you a good spanking,” she said turning and leaving.

The next morning Eddy anxiously approached Auntie. **“Auntie, I don’t want to go out with my Brad anymore. Please don’t make me,”** he blurted.

“Very well but before you say any more I’m going to give you a choice. I’ve told you that I expect to see you acting and behaving like a typical girl your age. That means going out on dates with boys. Boys you will meet at that club. Think for a moment before you agree to that. Brad has to know now that your feminine assets are prosthetics. They pass most visual inspections but not on such intimate terms. He apparently doesn’t mind and seems to like you this way. Like I said, he’s a nice boy. I don’t think we can say the same about other boys; especially those that frequent that club. Consider that for a moment before you make the choice between dating Brad or going to the club,” she said.

“Choice? What kind of choice is that? I know Brad likes me as Eddie and as long as I let me do me, my secret is safe. If another boy gets personal with me, I’m dead meat. I know what I’d do if my date was like me, I’d beat the shit out of them. I hate it but he hasn’t hurt me. Some friggin choice either way I’m fucked!” he thought.

“Okay, you win. You’ve made your point,” he replied.

“Very well. Let this be the last of it. It is your decision and choice. For the rest of the day I want you to watch You Tube of girls with their boyfriends again. I expect that same behavior from you all the time. No exceptions, no complaints or it’s straight to the club. I’ll be in later to help you fill in your diary,” she said in dismissal.

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“Dear Diary: My Brad stopped by and took me to a lovely place out in the country. We**blush, blush**skinny dipped for a while. It was such a beautiful day and he’s such a hunk I couldn’t stop myself. We had sex. Real sex like oral and he made me a real woman too. Well, it made me feel like one anyway. I loved the way he took charge and filled me. It really made me feel totally feminine. Feelings I could only dream about in the past. My panties were soaked by the time I got home. I didn’t know until now that sex could be so messy but I didn’t mind at all. I just love him so much.”

“This diary is getting worse by the day. Auntie calls this and everything else I do, ‘emerging myself into the mindset’ of a seventeen-year-old, well, now eighteen-year-old girl. Emerging hell, it’s more like I’m drowning here. She said it was for the summer and I have four weeks of this to go. I just hope I can get to being me again and rid of these damn prosthetics. I’ve tried prying them off but they’re glued tight. This is the worst summer ever!” he thought putting up the diary.

Later that day Eddy and Mable did their weekly grocery shopping. Mable had him wearing bone colored short-shorts with an aqua midriff tee leaving his lower stomach uncovered. The old belly ring was replaced by a gold one inch long by half inch high “BRAD” pendent. The low rounded neckline of the tee clearly revealed the Senior ring. It was heavy and it’s bouncing and moving on his chest a constant irritant and reminder of his situation. As they headed to checkout, Mable stopped at the magazine rack and put “Modern Brides” into the basket.

“Why are you getting that?” he asked.

“Girls your age start planning their weddings. It takes a lot of research to find that oh so perfect dress and all the other things needed. You’re going to discover that getting married is very complicated and demanding. This magazine is a good start,” she replied.

“She’s totally off her rocker if she thinks I’m ever going to be a bride,” he thought. He started to say it but didn’t.

After storing away the groceries, Mable gave him the magazine. “Go through it, read all the major articles and later I’ll see how you’re progressing,” she instructed.

Eddy looked at the cover, “Pretty Dresses, choose the most flattering fit; Great Ideas! Cakes, bouquets, send-offs, menus, invites; Top 40 web sites stared back at him. Just looking at the headings made his head spin. Reluctantly he opened the magazine and began reading the pretty dresses article.

“Like I want to wear any of this,” he thought but knew the consequences if he didn’t absorb the knowledge.

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The next morning Eddy was tagging the 40 top websites into his computer. He spent a little time examining each’s contents before moving to the next. It was tedious and boring for him but had to do it. He was sitting at the kitchen table and Mable kept a close eye on him. He had gotten several hard

whacks from her hairbrush when he missed some questions asked about Great Ideas.

In the early afternoon he got a call from Brad telling him they were going for another drive. With Auntie standing nearby, had to agree. He was surprised when Mable whipped out her hairbrush and gave him five quick hard slaps.

"I don't know what Brad said but your response didn't sound anything that a steady girlfriend would. You're in love! Act like it!" she yelled.

"Bu...but he...he wan..wants to...to take me...back to tha..that place," he stammered through his tears.

"He's a nice boy! You do whatever! You know what will happen if you don't. Come along. I'll help you get prepared for your date," she stated.

Stripped down to his black satin panties, cream satin robe and slippers, led him into the bathroom. "Get your douche kit," she instructed.

"I did that this morning just like I do every day," he commented.

"Well a girl has to be prepared for any event. Get the KY while you're at it and some tampons," she replied.

When they exited Eddy was blushing but slowly turning very pale. Washing out his fake pussy was one thing but she made him use it three times to clean out his insides. Satisfied he was clean, had Eddy squirt KY into both orifices. He was feeling ill at the implications of what she had him do. Putting the tampons in his purse didn't help.

Like his last date Eddy didn't arrive back home until after dark. He didn't say anything as he went straight into the bathroom with Mable following. When he pulled a tampon out she noticed it had opened up and there were some blood stains. Tossing it into the wastebasket, tears began running down his cheeks. Still he said nothing.

Looking up asked her to please fill the tub for him. She nodded and went to do that. He got up and began rinsing his mouth out with mouthwash. Sliding up to his chin in the hot water didn't care if his hair got wet.

"I have some ointment that will help. Here, it's on the counter when you're done," she said leaving.

Mable was actually worried that maybe her precious God Son had gone too far. She had told him to go slow, give it time for Eddy's feminine side to kick in. Mable was positive that there was a "girl" screaming to come out in Eddy. He had learned so much about being, acting and talking like one in just a couple of mounts she was sure of it. Mable never intended to actually take Eddie to that club. All she wanted was for them to fall in love, get married even but she wasn't so sure now. Still she dearly loved her God Son and his happiness is what mattered to her. With that in mind she called Brad.

"Brad what have you done? Yes, I know what you did to Eddie and I'm very upset. I told you to go slow and give Eddie time to blossom. I have a serious question and I want you to take the time to answer me truthfully. Would you marry Eddie and treat her nicely?" she demanded.

"Marriage? I hadn't thought of that," he responded.

"Yes, exactly that. California recognizes same sex marriages. So, would you?" she asked.

"It has it's advantages my darling boy. Eddie looks the look and walks the walk. No one has a clue that she isn't what she appears to be. Even your religious zealots for parents would accept her with loving arms. Your inheritance would be assured and no one would know your secret. Think about that for a second; then, give me your answer," she added.

"Yeah, I guess I could but would Eddy agree?" he asked.

"Leave Eddie to me. Now, no guessing. Will you marry her and obey your marriage vows," she demanded.

"Okay, we have a deal. I promise," he answered.

"Fine. Now go out and find a very nice engagement ring. We'll talk later, bye," she happily replied.

"Now to call my doctor and tell her I'm having severe anxiety attacks again. Those pills she prescribed worked wonders for me. No cares, no troubles just happy, happy. Hopefully they'll work on Eddie just as good," she thought dialing a number.

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A week later those pills were doing their magic. Eddy was smiling and talking to Mable again. He did seem to get upset when Brad asked him out on another date but accepted. When he came home was still smiling and seemed happy. Brad had taken him to a fancy restaurant and only demanded a couple of kisses. Two day later out on another date, he came home still smiling and looking happy. Again, this time to a party at a friend's house. Eddy actually enjoyed dancing and mingling with the other people. He wasn't worried about being discovered and very relaxed. His confidence soared as the other girls easily accepted him as just another girl. Being kissed a few times didn't bother him either. A few days later, out to see a romantic movie with the same results. Eddy was a bit confused by the sudden change in Brad but looked forward to their dates. It was an excuse to get away from Mable. When he wasn't out with Brad, he was going through "Modern Brides" and related web sites. He had picked out a dress and invitations already. Now he was searching for a nice reception arena.

The bright white dress he chose was a ball gown, sleeveless Bateau applique court train tulle with a lace up back. Since the skirt spilled out onto the floor, picked out a pair of white closed toe, patent leather, five-inch stilettos with pearl rhinestone high heels. Other accessories included a tulle lace veil, tulle net three tier floor length petticoat and elbow length white satin gloves. Mable was quite pleased with his selections and told him that he would be absolutely beautiful wearing it. He was a bit shocked when she ordered it.

"Why did you do that?" he asked puzzled.

"Because you would look absolutely beautiful wearing it. I have to see you modelling it for me. Who knows, maybe you will need it," she replied smugly.

"Dear Diary: Today Auntie bought me the most beautiful wedding gown and necessary accessories. A gown even better than the ones I've dreamed about. I know I would look gorgeous in it and it's perfect for a late summer wedding. The only problem is I'm not even engaged. I do hope someday to walk down the aisle wearing it. Maybe my beloved Brad will ask me. I think I would die if he didn't."

"This doesn't sound right for some reason. I don't want to get married but admit that gown is pretty. I think I should be upset with this but I'm not. Nothing seems to bother me anymore, even getting married," he thought finished copying what Mable had given him.

Shortly after he made that entry, he made another. "Dear Diary: It's the happiest day of my life. My precious Brad got down on a knee and proposed. Right here in the house with Auntie watching. I wasn't sure what to do but she told me to hold my hand out. If you could only see the gorgeous ring he gave me that I'm wearing on my left ring finger, you would gasp like I did. It's a sparkling five carats with half carat diamonds surrounding it. It took my breath away when he slid it up my finger. Looks like I get to wear that wedding dress after all. He wants to get married the day before he leaves for collage in LA. He said we would honeymoon in the Beverly Hills Hilton's bridal suite. I can't wait!"

"I'm not sure about writing this but I don't really mind. I can't believe nothing seems to bother me anymore no matter how strange. Besides this diary is all made up and a lie," he thought.

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Eddy was busy cooking an unusually large lunch Mable had asked him to do. *"Don't know why she wants me to roast an entire chicken or so much mashed potatoes. Guess it's easier this way. We'll have a lot of left overs and I won't have to cook,"* he thought.

The meal was just about ready when the doorbell chimed. "I'll get it," he heard Mable yell.

"Maude, Jeffery I'm so glad you're home. A lot of things have changed since you've been gone. I have so much to tell and show you. Come, let's go into the living room so I can explain," she said after giving her sister a tight hug.

"This will shock you Jeffery and you too Maude but maybe not as much," she said placing a pile of pictures and a white leatherette diary on the coffee table. "You know Maude, I've always told you that Mother Nature made a mistake giving Eddy those extra bits and pieces. Look at these photos and read that diary. I always knew there was a young lady hiding and wanting to get out," she added.

Jeffery was bug eyed as he shuffled through the pile of pictures while Maude gasped as she thumbed through the diary. She passed the diary over to her husband and began looking at the photos. "Oh, my!" an "Oh, dear. I never would have believed this," she gasped several times.

After about thirty minutes both parents looked stunned. "Mable, is what I have read and seen really true?" Maude asked while Jeffery sat back on the sofa staring at the ceiling.

"Yes, it is. I never guessed just how much of a girl he wanted to be. I was totally floored when he accepted Brad's diamond ring. Still, I had to help him become the pretty girl he, I mean, she's become. Lunch should be ready. I hear Eddie putting dishes on the dinning room table. Before we go I need to warn you. She doesn't know you're here and will be taken totally off guard. Eddie, that's the name she chose, will get very defensive. Might even tell you I forced her and deny everything. That's what her therapist said could happen. Yes, I have her seeing a therapist. She said if that happened for you to shrug it off and accept her as your daughter. She also said that Eddie could protest her current state for some time. You just need to keep reassuring her that you love her as your daughter; especially you, Jeffery," Mable replied.

"Well! He has always been more of a girl so this doesn't surprise me. Let his hair grow out even after I grounded him for two weeks refused to get it cut. You said he was seeing a therapist? She agrees with him becoming a girl?" Maude asked.

"Not becoming a girl. Said he still enjoyed his little bits and pieces. Her diagnosis was that Eddie was a she male. Someone who loves looking and acting like a girl but not wanting the reconstructive surgery. Her fiancé, Brad, knows all about her and proposed anyway. The wedding will be in two weeks. I hope you're accepting enough to be there and participate," she answered.

"He's always been a little wanker. While a picture is worth a thousand words, I have to see her for myself," Maude stated.

"Yes, of course, let me go get her," Mable said getting up.

"I think they bought that therapist bull shit which will make my plans come together. I have to keep them thinking Eddie's protests are meaningless," she thought entering the kitchen.

"Auntie lunch is ready are we having guests," Eddie asked seeing her.

"Yes, it's your parents and staying for lunch. Before I introduce you, I want to remind you of that appointment with the prosthetic's lady to remove them. That's tomorrow, in case you forgot. I also made an appointment with a surgeon. Now I'm giving you another choice. If you deny or say I forced you to dress and act like a girl, you will see that surgeon. She will remove those precious little bits and pieces you have and give you breast implants. By now you know I don't threaten. I mean every word I said. I showed your diary and some pictures to them. So, you probably won't convince them in any case. Your choice is to stay in character as Eddie or visit that surgeon. It's your decision," she admonished.

"Wha...what? Yo...you showed them that...that diary. You made me write that stuff. It's all a lie!" he gasped feeling the blood drain from his face.

"Doesn't matter. It's in your handwriting and with the pictures very believable. Make your choice," she stated.

"She's right. That diary makes it look like I'm having the time of my friggin life! Maude already thought I was like that to begin with. It wouldn't take much to convince her. Dad I'm not so sure about. Maude walks all over him and he'll do whatever she says. Shit! Some damn choice. Think I'll go along with Auntie until I get these prosthetics off. Then I can make a run for it even if I'm dressed as a girl. I just need to find out where they're staying. They'll have to believe me then," he thought.

"Dear Diary: I met my parents today as my real self, Eddie. I was surprised that they didn't seem shocked or upset. Maude just had a smug look on her face and Dad barely spoke to me. Although, I got a giddy feeling when I showed my engagement ring to her. She seemed stunned and commented to my Dad, guess I should refer to him as Daddy from now on, he should have gotten her one just as big. Imagine her being jealous of me!"

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"Dear Diary: I'm still a bit in a fog. Auntie gave me two of my vitamins this morning instead of just one. She knew I would be very sad to have my prosthetics removed even if for only a few hours. She is such a dear. Always thinking about my welfare. Thankfully I don't remember much but now I'm beginning to miss my girly part between my legs. I have to wear those dreaded panty girdles again. They hold everything in place but are uncomfortable and hot. At least I still have my lovely breasts. I really hope to someday have real breasts of my own."

“Good news Diary. Gwen and Nancy confirmed they would be very happy to be my bride’s maids. Of course, Auntie will be my maid of honor. I can’t wait to walk down the aisle. I just hope Daddy will be at my side. That would make my fondest dreams come true. Things have been so weird since Mommy and Daddy came home. They’re staying at the Hilton downtown until my wedding. They seem to like the new me but not sure how they feel about my darling Brad. I love him so much it doesn’t bother me if they do or don’t. It does bother me that Daddy still doesn’t talk to me much but Mommy is much nicer now. Just think in two more days I’ll officially Mrs. Brad Connors. I have a beauty salon appointment for tomorrow afternoon. Auntie is treating me to a full makeover as a wedding present using semi-permanent makeup. That’s going to save me so much time on my wedding day. She’s always been so helpful and I love her to death.”

“Dear Diary: Today is the big day. I still can’t believe all my fantasies are coming true. Auntie got me up at four thirty this morning so I could get ready for my nine o’clock wedding. It’s earlier than I wanted but we have to drive to LA right after the ceremony. At least I’ll have him all alone for two days before we move into the school’s married student dormitory. So, diary, it will be awhile before I make another entry and will probably be a naughty entry when I get around to it.”

“I can’t believe she made me get dressed in this wedding dress. I know she can’t be serious about me actually getting married to another guy. She spent most of last evening packing four large suitcases with my stuff. Now that’s scary. How far is she planning on taking this? There’s no way I’m walking down that aisle. If it gets to that point, I’ll definitely run away,” he thought putting the diary into his white with rhinestone decorated shoulder bag.

“Eddie it’s time to go,” she said entering the room.

She wasn’t alone. There was another stern looking woman with her. “Eddie I’m going to give you a final choice to make. This is Doctor Wesley. She is the surgeon I was telling you about. If you make the right choice, she won’t castrate your right here and now. Your choices are: Proceed with the wedding, say your I do and leave with Brad or lose your precious little bits.”

“Sh...she can’t do tha...that! We’re not at a hospital!” he gasped at the very idea.

“Of course I can. It’s a very simple procedure. All it takes is a scalpel and sutures. It just takes a few minutes. It will be quite painful as I can’t give you an anesthetic. You’d be late for your wedding if I did that,” the woman firmly said.

Eddy had no idea the woman wasn’t a surgeon. She was Mable’s very close friend. Yet, she appeared to be what Mable claimed. Enough so that he agreed to go through with the ceremony.

“Before we leave you need to sign these papers. Sign this one with your full legal name Edward here; then, sign here with your new legal name as Eddie Maye Connors,” Mable demanded.

When he hesitated, the other woman placed a scalpel on the desk. Dressed as he was and wearing the very high heels knew he couldn’t fight them. He quickly signed the document.

“This can’t be legal,” he sighed handing her the paper.

“Oh yes, very legal Eddie. California has for some time recognized same sex marriages. The ceremony, the vows and this name change are very legal and binding. The only way you can leave Brad is through a divorce. Divorces are very expensive, subject to public display and probably a lot of press coverage my dear. I don’t think you want that. Come let’s go,” Mable retorted.

“I’m so fucked,” he thought as Mable and the other woman lifted his train.

The End