

## Church Lady

### Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Paul Abernathy had it all. He was popular, smart and more importantly his choice of any girl in school. It had been that way all through his junior and high school years and loved the attention. That all changed when his single mother died from cancer his senior year. Unable to contact his father, he was given over to the custody of his father's half sister Agnes McAllen, the church lady.

### The Church Lady

Paul was walking down the hallway, Amanda Brouse at his side. Amanda was the prettiest girl in Lincoln High and head cheer leader. Paul was no slouch himself. He was captain of the football team, junior year Prom King and likely going to be elected again his senior year. Anyone and everyone in the hierarchy of the school were his friends. That is everyone except the nerds, weirdoes and druggies. He was on the top of his world as he pulled Amanda closer to his side.

"Alright babe, give me a kiss and I'll see you out on the field," he said as they reached the gym.

It was the last game of the season and Paul wanted to make it a great one. The team didn't make the playoffs this year which was disappointing but he wanted to go out in style. He had the most catches, most touchdowns of any receiver in the entire school district. If he made five more catches and at least one touchdown, he would be the best in state. It was a title he coveted and would practically guarantee a great collage scholarship.

Paul was five foot eight with an athletic toned body and great hand eye coordination. He wasn't all that strong but fast with great hands which compensated for his lack of height. He was a star wide receiver since he started playing in junior high. He was used to the accolades and benefits of being a star. He was handsome, almost pretty in a way, with his sparkling bright blue eyes, long sandy blond hair and full lips inherited from his mother.

He was an only child living with his mother in a modest neighborhood. His mother divorced his father years ago, never really knew him and he really didn't care. They weren't rich by any definition and his mother worked hard as a store manager. Life was good, thanks to his talent and personality, hung in the upper echelons of school society. What he couldn't afford, his friends supplied. With his senior year and Amanda on his arm life couldn't get any better.

The stadium was filled to capacity, the evening cool and crisp great football weather. Paul glanced over to the sidelines catching a glimpse of Amanda in her green and white satin uniform, her skirt flapping above her hips exposing the emerald green panties as she did a high kick.

"Damn, she looks so hot tonight," he thought as he heard "hut, hut" and the ball being centered.

He sprinted in a down and out pattern, only seeing blurs as he ran the route. His eyes turned back downfield, saw the ball, focused in on it forgetting everything else until it touched his fingertips. Suddenly everything else came into focus. The linebacker and the safety coming in on his right and off to the side, he hurtled the diving safety and

stiff armed the linebacker the goal line was right in front of him. He finished the game with seven receptions and one touchdown making him the best receiver in the state. The team awarded him the game ball and the only tarnish was that his mother wasn't there to see it. She was in ICU after major surgery.

Three days after that game, his mother passed. It wasn't totally unexpected and Paul had had time to adjust to that outcome. Still it hurt and he wasn't sure of what would happen now that she was gone. His mother had told him something about a half-sister or something but he didn't remember exactly what. Thankfully she had prearranged all the funeral expenses and plans. It wasn't until the day before the funeral that Agnes McAllen showed up on the front doorstep.

Agnes was a stout tall woman in her early forties. She was dressed from her high necked collar down to her ankles in a black cotton dress with long sleeves. The stark blackness was only broken by a hint of white at the cuffs and neck. She only had a hint of pale pink lipstick for cosmetics and her brown hair styled in a tight bun covered by a white snood. Her unpolished black leather shoes were square toed with a two inch block heel and laced high on the ankles.

"Who are you?" Paul asked confused. "She looks like some religious freak. I wonder what she wants here?" he thought.

"I'm your father's half-sister. Now let me in. You're mother asked me to take charge of you. Being a Christian woman I couldn't refuse though it's against my principles," she said as she barged past him.

It didn't take her long to get settled into the guest bedroom and bark orders at Paul. The first thing she did after touring the house, was take all his mother's belongings, pack them in trash bags and call the Goodwill to come pick them up. While she was doing that she had Paul cleaning the house. He tried to object but Agnes had him by several inches and pounds. She was a very determined woman and before Paul's head could clear was in a white cotton pinafore styled apron with a white mop cap on his head mopping the floors.

When the van from Goodwill showed up, he stayed in the kitchen too embarrassed to be seen. After they left, he emerged and stood open mouthed seeing that all the living room furniture was gone.

"OMG! What have you done? You just can't come in here and do this," he said in shock. He reeled back on his heels as she slapped him hard across the face.

"You will not take the Lord's name in vain and I can do whatever I need to do without your permission. Your mother made me your guardian and as such you will do whatever I say and do it humbly. This house and its furnishing are now things from your past. After the funeral and legal matters are settled, you are coming with me. The sooner you are away from the evil influences surrounding this place and city the better. Now get busy using that mop on the living room floor," she barked.

Her hand print glowed on the side of his face as he moved to comply. It took all his will power not to cry. All he wanted now was to get the job finished and head out to see Amanda. She would know how best to console him. Once away from Agnes he would be able to think of a way to get out from under that crazy woman's control.

He was just finishing cleaning the living room when Agnes told him she had more bags for him to take to the garbage. While he did that she made them a Spartan dinner. Sitting down, he stared at the meager offering on his plate. There was a small baked potato, green beans and single thin pork chop on the plate. A large glass of milk sat next to the plate.

He started to dig in when a loud, "What do you think you're doing? We do not eat until we have given grace," she sternly said.

Finished eating, she had him clean the table and tidy up the kitchen. He was exhausted both mentally and physically by the time he passed her inspection. Telling him he was excused, he breathed a sigh of relief and went to his room to change for his date. To his great surprise his room was stripped bare. His furniture was still there but most of his clothing and more importantly his trophies, pictures, records and stuff were gone.

"What the fuck! Where's all my shit!" he exclaimed.

Before he could react a firm hand gripped the back of his neck and propelled him forward. When his knees hit the bed frame, he fell forward. A blistering pain seared his backside as the hand held him immobile on the bed. It didn't end until he was in tears and pleading for the punishment to stop. When it did, he wasn't spared more indignity as a bar of soap was thrust between his teeth.

"Now you suck on that until all those blasphemous words are washed right out of your mouth. As far as your things are concerned, I had them taken away. You won't need reminding of your sinful ways when you get to my place. Gluttony, vanity and pride are sins of the flesh and I won't have them around my house," Agnes hissed.

Paul looked back over his shoulder shocked to his very core. He had never been spanked in his life much less had a bar of perfumed soap crammed into his mouth. Some of his own linebackers couldn't have hurt him as much as this crazy woman did in a matter of minutes. He wanted to protest but she held her hand over his mouth working the soap in. Suddenly his rage at being humiliated was turned into a sudden need to vomit. The soap was bubbling out of his nostrils and the taste nauseating as it flowed down his throat. His stomach began to cramp and as soon as she released her grip sprinted for the bathroom.

As he was kneeling before the porcelain throne spitting out as much of the horrible tasting soap as possible she told him to clean up and report back to her. He stood over the sink washing out his mouth with clean water for what seemed like hours before the stench of the soap was gone. Bleary eyed he walked back to his room. He needed to get a clean shirt before heading out to see Amanda. He was already late and more than ready to get away. Agnes was waiting for him.

She was standing looking into his closet as he walked in. She turned to face him with her fists on her hips. Before he could say anything, she said, "Now listen carefully, it wasn't my choice to take care of you but I had no say in that just like you don't. From this moment forward you will do what I say, when I say it and do it to the best of your ability or else. I'm a fundamentalist woman who firmly believes in a strict code of conduct. My flock is made up entirely of other women who share my beliefs. I'm stuck with you until you turn twenty-one, so you leave me no choice but to make sure you blend in with the rest of my flock. We also strongly believe in spare the rod and spoil the child. So unless you enjoy being punished, I expect your complete obedience. Now get ready for bed, we have an early morning," she stated.

"It's....it's only eight o'clock. I...I have a date with Amanda tonight, an..and I'm already late," he stuttered.

Before she could reply the doorbell rang. "You get ready for bed like I told you while I see who that is," she snapped walking past him daring him to say a word with her look.

"Hi I'm Amanda. I'm here to get Paul. We have a date and I got tired of waiting for him. Who are you?" Amanda said in her perky giggling voice.

Amanda was wearing a tight fitting pink fluffy angora sweater with cowl neck, grey flare skirt, white hose and pink three inch spiked heels. Her hair was in a cute pony tail tied off with a pink satin ribbon bow. She was immaculately made up and reeked of Channel No. 5.

“Harlot be gone! I’ll not let my ward be seen with the likes of you. Now go before you bring the wrath of God down on this house,” Agnes shouted in righteous outrage.

Amanda stood confused at the outburst before breaking out in a fit of giggles. “You’ve got to be kidding me right? This some kind of joke? Come on Paul. This isn’t funny,” she responded.

“I said go away before I call the authorities. I’ll not have any whore’s stalking at my doorstep. Now go!” Agnes said taking a threatening step forward.

From the look in Agnes’ eyes and threatening manner, Amanda left. As she went back to her car thought, “What the fuck and who’s that crazy woman at Paul’s? She scares me and I hope my Paul is okay. I’ll call him from my cell once I’m around the block.”

“Was that Amanda? I thought I heard her voice,” Paul said as soon as Agnes walked back into his room.

“I thought I told you to get ready for bed. Why don’t you have your pajamas on?” she snapped.

“And I asked you if that was my Amanda at the fu....front door,” he snapped back catching himself from saying fuck at the last moment.

“I see you still haven’t learned who is in control here,” she coldly replied.

Again, before he could defend himself, Agnes had him bent over the bed and was pounding his ass. She didn’t stop until he was a mass of tears and pleading as if it were his life in jeopardy. Putting the wooden hairbrush back into her apron pocket, she told him to get ready for bed and left the room.

Paul slept in his fleece gym shorts and tee shirt. As he pulled the shirt over his head his cell rang out “Unchained Melody” his ring tone for Amanda. “Hey baby,” he quickly answered.

“Paul what the fuck is going on over there? I just met this horrible woman who called me a fucking whore and told me to go away. Who is she?” Amanda asked in a panic.

“I’m sorry baby but that’s....that’s my aunt or something like that. She’s been given custody of me since my mom died. She’s one crazy bitch and won’t let me out. Look, I can’t see you tonight but tomorrow after the funeral we’ll get together okay. I’m not going to stay with this nut job any longer than I have to. I’ll just move in with Jason or Otto then. They’ll hide me out until the bitch leaves. I love you baby,” he said as the plan to run away formed.

“Oh darling I’m so sorry for you but tomorrow is just fine. I can’t wait to see you. Hello, hello are you still there Paul?” she replied.

Agnes was standing beside a cowering Paul, the hairbrush in one hand and the cell phone in the other. Glowering at Paul she brought the phone to her thin lips and said, “I thought I told you whore to be gone. Paul is no longer under your devil’s mastery.”

She cut the contact and put the phone in her apron pocket. “So I’m a crazy bitch. I’m a nut job am I? You planning on running away and think you can get away with it? Those are the devil’s thoughts and it looks like I have my work cut out for me. Some people never learn but after tonight, I think you will. What are you doing still in your underwear? I thought I told you to put on your pajamas,” she scornfully replied.

**“These are my pajamas,” he defensively replied.**

**“Those are not proper nightwear. Wait here,” she ordered turning on her heels.**

**When she returned, she tossed him a white garment. He held it up and gasped, “You don’t expect me to wear this?”**

**“Of course I do. It’s one of my spares. Put it on or would you like another session with my brush?” she snapped.**

**He shook out the white shirt styled brushed cotton nightgown. It had cuffed sleeves and square neckline with a frill of eyelet lace. Not overly feminine but definitely not something a man would wear. As he started to pull it over his head was stopped.**

**“Off with that before you put on that clean gown,” she barked.**

**Paul waited a moment or two for her to turn her back but her icy stare didn’t leave his eyes. The hairbrush was in her hand as she tapped it into her open palm. With a sigh he quickly pulled off the tee and hesitating briefly his sweats trying with little success to cover his groin. He turned his back to her, picking the nightgown off the bed and quickly put it on. He blushed scarlet as the hem of the gown settled around his calves.**

**“Much better, now put this on and get into bed or must I tuck you in,” she said tossing him a white cotton sleep cap with a fringe of eyelet lace.**

**After he had tucked his hair up into the cap like she wanted, he was instructed to kneel at his beside and say his prayers. Paul was at a loss. He hadn’t said any prayer since he was a little kid. The only one that came to mind was “Now I lay me down to sleep.”**

**As he settled under the covers feeling like a damn fool, Agnes picked up his discarded clothing along with the clothes he had worn that day, went over to the closet and removed his black suit.**

**“In case you think about leaving tonight, the only clothing you will have is that nightgown. Goodnight,” she said leaving him alone in his misery.**

**“What has mom done to me? She couldn’t have known what a wack job Agnes is. I have to find some way out. I can’t do anything tonight but I’ll find some way to get away tomorrow. She wouldn’t dare do anything funny at the funeral,” he thought.**

**Paul was brought awake by a hard slap to his foot. Sitting up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes he saw Agnes with the brush in hand. “Wha.....What the fuck? That hurt,” he stammered.**

**“Oh shit,” he thought realizing what and who he said that to.**

**He was crying and had soap bubbles coming out of his nose as Agnes dragged him into the bathroom. There was nothing he could do to stop her as she pulled the nightgown over his head and sat him on the toilet.**

**“Go on get your morning business done while I fill the tub,” she said.**

**Paul was stunned by her command. If his ass wasn’t inflamed and the taste of soap dulling his senses, he would have absolutely refused. He forced himself to pee but doing number two with her right there was impossible. Agnes was obviously losing patience as the tub filled with brightly colored bubbles. She went over to the linen closet, dug around before finding what she was looking for before turning letting Paul see what she held.**

**“What the hell is she holding mom’s douche bag for?” he thought then with a horror stricken face watched as she filled it from the bath water.**

**Paul didn’t know if his humiliation would ever end. It was mortifying when she jammed**

the thick white nozzle up his butt and gave him his first enema but now she was giving him a bath. She wasn't being gentle as she used a bristle brush and scrubbed until his skin glowed bright pink. He didn't know what was worse, having an enema or when she had him stand with his legs parted and scrubbed his groin and ass.

"You will learn that cleanliness is next to Godliness by the time I'm finished with you," was all she said as she scrubbed him in a business like manner.

Finished in the bathroom, he was given his black suit and white dress shirt. He went to his dresser to get clean boxers and tee but the drawers were all empty except for a strange garment. It was white cotton and looked like cut off long johns with a high rounded neck and short sleeves. He wrinkled his nose when he saw the small pink bow centered on the neckline. For a moment he thought about going commando but decided against it. The garment fit snugly around the groin, almost painful in its tightness, while the top seemed to sag loosely. He was considering taking it off but Agnes walked in.

"Good I see you had the good sense to put that on. Come over here and sit so I can brush your hair," she stated pointing to the straight backed chair beside what use to be his computer desk. Like all his other stuff, she had given his computer to Goodwill.

He had always worn his hair in a low pony tail but today, Agnes parted it in the middle and brushed it out such that it framed his face and tucked under his chin. Next she brushed the front so that it draped from right to left almost touching the left brow before pinning it in place with several bobby pins.

"Normally I would put your hair up into a nice tight bun but just for today we'll leave it like this. Now finish dressing," she said leaving the room.

Paul dressed as if in a daze. So much had changed in such a short time. His mind had a hard time trying to figure out what was happening. The pain and humiliation were predominant in his thoughts and strong enough to keep him from rebelling. His only hope would be at the funeral and the help of his friends. With that in mind, he went to the kitchen. He was starving and a big breakfast would help. Instead, there was a bowl of mush sitting at his place along with a large glass of milk. With breakfast over, he had to put on the pinafore and mop cap before cleaning the dishes and kitchen. At that point he didn't think it could get any worse but the thought of escaping with his friends was a bright light of salvation.

Ooo

The first stop was at the lawyer's office. There Agnes signed the paperwork making Paul her guardian and manager of all his finances. Paul tried to make all that unnecessary as he had just turned eighteen and of legal age but the lawyer denied him.

"Son, you may be old enough to join the military but your Mother's will indicates that she believed you needed more maturity. She left you with a very sizable life insurance policy and her company will match it. In addition, the proceeds from the sale of the house and contents will be significant. Based on my preliminary calculations the total amount should be about one and a half million dollars. If you want to join the military that's an option but you will not get access to your inheritance until you are twenty-one and Miss. Agnes signs off on your maturity.

"How much? A one and a half million? I didn't think I would get much if anything. Join the military? Shit, that's no choice. I don't want my legs blown off or worse. I'd never be able to play ball then," he thought.

"Wh...why does Agnes have to sign off on me getting that money when I turn twenty-

one?" he asked.

"I'm sorry son but that's what her will states and I have to abide by it. So, do I go ahead and file these papers or take you to the recruiting office?" the lawyer replied.

"Errrr.....no..file the papers," he sullenly replied.

"If I hear you refer to me by my given name ever again, you will be punished harshly. You will refer to me as Auntie McAllen or ma'am. I will let your lapse this morning go as I hadn't instructed you otherwise. Do we understand one another?" she crisply stated.

"Yes ma'am," he dutifully replied.

"Damn I don't know if staying with her for three years is worth over a million bucks but how much worse can it get? She's going to have to let me finish school, so I won't be around her all the time....well at least for a few months. Maybe by then she'll give me a little slack. Boy, a million bucks is a lot of money too. Then again, I won't be living here and won't see my friends especially Amanda. What the fuck, I'd rather be with Amanda for an hour than spend three years with this crazy bitch. Fuck the money and her, I'll run away and live with one of the guys," he thought as they drove to the funeral home.

With his decision made Paul put on a happy face that didn't go unnoticed by Agnes. "That boy is up to something. I think he's planning on running away with that whore. Have to put a stop to that. It's my duty to his mother and Christian calling," she thought.

Seeing the coffin with his mother's portrait sitting on top and surrounded with floral wreaths brought tears to Paul's eyes. It wasn't until that moment that he fully realized that she was truly gone from his life. To calm him, Agnes gave him a glass of water. Paul wiped his sweaty palms on his pants, took the offered glass and quickly emptied it. Now all he had to do was wait another hour or so before he could sneak away.

Soon people started to arrive for the short memorial service. Paul thought it funny that everyone who came up to him was speaking in slow motion. He barely understood half the words they said plus their faces looked a bit distorted. Agnes was holding his hand, keeping him by her side as they stood off to the side of the coffin. He remembered Amanda coming up and trying to kiss him but Agnes stepped between them. The next thing he remembered clearly was placing a red rose on the coffin as it was being lowered into the grave. Other than that he remembered very little of what happened during the service or funeral.

Paul woke up with a splitting headache and cotton filled mouth. He staggered into the bathroom and at the last minute remembered to lift the skirt of his nightgown. He opened the medicine cabinet and took out some aspirin washing the pills down with water drawn from the sink.

"Man, I don't remember having a hangover this bad before but I don't remember drinking anything. I feel worse than when the team celebrated winning regional last year with all that Boon's Farm strawberry wine. All I want is to go back to bed and see if I can sleep this off," he thought. Alas, as he stepped into the hallway, Agnes was standing there wearing a very similar gown to his with a lacier sleep cap.

"Good you're up, get back into the bath so I can clean you up. We have a very long drive ahead of us and I want an early start," she said grabbing his elbow.

"No....no I'm not....not going. You can keep the money but I'm staying here," he mumbled.

**“Planning on running away I take it. Well forget any ideas about staying here in this den of sinners and whores. I can see that I will have my hands full cleansing out your tainted soul and keeping you from returning to sinful ways. I have a plan to keep you from running but I’m not so sure about your soul. Now do your morning business while I fill the tub,” she firmly said.**

**Again there was no way Paul could force himself to do a number two with her in the room. His inability was cured by the same method she used the day before except this time she made him fill the red rubber bag and insert it into his bottom. After she had scrubbed his skin until it was bright pink, she kept him standing in the tub. She took a can of shaving gel and several pink ladies’ razors from the cabinet and proceeded to shave off all the hair on his body below the neck. His feeble protests were stopped by several sharp stinging slaps to his upper thighs.**

**“All that hair does is trap body odor and provides false modesty. You will keep your body hair free from now on,” she said having him sit back in the water to wash off the soap.**

**Shaving his legs didn’t bother him that much as he did his lower legs when he played ball to make it less painful removing all the tape. Having his underarms, chest and groin scraped clean was another matter altogether especially by a woman. He cringed and blushed harder with each swipe of the blade as Agnes went about her business. He wanted to crawl into a hole and die when she lifted his limp penis up and began shaving his balls. Touching his penis as she shaved, made it become erect mortifying him. It immediately deflated when she whacked it with her hairbrush making him scream. Out of the tub she handed him a bottle and told him to liberally coat his body with it. It had a very distinct floral aroma but cooled his freshly shaven skin.**

**As he was brushing his teeth, she placed a can of his mother’s FDS and deodorant on the counter. “This,” she said pointing to the can, “is for your groin. It will keep it smelling fresh all day. I expect you know how to use the deodorant.”**

**The look in her eyes and the brush in her hand stifled any forth coming complaint. Gingerly, he picked up the can of FDS and sprayed it around his groin. It left a white powdery coating on his genitals and groin. He noticed “reveal softer, smoother underarms in five days” on the container of Dove wrinkling his nose at the prospect as he applied the deodorant.**

**Instead of taking him back into his room, she marched him into the master bedroom and had him sit at his mother’s vanity. She had tucked a bath towel under his arms but otherwise he was naked. Seated, she began brushing his hair, pulling it back tightly from his scalp and fashioned into a bun at the back of his head. She had left two tendrils of hair hanging down that reached to his chin. Grabbing a curling iron she quickly fashioned them into pretty spirals. Satisfied with what she had done to his hair, she picked up a small white net elastic cover and fixed it over the bun.**

**“You’re a bit smaller than me but I think these will fit you well enough,” she said handing him a similar undergarment to the one worn yesterday except the small ribbon bow at the center was blue satin. Once he had stepped into it and pulled the wide shoulder straps in place, she bent down and had him step into another unfamiliar piece of clothing. It was an off white in color and as she settled it around his torso, knew what it was. It was a corset with close spaced metal boning that reached from just below his breasts to half way down his thighs. It was criss-crossed with wide white elastic bands and had white satin panels at the hips with a larger diamond shaped one at the stomach. The UU shaped bust line was wired and covered in a glossy white satin. By the time Agnes had it laced, Paul could barely breathe and his ribs and waist**

were burning.

Agnes walked around him, nodding her head in approval seeing his straight back posture and narrowed waist. "Take shallower breaths and breathe from your diaphragm. All my young parishioners wear this all the time and I don't see why you should be any different. It has an open bottom so you don't have to take it off to do your toilet," she said.

"Bu....but...thi...this is...is for a gi....girl," he panted.

"Yes, I guess so. It's used to train their figures and for punishment as well. When they err from the path of righteousness, their mothers have them put a horse hair vest under it. It's not an enjoyable experience I promise, however, I'm sure you will discover that on your own sooner rather than later," she pronounced as she picked up another garment.

"My bras are much too big for you but I think one of your mother's will suffice until we can get you some of your own," she said holding up a white Playtex eighteen hour bra. It was a bit loose even with the smallest hook and eye setting. She stuffed the cups with some cotton balls to give them shape. Next, she had him sit at the vanity and worked a pair of dark navy tights up his legs and attached the welts to the corset's garters.

"Shoes are going to be a problem until I can purchase you your own but for now you can wear a pair of mine," she said as she slid the black high ankle block heeled shoe on his foot. It was a bit loose as well but when she laced it tight would do. Standing on the two inch block heel made him tend to lean forward but soon found his balance. A starched white cotton petticoat was dropped over his head followed by a charcoal grey with narrow white vertical stripes full skirt dress. It was long sleeved with a high tight collar that forced his chin up and buttoned in the back. The cuffs and collar were white.

Paul had a difficult time adjusting to his new clothing. It was surprisingly heavy, hot and most uncomfortable. The corset kept him from taking his usual long stride and the heels felt heavy and odd at the same time. Looking into the full length mirror he couldn't believe that the reflected image of a young, plain but not ugly, girl looking back was indeed him.

"Wh...why did...did you dress me like a....a girl?" he finally asked.

"For several reasons, first and foremost was to keep you from running away the first chance you get. Second because it will help you fit in better with my parishioners and thirdly, to teach you humility. When we get to my place, I'll see to it that you get much better fitting clothing. I didn't have much to work with here but don't worry they will be proper fitting clothing. None of that whorish stuff the girls wear around here mind you but good modest utilitarian clothing. Now off with you and fix us some breakfast while I get dressed," she said.

"I can't believe she did this to me. I look ridiculous and feel like the world's biggest idiot. If any of my friends could see me now...shit..I don't even want to go there. Crap, this corset is killing me and I can't catch my breath. Gotta stop for a second and catch my breath. How do girls wear these things? Man, even if I decided to run I wouldn't get ten feet without passing out," he thought as he reached the kitchen. He paused to grab the back of a chair with both hands, gasping.

"Get breakfast she said. Better put on that stupid apron and cap before I start or she'll bust my ass with that brush of hers. Eggs, bacon and pancakes sound good but with this infernal corset I probably won't be able to eat it. I'd rather be hungry than have to

toss all that food into the garbage. Oatmeal and milk just like yesterday. I hate that stuff but it's easy to make," he thought moving to the counter.

He was finishing the oatmeal when she walked into the kitchen wearing a similar dress to his. She looked him over, nodded her head and sat at the head of the table. They said grace and ate in silence. He didn't have to be told to clean up when they had finished. With the kitchen cleaned he had to sit and catch his breath. He had been up only a couple of hours and already was more than ready to go back to bed. He was completely exhausted. He cupped his hands under his chin and began crying.

"Mom you had to leave me with her. Did you know that she was some kind of religious fanatic? Do you have any idea of what she's put me through? Look what she's done to me. Mom, oh mom, why?" he thought.

Agnes spent a couple of hours packing the few things she wanted to take from the house. She had decided to take his mother's SUV as it was better than Agnes' old beat up Buick. Dressed as he was Paul discovered that he couldn't lift anything too heavy and that he was forced to stoop rather than bend to pick anything up. Even the lightest boxes left him panting as he went into the garage to put them in the car. At least he was spared the humiliation of having to go outside and be seen by the neighbors.

There weren't that many boxes and there was still plenty of room in the SUV when Agnes told him it was time to go. "What, where's all my clothes? I don't see them and what about all the stuff still in the house and my car? I....I worked hard to get that car," he asked afraid of the answer.

"You won't need them. The real estate agent will see that everything is sold and the money deposited into your trust account. Now get in and let's go. We have a long ways to drive and I want to get there before nightfall," she answered briskly.

It was a tedious ten hour drive and not without its humiliations. Agnes had packed a lunch and pulled over to an interstate road side park in the early afternoon. There were enough people around to make Paul nervous about being seen. When they didn't pay them any undue attention his tension eased. It wasn't until Agnes guided him into the Lady's restroom that he began to panic.

"You can't expect to use the men's. Just find an open stall, make sure to sit when you do your business. Nothing to it," she said.

When they entered there was a woman with two little kids standing at the sink, another putting on fresh makeup and none of the stalls were empty. They received some glances from the two women but nothing was said. Now that he was in the bathroom, his bladder was screaming for release as he shifted his feet trying to control the urge.

"I never had to wait before and I need to go now," he thought as he heard some commodes flush making his need to pee stronger.

As two women exited the stalls they gave them a look but hurried to the sinks. Locking the door, Paul turned away from the commode, lifted his skirt and petticoat and tried to sit. The corset made that almost impossible so in desperation straddled it and let the pee flow. Some of it splattered onto his inner thighs and he grabbed a wad of tissue to dry it up.

As he was finishing up, he heard a woman's voice. "Mary did you see those two women and how they were dressed? They must be with some strict religious sect or something. I can't imagine having to dress so plainly."

Ooo

It was almost dark by the time Agnes turned off the highway onto a narrow black top farm road. All he could see for miles across the flat plain were fallow fields of what appeared to be wheat and cotton. Paul had no idea of where they were other than in the State of Oklahoma. The drive had been pure torture in the unfamiliar restrictive clothing. He was physically exhausted and ached all over. At the moment he didn't care. All he wanted was to get out of his corset, dress and get some sleep. He would worry about getting away from all this lunacy in the morning.

"This will be your home for at least the next three years. We call it 'Providence' and it furnishes all that we need. The nearest town is twenty miles and the nearest neighbor ten. I don't think you'll run away but to make sure you'll stay dressed and comport yourself like the young lady you appear. We can't call you Paul so from now on you will answer to Prudence. A proper Christian name for a proper young lady," Agnes said as they neared the compound.

"You can't keep me like this? I'm not a girl much less a lady and I certainly ain't no Prudence. This is insane! You have to give me back my clothing. Please let me go and keep the money," he said in disbelief.

"Prudence you're my ward and it has nothing to do with the money. It's now my moral duty to cleanse your soul of the evil influences of that Sodom and Gomorra you called home. I did not ask for this but God has thrust you under my care. Providence is a conclave of women and girls so you must fit in. Therefore, I have decided that you will be Prudence while you are living here. Living as a young woman, learning our crafts and piety will stand you in good stead for your later life," she stated.

"Please don't do this to me. Even with my little religious knowledge this can't be right. I don't want to do this," he replied in tears.

"Do not pretend to instruct me in religious belief. I cannot in good conscience send you to live with our brothers in their compound. You have become too tainted in your lifestyle and beliefs. Men, by nature, are easily misled and wayward. You would contaminate, fill them with the nonsense of worldly goods, wicked ways and the sins of the flesh. No, it is best for you to be Prudence and segregated from them. By the time I'm finished with you, the seven deadly sins of sloth, envy, pride, gluttony, greed, wrath and lust will be a thing of the past. You will learn those lessons much more quickly and permanently by being Prudence," she replied with conviction.

Ooo

The compound was surrounded by a high hurricane fence with concertina wired outer wall. Inside were a number of wood framed buildings circling a parade ground with a white washed steeple church being the most prominent. Agnes pulled up to a house next to the church. As she parked several women and young girls appeared. The girls were all wearing woolen cloaks, gingham knee length dresses, petticoats with white cotton bonnets and aprons. The women wore dark colored cotton dresses in navy, black or dark grey, aprons and snoods. The styles were the same as that worn by Paul and Agnes.

"Welcome home Sister Agnes," said a weather worn, wrinkled faced woman.

"Sister Sarah, it's good to be home. This is my ward Prudence that I told you all about. I'm afraid we will have our work cut out teaching her the true path to glory. She is filled with the sins of the world but I have hopes for her salvation. I trust that I can count on you and the other elders to support me in this effort," she said in greeting.

Paul didn't like the look in Sister Sarah's eyes as she looked him over with intensity. He wasn't sure what Agnes meant by "told you all about" but knew that this woman

was not one to mess around with. She wasn't that much taller but built like a barn.

"Prudence, give a curtsey to our Master at Arms, Sister Sarah," Agnes barked.

Paul looked from Agnes back to Sister Sarah, not sure what to do. He had seen curtseys performed in some movies but no idea of how to do one. Seeing the scowl on Sister Sarah's face, he did the only thing he could think of and that was to bend a knee, dipping slightly.

"I've seen cows curtsey better than that but I'll cure that soon enough. You must be tired. Here, let us help you unpack and get settled," Sister Sarah said amid giggling from the girls.

The wood framed house was small. There was a master bedroom with private bath, kitchen area and living room. Paul was shown into a sparse room and told that it would be his. There were no decorations, the furnishings minimal. A twin bed with pink woolen blanket, a white eight drawer dresser, bedside table with lamp, white plastic alarm clock and bible on top, a desk and straight backed chair. The wooden floor had a single multicolored throw rug beside the bed. The bathroom was across the hall. It had a large white enameled iron footed tub, commode, linen closet and sink counter top. Green and white linoleum covered the floor.

"This is your room Prudence. Once we have eaten I will give you a night dress then tomorrow we'll get you a proper wardrobe. Come along and help me prepare dinner," Agnes said.

Paul was starved, the light breakfast and simple ham and cheese sandwich for lunch came no where near to satisfying his hunger. Dinner was another disappointment consisting of a small chicken breast, peas and lumpy mashed potatoes brought over by Sister Sarah. He had set the table while Agnes warmed it up. The chicken was dry and the vegetables tasteless.

"I've had better meals in the cafeteria than this on its worst day. Oh this corset is killing me and I'm so hungry," he thought as he did his best to finish eating.

To be Continued

## CHURCH LADY

### Part Two

Paul has been awarded into the care of his father's half-sister, Agnes. Agnes is a strict feminist fundamentalist religious leader and determined to steer Paul away from the seven deadly sin lifestyle. To make him humble and keep him from running away decided he should become Prudence.

### The Church Lady Part II

Paul's alarm went off at five in the morning awaking him from a deep but troubled sleep. Groggily, he swung a hand at the offending clock on the bedside table.

"Oh please let this be a horrible nightmare," he thought as he opened one eye to stare at the alarm.

The deep gnawing pain radiating out from his torso told him that it wasn't. Agnes had refused to remove his corset or bra when he went to bed and he hurt. Slowly he forced himself to get out of bed, pull on a worn white satin quilted three quarter length sleeved robe that fell to his ankles. Stepping into white cotton slippers he went to relieve the pressure on his bladder. With his hose removed, he could lift the edges of

the corset over his hips and sit to pee. It was decidedly uncomfortable and unnatural but he had no choice. If he didn't hold the corset up it would snap back down and he'd get pee everywhere.

"I'm sorry I didn't take the lawyers advice and join the military. I think losing a leg would be preferable than being with her and dressing this way. I hurt all over even my scalp from what she's forced me to do," he thought.

Back in his room standing in front of his dresser, Paul removed the white cotton sleep cap and scratched his head. It hurt and itched just like the rest of his body. He removed the small white lace cap that secured the bun and began pulling at it to loosen it up. After removing some bobby pins his long blond hair fell free. He shook his head in relief.

"Now if I can just work the laces loose I can get out of this contraption," he thought but that proved futile. He could do nothing until Agnes came and removed the corset. All he wanted at the moment was a very hot bath to ease the pain.

He didn't have long to wait until she walked into the room. "Good you're up. It's time to teach you your morning rituals. We have a busy day and I want an early start," she said in way of greeting.

"Morning rituals? What is she talking about? I know how to take a bath," he thought.

He was greatly relieved when she removed his corset and the undergarment he had worn since early the previous morning. The deep indentations on his shoulders and chest were a vivid red and clearly outlined the garments he had worn. He didn't think it was possible but the burning pain was worse without the tight corset. She allowed him a moment or two to stretch and rub his body before guiding him over to the linen closet. There she pulled out the now familiar red rubber bag with the white hose and plastic nozzle.

"The first thing once undressed, is to clean your insides. You will fill this with warm water and a bit of soap until it is full. You should remember what to do from yesterday. So get busy while I fill the tub. With that odorous task completed, he stepped into the tub filled with bubbles. Agnes scrubbed him until his skin was rosy pink before having him get out. Once dried and the towel tied snugly over his chest, she shampooed and conditioned his hair at the sink.

"It's a good thing you don't have any facial hair to speak of. Sister Greta will take care of that in any case. Now finish up and meet me back in your room," she said as she fashioned a hand towel into a turban about his wet hair.

Paul wasn't happy but at least she didn't put the corset back on and the hot bath did feel good. Back in his room she handed him what looked like a shiny metallic pink miniature jock strap and instructed him to put it on. Baffled, he turned it around in his hands before deciding that the thin strap was the back.

"It....it's way too small. I'll never get this on," he said.

"It's a dancer's gaff and will stretch. Use the palm of your hand to push your testicles back up inside your body and your penis back between your legs. Hurry up or I'll do it for you," she responded.

Blushing scarlet at having to do what she demanded, Paul stepped into the tiny garment. He wasn't so sure his balls could be pushed back like she said and if they did would probably be very painful. When it came time to do that, he hesitated. A look of panic filled his eyes at the very idea. Agnes slapped his hand away, pressed her palm firmly against his scrotum and pushed. Paul screamed as he felt his balls

squeeze inside the channels from which they originally descended. It wasn't as painful as he made it sound but he had to swallow some bile back down his throat. As he recovered from the shock, she pulled the gaff up tight against his now flattened groin. She bent him over and from behind pulled the head of his penis to expose it.

"Now remember what I just did. This way you will be able to do your business without having to take the gaff off. Get use to it as it will only come off during your bath," she stated.

Paul swallowed several times before nodding his head. The gaff was very uncomfortable and the way it dug in between his cheeks particularly annoying. He wasn't surprised when she handed him the bra to put on. It was the same one he had been wearing and quickly slid the straps over his shoulders but couldn't get it hooked. Agnes frowned in disapproval before placing his fingers on the band showing how it was done.

"Grasp the ends of the bra between your thumb and forefingers, pull the edges together, work from the top hook down. It will take practice but in time become natural," she commented as she stuffed the cups with cotton bunting.

This time, when he had the cotton one piece undergarment on, it fit tightly across his new bust line. The dreaded corset was laced tightly shrinking his waist and crushing his ribs painfully. Once she had kneaded the black tights up his legs, she laced the ankle boots on his feet. The petticoat and dress quickly followed. Dressed she sat him in the straight backed chair and fashioned his still damp hair into the tight bun at the back of his head. He was aware of his hair pulling tightly on his scalp and became more noticeable as it dried. As a finishing touch, she placed a white cotton bonnet on his head and left the ties hanging free.

After an unsatisfying bowl of mush and glass of milk for breakfast, Agnes took him to the church for morning services. It was cold this morning and he was given a heavy woolen navy hooded cloak and matching gloves. The cloak wasn't as good as his down jacket but with all his other clothing warm enough. Most of the wooden pews were already filled as they made their entrance. They walked to the front where she pointed to a vacant spot next to Sister Sarah. She continued to the front of the altar, raised her hands and said "Let us pray."

After an hour, the service ended and they followed Sister Sarah to the compound's store room. Like everything else about the place, the room was Spartan, lined with shelving, wooden floors and not much else. There were three sewing machines and dress making dummies off in one corner. A simple metal desk and chair were the only other furnishings. There he was stripped down to his corset and hosiery. Sister Sarah took his measurements including his height and weight and noted them in a spiral binder.

"Sister Agnes you have given me no simple task in making a silk purse out of this pig's ear. However, I think given time we just might make a righteous young lady out of Prudence. The posture, mannerisms and poise can be corrected. However, the torso is too thick, the arm muscles too defined and obvious lack of breasts present a problem. The hands and feet are a bit large as well but not too much so. It will take time to change those features but I think Sister Greta can help. I, of course, will be more than willing to correct her other shortcomings. I'll have the new wardrobe sent to your quarters," she said as Paul was getting dressed.

"Thank you Sister, I'll send Prudence to see you first thing in the morning," Agnes replied.

Paul couldn't hear all of what was being said but enough to make him worry. Something about short comings and his body didn't bode well in his mind. When they had walked over to the supply room, he had checked out his surroundings. In the full light of day it was even bleaker than he remembered from last night. A tall fence surrounded the compound with only the main gate allowing entrance. The wooden buildings white washed and unadorned. The grounds were almost too neat and uncluttered and past the fence nothing but fields stretching to the horizon. Off in one corner was a fenced in chicken coop. In another part was a pig sty and barn. Women and girls dressed like he was meandered around the compound.

"Even if I could find a way to escape where can I go? This place is in the middle of no where," he thought in despair.

Agnes saw him looking around and commented, "The large buildings to the left are the dormitories for the ladies and girls. Only Sister Sarah and Sister Greta beside me have our own dwellings. In time you will be joining the other girls in their dormitory. Those other buildings on the right are our community center, dinning hall, library and storage. The fields belong to us and our brother sect members."

From the store room they went to the barn. As they walked, Agnes stopped several times to exchange brief greetings with some of the other women. Each time he was told to curtsy as he was introduced. It was humiliating and embarrassing but he did his best to comply. He was almost happy to enter the barn and out of further public view.

Sister Greta was another strong looking woman, tall and stout but not obese. Her salt and pepper hair was in a long braid rolled into a bun at the back of her head. She wore a navy blue full skirted dress with white bibbed apron. Her round face had the same serious look that all the other women wore and unadorned with makeup. She was the compound's doctor/veterinarian.

All too soon Paul found him self naked, his feet suspended in metal stirrups above him as the doctor probed and checked his body. His face was flushed a reddish-purple in embarrassment.

That embarrassment quickly turned to horror when he heard, "I recommend we neuter him to stop any further puberty and sexual interests. You know I don't like the idea of having a male living amongst us no matter how constrained. The sins of the flesh are very strong in one his age and will only get worse. How do you plan to deal with that?"

"Sister Greta I understand and appreciate your advice but for the moment cannot allow it. While I'm his guardian, there are others, outsiders, who have an interest. They are distant and have no knowledge of his current circumstances however I'm required to report to them periodically. They may not want any physical evidence of his well being but I don't want to take that chance just yet. His mother left him a very large inheritance and the sin of greed may rear its ugly head. Keep him intact for now. As far as his puberty and lust are concerned, we'll have to control it, redirect it but not so quickly and permanently as neutering."

"Very well Sister but you must give me full control or I will have to bring my concerns to the sisterhood's Grand Council. Prudence must be brought into the fold as quickly as possible. There are other ways to make him blend in and curb lustful thoughts," she sternly replied.

During their conversation, Paul was laying nervously on the examination table. He had never felt so vulnerable and helpless. Before Agnes intervned in his life, he was always in control whether it was on the football field, school or home. Now was

somewhere else entirely, totally helpless and being discussed as if he were a common barnyard animal. The situation was so alien that he was literally scared stiff. There was nothing to keep him from jumping off the table and running for his life but he couldn't so much as move his little pinky. Paul was more than happy to leave the doctor's office. She had given him two shots, one in each bottom cheek, and was happy to get away with only that being done to him.

As they were leaving the barn, two school buses pulled up into the compound. Men and boys dressed exactly alike in black pants, white shirt, black jacket and black wide brimmed hats descended from it. Besides their age the only difference was that the men had full shaggy beards. They all headed into what he remembered as being the dining hall near the entrance.

"Those are our fellow members coming in from the fields. They are only allowed to come here to break their morning fast and for certain ceremonial tasks. Come along, Sister Sarah should have your new clothing at the house," she said.

After another unsatisfying meal Paul spent the afternoon ironing and putting away his new clothing. He had never used an iron before and quickly found the task boring and tedious. It was hard work and by the time he was finished he could barely raise his arms. The dresses, petticoats and undergarments were nothing new to him but there were three corsets that scared him. They were off white in color in a canvas like material, close spaced heavy wire vertical boning with nipped in waists, heavy shoulder straps and stiff underwire bra cups. The legs were high cut and a shiny elastic strap connected the front to the back. They resembled medieval torture devices and did not look forward to wearing them.

Once he had his clothing properly stowed, she set him to mopping the kitchen and bathroom floors. For those chores he had to wear his white pinafore and mop cap. With the heavy clothing and corseted waist, he was completely exhausted by the time he helped prepare dinner.

"I can't believe how totally exhausted and sore I am. My worst workouts on the team didn't leave me this tired. I hardly have the energy to lift my fork much less chew," he thought as they ate.

It was such a relief to get out of his clothing and gaff that he didn't mind Agnes giving him a bath. He was so tired he didn't argue when she made him put a clean gaff on but when she started to put the new corset on he tried to object.

"Please, no, don't make me wear that. I am tired but don't think I could sleep in that thing," he said.

"You heard Sister Greta. Now step into this and no more arguments," she crisply replied.

By the time she had it laced, Paul was in agony, his upper torso restrained to its limits. The heavy shoulder straps pulled his shoulders downward, the boned torso crushed his ribs and shrunk the waist six inches, the gusset dug deeply into his groin and the underwire forced his flesh into the A-cup bra. He was exhausted but sleep didn't come easy, it was troubled and the alarm went off much too soon.

Ooo

The corset made his body ache but when it was removed for his bath flared into real pain. His torso was criss-crossed with deep dark red lines leaving a clear outline of the corset. The hot bath helped but he still hurt. Agnes rubbed his body down in a soothing moisturizer before dressing him. In the kitchen she gave him some aspirin

but that was all the sympathy he would get.

After breakfast and the morning's church service, he was taken over to Sister Sarah's. Her bungalow was next to Agnes' and he made the walk in a sleep deprived daze. That didn't last as Sister Sarah quickly got his undivided attention. It's amazing what a rod can do when applied sharply to ones rear end. For the next six hours Paul learned how to walk, stoop, sit, curtsy and correctly hold his arms and how to move his hands in an acceptable feminine manner.

At lunch he was taken to the community dinning hall. Sister Sarah walked behind him making sure he walked in a demur manner. He didn't swish his hips but swayed them and he took small heel and toe steps. His elbows tucked closely to his sides and hands clasped in front of him. As with all the other young girls he was instructed to keep his eyes downcast in a proper show of humility and respect to his elders.

The dinning hall was a cafeteria setup with long rows of tables. The food was bland consisting mostly of vegetables and no more appetizing than what Agnes prepared. He was told to sit with the other young girls while Sarah took her place at another.

"The dining hall is not for idle chatter so keep you mouth closed. When you are seated, be sure to say your prayers," she instructed.

As he looked down in silent prayer although he didn't actually pray, he scanned the other girls sitting nearby. They ran the gamut from pretty to ugly, thin and fat but all were dressed in the plain cotton dresses that he wore. He was shocked when he heard a soft whisper, "You're new here. I'm Rose."

He glanced to his right and saw what could have been a very beautiful girl if she were allowed modern clothing and makeup. Her eyes were riveted on her plate but the smile was plain to see. He wasn't sure what to do but she was the first friendly voice he had heard in ages. Picking up his courage, he whispered back, "I'm Pa....errrr...Prudence."

"Keep your eyes on your plate. If they catch us talking, we'll both get punished. Nice to meet you Prudence, we'll get to talk later after evening services," she whispered.

After lunch Sister Sarah led him over to Sister Greta's clinic. As they left the dinning hall he wasn't sure where he was going but approaching the barn a shiver of fear shot up his spine. There he was given another shot and his chest coated in a pinkish-white cream. The cream felt cool, gave off a slightly floral fragrance and was quickly absorbed into his skin. Redressed, she gave him a large white glass jar without any labeling.

"You will give this to Sister Agnes and tell her to apply it to your chest and groin each morning and bedtime. I've set up a standing appointment for you at this time once a week. Sister Sarah, would you be so kind as to inform Sister Agnes? Good day sisters," she said as she left them in the small examination room.

He spent the rest of the afternoon under Sarah's strict oversight. When he wasn't practicing mannerisms, she had him read aloud passages from the good book. She insisted that he use a higher pitched softer voice, popping him on the back of the head whenever he lapsed back into his normal tone. By the time she led him to evening services, he was miserable. He knew he would see red welts on the back of his thighs, his head ached and his throat was tender. Again, Agnes led the service then took him to the dinning hall for the evening meal.

After everyone had eaten, he was instructed to help the other girls clear the tables and clean the kitchen. All he wanted to do was go to bed but having to move around worked some of the kinks out of his sore muscles. Supper had taken an hour and

having to sit cramped his aching muscles. In the kitchen the silence was broken and all the girls began talking in soft hushed voices. Rose took Prudence by the hand and introduced him to all the others. Rose had to remind him to curtsy at the first introduction which brought a flush to his cheeks.

“These people are weird. Until I got here I’ve never seen anyone curtsy except in an old movie. My legs are so sore from doing this I don’t know if I’ll be able to walk tomorrow. I wonder if mom knew that Agnes was a member of some sick religious sect. She couldn’t have known but I’m stuck now with no apparent way out. Gosh, I’ll never remember all these names. At least they seem friendly,” he thought.

That next morning, racked with pain from the sleep corset and screaming muscles from the previous days’ lessons Paul lashed out. He’d had enough. The incident happened as Agnes was holding out his day corset for him to put on.

“No! No more! I’m not a girl! I won’t let you do this to me!” he shouted knocking the corset out of her hands.

Agnes was expecting an outburst sooner or later and was ready for him. He evaded her, managed to get as far as the kitchen before she grabbed a handful of his hair and jerked him to the ground. The one piece undergarment was no barrier to her flashing wooden hairbrush. Exhausted from several days without real sleep, aching, cramping muscles and starvation diet, he was no match for her. Blubbering like a baby, she forced him to his feet pulling his hair and marched him back into his room.

“Prudence, you are my ward and I will raise you as I see fit. Perhaps a week of punishment will teach you to mind me and do as you are told,” she hissed.

She removed his one piece undergarment and laced a similar one except made of horsehair into place. It was very course and instantly irritated his torso and groin. Over this was laced his corset. The only time it was removed was at night. It was almost a relief to be put into the sleep corset. By the end of the week his entire torso was bright red with several weeping sores. It took another week for his skin to get back to normal.

Ooo

December and January flew past in a blur of pain and misery. What fight he had in him was completely destroyed by that horsehair nightmare. His lessons and weekly injections were showing their effects. Dropping into a curtsy, taking small steps with a gentle sway to his hips, talking in a soft modulated voice were performed without thought. His body was also changing. His weight was down to one hundred and ten pounds, muscle definition was gone and his fingers seemed more feminine with the weight loss. Other changes had occurred that bothered him more than mere weight loss. His hips and butt had filled out and his chest had developed into small but noticeable pear shapes with extended swollen nipples. Other than at church and working in the kitchen, his social contact was limited. The only bright point in his day was spending time working in the kitchen with the other girls. Sister Rose was the friendliest but that was limited to when they were cleaning the dishes. Sister Sarah’s lessons had turned more to his learning the sect’s teachings rather than feminine mannerisms.

Beginning in January he had to spend an hour every other day with Sister Greta. Those sessions were mortifying as he spent them sitting primly while his developing breasts were incased in a breast pump. After each session his breasts throbbed, the nipples a bit more distended and the mounds puffier. After the first session, he found the courage to question Agnes about it.

**“Auntie Agnes, wh....why is...is Sister Greta making me....me use a breast pump? I...I may be...dressing and acting like a....a girl but...but..,” he began haltingly.**

**“A breast pump?” she asked then paused before continuing, “She didn’t tell me but if she believes it necessary. I will find out but for now do what she says.”**

**That next day she approached Sister Greta. “Sister, I understand that you are having Prudence use a breast pump. Isn’t that a bit much considering there is nothing to milk?” she said.**

**“Sister I told you when you first brought him here that we needed to quickly bring him into the fold. I have been giving him hormone injections to change his body. The breast pump will augment the development of breast tissue. It’s that simple. Since you refused my advice to neuter, you left me with no other choice,” she arrogantly answered.**

**“I also told you that I didn’t want any drastic changes. There are outsiders who may still be interested in his welfare. Outward changes can be altered with few the wiser but what you have done...,” Agnes gravely replied.**

**“What I have begun is not that note worthy. Breasts can be bound if necessary and chemical castration is visually impossible to detect. Prudence is due to start school soon and breast development in one her age is expected. Using the breast pump will speed up the process that’s all. We don’t want any outsiders at the school to get curious. Do not question me in this Sister or the Council will hear of it. Besides, Sister Sarah’s training would be hard to cover up in any case. Now, do you have any other comments? I have work to do,” she haughtily replied.**

**Agnes left the barn agitated by Sister Greta’s attitude but upon reflection had to agree. Paul had to complete school and the compound’s school didn’t include high school. He would have to attend the local school with the others from the compound. There couldn’t be any questioning of the sex of the new student. She had already altered his old school records and could change them back once he graduated. Her biggest concern was the state mandatory school physical exam conducted by an outsider. The physical was not much more than blood tests and routine chest and lung check. The blood work would have to show sufficient estrogen levels and there had to be breast development when the heart was examined.**

**“Sister Greta severely lacks in humility and has too much pride but I have to admit she was right. I had forgotten about the physical. I don’t like the idea of letting him off the compound but the other girls should be able to control him. I, of course, will be with him when he has his physical so that shouldn’t be a major problem. Guess I had better have a talk with Prudence tonight though,” she thought.**

**“Prudence this Thursday I have made you an appointment for a school physical and will register you for your final semester of high school. Beginning on Monday you will attend that school with six of your fellow sisters. Magdalena will be in charge and you will do as she says as if it came from me. Any reluctance to strictly follow her orders will result in another week wearing the horse hair vest. Do I make myself perfectly clear? Good,” she said.**

**“School? I forgot all about that. I don’t want to go to school looking like this. She’s got to give me back my stuff, right?” he thought then blurted, “Auntie Agnes, you will give me back my boy clothing then. I can’t go to school looking like this. Right?”**

**“Prudence you are a sister of our fellowship. Of course you will attend classes as you are. The school district is well aware of our doctrines and has made allowances. All your classes will be with members of our sect and separate from the general**

population. However, there can't be total isolation and some mixing with the outsiders is unavoidable. Just do what Sister Magdalena tells you and there should be no problems," she answered.

Paul didn't like that answer but then the thought that he could get help hit him making him smile. Agnes saw the change in his expression and knew what he was thinking.

"Prudence if you are thinking about telling any outsider of your situation, I'd reconsider if I were you. If you reveal who you really are, you will face public humiliation. What do you think the media will make of your dressing and acting like a young woman? It will not only make the local headlines but nationally as well. All your friends back home will know all about your situation. When the authorities come to us, we'll say that you demanded to join our sisterhood, that you willingly accepted our way of dress and behavior. How are you going to explain your breast growth and girlish figure? Sister Greta will show them written proof that you suffer from a gender disorder and your signed authorization to begin sexual reassignment. I assure you no blame will be cast upon us. You will be ostracized, an outcast amongst your own with no place to go. We will accept you back into the fold but it will be forever. Is that what you want? Or, you keep quite and in another two and a half years, be free to do as you wish along with all your inheritance. What is it going to be?" she stated.

Paul's mind was reeling after her little speech. He didn't know if everything she told him was true but there was enough truth to really worry him. There was no doubt in his mind that the media would have a field day and his humiliation would be spread far and wide. She was probably right about being able to cover up that he was coerced into becoming a girl. If that happened he would have no where to go. He'd still have to wait at least two years to get his money. How would he live? None of his old friends would want to be anywhere near him. He'd have no choice but to return to the compound but forever? No, he finally decided, he would rather stay another two years than forever. Then he could get his money, change back into his guy stuff and get away with only bad memories.

Ooo

Paul was wearing an ankle length grey full skirt, starched white long-sleeved cotton blouse with a chin high stiff collar, grey tights and his black leather two inch block heeled shoes. The tight corset nipped in his waist to a mere eighteen inches and his starched cotton petticoats filled out his skirt. For accessories he was given a wide black leather belt with gold buckle, white cotton gloves, the ever present white cap and a white cloth hobo bag.

Fastening the blue cloak to his neck, he made his way to the waiting school bus. Magdalena was waiting for him. "This is your first day away from the compound. You will keep close to me at all times and do exactly what I tell you. Remember to keep your eyes downcast and do not let them wander. The outside is filled with evil temptations," she instructed.

Magdalena was one of the few girls that he didn't get along with. She was a short dumpy pimple faced girl that enjoyed the power that came with being the eldest. As the elder of the young women, she was responsible for their behavior and general oversight. She could make life hard for those that didn't do her bidding or pleased her. Susan had defied her last week and wound up on hands and knees scrubbing the hardwood floor of the dormitory with a holy stone. That task had left her with scarred and bloody hands and knees.

Paul was almost looking forward to going to classes again. High school had been

great for him. He was The Man on campus and voted the most popular. He had real doubts about showing up in a dress but tried to keep a positive outlook. That proved very difficult to maintain. As soon as the bus reached the school, Magdalena made them line up two abreast and marched them into a classroom. They were soon joined by a number of boys from the other compound. The girls were seated on the left and boys on the right with a row of empty chairs separating them. The teacher was an old lady who probably should have retired years ago.

Paul was a good student and became frustrated when the teacher never called upon him. Even when none of the boys raised a hand, she refused to recognize him or any of the other girls. At lunch they were marched to the cafeteria where Magdalena made sure all the girls ate salads and sat at the same tables. Other than a few curious stares the other pupils avoided them like the plague. Paul didn't like the feeling of being completely ignored but was thankful considering his mode of dress. He was looking around the room wistfully thinking how much he would like to be back in the middle of the action when Magdalena poked him in the ribs.

"Prudence, stop looking at those heathens. Remember your place and stop trying to answer questions in class. Mrs. Rumsfield never calls on us anyway. Now eat your salad," she hissed into his ear.

Another difference that bothered him was after the core classes of reading, writing, arithmetic and history were over, the girls were given embroidery supplies. The boys were sent to the science lab while the teacher instructed them on the finer points of needle work. Paul had wanted to go with the boys but Magdalena stopped him.

"Prudence where do you think you are going? Certainly not science lab, that's for the boys not us. Didn't you hear what the teacher said?" she whispered.

"I...I have to go. If I don't get any science credits, I won't be able to get into college," he snapped back.

"Don't take that tone with me missy. We don't go to college. We have our calling at the compound. Now sit down and behave yourself or do I have to report you to Sister Sarah when we get back?" she ordered.

Defiantly he stood up and started to follow the boys out the door when Mrs. Rumsfield blocked his path. "Where do you think you're going Miss. Prudence?" she said thrusting a wooden hoop, some cloth and a container of needles and colored tread into his hands.

"I have to have science courses to get into college. I'm....I'm not like these other girls," he replied looking down at the embroidery supplies he was now holding.

"Don't be ridiculous girl. I have my instructions and you will join the others and get to work. Now sit down and quit being a disturbance," she said.

When the bus got back to the compound Magdalena made her report to Sister Sarah. As a result Paul received twelve strokes of the cane. Agnes added to his punishment by putting him into his sleep corset then scrub the living room's wooden floors. By the next morning he hurt all over and could barely move. He vowed then and there that he wouldn't offer anymore resistance.

Ooo

At the end of each quarter the Sisterhood held a special ceremony in which the men from the neighboring compound joined in. On these occasions a box dinner was served and each man was matched with one of the women following the evening service. Paired off they would sit in the dinning room and talk. The first time Paul

attended he was a bit confused. In the past, no conversation was allowed during dinner and never at the same time with the men.

For these events the women and girls were allowed to dress up a bit. Paul was given a bright yellow cotton full skirted three quarter length sleeved dress with white lace frills about the collar and cuffs. To fill out the skirt he wore three starched cotton petticoats. The skirt came down only to mid-calf with an inch of petticoat showing. His nails had been buffed and filed into neat ovals. A bit of pink lip gloss and mascara were allowed for his makeup. He wore his white cap and given a bright white apron with deep ruffled hemming. When he arrived at the dining hall he discovered all the women and girls similarly dressed in bright colored dresses. It was a big change when normally all he saw was dark grays, navy blues or black dresses that never went above the ankle.

He found himself paired off with a gangly red headed boy about four years older. Ralph was a good six foot three with large hands and feet with deep set hazel eyes. His hands were heavily callused from field work and his fair skin a wind burned look. He was wearing a black woolen suit and white starched shirt. The sleeves of his jacket were a good three inches too short for his long arms. He was stiff but polite to Paul. Their conversation was mostly about the weather, work and the food. It was a dull formal affair without laughter or loud talking.

At the next ceremony, Paul was adorned in a pastel pink dress and matched up with Ralph again. This time after he gave his partner a deep curtsy, he was surprised when his hand was grabbed and given a kiss. The conversation was more about Ralph's hopes and ambitions and Paul was glad he didn't have to say much. At the end of the evening, Ralph kissed his hand before departing.

It had been a strange evening and a topic of conversation in the sewing room. There he discovered that the other girls had been matched up as well. It was also when he was told that the matches were mating rituals. If the man decided he liked the girl and the elders approved, they would be made a permanent pair. The girl would have no choice or say in the matter. The pair would not live together. Each had to return to their compound but after the quarterly dinner would be expected to sleep together for that one night. Sins of the flesh were considered one of the worse sins but the sect did have to repopulate.

Ooo

When he graduated that May, Paul was a changed person. His breasts had blossomed into firm B-cups with dark brown eraser nipples. His butt and hips had filled out and his waist was only eighteen inches. The biggest change was to his mind. Paul's emotions often got the best of him, his gregarious nature was obliterated and his confidence replaced with timidity. Agnes and the elders were pleased with his changes and assigned him to work in the sewing room. There under the guidance of Sister Elvira he became an apt seamstress.

Paul had been with the sect for a year and drudged through each day. He did his best to comply with the wishes of the Sisters and not get into trouble. A few weeks wearing the horse hair punishment vest and a number of canings were enough to keep him in line. Occasionally he thought about running away but with school out pretty much given up that idea. His changed body worried him to no end especially at not being able to see his groin or gain any relief. The first several months had been agonizing but now he seldom thought about masturbating or getting relief. All he cared about now was getting his freedom in another two years. He just prayed that when the time came he could revert back to his old self.

He had another problem to deal with now, Ralph. At the last group dinner, Ralph had kissed him on both cheeks when they met and left. The kisses had been chaste but any kind of kissing in public was considered a sinful act. The only exception to that rule was when a couple was considered paired. Paul had done everything to discourage Ralph not that there was much he could do. At the dinners he sat and listened to Ralph talk about the fields or how he hoped to one day be an elder. The conversations never contained emotional or endearing topics that most couples have when dating.

Despite his knowledge of their mating rituals, it came as a surprise when Agnes approached him one evening after supper. "Prudence, I have been told by the elders that you are to be mated to Ralph at the next ceremonial visitation. I tried to argue about your special nature but they overrode my objections. It seems that Ralph is the only son of the High Elder. Ralph knows of your...your abnormality...and has expressed his desire to be your partner in life. Ralph is a perfect example why we women choose to live apart from the men. Men only think with their passions rather than their brains. Even though he has been told of your true nature, his passions override his common sense. I'm sorry but it has been decided. You will be paired with him next week."

"What? You can't be serious! I...I won't do it. I refuse. This is the craziest idea I've ever heard. You made me look and act like one of you but I'm still a guy. The Elders know so how could they make such a stupid decision like that?" he retorted vehemently.

"For once I agree with you Prudence but it has been decided. We have no say in that decision. There are rumors of very sinful acts between Ralph and some of the other younger men at their compound. Perhaps this is his father's way to resolve such talk. Never the less, you will be partner with Ralph. If you don't go through with their decision, both of us will be ejected from the community. I will not allow that to happen. This is my home, my way of life and will not give it up for your sake. Partner up and in two years can be ejected without compromising me. I suggest you prepare yourself and count yourself lucky that we live apart most of the year," she replied ending the conversation.

Paul was dressed all in white as he stood at the altar with Ralph standing at his side. A white rope encircled their wrists signifying their joining in a life partnership. The ceremony was brief and the four other couples that had been joined were escorted to the dining hall. The week before the ceremony all the conversations around the compound were on the joining. The other girls involved were of mixed feelings but not ambivalent as Paul. They were looking forward to the idea of having a baby but unsure how to go about it. He was positive that he didn't want to have anything to do with being Ralph's partner but ever since the announcement had been kept under constant surveillance. Agnes took to securing him in his bed at night to make sure he didn't do something stupid. He would have run for his life but not given any chance or choice.

Now he found himself alone with Ralph in a room of the Joining Cabin. The Joining Cabin was located behind the church and had about a dozen individual rooms. The doors could be closed but not locked and there were always two Elders in attendance. They were there to make sure the joining was kept as chaste as possible. They were also responsible for helping the girls change from their dresses into mid-calf length thin white cotton nightgowns and offer advice.

Sister Eleanor was Paul's assistant. He tried to plead then beg her to let him go but to no avail. Soon she had stripped him of his corset, bra and undergarment. His chastity

device had been removed earlier by Sister Greta. When he saw how much his penis and balls had shrunk he was dismayed to tears. She just sneered at his suffering and said that now he would always think with his brain.

When Sister Eleanor left he was only wearing the thin gown and tucked under the covers. Not long after Ralph entered wearing white long johns and a blue bath robe. Turning out the light, he sat on the side of the bed and pulled down the covers exposing a shivering frightened Paul. He didn't say a word as he reached out and grasped Paul's right breast and squeezed. Paul opened his mouth to scream but was silenced by a wad of cloth being stuffed into it.

"This will keep you quite. Some of the other boys would scream but I learned to keep them silent this way. My father says that you will cure me of my lustful ways and I hope he may be right for once. I was hoping that your breasts were not real and can only pray that you have what I want between your legs," he whispered as he reached down between Paul's legs.

"Nggnh, nggnh," Paul tried to protest through the thick cotton filling his mouth.

Just before sunup a loud knocking on the doors aroused the sleeping couples. Paul was dazed, his breasts and anus screaming in awakened pain. He pulled out the front of his nightgown and saw that his breasts were bruised black and blue. He reached around to his bottom and found the gown stuck to his backside. Ralph was putting on his bathrobe and heading out the door as Paul glared at him. Ralph just smiled and said that he looked forward to the next time.

As Ralph exited, an Elder came in with a pan of water and towel. She helped him undress and gently washed his backside and groin in the warm soapy water. Other than giving out a "tsk, tsk," said nothing. When he was fully dressed, she told him to return to Agnes' cabin. As he made his way stiffly, he noticed the school bus leaving the compound. A few of the other girls were following him, each walking stiffly most with broad smiles while others frowns. It was a night none of them would ever forget.

In the bath he thought Agnes could never scrub away how dirty he felt. Over the next month he went through the motions required of him. His coupling had taken all the fight that remained from him. He became just like all the other drab women in the compound. His only purpose in life now was to do his part in making the community viable. He had to endure Ralph's conjugal visits eight more times before he was at last free.

On his twenty-first birthday, he received his money and his choice to either stay or go. He paused less than thirty seconds before he decided and told his step-aunt where she and her society could go. His first stop when he got to the city was a medical clinic. There he was told that what had happened to him could not be reversed. Yes they could remove his full C-cup breasts, they could give him testosterone but he would remain chemically neutered. It was their advice to go ahead and get SRS and with counseling resume a more normal life. After much consideration and self discussion, he opted for surgery. His second stop was the local mall. There he bought a full wardrobe of the prettiest lingerie, modern dresses, skirts and blouses. Telling himself that if he had to be a girl at least he would be a beautifully dressed and looking one.

His hormone treatments not only changed his body but to some extent his mind as well. It took him more than two years before he forced himself to date men. After another three years he found that special someone and settled down to an almost normal life. His only regret was that the Sisterhood was never criminally prosecuted for what they did. Most of the evidence pointed to his voluntary participation but civilly a court awarded him \$2 million in damages. It wasn't the life he wanted but being very

**rich did help.**

**The End**