

COLT'S HARD LESSONS

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Colt sat in the stands of his high school's football stadium, the fur collar of his Jean Paul Gaultier padded coat tickled his dainty regal chin. The coat had been selected especially for the occasion by his step sister Maggie. The collar was of Grey Fox framing the face dramatically, the main body was of down padded black nylon, and three rows of oversized grey fox were at the hem of the coat resting above the knees. Colt's slender legs and shapely thighs were shown off to breath taking effect in super tight sparkled silver leggings. The leggings went into a pair of tall grey Ugg boots.

His clothes would have been considered outlandish in most circumstances but on a seventeen year old boy at a largely low key occasion, it was truly mortifying. His girlfriend's, Nat, clothes were chic too but much more practical, leather ankle boots, tight jeans and a designer hooded sweater. Nat's porcelain angelic looks were brought to the fore by her dramatic buzzed pixie cut. Her eyes twinkled with delight as she revelled in her boyfriend's deep humiliation. Her arm was drawn around Colt's waifish waist swamped by the oversized coat. Her demeanour was possessive and smug.

Much had changed in Colt and Nat's life since the last high school football opener a year ago. Their relationship was one of the few constants.

Nat whispered mockingly into his ear, "Oh CeeCee the start of another high school football season isn't it exciting!"

He had been christened Colt Charles Farnsworth but the group of ladies who ran his life had long ago decided that Colt just was not appropriate anymore.

"Gelding" was more accurate Maggie, his step sister, had often crowed when she saw Colt's increasingly diminishing male organs.

Colt replied quietly but crossly, "The start of football season was something to look forward to when I was the starting quarterback and you were on the cheer squad."

He was deadly serious but it would be hard for anyone to take him seriously with platinum, verging on white, beehive hairdo and more makeup slathered on his gorgeous hairless high cheek boned face than a contestant on Rupaul's "Drag Race".

Nat's amusement was evident. "Now now CeeCee, that is a very silly attitude. You have to stop living in the past. Those roles were not right for us. They were just what society forced us into. Your mommies were wise enough to put us on the right path".

Tears welled in Colt's big doe eyes and his soprano voice quivered as he spoke, "Neither of those disgusting dykes are my 'Mommy' and there is nothing 'wise' about ruining our lives. We were both certainties for college scholarships, you in cheerleading me in football."

Nat grabbed Colt's thin wrist and slapped it playfully. "You ungrateful powder-puff! Both your Mommies love you very much and know what's best for both of us. I'm still going to college on a full scholarship to study Feminist Theory thanks to Elaine and Scarlet. As for your scholarship chances sweetie your academic performance over last year make it touch and go whether you'll get into Beauty College! You're very lucky you have family money girl."

"There's DeSean your old backup and rival. Now he's a cert for a college scholarship, at least according to ESPN sports. You haven't seen the coverage? Of course those channels have been blocked on your TV for some time haven't they? I know you don't have to pretend to follow sports like you used to. Well nowadays all the good young quarterbacks are black like DeSean. If you think about it, Elaine and Scarlet were being kind to remove you from football and save you from embarrassment and crushing failure. You're living in Lala land to think you

would have made it in the NFL. You're now the worse player on your Women's Church Group softball team!"

"That's because of hormones and the surgeries and you know it!" an outraged Colt wailed.

"Hush up CeeCee baby, it's about to start and you know other than your families WNBA season tickets this is the only sport you'll be seeing anytime soon".

A year and week earlier Colt had prepared for football season very differently. He had taken hold of the starting quarterback role early on in his sophomore year. He was going into the junior year as one of the most highly touted college prospects in the New York tri-state area.

As practice wrapped up Colt remove his helmet revealing a face that was handsome verging on pretty. His estranged mother had been a model prior to marriage and the apple didn't fall far from the tree.

The coach had said, "Colt that was a decent practice but you are going to need to sharpen up for the opening game against Kennedy. Their pass defence is strong. I'm also told college scouts from Notre Dame, Florida and USC will be in attendance."

Colt seldom took much notice of what authority figures told him. He believed that "any of them would be fucking lucky to have me." His self-confidence and bravado were both a benefit and liability.

As he swaggered off, his thick light brown hair was soaked wet with sweat from the practice and his six foot frame glistened in the late afternoon sun. Colt carried very little body fat and his thin lean muscle would need bulking up were he to progress to his dream of professional football.

Through his matinee idol looks and vast family wealth, Colt left a long list of female conquests in his wake. The only downside to his pretty boy looks was the numerous times gay males of all ages hit on him aggressively and openly. Colt, like his father, was very socially conservative, very homophobic and always reacted angrily to those encounters.

The womanising had slowed down in the last year or so and he had settled into a steady relationship with fellow junior Natalie "Nat" Eaton. Sure Colt cheated on her but only discreetly and considering the opportunities he turned down, he practically considered himself faithful.

The two had known each for as long they could remember. Their families were of similar wealth and social standing and on the same path through exclusive prep schools. They moved in the same society circles. Natalie had always objected to Colt's arrogance and chauvinism. She relished in bringing him down a peg throughout their childhood. When Natalie's teenage libido began to develop through puberty, things changed. She found herself completely besotted with Colt and his dreamboat looks. Colt pressed this advantage without mercy. He changed Natalie from the independent and principled feminist who had been more than a match for him into a servile bimbo girlfriend. He dictated her hairstyle, changing it from a chic and edgy bob to long California blonde extensions.

Colt didn't have time for the trivial details, so hired a personal shopper and stylist. She was an attractive and commanding blonde lady in her late 30's called Selma. She found the style direction and image Colt wanted her to create for Natalie far too silly and demeaning. It certainly wouldn't do for her daughter but at the exorbitant rate Colt was paying her, she was more than willing and able to make it happen. The price of clothes and accessories could easily be covered by Natalie's parents. Her parents didn't mind her independent mindedness but disapproved of her tomboyish ways. They were delighted to see her changing wardrobe and grooming. Another plus was that she was involved with a young man as eligible as Colt Charles Farnsworth. So they happily gave Selma an unlimited budget to design Natalie's new lifestyle.

Natalie's mother was only too happy to pack up Nat's old punky tomboyish clothes and get

them to the Salvation Army without delay. Natalie's new wardrobe was all very cutesy and flirty. Nat had serious misgivings but was desperate to please Colt plus Selma was very hard to argue with.

Her new wardrobe was exhaustive, exquisite peignoirs and robes trimmed in fur and marabou in every colour of the rainbow. Slutty looking juicy couture velour track suits for dressing down. Yoga pants, leggings and Jeggings to really show off her ass and legs. Natalie was dismayed to conclude she would not own a single normal pair of pants with pockets. Selma was selecting handbags and clutch purses with a dizzying speed and zeal. There were many tops from revealing and sexy to big fluffy mohair and angora sweaters and classic cashmere twin sets. Skirts and dresses ranged from scandalous to petticoated, anachronistic monstrosities that June Cleaver would have balked at. In the range of clothing Natalie was to possess she could do outdated goody two shoes to modern day materialistic tart but she would be hard pressed to put a look together that said serious young lady. She had so many fur coats in various colors and types that she'd was nervous about running into anyone from Peta. The coats were so high maintenance and decadent, not her style at all but she did it for Colt.

Selma was totally in her element picking Natalie's shoes and accessories. She got her every kind of Ugg boot going explaining that these would be perfect for school and daytime wear and lots of heels for evening wear. She got her gigantic fox fur hats, oversized scarves, gloves and muffs.

The upheaval in Natalie's clothing made her feel blushing self-conscious but Colt was delighted and highly amused to treat her like his own Barbie doll. There is nothing stronger for a young girl than her first true love and she let it over come her good senses. Being with Colt was all that mattered and she would do anything he asked.

The pressure he put on her to change her extracurricular activities from debate, martial arts and student politics to cheer squad, yoga and aerobics met more resistance but ultimately she caved. She couldn't bear to disappoint her beau and her style meant she really didn't fit in with her old crowd anymore. She alienated herself from all her old friends but quickly found many new ones.

Colt relished the control he was exerting over Natalie. Control he didn't have at home since his stepmother Scarlet and her daughter Maggie had moved into his Manhattan townhouse. He was not getting his own way as much as he'd like to. Scarlet was another of many models his father dated at first but this one he had married. She was a comfortable six feet with the palest freckled white skin, shoulder length ginger hair and icy intimidating angular face. Maggie was a year younger than Colt and much shorter than her mother. She was somewhere on the scale of robust to plump with a little bit of a cuter face than her mother. Scarlet had married his father after a very quick courtship period.

The fact that Scarlet was of Irish catholic descent, her maiden name was Murphy and had a child out of wedlock were an affront to Colt. As a conservative Wasp, that was a terrible blemish on the family name. He treated both of them with thinly veiled disdain. He could not understand how his father had married a woman who ordinarily wouldn't be allowed in their Country Club.

The Murphy girls didn't much care for Colt either. They loved to cause trouble for him and derail his previously carefree lifestyle. Scarlet forbade Colt from having girls stay over and got her tech savvy daughter to put parental controls on his computer so he couldn't access any porn. Scarlet would chide and needle Colt effortlessly.

"Your mother is too wrapped up cruising the other side of the globe spending her alimony and bed hopping from bed to bed with boy toys to take an interest in you. She even forgot to send you a birthday card or Christmas present. You have a new Mommy now, one who cares for your welfare. I only want what's best for you. That means no girls sleeping over, no porn and early bedtimes. I'm confiscating your music and DVD's as they have far too much adult

content and not suitable for a sweet little flower like you.”

Maggie would always laugh uproariously at these exchanges feeding suggestions to her mother in private and tattling on Colt every chance she got. Of course Colt complained bitterly to his Father about the changes being forced upon him but to no avail. His Father was far too busy with his business holdings and too influenced by sex not to side with Scarlet so she got her way.

Colt came home from that practice to the numbing news that his Father had died from a massive heart attack. The legal implication of how the inheritance would unfold with Scarlet in the picture was too much for Colt to comprehend. Somehow Scarlet’s lawyer was already on the scene when he got home. She was a big brassy bold Jewish lady by the name of Elaine Goldberg. She was in a way beautiful with the classic Streisand style nose, a curvy figure and perfect porcelain skin. To Colt, her manner of speech and behaviour was unbearable.

“Colt honey bun, Elaine is here to explain your Father’s Will to you and what it means for the future. Sweetie, come to the downstairs study and she’ll try to explain it and there are some forms to sign too,” Scarlet said patronisingly as she grabbed his hand and marched him over to the wood panelled study.

“Oh God this awful mick slut and her bitchy kike lawyer seem to be moving in on my life way too quickly. This can’t be good,” thought Colt as he was being pulled along. He tried pulling his hand out of hers but the grip too strong.

The news that Elaine dispensed to Colt was devastating. Scarlet was given complete control of all Farnsworth family finances until he turned 21, along with full power of attorney and medical authorisation over him.

“I really am your Mommy now aren’t I Colt? But we are going have to make some little changes to your lifestyle to give us a fresh start. As a break from the past, we are all going to revert to my maiden name of Murphy,” Scarlet drawled with sickening faux sweetness.

“There is no way in hell I’m changing my name to that, you gold digging bitch! Farnsworth is one of the most respected and historic names in this county you have no right,” he screamed in indignation at the very idea.

“Scarlet has every right Colt. She is your legal guardian and the paperwork is already filed,” Elaine chipped in.

“Secondly, this whole football thing bothers me. Increasing evidence suggests the sport is far too dangerous, in terms of concussions and the long term damage it does. With the family wealth we have no need for you to risk your wellbeing to make it in the professional ranks. You are simply far too precious to us for that. So I am going to withdraw the requisite parental consent from your school first thing in the morning,” Scarlet added twisting the knife she had driven into his back.

Colt was stunned and there was a sick churning feeling in his stomach. Anger and rage had gained him nothing in this conversation so he tried the only thing he could think of and begged Scarlet to let him continue to play football.

“Well Ok.....” Scarlet hesitated before continuing. “But there’s going to be quite a few conditions to that and it’s all pending on you passing a complete medical with my Physician Dr. Munn. Additionally, you have to do everything I tell you without complaint. Any slip ups and the permission to play is withdrawn. Secondly, you will call me Mommy from this point on. You will obey Maggie too as she is your big sister now. I expect you to look up to her and follow her example. Another change is, and I don’t want you getting your panties in a bunch over this, is, Elaine is moving in with us. I have grown very fond of her since we met when she began handling my legal affairs. I felt an instant spark with her. So she will now be sharing the master bedroom with me. I want you to know this does not change how I feel about you or how I felt about your Father. I love you both very much.”

The blows were coming like an avalanche. The death of his Father, his stepmother starting a lesbian household with her ball crushing lawyer and being subservient to that chubby little brat Maggie had his mind in turmoil. There is no way Colt could agree to go along with Scarlet but he couldn't afford to miss the first game of the season. It was just a few days away and once that was out of the way, he would find a lawyer and overturn Scarlet's authority.

"I've never really been the maternal type but perhaps in time you'll want to call me Mommy too?" Elaine jibed as she patted Colts head like he was a pet.

"Elaine that's very sweet of you. I'm sure you two will get on like a house on fire in no time. Now Colt I'm going to wash you and put you straight to bed," Scarlet declared in a no-nonsense tone. It was only 7pm.

"What are you talking about? I can wash myself and it's only 7 o'clock. I've had it with you and your jew lawyer. I'm outta here," he spat back in anger.

As he turned, Scarlet reached out taking his hand, twisted hard and bending it back. Colt screamed in pain and tried to break the grip. She was using a judo grip and no matter how he twisted or turned held him firmly.

"When I was a model I took Judo lessons dear. Elaine be a dear and hand me that paddle beside the desk," she said then began swatting Colt's bottom. She didn't stop until he was begging her.

Scarlet soon had Colt in the shower coating him in an imported depilatory cream from face to toe. "You're a pretty little thing with a wonderful skinny pink body. You don't have much body hair but what you do have spoils it. I do love a manly man with rough body hair but it just isn't right for you," she commented.

Soon Colt was as hairless as a new born baby. The worst part of the whole experience was having Scarlet see his genitals. She seemed completely nonplussed by that which made it worse. She scrubbed him in a scalding hot perfumed bubble bath, moisturised his body with a floral scented lotion and walked him still naked to one of the many guest bedrooms

"We're going to be having some remodelling done to your room darling so get used to sleeping in here at least for a little while," she commented.

School the next day went by in a blur. Natalie was very kind and consoling about the loss of his Father. His name had already been changed to Colt Murphy on all the official records which caused a great deal of mockery and wild rumour behind his back. Colt just wanted school to be over so he could go to Dr. Munn's and pass his physical. He was surprised to see Elaine picking him up by the gates of the prestigious prep school.

"Where's Scarlet?" Colt asked.

"Now you know that's not what you must call her, try again" Elaine replied.

"Where's Mommy?" Colt whispered blushing.

"Gosh you miss your Mommy already! You really are a needy little boy aren't you? Scarlet is meeting with her designer to arrange your outfit for your Father's funeral. I'll take you and Maggie over to the doctor's for your physical. Now get into the backseat. Maggie is sitting up front with me," Elaine stated.

"Hi Elaine" Maggie said before giving her an affectionate hug. "I can't wait for the doctor to confirm that Colt is far too much of a powder puff to play a game like football. Then I can help my baby brother find some more suitable hobbies!" Maggie loved to tease Colt but with the new power dynamic in the family, the teases now carried frightening weight.

Colt sat in the doctor's waiting room with Maggie and Elaine on either side of him. The office was plush and well-appointed inline with the luxury he was used to but he was unnerved to be the only male in the waiting room.

"The doctor will see you now Colt Murphy," The frumpy gigantic nurse called out cheerily.

Maggie and Elaine each grabbed one of his hands and walked him into the doctor's examination room. Their actions made Colt feel like a ridiculous child. He noticed some of the teen girls in the waiting room giggling at him which brought a pink flush to his face.

Dr. Munn was a beautiful Asian lady, professionally dressed with an assured air of authority. She had conducted the physical swiftly and clinically. Maggie and Elaine had insisted on staying despite Colt being naked for large parts of the process. The most undignified part of the process was when Colt had to go to a little cubicle to provide a semen sample. The finale of the physical was Dr. Munn giving two vitamin shots in each peachy butt cheek.

Later that evening Scarlet and Elaine were lounging in the king sized bed in the master bedroom. Elaine was completely nude, her hands toying with Scarlet's upper thighs. Scarlet was in a peach satin peignoir and matching marabou trimmed robe as she spoke on the phone with Dr. Munn.

"Yes doctor, we have been dosing Colt with the female hormones, muscle loss and suggestibility drugs for about a week now," Scarlet answered.

"That's excellent Scarlet. Combined with the oestrogen and psychotropic booster shots I gave him today, we should start to see some very big changes. His muscles are going to melt away very quickly. In a month or so I'd say he will have at best the strength of a thirteen year old girl. Yes that will be permanent and irreversible. Physical growth will stop as well keeping him just at six foot. He'll be like an Amazonian super model. No he won't develop anymore facial or body hair but I would get him down to the beauty salon for some electrolysis. He will find it very hard to resist any changes you want to make in his life between his little girl strength, emotional turmoil caused by the flood of female hormones and the suggestibility drugs. I really think you can have your way with him. By all means grant him permission to play football. The point will soon be moot two games into this season. By then he wouldn't be able to make a young girls soccer team," Dr. Munn said.

"Seeing his ego crushed so rapidly will be delicious. Tell me doctor, how will the hormones affect him in terms of breast and hip development and his reproductive organs? I'm keen for Colt to have more of a thin model physique so he can wear some of my old favourites from my cat walk days, I don't want him developing so much that I have a little Jayne Mansfield under my roof," Scarlet replied.

Dr. Munn was amused by the image Scarlet had created in her mind and replied happily. "No don't worry. His breast development will be very slow and modest. I understand you don't want to rush anything and want him to go through a long sissy boy stage before you go any further with his feminisation. The effect on his genitals will be quite a bit more dramatic however. They will shrink quite steadily. He'll become sterile within six weeks between the shots and pills you're giving him. It can vary quite a bit but I'd say within six to ten weeks he will no longer be able to get anything close to a proper erection."

"Oh doctor that's wonderful," gushed Scarlet. "I can't wait to show off my androgynous sissy to society. When the muscles go and he loses some weight we'll be able to share clothes. When his shrinking tiny little winky won't stand to attention anymore, he'll have to take a much more passive role in any romantic relationships. I can't thank you enough doctor. Thank you for all you have done," she replied hanging up the phone.

"Elaine isn't it great you've put me in contact with all the best people. Femming up my sassy step son is going to be so easy and so much fun. We can literally treat and design him anyway we want. My Maggie has got so many inventive ideas for him. She is such a bright young lady."

"Scarlet I'm delighted to see you so happy. I've generally always hated men but Colt is already quite adorable. He looked so vulnerable and humble hairless and naked on the doctor's examination table. I'm going to love raising that fluffy little wimp with you. I love you in this peignoir by the way, decadent Hollywood starlet glamour."

"Oh that's very kind of you Elaine. I kind of worry it's a bit too much. I think I'll put it in the

Colt's hand me down pile. It will be perfect for him to eat a weekend brunch in or wear to one at his girlfriend's sleep overs."

Scarlet had seen Natalie around the house only fleetingly, wrapped in head turning Fendi Fur coat and the like with long bleached blonde hair extensions and more make up on than a call girl. She had understandably pigeonholed her as an irredeemable bimbo. However Elaine's research conducted as they planned Colt's down fall had uncovered what a high achieving student and future leader of America she seemed destined to be prior to her romance with Colt.

Elaine and Scarlet had giddily talked about how Colt's days with girls were numbered and how he would soon be strictly a boy's only sissy. When they learnt of how he had manipulated Natalie Eaton, ruined her image and stunted her ambitions they thought they had found something much more fitting for Colt.

Scarlet and Maggie met with Natalie at a small bistro away from Natalie's overbearing parents. Natalie looked like any bubble gum chewing high maintenance bimbo you might meet. However she spoke intelligently of how Colt's influence had got out of hand so quickly and how much of her old life she missed and wanted back. They showed Natalie photos taken by Elaine's private detective. Colt was not nearly as discreet as he thought. Taking Natalie's biggest rival to bed was not the smartest thing he had ever done. Natalie was furious, madder than she had ever been in her life by Colt's betrayal. Maybe if it had been some other girl besides her bitterest rival, it wouldn't have been so devastating. She had changed her whole life to please him but it meant nothing to him. They told Natalie of their plans for Colt and the drugs regime he was now on. At first she was stunned but she soon came to be amused, thrilled and even turned on.

"Natalie we hate what Colt has done to you and we will see to it that you get your old life back. How would you like Colt to live the role he put you in? Wouldn't that shiny Marc Jacobs Hobo bag you have look much more fitting under his soon to be skinny little arm?"

"Wow! That would be so far out. I'd never thought of something like that but...but the more I think about it....well...I just don't know. At the moment I just want to kick his sorry ass out of my life. After all I've done for him. All the work I had to do to maintain that bubbly girlie high maintenance lifestyle. Maybe if the shoe was on the other foot and he had to do all that....Yeah, I'm beginning to like the idea," Natalie thoughtfully replied.

"Yeah Natalie we've hired Selma to work on Colt's wardrobe and lifestyle just like she worked on yours. Won't it be fun junking all his prized possessions and getting him a whole new wardrobe? Mom put me in charge but I'd love your input. I'm designing his new bedroom, managing his social media presence and selecting his new school curriculum too!" Maggie enthused with glee.

"Before getting to know you Nat I though Colt had had enough girls to last him a lifetime but you're different. You're too strong and intelligent to be any bodies fool or possession. Give Colt back what he did to you. Make him into glorified eye candy. If you're willing to keep him as your, ahem, 'boifriend', wear the pants in the relationship and assist with his sissyfication it could be even more beneficial than dropping him into the strong arms of some gay hunk," Scarlet said.

"Scarlet and Maggie not only am I willing to do that I can't think of anything that would give me any more pleasure than turning 'Mr. Big Shot' into our school's most laughable Sissy boy. It's his pretty face that was my weakness but I bet it's going to look really pretty atop a ruffled blouse or under one of those oversized fur hats he made me get!"

The three ladies squealed and hugged in agreement. "Now that Colt's future is settled, do you know of a modern salon where I can rectify the absurd blonde extensions he ordered me to have?"

"Yes Natalie I know just the place. How about getting it buzzed nice and short, daring and

fashion forward?" Scarlet asked with her eyes twinkling.

The day of Colt's Father's funeral arrived. Unbeknown to Colt, his two 'mommies' had continued to douse him with the drug and hormone cocktail that brought him further under their thumb. On the morning of the funeral after Scarlet had finished scrubbing him in his bubble bath, she led him back to the spare bedroom. On the bed was a formal black garment bag.

"I had the prettiest little suit made for this very solemn occasion," she said unveiled it.

Colt has repulsed and horrified. It had super tight black satin Capri pants with a back zip and bows at the side of the notched cuffs. The shirt was much more of a blouse covered down the centre by an absurd amount of tulle ruffles. The matching jacket had bracelet sleeves and stopped well below his waist with no buttons. It was about as feminine as a trouser suit could get.

"Please Scarlet I want to wear one of my normal suits. If you would give me access to my room....," he got no further. The spanking he received in the bathroom and the look in her eyes stopped any resistance. He was furious with himself for not being able to fight back.

"Honey those boring old things aren't nearly special enough for a day like today and you haven't even seen the accessories," Scarlet said straining not to laugh.

Scarlet began dressing Colt like he was too little to do it. He tried to resist but her strength surprised him. The pants were even tighter than he could have imagined as they dug into and separated his ass cheeks. They made his derriere look like a mini Kim Kardashian. Lacy little girl socks and black chunky brothel creeper shoes were placed on his feet.

Colt did not recognize the weird clumpy shoes. "What kind of shoes are these he asked?" thinking out loud.

"Why Brothel Creepers of course, they used to be big with men in the fifties but they are right back in fashion but only for fashionable young ladies. These are going to be so in next season, you little trend setter," she said with a wicked smile.

The blouse and jacket were offset by a big floppy black silk bow tie that was almost clownish. Black lace gloves were added to his hands. Maggie entered the room her hands behind her back.

"While I take care of Colt's dressing, Maggie go look through his deceased grandmother's wardrobes to see if there is anything suitable to go with this suit to honour his father's legacy and make him proud," Scarlet said.

From behind her back Maggie produced a black veiled pillbox felt hat and enormous black fox stole. "How delightful dear, the perfect final touch. I'm a bit rushed so why don't you finish helping Colt while I get dressed," she stated.

After giving him the lightest dusting of makeup, Maggie explained, "Come on brother dear there'll be lots of press and you don't want to look washed out."

Maggie pinned up his hair, added the hat and wrapped the stole around his slender figure several times. "Ooh he looks like a femme fatale out of a 1930's movie excellent work Maggie," Scarlet said upon her return.

The Funeral was attended by most of New York's most influential old money families and Colt had to interact while dressed in this most humiliating ensemble. Throughout the ceremony his 'Mommies' and 'Big Sister' were constantly at his side. They held tight to his arms and hands, fussing with his fur stole, adjusting his veil and dabbing at his tears with a lacy handkerchief. To observers it looked like a loving display of support but Elaine and the Murphy girls motive was control. The guests at the funeral were flabbergasted by Colts clothing and he withered under their derisive gaze.

Given the occasion and the constant presence of his female guardians no one came right out

and confronted Colt but their looks said all Colt needed to hear. Given Colt's late Father's standing in society, a photo of Colt and his family appeared in the New York Times. Colt's enemies from school had been far from reticent about mocking his attire.

DeSean, Colt's football back up, was a scholarship student from a broken home in the Bronx who Colt had never missed a chance to belittle. He did it mainly from a fear for his own position but also through snobbery and jealousy. DeSean was thrilled making an enlargement of the funeral photo and fixing it to his locker. Colt was losing the respect of his team mates. Many started to think he was turning into a fruit. He badly needed a good performance in the opener against Kennedy to get them to move on from this.

On The afternoon of the game Colt saw Natalie for the first time since Scarlet took her for a makeover. Colt was appalled by her short buzzed pixie crop and told her as much. The fact that she got such a drastic cut without consulting him was infuriating. Her clothes were much more toned down compared to the frivolous things he'd got Selma to furnish her with. She was wearing menacing black leather biker boots, tight fashionable jeans, a check shirt, subtle natural makeup and Colt's Letterman jacket.

"Baby I can't believe you don't like my hair. Everybody except my lame old parents can't get over how cute it is. Tyler, my gay BFF, said I looked like a teen Audrey Hepburn!"

Colt rolled his eye at the mention of Tyler. He couldn't stand the flamboyant queen and his friendship with Natalie had been a constant source of annoyance for him.

"Natalie shouldn't you be in your cheer uniform?" he managed to ask too stunned to say anything else.

"Oh no, I quit cheerleading so I can focus on my studies and other activities," she stated.

"How could you quit cheerleading and get that G.I Jane hair cut without consulting me?" Colt fumed.

"You didn't consult me when you changed your surname to Murphy or turned up at the most high profile funeral of the year dressed like Marlene Dietrich," Natalie jibed, her tongue firmly in her cheek.

Colt began a tirade about how it was not his choice but Natalie cut it short shoving Colt up against a locker and giving him an aggressive and invasive French kiss with a strength he wasn't use to.

"Good luck tonight sweetie," was all Natalie said as she strode off.

The game was a win for the team but a disaster for Colt. His passes floated through the air with zero power and were intercepted easily. On a scramble, the ball was taken from him like candy from a baby. He seemed to have no strength to grip or pass the ball. He was replaced by DeSean who thanks to some great plays and a strong effort by the defence, managed to clean up Colt's mess and scrape a win. Throughout the game in the stands he saw Natalie, Margaret, Elaine and Scarlet sitting together. They were giggling at his failures and when DeSean turned it around, they were cheering enthusiastically as he sat dejected and crushed on the bench.

"What the hell kind of performance was that you big fairy?" Jake one of the linesmen said after the game.

"That lady suit you wore at the funeral is clearly much more appropriate for you than a football uniform," another player screamed out. Team mates echoed similar sentiments and said they wanted DeSean to start from now on. The coach quietened them down when he authoritatively stated, "Colt was so good last year he has got one more chance to keep his starters position against our biggest rivals Jefferson Academy next week".

Momentarily Colt felt confident with the coach's endorsement but that quickly changed when Jack shouted and the locker room erupted in laughter. "Last year he was Colt Farnsworth,

now he's Sissy Murphy!"

Colt had always been conceited and high handed in his behaviour in dealing with his team mates. As a result he didn't have anywhere near as many friends as he thought on the team. Jake's words were like daggers to his self-confidence. The lack of anyone on the team standing up for him besides the coach was even more damaging. After showering he met Natalie and his family after the game.

"Great game champ!" Natalie enthused as the rest of them giggled.

"How can you say that? I must be sick or something," Colt replied.

"The main thing is the team won. Besides I'll try and make you feel better. Your Mommies say its okay for me to sleep over now."

That night in the spare bedroom that was currently his own, Natalie did not waste much time undressing Colt. She roughly stripped him, pinned him firmly on his back and kissing him passionately. Foreplay went on for some time and Colt couldn't get past a semi erection.

"It seems you can't perform in any areas tonight stud," Natalie said getting off from atop him.

She lubed his semi hard penis and started to jerk it up and down roughly. He was mortified and bewildered by his failure to perform and let her humiliate him all the more. Eventually Colt managed to cum with a semi-hard on but the amount was small and seemed clearer than usual.

"If this is going to be a sign of things to come, you might have to adjust your policy on pussy eating Murph," Nat said scornfully. Colt broke down and wept. The tears he'd been holding back since his benching with his head between Natalie's perky breasts.

"There there you poor thing, I know you're not normally much of a cuddle bunny but I'm going to hold you all night," Natalie said caressing his brow. Natalie spooned him from behind firmly under the mass of blankets. He fell asleep quickly with a tear stained face. Never in his life had he felt more pathetic and powerless.

The game against Jefferson soon arrived and his performance was even worse. He lacked the strength to even pass the ball ten yards down field or make a clean hand off to his running backs. The hated rivals were soon feasting on turnovers. He was getting a lot of trash talking from both his team mates and the opposition.

"You sure your quarterback wouldn't be better off doing some needlework?"

"It's an insult to girls to say he throws like one," that barb came from Jake.

"My five year old sister throws harder than that fruitcake," came from another member of his team.

"He should be wearing a tutu," someone shouted across the line. He didn't even last the first quarter. This time he couldn't hold back the tears as he sat on the bench. The Jefferson Cheerleaders mocked him mercilessly affecting limp wristed waves and mincing dance moves. He had had some run ins with them over the course of their rivalry and they relished his downfall as much as anyone.

At halftime The Coach said, "Murphy I don't know what's happened to you but you're off the team for good. Go shower and dressed immediately. I don't want you there when the team comes in, understand."

He did just that and didn't see DeSean once again grab victory from the jaws of Colt's failure. He saw Natalie with his family after the game. They were all chatting happily seemingly without a care in the world while his life was in ruins.

"Colt you poor baby another rough one huh? Here give me a kiss," Natalie said condescendingly pointing at her cheek. Colt blushed and compiled.

Natalie did not return to Colt's house that evening, she went to the big victory party

traditionally held at the Cunningham's house. Last year Colt had held court there going over his triumph in excruciating details while Natalie had sat submissively on his knee toying with her new long blonde hair. He was in no mood to attend this year but Natalie was out from under his thumb and couldn't wait to enjoy herself. Maybe even find herself a man who could get a hard on. Margaret was elated at the victory.

"That DeSean could be the new Michael Vick thank goodness we got him in on a scholarship and you could be the new Shirley Temple Colt. You played like a little creampuff out there. No wonder the coach kicked you off the team."

Back home he sat on Scarlet's lap. He didn't want to but wasn't strong enough to break her grip as she and Elaine fussed, petted and cooed at him.

"I don't get what's happening to me," Colt wailed wondering when his tears would end. He hadn't cried like this since he was a very young child.

"Don't worry my brave little soldier you tried your bestest," Scarlet said suppressing a laugh at how crestfallen her nemesis was. "You can take tomorrow off school and we'll take you Dr. Munn to explain what's happening."

"Can I come too?" Margaret asked. She had overheard from the hall.

"No Maggie dear, your studies are too important to miss with all the advanced classes you're in. We'll fill you in after school," Scarlet replied with a smile.

This visit to Dr. Munn's got off to another terrible start. On volunteer duty was his ex-girlfriend Felicity. She was his last serious girlfriend before Natalie and she too was from their insular circle of New York's elite. When they went out together she had been thin, lithe and naïve but Colt's crushing dumping of her and rampant infidelity had broken her. She had resorted to excessive comfort eating and had put on over fifty pounds. When they were together she had done modelling for Cosmo Girl and Teen Vogue. Now the only modelling work she would get in the future would be for full figured fetish sites. She was still very pretty despite the double chin and huge plump stomach. A lot of the weight had gone to breasts and rump and that was far from unflattering. Her wild curly brown hair fell down to her shoulders and she was stuffed into a candy striper uniform that looked at least a size too small. She held a deep grudge against Colt believing he had ruined her life.

"Well what an honour it is to have our resident star quarterback visit us. I saw your last two performances and you must have just about every college in the country beating your door down to give you a scholarship," she said sarcasm dripped from every word. Scarlet and Elaine both had accompanied him and enjoyed the spirited girls scorn.

"Miss. Murphy, Dr. Munn will see you now," Felicity called out.

Dr. Munn had him strip naked, took some blood work and did basic strength tests on him.

"Yes Scarlet and Elaine, you'll be pleased to know he now has the strength and physical capabilities of at best a young teen girl. The drugs and hormone cocktails you've been giving him have been a complete success," she informed them.

"What the hell?" Colt screamed. Felicity heard it from outside and allowed herself a chuckle at his distress.

"Hush up little madam the adults are taking," Dr. Munn said. She buzzed Felicity in to restrain him and with her increased mass she easily held him down on the doctor's examination table. He felt an injection in each butt cheek.

"Just a nice big oestrogen shot to top you off," the doctor said grinning.

"Colt we need to be honest with you," Scarlet began in a mock serious tone. "As a young man you would have been far too inconvenient to manage over the five years until you get your inheritance. However thanks to people like Elaine and radical feminist doctors like Dr. Munn here, we found the perfect solution for all of us. You are going to be the new baby girl of the family. In a couple more weeks the muscle stripping drug will leave you kitten weak for the rest of your life. The female hormones are filling you out in all the right places and your little

dickie hardly functions anymore. It will begin to atrophy and shrink and the suggestibility drugs make it very hard for you to say no. That's why you've been going to bed at 7 pm pretty much every night. It's clear that football and being the big man on campus are no longer part of your future. Your Mommies are busy with their new love affair and business dealings but we've got the perfect person to help you find a new path in life....your big sister and role model Margaret," Scarlet said smiling in triumph.

"You can't do this you crazy bitches!" Colt screamed. Felicity muffled his mouth with her chubby hand.

"It's already done! There's no way out of taking your medicine sissy," the doctor stated.

"Natalie won't allow this! She'll get me help," Colt shot back.

"Oh no dearie Nat knows all about it. There's something you need to know. If you don't do as Natalie says and she breaks up with you, you'll be dating boys only from that point on," Elaine said.

"Oh that would be sooo cute. Maybe then you'll know how I felt when one of your macho boyfriends dumps you," Felicity remarked and the group of women enjoyed a laugh.

"When Maggie gets home from school, she'll lay out your new life for you but we still have some time. So Felicity would you take him over to the cosmetic ward for the treatments we prearranged," Scarlet said.

"My pleasure Ma'am, he is so lucky to have a Mommy like you to make all the big decisions in his life now," she replied as she unfastened Colt and helped him off the table.

Colt struggled and begged as they made their way down the short hall without success. She was too strong and ignored his demands to be set free or to help. In the cosmetic wing, he was given a laser hair follicle killing treatment to most of his body and face. They left his leg and armpit hair untouched. Shaving and waxing those would be good girly 'fun' for him. His skin was bleached so he was much paler than even the red headed Murphy girls. His lips were plumped up with collagen. His self-image and life were being destroyed so quickly. As they left the doctor's office, Elaine and Scarlet took Felicity's number and suggested that she would be an ideal candidate for babysitting Colt.

Margaret had obviously known what was happening to her step brother that day and rushed home eager to reveal his new life. With his two 'mommies' and Natalie present, Maggie via a slide show presentation in the lounge began her critique. The slide show was comprehensive, Margaret had micro managed every aspect of Colts life.

"We really can't be calling Colt, Colt anymore so we've come to together and agreed the best name for the time being is CeeCee. It's cute but it's not too femmy. Your wardrobe is going to change drastically. All your boy clothes and possessions except the clothes on your back have gone to the Salvation Army. You should be proud that your change in image is doing so much good. Until this Saturday, when we have an all-day shopping excursion planned with Selma, you remember Selma right? You're going to get by on hand me downs. You know our Mommy is a major clothes hoarder and you two are roughly the same size. Since you have lost so much muscle mass she's dug out all sorts of things and donated them to you. For the time being we want you to have as much of a Sissy Boy look as possible. So there's no skirts or dresses and don't worry your little head about that. There's short-shorts, culottes, flared pants, Capri's, jeggings, leggings, stirrup pants, yoga pants and about every kind of pant you can think. Mommy was donated lots of blouses too. Some quite man cut and macho, some very ruffled and girly. There's an abundance of super cute high end big chunky knits and delicate twin sets and cardigans in all kinds of materials wool, angora, mohair and so on. Mommy has donated lots of jewellery too. It's mostly just fun costume stuff and replicas but it will be good for experimenting with different looks. I know you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth but I don't want to you turning your nose up at it," Maggie stated.

As Margaret spoke of the basics of Colts new wardrobe, she turned slides that illustrated the new items in his new wardrobe. Colt couldn't bear the thought of wearing any of the items

shown.

“When you changed Natalie’s look with Selma’s help, you did have some great ideas. You brought her some quality stuff, unfortunately not all us girls can be supermodel tall like you. However Natalie wants to give you all her accessories and they should fit fine,” Maggie said.

Natalie went out and retrieved around a dozen handbags of all shapes and styles from fashion’s best names Fendi, Louis Vuitton, Marc Jacobs, Hermes and Michael Kors. Natalie put a quilted Chanel handbag over his arm then and there.

“You remember making me carry this one a lot right? God you made all my old friends think I was a shallow label whore. The double C logo works great as it’s the same as your name. Next she brought in six or so fur stoles and wraps in sable, chinchilla, mink and fox. Some were of natural fur others were dyed in lurid neon colours. She brought in some fur hats many of which matched a scarf. Many were of loopy oversized proportions.

“I think you should wear one of these to school every day until we can do something about that hairdo of yours this weekend,” she stated.

“Oh CeeCee isn’t your girlfriend so generous. You’ve already got an enviable collection and you haven’t even been shopping yet. Your shoes presented a bit of a problem. You do have quite dainty little feet but they’re still bigger than any of ours. I’ve got you four pairs of Ugg boots online and this cute pair of fluffy pink bedroom slippers should fit. We’ll get loads more shortly. A Sissy can’t have too many shoe options,” Maggie added.

“Another key part of the look is your eye glasses. I know you don’t like them and you think they make you look like a dork but the way you passed in the game, I wonder if your contact lenses were even working. So I got you a few pairs of ladies eye glasses in near enough your prescription and you will be wearing these at all times. I got you some retro tortoise shell ones from Michael Kors. You’ll look like one of the typing pool cast on Mad Men with those and these frameless Marc Jacob’s ones are very chic. Glasses are such a key component of the new look I have planned. It will be a hybrid of high maintenance bimbo and bookish nerdy society girl. Such a beautiful contradiction, don’t you think?” Maggie added airily.

The slides moved on to illustrate his new hobbies of yoga, aerobics and pilates.

“Unfortunately you’re probably a bit too old to start ballet but we’ll see if we can get you in a tutu for Halloween,” Maggie giggled.

“The sports’ channels on the TV and access to sport’s websites has been blocked. Reading sports magazines is also strictly a no no. But we will still let you get your sports fix. You can come to all my field hockey and softball games and, I’ll be so proud to have my sissy little bro in the crowd to cheer me on. We’ve purchased New York Liberty season tickets as a family. Going to the WNBA games should help cure you of your chauvinism. We’ve also got you Cappie Pondexter’s number Twenty Three jersey. I bet you will be proud to wear that to school,” Maggie said getting into her role.

In addition he wasn’t allowed to watch movies without clearing it with Margaret first. His new compulsory shows to watch included Gossip Girl, Glee, Pretty Little Liars and she had gotten him the complete set of Sex and City on DVD. The new magazines he was subscribed to and required to read included just about every international edition of Vogue, W, Cosmo Girl, Pellice Moda, Tatler and most humiliating of all Playgirl. Natalie died laughing at Colt’s face when that was revealed.

“Makeup is now compulsory when leaving the house. What style really depends on my mood or perhaps how Natalie might want you to look for a date. I’d say full foundation, blusher, lipstick, eye shadow and false lashes would be the absolute minimum. You’ll be down at the beauty parlour several times a week for touch ups and treatments. We’ve got you on the client list at Aldridge’s. It’s the one all the society ladies and all your friend’s mothers use. You’ll feel right at home going there. I’m in charge of your diet too. You’ll be eating a largely all baby food diet. It worked wonders for Lady Gaga and you’ll be having lots of soy milk. It stimulates breast growth. I’ll be making sure you take your hormones and medicine too,” she paused

enjoying the look of total dismay on Colt's face.

"I managed to change your class schedule today thanks to Mom signing the consent form. Old Mrs. Proctor in the admin office was pretty surprised by some of the changes but I assured her these are what's best. You are signed up for Textile and Fashion design for starters. Tyler finally has a second boy in the class to talk to. P.E. has been replaced by modern dance. All your regular classes have been dropped to remedial level. That way it will be easier and you can focus on your electives which are rounded out with home economics, child care and cosmetology," she continued.

"But I'll never get to a college with those courses?" A dismayed Colt bleated.

"Colt honey I just don't see you as college material. I never went to college and it worked out fine for me," Scarlet said.

"You never got a job without sleeping with a man to get it!" Colt furiously retorted the drugs didn't have him completely in check.

"And who's to say you need be any different..." Scarlet replied back jovially.

"Now without further ado let's show you your new boudoir," Maggie said as she turned off the slide show.

Colt was led up to the room that had been his bedroom and was gobsmacked with the change. There literally was not a single thing of his from before still in the room. "God I love spending your Trust Fund!" Maggie chuckled as he stared open mouthed in shock.

The bedroom was painted powder pink. The wooden floors had at the centre a full Polar bear hide. Colt recognized it from the other lounge where it had been rearing up on hind legs and pawing the air. It was a work of taxidermy art and it was a priceless heirloom.

"Margaret what have you done to it, it's ruined?" Colt cried out.

"Lighten up CeeCee I just had that old stuffed teddy bear skinned, bleached and tied dyed peach and pink so it would fit in with the colour scheme better. Don't you think it looks groovy?" Margaret goaded him.

"On The walls are framed pictures of females we want you to respect and emulate," Scarlet interjected. The pictures included Warhol Superstars Candy Darling and Edie Sedgwick. Audrey Hepburn, Marilyn Monroe, Paris Hilton, Lucille Ball, Barbara Streisand in Funny Girl and of course a picture of Margaret.

"You'll be pleased to know all the books, music and DVDs are pre-approved by me and you can use them as much as you like," Maggie said really getting into his degradation now. There was nothing a normal male would want to know. The music was all from brainless pop bimbos such as Kesha, Katy Perry, Lady Gaga. The DVD's ridiculous chick flicks.

"Christ how many rom coms has Kate Hudson made," Colt thought as he glanced through the DVDs.

The books were all teen girl stuff like Twilight, Hunger Games and some young adult stuff that he was both the wrong age and wrong gender for.

"CeeCee didn't your big sister and Mommies spoil you. This is just a girls dream come true," Natalie commented then continued. "A dolls house, a rocking horse, a huge new TV, high end collectible Barbie Dolls still in there boxes, how many stuffed animals do you have? I want you cuddling one every night when I'm not over. This beautiful canopied princess bed with the quilted pink satin comforter is gorgeous, almost too pretty to fuck you on."

Margaret and his Mommies laughed at Nat's forwardness and Colt's blush. Margaret showed him all Scarlet's hand me downs placed in the closets. There was lots of room for new purchases which was a scary thought. Margaret showed him a draw full of sex toys.

"You'll find these useful for anal stimulation now that you can't exactly get a stiffy," Margaret said like it was the most normal thing in the world. Margaret showed him a dresser full of

hand me down lingerie and nightwear from peignoirs, negligees, baby dolls and cute PJ sets most of it with an absurdly feminine retro vibe.

“Hey you said no skirts or dresses?” Colt complained.

“Don’t pout CeeCee, those are just private wear for around the house and to be fair, if you go to a slumber party, I’ll let you pick a nightwear set with shorts or slouch harem pants isn’t that nice?” Maggie added with a giggle.

Previously his computer had been altered so he couldn’t access any porn now he could access as much gay and she-male porn as he wanted. In addition, he could not access any non-girly websites. Margaret explained that she was in charge of his twitter, facebook and instagram accounts and this evening would be the perfect evening to take some new profile pics and let people know en mass about the changes in his life.

“What do you mean, take pictures?” he asked.

“Of course silly, we need to update all your social media pages and let everyone know of your new status. I have a nice outfit right here for you to put on and with makeup you’ll look precious,” Margaret stated.

Colt took one look at the clothing put out for him to wear. “Fuck this, I’m outta here,” he said and turned to run.

Unfortunately for him, Scarlet had anticipated his move and used her knowledge of pressure points to attack. As he turned to run, her hand flashed out catching him in the side of the neck just below the jaw hitting the Crotid Sinus. The blow was not hard enough to cause permanent damage but enough to bring him to his knees. He quickly recovered and with a look of a deer in the headlights, tried to flee. Desperation drove him, knowing their plans would destroy him if he didn’t get away now. Scarlet moved in, digging her fingers into his collarbone put pressure on his Suprascapular nerve. At the same time her other hand reached behind the base of his ear, beneath the edge of his jaw and squeezed upward and inward hitting the Mastoid Process causing intense pain.

“Are you going to behave or do I have to hurt you some more? I can do this all day you know,” she whispered harshly squeezing as hard as she could on his shoulder. He sank to his knees, crying, knowing that there was no way for him to escape his future. Too weak from the drugs, too much in pain, all he could do was let out his frustrations with crocodile tears.

Margaret and Natalie moved in on the crying boy and began cutting away his boy clothing. As they snipped away, Elaine happily tossed the remnants into the trash. They pulled him to his feet and Scarlet handed him a pair of bright Canary yellow hip hugger panties with white floral lace insert to step into.

“I like to give you one of my old bras to wear but for now we want that prissy boy look. Maybe when those hormones kick in and you get a real pair of your own, we can have fun taking you in for a measurement. A mother feels so proud when her baby girl gets her very first bra,” she said.

For the profile pictures they selected high waisted houndstooth black and white checked flared slacks and a large white chunky Arran turtle neck sweater. Maggie plastered his face with a huge amount of make up. When she had finished his skin was alabaster, his lips looked bee stung and seductive. His brows had been shaped and thinned but still were in a relatively thick modern style. Maggie added horn rimmed tortoise shell spectacles, a big beaded necklace and a powder white luxurious fur wrap and the impromptu photo shoot began.

All the ladies were very demanding in making him take various feminine poses. There were pictures of Colt on his rocking horse, kicking up his feet on the bear skin rug and lots of him sitting dutifully on their laps while sucking on his thumb. Other poses had him bent over with his butt to the camera, his head looking back over his shoulder while licking a large lolly pop or bent at the waist, hands crossed over resting on his knees, smiling brightly into the camera. Maggie used these to decimate Colts reputation online. She posted all the photos on

twitter and facebook.

“On Instagram CeeCee we’re going to photograph your outfit every morning to keep a lovely record of your online style evolution. Tweets and Facebook updates will be released daily to explain your change in lifestyle while Margaret alters your likes and interests to be in line with the ones she has selected. On Facebook your relationship status will be changed to, “In a female led relationship with Natalie Eaton,” Elaine explained to the stunned Colt.

“I might as well be dead. Between these photos and what they are doing to me, I’m not me anymore. I don’t want any of this. I want things the way they use to be. I tried to fight them, I really tried but I’m too weak and Scarlet knows all those martial arts moves. Even if I had my old strength I don’t think I could beat her,” he thought.

To Be Continued...

COLT’S HARD LESSONS

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Between the photograph session and having to watch Maggie change his media pages, Colt was in his lime green baby doll set and ready for bed until 8 pm. He was exhausted both mentally and physically, only wanting the escape that sleep might bring. He didn’t offer any resistance when he was handed the nylon and chiffon baby doll to put on. It was very soft against his hairless skin with a square neckline trimmed in emerald green lace with puffed sleeves edged in matching lace. As he stood by the bed getting ready to slide under the blankets, Natalie walked in. She was wearing scarlet red satin pyjamas, a red head scarf wrap on her cropped hair and without any makeup. As she approached him with a sly smile on her face, he noticed a bulge in the pyjama bottoms.

“Wha....what,” he started to say but she gave him a deep French kiss before he could finish while digging her finger nails into his round bottom.

Breaking the kiss she stepped back, thrush out her arms sending him backwards into the pile of blankets. “Baby you’re certainly not a man anymore but I have needs. Remember how much you liked a quickie without regards to how I felt or what my needs may have been. Well tonight, it’s your turn to learn what that’s like,” she said somewhat scornfully.

Natalie wasted little time and pegged him with a strap-on for the first time. Colt protested and cried as his girlfriend easily manhandled him into a doggy style position. The pain was excruciating and mortifying but as she managed to get into a rhythm, Colt would feel an electric like jolt when the tip of the dildo hit a certain spot. When she finally collapsed onto his back pushing them both into the mattress, the tip of the strap-on hit forcefully at that spot and his penis jerked, once, twice three times as a milky fluid leaked out. It was an orgasm of sorts but nothing like the earth shattering explosions he was use to. What little pleasure he received was overwhelmed by the humiliation that now filled his entire being.

Natalie was thrilled with pleasure and was enraptured as she forced Colt’s sobbing face between her thighs to eat out her pussy. Eating pussy was not on his list of things to ever do. It was something he absolutely refused to do when he was in control of the relationship. Natalie fell into a beautiful sleep in her boyfriend’s fairly-tale boudoir. She was completely sated sexually for the first time in her life and the power she felt from controlling Colt was even more satisfying.

In the morning Margaret dressed Colt in a black lacy thong barely big enough to conceal his shrunken genitals, black leggings with a long aqua green mohair sweater top, which was almost a sweater dress. She paired it with chocolate brown tall Ugg boots, the white fur wrap and a matching oversized fox hat. She applied his makeup just as heavily as for his photo

session and spritzed him all over with Vera Wang 'Princess' perfume.

Natalie had prepared the large hobo shoulder bag with everything he would need for his first day of school on the Sissy curriculum. Colt could not believe he would have to enter the halls of the school he had been king of dressed like an off duty movie starlet. Knowing that there was not a student in the school male or female who could not defeat him in a fight, he could only hang his head and stifle a solitary tear. When he was on top he treated people so poorly and he would now reap what he had sown as his thin shapely legs trembled with fear.

Catcalls and laughter followed him all over the campus and the teachers who he had so little respect for were enjoying it was much as the students. Tyler was delighted to see Colt in his new look in their fashion design class. "CeeCee girl you were always so mean to me calling me a fag and cocksucker. I guess you were jealous that you couldn't express the real you? You almost make me look butch now! It's so good to have another boy in this class. We can work as a team to make you all sorts of outfits. My knitting is now up to haute couture standards. You can do the simple bits and learn as you go. A fashion show of you in my creations would be the perfect addition to my portfolio in my application to fashion school. To think last year's state football player of the year award winner is now my sissy assistant and muse!"

The remedial classes were disorganised and disruptive. Many of the students in the classes Colt had mocked for their learning difficulties now had their turn. So they loved to toy with him and deride him girl and boy alike. Margaret had banned him from doing any of the homework from his non-elective courses so he would soon find himself at the bottom of those classes. Making matters harder were the horn rimmed glasses he was now forced to wear all the time. His contacts were taken away and the glasses' prescription was stronger making images slightly blurry.

In his electives other than Tyler's fashion class he was the only other male. In a class full of girls, he was without a doubt the most outlandishly dressed. The girls could not get enough of teasing him, asking him humiliatingly questions or playfully pinching his butt. Girls with former unrequited crushes on the ex-stud and former conquests delighted in his degradation.

Eating his jars of baby food in the school cafeteria made him the centre of attention and it was both disgusting and mortifying. He had hoped that once in school he could discard the bag of baby food and get something from the cafeteria line. His hopes were evaporated as Natalie escorted him to the lunch room and sat him at a table dominated by her old friends.

"What did I do to deserve a bimbo boyfriend on a fad diet?" Natalie would laugh to the group of friends as she reconnected with them. She did nothing to ease his humiliation.

Elaine had found Colt the perfect charm school teacher. She was a sixty year old well preserved French lady by the name of Madame Cadenet. Colt would be drilled in the most feminine outdated behaviour and etiquette while Natalie and Maggie played competitive sports and took advanced tutor sessions for college prep. Colt would be spending every afternoon after school with her for two hours of intense lessons. Those lessons left him embarrassed and physically hurting as Madame used a riding crop to insure his attention to detail.

Finally Saturday arrived and Margaret was like a kid on Christmas as she and Nat walked Colt up to Saks Fifth for an exhaustive shopping session with Selma. Selma had prepared to the specifications of the looks Margaret wanted for Colt and had put a huge selection of suitable items aside. With her fee and the commission from her arrangement with the store, she was looking at a sizeable sum and she also thought knocking this chauvinist down to sissy status would be most satisfying. After the shopping session he was booked in at Aldridge's for a complete makeover.

For once Colt had been dressed with a concern to practicality as Maggie was taking him shopping today. It would be amusing to have him struggle trying to change but she was

pressed for time. So Margaret dressed in him in a cute Victoria Secret pink set of filmy full cut panties with matching camisole, jeggings, an understated pink twin set from Oscar De La Renta. Scarlet never really liked that particular outfit and was happy to give it to Colt. In her opinion it was too New England country club matron for her tastes. That was exactly the same reason Maggie thought it was perfect for her dear brother. Maggie finished off his look with a pair of short sand coloured Ugg boots.

When they met Selma in the store, she had positioned three full moveable racks of clothes for her subject. "CeeCee delightful to see you again, my daughter can't seem to stay away from your instagram page. She's is so jealous of your wardrobe! You may have lost some fans when you turned your back on football but you have got a fan in my Marsha that's for sure. It's going to be so much fun working with you again. I have to say I do think Natalie has found a look that works so much better than the one you selected for her," Selma said in greeting as she fixed the sissified boy with intense eye contact.

Natalie had rolled out of bed long after Colt had been up having his face painted by the Murphy girls. Rather than go home and change had worn the same jeans as yesterday and a crimson Harvard hoody borrowed from Elaine.

"I love your crop too Natalie. Only a lady with a face of an angel could get away with such a drastic cut. That hair style reminds me of Mia Farrow or Jean Seburg's daring cuts. What were you thinking Colt making her get all those bleached extensions? Now she looks like an iconic new wave cinema star. You must be just as proud as punch to have her on your arm. Well the selections I've put together should help make you look your best for her. I understand you have good reason to keep her interested," she added with a smug smile.

"Oh god," Colt thought. "How did she know about the boy's thing? It had to be Felicity. She was such a vindictive gossip.

"Now Margaret I understand you want to draw inspiration from a variety of ladies for his looks. So I've put together outfits that will make him look like a very young version of those ladies. I've got outfits that will make him look like a virginal bookish prep school nerd and then there are some outfits that are a little more risqué where you can do CeeCee up like a spoilt party girl diva," she said turning her attention to Maggie.

"That is perfect for what we going for Selma. I love the idea of the contradictions and juxtaposition of his old silly macho image and the new one we are creating. Marsha is fourteen now yes? She might not be interested as our CeeCee still plays with dolls. It's almost too much of old age gender roles for our feminist Mother's to accept. However it fits the image I want to create. But perhaps we could set them up on some play dates?" Maggie replied.

"Dolls really?" Selma gasped. "I can't remember when my Marsha stopped playing with those but I'm sure they would have fun looking through fashion rags and trying out each other's makeup. I'll talk to her and see how she feels about that." The idea of becoming a fourteen year old girl's play friend and gossip partner was humiliating to Colt but that was why Maggie and Nat were so excited.

"Well come along CeeCee, wriggle out of those jeggings and we'll start with your underwear choices" Selma said.

"Yeah snap to it sugar. You can't just wear our Mom's panties forever."

Colt was escorted to the changing room. He was quickly stripped down to his panties as Selma poked at his chest methodically.

"Are you sure you don't want to get him fitted for training bras today? He seems to be well on his way too an A Cup? I've fitted many a demanding young miss with smaller."

"No, I think just camisoles and little lacy vests for now. This is a big brave change for my Sissy bro and we mustn't rush him," Margaret intoned with faux concern.

"I'll pick him out some sports bras and similar tops in the sports section though. He'll need

those for yoga and aerobics,” Natalie offered.

“Great idea Natalie, I’ve been so focused on getting him turning heads down Madison Avenue. I’ve completely neglected his athletic needs!” Maggie replied. Selma giggled as Natalie strutted over to the designer dance and sports equipment area.

The large bulk of Colt’s underwear was mostly suitable for a fastidious preteen girl on the cusp of puberty, full cut panties many with a heavily ruffled seat. Many camisoles were so delicately opaque that to Colt they seemed transparent. The only reason Maggie selected them was to humiliate him further. He was bought an abundance of panties in much more mature styles as well. Maggie loved to see him sashay in “Excellent Choices” which is so pretty and girly. Every colour imaginable and all the different materials. I really like the rumba pants or the really high waisted Granny panties. I don’t think there has ever been a boy who is more suited to girl’s underwear and I’m going to make sure you never wear anything else.”

“Selma he looks like he should be in the window of an Amsterdam Brothel,” Maggie commented as he modelled a slightly too grown up panties and camisole set.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this and out in the open where anybody can see me. Somehow I just can’t say no to Maggie or the others. My life is over,” he thought as he wiggled his ass.

The only thing missing from the lingerie sets were the bras. Colt soon had more girls’ underwear than the rest of the ladies in his household combined. He was left in a cute lavender camisole and panties set to begin trying on outer wear.

Colt lost count of how many times he had to change that morning. Maggie and Nat were having the time of their life as they had him mincing and strutting around the changing area. They particularly enjoyed seeing all the attention his antics received from everyone in the department store, customer and staff alike.

“Are you sure he’s not ready for skirts and dresses?” Selma asked. “All these cardigans and sweater sets would look absolutely perfect with a tight pencil skirt or a real full skirt with some swishing petticoats.”

True to her word Colt did not have to try on a single skirt or dress. Equally true he did not try on a stitch of clothing a red blooded male would be caught dead in. Tight leggings would be one of the corner stones of his new wardrobe.

“Thank god for teen starlets like Lindsay Lohan and the Olsen Twins for pioneering the tights instead of pants or a dress look. It’s so convenient and Colt’s weak long legs look so good in them.” Selma opined as Colt burned with humiliation. He had wanted to be Tom Brady not Paris Hilton.

“You are so right Selma and excellent call getting his little pride and joy in that mini gaff. No camels toe for my brother, just a flat girly front and a nice plump tushie,” Maggie said while patting both areas like they were her personal property.

Belted girl’s playful rompers and cat suits were selected. Many of those choices were more crushing to the male ego than any skirt could ever be.

“The play suits are more for spring and summer wear but aren’t they just darling?” The rompers selected were a bizarre mixture of little girl innocence and overt sex appeal. Colt had only seen the most air headed of female class mates wearing onesies like these.

“I love them Selma,” Natalie replied. “Good thing the school has ruled that my little fairy could use the disabled bathroom. As CeeCee will need room to get undressed every time he needs a tinkle. You don’t care much for practicality anymore, do you babe. You just want to look fetching on my arm don’t you?” Natalie said in a mocking baby voice while pinching Colts blushing soft cheeks.

The onesies were a fun diversion but the majority of Colt’s expanding wardrobe on top of the leggings was made up of ladies pants, not a single one had pockets. When Colt complained in the dressing room, Selma had laughed, “Why ever would you need pockets? You never seem to be without a statement handbag?” The back zips were very foreign to Colt too, zipping up

in the back and being without a fly really brought home to Colt how much of his life and love he had lost.

“Selma you really know your labels. You’ve put together the perfect wardrobe for my CeeCee. The Michael Kors pieces are perfect for looking like a Manhattan lady of leisure who’s on the go but still wants to look fabulous. The neutral tones and prettiness of the Marc Jacobs collection really does make him look like a nerdy snooty prep school girl. I can’t resist getting him the whole collection excluding the skirts and dresses. To heck with the cost, right CeeCee?” Maggie asked.

“That’s easy to say when it’s not your money!” Colt fumed.

“Oh don’t be such a sour puss spoilsport. Daddy left you lots and lots of money. Far too much for you not to be the best dressed faggot in school!” she retorted. Colt had no way of stopping Maggie from doing whatever she wanted. His complaints and feelings were always brushed off with complete nonchalance.

“I really like the Oscar De La Renta pieces you had him in,” Natalie said after she had stopped giggling at Maggie’s put down. “The amount of care and detailing is just wonderful. There’s so much delicate beading on so many of the sweaters, fur and feather embellishments where few would think to put them. The high cut short sleeves on some of the tops really emphasized how pencil thin and reedy my boyfriend’s arms have become. To think you used to carry me to bed and pin me down with those things,” Nat remarked.

“Yes Nat you’re right. He really is an Oscar De La Renta girl. We’ll take the whole lot of those selections too Selma. Won’t you have fun dressing for date nights in those CeeCee? Whether it’s for Natalie or some hunky guy?” Maggie asked.

When selecting the coats and outer wear, Colt’s love interest and enforced role model, had the most fun of all. “Yes I love him in these furs. Let’s buy the lot. A bit over the top for a sweet sixteen perhaps but he’ll get lots of the attention he’s missed since his football career came to an abrupt end,” Nat suggested.

“Please don’t buy these Margaret,” Colt pleaded. “All the girls in my electives classes will have a field day.”

“Maybe so sweet heart but their Mothers will be green with envy,” Maggie replied while tickling his chin.

“Don’t argue with you big Sis CeeCee,” Nat spat. Natalie was just as keen on getting Colt a king’s ransom of furs as Maggie. Perhaps more so as she’d had to walk down the same halls in such an overdone fashion and wanted revenge. “Get all those big plush furs. He’ll have more furs than Joan Rivers!”

“When I’m through with him, he’ll have more surgery than Joan Rivers,” Maggie quipped.

“Does every coat have to be a fur?” Colt whined.

“You were the one who never tired of going on about the wealth and influence of your family. Your image should still reflect that. The fact that you’re now too weak to lift more than your handbag doesn’t change anything,” Maggie answered.

Most label obsessed fashion victims could never dream of buying the amount of five figure sum furs that were being wrung up in a lifetime if ever. This purchase would barely make a noticeable dent in the Farnsworth trust fund.

Every possible variety and colour of Ugg boots was bought for Colt. “You’re going to be going to school in Uggs every single day. We want you to be comfortable and cosy while you learn childcare, beauty and fashion,” Maggie chortled.

Colt was on the verge of tears by this time. He knew with the scale of purchases he really was condemned to this fate. Nat was so turned on by Colts dejection she could not resist degrading him further. “Lighten up my love, Uggs are not just for girls. As matter of fact except for around the house wearing them as slippers, I wouldn’t be caught dead in them.

Boys can wear them too although now that I think of it, the only boy I've ever seen in them at school is Tyler and even he keeps to the men's or at worst unisex styles."

Colt's signature school look was fixed consisting of Ugg boots, super tight leggings, a statement handbag and a huge voluminous fur coat. "He will look great going up down the halls like that, even if he does have to mince sideways to fit," Natalie laughed. "But I feel like there is more we could do than just the cute sweaters and slouchy blouses under his beloved furs."

"I couldn't agree more Nat and it's something I'm working on in my advance arts class," Maggie replied teasingly.

The shopping trip was over. "I hope you enjoyed yourself Cee Cee," Selma spoke firmly giving Colt a tight hug. "As it won't always be exhaustive as this you're scheduled to go shopping with me most weekends from now on. We'll get you down to all the vintage stores too. New York really is a Shopaholic Sissy's paradise. There's way too much to carry and I know his Ladyship would be no help, so I'll arrange delivery over to his Mommies while you hustle him off to the salon. You can't be late as they are always so busy."

Colt tottered out of the store in the most girly of tall Ugg boots with a mass of exposed sheep skin, a giant fox fur chubby died a traffic stopping orange which obscured most of his torso and covered a delicate white beaded roll neck sweater. The walk to Aldridge's was not far but he got enough mocking comments and stunned looks to last a lifetime. It was bad luck to run into Amber, a girl from his Childcare class.

"Hey CeeCee sweetie, by the way Dolly Parton called and told you to tone it down a bit!" she jibed as she strutted off on the arm of her laughing boyfriend.

Aldridge's was packed on this Saturday and the society ladies they met in the salon all had dealings with Colt at one time or another. They had reasons to bear a grudge thanks to his flagrant misbehaviour before his Mommies took him in hand. Colt's entrance at the salon drew gasps and giggles from the ladies. They were all in his family's social circle and most had known him his whole life. Aldridge's catered to a more mature crowd with the youngest ladies being in their mid to late thirties.

Meredith Hasting's was the most prominent patron of the salon and one of the Grand Dames of Manhattan society. She also didn't like Colt and the first to approach them when they came in. "My son Byron told me you had undergone quite a little change in image Colt. I'm sorry, I should have said CeeCee. That is your new name, correct? Yes, well I must say that I'm really taken aback to see it with my own eyes. Like I said I heard what Byron said and some other gossip but had no idea just how far you've taken it. Let's see a girly twirl so we can all get a good look at you."

Colt froze with fear but a stern look from Natalie and a twirling finger by Maggie made him comply. The only lady in his life who drilled him harder than Natalie was Madame Cadenet. Thanks to their strenuous training, his movements were becoming effortlessly girlish much to his dismay.

"Oh how wonderful, the boy who gave my Byron so much ridicule and stole more than one of his girlfriends all done up like a modern day Edie Sedgwick. Clearly you were overcompensating weren't you sweetie with all that extra macho behaviour. Seeing you like this and knowing how hard it was for you to come out...well dear all is forgiven. Come in here and give Auntie Meredith a big hug and kiss."

Meredith was a sturdily built lady with a bouffant hair do and a penchant for designer outfits much like Colts enforced wardrobe. She gave him a hug and kiss that absolutely sucked the life out of him. Her sidekick Mimi soon weighed in, "His performance on the football field makes a lot more sense seeing him now. You're very lucky to have a family who will support your coming out. I have to say you did rather disappoint my husband with your withdrawal from football. He so wanted to see you lead his Alma Mater to a state championship. Still

thank god for that boy DeSean.”

“Yes Mimi,” Meredith said archly. “DeSean is an absolute gift for us. My Byron has really prospered as a receiver now that he has a quarterback who doesn’t have a grudge against him. His receptions more than doubled now that he is the quarterback.”

“It so good of you to forgive my sissy bro for his past indiscretions Mrs. Hasting, I can’t help but wonder if CeeCee’s meanness towards Byron was due to a misdirected crush. It can’t be easy showering and rough housing with a boy that handsome when deep down inside you’re just a super soft girly right honey?” Maggie stated leadingly.

“Er....oh... Yes,” Colt replied stuttering and burning with embarrassment as the society ladies tittered freely. Colt didn’t feel he had much choice. He knew Maggie could and would put him over her knee right there if he contradicted her. Plus he didn’t know what Maggie had planned for him in the salon and didn’t want to make it any worse.

“Oh think nothing of it my dear. In fact I would like to take as active a role as possible as he transitions. I would love to help integrate the new improved CeeCee into Manhattan’s social scene, that is, as long as it’s not an imposition for his big sister and his adoring Mommies?” Meredith asked in a saccharine tone.

“Not at all, I think that would be wonderful. Mom says he needs as many strong female role models as possible. As a matter of fact, you definitely inspired some of his outfit choices that we just made over at Saks. What did you have in mind?” Maggie knew Meredith responded very well to flattery.

“Well I know CeeCee has not had the best of church attendance rates in recent years and he did write that column in the student newspaper decrying the church for appointing a female Priest. I’d like to take him along to the Anglican services every Sunday morning if I may. I know your Mother and yourself are Catholic so can’t take him there. I trust, even though he’s now a Murphy, he’s stays with the Anglican faith?” she replied.

“Oh absolutely,” Maggie bubbled. “We’d never want to enforce our beliefs on CeeCee. The name change was purely for family unity reasons. Plus he has some of the most delightful churchy outfits that I’m sure he’ll be keen to show off to the congregation.”

Colt fumed internally at the dishonesty of the statement. “That bitch is lying again. They did it to humiliate me and I certainly don’t want to show up at that lesbian preacher’s church.”

“Well I can’t wait to see what this little clotheshorse picks out for tomorrow. I love what he’s in today, though for me, the shade of the coat is a little garish and the leggings really are almost indecent. Just look how they make his butt stand out and how skin tight they fit,” Meredith replied.

“Yeah right you giant bitch, like I can’t feel that seam digging into my ass much less how much the crotch is crushing my other parts,” Colt thought in dismay.

“Meredith you may well be right, but CeeCee is such a drama queen and attention hog. He loves to make a statement and he’s still young. So you’ll have to forgive him his fashion victim folly,” Margaret replied as they spoke about Colt like he wasn’t there standing right in front of them.

“Then it’s agreed, CeeCee my angel you’ll be attending church with me every Sunday, starting from tomorrow. I presume his old friends don’t call on him so much now? So, if it’s okay with you I’ll sign him up for the all the church girls groups to help his social life. I’m sure Reverend Geraldine will only be too happy to make an exception. She’s very progressive on gay and transgender issues. It was one of the reasons this closet case was so up in arms at her appointment,” Meredith chuckled giving Colt a hard look.

“The church Junior League is involved in so many rewarding projects like charity bake sales, knitting circles, tutoring programs, bible study and some more active stuff like the girls netball and softball leagues,” she added enjoying the look of horror etched on Colt’s face.

“There you go sweetheart,” Natalie said turning to Colt. “You’ve been saying you still want to

play sports. I'll bet you'll pick up net ball in no time and a baseball stud like you will certainly put us girls in our place out on the diamond."

In his now frail state Colt knew he would not be able to compete against even the most mediocre of female competitors and felt sick at the thought of the humiliations to come. He could only hope that a rival team would block his participation on gender grounds.

"Meredith you are so kind hearted to offer your guidance to this sissy but I can't help but think Colt went so wrong in his past lifestyle that he should go right back to square one. You know put him in frilly baby dresses and some big padded pampers," Mimi offered wanting to humiliate Colt all the more than actually meaning it.

"Oh Mimi you are so wicked!" Meredith laughed.

Felicity's mother Arianna spoke up, "It would be fitting justice to have that former big shot in diapers. I was always so worried he'd get my Felicity in the family way."

"I thought she was pregnant judging by her current dress size," Meredith quipped. Her venom wasn't reserved just for Colt.

"That is a fun idea," Natalie agreed as she and Margaret filed it away for future use.

"Well CeeCee they'll be plenty of time for gabbing with the girls on your salon visits but you have a pretty full itinerary for today," Heather the salon manager interrupted.

"You look so smooth and hairless and petite. Dr. Munn really did a number on you, didn't she stud muffin? She's sent along her most highly recommended specialist in the forced feminization of misbehaving boys to finish the job. CeeCee meet Anastasia," she said as a huge blonde Russian lady with braided hair wearing a medical style white smocked outfit and expressionless face barged through the crowd.

Colt squeezed onto to Natalie's arm liked a frightened child. "Don't worry diddums everything Dr. Munn has done has worked out for the best," Natalie said soothingly. Knowing how integral Dr. Munn had been to his downfall. Her words did nothing to sooth Colt's terrified gaze.

"Anastasia is an absolute expert about femming boys like you," Heather continued, "and you have something in common. You are both ex-athletic stars. She represented Russia in Olympic weight lifting. We'll leave you two to it. While they wait for your return, I'll give Nat and Maggie complimentary manicures."

"Please Natalie, please Margaret, I beg you don't let her do anything to me. Please don't leave me with her!" a hysterical Colt pleaded.

"God you really are a drama queen CeeCee. I'd dump you if you weren't so pretty and Anastasia is sure to only make you prettier," Natalie said in an exasperated tone.

"Yes listen to your lover brother dearest. We've all decided on the best look for you so there no need for all these tears and fuss," Margaret added.

Anastasia picked him up with ease and carried him to the back of the salon. There she stripped him but with care. "We Russians love a fine fur as much as anyone, so let's hang it up safe and sound," the giant lady said. He was then injected in the buttock and everything went black.

Colt woke back in the main part of the salon. He was dressed in his leggings, beaded sweater and Uggs combo sitting in a reclined stylist chair, his big orange dyed fur was over his lap. "Some of the procedures were a little intense so we thought it best to give you a sleepy sedative," Maggie said in answer to his unspoken request.

Colt felt woozy and disorientated. "Come on CeeCee you big girly, there's so many changes to show you," Natalie guffawed holding a large hand mirror up to his face.

Colts face was covered in cute brown dappled freckles just like a natural red headed girl. His hair had been extended in the exact same red shade as Margaret and Scarlet in wild flowing

curls down to well past his shoulders.

“You were always teasing me about my freckles. Chasing me around with that marker saying you were going to connect the dots. Now you’ve got them for life. How does that feel? Want me to connect the dots for you?” Maggie asked with an ear to ear grin.

“Oh god!” Colt wailed pathetically. “What the hell did you do to me?”

“Anastasia used a combination of tattoos and dyes to get that perfect look. They don’t look any less natural than mine. With this hair you totally look like my baby sister. I hope you appreciate these extensions. They were very expensive as they had to be human hair so we could dye and perm them. The style and curls were inspired by Keri Russell in that show ‘Felicity’ and what did we tell you about cussing? When we get home you’re going to be punished for that,” Maggie said.

“I guess the name Felicity keeps coming back to haunt you one way or another,” Natalie interjected mischievously. “I think he looks just too too cute as a redhead but all sissies deserve to try being a blonde too.”

“Natalie I couldn’t agree more. Maybe we can get him bleached up for prom,” Maggie said before turning her attention back to a cowering Colt.

“You’ll notice CeeCee we waxed those brows off, so you’ll have to draw them in. It’s hard to say whether they’ll grow back or not. Mom shaved hers off in the avant garde modelling trend of the 90’s and hers never did. So if yours don’t grow back, she’ll be able to help you cope. If we find a look that really works we can have them tattooed on if you like.”

Colt’s eyebrows were gone and thin arches were drawn in their place. He looked totally unnatural and just like the portrait of Lucille Ball on his boudoir wall. His makeup had been applied with the usual flair around the eyes and lips but with less foundation so his freckles really shown through. Both his ears had been double pierced and contained a pearl stud and giant gold hoop in each.

“How could you pierce both my ears?” Colt whined. He was fully awake and alert by now and the face staring back at him sent a shiver of pure horror up his spine.

Natalie smacked him on the thigh, “Would you rather have just had your right ear done like your boyfriend Tyler?” Natalie asked scornfully.

“No I wouldn’t and Tyler is not my boyfriend,” Colt answered sullenly looking at Natalie.

Colt lips were a little sore and swollen. He knew he had been given more collagen and he was starting to look like Rosie Huntington-Whitely in the lips area. When he opened his mouth to complain some more he was horrified to see his two front teeth had been filled on the inside leaving a massive gap between them.

“You were always on about how badly you wanted that model Ashley Smith. You probably could have dated her if you’d stuck with that silly quarterback thing. So we figured you’d want her signature gap toothed smile. Anastasia was only too happy to oblige,” Maggie answered.

“I think it looks adorable, so geeky and cute,” Natalie added with a laugh. “Knowing my powder puff’s way, he’ll probably try and use it as an excuse to get out of eating my pussy for a few days!”

Many of the society Matron’s had lingered long after their treatments to see the results and they fussed and went wild over the extreme changes to the distraught boy. It was unbearably humiliating for Colt but he knew he’d be with them again in the pews of St. Paul’s Church tomorrow morning.

Colt was wrapped up in his outrageous orange fox fur chubby, back at his female dominated home and his Step Mothers were thrilled by his makeover. “CeeCee you look like a lovely Irish Rose we must take you back to the old country on holiday.” Scarlet enthused.

“I’m not Irish no matter what you do to me!” he shrieked petulantly.

“I absolutely love it. I just wanted to hug him and kiss his little freckles. You know I have a weakness for red heads!” Elaine said while eyeing Scarlet with blatant lust.

An epic photo shoot began with Colt putting many of his ‘favourite’ outfits on and showcasing his extreme makeover to the ladies delight. Maggie got busy loading them up onto to his social media pages. When the photo shoot was over her mother shot and coached Colt through a video for his You Tube channel. He was forced to rave in the most ditzy fashion about how much he loved his new look and how shopping for a brand new wardrobe was the happiest day of his life.

After finishing his nightly toilet, Maggie true to her word washed his mouth out with a perfumed soap. With his horrible humiliating day over and dressed in a cute pair of pink with black lace trimmed satin PJ’s, he curled up in Natalie’s arms. He was completely spent in both body and mind. “Sleep tight baby girl” she said softly. He was dreading Church the next day but knew it would be a cakewalk compared to school on Monday with his new look. Colt did not know how he would cope with that.

The Sunday at St. Paul’s Church was worse than Colt had expected. Margaret had laid out his clothes the night before and delegated the task of painting his face to Colt himself. Margaret gave him a demeaning ‘pep talk’ about his makeup as she moisturised his face the night before.

“You’re getting to be a big girl now CeeCee honey so its time you learnt how to do your own makeup. You have been paying attention to Madame Cadanet right? God her makeup always looks so perfect if a little old fashioned for my tastes. You probably think she doesn’t wear nearly enough. Bimbos like you really love to pile it on so don’t scrimp tomorrow morning. I know Mac cosmetics cost but there’s a lot more where they come from.”

The outfit Margaret had laid out was a boucle wool Chanel suit in baby blue. Instead of a skirt it had a pair of high waist culottes which where pleated in such a way they could easily be mistaken for a modest skirt. The shoes were a cute crème coloured ballet flats. Maggie had explained that his Ugg boots just wouldn’t do for church services.

“Put your hair up under this cute jewelled turban in the morning. Your curls are so big if you don’t, the poor people behind you won’t be able to see a thing. Do you think you are brave enough to make it through tomorrow without a fur? It shouldn’t be too cold even for a delicate little prissy like you. You haven’t been to Saint Paul’s for quite some time so we don’t want you waltzing back in looking like a vain prima donna harlot. Pride is a sin you know,” Margaret said as she handed Colt a matching Chanel shoulder bag.

The ride to Saint Paul’s was made in the back of Meredith’s chauffeur driven town car as she fussed and petted Colt like one of her pet show poodles. When they got to the church she showed him off to the congregation in much the same way. The only thing missing was the collar and leash but she had a firm grip on his waifish arm.

Meredith enjoyed introducing him to all the families that gathered to see the show she was orchestrating. The mothers and daughters generally found his new look to be hilarious and fascinating. Most of the fathers who had seen him as the next generation of New York patriarchal elite were too disgusted to even look at him. St. Paul’s was a liberal church but there were a few muttered curses aimed him way by some of the younger men.

The turban was absurd but it was the lesser of two evils as Colt was happy to keep his wild ginger curls under wraps. Geraldine, the openly lesbian minister, had given Colt a warm embrace when they met. Breaking the hug, she held him by the shoulders and explained how forgiveness was the most important tenet of Christianity.

She brought him in for another hug and during the embrace whispered, “You tried to get me defrocked but I forgive you. However, I’m delighted to see that your Mommies have knocked you down to sissy status. I was so excited when they explained their plans at our lesbian club luncheon. I’m going to see to it that you serve a humiliating penance. I signed you up to

participate in all our women's church groups."

Much of the sermon was about prodigal sons and was clearly directed as a mockery of Colt. After the service he was given a list and scheduled meeting times of all the church's women's social groups. Some were for teens like Colt but they were largely attended by churchy virgins Colt had not given the time of day to. Others were geared more for young mothers or older matronly ladies, regardless of the demographic, Colt was signed up for all of them.

Between the knitting circles and the like, Colt's classes with Madame Cadenet, studying for his electives and going for beauty treatments, Colt barely had time to receive a pounding from Nat's strap-on or sit in the stands bundled up in a fur watching Maggie lead the Field Hockey team to another victory. His time and behaviour were controlled to a level that was unbelievable. It made what he had done to Natalie seem almost insignificant.

Schools can be a boring place for many students. After seeing Colt in his new wardrobe and outrageous red curls that first day back, things got a lot more interesting for the many enemies he had made. With his glasses, wild hair, gap toothed smile and abundance of freckles he had changed so much that school became an entertainment for the students. Bets were being taken as to what kind of outrageous outfit he would be wearing when he entered the building. Even in his more conservative outfits, he looked like a more outgoing version of the church going good girls he had to spend so much time with. In any case Colt certainly elevated certain aspects of school spirit.

Often his hair was put up in curlers or under a headscarf to start off the mornings at school. Maggie loved what a vain little beauty queen it made Colt look like. Occasionally she would put used diet coke cans in his hair as extra big curlers and secure them under a hairnet. Most of Colt's school days ended with hair and makeup classes. Classes he absolutely hated as the girls in there were all too keen to take the curlers out and style his hair.

"It really is so fun to treat a boy who thought he was too good to talk to me like a giant Barbie doll," ugly Blair Paisley would laughingly remark as she crimped Colt's already curly hair into a really way out there wavy crimped style. All sorts of hairdos were done by the girls, plaits, pigtails, buns, complicated up dos and such. Natalie loved them all but especially loved the ones where Colt's hair was left free. She would toy with it and make Colt whip it back and forth like a pole dancer as she screwed him from behind. Natalie loved how messy Colt's freshly fucked bed head looked and loved to post pictures of it on instagram.

The girls in cosmetology had so much fun trying different looks for Colt's makeup. His eyebrows had failed to grow back leaving them a nice blank area to play with. Natalie would laugh herself silly at how creative the girls painted on his makeup. She favoured a very natural light amount of makeup for herself but for Colt she loved the heavy plastered on style. Natalie would joke that he had so many different looks she felt like she was giving the business to a different sissy every night.

Colt's life had settled into a series of almost routine humiliations but Margaret was still planning for more. She was always looking for big set piece humiliations. One such occasion arose when Colt was called out of his remedial English class. The teacher had long given up on trying to get Colt to learn anything. Margaret's forbidding of doing the homework of his non-electives made him look like a hopeless airhead in all of those classes.

Colt was leafing through a copy of 'Women's Wear Daily' looking at the new resort collection from J. Mendel when the teacher called out his name. The teacher was only too happy to excuse him to report to the school Art studio. He had forgotten that Maggie had said she was planning to do more with his look but came flooding back to him now as he walked into the Art studio. All around the room were oversized t-shirts in neon girly colours with ridiculous slogans printed on them in black sparkling capital letters.

"The idea Vanessa is for my darling step brother to become a living advertisement for my main course work," Maggie was saying to her teacher as he entered. The Art teacher was a

trendy new age type teacher who insisted her students call her by her first name.

“The shirts are all expertly silk screened printed by myself like in Andy Warhol’s factory. My project deals with the nature of personal expression, image, the modern concept of celebrity, ridicule and how statements you make, affect the world around you. Some of the slogans are political, some are about projection of image and how CeeCee has decided to change so much of his life. Many of the statements are deeply personal to Colt. The statements can evolve over time as I screen new tees and Colt’s transition advances. Another feature of my project is that it will have an interactive element as suggestions for slogans can be sent to Colt’s twitter feed,” Maggie explained as Colt stood nearby blushing.

His step sister’s words washed over him as he read the slogans on the shirts. He didn’t think his clothing could get worse but Margaret had managed it. “BOY CRAZY”, “MATERIAL GIRL”, “MOMMIES GIRL”, “I’M SOO OVER BEING MACHO”, “I LOVE MY MOMMIES BUT I NEED A DADDY”, “DESEAN FOR PRESIDENT”, “MAGGIE KNOWS BEST”, “BIMBO PRIDE”, “SAME CHIC DIFFERENT DAY” and “FORMER LADIES MAN” were just a few samples.

“Margaret that is absolutely brilliant. The use of the craftsmanship and the sophistication behind your project is superlative. It combines both artistic excellence and psychological science into one work and is of college level at a minimum. This is one of the most innovative ideas I’ve encountered and it doesn’t hurt that your CeeCee is as cute as a button,” Vanessa gushed in praise.

“Isn’t he just and I know he’ll love the attention they’ll bring. He such a big silly drama queen,” she intoned with mock annoyance before continuing on a brighter note, “I’ve cut them big and long so they are almost like nighties. So first thing every school day, he can slip the slogan of the day on over whatever he’s wearing without any trouble.”

“That really is marvellous. I say, let’s put him in this one right now,” Vanessa enthused. The shirt was neon pink with gold and black sparkly capital letters. Its slogan said, “CUT FOOTBALL FUNDING, INCREASE ARTS FUNDING.”

Later that week Colt lay in his bed in a peach marabou trimmed nightgown and robe. It had formerly belonged to his step mother and the thought that she had almost certainly worn it to seduce his late father made Colt shudder. He protested but Natalie thought he looked like such a sex crazed vamp in it.

It had been a very humiliating day at school for Colt. First, he had to present the dark navy manly sweater he had knitted in textiles to his bitter enemy Jake. Then the batch of chocolate chip cookies he had baked in home economics to the rest of the team after practice. In return for his efforts, he received a barrage of ridicule. Margaret had insisted that it was important for him to continue to see his old ‘friends’.

His long crimson hair was impeccably rolled on large blue rollers under a pink hairnet. It had taken serious effort in the shower to remove the hairspray. His cosmetology class had sprayed it with reckless abandon when they decided a giant beehive hairdo would be the perfect style for him to run his football practice errand in. The very large black satin stiff bow they affixed to the front just above the fluffed out bangs was over doing it but the girls just loved it.

Natalie walked in and stroked Colt’s cheek while holding his hand. She had been downstairs enjoying a late supper with Margaret and both of Colt’s mommies. Colt was seldom present at the family evening meal. Maggie preferred to feed him a couple of jars of bland baby food and a tall glass of soy milk before sending him up to his boudoir to work on his beauty regime and get a jump start on an early bedtime.

“CeeCee there is something we need to talk about,” Natalie said as she fingered his curlers. She seemed relaxed but it was clear she had a purpose. “Since your mommies took you in hand I have loved the way our relationship has blossomed and the sex has been spectacular.”

Colt missed the implied “but” as his temper flared. “How can you say that? The pills and shots I’ve been given have made me impotent and the way you mount me makes me feel used and violated. That’s not how sex should be in a relationship.”

“CeeCee what a silly girl you are. I’ve only given you exactly the sort of perfunctory quick sex you used to give me before your muscles shrunk. I don’t see that as being any different, well except in one sense,” Natalie paused with a smirk. “I make sure the person on the bottom now cums every time! Which is more than I can ever say you did for me! You should be grateful for how much effort I put in to making you squirt and using my strap-on to give you so much pleasure.”

“It does not give me any sort of pleasure. I don’t want to cum that way! Why do you always have to put gay and she-male porn on when we do it? It’s so gross!” Colt shouted sounding like a spoilt little girl on the verge of a temper tantrum.

“Not so gross that it’s ever stopped you from blowing your little teeny mini load. I think its fun to have some porn on when we fuck. I can see your viewpoint but your Mommies feel you should not be allowed to watch straight porn as it exploits women and enforces outdated gender roles. Besides you were always such a buttoned up vanilla prude back when you were still trying to be a man. It’s such fun to broaden your horizons and introduce you to new things. I love how big your eyes get when you see something like a frenzied Brazilian t-girl gangbang. You used to think you were such a strong man who could handle anything but really you’re just a frightened little cream puff.” Natalie punctuated that remark by playfully bopping her finger on the end of the sissy boy’s nose.

“I love how submissive and vulnerable you are now. You’re such a snugly cuddle addict compared to before when you’d roll right over and go to sleep. If you stayed at all that is. You’ve gotten so good at giving me head too. You might just be the best pussy eater in this lesbian household. The relationship we have now is so precious and special to me, I don’t want to lose it. However, there are certain things I need that you and your shrunken little nub just can’t provide, cute as it is. That’s why I want to talk you about me seeing real men too. There’s still times when I want to be dominated and taken roughly. Unlike you, I don’t want to be deceitful or keep things from you. So I think you should know it started with a slip up at the victory party at the Cunningham’s.”

“You cheated on me with a guy at the Cunningham’s?” Colt asked tears welling up in his eyes. It was hard to gauge the significance of his tears due to the hormone dosage he was on. He had been known to cry at a particularly dramatic episode of Glee or if he couldn’t find the particular shade of lipstick Margaret had told him to put on.

“Well to be perfectly honest there was more than one guy. I think that I had a few too many drinks. We were all on such a collective high after Desean somehow managed to get us out of the position you had mired us in that it got pretty crazy. I had a threesome with two of your ex-team mates”.

“Who was it?” Colt said his question hard to understand amongst the sobs.

“That’s really not important, dear. It didn’t mean anything. It was just all about the mind blowing sex. I will say one of the guys was Jake and I have been with him quite a few times since. That’s why I got Tyler to get you to knit Jake that sweater. He deserves a present for taking care of your girlfriend’s needs, doesn’t he?” Natalie asked rhetorically.

Colt was crushed and betrayed that it was Jake who made Natalie so happy. He had been one of his biggest enemies on the team. Ever since Margaret had implement his new look and lifestyle, he had been one of the biggest thorns in his side. Jake was always mocking and drawing attention to him every step of the way.

Natalie dabbed at his big doe eyes with a tissue. “I understand that you are hurt but I think it’s best to get it all out in the open. I’m going to start to openly dating and spending time with real boys now. It’s not going to detract from anything in our relationship which is the most important thing to me. Most of it will go on when you’re doing your women’s group projects

or getting your beauty sleep anyway. It's not easy dating a boy with such an early bedtime you know," Natalie giggled before continuing. "I'm not going to hide it from you anymore and I want to talk with you openly about the encounters I'm having. It will only strengthen our relationship and bring us closer together."

"No way Natalie, this is too far even in the humiliating life those crazy bitches make me live. I won't stand for it," Colt snapped back despite the drugs and hormones. He still had some spirit left when alone with Natalie.

"CeeCee baby, I told you out of courtesy and love. You don't have anyway to put your Ugg clad foot down on this. If I give Elaine the word it's over between us! She has every sissy loving beefcake in New York on speed dial. They're just waiting to take you out on the town and fuck you heels behind your head. You have to get it into that ditzy brain of yours that whatever happens between us, I am the last female you will ever be with."

"I will be going out on a date with Jake this Friday. So you don't feel neglected, your old flame, Felicity, has been kind enough to agree to baby sit. Won't you two just have the most fun ever? And there's no need for me to be jealous about you spending the evening with an ex. Especially now when you can't get a stiffie anymore! With your childcare class placements at that nursery school this means you must be the only teen I know who baby sits and gets babysat!" she exclaimed clapping her hands.

To Be Continued...

COLT'S HARD LESSONS

Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

On Friday Felicity met Colt after his cosmetology class. Colt's curls were hanging loose and wild. His attire was even wilder. He had a waist length multi-coloured Jeremy Scott fox fur coat on, the bracelet sleeves exposing the wild number of metal and jelly bracelets that lined both his dainty wrists. He had been allowed to take off his t-shirt of the day, "FELICITY'S MY BABY SITTER," off. When he had seen it that morning, Colt grimly thought it was a rare case of one of Maggie's prints being true.

On Felicity's instruction he had changed in cosmetology. Underneath he was wearing just a light pink leotard and tights that went into his chestnut brown tall Ugg boots. Felicity had a giant grin on seeing him and took his big hand bag from his flagging arm.

"Here, let Auntie Felicity take that bag tough guy. You've done very well to carry it all day," she said to him in baby tones.

She linked her free arm thru his and began marching him home at a pace that was a little too brisk for Colt's weak legs or newly ingrained sissy comportment. She relished the shocked looks Colt's bizarre appearance received. He had ruined her whole life now she would have some payback.

Back at Colt's home she took him into the luxurious main lounge, no one else was home. "I told you to get that cute little leotard on so when we got home you could get straight into a workout," Felicity said hanging up Colt's garish fur.

Holding up one of his most challenging work out DVD's, 'The Tracey Anderson Method: Dance Cardio work out' smiling evilly said, "Towards the end of our relationship you made it very clear how unattractive you found my weight gain and how much importance you put on thinness. I know you're a skinny little thing but I used to be too, so you can't afford to be complacent."

Colt was made to do the most exhausting workout on its highest level, while Felicity chuckled, applauded and taunted him. To crush his spirit even more, she was eating the best

part of a giant deep dish pizza she and a whole pint of Hagan Daas ice cream.

Soon after the workout she had him stripped and dropped into a bubble bath. “No need to be shy dear, I’ve seen it all before when we were together or on your visits to Dr. Munn’s. God, I admire her so much. The changes she makes to boys like you are just perfect. I think it’s the field I would most like to work in. There’s no chance of you following me into medicine with the bimbo curriculum you’re taking,” she finished with a giggle.

Felicity scrubbed him all over just like he was a baby which brought a flush of mortification to his face. She loved playing with his shrunken dick. Finally after lots of rough tugging and probing of his butt hole, she got him to do one of his little sissy ejaculations. Felicity found it hilarious and loved playing with his expanding chest and derriere.

“Well CeeCee you’ve got some way to go to catch me in the curves department but I’ll let the Doctor know you’re coming along nicely,” she teased.

After she had dried him with a big warm towel Felicity retrieved some things from her backpack. “I got these from Dr. Munn’s adult baby supplies especially for you. If I’m going to baby sit a teenage boy why not give him the full experience?” she commented.

Colt saw what she was pulling out and a look of horror crept across his face. She had a changing mat, adult sized disposable diapers, plastic lined ruffled pink rumba panties, a bonnet and a pacifier. The final insult was a fleecy super soft pink and white Hello Kitty romper with attached feet and hands.

“Yes honey, I know it’s not the most alluring sleepwear but no need to impress Natalie tonight so let’s have you snug,” she said with pretend seriousness.

Colt tried to resist and get away as Felicity went to diaper him. Felicity was completely unfazed, pulling him back with minimal effort. “You naughty little dickens,” she chuckled as she applied lotion and powder to his tiny genitals and soft white butt cheeks. She soon had him fully dressed in the ensemble. It took a bit of work getting all his curls under the wide brimmed baby bonnet.

“Either this baby needs a trip to the barbers or a bigger bonnet,” Felicity teased.

She mercilessly fed him disgusting jars of baby food. “Spinach for your main, prunes for desert and then I’ll give you an extra big bottle of soy milk to help those little boobies along,” Felicity said breezily. She had laced it with drugs given to her by Dr. Munn that would ensure he would drop off very early and most certainly wet and mess his diaper.

Felicity tucked Colt into his bed. It was just six p.m. but he was too tired to argue. Under each arm she put a rag doll and a big plush stuffed bunny rabbit toy. Stepping back she took several pictures on her phone.

“You look so adorable laying there with your pretty stuffed toys. I just have to send these to your fellow classmates. CeeCee when we were together you cheated on me in the most debauched ways. This is as close as you’ll come to a threesome nowadays,” Felicity laughed giving him a deep French kiss before turning out the lights.

When Colt awoke the next morning, Felicity was sitting in the armchair in the corner of his room idly leafing through one of Colt’s many copies of Playgirl. When she noticed Colt had stirred she greeted him with a cheery bombastic, “Good Morning Sleepyhead! I can see why you subscribe to this mag sugar, what hunks. I guess you miss seeing all these ripped muscles now you’re not allowed to change or play with boys anymore. You look so beautiful when you sleep. Your new lifestyle is doing you the power of good. Were you thinking sweet thoughts of these beefcakes all night?”

To begin the day with a barrage of the most pointed putdowns was a horrible way to start a Saturday but Colt soon had a far bigger problem as he realised he had wet his diaper. Felicity noted from the sissified boy’s shell shocked expression that the drugs she had added to his normal regime had had the desired effect.

“You didn’t think that big crinkly disposable diaper was just show did you? I want you to have

the whole babysitting experience even the messy bits. I'm sorry if it's a little embarrassing for a big sissy boy like you to lose control like that but it's really for the best," She smugly stated.

Colt was too appalled to abide by his demure code of conduct and screeched. "You fat slut! You have no right to treat me like this! You're ruining my life just because you can't get another boyfriend."

Colt's intent was to hurt his ex-girlfriend but Felicity felt completely in control and found his petulance highly amusing. She was more than satisfied to see the reaction she had caused and walked over and stood beside Colt's bed. Her frame was very imposing, combined with the effect of the suggestibility drugs and Colt's awareness of his feeble body, the former jock began to tremble with fear.

Colt was expecting Felicity to lash out and receive some sort of physical chastisement. Females spanking Colt was an all too common part of his life. His 'mommies' and 'big sister' would always insist that they hated having to resort to physical punishment. They insisted that they only had his best interests at heart but the enjoyment they derived from it was all too evident.

Felicity had no intention of beating her humbled ex. She had a much more subtle and considered degradation planned long before his morning sissy hissy fit. After hearing of her plans Colt would gladly have taken an infinite amount of spankings to avoid his fate.

"I hardly think your life is ruined because you had a little tinkle in your Pampers, lover boy. You should be grateful of all you have. Like, I mean, this room for example. It's fit for a princess. I would be so jealous if I was still a little girl, though I don't know if I ever went through a phase quite this girly. The oestrogen the Doctor shoots into your little buttocks certainly manifests its effects in your décor. Or is it what Natalie puts between your cute bum cheeks every evening that has you going gaga and overboard for this girlyness?" she teased.

"How do you know about that? And for your information, this disgusting room was all Margaret's doing!" It took all of Colt's courage even to protest to this extent so cowed was he by the suggestibility drugs.

"So there is still some of the old Colt left in Lady CeeCee," Felicity mocked. "Not taking responsibility for your own actions and blaming others. Now that's the boy I was young and dumb enough to fall in love with somehow. How do I know about your, ahem, I guess we could just about call it 'sex life? I heard all about it from Tyler. Don't look so shocked honey. Natalie is of course going to tell her fag hag BFF every little detail and Tyler really is such a gossip. He seems to take quite an interest in the new improved you, you know. He's always re-tweeting your most humiliating tweets. Do you think he could be jealous of Natalie? Though I doubt he'd want a boyfriend with no lead in his pencil like you. He probably just likes to see your crazy outfits as inspiration for his designs and it is all perfectly innocent."

Felicity soon had Colt cleaned up and in another sudsy bubble bath. "You know honey what you were saying about the bedroom design being all Maggie. I really don't think that is a healthy attitude at all sweetie. You are going into a whole new improved lifestyle and I really think you are not embracing it properly. Sure you have the world's girliest bedroom. You dropped all those silly muscles and you're in all the perfect classes for a frail airhead bimbo too. Madame Cadanet has worked wonders on your comportment too. I bet you couldn't walk like a straight guy if you tried now. Why, just look at that extensive wardrobe you have too. You turn up at school every day looking like a fashion victim who lost a fight with Katy Perry's stylist. So why do you always look so glum? A bimbo like you does not suit the moody surly look at all. I think we're going to have to see a lot more enthusiasm for your sissy life and a lot more appreciation for ladies who run it for this project to meet its potential."

Colt didn't quite dare to make eye contact as Felicity merrily continue her soaping and scrubbing of his dainty body but managed to speak up, "I may not be able to stop those horrible women from choosing my clothes or making do those ridiculous pink collar classes but nobody can make me act like I like it!"

“I suppose I can’t exactly make you act as if you love your new way of life but I do feel very strongly that is what is in your best interests. So if you don’t start behaving exactly how I propose, I have alternative plans that will soon have you sashaying around like the most flamboyant of drag queens, squealing and giggling like the simpletons in your cosmetology classes. You will behave like I want or I will get Dr. Munn to add those incontinence drugs to your daily regime. Your Mommies swear by Dr. Munn. You know they won’t question anything she does to you. Taking them now and then is okay but if you take them for a prolonged period, it’s likely you would become permanently incontinent. A big padded diaper is perfect for the size of your shrivelled excuse for a dick but I don’t think the protection you should need will fit under much of your wardrobe. No, you’ll be constantly wetting and messing your diapers. So the only solution would be to send you to school in some lovely baby dresses. If you don’t like that idea, I can get Dr. Munn to refer you to the Sissy Baby Care Centre she contracts with.”

“It’s quite a wonderful place. I’ve assisted Dr. Munn when she does her rounds to adjust the weakness drugs and hormone levels of the sissies staying there. They’re all there against their will. The only difference between them is who sent them, a vengeful ex, former love rival or Step Mommy or Sister is the most common. Some are sent there by a man, like their former boss or maybe their mommy’s new boyfriend if they have been a nuisance. The lucky ones are only there as day-boarders and get to go home at night. I think if Scarlet and Elaine saw how easy life was with you in that sissy nursery, they’d probably leave you there full time. That would solve a lot of the problems you have with your new life too. You hate having these crazy curls for example. Well, for example, if you were enrolled in the Sissy Baby Care Centre you’d have it cut too a much more manageable length. Baby sissies are much too young to be as vain as a teen sissy like you. I know you hate being a red head but I’ve not seen a sissy there who hasn’t been made a blonde regardless of race, even the black and Asian sissy babies have their hair bottled blonde. It’s perfect for a baby and you don’t like having that front tooth gap either. Dr. Munn can pull some strings with the dentist and have all those pesky teeth out. I don’t even know why you have teeth now. You don’t eat anything that requires chewing. The Nannies there are super tough too. They are all major man haters and are always trying to get Dr. Munn to approve the sissies for full castration.”

Colt was frozen with shock as Felicity continued to lay out the terrifying place that seemed scarcely believable. Upon reflection, he was a former college football prospect who was a mere shadow of his former glory and lost an arm wrestle to a nine year old girl at the last church picnic. If he hadn’t lived through that mortification he wouldn’t have believed her. Felicity already had him where she wanted him, so he couldn’t see any reason to doubt the truth of what she was telling him. That conclusion scared him to his very core.

“So if you don’t want me to ask Dr. Munn to press this win-win situation to Scarlet and Elaine, you’ll be a lot more flamboyant with your girlyness, even more enthusiastic about femme stuff at school and every other place your sheltered life of luxury takes you. I want you to spend a lot more time with me at school during breaks and free periods. I just don’t get to see enough of you with the silly courses you’re in. Besides it will boost my popularity having last year’s football player of the year as my fag hag. I know after we broke up, you came up with all sorts of nicknames for me. I guess Miss. Piggy was your favourite but from now on you will call me ‘Auntie Felicity’. Of course, you still can call me Mommy in private if you like. Your argumentativeness should have consequences as well. Therefore, from now on at school at least once a week, you have to take one of your big stuffed toys with you.”

Colt knew he would do whatever it took as he couldn’t afford to give Felicity any excuse to give a Sissy Baby Care Centre brochure to his lesbian step mothers or worse, his bossy step sister Margaret. He made a far greater effort to mince and flit around at school. He was often daintily hanging off Felicity’s chubby arm like they were the best of girlfriends. His vocabulary and mannerisms made the most extreme “Valley Girl” look like a hooded monk in comparison although Felicity had to threaten Colt frequently to get him to keep that up.

The days when he had to bring a stuffed toy were the worst. having to watch Maggie lead the

field hockey team to victory while cuddling a giant pink stuffed elephant or observing his old team's football practice with his 'favourite' teddy in his lap were almost too much. It was only the thought of avoiding being a fulltime baby in a crib that made him able to stomach it.

It was a couple of weeks before Halloween and Maggie saw it was the perfect time to dress Colt up. She had arranged for Selma to bring over a selection of costumes to ensure it wasn't a Halloween that her sissy step brother would soon live down.

As usual no expense had been spared. After their many Saturday shopping trips, Selma was getting a real knack and taste for humiliating Colt. Regularly Colt would join her fourteen year old daughter Marsha, in a pyjama party. Selma took great pleasure in having breakfast with the former football stud in the most outmoded and overdone peignoirs and robes with matching fluffy slippers the next morning.

These were terrible experiences for Colt as Marsha absolutely loved having a former boy subject to her every whim. She loved trying different outfits on him, playing with his hair and painting his face in near clown like fashion. She took a lot of pictures, making him pose in very humiliating positions then posted all the results on her facebook page. She basked in the glory of having the much older and formally much more respected teen as her personal play thing.

Selma could sense how much her time with Colt had benefited Marsha in terms of her confidence and assertiveness and brought her along to CeeCee's costume trial. Selma and Marsha were shown into the upstairs spare dressing room by Maggie where Natalie eagerly waited. Colt squealed, minced over and greeted both with hugs and cheek kisses. His actions were humiliating and girly but they were nothing compared to the extent he would have fawned and fussed had Felicity been there.

Colt soon was presented on a raised wooden box in the centre of the room so his costumes could be assessed and adjustments made. The costume changes were exhaustive. They ran the gamut from absurdly girly to slutty seductive costumes many teen girls use Halloween as an excuse to wear. The girls all had camera phones and soon pictures were flooding the net of Colt dressed as Little Bo Peep, Tinkerbelle, Cat Woman, Marilyn Monroe, a playboy bunny, a burlesque performer and an oversized version of a contestant from Toddlers and Tiaras.

"Selma, you've thought of everything and the quality of the garments is superb. None of that cheap costume store stuff would do for a snooty priss like our CeeCee. I loved him dressed as Cruella Deville they're both just as crazy about fur."

"Thank you Margaret, yes, I thought that costume was most apt and I have already spoken with a wig maker about making the two toned wig for that costume," Selma replied with a broad grin.

Natalie most enjoyed seeing Colt dressed up like a Prima Ballerina in a pink flouncy tutu. "You look so perfect my little sugar plum fairy. You claimed you took me to see Black Swan for the titillating lesbian scenes but I think you were imagining being the dancer on stage in a snow white tutu and dramatic makeup. The lesbian excuse really didn't ring true you know. At the time you were always so homophobic to Tyler and any other gay man who approached you. So why would you want to see a couple of lesbians make love? You look just cute enough to eat in that tutu. If you only had been strong enough to admit your sissy nature so much earlier in life you wouldn't have wasted your childhood years playing little league baseball and peewee football. You could have been in the ballet studio in a leotard and leg warmers. I'm sure your late Father would have enjoyed dance recitals just as much as he enjoyed your football games. Oh well, it's too late now, doing ballet for real would take strength you simply don't have. You can always dream of dancing on stage and I want you wearing this tonight. Go all out with the theatrical make up and see if you can get those big curls into a high lacquered bun, don't disappoint me baby."

Margaret and the others giggled at the thought of Colt getting ploughed senseless by Natalie

in full ballerina costume.

“One idea I had is what if we go as far away from youth and sex appeal as possible. That’s why I asked for the opportunity to look through all of CeeCee’s late Grandma’s things. I know we only need one change of clothes for his Lordship but I just kept finding things that he would look awesome in. I’ve had it all altered, added some great finds from vintage stores and even picked up this grey silver bun wig. What about trying out CeeCee in some granny chic?”

Selma’s suggestion met with resounding approval although Natalie wasn’t that sure. She still had that picture in her mind of Colt doing the Sugar Plum Fairy dance but agreed to see how he would look. “Alright you guys go ahead and try it but I still want my little fairy,” she admonished.

Colt was dressed in heavy tweed matronly skirts and suits with pussy bow blouses, sensible court shoes and fur stoles with much more of an old fashion style. The accessories were all demeaning brooches, shawls, eye glasses even less manly than his usual selection and a walking stick. When they handed the walking stick to Colt, he thought in brief bravado of using it to get rid of his detractors but that idea quickly died. He was too weak of both muscle and mind to actually do it. All he could do was grin and bear it.

Natalie and Margaret both loved it. He looked liked a pretty teen girl dressed up like a grandmother. “It is wonderful! It’s so good that his Grandma’s things aren’t going to waste!” Margaret trilled while adjusting her step brother’s knitted lace shawl.

“Yeah this really is brilliant,” Natalie agreed. “He has practically a whole new wardrobe of just Granny’s stuff and he’s getting to carry on the family legacy. He was always boasting about, if not in name, at least in dress style!”

“I don’t think any of these outfits make quite the statement I wanted to see to be his Halloween costume. CeeCee, any free time you have at home, you are to change into your Granny gear and do any chores Scarlet has for you,” Maggie said with a smirk.

“Halloween costumes should be about living out your fantasies and being something you’re not. CeeCee really is a fairy or a showgirl if you ask me. I mean he looked stunning in ‘That Breakfast at Tiffany’s’ outfit but it’s not that different from what he actually wore to the last church bake sale. I think our spoilt diva should dress like something he most decidedly isn’t. How about a football player?” Maggie fixed on to Colt with an evil grin.

A football costume was hastily arranged. Margaret supplied a pair of her field hockey socks and pair of platform heeled white trainers. A pair of Colt’s extra tight silver Capri’s rolled up slightly looked like a feminine mockery of the real school football uniform pants.

The coup de gras was one of Desean’s game worn jerseys. Margaret had been given the jersey by the stud quarterback himself. While her brother’s room was adorned with pictures of gay and feminine icons, Margaret’s room was practically a shrine to Colt’s far superior replacement. The shirt was tied off in a knot on the left side of his waist. It was still far too large for Colt’s waifish body.

“At least you get to show of your toned perfect tummy,” Marsha had giggled.

“That’s wonderful! The one night a year my sissy boyfriend can pretend he’s a football player like Jake or Desean,” Natalie intoned sarcastically.

“I was a football player before...,” Colt whined.

“You certainly were. Who can forget your last two performances? A regular Joe Montana you were,” Maggie laughed squeezing his cheek.

“Now football players don’t carry handbags but you’ll need to carry your feminine essentials. So how about this giant white fox hand muff with built in zip pocket. I’ve seen quarterbacks using hand warmers in the cold and people will forgive you if yours is a little flamboyant,” Selma added making him blush even more. The muff she handed him was fat and plush bigger than a beach ball.

“What about his hair?” Marsha asked. “He’s got to have a special do for the big Halloween party.”

On the day of party Colt was driven to Desean’s sister’s hair salon in the South Bronx, a primarily black neighbourhood. The style the girls had settled upon was a long drawn out process and he had to take a half day off from school. Colt would have been intimidated in such a place when he had muscles. He tried to do everything he could to placate the black stylist as they took him to task for his treatment of Desean.

His wild gingers curls were put into tight corn rows in exactly the same pattern as Desean’s own. It was painful and took hours. To pass the time, he watched brainless chick comedies like ‘Bride Wars’ and ‘The House Bunny’ on his iPad.

“There you go CeeCee honey, with this do you can pretend to be a real man like my Desean. I sure hope to see you again real soon,” Desean’s sister said laughing as he left the salon.

On the night of the dance Colt was a hilariously contradictory sight, full makeup with football style eye black, ginger hair and pale freckled skin with an Afro- American hairstyle. He was wearing the sissy version of the football uniform. The enormous white fox hand muff was the touch that truly set it off. The costume was a complete mockery of everything that used to be the bedrock of Colt’s ego and it was one of the worst nights of his life.

At the party a watchful Natalie ensured her boyfriend did not consume any alcohol. She wanted him to deal with the complete horror as increasingly drunk and stoned members of the football team groped and grinded their massive erections into his skin tight silver Capri’s.

The events put into motion from the planning of Halloween had further debased Colt. As he was at Scarlet’s beck and call dressed like his Grandmother. The heavy tweed suits were bad enough but the old foundation garments with their rubber lined girdles and stiff cone shaped bras was killing him with their retained heat and tight constraint.

Colt’s humiliation didn’t stop with dressing like Granny. Natalie didn’t tire of pegging him in all sorts of costumes. It didn’t matter how time consuming it was for Colt to dress up like Marie Antoinette watching him dress was half the fun. When his corn rows were undone a few days later, they let out into a huge frizzy near afro and his ginger hair was bigger than ever before. It was too frizzed for the girls in his cosmetology class to even attempt styling it for a full week after.

Colt was in the kitchen of his Manhattan home, a room he seldom used to venture into but now seemed to spend an increasing amount of time in. He was wearing a heavily ruffled laughable pink organza apron and clearing away the crockery from the ladies lunch he had served to Scarlet and her friends.

Scarlet’s friends were largely ex-models who had either become some aging New York power broker’s latest trophy wife or moved behind the scenes of fashion as stylists and model’s agents. They had delighted in Colt’s outmoded starched petticoats, June Cleaver apron. They teased him all day as he served them dainty finger sandwiches he had prepared and refilled the tea in the fine bone china cups.

“CeeCee my love, Claudia has arranged the most wonderful surprise. You are to star in “Modern Life” Magazine’s calendar and all the proceeds will go to various pro-gay marriage campaigns. Isn’t that wonderful?” Scarlet said as she pressed up behind her stepson as the last of her friends departed.

“What ?” he gasped dropping a china saucer that shattered on the hard kitchen floor. The very idea was appalling and he found it hard to grasp what she was saying.

“That’s coming out of your makeup allowance, you klutzy girl,” Scarlet playfully chided looking at the broken porcelain.

“The idea came about because of all those slogan t-shirts your sister had you wearing to school. It’s clear from them that you are a very strong supporter of gay rights and marriage. Claudia is a very dear old friend and an editor at the magazine. Her daughter goes to your school. You might know her. Her name is Anna and she mentioned how committed you seemed to the cause. With your Instagram and Twitter feeds being so popular with people in both the fashion and LGBT communities, she agreed you’d be a perfect candidate to front this calendar project she’s been working on.”

Colt’s increasingly large following with that particular group on Twitter and Instagram was in part due to Scarlet. She used her public profile as a former super model to bring attention to her step-son’s activities and lifestyle change. Thanks to her efforts, he soon had many models he used to fantasise about bedding following him on Twitter. The messages they sent would have been welcome and supportive had Colt wanted to live the lifestyle that had been imposed on him.

Claudia now working on the inside of “Modern Life,” had managed to persuade her editor-in-chief to make the final call in getting CeeCee Murphy to front their cameras. She was so impressed, it was decided that a promotional feature would also appear in the December issue of the magazine.

“CeeCee it’s going to be so much fun and lots of the ladies in your life get to feature in it too! The shoot is at their studios downtown tomorrow. Yes, I know that may seem sudden to you but it’s been in the works for some time. I kept it from you for as long as possible. I know how skittish and frightened you can be but if you are as brave as possible. This is going to be a dream come true. The magazine’s top photographers are working on it pro bono. They’ve got some of the world’s most prominent catwalk models to appear alongside you. Professional hair and makeup on hand of course, though you could probably teach them a thing or two with all the time you put in at your vanity. A virtual who’s who of design houses donated their clothing to feature in the calendar as well. Hopefully you’ll get to keep some of your favourite pieces but most of it will be sold for the charity,” Scarlet gushed.

Colt knew that this was likely one of the most humiliating days of his life. The thought of appearing in god knows what sort of get ups in a nationally distributed calendar as some sort of Drag Queen mascot for The Gay Rights movement was too sickening for words. His attempts to stand up to or reason with either of his ‘Mommies’ were never successful. So not knowing what else to do, Colt bolted from the room as fast as thin girly legs could take him, apron and petticoats swishing all around him. He threw himself face down on his bed, beating the plush ruffled pillows with frantic weak punches and heaving deep sobs.

Natalie was on her lap top in her boyfriend’s fairy-tale boudoir when he rushed in. She was used to her boyfriend having tantrums, hissy fits and crying jags. She knew most of his tantrums were from his heavy hormone regime, so without looking up from the screen, rolling her eyes she asked, “What happened now stud, break another nail doing your housework?”

Colt required a sedative to sleep that night. He wasn’t the only one emotionally charged by the upcoming shoot. The ladies of the house were so excited that they had not gotten the best of nights sleep either. The next morning Maggie got Colt ready very briskly. His pleas to not do this to him went ignored and only the threat of the paddle made him cooperate. She dressed him in leggings, tall Uggs, oversized fluffy Sonia Rykiel pale peach mohair sweater and over that she added an army green ladies parka with a giant plush fox fur hood. It was laughably the manliest practical coat the fashion victim owned.

Colt’s makeup was left undone so his freckled face looked youthful and cute except for the absence of eye brows. Colt could not remember the last time he had left the house without a full face of makeup on as he was pulled into the limo the magazine had sent for him. His hair was undone under a colourful Hermes scarf that was knotted under his chin. His Step Mother, Elaine and Margaret piled in after him chatting mirthfully about the impending shoot. It was clear the intention was for his hair and makeup to be done at the studio.

The studio was vast with a variety of sets built for the shoot with equipment and people

scattered everywhere. It looked more like the site for a blockbuster movie. Scarlet's close friend, Claudia, had been put in charge of the production by her demanding chief editor. She was clearly determined to have the shoot be a success as she barked out instructions to the staff.

The girls all exchanged greetings excitedly. When Claudia embraced Colt, she whispered menacingly, "You better not give me any trouble and you had better act like you are in Sissy heaven. This shoot is very important to my success and career. if you mess it up, Scarlet has given me permission to take you straight to a surgeon highly recommended by Doctor Munn to take care of that teensy little package once and for all buster!"

Colt shuddered at the thought of losing the only things male about him. He would have to rely on his experience acting like a ridiculous bimbo for Felicity, pay even closer heed to the comportment and style of speech Madame Cadenet had drilled into him. He didn't doubt Claudia's threat was genuine.

Beautiful female models whose posters used to adorn Colt's bedroom walls prior to his step sisters drastic redesign, were in the hair and makeup area. Colt was surprised at how casual everything was. He expected to see chaos from watching those movie back stage scenes but it was organized and orderly. The models were looking through books and ipads, wearing terry cloth robes as they were primed and attended too. Colt should have been filled with lust but with his new image looking like a freckled, cute dorky sissy girl, he wished that the earth would open up and swallow him. The models were all statuesque close to Colt's six foot height, many were not yet out of their teens and only a few of them had English as a first language.

Most of the models were very kind to Colt, kissing him on the cheek, hugging, complimenting him on his personal style and how excited they were to take part in the shoot. Some of models from countries where such an effeminate male was less accepted, seemed disgusted and were cold and aloof towards him. What was clear was no one considered him in anyway a male in a sexual sense. That opinion was very obvious as the models didn't bother to cover up or change into their shoot outfits out of his sight.

When the first model removed her robe and stood in just panties and bra to done her outfit, Colt had squeaked, "I should go and give you some privacy."

"Now, now CeeCee, there's no need. We all know you are just one of the girls," the makeup lady had laughed pressing him back into the chair.

"Right, now back to your makeup missy. Oh these brows of yours, the dangers of over plucking right girls?" she called out to nobody in particular but it elicited a few giggles.

"Thankfully drawing on brows is one of my specialities and your pale freckled skin is such a lovely canvas to work with," she commented.

Colt soon was in a terry cloth robe and a pair of white lace embellished thong cut panties with full makeup, his ginger curls blown up in their signature wild style, his tortoise shell glasses on and reading a Bridal magazine waiting for the next step.

Claudia clearly didn't believe in starting the boy off easy. The first concept shot was Colt as baby New Year. She personally stripped Colt completely naked in front of a crowd of well over 20 people involved in the production. He flushed crimson as they all gasped at the size of his tiny genitals. Colt's knees knocked with fear and he was close to vomiting.

"Don't worry CeeCee sweetheart, no one's going to see your little bits in the calendar. They really won't be too hard to hide I assure you. This shoot is going to be very high class and tasteful," Claudia said thoroughly enjoying his humiliation.

He was instructed to get onto a waist high table with a massive sheepskin throw on it. Colt from past experience was worried about getting genuinely diapered but it was explained to him that the concept for the calendar was to open with him as a naked 'newborn'. As he laid in various poses completely naked on the sheepskin, it was like an old fashion photo shoot of

a pampered infant. In most of the shoots, he was accompanied by a gorgeous black plus sized model.

“This is great, we are always getting bad P.R. for not having enough black or plus sized models in our publications and Rashida provides both,” Claudia thought as the shoot progressed.

Rashida fussed and petted him, powdering his bottom and attending to him with a giant burlesque style powder puff with no regard for his dignity or personal space. She easily manoeuvred his pale white body on the table in various positions that would be considered for the calendar. His genitals were artfully obscured but the photographers just shot it as it actually happened so many of the raw photos would show his shamefully shrunken dick.

From there it was a whirlwind of costume changes and exhaustive posing. In a pink peignoir with giant pink fur sleeves, Colt was the centre of attention at a mocked up sleep over. The gorgeous teen models made out like they were pillow fighting, doing Colts hair, makeup re-touching and finally slapping a big green night mask on his blushing face.

The calendar was not of a strictly themed nature but had a general direction of showcasing different couture appropriate to the seasons. The chief editor was a noted lover of fur, so there were many shots of Colt in fur outfits from casual vests for city wear, fur trimmed ski wear making Colt look like a pathetic bimbo snow bunny and more classic pieces like stoles and wraps teamed with priceless couture gowns. He looked ready for a ball or the opera.

In the kitchen set, Colt was put into modern dresses in a new twist on demure old fashioned housewife styles. This shoot featured tea length skirts with a good amount of crinoline petticoats, hair pinned up in more of a fifties housewife style. In these scenarios he was shown cleaning and serving breakfast to his lesbian mothers, step sister and girlfriend. Colts fussy ruffled apron style and the women’s relaxed natural looks made for a great contrast. The scene was meant as a satire of right wing family values and a salute to modern gay parent families.

The set up worked brilliantly. Claudia was getting as many scenarios as possible for her demanding boss but thought to herself, “These housewife pictures are hilarious and there is no way this can’t be one of the months.”

Since then he had not seen his girlfriend or controlling family as he was shot in floppy sunhats and chiffon cover-ups for the beach season while surrounded by muscled hunks in speedos. Most of the men were perfectly professional and cordial but a few of them were taken with the sissy. They were touching Colt inappropriately under the excuse of it being for the shoot or making unseemly suggestions. Being dressed and weak as he was, Colt was very scared and vulnerable to their advances.

“I’ve really got to do whatever it takes to keep Nat. No matter how bad it gets because it can’t be worse than Elaine setting me up with creeps like these roided up bullies,” Colt thought.

When he next saw Scarlet and Elaine they were both in wedding dresses and were with Geraldine who was in full ministerial robes. Natalie and Maggie were in brides’ maid’s dresses. He couldn’t remember seeing either girl dressed so girly in a long time.

“CeeCee wonderful to see you,” Geraldine cried out before giving him an overly affectionate hug. “We thought the perfect centre piece to this Gay Marriage support calendar would be a real gay marriage. So I’m here to help your mommies tie the knot. Aren’t you lucky to have so many women who love you so much and care about putting you on the right track? You really are doing the Lords work of LGBT rights here today too.”

“You’re new to being a girl, so I don’t think you’re ready to be a bridesmaid but you are going to make a brilliant flower girl,” Elaine mocked as the costume organiser approached him with a short little girl style dress in pale pink. Its sleeves and skirt were rife with chiffon ruffles and it had a simple satin pink bodice. The mass of petticoats made the dress very full and short. The sissy would have to use faultless comportment to not show the matching pink rumba panties. A giant sash that tied in a bow at the back completed the little girlish look.

Natalie and Maggie dressed him joyfully in full view of everyone as Colt sobbed.

Colt thought his tears would enrage Claudia but she just laughed and slapped his rump saying, "Don't worry, I always cry at weddings too."

"Don't get too used to me in a dress again lover boy, its only for very special occasions. You're the frilly one in our relationship," Natalie had told him with delight while dressing him like the world's most spoiled six year old girl ready for a party.

"Gosh look at my drama queen brother," Margaret laughed. "Trying to upstage the brides, oh what a fairy," as she handed him a white wicker basket full of flower petals.

Soon the ceremony was underway. As flash bulbs went off incessantly, Colt could not believe Scarlet had the nerve to wear white yet again. Considering she had slept her way to success and money for her entire life, he thought it very hypocritical. As Colt was getting changed back into the casual clothes he had arrived in and everyone had bid each other goodbye, Elaine cornered the boy.

"Now that Scarlet and I are legally married, I have by New York State law exactly the same rights and controls over you as she does. Isn't that wonderful? Now you can see why gay marriage rights are so important for our whole country. From now on I insist you call me Mommy too," Elaine commented as she gathered up the rest of Colt's things and guided him back to the rest of the women.

"CeeCee this is Jenny Sykes, the humorist and journalist for the magazine. She's been here today observing your photo shoot and talking to the ladies who know you best. She'll be coming over to the house tomorrow for a full interview and document your home life. Won't you just love showing off your bedroom and walk-in closet full of clothes," Margaret said as they rejoined the group.

As Scarlet and Elaine retired to the master bedroom to enjoy their first night as a married couple, Nat was determined to give her girly bit of fluff excuse for a boyfriend a deeply degrading end to one of the most ego shattering days of his life.

"CeeCee since you gave up all that macho nonsense, your life has really opened up a world of possibilities and you've changed so much! I wonder what your former conquests would say if they knew you have to get all your orgasms from anal penetration." Natalie asked lightly, thrusting a large pink jelly dildo up her boyfriend's butt hole which had been bleached and waxed in preparation for the calendar shoot. Colt shivered and groaned wearing a diaphanous yellow baby doll that barely reached his waist. The matching panties were dangling off one of his dainty trembling ankles.

"Well I guess we don't have to wonder why they write exactly what they think all over your Facebook page! Maggie has been so good about getting the word out about the new you to everyone. She covers just about every aspect of your life you know. You are so lucky to have a big sis like that you big sissy. The calendar and interview feature are a brilliant opportunity to raise your profile and further open up new opportunities. Job opportunities aren't going to be easy to come by with your academic transcripts. I think the perfect job for you would be fluffer on a porn set. It doesn't take too many brains cells to get a dick hard, just your lovely Angelina Jolie pillow lips," she said then gave him a hard, deep penetrating thrust making him yelp.

"I think my dream job for you would be as a tranny prostitute. Can you imagine me being your pimp? Oh, I know you wouldn't need the money but wouldn't it be fitting justice and it would keep you out of mischief. I love the thought of you on your knees, giving head for twenty bucks with a fifty thousand dollar sable fur coat on your back. Anastasia tells me she is involved in supplying young sissies to a number of exclusive international brothels. Wouldn't that be just the perfect fate for the former big shot quarterback and I can make it happen. If you don't put the happiest face on your ridiculous sissy lifestyle for Jenny Sykes during the interview tomorrow that will happen."

Colt was absolutely terrified. He couldn't believe he had scorned and disgraced Natalie to the extent she wanted to sell him into the sex trade. The threat of his standard punishments and his obedience drug regiment were likely to ensure an ego crushing display for the interview feature but now Colt knew he would have to turn it up to farcical levels.

Natalie continued to hammer at Colt with the oversized dildo as she spoke, "I think my ultimate fantasy would be for you to be in jail in your new sissy state. Can you imagine how you would fair amongst some big tough felons? Why even in your old preppy jock state, you'd have been toast. They'd have banned you from the weight room, put you on a strict diet and you'd soon be bleaching your hair, filing your nails and reading Cosmo on your bunk. Now you'd be coming to them pre-sissified. Your jail Daddy would earn a fortune off you. I'd stick by you of course. Imagine visitors' day and it's me and Elaine, your lover and your lawyer. You're expecting to hear news on your appeal but we've just bought you more nighties like this little thing you're wearing, lip gloss to keep the boys on the cell block happy and a bumper box of magnum condoms so you can stay safe," she snickered feeling giddy from the power she held over the poor boy.

The image Natalie so wickedly painted caused Colt to break down into hysterical tears. "Gosh honey it was only a fantasy. No need to get yourself into a tizzy you ditz. You used to love dirty talk and role playing when you were wearing the pants in the relationship. You are no fun anymore," Natalie giggled.

The magazine issue hit the newsstands not long after the day long interview. It was extreme humiliation for Colt on a massive scale. Jenny Sykes had a biting sarcastic wit and writing style. The article did him no favours, portraying CeeCee Murphy as a brainless society bimbo who would be lost without his loving lesbian step family and commanding girlfriend. It detailed his obsession with fashion, silly pop culture and contrasted that with the high-brow pursuits and high achievements of Margaret and Natalie.

Jenny and the photographers had a field day having him dress up in the most outlandish outfits in his closet and documenting the most absurdly girly room in existence. The article laid out how Colt's past womanising and misbehaviour was a clear case of massive overcompensation which had stopped once he had started to express his 'true self'. Jenny strongly implied in the article that CeeCee's academic nosedive was due to people no longer cutting corners to allow the football stud to make the requisite qualifying grades.

Colt had been made to speak of how his initial opposition and tension towards Scarlet and Maggie were due to his envy of them. To make amends for his disrespect he 'happily' took on their name, hair colour and Scarlet's hand me down clothes. The section of the interview that focused on his love life was mortifying to see in print. Natalie spoke of how Colt couldn't protect her, was a high maintenance diva and that she had had to resort to finding sexual satisfaction elsewhere. Natalie did however talk about how sweet, vulnerable and gorgeous CeeCee was and her depth of feeling for the sissy.

Jenny was most scathing in her assessment of this aspect of Colt's life. She suggested that the sissy was lying to himself about being 'straight' and would surely be dating real boys before he knew it. The magazine article caused a huge stir around New York society and a barrage of mockery at school. Due to this interview, Calendar sales went through the roof and Scarlet and Claudia were delighted. To lengthen the humiliation, Claudia commissioned CeeCee to write a monthly mini column on female celebrities who were his heroes. The speechless Sissy didn't know how he would be able to do such a thing but was told it would be ghost written by Maggie.

Christmas morning Colt had been given more clothes, makeup, jewellery and girl's toys than anyone could imagine. The women in his life basked in the glow of how thoroughly and publicly they had changed and destroy his life since that September. While they enjoyed a sumptuous Christmas meal Colt only got his soy milk and baby food. After the meal, Elaine wheeled in what she said was Colt's final and most meaningful present. As she gleefully

pulled off the satin bow drenched cover, Colt was shocked to see a medical gurney with rubber sheets.

“Yes CeeCee sweet heart, Mommy’s little pride and joy is going to have some major surgery to give nature a helping hand,” Elaine said with enthusiasm.

The rest of the ladies laughed uproariously and easily restrained him as he pathetically attempted to flee in a massively petticoated holiday dress and pink fluffy Ugg slippers. Colt was quickly lifted onto the gurney and strapped down under the rubber sheets.

Scarlet loomed over him and exclaimed, “Don’t worry, we’ve all agreed on the surgeries that are best for you. You are going to love it my baby doll. For the money we’re paying, it’s going to happen on Christmas Day. Isn’t that wonderful? Now this day will always have a special meaning for you!”

The gurney was wheeled out to an ambulance on the street outside the Murphy’s Manhattan home. Colt blacked out when the female nurse in the back injected him with a powerful sedative. Colt woke up days later in a brightly lit hospital room, strapped down to the bed, his female tormentors surrounding him with ecstatic leering expressions.

“Oh Sleeping Beauty you’re awake!” Scarlet chortled as the rest twittered and petted him tactlessly. “You’ve been under heavy sedation for several days after your major Christmas day surgery. You are in a special wing of the hospital just for the recuperation of Dr. Munn’s special boys.”

Colt was again strapped to a rubber sheeted white hospital bed in just a backless papery hospital gown. “How could you evil bitches,” he fumed in a lisping squeaking voice that seemed foreign to him as he struggled against his restraints. He paused, hearing the strange voice coming from his mouth.

“What have you done!” he screeched.

“CeeCee you ungrateful little poppet, someone doesn’t know how to accept a present graciously,” Margaret scolded. “You don’t even know about all the improvements you’ve had yet, although you may have heard the change in your voice. You’ve had your vocal chords tightened and your tongue modified so a high pitched lisp will be the only way you can talk from now on. No need to worry about remembering Madame Cadenet’s lessons on that front. Could you imagine if you’d had your new voice in your old life? Trying to squeak out audibles on the line of scrimmage sounding like Minnie Mouse or chatting up some floozy behind Natalie’s back with a little girl lisp. Your new voice suits your new lifestyle and your real inner personality.”

Elaine delightedly showed Colt his new face with a hand mirror, “Don’t be alarmed as there is still quite a bit of bruising and swelling to go down.”

Colt gaped in amazement at a face he barely recognized. In the reflected image he saw a pretty fourteen year old girl. “Crap! I look like Margaret’s thinner, prettier younger sister. My freckles and absence of eyebrows hasn’t changed. Oh man, they shaved my chin almost to a point and there’s no sign of my Adam’s apple,” he thought.

There were other changes that he noted making him feel faint. Along with a new perfect button nose, his cheekbones had been raised and the area around his eyes had been altered to make them look bigger and more expressive. Over his teeth were silver train track braces.

“Oh he looks wonderful! Your Mommies were so right to make you look like a little teenybopper CeeCee,” Natalie giggled while squeezing the dumbfounded sissy on his thin shoulders. “He looks younger than most of the freshman girls at school and talks like he should be in kindergarten! I’ll feel like I’m robbing the cradle with this little priss on my arm.”

Colt was appalled by the big metal braces on his teeth “Will these braces close my tooth gap?” he ventured nervously seething inside at what they had done to his voice.

“No brother dear, they serve no purpose other than to make you look even more like a dorky awkward teenage girl. Remember how much you used to make fun of my braces before I

could have them removed? Well yours coming off anytime soon is about as likely as you getting a college football scholarship noodle arms,” Margaret was revelling in the permanence of the surgical humbling of her once arrogant step sibling. To some extent she was upset that he looked prettier than she did but seeing him like this was so worth it.

“You are a lucky little fairy CeeCee,” Scarlet interjected. “Elaine wanted to give you the perfect Streisand style nose and do you up completely as the perfect Jewish American Princess. We loved the idea of the bigoted wasp boy going to temple with his Jewish Mommy we were so tempted. To make it up to Elaine you’re going to be competing in the school talent show as a Barbara Streisand impersonator.”

“There’s plenty of time for CeeCee to have all sorts of different looks,” Margaret offered. “You’ll be having surgery as routinely as other girls your age change hairstyles. So we can do so many different looks and alterations to you all the way until you reach the age of twenty one. Making you look like the kind of young teen who’s got a Justin Bieber obsession has been a lot of fun but we could try something radically different at some point. How would you like to look like a thirty something frumpy lady desperate to land a husband or a lame old mid-west soccer mom with a sensible hair cut?” Margaret asked as Colt trembled unable to process the horror of his situation.

“My love rival Felicity wants to really plump you up,” Natalie relished telling Colt. “Lord knows you deserve it the way you’ve treated any girl who’s not model thin, like you are now. However that would be a waste of your wardrobe. You should thank Selma for keeping you from becoming a great big butterball! It was her objections that prevented that from happening.”

After that first post-surgery conversation Colt had been in the facility for around a week to fully heal. The Nannies and Nurses from Dr. Munn’s association with the sissy baby day care centre tended to his care. Felicity visited on a couple of occasions and raved over her ex’s new look and enjoyed scaring Colt showing him the teen sissy babies who were in for all manner of surgeries from the cosmetic to full castration. As much as Colt hated to be demeaned and mocked by Felicity, she was the lesser of two evils compared to the Nannies. They were truly frightening and had made it very clear to the boy that he was prime sissy baby material. Colt suffered the indignity of being chauffeured back from the medical ward in just a fuchsia peignoir and pink sheepskin slippers. The ladies were delighted to have their play toy back and characteristically Scarlet had unearthed more clothes out of storage.

“CeeCee my doll it’s so good to have you home and no chores for a whole week! Don’t your mummies spoil you? I was thinking about how young you look now and it got me thinking. Some of Maggie’s clothes from when she was about ten onwards could be fun to mix into your wardrobe. She was quite a chubby girl until she got into sports, so with some alterations they could be perfect for you. Have a good look you know I can never bare to throw any clothes away,” Scarlet said.

“That’s not true Mom. You had no problem giving away his silly boy clothes!” Margaret interjected.

“Oh yes Maggie, I guess that’s the exception that proves the rule!”

The clothes were all a bit silly even for a ten year old girl. They consisted of coveralls, short sets, many with cartoon motifs like Winnie the Pooh or Hello Kitty. “Well they’re certainly not sexy,” Natalie observed. “But I suppose it serves him right to have to go to school wearing some of Maggie’s old tween girl stuff.”

“Mom what were you thinking when you were dressing me in this stuff? You’re a fashion model! All these ruffles, polka dots, bow’s everywhere and way too much pink,” Margaret protested playfully.

“I know dear. I guess I just wanted to keep hold of my little girl for a bit longer. It will be fun to see the new little girl in the family prance around in them now and again though I can’t imagine Selma or his online fashion fans will approve.”

COLT'S HARD LESSONS

Part Four

By Cheryl Lynn

The rest of the school year went on as a nightmarish gauntlet of humiliations for Colt. After Colt went back to school, skirts and dresses were mixed into the rotation of Colt's wardrobe. Leggings and Uggs were still the sissy's signature look but now wearing pencil skirts, minis, retro poodle skirts and masses of petticoats outside the house were added to his every day ensembles.

He always had something formal like a tea length gown on for church on Sunday and Meredith and the rest of the female congregation loved it. His appearance in the school talent show as a Barbara Streisand impersonator was hilarious but his newly altered voice showed a surprising range. School was the scene of most of Colt's worst moments. Watching the football team win the state championship from the stands wearing a blue dyed Dennis Basso Chinchilla fur was excruciating and having to give every player on the team a Valentine day's card was even worse. The class project where Colt had to wear a pregnancy sympathy suit and Scarlet's old maternity wear was perhaps the nadir.

Colt was performing well in cosmetology, fashion and dance but his remedial classes had flat lined. Close to the end of term his Mommies were called with Colt to a meeting with The Principal Ms Taylor. For it they insisted Colt dressed primly and he was in a summery pink Chanel skirt suit with for him at least, toned down makeup. His hair was up in a loose bun and his most feminine tortoise shell glasses.

Ms. Taylor had always hated Colt and conceited jocks like him but when he was on the football team he was protected from her wrath. Elaine and Scarlet were sitting on either side of Colt in the Principal's office holding his French tip manicured hands as she began to speak.

"CeeCee's academic performance has been abysmal. He seems to only contribute and engage in the most trivial subjects that I personally don't believe a school prestigious as this should even offer. It seems to me CeeCee was clearly only passing subjects on the pernicious influence of the ridiculous importance some of my misguided colleagues place on the success of the football team. I really don't feel Colt should be passed on to his senior year for the fall and I think at his current performance level, he has very little chance of graduating high school."

"Oh dear that sounds very serious. A notable portion of CeeCee's trust fund passes into his control once he graduates High School. The last time we met about a year ago, the problem was CeeCee or Colt as he liked to be called back then bullying some of the less macho boys. He hasn't been doing anything like that has he?" Scarlet was toying with Colt facetiously who could he possibly bully now?

"Heavens to Betsy, no nothing like that. In fact CeeCee seems to be loved by just about every clique in the school. Everyone from the popular girls, the gays and even the football team seem to feel very protective towards their former Captain. His eccentric outfits and mincing mannerism seem to be a huge boost to school spirit. Sometimes, when I see your son's clothing choices, I have half a mind to send him straight home but the rest of the school seem to love it. On to the more fundamental matters, I don't believe that this is the right school for your son in terms of his chances of graduating high school. It's not in our interests to turn down the fees but I think Jefferson Academy has the best remedial schooling programme in

the tri-state area, for girls at least. Their capabilities with students with learning disabilities, like your son, offer the best chance of graduating. It might be tough for CeeCee to swallow but I think it would be in his best interests to enrol in Jefferson's remedial girls programme as a freshman. I know that is probably galling. They are our biggest rivals in football and it seems a backward step going back so many grades but it really would be the best move."

Colt listened to the Principal's diatribe horrified regardless of what was best for Colt academically Ms. Taylor clearly wanted to put him into the most humiliating position possible. Going to the school where he had been public enemy number one, prior to Dr. Munn's influence, as a freckled, bespectacled, train track braced freshman girl would be hell.

"I certainly understand your concern Ms. Taylor but we feel the social side of school is as enriching and important as the academic for a sissy like our CeeCee. With all his church group activities school is one of the few times he gets to see his special girlfriend Natalie. So we really feel he should stay here. If you could pass him to the next grade we would be very grateful," Elaine responded. Colt was both surprised and relieved that his meanest Mommy had spoken in his defence.

"Very well, I will do so and it is a pleasure to have someone as feminine and demurely behaved as CeeCee at our school. I wish all our female students were as quick to curtsy but I'm not sure it is in his best interests academically at least," Ms. Taylor replied.

Scarlet clutched hands warmly with the principle while leaving said, "We understand your view point completely and were our CeeCee to break up with Natalie Eaton, heaven forbid, we would certainly look to enrol him at Jefferson Academy in the female freshman remedial programme."

As part of the unconventional Murphy-Goldberg family unit sped away from the school, Colt was crammed between his two 'Mommies' in the back of the chauffeur driven town car. Scarlet was on her smart phone, "Yes Selma that's correct. Please get our CeeCee the full freshman girls uniform and accessories for the girls at Jefferson Academy, even the sports uniforms,...yes, of course the official school satchel bag that would give his Hermes Birkin Bag a well-earned rest! The winter beret and summer panama will suit him down to a tee. They have an official winter pea coat? Sounds great, he won't like not getting to show his furs off but it could be for the best. It doesn't pay for a new girl to be a show-off! No, Selma he's not definitely attending yet but we want to be prepared with their lovely tartan school skirt if our little mister gets too big for his britches."

"But you said I only had to go to Jefferson if Natalie..," Colt interrupted in his little girl whine.

Elaine slapped his wrist firmly. "Never interrupt any adult when talking least of all your Mommy, Madame Cadanet will hear about this. You are talking yourself closer and closer to the gates of Jefferson. Red curls and tartan would be just too cute for words."

Scarlet concluded her phone call, "Yes I think Jefferson could be best for him on all fronts. The girls' remedial courses are completely separated and all those cute boys can't be doing our horny ditz's concentration any good. Plus he must feel tremendous pressure being in the same school as such high achievers as Maggie and Nat."

"Scarlett honey, you are so right and we know he doesn't respond well to pressure. A few college scouts show up to his little football games and he's crying like a baby, throwing like a first grader and trying to hide behind his mommy's skirt!"

"That was not pressure. That was because of Dr. Munn you...you horrible dyke," Colt pouted.

"If you have such contempt for lesbian relationships, I'll have to go through my phone contacts and find you a big strong man. You can't feel right about making out with a lady when you are the Molly girl! Even if you don't go to Jefferson when have you ever complained about getting more clothes, you little Queen Of Sheba. Perhaps you can wear the uniform to the Jefferson game next autumn and watch with the people in the visiting stand, you little Sissy traitor. Your moping and pouting in the home stands can't be good for Desean and the boys though nothing seems to stop that stud."

A few days later when Colt was already safely ensconced in his satin comforter topped canopy bed, Scarlet, Margaret, Elaine, Natalie, Felicity and Selma sat in the lounge. They had met to discuss how Colt's impending summer holidays could best be spent.

"We have a wonderful opportunity to give Colt the first of many memorable summers before he reaches his twenty first birthday. So let's discuss some of the options for our spoiled little princess," Elaine said starting the discussion.

Scarlet was the first to speak. "Well we'll all be summering down in the Hampton's beach house, one of the perks of marrying into the super-rich. It could be fun for CeeCee to stay back in Manhattan and do an internship with Claudia in the fashion magazine trade, unpaid of course. She's very strict and he'd be doing the most menial tasks bossed around by high strung women and queenie gay men. It would be perfect practice for him after all. If he ever takes up a position in the family firm he's too ditzy to even cut it in the typing pool. Fetching dry cleaning and making coffee would be most suitable for his limited abilities. It would be just like his 'favourite' film "The Devil Wears Prada" but if he goes to Paris or Milan we'll have to get his passport replaced. He looks nothing like the All American jock in the photo."

The assembled women loved the scenario Scarlet depicted and mirth filled the luxuriously appointed room.

"He's doing so well in his electives," Margaret ventured mischievously. "But the summer break is long and there's no reason for him to slack off. He has an open invitation to work at Desean's sister's beauty parlour up in the Bronx. That would be ideal as at our mostly white school he doesn't get enough opportunities to work on black hair. Since his knitting and sewing are really improved I have another idea. I honestly think Tyler might be jealous so I'm sure Selma could find him an entry level position at Bespoke Design House." Selma nodded her eager approval as Maggie continued.

"The times I took my dear brother to malls were so much fun. Seeing those high school freshman boys hitting on him thinking they had a real chance or coaches from girls' sports teams thinking they'd found themselves a six foot, fourteen year old sports prodigy. It was a real hoot watching him squirm his way out claiming to just be 'girly girl' who 'doesn't do sports'. The looks of disgust and disappointment on those coach's faces were priceless. So it could be awesome to really drop him into mall culture. What about a job right out on Staten Island. There he's working for and with Jersey Shore wannabe sluts and roid heads that he's always thought he's better than?"

"There's also his child care modules sweetie?" Scarlet inquired dreamily. "He's seems likes a natural mommy to me."

"Well I know you and Elaine are thinking about having more children and if that blessed joy happens it would make perfect sense to drop him straight out of school and make him a full time nanny. That way he'd have enough children to last a life time."

"The sperm donor will have to be a real pretty boy because if we have boys, we are raising them pure sissy, frocks forever. If we have girls we'll raising them to be President just like Maggie," Elaine giggled.

Elaine, who was informally chairing the discussion, directed the topic towards Natalie.

"You're his significant other? How would you like his summer spent? Will you be down in the Hampton's too?"

"Yes absolutely, I can't wait to see the rich hunks out on the beach," Natalie replied.

"Not just because Jake will be there either," Maggie teased. They had developed the easy rapport of sisters through Colt's sissification.

"Jake is wonderful but CeeCee is still my first choice beau as long as he stays submissive, affectionate, sweet and most importantly obedient. It is such a load off to have a boyfriend who runs your errands, organises your social diary, hand washes your cashmere sweaters and paints your toenails," she laughed back.

“Yes he really is the perfect partner for a powerful lady. I’m surprised you haven’t put a ring on his finger and made an honest woman of him,” Elaine countered. “I must admit, I keep hoping you get bored of his limp little noodle and his sissy tantrums. I have so many men lined up for him to date. I will make sure he has a very full dance card.”

“You don’t have to supply all his dates Mommy,” Maggie called Elaine Mommy too, unlike Colt it was her choice. “The way boys were flirting with him at the mall he can supply plenty of his own studs.”

“They all sound rather young? How are they going to take my pampered doll out giving him a ride on the back of their BMX with a full length Fendi fur?” Natalie cackled.

“Those are all very good ideas however; I don’t think we should leave our precious sissy all alone. Colt still needs constant supervision. Given that, CeeCee should spend his first summer as a Sissy with his family in the Hampton’s. I love the idea of him going back to the scene of previous summer make out sessions, ball games and keg parties with his tiny peepee gaffed back between his hairless legs. The biggest problem I see with this is his very high maintenance and we don’t want him cramping our style. With all that will be going on down at the beach does anyone have any ideas how to solve this?”

Felicity had been quiet up to this point but had come into the meeting with a game plan and an agenda. If executed correctly would sink her ex-boyfriend into a pitiful a new low.

“You were thinking earlier about having more children and making Colt their nanny. Well the obvious solution, in my opinion, is for your future nanny to have his very own nanny for the summer. He’s used to having very strict overbearing matrons as a little boy. I think it would be fun to give him one for the summer. Let’s shake things up as he has become too complacent and take him out of his teen queen lifestyle for the summer,” she suggested.

The others looked at one another surprised that they hadn’t thought of something like that. Nodding their heads indicating Felicity to continue, they looked on excitedly to see what she could add.

“I know the perfect lady for the job, Joanna Moss. She is a British Nanny and the best I have encountered through my work with Dr. Munn. She is no teen boy’s pin up, stout and short but has a deceptively kind face, a wonderful sense of style and a natural air of authority. She is only in her late thirties but has already married and divorced five sissy husbands. Four she sold to Anastasia’s brothel. The power and influence she has over males is remarkable. From what I gather, they all started out as very eligible red blooded males who would consider such a lady way below their standards. She got them down the aisle, converted them into bombshell sissy sexy workers and divorced them into penniless sexual slavery. The other one, who I suppose you could call ‘lucky,’ she gave to her mother. He now lives in a big house in the English countryside as a fulltime baby girl” she quickly added.

“Well her methods and record sound commendable. What do you see her doing for our CeeCee? I don’t think he’s ready for the sex trade just yet?” Elaine posed.

“Not until he gets his big braces off!” Scarlet chuckled.

“Well CeeCee is so dull and repetitive about wanting to be a boy again, as if that’s even possible or if he ever really was one! So what if we give him a little bit of what he wants? Make him a Sissy Tomboy for the summer. Little sissy boy styled clothing like velvet shorts and ruffled sailor blouses but no skirts or dresses. Restyle his hair into a boyish style and only a teensy bit of light make up. Jo would treat him like a little five year old. You know, really crush any self-respect he might have left. He’ll be going to bed at six p.m., eating only kid’s meals and out hop scotching and building sand castles. He can still keep up his knitting and fashion reading and I’d love to take care of him on Jo’s days off,” Felicity finished and feeling very good about her idea being accepted by all.

“It does sound like a tremendous opportunity. Elaine what do you think?” Scarlet replied.

“I think it would be a wonderful experience for little CeeCee and we can pay for it out of his

trust fund piggy bank,” Elaine seemed enthralled by the idea.

“Excellent, I’ll set up a meeting with Joanna to finalise it. We are lucky to get Jo between sissy husbands. The last one literally just left on a private jet to the Middle East.” Felicity was very eager to close on her plan for Colt’s summer. He had ruined her summers and her bikini body so she was savouring the thought of gaining revenge.

“Selma, can you arrange the kind of wardrobe that our CeeCee needs?” Scarlet requested.

“One that makes him feel two inches tall and a walking joke? I certainly can,” Selma replied as they all laughed.

“More specifically, I was thinking little sailor suits like an infant at the turn of the last century and little romper suits, culottes, overalls and short suits. They would be the most apt for beach surroundings. I know Felicity said no skirts but what about a manly little kilt in Murphy tartan for his Sunday best? The accessories are so vital with his bleached out skin; cover up wraps, huge brimmed hats, sun glasses and massive frilled parasols. He takes to the sun about as well as a vampire since you made him a red head! Now as far as the shoes, little boy buckle shoes and jelly heeled sandals would be my choices.”

“Wonderful! Those will look great with little girl ruffled ankle socks. I’m dieing to give the vain sissy a very short little boy crop,” Maggie seemed fully on board so Felicity knew the boy’s summer fate was as good as sealed.

Joanna Moss met Colt’s legal Mommies a couple of days later and they hit it off instantly. The terms and plan for her summer employment were agreed effortlessly before they began to discuss non-business matters. After the last day of school Colt was driven in the back of a town car sandwiched between Natalie and Maggie. He was wearing a pastel pink romper suit and Birkenstocks worn dorkily with lacy white socks. He did not know that he was going to the old barber shop he used to frequent before his downfall for a major change to his long crimson locks.

The town car stopped in front of Colt’s old barber shop. It was an old fashioned one man barber shop with the red and white barber pole hung beside the glass fronted door. Colt didn’t expect to get his hair cut here. Ever since they had started changing him, they had only taken him to salons. What really surprised and scared him was seeing six of his old team mates standing inside the shop.

“Hello ladies and welcome to my shop. You have the run of it for the next hour but if you need any assistance I’ll be in the back office,” Joe said taking a thick envelop from Maggie’s hand. “Rich folks are all friggin crazy but with what they are paying me, they can do whatever they want,” he thought walking to the back room. Colt quickly found himself in the barber’s chair with the manly striped nylon cape done up tight to his thin swan like neck.

“You sure do moan about wanting to be a boy again. With summer coming up we think it’s the right time and what better place for a boyish makeover than Joe’s old macho barber shop,” Maggie lilted while looking intently through the selection of scissors and electric clippers.

Taken at face value this sounded like an improvement to Colt’s circumstances. “No red blooded male should have to spend so much time on his Rapunzel locks, putting them in curlers each night, brushing them with the same hair brush Nat spans me with, washing and conditioning it at home, school and the parlour. A shorter haircut could limit those ridiculous looks I’ve gotten with crimped hair, pigtails, buns and corn rows. With short hair I wouldn’t have to use any of those debasing hair accessories like bows, barrettes and clips so often added without any concern for my opinion. If I know that bitch of a step sister though whatever she proposes will be anything but what it appears to be at face value. She is always a spiteful person and has a perverse sense of poetic justice and seemingly limitless ideas for disgracing me. So whatever hair cut I get, it most likely won’t be something I will like and what are the guys doing here? Probably to make me feel even more embarrassed than I

normally am. Shit, they can't be any worse than those clinically vindictive society harpies who patronised and toyed with me at Aldridge's," Colt thought as the group gathered around him.

"That's right my special little poppet, summer is coming up and we'll be down in The Hampton's. Selma's got a whole new Tomboy wardrobe for the summer. Just think, no more stiletto heels, no frocks, no mini skirts and no frilly lingerie for the entire summer," Natalie said full of amusement interrupting his thoughts.

"Why a Tomboy wardrobe? I am a boy for gosh sakes!" an outraged Colt squealed. His little girl voice and tepid attempt at obscenity made a mockery of his own statement causing a ripple of laughter.

"Aww diddums seems all grumpy about getting to wear boyish clothes. I bet he had circled all sorts of pretty dresses in his fashion mags which he was going to beg his mummies for," Maggie interjected with relish

"I have not!" Colt wailed. The fact that his unseen summer wardrobe was being referred to as Tomboy or Boyish infuriated him. He also knew it had to be less than manly.

"Well don't worry. I'm sure your Mommies will get the spoiled little master all the dresses he wants for the next autumn term," Maggie loved goading him in front of a enraptured audience.

"Well the autumn's a long time away and frankly I don't know how my ditzy fluffy boy avoided summer school. For summer he needs a major new hairdo!" Natalie said revving a pair of electric clippers with playful menace.

Jake had moved up beside Nat and confidently placed his hand into Natalie's back jean pocket as he spoke. "Me and some of the other guys heard you wouldn't be at the Cunningham's house party tonight. I understand you can't go because it's past your bedtime. Early bedtimes are clearly working for you. If I didn't know you I'd guess you were about thirteen at most now. So I guess it would be no good asking you to get booze for the party, now would it? But we all heard about you getting a drastic haircut and wanted to come along to offer our moral support. You played a big part in our championship and we want to show our appreciation. You were like the twelfth man on the field for us this season. Well that's perhaps not the best choice of words but whenever morale was low we'd see you mincing through the halls in some ludicrously massive fur coat and couldn't help but smile. Or like on game night we'd see you in the stands with your big clownish red hair crimped out and know our former captain was right behind us. The baked goods and care packages with the little hand written perfumed love notes you would give us were a bit over the top but we knew your frail sissy heart was in the right place. All the sweaters you knitted for us were great too. How do you manage to knit so many?"

"Oh CeeCee is always knitting while watching television. You know shows like Glee and girly stuff like that. Nothing you'd be interested in big guy," Natalie answered for Colt squeezing Jake's arm excitedly.

"By the way Colt, I never got to thank you for paying for the hotel suite, all the champagne and refreshments for me and Natalie after junior prom. That was so sweet of you and to think we used to fight like cats and dogs when you were trying to be a boy," Jake added sarcastically.

"Thank Uncle Jake with a nice big kiss on the cheek. You're lucky a big strong man takes an interest in a silly little priss like you hun," Maggie firmly stated. Colt knew that it wasn't a request and grimaced.

Jake leaned over, eyes twinkling deviously as Colt kissed Jake's sand paper roughly stubbled cheek with his big puffed up glamour girl lips. Drawing back he noticed the trace of pink from his gloss and lipstick left behind marking his shame. Jake didn't seem to care in the least as he stepped back sneering down at him.

Jake continued his verbal dismantling of Colt. "CeeCee me and the boys have been hearing

worrying reports that you may be defecting to Jefferson next year. I do understand their little finishing school girl course may be closer to your comfort zone but have you no loyalty? Things wouldn't be the same around the halls without our little mascot. We thought it must be because you're not on any of the teams anymore and you don't feel part of the school. So we got Tyler to make you your own special school Letterman jacket."

It was the school powder blue Letterman jacket but the leather sleeves had been removed. Tyler had replaced them with chunky snow white bleached fox fur bracelet cut sleeves to accentuate Colts thin limp wrists and all of his bangles and jewellery.

"Oh Jake, guys, this is so kind. Postpone the big chop. He has to try it on. Oh yes it is so you. It's like having my old jock boyfriend back with a dash of the new sissy with this fun twist of fur sleeves," Natalie gushed.

"And if you do defect to Jefferson, the Jacket is reversible," Jake intoned.

Natalie deftly removed the jacket from Colt's elfin frame and reversed it. The jacket on the other side was black satin lining covered in small graffiti styled text. The lettering would not be legible to anyone outside of arm distance but all over the jacket were slurs and jibes in a repeated pattern 'SISSY' 'FRUIT' 'POWDER PUFF' 'SWEET BOY' 'QUEENIE' 'LIMP WRIST' 'PILLOW BITER' 'RENT BOY' 'BOTTOM'.

Maggie loved it and took many photos but was anxious to begin Colt's latest makeover. Back in the chair both Natalie and Maggie were cutting off huge lengths of Colt's red tresses.

"You're not going to get a professional to do it?" Colt asked trembling.

"Nah sweetie, we don't need to be any kind of master stylist for the look we have in mind," Natalie answered absent-mindedly.

"This brother of mine is such a vain stuck up prima-Donna. Sure was nice of Joe to let use the barber shop," Maggie whispered as she kept chopping.

Once Colts hair was well above chin length they started putting in peroxide dye and foils. Natalie then with great zeal clipped the sides and back of Colt's head down to near stubble. It was the first visible sign of Colt's natural hair colour since that first trip to Aldridge's.

"Great job Nat but you've gone pretty short. What will we do if the sides don't grow out long enough to take a big set of extensions for the start of school?" Maggie asked talking over Colt as she often did.

"We'll have to see how quick this buzz-cut grows out but we could always shave his head with a razor and send him to school in a different drag queen wig and a stocking cap every day. He was always moaning about putting his curlers in. So you'd love that wouldn't you baby?" Natalie said in insulting baby tones derisively squeezing his cheeks.

"Nat that would be so awesome, I can just see a group of mean girls snatching his wig and playing keep away and I would love to see our sissy get into the Drag scene. Madame Cadenet has probably made him as femmy as she can but a drag tutor could go further. His Streisand was a highlight of the school talent show so we know he has star quality. He must miss preening and showing off on the football field too. Don't you think you former quarterback would be a natural at Drag burlesque and cabaret boys?"

His former team mates voiced their boisterous support while Colt recoiled at the thought. It would be worse than the calendar shoot and far more frequent.

"Now you won't get to spend too much time in front of the mirror this summer, so Anastasia lent me this semi-permanent makeup tattoo gun," Maggie said with a wide grin.

Working from a publicity portrait of Lucille Ball she soon had tattooed an identical look upon her step brother's face. When it was time to take the peroxide out of the sissy's hair, Maggie added the final touches. Cutting precisely instead of chopping the huge lengths of ginger hair they had hacked off earlier. When Colt saw his reflection he was shocked and appalled. His hair was platinum blonde verging on white and it looked to him so absurdly feminine and

unnatural. The style was a big messy quaff with the shaved dark sides and back contrasting strikingly.

“Your last magazine column was on how much you idolise and adore Miley Cyrus. So we thought you’d be pleased as punch to have her new do,” Maggie spoke as Colt stammered speechlessly.

“You wrote that ridiculously column!” Colt stormed.

“Don’t give away family secrets,” Maggie laughed slapping his wrist playfully.

Natalie broke in, “Well we’ve all got a party to attend and you’ve got to hurry home so Selma can show you your wonderful summer wardrobe. I won’t be back tonight but I can’t wait to see you down in The Hamptons in one of your new summer outfits. Selma gave me a little sneak preview and you are going to look like a little jewel. What a lucky boy you are.”

“While we’re sleeping off our hangovers, CeeCee will be travelling up with his Nanny. She wants to get him settled in so he isn’t all grouchy and homesick,” Maggie jibed waiting excitedly for his reaction.

“Nanny? What The Hell?” Colt shrieked girlishly to the delight of all as Natalie gathered up Colts things and effortlessly marched her pansy boyfriend out for the drive home. The laughter was still ringing in his ears and his nanny question left unanswered as he sat in the back of the town car. All the way home his thoughts were on what new humiliation lay in wait for him now.

Back in Colt’s girly boudoir his new punky hairdo created quite a stir with Selma and her daughter Marsha who had racks and boxes of new summer clothes and accessories for the former stud.

“Oh My Marsha, would you look at that hairdo! CeeCee’s never looked so ridiculous and that’s saying something” Selma exclaimed theatrically as her teenage daughter convulsed with delighted laughter.

“I’d ground my Marsha until she’s forty if she got such an unladylike cut. What a shame all your big red Murphy girl curls had to be cut,” she added with faux sadness

“Don’t worry Mom, I don’t know if I’m even willing to be seen with CeeCee with such a silly cut let alone get one myself!” Marsha replied.

“Well I wouldn’t worry too much about being seen with our own little Miley as I understand it. His Nanny has planned out a full Nursery regime and lifestyle for the summer so he won’t hanging around with sophisticated teens like yourself.”

“What is all this I keep hearing about a Nanny? I don’t need a Nanny” Colt fumed with his voice his tirade carried no impact and as usual, he sounded like a fussy little madam about to embark on a tantrum.

“When has need ever factored into your pampered gilded existence sweetie?” Selma posed rhetorically “You don’t need to raid you step-mommy’s or big sister’s wardrobes or get a new fur coat every time I take you to Saks but that’s never stopped you now has it?”

“Let’s show the summer wardrobe I’ve put together for you, lots of it is custom made or vintage and I had lots of input from my Marsha, your boyfriend Tyler and your wonderful new Nanny. They’ll be perfect for a summer as a Sissy Tomboy tied firmly to his Nanny’s apron strings. Playing hopscotch, knitting, watching Disney films, building sandcastles, playing dress up while all your old friends are out on the beach drinking and have sex with nubile young ladies.”

The wardrobe and the accessories were horrifying. The panties were very plain tidy whitey style briefs in a soft material. His socks were white, some plain many of them lacy, varying in lengths from ankle to knee high.

“Much better for a little Tomboy over the summer, very basic and probably won’t pique Natalie’s interest. Nanny says you won’t be immersed in a pure childish summer if you’re wearing lingerie fit for a high class call girl,” Selma laughed as a blushing Colt tried on the tight briefs.

Of the t-shirts and tops most had thin spaghetti straps and were of a cropped cut ending before Colts belly button. “Your Nanny might find it a little tarty but CeeCee works so hard to keep a tight flat tummy and deserves to show it off” Marsha observed with fake supportiveness.

He didn’t have single pair of long trousers and most of the shorts were of a obscenely tight hot-pants style, far too snug to accommodate pockets and with back buttons and zips.

“The principle colour schemes we went for, I know you’ve voiced your displeasure with all the pink your Mommies like to see you in, are lurid Canary yellow off set beautifully with lots of lime green. Yellow because our sissy is a great big coward as your last two football games showed and green because you’re such a jealous little bitch, jealous of both real men and real women.” Selma would not see much of Colt during his nursery summer so was making sure to get her money’s worth as she belittled him.

There was a Canary yellow bolero jacket made of dyed feathers “Too hot in summer for your beloved furs but this little number is still a head turner right? You’ll look like Big Bird,” Marsha chuckled as Colt gasped at the humiliating garment.

There were numerous other feathered pieces, like a giant white bonnet entirely made up of feathers that tied childishly under his chin into a satin bow. Away from the green and yellow motif were numerous sailor suits in blues and whites with matching sailor hats. All were too girly and childish for even the youngest of boys and the thought of being seen in them filled Colt with dread.

“It’s so important to keep the sun of your bleached milky white skin for health reasons. Though I suppose you’re the kind of snooty private school diva who thinks a tan is ever so common, so we got a huge selection of hats and parasols.”

Most of hats unlike the clothes that had at least the pretence of being unisex were exclusively for woman and extremely flamboyant. There were many wide brimmed straw ladies hats with large white adjustable chiffon veils.

“At least I can hide my face a bit behind those,” Colt thought.

There was even a Carmen Miranda style hat made up of bright plastic fruit. There really was no limits to the shame Selma would subject him too. The shoes were mostly flat, many of a ballet style with big girly pom-poms or bows on the toes. There were jelly sandals in pink and slivery hues as well.

“Wear those sandals with socks for any extra dorky look right girl?” Marsha suggest maliciously.

The nightwear was equally outrageous to Colt. “You don’t need to worry about wearing cute nighties to seduce Nat while under Nanny’s thumb. She will not stand for any hanky panky either. So you don’t get to pack any of your dildos or vibrators I’m afraid and your nightwear will be some sets of the cutest footy pyjamas and sleep suits.”

Most of the sleep suits had attached feet and hand coverings and several had hoods with comical animal ears that would make Colt looked like a bunny, a mouse and a teddy bear. They were of soft thick fleecy materials and in laughable pastel colours and patterns like love hearts and polka dots. They were cut many sizes too big so they would completely swamp his body.

“You probably think you’re going to burn up in those, right? But your bedroom, I’m sorry Nursery, is equipped with state of the art air-conditioning. You’re not allowed to take any of your stuffed animals to The Beach house but you do get to be a teddy in this sleep suit. Plus there is one very special Teddy waiting in your new nursery that you are just going to fall

head over heels for.”

Afterwards lots of photos were taken in the various outfits and Colt’s online followers were brought up to speed. Elaine then gave the sissy boy a bubble bath. She was trying to take a more hands on role in Colt’s day to day life where her law practice allowed. After his beauty regime was completed, much quicker than usual due to the new hairdo, Elaine placed a pink hair net over it. Then she tucked him in wearing a pink frilled baby-doll nightie.

“This is the last time you’ll be in a nightie for sometime, so enjoy it CeeCee,” Elaine said with uncharacteristic softness as she kissed him on the lips.

The next morning as Colt stirred he made out the silhouette of two sturdy obese females. He began to recognise Felicity but the second was his new Nanny who he had yet to be introduced.

The second figure was extremely physically imposing. She was dressed in an almost Victorian era style nanny uniform with a calf length dark skirt, a high neck pussy bow blouse, sensible court shoes and a linen white apron. She was rotund and strongly built with powerful looking chubby arms and sturdy legs that reminded Colt more of his former team mates than most women he knew. Her hair was jet black and put up in a pristine bun. Colt knew from his cosmetology class that style was very high maintenance. She had a kind dimpled face, thick natural brows and only the merest hint of makeup but she conveyed a sense of authority and menace just through her presence.

Felicity was wearing Kelly green sweatpants. Due to her weight gain, she favoured an elasticised waist band whenever possible and the schools football state championship t-shirt. It was unclear if she had bought it in the wrong size or if it had shrunk in the wash but it displayed part of her big milky white belly when she moved in certain ways. She always felt perfectly at home in Colt’s boudoir and moved around as if it were her own.

“Colt I’m delighted to introduce you to your nanny for the summer Ms. Joanna Moss. She’s got your whole summer planned out and I’m sure you two will be the best of friends. That is as long as you keep your little fussy fits to a minimum.”

“Oh, he’s even more darling than in the photographs. What a little Cherub. Felicity, let’s carry this weakling to the bath and give him a good scrub before we dress him in something ever so tomboyish for the drive to the Hampton’s,” Joanna enthused.

Colt tried to object to being carried but Felicity popped a pacifier into his mouth and secured it behind his head with a ribbon. Soon they were both tending to him in the big bubble filled bath tub. They washed in tandem, cooing and petting at him with delight as if Colt was a real baby.

Out of the bath the pacifier was removed with a warning not to make a scene or it would be replaced. They dried him off, applied his body lotion and scented talc. As Felicity tucked a bath towel to cover his torso, Joanna said in her haughty mocking and superior British accent, “Felicity darling, you can pick Little CeeCee’s travel outfit while I pack up the car.”

Felicity had always loved dressing Colt in all sorts of outfits whenever she was needed for babysitting duty. She quickly had him in one of his skimpiest navy and white sailor suits. “These socks and briefs are a bit Spartan,” Felicity jokingly complained holding up a pair of plain white cotton panties and ankle socks, “but boys will be boys I suppose!” she laughed.

She tied the sailor hat under his chin with the little elasticised ribbon then turned up the brim which had embroidered in pink script, the name “SS Powder Puff”.

She dusted Colt with a tiny bit of foundation and some shiny neutral lip gloss. Before she made him put on his pink jelly sandals over his socks.

“I look ridiculous,” Colt sobbed. He should have been used to ridicule but the hormone doses from Dr. Munn kept him ever so sensitive and melodramatic.

“Of course you do big guy. I mean a sailor suit in the city is so incongruous but you’ll be just perfect down on the beach. I bet all the boys and girls will want to hold your hand,” Felicity needled as she put over the his cute sailor suit a huge chiffon mesh cover up and led him down to the car.

The car was a medium sized sedan and the trunk was fully packed with Colt’s tomboy wardrobe. Joanna effortlessly manhandled Colt into the back seat. There she quickly strapped him into an adult sized version of an infant booster seat.

“Lets get these on you dearie so you don’t fuss and fidget so,” Joanna lightly trilled as she tied thick thumbless satin mittens over his hands then replaced the pacifier securing it behind his head.

“I know he’s a bit old for a dummy Felicity but we can’t have him whining the whole way, now can we?” she added with a laugh.

Felicity rode shotgun. It was clear she admired Joanna greatly and saw her as another mentor. Their conversation was animated and they freely discussed Dr. Munn’s very warped brand of medicine approvingly. Felicity talked a lot about her experiences working as a nanny at the sissy baby day care hoping Joanna would give her some positive feedback. When Joanna praised her ambition and work it brought a blush to her cheeks. The topic moved to Felicity’s sex life or lack thereof since her massive weight gain.

“Since that sissy in the booster seat broke up with me, I really started over eating. I’ve had no success with men because of my weight gain. I got used to a certain type of man when I was slim and desirable. I’ve seen the before pictures of your five husbands and they were all such hot shot studs, exactly my type. How do you manage to get them so infatuated? You’re a very handsome stylish lady but you’re not the kind of Miss. Universe style bimbo those men so often go for?” Felicity frankly replied.

“No, I certainly am not but at the height of their passion, they would have called me the most beautiful lady in the world. Before they spent all their money or had to quit their jobs due to the changes Dr. Munn made happen, they’d spend every penny on me. My methods and programming techniques will allow you to make any and as many hunks as you want fall hopelessly in love with you. You can wrap them around your finger, have them carry your school books, dump their thin blonde bimbo girlfriends and just dote all over you. Their friends and family will be so confused by their change of heart plus you won’t need to lose a pound Felicity,” Jo replied engagingly.

“It would be so amazing if you could put the guys who I’ve pined over that don’t even acknowledge my existence under my thumb. But I really like my men macho not like the sissies you made them into. Don’t let my old lover in his cute little sailor suit fool you. Do they all have to go all sissy?” Felicity asked while thinking that what Joanna outlined sounded too good to be true.

“Heaven’s no, I just made all my beaus go fruity because I’m just not that keen on men. Besides it was satisfying and such fun to destroy their life and egos. Then when I found out I could legally take all their assets and sell them to brilliant organisations like the one run by Anastasia. It was a dream come true. The fulltime baby one, Daisy is his legal name now I think, was just a present for my dear old mum. He’s not even twenty but I really made him babyish as quickly as possible so Mother could have some company. You can keep the men in your life as rough and virile as you like but if you get bored with them or they displease you, let me know. We’ll get them fully femmed up. Feminizing them like I do brings top dollar and you could even get a finders commission.”

“Oh that would be a great incentive for the boys to stay in line if only they knew. The boys I have my eye on are pretty strapping though. I don’t think they’d make good sissy whores or fulltime babies?” Felicity ventured.

“Felicity you’ve seen what Dr. Munn can do. We can make the most unpromising material into any kind of female you like. Of course you can’t change things like height. My first sissy was

a comfortable six foot five. It was hilarious to pimp a 'girl' of that stature out on the street corner in big platform shoes to play up the height. Dressing him in a sequined drag cocktail dress and cheap but very necessary faux fur coat was a real kick in the pants. He was such a freak that he got so much action and attention some of the more seasoned working t-girls were furious," Joanna recalled the memory with hilarity. She seemingly had no concern for the man's devastation.

They had been talking so much that they were a bit surprised how quickly they arrived at the house. "You've got to see the perfect tomboy bedroom we've made out of your boring old room," Felicity said sarcastically as they led the poor boy by each hand up to the house.

The room and the house held some of the happiest memories of Colt's increasingly distant former life but as the door handle turned, he knew he would hate whatever was on the other side of the door. The colour scheme of the room was in the bland neutral tones Colt remembered but the wall hangings and furnishing were not to his tastes at all. Five posters tacked to the wall were of female rock stars, Taylor Swift, Nicki Minaj, Kesha, Lady Gaga and Miley Cyrus. In addition there were other posters of WNBA players, intimidating female body builders and MMA fighters.

Felicity saw him looking from poster to poster with a disgusted look and piped up, "You like the posters right petal? Some real bad ass rockers and rappers just like boys like you just love."

Felicity knew this was a long way from her ex-boyfriend's or indeed most straight males' taste in music and was taunting him. Colt's mind was in turmoil, still cranky from having to endure a car journey in a booster seat, replied, "God they're nothing but talentless sluts and those muscle bound freaks are anything but beautiful. I could maybe pleasure myself to them if that Dr. Munn hadn't ruined my dick," he lamented.

"The smallest girly girls at school pushed you around with ease. Imagine what a woman like that could do to you?" Felicity asked pointing to a woman body builder.

"Well they will give him something to aspire to," Joanna said dryly as she packed away Colt's tomboy clothing.

"Well he's got a long way to go. He can barely do a push up girly style!" Felicity giggled.

"I hear you used to be quite the little sexist chauvinist Master CeeCee. I hope you're learning to respect and revere women now," Joanna said fixing Colt with a withering gaze.

"He doesn't have much choice knowing that he's barely strong enough to carrying his childcare and cosmetology text books," Felicity said cruelly as she watched the interplay between Colt and his new nanny. She loved watching Joanna at work.

"He still may have some way to go, just because he's a sissy boy doesn't mean he can't be a fully committed feminist. With his Mommies how could he not be? I'll be reading him his bedtime fairy-tale stories with an updated politically correct pro-feminist stance to help him appreciate his situation better," Joanna stated.

As bad as the posters were the furnishing and other fittings were far more worrying. The way Joanna had been treating Colt he half expected to see a crib. To his relief there was a small single bed framed to look like a hot pink sports car with a little toy steering wheel at the bottom.

"We all thought this was the perfect bed for you dearie. You can pretend to be Penelope Pitstop before lights out," Felicity chided and was thrilled by the dismayed look on the sailor suit attired boy.

In addition to the juvenile bed there was a white, wooden adult sized infant highchair decorated with a childishly painted Daisy. Seeing him eyeing the chair, Joanna commented while still putting away his things, "I let my baby husband decorate it himself. It didn't make any sense to ship it all the way back to the English country side. So you'll be eating all your meals up in your room in that chair. The ladies of the house don't want to have their dining

spoiled by your pouty tantrums.”

“I don’t need to be spoon fed,” Colt screeched pathetically.

“I know you don’t. You’re a big boy aren’t you? I like my charges to be under control and you won’t be on a baby food diet this summer so cheer up. Your Mommies say it’s high time you added some curves to that gawky twiggy frame of yours. So you’ll be eating a high fat high calorie diet and taking special supplements from Dr. Munn to make sure it goes to all the right places. That is for a young lady at least. You already look like you have a pair of A-cup boobies under that sailor suit. By the end of the summer, you’ll look positively indecent without a bra and you’ll just be bouncing all over the place,” Joanna laughed.

“You may even give me a run for my money in the curves department CeeCee. It’s a good thing Selma got you short shorts with some stretch in them because you’re going to end up with a great big bubble butt like a Latino she/male escort!” Felicity raved.

The last piece of furniture was a changing table with adult sized disposable diapers, powder and lotions on a side shelf. “This is just for powdering and treating your little pixie dick and gorgeous rosebud. There’s no need to actually have you wear pampers as long as you stay dry and are obedient. I expect all my special boys to be respectful and well behaved,” Joanna said focusing intently on Colt as she spoke. It made him feel weak and helpless.

“Here’s that teddy we promised you,” Joanna continued. It was close to seven feet tall, plush and plump with soft long grey and white faux fur. The teddy had a huge blue satin ribbon bow under its chin.

“What a big tough teddy and perfect for our boy. We thought you might like to call him Jake?” Felicity said in a tone that told Colt it was not a suggestion. “That way, both you and your girlfriend have a big Jake to keep them safe at night,” she added with a laugh.

“Colt they’ll be no girls or boys allowed in your room overnight. If you do have a sleepover companion it will be one of my colleague’s special sissy boys. You’d have to snuggle pretty close in your pink sports car bed though,” Joanna said firmly struggling to submerge her amusement.

“The en suite bathroom is much as you remember it. To think you took my cherry in that very tub but we’ve got a great supply of beauty products to keep you young and gorgeous. You have your own HD television, a complete set of Disney DVDs, a surround sound and, of course, all your favourite girly pop music. There’s work out DVDs as we’ll be adding blubber to your butt and bust over the summer. You will have to exercise daily to keep that tummy toned otherwise Nat would dump you without mercy if you developed a muffin top!” Felicity said with a grin.

Colt was bathed by Felicity and Joanna for the second time that day and put into a soft pink fleecy sleep suit with a hood and bunny ears and tucked into his bed face down. Colt complained about having to wear the restrictive sleep ware and sleeping on his stomach but Joanna just slapped him gently on his bottom.

“You’ll need to learn to sleep on your tum tum for when Maggie gets you your butt implants this autumn,” Joanna said thoroughly enjoying the look of fear on his face.

With Colt tucked tightly under the covers, Joanna and Felicity collaborated reading a fairytale about a sissy boy called Cinderella. The story was about a boy rescued from his life of servitude to his mean stepmother by a charming Princess. They acted out the parts animatedly and had a great time. Colt was slipping into sleep as they finished. Felicity smothered his apple cheeked face with greedy wet kisses before turning the lights out.

From that first day Colt’s summer got into a humiliating routine, if his bizarre lifestyle could be called ‘routine’. Joanna seldom ever left his side during the entire summer. She’d often let him stay in jammies till late in the morning. Most of his meals were spoon fed to him in his high chair. He hated being treated like such a baby but was pleased to eat something other

than bland baby mush. Between meals he was given big peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and ice cream sundaes. All those calories were going to his butt, hips, thighs and bust.

It was like he was real teen girl suddenly hitting puberty and blossoming into a bombshell. As Colt's curves grew, his tomboyish wardrobe looked even more incongruous and ridiculous. His increasingly mature feminine figure contrasted with the gawky gapped teeth with braces, girly nerd glasses and lovely dappled freckles. Colt had to sweat hard doing his aerobic work outs to keep his tummy and limbs from getting chubby. However, Dr. Munn's supplements were very effective at directing new fat cells to the right places. Poor Colt was horrified as he saw his chest blossom out and bottom become full and more heart shaped but could do nothing to stop it.

Felicity would often watch his work outs and chuckle that he should "Just let himself go" so they could share clothes. She often threatened him that when his family were bored with him, she would take control of his life and turn him into a giant BBW whore.

His Nanny loved to walk Colt around the local community. She got great satisfaction with his degradation and mockery in front of people who used to know him as the stud quarterback. Joanna insisted that Colt try and join in the local children and teens games in the parks and on the beaches. The fact that he had to carry a parasol or wear a cover up and his physical weakness guaranteed that he couldn't really participate even in the most childish games. The children, especially the younger ones, enjoyed thrashing the six foot sissy boy. The boys had a very low opinion of him and would often victimise the defenceless sissy. They would push him into the park pond or steal his hat or some other accessory. Being pushed around by kids half his age left Colt feeling miserable and what remained of his male ego devastated.

Joanna's overall approach to caring for a sissy boy was to be gentle and facetiously sweet unless he failed to comply with her standards of behaviour. When Colt tried to defend himself or complained about the teasing, she punished Colt harshly for 'quarrelling', 'being careless with his belongings' or 'causing trouble'. As punishment she would spank him over her knee in front of boys who had bullied him and put him to bed early without any supper. These humiliating punishments combined with all the drugs he had been taking had the desired effects on his mind. Colt by the end of summer had very little, if any, self-confidence or ability to resist anything demanded of him.

Some groups of young teen girls would tolerate Colt more than the boys but they still didn't respect or treat him well. Their parents were dubious about their girls hanging around with an older transgendered teen. Joanna had to assure them that he was completely impotent and physically weaker than all their girls before their fears ceased. They'd play games of truth or dare totally designed around aggressively smooching or groping Colt or asking him the most embarrassing questions. The girls loved helping him with his outfits and accessories. They even managed to persuade the very conservative Joanna to let them put some bright pink highlights in his platinum blond crop.

Ms. Joanna Moss was nothing like the type of woman Colt would have gone for when he was in control of his own life. However, she was the only one who showed him any affection. She would often take him on her knee, letting him have his midday nap in her ample lap or wrapping the sissy in her cardigan if he got chilly in the summer breeze. With his head nestled into her ample bosom, she would rock and croon into his ear. It wasn't much and her attention was emasculating but it was something no one else had showed him in a long time. As the summer wore on Colt found that he was becoming very fond of Joanna despite her punishments.

During the summer Colt saw Margaret regularly but for short periods. She'd show up to mock his outfit, ruffle his hairdo and update his social media pages before she'd be off with better things to do.

"Life is so much easier now our little Princess has a fulltime Nanny. I must talk to our Mommies about getting you one for the new school term time too," Margaret remarked on more than one occasion.

While Colt had come to enjoy those special times with Joanna he would be more than happy to get back to school without one. Going back to school even dressed in the sissiest of outfits would give him some freedom. Yes, he would be teased and taunted but he was somewhat used to that now. What he wanted was some time away from his despised and controlling family.

Colt would see Natalie here and there but his possessive Nanny would chase her off anytime she tried to get more amorous. Natalie wasn't too perturbed laughing at how protective his Nanny was before heading off to spend time with Jake and other normal teens. Because of this, the only times Colt got anything close to sexual relief was on Joanna's days off when Felicity's minded him. Those experiences with Felicity only enhanced his deep humiliation and sexual denial.

She'd make him get on top of his giant teddy bear and grind his hips and groin into it frantically. As he humped the stuffed toy Felicity would make him talk dirty to it like it was Jake. To finish him off she'd often thrust whatever improvised object was close to hand in and out of anus. Usually that object was something like a cucumber or banana. The first time Felicity instructed him to perform like this he absolutely refused. Her threats to dose him with drugs that would permanently make him incontinent and keep him in diapers forever cowed him to comply.

He had no idea his devious ex-girlfriend was secretly filming these displays and stockpiling the footage. In the waning weeks of the summer news reached Elaine that Colt's estranged mother Candice was in town. Scarlet panicked as she had mutual friends with Candice through the modelling industry. Though Candice was older and had not overlapped with Starlet's career the industry was a tight one and everyone knew everyone else.

"Elaine this could ruin everything. She'll want money and she will be furious at what we have done to her son," Scarlet gabbled nervously.

Elaine was as usual calm and in control. "Don't worry my love, I've read over the terms of Candice and CeeCee's daddy's divorce. His Mother waived all rights to any of the estate or inheritance for her settlement. As far as being 'furious' about what's we've done to the little fluffy, I think you would be quite surprised. She's not your typical protective loving Mother. She's an incredibly self-absorbed hedonist only interested in her wardrobe, sex and partying. Their relationship has been bad or non-existent for years. She doesn't care about his wellbeing at all. We've been feminizing CeeCee for the best part of a year and she's not checked in on her son once. I think it would be hilarious to introduce the new CeeCee to his mother. We must invite her over for dinner."

On the day Colt was to be reunited with his mother he knew something was out of the ordinary. He was not sent to bed at his normal six p.m. bedtime. Instead a professional stylist was in his room. She arranged his growing out crop into a cute side parted do. She applied more makeup than he had worn since the end of the school year as Joanna looked on watchfully. He was dressed in a white lace two piece set of tight high waist white shorts and ruffled white sleeveless blouse. The lacy see through material of the blouse made his swelling braless breasts all too apparent. The feathered yellow jacket Marsha dubbed his 'Big Bird' outfit was put over his shoulders leaving his willowy arms free. His feet were in ruffled ankle socks and yellow ballet flats with giant marabou pompoms at the toes. As a final touch Joanna added her favourite pair of Colt's eye glasses. The eighties style oversized tortoise shelled glasses with thick square-cut frames.

No one had said a word about her coming and he was stunned as she walked into the room. She was swathed in the most expensive of Oscar De La Renta resort wear. He'd read about her ensemble in his fashion rags. The same outfit his catty twitter followers had been telling him to wear and ditch the little sailor boy costumes, as if it was his choice. Colt and his mother were now of similar builds though her limbs looked a fair bit sturdier and stronger. Her face was as beautiful and captivating as ever but its tightness in places and lack of

motion suggested she'd been in for another round of surgery and botox.

"You mean to tell me this feather clad teen girl is my son Colt Farnsworth? That is so funny and it's completely unbelievable," Candice couldn't stop laughing as she looked over her sissified son.

"Wow, your two step mommies really changed your lifestyle in a major way," she added once she regained her composure.

"We call him CeeCee now and his surname is Murphy-Goldberg," Scarlet informed her. She was greatly relieved as she witnessed Candice's callous reaction to her son's plight.

"Goldberg?" Colt squeaked stunned.

"Your name should reflect your guardian's Jewish and Irish heritage CeeCee. I took care of changing that a few weeks ago. I don't know why I hadn't done it sooner," Elaine informed the stunned boy.

This was the first time Candice had heard her son's new voice and she was elated. "The voice, the freckles, the glasses, that tooth gap, the train track braces, he looks like a fourteen year old, though a well develop one," she chuckle feeling her sons breasts and fussing with his overdone feathered jacket.

No one seemed to notice or care that tears were streaming down Colt's face. "No one, not even my own Mother, cares about me anymore," he softly moaned.

The ladies drank a great deal of wine while CeeCee was passed from lap to lap as they told the story of his transformation. His misery was ignored and took great delight in his humiliation as Candice was brought up to speed on Colt's drastic change of lifestyle. They showed her pictures of some of his best looks on their ipads, the big events at his school and his bedroom back in New York.

"This is wonderful I wish my son had been femmed up years earlier. When he was a very young child I used to love to dress him in fancy clothes like this but his Father put a stop to it. He said it could turn him sissy! God if he'd been femmed up earlier, there never would have been so much friction between us. He was always so homophobic and rude to all my gay friends. Most of my friends are gay men as I find other ladies can be far too jealous of me. Now he looks like a gay icon. I know I can't get any of his trust funds. That's the price you pay for hiring a cheap lawyer. Thank god I did better out of my second divorce settlement. So if you want to blow it on furs, handbags, Jimmy Choo shoes and hair extensions, I think that's just too funny. I much preferred his red curls to this silly short cut."

"Don't worry Candice, he'll be getting hair extension down to his butt for the new school term," Maggie interjected enthusiastically.

"I have a third husband now. We've just comeback from our honeymoon as matter of fact. I'd love CeeCee to spend time with us if you don't mind. He's spoiled with so many Mommies but he sorely needs a Daddy in his life," Candice continued talking a mile a minute dominating the conversation.

"Oh I quite agree," Elaine said wryly. She was happy to watch as Colt was devastated by his heartless mother.

Candice helped with Colt's nightly beauty regime that evening and tucked him in a cute snugly peach coloured sleep suit. Kissing him on the forehead she left to have more drinks and get even more details of Colt's new life with Scarlet, Elaine and Maggie.

Two days later Joanna walked Colt over to the beach house his Mother was renting. Dressed in one of his many sailor suits and well protected by a large white parasol, a breezy gauzy cover up and his wide brimmed hat. She was to drop him off to meet his Mother's third husband or 'Daddy' as he'd been ordered to call him and spend more time with Candice.

Colt had never had any respect for his mother's judgement, especially in terms of men, but

even he was stunned by her third husband. Colt's mouth almost hit the floor when he was introduced to his new daddy. He was a Hispanic male standing an around six foot four with a ripped muscular body but that's not what stunned him. The man, no boy, couldn't have been much older than he was.

"CeeCee this is Antonio, my new husband and your new Daddy!" Candice exclaimed.

"Mom this is ridiculous! How old is he?" Colt gasped.

"I insist you call me Mommy CeeCee and you must call Antonio, Daddy. Not that I have to explain myself to you but Antonio is eighteen. I met him when he was doing work on my property down in Florida. Once I set myself up financially from my second marriage, I felt it was time for a marriage where I'm in charge of the purse strings. I have an ironclad pre-nup with Antonio and I'm in charge in every area except the bedroom. God he's so strong and dominant in there!" Candice gushed as she pawed at his firm chest.

"Mommy that's something I don't even care to hear much less think about," Colt protested blushing fiercely.

"That is a very immature attitude Missy. Now that you're a sissy we need to be able to talk freely about sex. I've seen you're so called girlfriend Natalie completely smitten with that Jake boy. It can't be long until she dumps you. Then you're going to want your Mommy's advice on how to please your dates won't you? They've let you continue in your little lezzie sham relationship for far too long but you can start learning how to please men by being nice to Daddy. Now show him the proper respect, give him a curtsy then a sweet girlie kiss to the cheek," Candice said expectantly.

"Oh that is so sweet. You are going to become a great spoiled Daddy's girl aren't you? When I told Antonio about your little nursery, he felt there was something missing so he went to work building you this," Candice said as he wheeled in a adult sized white retro styled pram with a hooded ruffled cover.

"Isn't my Antonio just so manly and practical? I know you are going to love it as you won't have to be embarrassed with all those chiffon cover ups and frilly parasols. You can just be wheeled around in your baby carriage protected from the sun. Besides not having to walk, you'll be able to build up your chubby butt and budding breasts much easier. You needn't have any false modesty with those clothes either. Antonio, be a dear, and strip the little imp naked would you?" Candice stated.

Colt could not believe the vindictiveness or extremity of his mother's plan for him. Antonio didn't have to be told twice to get Colt out of his sailor suit and lifted the pale white feeble sissy into the pram. Colt blushed scarlet at how easily he was manhandled and his new curves jiggled on his bare milky white body.

His mother beamed down at him with satisfaction and gave him a tiny bit of modesty by covering him with a soft shawl like blanket. Candice and Antonio wheeled him around the town that afternoon delighting in all the attention and derision he received. Of course they only took him places where his idiosyncrasies were known but it was enough humiliating public disclosure.

Candice spoke to him of her future plans for him. "When you go back to teen girlhood this autumn you're going to have such tender fond memories of your baby time with Mommy and Daddy aren't you? When you go back to school you'll be your old bimbo fashionista material girl like Mommy. No don't worry. I'm quite aware of how those stuck up society ladies talk about me. We can have a much closer relationship when I'm in town then. We can go shopping, have our hair and nails done and I can help you find a big strong man to really put you on the path to your new improved life!"

When he was returned home to the Murphy beach house in his pram, Maggie was absolutely beside herself with glee. "This is the perfect way to keep our precious sissy safe and comfy. By going back to babyhood you can really make up for your past misdemeanours and reconnect with your Mommy. Plus you are really lucky to have a handsome new Daddy to

look up to!"

Candice's ideas weren't a method his Nanny Joanna Moss was altogether in favour of but much of the rest of his summer was spent naked and travelling in the pram Antonio had built. It was somehow a relief when Colt was dressed in a stretchy yellow terry cloth overall styled onesie and strapped into his booster seat for the drive back to Manhattan at the end of the summer. Once again Joanna and Felicity travelled up front as his only companions.

"I'm really going to miss looking after CeeCee. I've given Maggie a great list of nannies to consider for Colt if he does get a Nanny for school. I can't wait to get working on my next commission finding a suitable sissy husband for Dr. Munn," Joanna sadly said as she put the car into gear.

Felicity and Joanna talked mostly about the successful inroads Felicity had made using Joanna's methods on the way home. She had developed into a strong willed young lady and used her renewed confidence on the high handed blue blooded teenage boys she liked at the beach. Dr. Munn had helped her with her diet and she had lost a significant amount of weight. She was still chubby by the end of summer but attracted a number of the young teenagers romping at the beach. The boys she did go out with quickly discovered that Felicity was no easy push over. She was determined that no boy would ever get a hold on her like Colt had.

Once back in Manhattan Selma didn't waste a moment getting Colt his back to school wardrobe. The leggings and yoga pants he wore really showed up the massive increase in the size of butt and thighs. Selma made sure most of the fur coats and tops were cut short, only to the waist, so he had no way to cover up that jiggling bubble butt.

Seeing his growing butt clad in a pair of tight florescent pink leggings and white boob tube, Colt shuddered to think about the implants Maggie had planned for him. "How much bigger could they possibly make my breasts and butt?" he thought dismayed.

Scarlet went along for his first bra fitting as she thought a mother should be present for that major event in every girl's life. It was the last thing Colt wanted but mortified stood silently as he was being measured. Once it was determined that he was a full B-cup Scarlet insisted on getting him corsets, bustiers, push up bras, boob tubes and every kind of breast orientated clothing imaginable. Having to try on all those different bra styles and adornments was almost as embarrassing for Colt as being measured.

Natalie was fascinated by Colt's new shape and the way the increased flesh forced him to move and walk. His new assets intrigued her to the point that she was back to pegging him with the strap-on more than she ever had before. Colt still didn't like it but it was a lot better than humping that stupid stuffed bear.

True to her word Maggie hired a drag tutor for him and those classes were prioritised far above his normal school work. She had gone even further and hired an aging Latina t-girl porn-star to instruct him on flirting methods and how to sexually satisfy a man. She was determined to make Colt into the biggest sissy possible and these instructors would go a long way in achieving her goals.

The contradictions in Colt's life were very hard for him to cope with once back into the school routine. One minute he'd be in a church hall with some elderly ladies knitting, the next he'd be preening and shaking his ass suggestively on stage for his Drag tutor. He'd be in cosmetology class then taught how to deep throat a very realistic dildo by the demanding impatient Latino hooker. All these contradictions kept him off balance and in tears. It didn't help that his hair was allowed to grow out leaving his dark roots visible during the first days of the new term. Seeing his trashy looking hair as his figure developed Marilyn Monroe stature caused even more anguish. If he had to be a sissy at least they could make him look good.

The night of opening game of the football season Maggie decided it was the time to give Colt the womanly hairstyle his body deserved. At Aldridge's he received the longest hair extensions he had had to date. They were dyed an even more platinum blond and his roots were touched up. When he turned his head a certain way his new hair almost appeared to be white and reached well below the shoulders. The stylist at Aldridge's had a field day lacquering and spraying it into the giant stiff beehive Maggie had selected for the game. He was dressed in the silvery leggings, ugg boots and fur trimmed Gaultier coat at the salon. The cosmetologist slathered on so much makeup he looked like he was already embarking on his drag career.

Back in the stands of his home football opener, Colt hated the way Natalie was teasing him. He was in a particularly vulnerable state as Dr. Munn had given him a giant booster shot the day before. The only positive in his life was the regularity that Natalie was pounding his brains out. He believed that their unorthodox relationship was as strong a foundation as ever and he wouldn't have to date boys. They never had anything like as much sex when Colt was still a functional male, all that however was to change.

After the game, another resounding win for his former team mates Jake got down on one knee and said, "Natalie, the summer I spent with you has been the happiest time of my life. Will you make me the happiest man in the world and marry me?" Colt recognized the ring instantly that Jake offered Nat. It had been the priceless Tiffany's ring his father had given to Scarlet.

"Oh yes! Jake I'd love to!" Natalie screeched overcome with emotion.

"Of course you are going to have to dump that sissy bitch of yours. I want to do this right," Jake said forcefully.

Natalie's independence and new outlook seemed to Colt to be merely a façade. She was just as love struck and servile to Jake as she had ever been to Colt. He turned away from the happy couple tears trickling down his cheeks as he heard Natalie reply. "Yes, of course Jake, I wouldn't dream of anything else."

Jake fixed Colt with a giant grin as he placed the huge diamond ring on Natalie finger. Colt broke down into floods of tears as he thought of the implications of Natalie breaking up with him. Desperately he pleaded, stuttering and his words hard to decipher through the hysterical sobbing, "Natalie please.. please..no.."

"Please can you be my maid of honour? Is that what you are asking? Absolutely not! That will be Margaret but if you play your cards right, I might let you be head bridesmaid," Natalie answered mockingly.

"I'll get this nuisance causing sissy out of your way dear. You two have fun and congratulations," Elaine said stepping up and grabbing Colt by the arm.

"God It was so easy to get Scarlet to part with that stunning ring when I explained the priceless joy it would be to see you dating men. You will never sleep with another woman ever again. Tomorrow morning, you have an appointment with Dr. Munn to have your bust and butt enhanced. Once she clears you as well enough, I've lined you up a discreet date with a closeted NFL linebacker I represent." Elaine laughed.

The End