

# COMPETITION

*By Cheryl Lynn*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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**A NEW WOMANNOVEL**

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## COMPETITION

By CHERYL LYNN

### Chapter I — Remembrances

“Take your mark, set.....,” BANG! The starting pistol rang out.

He felt his toes dig into the matting of the starting platform. He threw out his arms, reaching out, stretching his lithe body ever outward in the air. Springing like an arrow into the water as he had been instructed, feeling the water engulf his body as he hit it chest first. His right arm reached out, the hand cupping and digging into the cool clear water. He brought his right hand back close to his body and then pushed it away. As his right hand reached his hip and began its upward movement, his left was beginning its pull. Turning his head quickly, he gasped his first breath and then back to the stroke. One, two, three, four strokes take a breath. One, two, three, four, breathe were his only thoughts as he kept reaching out in the Free Style stroke he had been taught.

The only break in his concentration came as he neared the wall of the Olympic sized pool. *“I’ve got to do this just right,”* he thought to himself as he made the mental preparations to begin his turn. He saw the wall and flipped over, drawing his legs up tightly against his ass, and then thrust out with all his force. He felt his legs reaching out and instead of contacting the wall as he had visualized, thrust past the point where he should have connected with the wall. Finally, he felt his feet touch solidly with the concrete and pushed off.

As he realized just how badly he had mis-timed his turn and push off, he panicked and began forcing his arms and legs to pump for all they were worth in an attempt to catch up. Instead of taking it easy and maintaining his smooth steady stroke, he was now beating the water and expending too much energy. His panic resulted in losing his coordination and proper breathing rhythm. Needless to say, the more he fought to regain the momentum that he had lost, the further behind he fell.

After an eternity, he touched the wall. It was over, he had lost. The water felt hot around his body. He was sputtering and half choking as he looked up to see that he had finished second—to the last.

“Well at least I’m not the *very* last. As if that made any difference,” he thought. Michael pulled himself out of the water and grabbing a towel walked off to the bench.

“Mike, you did good out there and you’ll do even better next time,” Coach Willard said.

“Yeah! Right!” Mike thought as he walked past the coach. Mike glanced up into the gallery and seeing Frau Hoffman looking back at him only added to his misery.

“Shit, and double Shit! Now I'm really going to catch it,” Mike mumbled silently to himself as he took his seat.

Frau Hoffman and his step—mother Marta had been really getting on his nerves since his father's disability and recent death. The trouble with it all was that he just did not have the slightest clue on how he was going to get out from under their control. His only hope of escape would have to be the meeting with his father's lawyers when they had the reading of the will.

As Mike settled in his seat on the bench and buried his face in the dampness of his towel, he let his thoughts wonder back to the arrival of his new mother. He was young when his mother disappeared from his life. It was just Michael and his dad. While everything was alright and he was basically a happy child, he did miss his mother. Everything was sailing along just fine as far as he was concerned even though he saw very little of his father. His dad was obviously very well off financially but his job required him to be gone most of the time. They lived in a large home with some acreage and had two house servants.

Cora did the general housekeeping and cooking and served as Mike's current governess. Cora was a good cook and cleaning lady, but while kind to the child, was not the best of governesses. She had her own room in the basement and stayed pretty much to herself. The other household employee, Jose did the yard work and general maintenance three days a week. Jose did not live on the grounds, but was friendly and often spent time with Mike. He would let Mike help him in the garden and around the house, but was no real substitute father for the lonesome youth.

Mike went to a private school nearby, but was not boarded like all the other children. His father wanted him home, but he himself just couldn't find enough time to spend with Mike. As a result Mike did not get to know his father all that well, but Mike considered them a team. They were pals and really didn't need anyone else to complicate their relationship. Besides Mike had gotten used to his personal freedom and independence.

True his lifestyle had prevented him from having a lot of friends. He was mostly alone or with Cora, but he had the woods behind the house to play in and his books to read. He really wasn't much different from the kids living at the school, except he was alone most of the time.

He went through a series of governesses and other housekeepers, but Cora had been with them for awhile. It seemed that Mike was just getting used to having Cora around as a mother figure when his father came up to his room one night and sat down beside him on the bed.

“Michael, I haven't been around as much as I wanted to be as you have been growing up. While, heaven knows, I wanted to be here for you, the office just doesn't seem to give me enough hours off. But anyway, uh, I think that I have a solution to your having to be alone so much of the time. I met this woman and well, uh.....son, she's going to be your new mother. Granted, this may seem to be a little rash and maybe unwanted by you, but I think you need better adult supervision. I couldn't think of a better way to provide you with the love and attention that you need.”

His father's words seemed to be coming at him out of nowhere, as if from a deep canyon. They rumbled into his ears and echoed off the walls. “No, no what you are saying just couldn't be true. Dad! I don't need a mother, I need just **you!**” Mike wanted to scream out to his father.

“Now Marta is a little bit reserved and old fashioned. Did I tell you that I met her in Germany? No, well you and I really haven't had much of a chance to talk. I really wanted to tell you all about Marta, but uh, I see it's getting late and I still have that brief to complete before my first morning meeting.”

“ Well anyway, Michael, er Mike, I love you and I hope that you understand. I'm doing what I think is for the best. You know, best for the two of us. I know it hasn't been easy for either of us, but you most of all. I'm really doing this for you son. You need the attention and guidance only a mother can provide. I think Marta will help fill that role for you. I trust that you will do as she says and will give her a chance.”

His father's words just drifted off into his memory. They made his mind ache like when you bite into ice cream with a sensitive tooth. Mike was stunned to say the least. He just sat there beside his father listening but not really comprehending all that was being said.

He felt like crying, he felt like running, he felt like his world was coming to an end. He actually did none of the above, but his world really was changing. Perhaps if he had known just how much he would have fled into the night.

“Marta and I are going to be married in a quiet ceremony in Germany next week,” his father's words came back into focus. “I'll have her here for you to meet week after next. Michael, you know I would love to have you there at the wedding, but Marta wanted just a quick civil ceremony and well, I'll have to be in Stockholm the next day anyway. I hope you understand. You'll have plenty of time to get to know her soon enough. Ok? Any questions?”

“Ok, son I love you. Now try to get some sleep and I'll talk to you later. Goodnight Mike,” his father finished. He stood, brushed at his pants, and with a crooked smile patted his son on the head and left.

“Yeah! Sure Dad you'll talk to me alright. Not any more anyway. You're dead and I'm stuck with the wicked step—mother and her evil witch friend Broom Hilda,” Mike pulled the towel down from his face and looked up as the starting gun sounded, the noise momentarily breaking his train of thought. “Yeah, Dad, you really weren't around that much so it really didn't bother me too much when you had that stroke and my world went all to hell in a hand basket.”

Marta was a tall Nordic beauty. Blonde and green eyed, slim yet rounded in all the right places. High cheek bones and straight nose, carried on a proud neck. Flawless of complexion, very beautiful and graceful, but she was not a beautiful person. Her demeanor was haughty and distant, proud and demanding. Marta or as Mike was told to call her “Ma'am” or “Madam”, demanded obedience from those she considered her inferiors. At first Mike was taken in by her great beauty and the fact that she was his father's new wife and a foreigner at that. So he thought to give her a little leeway and perhaps as she adjusted to the United States she would loosen up in time.

When he first met Marta she had been aloof and distant, but not unkind while his father was around. Mike had even tried to get on her good side. He realized that while he had had no choice in the matter, she was still his father's wife. He didn't even raise too much of a ruckus when she had him take his meals in the kitchen rather than at the table as was his custom.

The distaste Mike felt about his new mother's attitude towards him probably was mutual, but they managed to avoid open hostilities while his father was home. However, as soon as his father had left on another business trip, she called Michael into her room. It did not help matters in their relationship when she kept pronouncing his name as ME—SHELL.

“Michelle, we haven't had a lot of time to talk and get things settled, but I am going to start today. First, as I have told you when we first met, you will refer to me as “Ma'am" or “Madam”. I have allowed you some lapses in that regard but no more. You will **never** refer to me as mother or Marta. I am neither your mother nor your equal. You will be neat, clean, and most importantly strictly obedient. Is that clear? If I find that you are disobedient, you will be severely punished. Now do you have any questions? Fine! You may go and remember be quiet, be good, and be neat. Oh! One more thing, When I call you into my presence, you will stand upright, straight with your arms at your side, thumb pointed along your seam, chin up, and a smile on your face. Now shoo.”

Mike was stunned at her abrupt manner and her childish treatment of him. He was especially upset with her pronunciation of his name. Michelle indeed! When he mentioned how it was pronounced in America, she told him in no uncertain terms not to correct his elders.

For some time things just went on as they had for Mike. He was left pretty much to himself and when he did see his step—mother he avoided getting on her bad side. He was polite and didn't hang around any longer than was necessary.

It was on one of those rare and infrequent meetings that he found out that she had been an Olympic swimming hopeful. Good enough in her youth to have qualified for the Olympic trials in her own country. As a matter of fact, she had even won a silver medal in the trials, but an injury kept her from the actual competition. She even showed him the medals that she had won during her brief career.

Mike was impressed with the change that came over his step—mother when she showed him her medals and talked about her swimming career. She actually seemed nice! In a moment of longing to be accepted and on her good side, he even asked if he could join a swim team.

“Maybe, if we can do something together, we can get along,” he thought. “I'm not so sure that I'll enjoy swimming but if it helps our relationship, why not.”

She looked at him. Actually she seemed to examine him. Michael was small for his age, only four foot ten inches tall and soaking wet didn't weigh more than eighty nine pounds. He had light brown, mousey hair, a thin frame but not bony, and somewhat delicate features. His nose was straight with a tendency to bob at the end, the eyes wide and expressive, and his chin was not too prominent. “Well, Maybe,” she said. “It

would be good for you and keep you from getting under foot. Ya! We'll see what we can do.”

That was two years ago, now he was sitting on the bench almost in tears at losing yet another meet. Just last week Frau Hoffman teased him that even the girls could easily beat him. She even threatened to remove him from the team and teach him herself if he did not put on a good race by summer's end. He was just too embarrassing to the family.

Frau Hoffman! Now that was another bitter pill to swallow. She came into his life just a year ago, God! If it didn't seem like fifty. His father had come home from what he described as an intense business meeting in Holland. Marta seemed very sympathetic and even offered to create a special meal just for the two of them.

Needless to say, Mike was relegated back into the kitchen to eat as he had been since her arrival. He was not to dine with the adults according to Marta. So he would sit alone in the kitchen eating by himself with only the cook to talk to. He didn't even get a chance to say much more than hello to his father and even the cook had been dismissed early.

Then in the middle of the night, the ambulance came. The next thing Mike knew was that his father was in the intensive care unit with a major coronary infarction. They all thought he would not last into the next night, but to everyone's amazement, he did survive. While an invalid and extremely weak, he was awake and aware of his surroundings.

After spending a month in the hospital, Marta had him brought home. One of the upstairs bedrooms had been converted into a hospital/invalid's room. She also had Frau Hildregard Von Hoffman fly in from Frankfurt to help her care for Mike's father. Since his father would be moved into the refurbished bedroom, Marta would need some extra help.

Mike didn't think his father would do all that much better when he got a quick glimpse of him. He was in a hospital bed with a clear plastic covering over his upper body. An oxygen tent someone had called it. All kinds of beeping and clicking machinery were attached to him and he looked pale and real weak.

Frau Hoffman was a large, big boned, strong jawed woman about fifteen years older than Marta. She had dark brown hair cut short, like a pixie but more severe. Her most prominent feature were her eyes—icy cold slate gray. It was both the first and last thing you noticed about her. She had been Marta's swimming assistant and oldest friend. She was also a nurse or at least claimed to be one. She was perhaps five foot seven, but her body was rounded such that her ample bosom and full hips made her look much shorter. Her body shape could best be described as a condensed “S” or maybe a solid block of granite. There was one thing very apparent about her, she was strong and very used to getting her way. Her deep commanding voice demanded attention and obedience. Immediate obedience, nothing else would do. There was a way about her that one did not ignore.

She appeared on the doorstep carrying two very large suitcases and had one smaller one sitting on the ground by her foot. Mike had answered the door and was

totally stunned by her. He tried to pick up the smaller case, but it required him to use both hands and to strain every muscle to just get it inside the doorway.

Marta rushed into her friend's arms and they kissed in a manner Mike thought more than appropriate. But who could tell—foreigners! He did not see the two women again until late the next evening. They were properly introduced, in that he was directed to keep his mouth shut unless asked a direct question and that he was to always address her as Frau Hoffman. It did not need be said that he would do whatever she told him to do. For now though they pretty much left him alone.

Everything went along just fine, at least for the most part. He avoided them and they avoided him. He went to swim practice and meets during the summer, but stayed mostly to himself. The only reason he kept up with the swim club was for the little companionship he found there. It wasn't much, but at least he did have a few guys to talk to. During school he did his work in a manner just good enough to get by, but nothing more.

His father didn't seem to be getting any better and Marta kept Mike's visits to a bare minimum. The times that he did get to visit with his father didn't provide him with much encouragement. His dad did not look like he was going to get better. He left his father's side feeling lost and helpless.

The night was filled with summer lightning and rolling thunder but no real rain. He had just finished his meal in the kitchen when he overheard Frau Hoffman calling 911. Shortly an ambulance pulled up and what had been his father was carried away. He cried that night, but it was more a crying of loss than anguish.

The night was filled with summer lightning and rolling thunder but no real rain. He had just finished his meal in the kitchen when he overheard Frau Hoffman calling 911. Shortly an ambulance pulled up and what had been his father was carried away. He cried that night, but it was more a crying of loss than anguish.

Now his second season on the swim team was almost over. There was still plenty of time before school started again, and it was the worst time for Mike. Without the excuse of getting out of the house that the swim club gave him, he would be stuck in the house. The house! That was positively the worst possible situation he could be in or so he thought at the time.

Mike paused in his reflections, and watched the last heat of the day hit the water, "Yes, it won't be much longer and I'll turn into a housekeeper," he thought to himself. With his father now dead he was alone.

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Several months before his father passed away, Marta fired Cora and Jose. According to Marta they had to cut back now that his father was bedridden. It was about that same time that Marta and Mike had their second little talk.

"Michelle, with Cora and Jose gone you are going to have to help out. From now on you will assist Frau Hoffman in the kitchen and you will be responsible for keeping this house clean. Frau Hoffman will help you at first, but I expect you to take over that responsibility as soon as possible. Somehow we'll find a way to get the yard work done."

“Oh! Frau Hoffman needs more space and the guest room is entirely too small for her needs. I have decided, now that Cora is gone, that you can have her room. Frau Hoffman will move into your old room first thing tomorrow. Now go move your things out and straighten it up for her.”

Mike was dumbstruck. At first his mind was numb, but as comprehension dawned on him he began sputtering, “Move out of my room! My room! Clean the house! You must be crazy if you think that I'm going to do that stuff! Damn! Where do you get off telling me that I have to be a ...a..a house servant! Move into Cora's room! No way, man, just no damn way!” he yelled. “If you thi...”

He didn't get to finish as Frau Hoffman entering the room quickly reached out with one beefy hand and tightly grabbed his forearm, pulled him to her, bent him over her thigh and immediately began spanking his behind. While he squirmed and wiggled and tried to get away, Mike was soon brought to tears and finally to loud bawling. He was hurting and Frau Hoffman didn't seem to want to stop spanking him. At last he completely gave in, he was hanging limply, being held up by Frau Hoffman's hand, crying for all he was worth and begging for her to stop. She let him go and he sagged to the floor. She didn't say a word during the entire time Mike had been in the room, she didn't have to.

He had quickly removed what little he possessed down to the basement room. He hated leaving the weight machine his father had given him, but he couldn't break it down and move the heavy base to the basement. It did not take long to straighten out his old room and move into the new. His butt hurt like all get out.

Cora had moved out rather hastily and the room did need some straightening, but in a matter of minutes, Mike was settled into his new quarters. It had a single bed, with a bright yellow satin comforter, side table with a white ceramic, yellow shaded, lamp and alarm clock on top, a dresser, and a vanity table with lighted mirror. The vanity was skirted in a yellow and white lace material and had a matching seat. One large walk—in closet and an adjoining bath.

The white tiled bathroom had an old fashioned, footed tub in one corner with a yellow throw rug beside it and a commode on the other side of the room with matching yellow tank, seat, and floor covering. The kind of covering that wouldn't let the toilet seat stay up by itself. A sink and medicine cabinet were against one wall, and a small closet against the other. The storage closet held four shelves that contained towels, linens, and other miscellaneous junk that Cora had apparently left behind. On the floor of the closet was the clothes hamper.

That next day, still chastised from his spanking, Mike followed behind Frau Hoffman as she instructed him in the daily cleaning routine. He made the beds in both of the ladies rooms, picked up their clothing and placed it into the laundry hamper, vacuumed and dusted each of their bedrooms before doing the rest of the living areas. It wasn't fun and wearing the bright yellow and white ruffled full skirted apron didn't improve his spirits. The best part of the day was getting dressed to go to swim practice in the afternoon.

Each succeeding day Mike was taught a different routine. After general cleaning and dusting, he was instructed in the fine art of laundry. Frau Hoffman was espe-

cially intent on his learning the proper way to wash their delicates. Hand wash, rinse fully and pat dry between two towels, then hang over a clothes line.

For his part Mike was embarrassed with such close proximity to a woman's unmentionables. His lack of a mother figure only heightened his awareness of the women's apparel. Doing the whites and colors was not nearly as painstaking but overall still more trouble than he wanted though not as unnerving to his sensibilities.

After learning how to do the laundry, he was instructed in ironing. It was hot, boring, difficult drudgery. Scrubbing the bathrooms was much more pleasant than doing the ironing as far as Mike was concerned. Between the pleats and sheets, Mike thought he was going to go nuts. Ironing them was by far the most arduous task he had to do. Wearing the yellow apron did not improve his demeanor one bit. Each time he was tempted to rebel, Frau Hoffman was right there to glare down at him.

His only relief came when it was time to go to swim practice. Frau Hoffman accompanied him every time and insisted that he come home immediately after practice. Mike wasn't given what little time he used to have visiting with the guys after practice. Her threatening presence also kept the other kids from getting too close. His life was quickly becoming unbearable.

Then last week, his father died leaving him totally alone with those two she—devils.

The next morning after the ambulance took his dad's body away, Frau Hoffman came into his room without so much as a knock on his door and pulled him from his warm bed.

“Come on lazy bones. You must get ready for da funeral,” she said as she dragged him from under the covers. “I must make sure that you are properly cleaned and dressed, Ya!” Mike couldn't help but follow as she literally dragged him into the bathroom.

This was embarrassing! She was bent over filling the tub while he was still there in the bathroom with her. Standing up she turned back around to face him.

“What are you waiting for? Get undressed and do what you have to do before the tub gets filled. I want you clean and nice for the funeral. Now get undressed or do I have to do it for you?” she said as she stood facing him with her hands on her hips.

“Uh, Please Frau Hoffman, I can do this myself, but not with you standing there. I really do not need your help. Please leave. I don't want to take my clothes off while you are in here,” Mike was almost begging and near tears. “How could she!” he thought.

“Agggh, What do you think that you have that I haven't seen before now, huh? Ok, you best hurry up or I'll be back and scrub you myself!” she said as she gave him a smirking smile and left the room.

That was a bad moment, but he quickly did as he had been told. His morning routine over, he stepped into his bedroom wearing his cotton robe to see Frau Hoffman standing there. A pile of clothing lay on his bed and she was holding a pair of white nylon socks in her hand.

“Come, come. It's time to dress. You hurry or I'll do your dressing myself. These clothes Frau Marta wants you to wear today. You will wear them without complaint or you'll get another spanking. Now get dressed or you'll be sorry. You do not want me to dress you do you?” With that final statement she left his room and went back up the stairs.

Mike walked over to the bed and examined the outfit his step—mother wanted him to wear. “OH NO!” he whispered as he could barely get the words out of his suddenly dry mouth. Reaching down he picked up a pair of black velvet shorts. “She cannot be serious. Where in the world did she come up with this outfit anyway? It is positively uck! No way, man!”

Slowly as if the mere touch of the clothing would somehow attach itself to his body, Mike picked up and looked at each garment. The black shorts, a white polyester semi-transparent shirt with a large rounded collar and small white buttons, a white undervest with thin shoulder straps and made of a soft fabric, white briefs that did not have a fly and made of brushed nylon, the thin white nylon socks he had seen Frau Hoffman holding, a thin black velvet tie which was more like a ribbon than a tie, and a black velvet Eton jacket.

On the floor by his bed were a pair of black patent leather shoes with a blocked toe, a one and one half inch heel, but at least it laced up. Mike was about ready to throw the clothing to the floor when he heard Frau Hoffman yelling for him to hurry up or she would be coming down to dress him herself. He still remembered the spanking and wasn't quite ready yet to rebel.

No he had decided to wait for the meeting with the family lawyers that surely was coming. By the time he was finished telling those lawyers how he was being treated by those two dominating bitches they would be out of his life forever. He would be a free man and live the life that he wanted.

He removed his robe and began dressing. He was struggling with the tie when Frau Hoffman entered his room, once again not bothering to knock.

“Good, you are just about finished. Here let me help you do that,” she said. She took the ends of the tie and quickly looped them into a feminine looking bow. Next she helped him over to the vanity table where she began to brush out his rather longish hair.

“Your hair is long for a boy, Ya! Later I will fix it for you. Those split ends need trimming and a good shampoo and rinse wouldn't hurt either. It is very dry and damaged from all that swimming. If you keep your hair long, you must condition it, especially if you swim, ya!”

Finished with his hair, Frau Hoffman helped him into his jacket, pulled the shirt collar out and let it flow over the jacket's collar. Taking his hand she led him upstairs to where Marta was waiting.

She looked positively ravishing even in black. Her blonde hair shown like spun gold through the black veil, and the close fitting dress did nothing to hide her feminine charms. Black calfskin gloves covered her slim hands to her wrists and the four inch spiked pumps made her legs in their black sheer stockings look fabulous.

Marta nodded her acknowledgment of him and reached out to straighten his collar. "Here put these on," she said handing him a pair of white cotton gloves. Then picking up her purse, walked out the door. Mike was followed out by Frau Hoffman. He was more than nervous at being seen in public wearing the ridiculous childish clothing. He thought that he looked like a complete idiot out of some history book. In truth he looked like a pretty though somewhat boyish young girl.

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The service was not at all what he expected. There was no one there that he knew. As a matter of fact, besides the two women, only the funeral director and a preacher were there. The service was short as there was no one to eulogize his father, and the grave site service even shorter. Mike threw the hand full of dirt and said his good-byes with tears in his eyes. He was alone now. There were no other relatives he could think of that he could go to for help. Only the thought of meeting with the lawyers kept his hopes alive.

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"Hey Mike, wake up, it's time to go," his friend David called to him.

Mike looked up and came out of his near trance. "Yeah! Thanks for reminding me David," he replied. Getting up, he reached over to get his duffel bag and tried to forget the swim meet. It was going to be a very long drive back to the house with Broom Hilda giving him holy crap for the way he swam all the way home. Maybe when they met with the lawyers next Monday he would get his chance.

## Chapter II—REAL TIME

“Well you certainly showed everyone what kind of swimmer you were today,” Frau Hoffman said as they got into the car. “I timed your two heats today and guess what? When I compared them to the other boys on your team you are no competition. You were even behind most of the girls. What's the matter with you. You are an embarrassment to your family. I will not stand idly by and let you continue in such a manner. Starting tomorrow I will begin teaching you how to be a competitive swimmer. Ya! There will be no excuses next year.”

Mike was not a happy person as they arrived at the house. “I'm going to make you a swimmer,” Frau Hoffman's words echoed in his mind. *“Hell!”* he thought, *“we don't even have a pool. How is she going to make me a swimmer? Oh well, you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink like they say. Doesn't matter anyway. Right now I'm just too tired to argue with her.”*

Mike went to his room to change and rest for a few minutes before he had to make his appearance for kitchen duty. At least Frau Hoffman was still doing most of the cooking. Strange food but he didn't have to cook it, just clean up all her mess and do the dishes afterwards. He was eating a lot of cabbage and sauerkraut with sausages, vinegary beets, wiener this and wiener that to the point he was beginning to get stomach cramps.

Nothing much at first, but lately they were getting worse. To add to his misery, he was beginning to feel bloated all the time. *“Probably was coming down with the flu bug and an ulcer all at the same time,”* he said to himself as he lay down on his bed. The satin comforter felt good against his skin, but his stomach was beginning to rumble and a mild spasm rippled through his belly.

That evening he had to mention his stomach problems to Frau Hoffman. Even the plain boiled potatoes and ham steak didn't sit well on his stomach.

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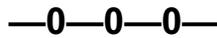
“Cramps! My food! You think that my food is giving you belly aches? Maybe you are just looking to do the cooking huh! Well that can be easily arranged. Imagine, you think that I am poisoning you? Ha! You eat what I give you or you can starve,” Frau Hoffman replied. While she chastised him she could tell from looking at his face that he was not feeling good.

Looking into his eyes while cupping his chin in her big hand, she said, “Ummm, you do look a little pale. I have some pills you can take to ease your belly aches. Ummm, no fever, your brow is not hot. Ya, here you take these little pills. They should fix you right up.” She placed two small pinkish pills into his hand and gave him a glass of water to swallow them down.

Mike took the two small pink pills. Seemed like he was taking a lot of pills in the past few months. Once Broom Hilda started cooking he was given a vitamin in the morning and a different maroon colored one at night. It was the first time that he ever saw bright yellow and maroon vitamin tablets. When he asked about them, he was

asked if he would rather have the children's variety. "Maybe he liked to play with his little cavemen before he ate them," he was teased. He didn't say anything else about them again.

He was sent straight to bed after taking the pills with the caution that she would see him first thing in the morning to begin his training. Mike did not say anything, but gladly went to bed. He was sick and tired. Tomorrow would bring its own worries, but tonight he just wanted to rest. In three days he would be meeting with the lawyers, then things would be better.



"Up, up it is time to start your training!" Frau Hoffman exclaimed as she once again entered his room unannounced. Mike rolled over in his bed and groaned.

"Good Grief! It's only five a.m.," he muttered as he saw the alarm clock.

"Ya, and you had better get use to it because it will become part of your daily routine from now on. Now get out of the bed, make it, then meet me in the bathroom," she ordered.

Mike got out of bed, quickly though sleepily pulled the comforter back into place and smoothed it over the bed.

"Come on Frau Hoffman," he said as he entered the bathroom, "isn't it a bit early for this and I can clean up by myself."

He saw her approaching like a freight train. She had a full head of steam as she plowed into him and grabbing his arm, pulled him over to the commode, pulled down his pajamas and undershorts, and began spanking him with a hair brush she picked up off the sink. It happened in a blur, was impossible to defend against and the impact of the brush on his bare behind left no doubt in his mind of who was in total charge.

It did not take very long for Mike to cry like a scalded baby. With tears streaming down his face he begged Frau Hoffman to stop. "Yes, he would do whatever she told him to do without further complaint. Yes, he would be obedient. Yes, he would take his training seriously, and yes, yes, yes to anything she said if only she would stop."

With him standing before her, tears still running down his face, Frau Hoffman pulled his pajama top off his body. Stood, moved past him and with a hand on each shoulder turned him and sat him on the commode seat after lifting the lid.

"Now, you do your morning necessities while I fill the tub. Hurry up now, we've already wasted a good part of the morning and you still have your chores to do." With that she moved over to the tub and began filling it. She got up once to take some bath beads from the closet and a bar of soap.

Mike just sat there. He was stunned and the pressure on his backside from the commode seat reminded him that this was real. "No," it said to him, "*this is real. It is not a bad nightmare.*"

He tried to do his necessities, as Frau Hoffman called it, but he was just too shaken.

Finally, Frau Hoffman got up after turning off the water and went to the closet. There she pulled out a pouch, a baby blue plastic with white flower designs, and went over to the sink.

Turning on the hot water tap, she opened the pouch and pulled out a bright pink rubber bag with a white hose attached. Holding the mouth of the bag under the water spout, she then grabbed the large white plastic nozzle attached to the end of the white tube. Placing the nozzle over the sink, she pressed on a metal clamp and Mike watched as water sprayed out of several small holes located between the plastic ridges on the nozzle.

The nozzle was about seven inches long, made of white plastic and had four rounded ridges tapering from a one inch wide bulbous end down to the quarter inch connection with the tube. Between the ridges were numerous small holes that let water spray out. He had no idea what—so—ever of the purpose of the apparatus, but he had a sinking feeling that he would soon find out. With the bag bulging with the warm water, Frau Hoffman walked over to where Mike was sitting. She held the bag with its connecting tube and nozzle in front of his face.

“Ya, now we do it my way,” she stated. “Lesson number one, before you begin a practice session or go to a meet, your body should be as clean and fit as possible. This will become very familiar to you in the years ahead. As a matter of fact, you will begin now by calling it 'Your Friend',” she commanded.

“It is commonly referred to as a douche bag should you need to order another one in future. Now raise up a little, here take the nozzle. Ya, do I have to get the brush? Nien, ok. You should know where to put the end, ya! That's it, now push it all the way in, slowly, slowly, you do not want to hurt yourself do you? Ya, now work it slowly in and out as you release the clamp. No don't pull it all the way out, just work it back and forth, ya, ya.”

Mike was so ashamed that he was brought back into tears by her cruel taunting and by what she forced him to do. He did as he was told because he did not have any recourse. Either he did as instructed or he would be spanked. Even as he cried she made him keep repeating over and over, “This is my Friend. I need my Friend. I love my Friend.”

As the bag emptied and his body absorbed the warm water, a strange thing happened. His penis became very hard and stood out like a telephone pole.

Frau Hoffman just grinned at his embarrassment. She did not have to say a single word. She turned away and went back over to the closet.

“*What other torture was she going to find in there*” Mike thought as he repeated 'My Friend'.

She walked back over to him carrying a small tube in her hand. She held it up so that he could see it; then, unwrapped it to expose a pink plastic double cylinder with a string hanging out of the bottom.

“Now since you proved difficult this morning I'm going to give you a special treat. This is a tampon, you will remove your friend now and insert this into your rectum. What? You have to do your necessity now? I'm so sorry but it is too late for that now.

It is time for your bath now. It is getting cold waiting for you. Now do as I say. Hurry up, Ya! Place the rounded end against your butt, shove the bottom tube up and when it is in, pull the plastic tube away. Ya, now wrap the tube in some tissue and dispose of it in the trash can. Pull the string down a bit to settle it against your butt.”

“Come! It is time for your bath, but it is cold now, so you can drain it and we'll start over. Remember, use these bath salts and your bath should be warm, not hot! Hot water is very bad for the skin, but you do not want it too cold either.”

She had him unplug the stopper and as the tub drained, he watched her go over to the closet once again.

*“Damn,”* he thought, *“no more please. I can't take any more of this. Where was all that stuff when I moved in here. I don't remember seeing any of it. Oh, please let this be the last of it.”*

This time she returned with several items.

Frau Hoffman had him sit on the closed commode lid, and placed a pale pink plastic shower cap over his hair. Next she pulled on a pair of rubber gloves and began spreading an icky paste all over the rest of his body. When he tried to keep his knees together to cover his privates to some degree, she roughly pushed them apart and told him to cooperate or else. The fact that his penis was stiff and erect did not phase her in the least, but at her touch brought a bright red flush to his cheeks.

Finally she had him covered in the foul smelling stinging paste from his cheeks to his toes. It was really beginning to burn in his more sensitive areas like his face and groin.

While he stood there by the commode in pain from the pent up water and irritation of the paste, Frau Hoffman began refilling the tub using plenty of the fragrant flowery bath beads. As the tub filled and the foamy suds reached the top, he was led over to it and told to get in. His body was sticky with the paste and it's smell was more overpowering in its sulfite stench than the sweet oily smell of roses coming from the bath.

As he sat in the tub being scrubbed with a harsh scouring— like pad by Broom Hilda, Mike's stomach was growling and churning. The cramps were lessening a little, but the pressure inside him did not abate. If any good could have been said about his condition, it's distraction kept him from reflecting on the very personal scrubbing he was getting at the hands of Broom Hilda.

After what seemed like hours, Broom Hilda reached down and pulled the plug. Helping him out of the tub, she quickly began patting him dry. As she dried him, she kept up her on going instructions.

“Every time you get in the tub, you will use the sponge to clean your skin. It will get off the deep dirt and remove the scaly skin from your elbows and heels. You make sure that you rub hard, Ya. When you get out, pat the towel to dry the skin do not rub it as it is not good, ya. Now you go finish up your necessities. Wait, wait, before you do that while you are sitting, remove the tampon and wrap it in tissue and place it in the trash. You finish quick so we can get your morning toilet finished.”

Mike didn't think that it was possible to get any more embarrassed than he was already, but he did. This was one very rude awaking and lousy morning. Broom Hilda did not let up on him one bit. After he finished 'his necessities' she had him back in the bath soaking in a tub full of foamy bubbles that reeked of roses. While he soaked, she left the room and gave him a moment of respite. He examined his arms and with growing realization his legs or at least what he could lift and expose in the tub.

“Damn! She's scalped me!” he said in disbelief. Quickly he reached down between his legs and felt no hair. “Oh no, she's stripped me of all my body hair. My manhood has been shaved clean by that stuff! Even the little bit that I had starting on my chest. Damn that bitch!”

He sagged back into the suds at his discovery. He was beaten. First the rude awakening, the humiliation at the commode, and now this. What was left. He was afraid to even try to guess at what she planned to do to him next. “I've just got to get away from these she—devils,” he thought as more tears of hopelessness began to fall down his cheeks.

Frau Hoffman returned to get him out of the bath and this time watched closely as he patted himself dry. Then acting on her instructions, Mike began massaging a body lotion into his skin. He paid particular attention to his elbows, knees, and heels. Next he patted on some fragrant rose scented talc with a large powder puff.

Still naked she inspected him.

“Ya, it is good. You will do this every day and night. What is the matter? You afraid of the water? Now go over to the sink and brush your teeth. When you finish that put on this deodorant. No do not remove you shower cap yet. Meet me in your bedroom when you have finished,” she said handing him a lady's roll on deodorant.

Frau Hoffman was waiting for him when he came out of the bathroom. She handed him a beige latex paneled brief which he complacently put on. Even though it looked way too small to ever fit around his waist, the panty girdle slid up his powdered



legs and settled tight around his body. He tucked his privates back up under his crotch as she recommended without saying a word to her.

A pair of bright blue tights came next followed by a bright green and blue almost luminescence striped leotard. It fitted him like a second skin and pulled tightly into his crotch. If he had not worn the latex brief his nuts would have been spread all over the place in a most uncomfortable manner. Finally, she handed him a bright pink pair of woolly cotton socks and a pair of white tennis shoes.

The clothing tightly clung to every part of his body. From the long sleeves reaching to his wrist to the crotch strap under his groin, it pulled at him and hugged his skin very close. The bulge at his pelvis didn't look all that masculine in this outfit, yet, it did bulge. He was very aware of the tug on his groin and while not yet painful could easily become so if he didn't watch out.

She marched him back into the bathroom where he saw his reflection briefly in the door mirror. If he did not know that the reflected image was himself he would have thought a young girl had just entered the room. Perhaps a little funny looking with the hair bonnet on her head and a bulge between her hips, but a girl nonetheless.

Frau Hoffman did not give him any time to gape at his image. She had him over by the sink sitting on a tall stool that she had brought in with her. "Sit," was all she said to him.

Leaving him to sit facing the sink, she went over to the closet and removed a large towel, a bottle of shampoo and one of conditioner, cream rinse that would also lighten his hair came next. She saw a box containing a hot oil treatment and started to pick it up, but decided to wait until later. Instead, she picked up the scissors and gathering all the stuff together went back to the waiting boy.

Broom Hilda placed the towel around his shoulders and trimmed his hair and shaved the nape of his neck. She had him bend over the sink and proceeded to wash it. First the shampoo, then the rinse which she let set for awhile, and finally the conditioner. With the towel wrapped around his still damp hair, Mike was led back into the bedroom.

She sat him on the vanity bench and began pulling out various sized rollers. Using a comb to separate his hair, she began tightly rolling up segments of his hair in the various rollers. They pinched and stuck into his tender scalp, but he dared not raise any fuss. "No not yet, wait until you can talk to the lawyers," he thought.

With his hair tightly pinned up in rollers and a hair net securely holding everything in place, Frau Hoffman took him up to what use to be his father's hospital room. It had changed. Now half of the flooring was covered in mats. One wall had a bar across its entire length and was also mirrored. Off to one side was his weight machine and what appeared to be a balance beam. On another wall were attached what looked like weighted ropes on pulleys. The only other equipment in the room was a small table holding a tape recorder and a chart and chart stand.

"We have taken entirely too long with your morning toilet. From now on you will be here ready to begin your exercises by six a.m. You will do your stretching exercises and limbering movements before you are to eat your breakfast at seven thirty. From

then on you will do all your household chores. At three o'clock you will return to this room for further training. Is that understood?"

"Ya, now we begin with stretching. For now use this chart and beginning with the exercises at the top left work your way around to the bottom right corner. You will take no less than five minutes to do each exercise. I will be back in one hour to check your progress and to see if you have done as I have instructed," Frau Hoffman stated. With a final warning glance, she left the room.

"Oh, my aching body," Mike moaned as he shifted into another stretching position. The first few had not been very difficult in that he just stretched his leg muscles. In the first, he stretched out his right leg bending the knee at a right angle and planting his foot down; then, placed his left foot straight back and did a slow dip to stretch his left leg muscles. However, these new exercises were something else. They required him to do a split with his legs and slowly lower himself to the floor.

The deep knee bends were bad enough but these were impossible for a man. The leotard had felt like it was going to cut him in two during the knee bends. The last two exercises on the chart looked even more impossible. He was afraid to even imagine what the final exercises would do to his groin as they were full body splits.

The chart called for him to slowly spread his legs out, one to the front and the other directly opposite towards his rear. A full body split. He could not even begin to perform the required movements. His leotard pulled tightly into his crotch as he started the split. The deeper he went into the split the more painfully it dug into his body. It felt like a dull knife was pressing up between his legs.

He really tried to do the split, but just could not bring himself to just let go and do it. The fear of actually doing harm to his body was real. The final exercise required him to be in a complete leg split and while sitting in that awful position to twist his body at least ninety degrees first to the right and then to the left.

There was something about dropping to the floor in a leg split that he just could not do. The very thought of him doing something that crazy while wearing the tight leotard sent shivers up his spine. It was while he was trying to get into the leg split that Frau Hoffman returned.

"What, you are not ready yet. You should have finished those exercises ten minutes ago," she yelled at him.

"I'm sorry Frau Hoffman, but I...I just can't seem to get these last two stretching exercises. My body isn't made for this kind of thing. Really I've tried, but I just cannot do them," Mike pleaded.

"Well, we'll just see about that. I'm tired of having to keep telling you what to do. I should not have to say anything to you more than once. You just do as you are told, Ya!" she said as she walked over to him and placed her hands on his shoulders.

Mike tensed up as she placed her hands on him, but relaxed as she began to gently massage his neck "Well, let me see what you can do. Go as far as you can with your split. Don't worry, I'll support your weight. You did all the other exercises like I said, Ya? Well, let me see what you can do."

On hearing his affirmative reply, she suddenly pushed down on his shoulders. Her hands sent his body to the floor in a full leg split. Mike felt something pull inside his body and as his crotch made solid contact with the floor, came very close to passing out. Bile filled his throat and his stomach's flip flops brought Mike to the very brink of heaving his guts out all over the floor. Instead, with great effort, he swallowed the lump in his throat and screamed out in pain.

After allowing him a few moments to recover, she made Mike raise up about twelve inches from the floor. She had to hold him under his arms to do it, but soon he was lowering himself back down to the floor. As he came to rest on the floor, both his legs were stretched out perpendicular to the rest of his body.

The pain was excruciating but Broom Hilda did not let up. Soon he was doing his final stretching exercise, doing 90 degree twists while fully split. His body really did feel like it was split up the middle. Split all the way to his head before Frau Hoffman let him up. The pain that stabbed through him as she helped him rise was almost as bad as when she pushed him to the floor.

“Now you go back to your room and get changed, you have breakfast and chores to do,” she said as she pushed him out the door, “and be quick about it! Oh! You best leave the elastic brief on, you will need its support now!”

He was afraid to remove the brief anyway and he did not really want to look between his legs just now. For once he did not mind taking Frau Hoffman's advice. Taking off that horrible leotard; however, was a welcome relief. The aches and pains in his lower body did not ease up that much.

Sitting down was a relief; yet the very thought of having to get up after removing the curlers from his hair filled him with dread. Once he had the curlers out and brushed his hair, he got dressed once again in his jeans and pull over shirt. Mike on very rubbery legs got up and slowly made his way back up the stairs into the kitchen.

By the time Mike started back, he was stiffening up and could hardly walk up the stairs. It was such a tremendous effort just to raise each foot to the next stair, that he had to pause briefly between each step. Frau Hoffman gave him a bowl of oatmeal and a large glass of orange juice to swallow down his yellow vitamin and the pain pills. He was not sure that he could hold any of it down.

“You are a little stiff now, but once you get busy with vacuuming and dusting you will begin to feel much better. Now go put on your apron and make the beds,” she ordered.

By lunch time he was still hurting, but the pains seemed to lessen. He was almost moving without moaning when in the late afternoon Broom Hilda called him back into the exercise room.

“Ah, there you are. Didn't I tell you to be back here by three? Where is your exercise outfit. Tsk, tsk, are you so stupid that you cannot even remember a simple instruction. Now get to your room and change. If you are not back here in fifteen minutes, I'll blister your backside again.”

“God! This is painful,” Mike moaned as he pulled the leotard straps over his shoulders. “This was worse than putting a wet bathing suit back on at the beach.”

He felt the crotch strap dig deeply into his tortured groin. The shoulder straps bit into his sore shoulders pulling them down. There didn't appear to be a single part of his outfit that he did not feel pressing on his body, even the socks hurt. For a moment he thought that he would pass out when he bent over to tie the tennis shoe laces.

“Oh man! I'll never live to see the lawyers,” he mumbled as he forced himself up and began the trip back to the exercise room.

“Ok, now we can get busy. There is a lot we must do to get you in shape to be a champion,” Frau Hoffman said as he entered the room. “Quickly now do your stretching exercises, just a few of each. Here let me help you.”

Mike could have sworn that he saw a smile of pure sadistic pleasure on Broom Hilda's face as she bent over him. “Aaahhh, that hurts,” he gasped as she helped him into his leg split.

“Now, now, you cry like a little baby,” she teased him. “Come over here now. Ya, get on the weight machine. Here begin with these weights and work these muscles,” she directed.

The weights were light but the exercise was designed to strengthen his pectoral muscles. The next set of repetitions was designed to flatten his stomach, and each succeeding exercise worked on parts of his body that he never considered before. His buttocks, inner and outer thighs, and hip muscles were subject to fifteen minutes of weights.

After the weights, he was allowed to rest for fifteen minutes. He didn't dare sit or lie down like he so desperately desired. If he did either, he would in all likelihood never get up again. He had never been in so much overall pain. Even his hair hurt. At least he had those curlers out of his hair.

As he stood half leaning half sagging against the wall, Frau Hoffman began lecturing him, “You will work out with the weights once a week. To be a top performer, you must develop long smooth endurance muscles. Not the short strength muscles, ya. Strength muscles will only slow you down and increase you body weight. So you will not do any heavy lifting or other strengthening exercise without my specific instructions. When you are not doing the weights we will concentrate on developing the endurance muscles with stretching exercises and aerobics. Ya, lots of stretching and aerobics.”

The rest of the session was devoted to dance steps. No, not ordinary dance steps. No, these had to be dance steps that further aggravated his pain racked body. This was ballet and aerobics.

He thought that he was going to die when she made him place his tortured leg up on the ballet barre using his heel to hold the leg in place. His moans of pain were becoming audible and loud by the time Frau Hoffman released him to his evening bath.

After he finished his bath, Broom Hilda checked to make sure his body was properly dusted. She had him sit on the commode seat and place his 'Friend' now filled with ice up against his scrotum.

“This will ease the pain,” she said. “You see I told you that it was going to be a very good friend for you, ya?”

After several minutes, she had him remove his 'Friend' and handed him a fresh, pale yellow brief and watched to see that he put it on properly.

Mike was too distracted to even argue about putting the panty—like, satin paneled, elastic brief on. Besides he did need something down there for support. When he briefly examined himself before getting into the tub, his scrotal sack was shriveled and tight against his groin. His balls apparently had slid back up inside his body. At least that is what he hoped.

Returning to the bedroom, she had him lie face down on the bed. Taking a palm full of oil she began giving him the most luxurious rub down and full body massage that he ever had. He did not even mind it when she parted his legs and rubbed his inner thighs in the sweet smelling oil. By the time she was finished, Mike was fast asleep.

Mike barely had his eyes closed when he was called to supper.

“*Seven—thirty,*” he said to himself, “*is that a.m. or p.m. I wonder,*” as he looked at the alarm. “*No it must still be Saturday, or Broom Hilda would have had my ass by now.*”

He pulled the covers off his body and tried to get up, but his legs simply refused to move.

“*Oh my God,*” he thought, “*she's paralyzed me!*”

In a growing panic he reached down after painfully sitting up, and massaged his legs. All he felt was a numbness where he pressed. His legs still did not respond.

“No, no, Help! Help me somebody!” he yelled as panic took over.

Frau Hoffman entered his room and went over to his bed. “Settle down, Michelle! Now hush up and listen to me. You are not paralyzed. You've just over worked muscles that you normally never use. Here let me see what I can do.”

Reaching down she first took his right leg and slowly worked it back into his torso. Bending the knee as she moved it closer to his body. Once the leg was pressed to his body, she slowly pulled it straight and laid it on the bed. Taking his other leg, she repeated the process. She did this until Mike could move his legs himself. When she had finished and Mike could move his legs on his own, she instructed him to dress and come to dinner.

Before she left the room she placed a pile of fresh clothing on his bed. “Put this on and hurry up. Dinner is almost ready.”

“*Geeze! Where did she get these darned things? They don't look like anything I have,*” Mike said to himself as he examined the clothing. Realizing he couldn't get anywhere arguing over them now, he went ahead and put on the baggy green and white striped shorts over his yellow brief. This was followed by an extra— extra large tee shirt with a modern impressionists female face, in green and pink no less, splashed across the front. The tee shirt, much too large for his narrow frame, exposed most of his shoulders at the large collar, while the hem bellowed widely around

his knees. The tee shirt in combination with the baggy shorts gave the impression that he was wearing a skirt.

He dressed as quickly as his body would let him and in some distress made it up the stairs. His feet felt like they weighed ten tons and every step brought out a new ache in his groin.

*"I really am not that hungry,"* he thought as he made it into the kitchen. He felt feverish, dizzy and nauseous by the time he was able to sit down.

Once again Frau Hoffman fed him a light meal consisting of salad, toast, baked potato, and one small skinless, boneless chicken breast.

He ate slowly as every chew caused his head to hurt. Finished, he helped Broom Hilda clean up the kitchen. Then after making sure that everything in the kitchen was clean went back to his room and bed. Tomorrow would come all too soon.

**0—0—0**

Tomorrow did come all too soon as far as Mike was concerned. When the alarm went off at five a.m. he just as soon have died rather than gotten up, but get up he did. He went stiffly into the bathroom with his head throbbing. Every step echoed pain and agony. As he did his necessities, he thought it strange that everything came out so quickly. Usually, it took him awhile to finish his business. Maybe it was a hold over from all that water he took in yesterday.

At six he presented himself to Frau Hoffman in the exercise room.

"Come here and let me take a look at you. Good you remembered to powder yourself, ya. Did you remember 'Your Friend?'" What's that, you did not find 'Your Friend' necessary! Acht! No more, I get the brush. Didn't I tell you that you and 'Your Friend' were going to become very close. Now get your butt back down there and clean yourself out real good or I'll do it for you."

He couldn't believe what he heard her saying, but he limped back downstairs. Going to the closet, he found the blue plastic pouch and pulled the pink bag from it. He quickly filled it with warm water. He did as he had been ordered.

Frau Hoffman stood in the doorway and watched every single humiliating move. When he had finished, she made him carefully clean and replace it in the closet. She also made him talk to it as he held and cleaned it.

"Yes my precious, I love you, you're my bestest friend." He thought he was going to puke, but he said the words out loud where she could plainly hear him. He did not notice the tape recorder hanging from her hand. As he continued talking about how much he really enjoyed his 'Friend' and how nice and clean it made him feel.

The rest of the morning was a repeat of yesterday. While he became very dizzy and at times the nausea was almost overpowering he did as he was instructed. Broom Hilda could see that he was hurting and gave him some pills to ease his pain. Once again that night Frau Hoffman massaged away a large portion of his aches and pains. His legs still felt very rubbery, but at least he could move them on his own. Still even his nipples hurt and he had a migraine.

He was in such misery that he did not even protest when Frau Hoffman helped him put on what she called a night shirt. To Mike it looked more like a woman's nightie. It was pale blue, had a rounded collar and baggy quarter sleeves. It reached down to his ankles and was made of brushed cotton. He was entirely too sleepy and exhausted to even think of complaining.

0—0—0

Morning came with the sounding of his alarm, but he simply could not get up. He was running a fever, his stomach was threatening to jump out of his mouth, and once again his legs didn't want to move of their own accord.

Frau Hoffman when she finally showed up did not seem surprised at his condition. She actually looked somewhat concerned. After checking his temperature, rectally of course, and asking him some questions about how he felt, she left.

“This morning you should rest. Here I've brought you some medicine that should help you. You stay in bed today. Get plenty of rest and tomorrow we'll start again with your training,” she said when she returned. Watching him take his medicine and then making sure he was comfortable, Frau Hoffman retreated back up the stairs.

Mike slept fitfully, only awaking fully to eat some soup and crackers and to painfully do his necessities. His 'Friend' now filled with ice stayed pressed between his legs. In the evening he felt somewhat better, but his voice was getting hoarse. Frau Hoffman came down and gave him some more pills to help him sleep after dinner.

0—0—0

Mike was awakened by Frau Hoffman on Monday morning. “Ok! So how do you feel this morning? You know that you and Frau Marta are due at the lawyers later this morning. Do you feel well enough to go? Hearing that, he just had to be there. She nodded agreement and told him to go get his necessities done. To his great relief, she told him that he did not have to use his 'Friend' unless he wanted to, but to make sure that he took a good bath.

Mike painfully did as he was told. His groin area was somewhat bruised looking and his balls were still lodged up inside of him. That did not keep them from hurting though. He carefully patted himself dry and just to be safe applied the rose scented powder to his skin.

When he returned to his room, Frau Hoffman was waiting for him. On the bed was the black velvet outfit he had been forced to wear to the funeral. Only this time the undergarments and flimsy, almost transparent shirt were in a pale burgundy color.

“What's the meaning of this?” he asked her. “I can't wear this outfit to the lawyers office. They will think that I'm crazy or something. No! I'm not going to wear this sissy outfit.” J

Just raising his voice a little caused his head to pound and spin as he complained to Broom Hilda. He had to reach out and grab the doorsill to keep from falling down.

“Maybe, you should just stay home then. You are in no condition to go out today,” she replied. “What, well if you insist on going out today; then, you will wear what you have been provided with. Ya, or you will get back into that bed immediately.”

Once again Mike felt that he had no choice whatsoever in the events that were taking over his life. He did not have the power or inclination to fight Broom Hilda now. Heck, he couldn't even beat up on a fly just now. He had to see the lawyers though. That was what was important. Besides once they saw how his wicked step—mother made him dress; then, yes, then, they would see what he was talking about.

Mike let Broom Hilda help him get dressed. When she handed him a pair of pale burgundy nylon briefs, he complained that he needed his jockey shorts. “I need the support, yeah, I need something tight against my groin or I'm really going to hurt,” he stated.

“Ya!” she replied, but instead of getting him his jockey shorts left the room. When she returned she held a plain white elastic belt with two hook fasteners hanging from straps attached to the belt. She walked right past him into the bathroom and returned shortly carrying a thick white pad with floppy ends.

“Ya, you are right, but shorts not good enough. You will put this on. It will press tightly against your groin giving you the needed support,” she ordered as she hooked first one floppy end of the pad to one hook fastener then the other.

“What is that? I've never seen this kind of jockstrap before and that is what I need. Not this flimsy thing. Here let me look in my drawers, I've got one in there somewhere,” he told her.

“Nein! You will wear this. Here you pull it around your waist and tug in here to tighten it snugly around your groin. Pull this tab here to adjust it around you waist. Do I need to get the brush? Now put it on before it gets too late and you will have to stay home,” Frau Hoffman ordered.

Mike reluctantly did as he was ordered. The pad felt like he had a pillow stuck between his legs. He just knew that it was going to be uncomfortable. Once again he was handed the burgundy briefs and told in no uncertain terms that his objections were no long needed.

Mike felt like an idiot. Here he was dressed in black velvet shorts with large brass buttons on the sides, pale burgundy polyester shirt with a large floppy collar. You could even see every detail of the burgundy vest that she had him wear through the shirt. Eton jacket, burgundy socks, and patent leather shoes completed his outfit. Oh yes, don't forget the white cotton gloves.

“The only thing missing to make him look the complete buffoon was the white straw hat,” he thought as he got a look at himself in the mirror. He couldn't help but notice the rather prominent bulge in the crotch of his shorts. Unfortunately, the bulge did not look like a masculine one. It was much too wide and flat.

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The drive to the lawyer's office was uneventful, but the walk to their office was very humiliating. His legs were wobbly and felt like rubber giving him an even more ridiculous appearance. His nausea and headache were coming back in force as they entered the offices of Blat, Blat, and Zalenko.

Mike felt every eye in the reception area staring at him. He began to blush and was even more aware of just how bad he was feeling. There were two other people already sitting in the reception room and just in front of the hallway leading back into the offices was a desk and receptionist. Off to one side sat a big over stuffed sofa, several chairs, coffee table and magazine rack. Mike and his escort walked over to the sofa after Marta checked them in. He had to sit down a little quicker than he wanted, but it was better than fainting dead away. He felt the pad press firmly into his crotch as he settled into the sofa.

Frau Hoffman gave him another pill. He swallowed it down at the water fountain.

The pill did not make him feel that much better. On the contrary, the medicine taken on an empty stomach began making him feel nauseous. Moving around in his weakened condition did not make him feel any better.

The sooner this meeting was over the better he would like it. He just had to get away from these women. Fortunately they did not have long to wait before being ushered into Winston, somebody or the other, Mike didn't catch his name on the office door.

The lawyer was tall at least two, two and a half feet taller than Mike, not unhand-some, rugged was probably a better description. Here was a man that would get things under control for Mike in a hurry.

As he was being introduced, the room suddenly began to spin and Mike felt bile rushing up into his throat. He focused in on the trash can sitting beside the desk, but before he could reach it, heaved his guts out. Fortunately, most of it made the waste basket but some did hit the floor and his shorts.

He felt Frau Hoffman grabbing him and helping him to move over to a couch. His head was reeling and he could not bring his eyes into focus. He felt rather than saw Frau Hoffman removing his shorts. His hands tried to stop her, but all he felt was the thin nylon fabric and the padding underneath his underwear. His last thoughts before passing out momentarily was what must Winston what's his name be thinking about a boy wearing burgundy nylon underwear.

"Must get these cleaned before the stain becomes permanent," Frau Hoffman said to no one in particular. "Where is the restroom? The poor child is not feeling very good, ya!"

A very befuddled Winston replied, "It's down the hall to the left fir, er, second door on the right. Yes, yes, Mrs. Davis no, no you have nothing to apologize for. I understand perfectly. I have children of my own. Yes, yes please think nothing of it."

"Michelle, the poor child, has been through entirely too much in her short life. Now that her father is dead, his daughter has no one but Frau Hoffman and myself to tend to her needs."

"Michelle? A daughter? I was under the impression that Miles, I mean Mr. Davis had a son? He never said anything about a daughter. Let's see, yes, it's right here in the will. Yes, Michael, a son. What's this all about?"

“Oh, the poor dear. It is such a very sad tale. I only discovered the real truth recently myself. You see when Miles' first wife, well you do know that story? Yes, I can see by your expression that you do. Anyway, the child just could not accept what happened and in a state of psychopathic denial refused to admit that such a thing could happen. To make a long story short, Frau Hoffman's psychiatric evaluation indicates Michelle's mind snapped. As a result of her strong denial, in order to cope she became his son.”

“You mean to tell me that Michael, is really a girl and that Miles agreed to it. Allowed it even! Preposterous!”

“No, you do not have to believe me. Here, look at the birth certificate. If this is not enough proof of what I am saying then all you have to do is look between the child's legs. Yes, go ahead and look. See, the poor thing is just now having her first period. Why else the dizziness, nausea. Do you need any thing else to show you that I am telling you the truth. I can appreciate where you are coming from. I was there myself when the truth became known to me. Why I was truly shocked.”

The lawyer was very uncomfortable. He had known Miles for years but had not met Michael, er, Michelle until now. Obviously this woman was telling the truth. The birth certificate did show “Michelle Lynn Davis;” although, the first 'e' and 'l' looked smudged and the typed check mark at the 'sex' box fell between the 'm' and 'f' indicators. Besides seeing is believing and the very appearance of the child lying on the couch said a lung full. This child was very obviously female.

Winston may have had his suspicions with the birth certificate, but the very feminine bulge between the legs and recent physical distress, well that certainly proved her point. Besides the child's sex did not make any difference in the outcome of the estate, so the step—mother did not have anything to gain from changing the child's sex.

Mike heard only a small part of the conversation, but it was enough for him to try and get up. As he tried to pull himself off the couch, his head seemed to burst and the next thing he knew Frau Hoffman had put his shorts on him and was pressing a cold compress to his face.

“Lie still for a moment; then as soon as you are feeling a little better I'll help you get up. Some fresh air. Yes, fresh air will do you wonders,” She said while bending over him. With her back preventing the lawyer from seeing anything, Frau Hoffman held the compress such that it covered Mike's mouth.

While Winston and his step—mother continued to talk, Mike could not hear much because he was still very sick and Broom Hilda blocked out a lot of sound by talking to him. Once he started trying to move around and get up, she surprised him by helping. Instead of just letting him get up and face the lawyer, she held him under his arms and began walking him quickly out of the room.

“*What's this about daughter?*” Mike asked himself as Broom Hilda was half carrying half pulling him along. “*I've got to get back into that office and explain things.*”

Mike tried to get away from Broom Hilda, but she held him in a grip of steel. As he attempted to struggle, the bile rushed back up his throat and for a moment everything

stopped as he had the dry heaves. Ohhh, the pain, if it would just go away. In moments he was lying down on the back seat of the car.

Broom Hilda sitting with his head in her lap. She stroked one hand over his forehead, a very satisfied smile on her face.

### Chapter III — A NEW BEGINNING

That night Mike was still feeling sick. Not as bad as during the day with those horrible dry heaves. With his head pounding and waking to cramps, he cried himself back to sleep more than once during the night. His mind was being tortured almost as much as his body tortured him. He kept reliving those horrible moments in the lawyer's office. Kept seeing his step—mother refer to him as a girl and the lawyer agreeing with her. Even agreeing to see that all the paperwork reflected his true sex—FE-MALE!! The nightmare made sleep as punishing as the leg splits had been.

The alarm sounded at five a.m. ringing loud and persistently. Mike moaned and rolled over, reached out and slammed down the snooze alarm button. Mumbled a drawn out “noooooooooooooo,” as he tried to lose himself in dreamless slumber.

“Come! Get up you lazy child!” Frau Hoffman yelled at him. He opened his eyes and moaned anew.

He slowly managed to get out of bed with only minimal help from Broom Hilda. Slowly he made it to the bathroom, got out his 'Friend' and did his necessities.

Back in his bedroom Frau Hoffman checked his body. Satisfied, she handed him a bright pink, satin panty girdle. Mike did not have the strength to question her this morning. It was getting to the point now where he just did not have any hope of relief. Especially after he blew the meeting with the lawyer. Instead of presenting his case in an adult and intelligent manner, he threw up all over the lawyer's office. Worst of all, he let his step—mother convince the lawyer that he was a girl.

“*What else could happen?*” he questioned himself as he began putting on the clothing he was being handed. The pink girdle, bright, hot pink tights, brilliant, lime green and yellow flowered leotard with scoop neck and short sleeves, bright orange woolly socks, white satin ballet slippers, pink headband.

“*Wasn't there anything not in some damnable luminescent girlish color,*” he thought as Broom Hilda tied a transparent pink tinted nylon skirt around his waist. He started to say something, but thought better of it and just closed his mouth.

In the exercise room, Frau Hoffman helped him to limber up before getting him started on his stretching exercises. After making sure that he could manage on his own, she left for the kitchen. Mike was still sore, but to his surprise could, after warming up, do the exercises fairly easily. Even the leg split that he began with great anxiety, seemed much easier on his hurting joints and muscles.

Unlike before when he had completed his exercises, Frau Hoffman accompanied him back to his room. She supervised his cleaning up and told him to keep on his 'panty girdle'. That was the first time he had heard her call it that.

“*Panty girdle, these damn leotards, so they really plan to make me a girl. I thought that something kinda queer was going on. They really want to make me into a girl? But why? I don't want to be a girl,*” he thought.

“Frau Hoffman, what are you all trying to do to me? Make me into a girl? I don't want to be a girl! I'm a BOY!”

“Acht! You will do as you are told and no sass, you understand! I told you that you were an embarrassment to the family with your swimming. You were warned what would happen last year when you failed to perform as a competitor should. When you begged Frau Marta to get you on a swim team didn't she explain that her reputation would be at stake should a member of her family try to follow in her path. She explained very clearly that there were people who would compare your success to hers even though you were not blood related. After she told you just how important your success would be, didn't you swear that you would be totally committed? No! Do not say anything.”

Without seeming to stop long enough to catch her breath, she continued to berate him.

“Now I am taking over your training. Since you did not work hard enough nor do you have the build to be a male competitor, you will be a female competitor! At least with my training, you may have a chance to be a good female swimmer, Ya! Now here hurry and put these things on. You have a lot of chores to get done before we get back to work.”

Mike was not allowed to say anything else as she handed him his new clothing. A pale peach colored, lightly lace trimmed nylon brief, matching vest with thin spaghetti straps, and half slip.

Over his basic lingerie, he was given a pale cream polyester blouse with tiny pearl buttons and black full skirt that reached to just above his knee. Finally came a pair of white socks and penny loafers. Next she led him over to his vanity and brushed his hair into a ponytail and fastened it with a peach colored ruffled satin ribbon attached to a barrette. Standing him up, she studied his appearance then pushed him out the door.

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That afternoon, back in his tights and leotard, Mike strained at the ballet barre. His heel firmly locked into the gap between the barre and the mirrored wall. He leaned into his leg, hands reaching up to touch his ankle, until his head touched his knee.

“Gad! That smarts! Seven more repetitions and I'll be finished!” he mumbled.

As he stood beside the mirrored wall resting before being led into his next aerobic session, Mike couldn't believe just how much his reflected image looked every bit of a young girl. If he had breasts, the image would have been perfect. As it was the leotard did show some puffiness and little nipple points, but they certainly couldn't qualify as breasts.

“*Thank God for some favors,*” he thought.

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That night after a dinner of pasta salad, Frau Hoffman gave him a thorough body massage. She first rubbed alcohol then a soothing, sweet smelling lotion into his every pore.

He did not protest when she thoroughly soaked his groin in the lotion. His testicles had been extremely sensitive since he began his exercises, only falling down out of his

body after his evening bath. On several nights after particularly hard workouts he had to use his 'Friend' filled with ice to reduce the pain and swelling there. While he did get very tense as she touched around the area with her strong fingers, the expected pain did not materialize.

Finally it was over and he was more comfortable than he had been in what seemed like an eternity. He slept well for the first time in days and did not mind having to wear a pale green shortie night gown with matching lacy panties.

This was strange apparel for him, but Frau Hoffman was not giving him any slack. The nightie had short puffed sleeves, hemmed in two inches of brilliant, emerald green, lace border with satin ribbon threaded between the lace and the rest of the sleeve. The neckline was rounded, falling almost to his nipples and ruffled with bunched emerald green lace.

The bodice had narrow knife edged vertical pleats and was loose fitting. The skirt of the gown was also pleated in a full cut, falling to just above the knees with two inches of matching green flowery lace. The panties were bloomer style in pale green with ruffled emerald green lace across the bottom and around the leg openings. Before she left him to his dreams, Frau Hoffman braided his hair into two pig tails and used a bright green velvet ribbon to hold them in place.

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The next two weeks were repeats of the previous days. He did his exercises and household chores as always. Dressing in girl's clothing bothered him, but there was not much he could do about it. He rarely saw his step—mother, but Broom Hilda was his constant companion. At times she seemed to follow him around just like a puppy dog always barking at his heels.

When he complained about her insistence on his maintaining the proper decorum, she told him in no uncertain terms that he would conform to social conventions. That meant that he could no longer sit slumped down with his legs widely spread apart. He would have to learn how to sit, stand, walk and balance while holding his head and arms in the correct manner. He had to present the correct manner when he began swimming competitively with the girls! He not only had to look like a girl and dress like a girl, but behave and move like a girl. He even think like a girl or he would be exposed and that would never do.

“Nein! You walk like a clown. Keep your back straight, shoulders back, head high. Swing with your hips, keep your elbows against your body, your hands out at the wrist, swing them from the elbow down only. What? You don't sit like that. Cross your ankles. Keep your thighs tightly together. Fold your hands in your lap. No you never fall into a chair, you glide into a chair. Everything you do must be done in a single fluid motion. Smooth, gliding motions just like when you are swimming, Ya!”

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On the third Friday after the visit to the lawyer's office, the doorbell rang and Mike had to answer it. Much to his embarrassment there stood Winston what's his name.

“Good morning, Michelle,” he said smiling down at him. Mike was almost too stunned to say anything, but managed to ask him in. “I’m here to see your step—mother. Could you please tell her that I’m here.”

Mike was just finding his voice when his step—mother entered the room.

“Michelle, please be a darling and go get Frau Hoffman for me. There, now that's a good girl,” she ordered as she patted him on his behind and pushed him away down the hall.

Mike blushed to the roots of his now, very golden blonde hair. The swish of his skirts and petticoats as his step—mother patted his rear sounded very loud to his red-dening ears. He was suddenly all too aware of his apron and girlish attire. He did not even get a chance to say anything to the lawyer.

“As you can see my dear Winston, the child is doing so much better now, but...” he heard as he turned the corner and headed to Broom Hilda's room.

Seeing the lawyer only brought into sharp focus the many changes being forced upon him. He had never intended to go this far just to please his nasty step—mother when he first asked to join a swim team.

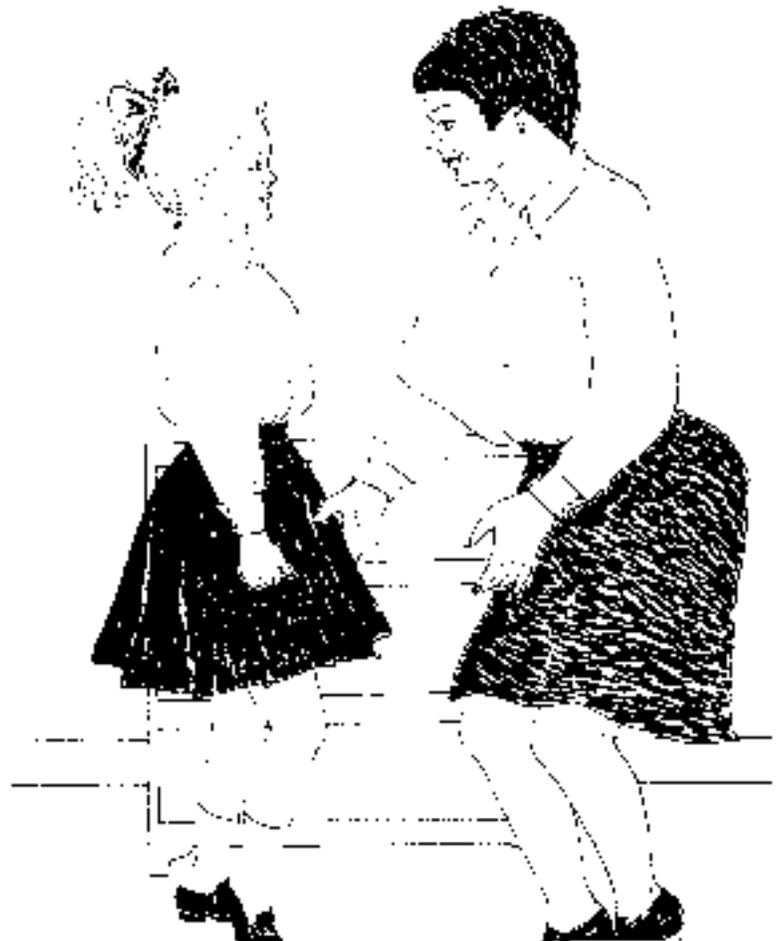
*“It's not like anyone really gives a shit about **her** Olympic days. Hell! She didn't even compete in the Olympics,”* he began thinking as he walked down the hall. *“Now look what she's done to me!”*

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Frau Hoffman had bleached his hair on Wednesday after the ill fated visit from the lawyer's office. On Thursday she had given him his first permanent wave. It wasn't a real tight curl, but it left his hair a mass of wavy blonde gold.

When she had bleached out his hair, it was not too bad of an ordeal, but he could do without ever getting another permanent wave. The stench of that foul smelling liquid and the heat on his scalp were not something he relished. It was bad enough having to appear as a girl but to go through this beauty regiment made things much worse.

First she had him shampoo his hair, then she instructed and supervised him in tightly rolling small



segments of his hair in pink curling rods. Once his hair was tightly wound, she applied a really bad ammonia scented gunk all over his head. He had to sit there with a towel wrapped around his shoulders smelling that foul junk for what seemed like hours. Then after she applied another lotion, had to sit some more before he was placed under a dryer bonnet. The combination of heat and pointed plastic rollers digging into his scalp made this seem like some kind of medieval torture.

Each night she began to pluck out some stray hairs from his eye brows and required him to roll his hair in plastic curling rods with those sharp pointy nibs. Rolling his hair was not easy when he tried it the first time nor was it getting that much easier. He just couldn't get his mind to coordinate his finger movements to match what was required in the instruction book when he looked in the mirror. He had to take them out and reroll them over and over again until she was satisfied that they were correctly and tightly in place.

The instruction books, now there was another humiliation he could live without. Frau Hoffman now had him spend his 'leisure' hours when not doing his household duties or training, reading 'Instruction' books. The books were read for at least two hours each day. They consisted of various "beauty care" and "teen" magazines.

When she found his stash of men's stag books, Frau Hoffman raised the roof. Now in order for him to understand how his stag books degraded and debased women, he would have to change his way of thinking. The best way for him to do that, according to Broom Hilda, would be to read some books on interpersonal relationships from a woman's point of view.

Well that was when his 'Instruction' book library was extended to include **romance novels**. Books where instead of kissing the horse and riding off into the sunset, throbbing bosom met hard hairy chest in a passionate melding of two souls. These books had two things in common, helpless big bosomy women and a dashing manly hero. He had to read an entire book each week and then give a detailed report from the woman's point of view to Frau Hoffman. He had to be sure to accurately describe how the heroine felt being in the arms of her lover hero.

With a hair net secured over the rollers and a daisy covered yellow nylon sleeping cap tightly fitted over his hair, he was allowed to cover his face in a night mask. The night mask was a rich emollient that dried quickly and tightly to his face. In the morning he would peel it off and then message a rose scented cream into his skin.

It seemed to Mike that he was forever rubbing some kind of sweet smelling lotion on his body. She even had him rubbing on hand lotion every time he washed them and heaven forbid he do the dishes or other dirty job without wearing rubber gloves.

His clothes, now that was an entirely different matter. Neatness, neatness, neatness, careful, careful, careful. If he had heard those comments once he heard them a thousand times. The only other words he heard as much were the '**don'ts**'. Don't do this. Don't do that. Don't do....It was getting on his nerves but he no longer had the will to fight.

You only need so many beatings with a hair brush, or extra 'exercise' time to quickly lose the will if not the capability to fight. Besides didn't the lawyer readily ac-

cept him as a girl now? What chance did he have? Sure he could barge right in there with Marta, Frau Hoffman, and that lawyer. Sure he would survive long enough to tell his story when with one look the lawyer would dismiss him completely and Broom Hilda would tear him limb from limb.

Besides, it did not seem to matter anymore. As a matter of fact nothing seemed to matter anymore. He hadn't felt like fighting for some time now.

Not since Frau Hoffman came into his room and had him put on that stiff waist cinch with stretch gusset strap and a bra. He stood still while she pulled the pale lavender, satin covered, wired cinch around his waist and laced it real tight. He only grunted when she pulled the gusset strap up tight between his legs, but when she handed him a matching satin underwire bra to put on he balked.

Mike, to put it mildly, went stark raving mad. He paid dearly for that rampage and was still suffering its consequences.

With his waist cinch already crushing his lower ribs and stomach, he quickly turned blue in the face from his screaming. Lacking enough oxygen to really put up any kind of fight, Frau Hoffman quickly had him under control. As he lay panting face down across the vanity stool, Frau Hoffman began using the hair brush with force.

Not content with his tears and apologies, she forcibly lifted him onto the stool, sat his burning bottom on the cushion, and while he watched began to assemble some items out of the vanity's drawers.

Two needles, white thread, cotton balls, alcohol, hydrogen peroxide, a piece of cardboard and from her pocket a cigarette lighter. He watched as she rubbed each of his ear lobes first with peroxide and then with a cotton ball saturated in alcohol.

Next she threaded the needles with the white cotton thread. After heating one of the needles with the flame from the lighter, she held the piece of cardboard behind his right ear and before he could react, shoved the needle through the lobe. She began sewing the alcohol soaked thread into the lobe until she was satisfied; then repeated the procedure on his other ear.

Mike just sat in stunned silence as she pierced his ears. Seeing the white thread marking his lobes in the mirror and feeling the tenderness of his bottom, Mike was defeated.

He took the bra and pulled it up his arms. After some struggle and a little help from Frau Hoffman, he managed to hook it behind his back. Bending at the waist, he reached up to cup each of his small breasts as instructed and pulled the bra firmly into place. The double 'A' cups looked full!

It really was not such a big step from wearing a bra to wearing all the other feminine garments Frau Hoffman and his step—mother provided. The layered, pastel colored, net petticoats, lacy blouses and colorful dresses became normal wear for him as the days became weeks. Mike hated what they were doing to him, but for now had to accept things as they were. The only good thing that happened to him during this time was Frau Hoffman's easing up on making him use his 'Friend' on a daily basis.

The constant exercises and sparse low protein diet had taken a toll on Mike's body. He dropped another ten pounds going from eighty—nine down to seventy—nine and despite all the workouts, appeared to lose muscle in his arms, shoulders, and chest. His hips and thighs seemed firmer and thicker, but that was the only area of his body that firmed up.

*“Oh what he'd give for a big juicy rare steak,”* he thought.

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His chest seemed to be getting fleshier; especially, his breasts. At first Mike passed this off as due to his wearing a bra all the time, but the fullness in the cups seemed to be much more noticeable. His flesh seemed to over—flow the cup's rim.

While his breasts concerned him, the changes to his manhood really scared him. His testicles, when and if they finally dropped down from inside his body at night, didn't seem the same. At first they ached most of the time or really hurt, like when he was forced into that first split. Now he didn't feel anything. No aches, pains or any other feeling for that matter. He barely felt the pressure from his fingers as he touched them.

Initially Mike looked upon this as a good sign, but when they did not react to his careful touch he became concerned. The fact that they felt spongy and appeared to be much smaller than he remembered bothered him. His shriveled penis and its lack of response, well he tried not to even think about it.

The few times when he had the chance to play with himself resulted in absolutely nothing. That scared him most of all. Like most boys his age, Mike's penis use to have a life of its own. Stiffening whenever it wanted to, usually when it could cause the most embarrassment. No stiffening, no thrill, and no spasm of pleasure. The very best he could do after a lengthy massaging of his still limp penis was a drop or two of pre—cum followed by a weak squirt of slightly cloudy liquid.

The loss of his manhood, combined with his forced dressing and diet, took almost all the fight out of Mike. His once quick temper and assured self confidence were totally absent. Now he even seemed afraid of his own shadow.

*“What have those bitches done to me,”* Mike cried out.

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*“What is it Michelle,”* Frau Hoffman asked when he knocked on her door.

*“Madam Marta,”* he replied as his fingers absently rolled the gold ball stud in his ear, *“told me to let you know that the lawyer is here.”*

*“Ya, come! You can help me fix some tea; then you can serve it.”*

*“As you can see for yourself, Mrs. Davis, the will clearly states that you get the house and grounds, but everything else goes to the b....er, girl. Yes, you can see where I have corrected that and no you should not have any problems in the future. I have taken care of all that! Ummmm, lets see, where, ahhh, here they are. These papers have been filed with the court and everything has been corrected. Now you will, of course, remain her legal guardian and have some control over the trust, but as I have already stated that will be very limited.”*

“Yes, Michelle will get actual control of the trust when she turns twenty—five. No, there are no 'ifs' or other qualifying restrictions in the legacy. Well, of course, should she get married or suffer further mental impairment there is always the common law statutes,” the lawyer finished.

“Winston,” Marta said as she leaned over slightly, allowing her dress to reveal some more of her breasts. She watched his eyes dart down to her cleavage; then, quickly return to her face.

“Winston, dear,” she repeated, “I find it very hard to believe that Miles did not put some clause in his will that would allow me to continue my guardianship should his darling daughter have some more, err, how should I say this, psychotic episodes. Isn't there anything, anything that I can do. You know, to provide the guidance necessary for a young lady in her delicate condition. You know, without having to make a public spectacle of it.”

“Well, I can understand your concerns dear lady,” Winston replied as Marta moved closer to him on the couch. “Well, while it is not in the will I could I guess, er, I could add a clause in it to help in just such circumstances. It is obvious that Miles did not tell me everything when I advised him on his will.” Before he could begin another sentence, Michelle walked in carrying the tea tray.

Mike did not know what to do as he interrupted them. He had heard most of their conversation and now blushed to the roots of his hair and averted his eyes. Not looking at either one of them, Mike placed the tray on the table by the couch and asked if he could be excused.

“Why of course not, darling, stay and serve the tea. How do you like yours Winston?” his step—mother instructed.

With trembling hands Mike poured the tea and serving his step—mother first, had to bend and turn his back to Winston. As he served the tea, Mike was all too conscious of the pastel petticoats and lacy violet flowered white panties he was wearing. The micro—skirt that he had to wear easily turned up if he was not super careful. “*How could I say anything to Winston looking like this,*” he thought as he continued to serve.

After he finished serving, Marta asked him to give Winston an apology and kiss to show how sorry she was for getting sick in his office. Blushing a beet red, Mike had to apologize then to his horror found himself actually kissing the man. It was obvious to all that Mike dreaded kissing Winston, afterwards Mike turned and fled the room.

“As you can see Winston, the child just does not behave like a young girl her age should. Now you can see why I really am concerned that Michelle may not be able to manage her legacy in future.”

Mike did not get to hear the conversation between his step—mother and lawyer, but he just knew that any thought he may have had of getting help from the lawyer was now completely out of the question. Nearly in tears he went down to his room to change into his leotard for the afternoon workout session.

Mike settled easily into his leg splits and had no trouble in bending at the waist, hands extended to his right foot; then back upright and again bending with hands extended to touch his left foot.

“Ya, you are doing much better now, ya!” Frau Hoffman said. “Now that you have limbered up, come over here. I have a new exercise for you. It will be hard at first, but since we do not have a pool this will have to do.”

“Damn, this was impossible,” Mike thought as he felt the balance beam dig deeply into his pelvis and sternum. Broom Hilda had him lying face down along the length of the beam. The lightly weighted ropes were attached to both his feet and hands by padded clamps. Now he knew what those pulleys on the wall were for. All his weight rested along the beam and as he went through the swimming stroke motions required by Frau Hoffman, the beam dug painfully into his body.

As his right hand went up over his head and started forward, the rope attached to that hand pulled the weight up its track in the wall making a screeching sound.

“Let me hear that screech,” Broom Hilda demanded, “move those hands and kick those legs.”

He almost fell off the beam more than once, but managed to recover. It would be a long unprotected fall if he did lose his balance.

“Ya, the beam will teach you balance. When you are making the correct stroke you should have little rotation along your body's axis. Now let me hear those weights screech.”

After just a few minutes, it felt like Mike was trying to pull elephants through the eyes of needles. His arms and legs were tiring rapidly and he was drenched in sweat, but there was no let up. Just as he thought that he could go no further, he glanced to the side and lost it. There was Winston and his step—mother standing right there beside the balance beam.

He felt himself falling and all too soon the mat and floor crushed into his right side. Lying in a tangle of ropes and stunned, Winston leaned over him.

“Michelle, are you alright! Here let me help you up,” he heard the lawyer say. “I hope we did not startle you! Marta said it would be alright to take a peek while you worked out. I hear that you want to be an Olympic swimmer? Here are you ok now?” Winston asked as he helped Michelle stand up, removing the clasps that attached the ropes from Mike's hands and feet.

Mike stuttered out that he was ok and no he wasn't hurt, while trying to fend off the lawyer's hands as they bushed him off. Mike was extremely uncomfortable with being touched while he was dressed so girlishly. “*What if he found out?*” Mike thought.

Mike did not like being the center of attention either. He just wanted to finish his exercises and go take a nap. This had been a very trying day for him. Marta wasn't going to let him off that easy.

“Michelle, quit being so mean to Winston! That is not the way we behave when someone has been so kind as to go out of their way to help us. Now say that you are very sorry and give him a kiss for his troubles. This time kiss him like you mean it

and do not screw up your face, young lady. After all, a kiss is how a lady thanks a man for being nice to her.”

Mike once again felt the bristles on Winston's cheek prick his lips as they touched. It was almost like a mild electric shock, but while not physically painful hurt none—the—less.

At last Marta seemed satisfied that she had embarrassed him enough for one day and left him with Broom Hilda to complete his exercises.

As Mike stood there with his hands covering his groin and head hanging down, he did not have the faintest idea of just how much he looked like a shy young girl. With his blond curly hair hanging in a damp pony tail over his shoulder onto his obvious teenage breasts, slim waist, and broadening hips. The leotard in bright fuchsia and royal purple clinging to every curve and its little transparent skirt did nothing to change that image.

“Well Marta, I have seen enough to convince me that what you have been saying is true. I believe that Miles was only trying to make it easier on his daughter, but for the life of me I still find it hard to believe that he let it go to that extreme. No, there is no question in my mind that there should be some protections built into the estate, just in case mind you. In any event, had I known of this situation, I would have reacted differently to Mile's questions regarding certain aspects of his will,” Winston said as he picked up his briefcase and began walking out.

“I don't know how to thank you Winston,” Marta said grabbing Winston's arm as she led him to the door. “I'll do my very best and with Frau Hoffman's experience in psychiatric nursing, we'll bring her around.”

“Well, don't you worry Marta. I'll make sure the trust makes the necessary funds available to you. Yes, I'll make sure that there is as little mention of the reasoning as possible. I fully agree that there should be as little gossip and scandal as possible. Yes, I'll see to it that all the bills are approved personally by me. That should help reduce the chances of anyone becoming any wiser. Well, thank you for the tea and lovely company. Call if you need anything, anything at all, good-bye,” Winston said as he left the house.

That night Mike cried himself to sleep. It did not make any sense, nothing made any sense to him any more. This depression that he was feeling was real, very real, but crying! In the past, when he had felt this way he would have hit something or cussed or screamed, but never cry. His emotions were shot all to hell, and he did not know what to do about it.

His dreams were filled with dark foreboding. In almost every dream he was being chased or held in a tight embrace by a tall dark man. His milk white breasts heaved with each panting breath and seemed to fill his vision as the man's lips groped their way to his. Strong arms reached out to grab his shoulders, his entire vision filled with a face zooming into his, lips stretched in a smile of wantonness...

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“Wake up sleepy head, wake up this minute!” Frau Hoffman's voice intruded into his nightmare.

“It was only a dream,” he thought. “What's happening to me. I've never felt this way before, never!”

“Come on wake up and get dressed. You are late for your exercises today. Frau Marta has a special surprise for you today, so we will have to cut your workout short as it is. So hurry up with your necessities,” she said as she pushed him into the bathroom.

“What surprise? What has she thought up now?” he demanded, but Broom Hilda just ignored his question. Instead she handed him his 'Friend' with a gloating grin on her face.

“I do not want to hear that kind of language or tone of voice when you are talking about Frau Marta or any other woman for that matter. Now get on with your business. I'll be back shortly, be ready!”

Mike's work out was restricted to only his stretching exercises and even those were cut short so that he could get ready to go out. At least he had managed to get that much out of Frau Hoffman. He was being taken somewhere by his step—mother.

Back in his room, Frau Hoffman had laid out his outfit for the day's excursion. A bright yellow satin corselette with wire stays and lace edged garter straps was bound tightly around his waist. Then he was given a yellow satin lace frilled bra. This was followed by matching panties with a flowery lace insert covering the panty's front.

A pale champagne camisole with frilled lace at the neckline and the hem was given to him followed by a matching half slip. Stockings in a light tan were hooked to the tabs on the corset and a pair of tan pumps placed on his feet. He went over to the vanity to remove the curlers from his hair.

Pulling the last of the pink curlers from his head, Frau Hoffman came over and began brushing out his hair. After she teased it to give his hair added fullness, she applied a generous coating of hair spray. As a final touch, she placed a wide mock turtle shell barrette in his hair. Then to his surprise she began applying make—up to his face.

He sat there in shocked disbelief as Broom Hilda penciled black eye liner on his brows and eyelids. The liner was followed by a dusting of brown and pale rose eye shadows to each lid. She cautioned him to sit still as she applied mascara to his lashes. Next a light liquid base was applied to his face and then a quick dusting of blusher was added to his cheeks. Grabbing him under the chin, she tilted his head back and passed a dark rum raisin colored lipstick over his lips.

The spray from the atomizer woke him from his shock just long enough for him to inhale a rose scented perfume deeply into his lungs. The tastes, the scents, even the feel of the cosmetics were all so strange and foreign to him. He was especially aware of the weight and feeling of his eyelashes. He just sat in stunned silence looking at the girlish face in the mirror.

Finally, Frau Hoffman told Mike to stand and then helped him into a paisley print, soft rayon, challis dress with mock—suede belt. The pattern on the short sleeved dress that reached to just above his knees was in different shades of gold, pale rose, tans, and brown. It felt strange wearing this dress. All the others were strange to be

sure, but this one was so light and flimsy, it felt like he had absolutely nothing on other than his undies.

Standing him in front of the full length door mirror, Mike saw a young woman looking back at him. There was a very strong resemblance to the Mike that he use to know in that reflected face, but to all outward appearances he was definitely a **she**. While he was looking at his reflection, it dawned on him just why he was being dressed this way.

“Out in **PUBLIC!** Ohhhh, I can't be seen out like this. What will everyone think,” Mike's thoughts raced through his mind. “No, I cannot let this happen, but if I argue with them I'll be punished again. What can I do.”

“Come here and sit,” Frau Hoffman ordered standing by the vanity. In her hand, Mike saw something that spread a deepening fear inside his guts. It was a bottle of nail polish in a dusty rose enamel. He hadn't been allowed to trim his nails, only file then into nice rounded ovals for the past several months. They had grown long enough to be bothersome. He had difficulty unzipping or unbuttoning anything.

Now he knew why.

It wasn't long before he was examining his long fingernails glistening in the light. He quickly crossed his arms in an effort to hide them from his shamed view, but that bothered him even more as his arms made contact with his bra clad breasts. He had been wearing a bra almost constantly even to bed, since Broom Hilda made him put on the first one. His collection of bras and girdles filled one of his dresser drawers already. Feeling the soft, yet firm mounds beneath his dress made him almost forget his brightly painted nails.

“Stop fussing! And put a bright smile on your face! It takes many more muscles to frown than to smile. You do remember what I said about unnecessary muscle activity. Do you want a longer lesson on the balance bar? Now take this purse and let's go. Frau Marta is waiting.”

Mike took the tan, eel skin leather clutch purse with its long gold link chain strap. He looked in it as they walked up the stairs and quickly shut it with a loud snap.

“Ya, it has everything a young Miss needs when she is out. Your cosmetics, tissues, coin purse, bobbies and safety pins, perfume, and let's see, your sanitary pads of course. Why, would you rather a tampon? A young lady should always check her purse before she goes out,” Frau Hoffman instructed.

After meeting Marta in the hall they went to the car.

As Mike bent to get in, Frau Marta yelled at him, “**Stop!** Just what do you think you are doing Michelle? Don't you know anything about grace and poise? You do not get into a car like that. You turn facing away from the car, tuck your dress smoothly under your bottom and glide into the car seat. Once you sit, then you gracefully ease your legs into the car being careful to keep your thighs tightly pressed together. **Now do it correctly!**”

Mike did as he was instructed, then got out of the car amid further instruction on the proper way to do even that simple exercise and repeated his entry. They finally left

after Mike got in and out of the car several more times and the ladies were satisfied that he could do it right.

Sitting primly in the back seat his knees pressed tightly together, ankles crossed with his hands folded in his lap, Mike was mesmerized by the light reflecting off his painted nails. It wasn't for several minutes into the ride that his thoughts were interrupted by the words 'enrolled in Silverdale Academy.'

"What? What was that ma'am. I didn't hear," Mike asked.

"I said, Michelle, that we want you on your very best behavior when we get to Silverdale Academy. I would not want to have Frau Hoffman lower your panties in front of the headmistress and give you a spanking. Do you understand, Michelle? I want to see plenty of your pearly white teeth and speak only when spoken to. Understand?"

"Silverdale, Silverdale is a girls' school. Why they were our sister school. I cannot go there! Why this is ridiculous, I can't, you can't be serious? I'm a **BOY!**" Mike pleaded.

"Don't be silly, Michelle. Of course you can go there. Not only that, we think it would be for the best if you boarded there as well for the first semester at least. Now we are almost there, so get yourself together and look happy, or else! Besides I hear that they have the best girls' swim team in the state. The Dolphins, yes Dolphins, that is their team. Finished first in their league last year. It will really boost your confidence to go head—to—head with some really good competition. Ahh, here we are, lots of sunny smiling now."

"*Silverdale Academy! Shit! School!*" his mind cried out. In all the commotion and turmoil of the past few months, he'd forgotten all about it. "*I can't go to school dressed in girls' clothing!*"

Before Mike knew it, he was sitting with his two guardians in the Headmistress' inner office. He was sitting knees together, ankles crossed and tucked away under the chair, hands clasping a tissue, back straight and totally ignored. The tissue was quickly becoming shreds from all his wringing, but it helped to relieve the tension.

"Yes, Ms. Holden, Michelle as we said in our earlier conversation, needs to be with someone more her age. We, Hilda and I, feel very strongly that in light of all that has happened to her, it is imperative that she spend as much time with her peers as possible. That was one of the reasons for deciding on Silverdale and your excellent reputation in the field of education. We, of course, have no problem with your system of corporal punishment and strict cultural conformity standards. Michelle desperately needs just that kind of attention."

"Well, I think we can accommodate you, Ms. Davis. I understand that Michelle's transfer papers and permanent record have been shipped to your lawyer's office by mistake. Umm, can't be helped probably. No matter, as long as they get here by next Monday. You have seen the course listing? Do you have your choices made?"

"Yes? I see, English Lit, World History, Art Appreciation, Beginning French, Typing, Basic Design, and Swim Club. Ahh, Typing is only twice a week, you'll need another elective. May I suggest our new Woman's Studies elective?"

“It really is excellent for young ladies, I helped design it myself. It meets Monday, Wednesday, and Friday so it would fit nicely into Michele's curriculum. While it has not been approved by the feminist movement, on the contrary they have voiced some misgivings. They would like to see it brought into the liberal mainstream. We here at the Academy believe in a more conservative approach.”

“The course concentrates more on real life challenges to womanhood. We have the basic women in history, you know Nightingale, Hillary etc, but we concentrate on real life female issues and concerns. A large portion of the class time relates to feminine hygiene such as preventive\protective measures, health issues such as self—examination, and male\female interpersonal relationships, family life and so forth. Yes, well good, I think you have made an excellent choice. Well, now that that's over with would you like a tour of our facilities? Fine, I'll get the matron to escort you and here don't forget the list.”

“Wouldn't want Michelle to show up without having everything. You will find that Danielle's in the Northside Mall carries our complete line of uniforms and will ship them directly to the school so you will not have to worry about packing everything. good-bye, and I look forward to seeing you all again in three weeks.”

“Ms Holden, could I have a few more moments alone with you while Hilda and Michelle take the tour. I would like to discuss in some more detail Michelle's special requirements and the scholarship grant I would like to make in Michelle's father's name,” Marta requested as they all stood to leave when the matron arrived.

“Of course, Ms.Davis, I would be more than happy to.”

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Danielle's turned out to be an exclusive woman's shop in an older neighborhood. The aroma of rich clothing and cosmetics filled the moderately sized store. Once Marta told the dignified elderly clerk what she was there for, they were whisked into the back of the store and into a private dressing\show room.

“Oh my, that is just too precious for words,” Marta exclaimed as the sales clerk brought out the school uniform. It was a knee length, light gray, worsted wool, silk lined skirt, cream polyester long sleeved blouse with a ruffled jabot and oriental collar. It buttoned up the back with tiny pearl buttons. Black patent leather two inch wide belt with bright brass buckle and the school's crest enameled on it. A toreador styled jacket in matching gray with elaborate black piping and the school's crest embroidered on the left breast pocket in gold and emerald thread completed the outfit.

“I believe this is her size,” the clerk said holding up the uniform. “It also comes with a rich carmine blouse for evening wear. While she tries this on I'll get the tank suit. You did say she would be on the swim team didn't you? Yes, excuse me while I get it. I'll only be a moment.”

Frau Hoffman helped Mike out of his dress and into the uniform. The skirt fitted beautifully and as he buttoned it at the waist, the clerk walked back in. In her hand she held the skimpiest, little piece of nothing he ever saw. It looked like it would hardly cover a child half his size.

“Here is the swim suit, 'it's to die for' as some of the young girls say when they see it. Personally, I think these French cut suits reveal entirely too much. They certainly do not leave anything to the imagination. If those leg openings were any higher, well you can see what I mean.”

“The school's recommendations on the numbers and styles are there on your list. I recommend that you may want to add two additional white blouses. While the polyester holds up very well, they do tend to pop their stitches after awhile. It has something to do with the cotton thread in my opinion. It just can't seem to hold a grip on the synthetic.”

“You are aware of the formal requirement, I have several really pretty frocks you may want to try on. You know the Academy's formal dances are really the talk of the town. You would, let me go get them. I'll only be a moment.”

As soon as the clerk left, Mike was made to strip down to his panties. Only his strongest protests kept them from making him strip all the way. Burning bright beet red from embarrassment, Mike pulled the latex and nylon Persian Blue tank suit up his body. The suit's almost iridescent peacock and navy blue highlights shimmered in the light as he began putting it on. He was surprised that he was able to lift the straps over his shoulders, let alone get it on at all.

When he glanced into the wall—to—wall mirrors in the fitting room, Mike almost fainted. To his horror, he could see what appeared to be a young woman with balls sticking out of both sides of her bathing suit at the narrow crotch. His mouth just flapped up and down no words coming out.

The clerk had been right, this suit left nothing to the imagination. Nothing at all. From the waist up, he looked just like any other teenage girl that he had stared at during swim practice. Even enjoyed looking at back then at least. The waist down presented a totally different picture. Not girl; yet, not all boy either.

His testicles bulged out from under the crotch strap wrapped snugly in the lacy panty material. The shiny yellow panty material was clearly visible covering his exposed hips and crotch. The scooped neck of the suit revealed a nice cleavage and two very noticeable pointed nipple impressions atop small but distinct breast mounds. The smooth—fitting material of the suit hugged his body like a second skin. The major difference between the swim suit and his leotards was that this swim suit seemed to be a hundred times thinner.

Over the roaring of his pounding heart, Mike heard Marta tell Frau Hoffman that she would have to do something about that, whatever 'that' was. Fortunately, he was allowed to get out of the suit before the clerk returned. Mike never thought that he would welcome the grip of his corset or other feminine garments. Just the very idea that the clerk could have caught him with his 'pants' down scared him silly.

He was just pulling on his half slip as the clerk returned with four formal gowns folded over in her arms. Taking the top plastic shrouded dress off the stack, she pulled out a simple black velvet, full skirted dress with attached matching belt and rhinestone buckle.

Holding it high she said, “This will absolutely drive all the other girls into a stark raving fit of envy and jealousy. With your daughter's complexion and coloring, this will definitely turn heads.”

“Michelle is not my daughter. She is my step—daughter. As far as the dress is concerned, well, we'll see about that. Come Michelle, let's just see how it looks. Shall we?”

Mike still blushing, reached out and took the shimmering dress. The clerk helped steady him as he carefully stepped into the dress and pulled it up his lingerie clad body. He reached behind his back and grasping the zipper, pulled it up and then hooked the clasp. If it had not been for all his stretching exercises, putting on his bras and dresses in such a manner would have been impossible. While bending his elbows and hands in such an awkward manner to reach behind his back did not cause too much of a problem, grasping buttons and zippers with his growing lacquered nails was still difficult for him.

“Ohhhh, yes, see how gorgeous it looks on her. Here, pirouette for us dear. Let's see how lovely it looks. Ms. Davis, if you like I could get some taffeta petticoats. Now I think that would be 'just to die for' as they say. Just imagine how frolicsome that will make this dress. It would definitely make it more acceptable on a girl her age. Ok, I'll be just a moment.”

Mike just stood there looking at the very pretty young girl staring back at him in the mirrored walls. All this was beyond his ability to cope. What could he do and how could he do anything about the situation. Maybe if things worked out he could escape from school, get some men's clothing, and finally get completely away from these women. His thoughts were interrupted with the return of the sales clerk and a pile of crisp, noisy petticoats in a dark amber color.

“Ok dear, here let me help you climb into these precious petticoats,” the clerk said to him while bending down and opening the nylon yolk of the shimmering garment.

It rustled, crinkled, and whispered as the clerk pulled it up his legs. Looking wildly about him as he felt the clerk's hands actually touching his hips and brushing against his upper crotch as she settled the petticoat around his waist, Mike was near the point of bolting from the room in pure panic.

Fortunately two things happened to save him from making a run for it. First Frau Hoffman took hold of his left hand and looked meaningfully into his eyes. Second, the clerk with a quick final brush across his crotch removed her hand.

“There we are. You are wearing a corset aren't you dear? How strange, but it is so nice to see a young woman concerned about her appearance in today's world. No need to feel uncomfortable, dear. I just think you are perfectly adorable.” she said as she stood and reached out to lift the hem of his dress.

“These petticoats are the latest rage. Isn't this a beautiful color? It is called amber wine. Just look at how the red shimmers within the amber. It is just too, too much for words. Also, if you examine the skirting, you'll see that the taffeta ruffles are supported with ribs of reinforced nylon and the net over—skirt will help support the flare.

They are rather expensive, but well worth it," she said while flapping the dress' skirt to expose the petticoat.

The clerk was so involved in what she was doing that she completely failed to see Mike's look of total consternation. It took all his control to keep from shaking like a leaf and peeing in his panties. He was relieved that the clerk had removed her hands from where they could have discovered his secret; yet, terribly upset over what was happening to him.

Finally the reign of terror came to an end. Uniforms, formals, petticoats, shoes, and other accessories required by the school were purchased. While the vast bulk of their purchases would be altered and sent directly to the school, there were still a large number of boxes for Mike to carry to the car. Bright pink boxes seemed to be piled everywhere in the back seat as they drove off.

As Mike sat back on the car seat, legs properly tucked to the side, ankles crossed, he let himself heave a sigh of relief. Only as the car pulled away from the curb did his shakes begin. His whole body just trembled and shook and there was nothing he could do to stop it. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead and he felt very queasy.

*"Damn! I can't take any more of this. Look at me! I'm a nervous wreck. I thought that lady was going to find out for sure! Damn! Damn! Stop this shit, man! I've got to get hold of myself. I can't let these women totally destroy me. I hate this shit, just hate it! Come on man you can do it, just do it. Concentrate! Concentrate!"* Mike thought fiercely to himself trying to regain control.

Mike was just getting himself back under control when the car pulled into the garage.

"Take your things to your room and I'll be there in a little while to help you put them away properly," Frau Hoffman ordered.

"Hilda, I need to see you for a few moments," Frau Marta requested as Mike unloaded the car and walked to his room.

"You did see the little problem we are going to have when Michelle competes. Besides, once he moves into the dormitory with the other



young ladies, I see that you understand. Can you handle it? Good. Then you had better do it soon,” Marta finished.

That evening Frau Hoffman gave Mike a bowl of potato soup and a slice of bread for dinner. Taking his pills after dinner, she let him go down to his room. He still had a number of tags to remove from his new clothes and he hadn't completed his reading for the day yet. Mike hoped he could get everything done before bed time as he was very exhausted from the stress of the day's activities.



Frau Hoffman found Mike lying across his bed dressed in his lacy, waltz length, nylon gown. She had to smile as she noticed how far he had progressed under her tutelage. The cinnamon colored gown was clumped up around his upper thighs revealing just the lower pantied crotch area. Thin spaghetti straps connected to a scooped neckline frilled with cream lace. A transparent over—skirt of pale nylon covered the full skirt. Mike's right arm was crossed over his chest just below the gentle swelling of his bust line. His head turned slightly to the side, his lips parted, exposing the very tip of his pink tongue, Mike was asleep. All in all he presented a very feminine sight.

Frau Hoffman placed a plastic sheet under the sleeping boy after removing his panties and pulling the gown up around his shoulders. Taking Mike's legs, she lifted and secured them to the upper portion of the bed posts with wide fleece padded cuffs. Next she placed a pillow under his hips to raise them higher in the air.

Unrolling a white towel with rubber gloved hands, she then straightened out the assortment of scalpels, clamps, and suture sets that were revealed. After a few more moments, she doubled checked her equipment and supplies making sure that everything was in its place and near at hand.

Carefully spraying his entire groin area to his navel and down almost to mid—thigh in an antiseptic antibacterial solution, she then painted his scrotum and penis with a solution of povidone—iodine to kill any possible pathogens. Pulling a face mask up to cover her mouth and nose, she reached over and picked up a surgical clamp.

By digging her fingers into the soft flesh on the left side of the base of his penis, she was able to create a ridge of skin and tissue that was quickly clamped into place. She grabbed another clamp and once again pulled up the flesh on the other side of his penis and clamped it into place. The clamped skin and tissue now resembled two rolls of flesh running about three inches along each side of his penis. Using the scalpel, Frau Hoffman made several tiny incisions into the head of his penis and around the base of the shaft.

Taking a suture needle, she inserted the razor sharp point into the meaty flesh in the head of his penis and began sewing. Pressing the head and shaft of his penis deep into his body, she stitched quickly and tightly.

Once she finished sewing, she smeared an antibiotic ointment on the tiny cuts and suture points. His penis, what little of it that showed was now secured tightly to his pubic mound. It looked more like a tiny button fastened there. In a few days, after

the cut flesh healed together, she would remove the stitches and everything would stay in place.

With his penis now secured to his body, she slit along the edge of clamped tissue. Folding it inward and down, stitched it so that it cupped the head of his penis. After repeating the procedure on the other side, she pushed his testicles back up inside his body cavity. Taking the loose scrotal sack, she lanced the skin and worked it such that she formed two overlapping flaps covering the smaller lips and penis. A few stitches later and a slightly puffy woman's groin was created.

Frau Hoffman reached down with her fingers and separated what looked like the labia majora and further inside the labia minora to reveal the nub of what could be described as a slightly distorted clitoris.

Pleased with her work, she placed a sanitary napkin over her handiwork and pulled his panties and gown back into place. Humming a happy tune, she lightly patted his groin and turning out the lights left him to his dreams.

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Mike woke with the alarm ringing loudly in his ears. Lazily he stretched and as he did so, felt a sharp pain in his groin. Sitting up, he pulled back the satin comforter and looked at his groin not remembering having put on the sanitary napkin. It wasn't his scheduled time of the month anyway.

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Ever since his visit to the lawyer's office, Frau Hoffman had been making him wear a napkin as she had called it for five days every month.

“It will remind you to concentrate. In order for you to be the competitor Frau Marta wants you to be, you must concentrate and keep your mind focused. So for five days after the twenty—eighth day you will wear a napkin, understand?” Frau Hoffman had demanded of him.

Mike thought that the timing of his having to wear a pad a bit weird, but it would make him concentrate. It would have been a heck of a lot easier if she had just said 'the first five days of the month or the last five'.

At any rate it had made him concentrate and keep track on his calendar. When he forgot the first time around, Broom Hilda had stuffed what she called a butt plug the size of a baseball bat or so it felt up his ass.

He had been careful to keep track of his 'time' ever since.

He was confused as he got out of bed to do his necessities. Pulling down his panties and the pad with them he couldn't help but notice the small tracks of blood and almost immediately his changed groin.

“No! Noooooo!” he began to wail. This was too much. They had castrated him. They weren't satisfied just to force him into wearing girls clothing but they wanted his manhood too. “Damn you! Damn you all to hell!” he screamed into the bathroom ceiling.

Frau Hoffman was standing in the doorway almost as soon as the echoes of his cry resounded off the walls.

“How dare you! There is nothing **permanent** done to you. You saw how you looked in that tank suite! Do you, in your stupidity, think that you could have passed posing in that outfit before hundreds of other girls? What I have done is a simple surgical tuck. When you have made your family proud, it can be reversed. Now I want to hear an apology from you.”

“Whaaat? You want an apology from me!” Mike said getting up from the toilet. “How, how can you! No! I quit! No more you foreign Nazi bitch. I've had it with all of you. I want out. OUT! OUT! OUT!” Mike screamed.

Frau Hoffman had him in a hammerlock and bent over the sink in no time. Grabbing a bar of french mill soap, she forced it into his mouth. She worked the soap around in his mouth, breaking off bits and pieces of it on his teeth.

It was not long after when Mike began to heave and cough as the soap did its work on his insides. Sputtering and gasping from the taste and fumes of the soap, Mike soon wilted in total defeat. To make matters worse, he realized that some of what she had said was true. There was no way he could have worn that swim suit without some major changes.

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The remaining weeks before school, Mike spent pretty much as he had in the past. Exercises, cleaning, exercises, deportment, reading, plus in addition to his continuing behavior modification a heightened awareness of the need for proper feminine hygiene.

It took some getting used to sit every time to pee. It was especially disconcerting to have to use toilet paper to blot himself. Every time he had to blot, it sent a quiver through his stomach when he had to part those artificial lips and expose his buttoned penis. If nothing else, Frau Hoffman's surgical adjustment took the remaining resistance out of him, or so it seemed.

Since his father's death and the taking over by Frau Hoffman of his upbringing, Mike had become a different person. Gone was the temperamental outspoken independent boy and in his place stood a shy, soft spoken young lady. He could perform any of the homemaking jobs second naturedly, including the much disliked ironing tasks very competently. He could put his hair up in rollers quickly and knew just how much make—up to apply. There were probably very few young women his age or older for that matter who would preen as much as Mike did or spent as much time with her toilet.

As a result of Frau Hoffman's training, Mike had become very feminine. Much more so than he would ever guess or admit too.

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Before he knew it, Mike was standing at the doorway to his new dormitory room. He was wearing a moss poet's blouse, plaid skirt in slate, forest, and sea green, knee high stockings and black patent shoes. His hair had been piled high atop his head in

a modified Gibson girl with a French braid. An emerald green ribbon had been cleverly woven into it and the ends streamed down his back.

“Michelle, this is Jessica, she will be your roomy for the rest of the term. I'm sure that you will become the best of friends. You have your assignments and list, so get unpacked and be sure you are ready for tomorrow morning. Dinner is at seven. If you have any problems you know where my room is. I'm sure Jessica can answer most of your questions anyway. Well, let me get to the others and I'll see you at dinner,” the dorm leader said as she left him there.

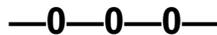
“Hi, I'm Jessica, Michelle. Your clothing is over there on that side. I hope you don't mind, but I took this side. You're new here aren't ya? Well, I've been here two years now, so I guess that makes me something of an expert on this place. Here let me help you with some of that stuff. Ooooh! I like your outfit. It's like stratospheric ya know.”

Mike was stunned by the suddenness of it all. Jessica was certainly an outgoing individual and talked a mile a minute. He barely had time to say hello before Jessica was giving him the complete detailed history of the school and herself. Even while he unpacked the boxes and boxes of clothing delivered earlier by the shop and from his home, Jessica didn't stop talking.

“Oh God! This is simply to die for! It's fab to the utmost! It's totally radical, girl!” Jessica said holding up one of Mike's formals. It had what Jessica said was a 'simply divine' sequined long sleeved jacket that sparkled in radiance and softly fluttered as it was held up in the light. The ankle length dress was a sheer, sleeveless chiffon tank top with full circle skirts. When worn it would hug and flutter, conceal and reveal all at the same time. Matching three inch, eel skin pumps and a cloth drawstring, hanging evening bag completed his 'dream' gown.

Jessica went what she later termed 'ballistic' when she saw his velvet dress and taffeta petticoats. It was 'ohhhh girl this and ohhhh girl that'.

Mike could not get over or even begin to figure out what all the fuss was about. They were only clothes after all. He was sure Jessica would wet her panties if she did not slow down and quit bouncing around all over the place. Fortunately, she didn't, pee in her panties that is.



At least Jessica's attention to all his ruffles and lace kept her distracted so that he could closely examine his roomy. Jessica was a red headed, slightly freckled turned up nosed imp. She appeared to have more energy than any three people put together and was vivacious to say the least.

Her hair could only be described as a mop and her bright green eyes spoke volumes. What riveted most of Mike's attention, however, were her other assets. Two large well formed breasts stood pertly and firmly away from her chest and her narrowing torso flowed smoothly into a pair of nicely rounded hips and flat athletic stomach. Jessica probably was not much over five foot five and her feminine assets made her a ten plus on any male's scale. She stood there revealed in a white cotton dorm shirt and transparent blue nylon panties. Every time she reached up to better examine one

of Mike's dresses or other item, she revealed a thick patch of dark red through her panties.

Mike didn't miss a single beaver shot. For a moment he even thought that being a girl wasn't going to be so bad after all. That is until he realized that he didn't ***feel anything!***

He just sat there on the edge of his twin sized bed frozen in place for several minutes as the realization hit him full force.

*"Damn those women, I just hate this shit!"* his mind roared its frustration. *"I've got to find a way outta this."*

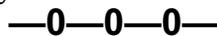
Mike recovered his composure only after Jessica's light punch to his arm brought him to full alertness.

"Uhhh, What's that, I'm sorry, I guess that I just wondered off there for a minute, Jessica. What did you say?" Mike asked. "Yes, we got most of this stuff at Danielle's. Oh yes, it was positively fab, you know what I mean."

If Mike lived to be a hundred, he would never understand the relationship between women and their clothing. They made it so personal.

The unpacking mostly finished, it was time to get dinner. Up until now Mike hadn't said a whole lot while in the dorm other than a few uhhuns, uummms, and yah's. Fortunately, Jessica was a talker and did not seem to notice that Mike wasn't saying all that much. The cafeteria was crowded but for all the people not very noisy. The tables were all arranged in long rows and at the far end of the hall a head table for the headmistress and senior instructors was set up on a dias. The dorm leaders sat at the tables with the students.

Mike did not see a single man anywhere he looked.



Jessica led him to their assigned table and stood behind the chair. Mike did not understand at first, but did as the others in the room were. After a few minutes, the headmistress requested someone by name in the audience say grace; then, after a brief welcome and introduction of the faculty, led them through the buffet line.

It was surprisingly quiet as they all shuffled through the line, when he tried to ask Jessica a question, she hissed him quiet. Once they were seated in their proper places and the meal well underway, the Headmistress stood and said that they might begin conversing around the tables. All at once a sedate buzz filled the room with an occasional laugh breaking out of the constant hum. Mike tried to concentrate on eating his meal, content with a few grunts or umphs of acknowledgement. His isolation and muffled replies were not allowed to continue as he would have liked. The dorm leader asked each of the girls at the table to tell everyone their name and briefly something about themselves.

She picked Mike to start.

Mike fidgeted and twisted the napkin in his hands as he began to softly, almost in a whisper, tell the girls a little about himself. He was interrupted several times by the dorm leader with questions and requests for him to speak louder. At last his ordeal

was over and the next girl began her story. It was a relief to have the meal finally over. They were dismissed and after taking their trays to the cleaning line, went back to their rooms.

Mike undressed in the shared bathroom after cleaning up. Like most dorms, this one was no different. His dorm consisted of two twin beds one on each side of the room with two closets, a bureau, vanity/study desk, and table lamp for each student. The room shared bathing and toilet facilities with the adjourning room. His suite mates were a tall blond named Candy and yes she was the perfect stereotyped 'dumb blonde' and a cute though plump brunette, Wendy.

Almost before he knew it, all the girls in the suite were occupying his bed. Mike was crammed up against the back far corner as Candy, Jessica, and Wendy all bounced and fluttered around on his bed. He was wearing his pale green pleated nightie, and tried to pull the satin housecoat tighter around his body in a self-conscious effort that really wasn't needed.

Candy was wearing, if it could be called wearing, a white silk, poets' styled night-shirt that reached to her thighs and had a collar big enough to almost but not quite fall off her shoulder. In any case it revealed a large amount of her upper chest and its very well endowed assets. Her dark areolas and nipples clearly showed through the thin silk. Her only other clothing was a pair of white, string bikini, panties and a pair of white cotton socks. Candy was a real blonde.

Wendy, on the other hand, wore an old fashioned, yellow, flower printed, long sleeved, flannel granny gown. It had a high white lace ruffled collar and full skirt reaching to past her ankles. Her hair was encapsulated in a bright yellow daisy printed bonnet. Jessica on the other hand wore her extra large dorm shirt that Mike had seen her in earlier.

They were all chattering at once and Mike couldn't take his eyes off them. They all smelled the same, perfumy and sweet. They all looked the same basically, soft and feminine. They all acted and sounded the same, girlish. They even dressed pretty much the same, so what was wrong with this picture? Mike asked himself. The answer when it came to him almost knocked him out. It made him reel back against the wall hard enough to get the other girl's attention.

"You alright there girl?" Wendy asked him. "Here let me help you," Candy offered as Jessica just reached over and pulled him back upright. In the process his robe was opened and half hanging on and half hanging off. Before he could react, one of the girls laughingly removed it fully and tossed it to the floor. "Shit, girl, you're going to burn up wearing that hot thing in here." They all began laughing and bouncing up and down on his bed. Apparently they found some big joke at his expense in all of this. In reality they were not paying him that much attention. They were just being girls once they realized he wasn't in any trouble.

Mike just sat back with a frown on his face; then, remembering his training quickly replaced it with a smile. Some habits were becoming hard to break; especially those reinforced by Frau Hoffman's training exercises. Wendy, Jessica, and Candy continued talking and laughing paying him no more mind. And that was the shocking truth that had floored him. They paid him no mind! ***He was one of them!!!***



## CHAPTER IV JUST A MEMBER OF THE TEAM

Mike stood in a darkened corner of the dressing room. All around him were nubile young women in various stages of dress and undress. The tank suit pulled tightly at his shoulders and crotch and clung to his skin. He grabbed his towel, put his feet into his shower shoes, walked down the narrow aisle between lockers and past other similarly clad girls to the pool. He couldn't help noticing in the mirror by the shower stalls that his crotch would not raise any questions.

“Take your mark, get set” the starter yelled as Mike dug his toes into the matting. “Bang!” the starter pistol fired. Simultaneously, Mike flung out his body in a shallow dive. He could feel the pressure of the swimming suit pull his breasts tightly against his chest as he reached out. He hit the cold water, and flung his arm out in his first stroke. “One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, breathe, one, two, three,” Mike counted in his mind. Keeping to his pace as Frau Hoffman taught him. He did not even think of performing his turn until his finger tips actually brushed the far wall.

Quickly, automatically Mike spun his body around while pulling his legs tightly against his bottom; then, with all his force, thrust out meeting the wall solidly almost before he had started his thrust. He felt himself propelled forward and quickly without missing a beat went right back into his swimming stroke. The next thing that he knew, he touched the far wall and finished his heat. Putting his feet to the bottom of the pool, wiping water from his eyes, Mike looked to see that he was first. First! He had won his match and by a good length from all appearances.

Reaching up to the pool side, Mike levered himself out of the water and doing a twist in mid—leap landed on his bottom sitting on the cool cement facing back out over the water. As he looked both right then left, he pulled his bathing cap from his head. He shook his head, letting his blond locks fly loosely around his shoulders. A self satisfied smile lit up his face.

Looking down, he quickly pulled his arms up around his chest and started to blush. His rounded breast mounds with their half—dollar sized areolas and eraser sized nipples were clearly visible. The tank suit was nothing more than another layer of skin exposing everything to view. Quickly, he got up and grabbing a towel wrapped it around his body and under his arms. He did not notice how the towel hung away from his torso nor just how much of his female genital cleavage showed through his suit.

“Wow! That was some awesome finish, Michelle,” Jessica said to him as he walked over to the bench. “I'll bet you make first string if you can keep up that pace. My, you're not even winded are you? I just couldn't imagine swimming that fast and not being winded at least just a little bit. You're in real great shape aren't ya?”

Mike was beginning to get used to Jessica's none stop conversational style. In a way he liked it because he never really had to answer her.

Over the ensuing several weeks, Mike was totally accepted by the other girls at school and on the swim team. No one questioned his gender and while he was shy and kept to the background as much as possible he found himself often the center of

attention. Even the school nurse did not give him a second thought when she gave him his medications.

The nurse's only thoughts were how *“that lovely child stood up to having undergone a total hysterectomy; especially at such a young age. Poor thing never to know what having a baby would be like.”*

What drew attention to Mike was his continued success on the swim club. Mike always finished in the one/two position regardless of the length of the race. In the relay races, his team always won their heat. Even though the coach shifted him around in the four man teams, Mike generally wound up taking the vital anchor position. As he continued to succeed, he found the other girls looking to him for leadership and even advice. The attention scared him to some degree, but he was very flattered at the same time. No one in the past had ever paid him as much attention or even asked his advice before now.

“Michelle Lynn Davis,” Mike read from the posted list, “starting individual free—style, anchor four man relay teams.”

“OH! Wow! You really made it Michelle,” Candy said. “Like totally awesome, first team starter no less.”

“Yeah, Michelle, congratulations. Like simply fab—a—rossa, girl! It's not often that they put first year students on the varsity team. Like, I mean never!” Wendy chirped in.

Michelle felt satisfied that she had been able to qualify for the varsity team, but still was not happy. She was always self—conscious. What with her body developing like it was. No what was he thinking. “Not she or her. I'm a he! See where all this is getting me. I'm changing and I don't like it. I want to be me! I'm a boy, damnit!” Mike's mind screamed at him. “I have to get out of this mess.”

Mike's pensive mood was not allowed to continue as his suite mates happiness for him bubbled up and over him. They managed to pull him along to the school's student union building for fries and diet cokes at his expense of course.

“After all you're the hero of the day,” they argued. “And besides, we all chipped in to buy you this,” Jessica said handing him a gaily wrapped package.

Only after he made all the correct ooohs and ahhs over just “how precious, it's just too cute, isn't it the most,” did Mike carefully remove the bright purple ribbon with its chrysanthemum shaped crown and carefully put it aside. Tentatively removing the box top and folding back the purple tissue, Mike found a pair of pearl drop earrings.

“Oh wow! You shouldn't have,” Mike exclaimed. “I, I really do not deserve any of this. I haven't done anything yet.”

“Oh, but you have girl!” Jessica said. “Why we have a suite mate that's gonna make all of us girls look good! Now come on let's eat, I'm starved!”

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That night as Mike lay in bed he couldn't get the persistent idea out of his mind that if he didn't get free and clear of not only school but his step—mother's influence

soon there would be no turning back. He would be a girl and he most definitely did not want to be a girl. While he couldn't function as a male at the moment, every time he looked at Jessica he wanted to be a man.

*"A John Wayne Macho Male! YES! That is what I really and truly want to be,"* his mind told him. The fact that his suite mates not only accepted him as a female but treated him like one only added to his agony and sleepless tossing and turning.

*"Gad! What a nightmare,"* he yelled at himself.

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The daily routine continued. Mike went to classes, went to swim team practice, and occasionally went out into town with his suite mates and a chaperon from the faculty. In everything that he did, he did as a girl. While he wasn't as conscious of his behavior as he had been earlier, the continuous pressure on his psyche was molding him more and more into the feminine gender.

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Mike was usually so occupied that he did not have much time for either self—pity or self—examination. His mind was devoted to his studies and maintaining his image. Trying to keep up his image left him completely exhausted and except for the occasional nightmare, slept like the dead.

Mike found himself even thinking like a girl when he observed himself in the mirror after his shower.

*"Oh, me,"* he had thought, *"Look at those awful muscles I'm developing in my shoulders! Maybe, I should ease up on my swimming? If they get any bigger, they will positively spoil the way my blouses and dresses hang."*

The school year seemed to be passing very quickly and before Mike and his friends knew it, the Autumn Festival was upon them. It was time for the first big dance of the year. He suite mates were all bouncing off the walls in anticipation of the dance. They were chattering like a bunch of squirrels over acorns which Mike did not mind as it kept their attention elsewhere. His continued success at interschool swim meets had placed entirely too much attention on him as far as he was concerned.

Mike looked up from his vanity stool at the peg—board where all his medals and ribbons were displayed. It would not be too much longer and he would need another board just to hold his medals. He had not finished in any of his heats less than second. Sighing softly, Mike reached over for a tissue and began removing the cleansing cream from his face.

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*"I guess Frau Hoffman and Marta are going to be happy with me now. I just hope that they let me become a boy again as soon as this semester is over,"* Mike hoped. *"I think that for Christmas I'll wrap up all my trophies and give them to her. Maybe, just maybe she'll let me come home and all."*

“Hey, Michelle, have you decided what formal you are going to wear yet?” Jessica asked him. Pulling his thoughts back to the present, he replied that he thought that he would wear the velvet dress but hadn't made up his mind just yet.

“Here shove over a bit,” Jessica said as she sat down beside him on the vanity stool and wiggled her butt up against his. If Jessica only knew what that did to him, he thought. Jessica reached across him to get a tissue and began dabbing at her eye lids. “Jessica, please,” was all he got out before she went into her rapid fire dialogue.

“I'm going to wear my green satin. What do you think. It's totally outrageous you know, but I think that I look really the she—devil, if you know what I mean. What do you think, huh? Anyway if I do my hair up right, ya know, like piled in a you know like in this picture here. See what do you think, huh? You are thinking what I think you are thinking aren't ya? My hair is too short for this, yeah? Well, you know, like maybe you are right. What do you think then if I do it this way. See this 'do right here. Can I try on some of that moisturizer, thanks.”

Mike had to smile to himself as Jessica continued her non—stop chatter. It was one of the many endearing things he liked about her. Others probably would be driven insane by Jessica's constant talking, but it made Mike feel reassured that someone really liked him; yet, did not require him to participate to keep that closeness.

Sitting this close to Jessica did funny things to Mike. On the one hand he wanted to ravish the little pixie and on the other he was jealous of her good looks and sparkling green eyes. At this precise moment, he had the strangest desire to just lean over and kiss her full on the mouth. To pull her into his arms and press her breasts tightly into his. And that was where his thoughts of lust faded into thoughts of self—loathing. How could he ever get a girl to pay that kind of attention to him when in all likelihood his breasts and cup size were bigger than hers. Fortunately Jessica did not notice his change of attitude and did not ask any embarrassing questions.



The Friday before the dance all the girls were in the gym helping to decorate it properly. Mike and his suite mates had been given the responsibility of designing the center piece. They had decided on a large turkey standing amid pumpkins and other veggies. Mike was gluing the red comb to the turkey's head while Candy was trying to attach the beard to the bird. Mike couldn't help looking down at Candy and almost glued his fingers to the comb. Candy wasn't wearing a bra and her right breast fell out of her loose fitting blouse. To make matters worse Wendy kept bumping into his rear.

“All right! That's it! I've had enough!” Mike almost shouted. “If you girls do not stop bothering me, I'm going to bust! Candy get your booby back into your blouse and damn it Wendy can't you rub your ass on something else? Can't you all see that I'm trying to get through here!” With that final outburst Mike fled back to the dorm in tears.

“Well jeeze! Like what got into her panties? Ya know, I don't, like you know, understand that girl. What's with her anyway, Jess? You know her better than any of us,” Candy asked.

“Well I sure don't know. Like it surprised me too. Maybe its her PMS time. She has been under a lot of pressure lately with swim team practice and all,” Jessica replied.

“Well, you wanna know what I think!” chirped in Wendy, “that girl just needs a good fuck. She's been uptight ever since she got here. We'd better get her a good man for the dance or she'll probably turn into a real she bitch.”

“Yeah,” agreed Candy, “that is exactly what that girl needs. Let's do it!”

“Oh, I don't know about that,” Jessica replied. “I really don't think it has anything to do with boys! It's, well, she really has not said anything about boys or even a boy for that matter.”

“Well, that's what I'm talking about girl,” Wendy continued. “She needs a man, not a boy, if you **know** what I mean! Do you all remember Tommy Dias!”

“Eeek! Do I,” Candy screeched. “Oh! WOW! Do I!” exclaimed Jessica, “he had the cutest tight butt I ever saw.”

“Like the greatest,” agreed Candy. “So what do you girls think. Wanna fix our innocent Michelle up for the night? I say let's go for it!”

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If Mike had only known, he might not have stayed in his room, but what will be done will be done. He dried his eyes and blew his nose on a piece of tissue. Looking into the vanity mirror with saddened red rimmed eyes, he saw a well built woman looking back at him. What will my friends think of me now he worried. I acted like a dope out there.

Getting up, he pulled off his black, long—sleeved, ribbed knit, cotton sweater by crossing his arms over his bulging chest and lifting. Shaking out his hair as he tossed the sweater on the bed, he looked down at his bra covered chest. He no longer felt the grasp of the bra or even the sleekness of the fabric like he had when he first started wearing girl's clothing.

He did not fill out a bra cup like he did now either.

Reaching down he unbuckled the thin black alligator belt and unbuttoned the pleated twill skirt and tossed it beside the sweater. Standing now only in his black lace frilled bra, matching panties, and pantyhose, Mike had to agree that he looked absolutely nothing like John Wayne or any man for that matter.

“Just imagine John Wayne wearing a black crossover, nylon tricot bra with a pretty little rose bud in the center and covered with flowery lace,” he thought. Tears started running down his cheeks once again, even as the picture of John Wayne in a bra brought giggles. Laughing while crying was a totally new emotion to him.

Mike pulled out a tissue to blot his eyes and walked over to his bureau. Pulling out his blue baby dolls, he then went into the bathroom. The cool shower helped restore him to a better mood, but now he was worried about making up to his friends. He was going to have to come up with a good story to cover his tracks or at least he thought he had to.

When Jessica and the others returned no one said a single thing about his bad attitude. When he tried to mention it and apologize, everyone just changed the subject. They wouldn't even allow him to say anything about it. Mike just sat on his bed and shrugged his shoulders. Soon his thoughts and the conversation turned to other times and places.

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Saturday morning came bright and early.

*“Why did these days always come in bright and early,”* Mike thought to himself. *“Why couldn't they, just this once, come in gloomy and overcast. Just like his attitude. Going to a dance dressed as a girl was bad enough, but to actually have to dance with **boys** ugh!!!”*

“Come on you gloomy gus,” Jessica called to him. “Come on get dressed. We have a lot to do today. You're coming with us this morning to get you hair done. The girls and I have decided you've been entirely too blue. Nothing like a new 'do and fancy dress to make you feel like a million.”

Reluctantly he got out of bed, and was soon dressed in a dark, wine colored, checked, mock v-neck, knit top and black pull-on stirrup pants. Quickly he added mascara, eye shadow, powder, and lipstick. A spurt of perfume, a quick pass of the brush, and he was ready.

Jessica tossed Michelle's tri-colored trimmed purse over to her as she put down the brush.

“Come on, we're going to be late. Candy and Wendy have already left.”

Mike followed Jessica into the women's inner sanctum feeling somewhat uncomfortable. Being exposed to his suite mates in various stages of undress made this new experience not that bothersome. At least not as bothersome as it once could have been. Once past the reception area, the beauty parlor was not very different from a hair styling salon. The smells and chatter combined with the more feminine atmosphere did make this experience different than just getting a hair cut.

His hair shampooed, trimmed, and set, Mike sat under the drier while an attendant did his nails. The latest edition of “Seventeen” lay half read in his lap. Mike was rest-



ing his eyes while wondering what ordeal was coming later that evening for him. The very thought of having to mix with boys that he once attended school with worried him fiercely.

'What if's' filled his mind with trepidation. What if they recognized him? What if they wanted to dance? What if they wanted to dance close? What if they exposed him or, horrors what if they beat him to a pulp right there on the dance floor. He was brought out of his worries when the stylist pulled up the drier hood and asked him to follow her back to the chair.

"Wow, Michelle," Jessica said as they sipped cokes at a near by mall eatery, "they really did a number on your hair. It is simply divine. I wish my hair was as easy to control as yours. I mean yours simply looks like spun gold coiled around your head and shoulders. Golly, it's going to drive all the other girls crazy with envy, you know. I guess that all the chemicals in the pool helped to make your hair shine like that, but like it's the most. It really is, you know. I'm truly jealous."

"Come on Michelle, what's got hold of you. You look fantastic, your hair and nails are simply to die for; yet, you're being a real downer. If I could look as good as you do with so little effort I'd be happier than anything, you know," Wendy added.

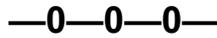
Mike did not know what to say, but he realized that he had better get his act together or his friends would start asking embarrassing questions. "I'm sorry," he finally said. "I, er, I've just been preoccupied. I've never danced with a boy before or even been to a school dance, er, like this one, I mean. What do you say we finish these cokes and go shopping?"

Back in the dorm it seemed that all the girls had become mindless and helpless idiots. They could not find this, they couldn't find that, they forgot how to zipper a zipper, and they just couldn't get their makeup on right. It was the wrong color, the wrong shade, the wrong this, the wrong that. Mike, while filled with the jitters and butterflies, just sat back for awhile and enjoyed all the feminine mayhem. It reminded him of the old "Keystone Cops" movie shorts, but all too soon he was wrapped up in their little melodrama.

Mike stood in front of the full length mirror. The other girls stood around him, fidgeting slightly. To say that he was stunning in his black velvet formal with his spun gold tresses coiled about his head and shoulders would be an understatement. The rounded collar revealed plump but firm breast mounds of cream colored flesh and the flaring hem revealed graceful thighs surrounded by amber red petticoats. Standing in three inch black heels and sheer stockings, Mike was undeniably the most beautiful girl in the room.

It was obvious from the way the other girls reacted to his presence that Mike was going to have no problems passing. As a matter of fact his biggest problem was going to be facing up to all the feminine envy and catty commentaries.

Mike couldn't help noticing all the stares he was getting from not only the other students but his teachers as well. A buzz of low conversations followed him and his suite mates as they passed down the hall and into the gym. Mike picked up only brief fragments of those conversations, "I'd kill.. Can't be really hers..If I only had her..Has to be false.. A real miss prissy..Sooo beautiful..She'd better not..my boyfriend.."



Mike was holding a cup of punch in his hand when the boys entered the gym. They came in single file, dressed in tuxedos, and smiling from ear to ear for the most part. Some of them seemed shy and embarrassed, but they all appeared eager. It wasn't that long ago that he'd done the same thing himself.

It was the general rumor among the guys that these 'girls' were easy because the headmistress ordered them to do as the boys wanted. As a matter of fact, Mike had gotten his first kiss from a girl at his first dance here. It was at this remembrance that Mike began to have his first misgivings. Misgivings not about being revealed as a boy, but rather not being discovered.

"Oh God!" Mike thought, "What am I going to do if one of them wants to kiss me or, or worse?"

It did not take the more aggressive boys long to discover the 'new talent' in the gym. Mike was one of the first picked out. He tried to dismiss their attentions and requests to dance, but his friends pushed him out into the arms of the third boy. After that frightening experience and a teacher's order to him 'to be more charming', Mike settled down. He was constantly on the dance floor with one boy or another until he was roughly grabbed and pulled into the arms of one dominant male.

Tommy Dias. He was the object of just about every girl's desire. They just seemed to melt at the very mention of his name. Mike had seen the looks on the faces of his suite mates every time Tommy's name was mentioned. Mike knew him from school and what he knew about Tommy Dias scared him silly.

Tommy was a braggart, bully and just plain uncaring SOB. He had the reputation of getting from girls whatever he wanted and did not mind using force if he had to, to get the object of his desire. He use to stand out in the playground and tell all who cared to listen of his conquests. He seemed to relish talking about the ones that fought him. He liked to physically control his women.

"I like them to fight. They are real women worthy of my affections. Those bimbos that just fall at my feet aren't worth the effort, but a blow job is still a blow job right? Hahahaha. It's just too damn easy with them. That is until you start doing something; then, they get all bitchy and teary eyed and beg you to stop and all that crap," he had said once.

Mike did not like him then and he definitely did not want to be in his arms now. He felt his body being drawn tightly into Tommy's grasp. Mike's breasts crunched up against his tuxedo's ruffled dress shirt, and Tommy's leg wedged itself between Mike's thighs as he moved Mike to the slow dance music.

"Now where have you been keeping yourself, beautiful," Tommy asked into Mike's left ear. Mike tried to pull away, but Tommy's hold was too strong. He felt Tommy's lips nibble at his ear lobe and then quickly brush his neck. "I'm Tommy Dias, you probably heard of me. What's your name, dahlin'?"

"Please, you're hurting me. Let me go," Mike pleaded in a louder voice than he intended.

“Hey, babe, no big deal. Don't get your petticoats all in an uproar. I'm just trying to be friendly,” Tommy said as he eased up on his grasp and stepped back a pace. “Come on now, you don't have to get all excited. It's not like I'm doing anything here.”

The song finally over, Mike marched as quickly as he could back to his seat. He tried not to pay any attention to Tommy as he followed behind.

“Hey, babe, I'll be back real quick,” Tommy said as Michelle sat down and tried to ignore him.

“What the double—toothpicks is the matter with you Michelle?” Candy wanted to know. “That's gotta be the finest piece of cake you're going to find anywhere. Besides, I hear that he is rich too.”

“Yeah, what's the beef?” Wendy wanted to know. “I'd give my stereo for a chance to go out with him.”

“Come on you guys, give Michelle a break here. Maybe she just doesn't like him,” Jessica said in his defense. “Come on, tell me what happened out there?”

“Nnnothing! Nothing happened. I just don't like him. I, I've heard things. I don't know, it's well, I just don't want to dance with him, that's all,” he finally replied.

The rest of the night was almost pleasant for Michelle. He continued to dance with other boys, but steadfastly refused to have anything else to do with Tommy. He found out that he could enjoy himself as long as he did not stop to think about his situation.

As long as he did not dwell on the physical closeness he could manage. The sensations caused by the boys' legs pressing up into his skirted crotch. Ruffled shirt covered chests pressing against his breasts were sending strange sensations up and down his spine. The fast dances were fine, it was just those slow dances that he had a hard time managing. It seemed like he was dancing with an octopus rather than a boy, but he managed.

Late in the evening Mike walked out into the roofed open gallery that connected the gym with the school proper. He had to get away from all the noise and boys. He was tired and mentally exhausted from the constant pressure to maintain his feminine character. Off to his left he heard the sounds of lovers and decided to walk in the opposite direction. His steps took him out into the garden area between the two buildings.

With his hands clasped behind his back and his head raised to the sky, Mike gazed out over the starlit night. *“Oh, if things were different. I could have been here dancing with Jessica instead of dancing with grubby boys,”* he thought. *“Why in tarnation did I ever agree to join a swim team?”*

Mike was not aware of the shadow creeping up behind him as he continued his walk. He was entirely absorbed in his own thoughts, until the hand grasped his right shoulder and forced him to turn around.

“Michelle, what are you doing out here by yourself?” the headmistress asked him. “You should know better than to leave the dance early. Everyone is looking for you,

you know. Yes, you were chosen 'belle of the ball' and it is time for you to be crowned. Now get yourself back in there this instant.”

Mike followed the Headmistress back into the brightly lit gym and up onto the bandstand to accept his crown and one dozen American Beauty roses.

He was loudly applauded and cheered even though his tears and boo-hoos made his acceptance speech inaudible.

All his friends gathered around him as he stepped from the platform.

“Oh, Michelle, congratulations,” they all seemed to say at once. Then he was crushed in many hugs and kisses on the cheek.

Suddenly and completely unexpected, he was seized and pulled deep into an embrace. To his utter amazement, he then found himself soundly French kissed. Mike could feel the tongue plunge into his throat as a leg dug itself into his crotch as he was pulled even deeper into the masculine embrace.

Left breathless and stunned, Mike tried to pull away, but once again felt his lips being bruised by another forceful kiss. He felt the arm around his waist pull in tighter and a hand firmly held his head to the man's lips. Again he was freed only briefly before he felt the arm pull him back into an embrace and another kiss played along his lips.

Breaking free a few moments later, Mike stepped back and dropping the crushed roses let fly. His hand leaped out in a wide roundhouse slap aimed at Tommy's grinning face. Moments before it connected, Tommy reached out and grasped the flying hand stopping it in mid—slap.

“Hey, good looking, let's not get carried away here. Shall we. It was only a kiss for heaven's sake,” Tommy said while grinning from ear to ear.

Then without so much as a ‘by—your—leave, Tommy pulled the hapless Mike back into his arms and kissed him again. To Mike's shame, Tommy managed to work his tongue back inside his mouth and then to his horror sucked his own tongue into his mouth and began sucking and nibbling on it.

When Mike was finally able to break free sputtering and gasping at the same time, Tommy just turned on his heel and walked away.

All the other girls were as stunned as Mike, but in a completely different manner.

“OOOOOO! GIRL! That was one **red hot** kiss!OOOOOWEEEE,” was all Mike heard. While he couldn't identify the speaker it was apparent from the looks on their faces that all the girls were very jealous of his good fortune.

Mike turned and ran from the gym. Tears welled up into his eyes, blinding him, but he kept running. It did not matter where he ran to or where he wound up, just as long as it was a million miles from where he was. That is all that mattered to him for the moment—distance.

He had to get away and he had to do it now.

He did not get too far before he had to stop and remove his heels.

“Damn these heels,” he said as he tossed them into the air. Stepping out onto the turf to protect his now unshod feet, Mike continued his flight. He was oblivious to any pursuit and did not even care that his friends were left way behind. All that mattered was getting away.

Finally almost exhausted, Mike slowed down enough to discover that he was well out on the grounds of the school and the encircling chain link, barbed wired fence was no more than fifty yards away.

As he staggered trying to get his bearings, he felt his legs give way as something tackled him around the knees. Finding himself lying on his stomach on the damp grass, Mike turned over to discover Tommy rising above him.

“Well you led me on a merry chase, sweetheart, but it looks like I've got you now all to myself,” he said as he began peeling off his jacket.

Mike was too scared to even yell or move.

Tommy filled his vision and in some strange way he felt excited looking up at this extremely masculine figure. Tommy was certainly masterful and he did have an exceptional bod. There would never be any mistaking Tommy for a sissified boy/girl.

“Here put this on,” Tommy ordered holding out his jacket. “Can't have you coming down with a cold now can we.”

Mike reached out and took both the offered helping hand up and the jacket.

Tommy settled the jacket around Mike's shoulders and placing an arm around his waist led him back to the gym.

Tommy talked all the way back to the gym. He had apologized for his behavior and Mike graciously accepted. Mike was almost beginning to like Tommy by the time Jessica, Candy, and Wendy walked up to them.

Seeing Mike's soiled dress and disheveled appearance, they naturally assumed certain mistaken events had taken place. None of them disapproved of what they thought had happened, and in some cases were happy that 'Michelle finally got laid'. “Maybe now she'll quit being so damn bitchy at times,” Candy said to Wendy later that night.

“Come on let's get you back to the dorm before the headmistress or others catch you looking like this,” Jessica told her. “You need to change. God! Did you ever ruin that gorgeous dress. Your step—mother is going to simply kill you when she finds out. Let's go girls, we have to get Michelle upstairs. Go on Michelle, kiss Tommy good night, give him his jacket and let's get out of here. Bye Tommy.”

Mike had to push one of his breasts back into its cup before he could give up the jacket. A maneuver Tommy did not fail to notice. Reaching out with the jacket in his hand, Mike was pulled into Tommy's arms and given another powerful soul kiss.

Mike lay awake in his bed, the light snoring coming from Jessica's side of the room and the ticking of the old style alarm clock the only sounds disturbing the night.

Reaching under the covers to once again pull down the hem of his nightie, he mumbled, “*darn, I can't wait to get back to being a boy.*”

His mind followed this train of thought, *"not having to keep pulling down nighties and dressing like a girl will be a relief. I can't believe that I let a boy kiss me. Ooooh that makes me sooooo mad I could just spit! I can't believe that I let him do that to me. Damn! What if he, he tried to do something! I'd die, simply die!"*

Even as Mike's mind rehashed all the events that had taken place, his fingers unconsciously found their way to his feminized crotch and began a slow rubbing motion. Once his mind realized what his fingers were doing, he quickly stopped and thrust his hands to his sides and buried them under his waist.

*"Damn it! What am I doing? I've spent so much time with girls that I'm finally beginning to act like one. Shit! I've got to stop this somehow, but how can I?"*

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It had been a long night and when Jessica woke him Sunday morning, he felt and looked exhausted. He dressed for chapel services feeling even more self—conscious than he had in several months. With one leg up on the commode lid as he massaged moisturizer into his just shaven calf, he stopped and for several moments examined his feminized groin. Parting the fleshy lips covered in a course curly blond hair, it looked just like Jessica's red thatched pussy.

Looking down at his pussy also brought into focus his well formed pear shaped breasts with their eraser sized nipples standing proudly upon dark brick red circles of rubbery areolas. They were now solid 'B' cups with more growth still to come. After a few more moments of self—contemplation, he heaved a sigh of acceptance as 'seeing is believing.'

Standing up, Mike walked over to the bathroom door and removed his white quilted satin robe and working his feet into his mules went back into the dorm. He felt detached and more like an observer as he glanced over at Jessica who was pulling on her pantyhose. He only watched for a second as Jessica's breasts jiggled and tossed with the motions of her body as it twisted and turned.

Picking out a pair of shimmering, pale pink and chalk white panties with the matching bra from his bureau, Mike quickly removed his robe and pulled them on.

*"Strange,"* the observer that was in his mind thought, *"he's doing this as if he's done it all his life and in front of women **and** it doesn't phase him. Even with a naked very beautiful woman in the room with him. He even enjoyed kissing a boy! Now don't try to deny it! You DID play with yourself last night. Now didn't you? So look at yourself in the vanity. Yes! Look real close and tell me what you see? Go on now! Look real good and close!"*

Mike couldn't help himself. Looking back at him was most certainly a beautiful young woman. He had no arguments left. He would never be a boy again. No never! Not looking this way and, and, Mike began softly crying.

Mike had his hands clamped over his face clutching several tissues. He could not control his crying now and great big crocodile tears were streaming down his face. He had tried to cover up, but now it was no use.

“Hey, girl, what is the matter? You alright?” Jessica said as she heard his stifled sobs. “You're still not upset over last night are you?”

Jessica walked over to him and put her hands around his upper shoulders.

He felt her bra covered breasts pressing into his back and began crying all the harder. As his sobbing increased, Jessica turned him around and kneeling brought him into her arms in a motherly hug.

“It'll be ok, Michelle. Come on just go ahead and let it all out. Everything will be alright. You just go ahead and cry.” Jessica offered while patting him on the back and holding him in a close embrace.

After some time Mike was able to get control of himself. He calmed down enough so that Jessica could release him after guiding him over to his bed.

“Want to tell me about it? You don't have to you know, but I am here for you,” she said.

Mike couldn't help himself. Before he knew it, he had blurted out his entire story from beginning to end. He left out only a few details, but Jessica now knew all of his secrets.

She stared down at him. Disbelief clearly showing in her eyes.

“Michelle or Michael or whatever your name is. Oh! This is crazy. This is some kind of joke you are pulling on me. Right? Because if **it isn't** I'm going to **have to tell** the headmistress and anybody else who will listen. This **is not the least bit funny!**” Jessica stomped off to her side of the room obviously agitated and very upset over Mike's revelation.

Mike could almost see the sparks flying.

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The rest of the day and into mid—week their relationship was cool at best. Whenever Mike tried to talk to her, Jessica would ignore him. Even their suite mates noticed the charged atmosphere between the two and couldn't do anything to help.

“Take your mark, get set,.....**bang!** The starter pistol rang out. Michelle's dive was shallow and almost immediately went ahead of all the others in the heat. Shaking her head as she pulled off her bathing cap, Michelle got out of the pool, the clear winner by almost a full second. Chalk up another first for the team. At this pace she was a shoo in for the Olympic Trials.

It was her third year at the Academy and by far her most successful. Whenever she was entered into a competitive event the stands were filled with fans. Her loudest rooters were her step—mother and Frau Hoffman. They were at every event and always by her side afterwards. Michelle was really going places according to all the experts because she concentrated so hard on her sport. She did not let boys or other activities distract her like so many of her contemporaries. Yes, Michelle was a winner!

## EPILOGUE

Michelle and Jessica never really mended their relationship and at the start of the next semester Jessica moved to another school. Nothing was ever said to explain the

sudden departure, but Michelle roomed alone for the rest of the time she spent at the academy. One of the fringe benefits for being such an outstanding swimmer for the team. At least that was the excuse provided by the administration.

Due to the problems between Michelle and Jessica, Michelle had to make some serious decisions about her life. It was plainly obvious that no one would ever believe that Michelle was ever a boy. He had to recognize that fact. Jessica's forceful reproach of him and avoidance only convinced him that it was no use fighting. He had to accept his new role in life or face serious trouble. If his best friend in the whole world would turn on him like that, what would a non—friend do if they found out!

Michelle never really recovered from the loss of her friendship with Jessica, but the realization that she was a she made it so much easier to exist. Now the only thing that mattered was her swimming and the vague hope that maybe one day she could resume her old life as a boy.

Unfortunately even Michelle's swimming career would not last as the Olympic Committee began requiring DNA testing to establish a competitor's true sexual identity. It seemed that many countries were questioning the issue because of the dominance of the East German's, but that is another story.