

COUGAR

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

John Fox was typical of most teenaged boys just graduating from high school. He was an average student, played video games instead of sports, dated frequently getting his cherry busted as a junior and now had a steady girlfriend. His steady, Alison, was pretty and in the same social strata at school as John. They began dating soon after starting their senior year, became good friends then fell in love. Now that they were graduates, they planned on going to the same college and living together once the semester started. They both got summer jobs working at the same burger joint and planned on spending as much time together as possible.

John just turned nineteen, was five foot seven, kept his long brown hair in a low pony tail and weighed a toned one thirty-five. Alison was an inch smaller, had curly Chestnut colored hair, cute button nose with freckles and appealing figure. They had a lot in common but political opposites. She came from a liberal thinking family while his was conservative. Politics was about the only thing they disagreed or argued about. It was politics that got John in his present state. It all started one Friday in early July when they both had the day off from work. Instead of an evening of fun and frolic John had planned, Alison had volunteered to man the phone lines for a liberal candidate running for mayor. John was upset when she told him that she was supporting that sleaze bag but even more at being dumped for the night.

That very same night Elvira Manning was putting the finishing touches to her makeup. She was a voluminous woman with an extraordinarily beautiful face. What made her face really stand out were her large violet eyes and full lips. Her raven black mid-shoulder length hair contrasted beautifully with her alabaster skin. Her skin was soft and smooth with few wrinkles for a woman of thirty-nine. Her D-cup breasts were just beginning to sag but with the help of a good bra looked fantastic in a low cut dress or blouse.

She looked into the lighted mirror as she applied a second coat of blood red lipstick. "Tonight, it has to be tonight. I have a limited amount of time to fill that contract and it's going to be tough to meet that deadline if I don't do it tonight. It calls for someone no older than twenty and that may prove to be a little difficult. However, I may be an aging Cougar but I still have what it takes," she thought as she cupped her breasts. Then picking up her purse she headed out the door.

Throwing her clutch purse onto the black leather passenger seat, she settled in behind the wheel of her red Mercedes Betz sports car. "If my looks and perfume don't do it, then this car certainly will," she said as she drove to a popular grill/bar catering to the younger crowd.

She parked it a block and half away and keeping to the shadows, walked seductively down the sidewalk. She didn't like street cameras and did her best to avoid them. While she parked on a side street that didn't have a camera system, there were always business spy cams. In her line of work it didn't pay to be noticed.

It was early in the evening but she had patience. Elvira perched her firm round bottom on the stool at the end of the bar so she could watch the crowd. She had picked out this place because it didn't have surveillance cameras and was fairly well lit. She asked for a cup of coffee and a menu. She planned on sipping the coffee until she

found the person she was looking for then placing a quick salad to go order. She was lucky, not ten minutes after she got her coffee, a young man meeting all her requirements entered. He looked like he was mad about something but that didn't matter. All that mattered was him taking the bait.

John was steamed that Alison dumped him in favor of working phones for the night. He didn't feel in the mood to sit with his family for dinner and having to face all the questions as to why he wasn't going out. He was just driving around town, not paying much attention to where he was going, when his stomach growled. He realized that he was hungry and pulled into the parking lot of the first place he came to. It was one of those franchised bars passing itself off as a restaurant. He didn't feel like sitting alone at a table so went to the bar. He ordered a filet with baked potato and a beer.

While waiting for his order looked around. John noticed right off the beautiful older woman sitting further down. He admired the way she looked especially the nice display of ample bosom and tight red mini-skirt.

"If she were a lot younger I think I would like to get to know her. Oh well, let's see what other feast for the eyes I can find," he thought scanning the restaurant giving the older woman no more thought.

The meal was alright but nothing to brag about. As he stood dropping a couple of dollars for the tip on the bar, Elvira picked up her to go order and purse and headed towards the door. She timed it perfectly as John walked up at the same time. She made her "I'm just a helpless girl, please help me" expression making sure he could see the bag in one hand and the purse in the other. John was more than happy to assist the good looking older woman. Stepping through the door she asked him sweetly to please escort her to her car.

"I don't feel all that safe in this neighborhood. I seldom come this way but a big strong young man such as you would make me feel perfectly safe," she said putting on her brightest smile as she brushed past him in the doorway.

John was startled as she went past him out the door. "Did she purposely rub her rack across my arm? Wow, that's some heady perfume she's wearing and what a fine ass," he thought following behind. When she asked him to follow her to the car, he didn't have to think twice about it.

"Yeah, sure, I'd be happy to," he responded. "Damn, I'm getting a hard on just looking at her. If I didn't know better I would think she is coming on to me. Can't be, she's way older than me," he thought walking beside her down the sidewalk.

It didn't help his little man settle down as their hips seemed to keep touching. She was about two inches taller than John wearing flats and easily out weighed him as well but her proportions were great. Her perfume filled his nose as their bodies brushed together making him very conscious of how horny he was getting.

When they got to her car, she clicked the remote and waited for him to open it for her. John stood there stupidly for a second or two before understanding what was required. As he bent to open the door, he was surprised and jumped as her hand patted his butt.

"Such a cute butt on such a super nice guy, I'm sorry if I got a bit carried away. It's not often that I get turned on by someone as young as you. Can you forgive me for that? It's just been awhile, if you know what I mean," Elvira said in a soft come hither voice.

John stood there holding the door open, blushing bright red not knowing what to say. She was standing right beside him, her large tits just brushing his upper arm. "Shit,

she is hitting on me! What am I gonna do? She's at least as old as my mom but still damn hot. I heard that older women make better lovers and I sure am horny right now. The way she smells is intoxicating and pouting her lips and making goo-goo eyes at me right now isn't helping. Shit! Alison would be so pissed at me right now but she's the one that broke our date," he thought as he tried to say something.

"Come on baby, take the bait. You know you want me. I can tell by that nice bulge in your pants. Just needs a bit of a push I think. Maybe this is the jolt he needs," Elvira thought as she pressed her lips lightly to his, slipping just the tip of her tongue into his mouth.

Stepping back breaking the kiss, she purred, "Why don't you get in and I'll give you a ride in my little sport's car you won't soon forget."

"Wow!" was all a very flustered John could say as she stepped into her car exposing the top of her stockings. "That would be fun but I don't even know your name," he said after shutting the door.

"It's Elvira honey, now come on around and get in," she replied.

John didn't need to be asked twice. "If anything happens it's all Alison's fault anyway," he justified as he got into the passenger seat.

Before he had his seat belt fastened she had the little red sports car out into the street. She was more than anxious to get this catch netted and in the boat so to speak. She hit the accelerator and zipped through the yellow light forcing them back into their plush leather seats. Elvira didn't like to take chances with all the street cameras out there but the thrill of what she knew was coming made her just a tad reckless. In less than twenty minutes she was pushing the remote to open the garage doors. It was dark outside and she doubted that any prying neighbors could see anything.

As she turned off the ignition, she reached over and patting John's thigh said, "Come on sweetie, we're home. Jump out and open the door for me honey." By that time John was ready to do anything Elvira asked. He jumped to do her bidding.

"Yea...yeah sure, man this is one really hot car," he said getting out doing what she asked.

Once inside, she went to the refrigerator and pulled out a bottle of white wine. John didn't notice when she dropped the powder into his glass. He was so nervous his hands were shaking as he took the fancy stemmed glass from her. As he took the glass he noticed that her eyes were sparkling and had an ear to ear smile on her face.

"Man, I'm going to get some really great ass tonight," he thought as he took a big nervous gulp.

They went into the living room where she turned on some soft jazz then motioning him to the couch, sat down beside him. He started to say something but she stopped him by pressing two finger tips to his lips. Pulling her fingers away, she pressed her lips to his, pushing just the tip of her tongue into his mouth, running it along his lower lip and gave him the best kiss of his life. As the kiss lingered, she stroked his obvious hardened bulge with her long vivid red nails. John had never in his young life experienced such sexual delights as she finally broke the kiss and sat back smiling broadly.

"Oh dear, I really hope you didn't mind but I just couldn't help myself. Drink some more wine and I promise I'll try not to lose control like that again," she said in her soft sexy voice.

John's head was buzzing and his dick was threatening to burst through his jeans. "Golly, I've never been this turned on in my life. It's true what they say, older women do make better lovers if this is any indication where this night is going," he thought as he finished off his glass of wine.

He didn't like wine but with what had happened so far it tasted like ambrosia. The combined sensations of the smell of her exotic perfume, the taste of her lips still on his and that touch to his groin had his mind totally blown away. What qualms he had had about Alison evaporated with that last kiss.

"N...no...that...that was...errr...great," he managed to stammer in reply.

Mentally he kicked himself in the ass for sounding like a kid in junior high. "Damn, she must think I'm a total goof ball. I don't want to miss this chance. Come on man, be cool," he thought.

She giggled girlishly and brushed her hand across his thigh as she kissed his blushing cheek. "You're just so cute. I could eat you all up sweetie. Oh dear, it looks like you could use a refill. Let me get you one then, if you feel like it, maybe we could dance a bit before.....well before we get to know each other so much better," she purred.

He wasn't sure about dancing but whatever she wanted to do he was willing to try. His little head was dictating everything now and from the way she was acting John figured it was going to be a night to remember. He had never been on this much of an erotic high before and he decided to do whatever she asked to make that feeling go on and on. By the time she returned with his refilled glass, John was feeling the effects of the date rape drug she had slipped into his first drink. His emotions were at a peak he never experienced before. As he danced closely with Elvira a feeling of rapturous delight filled him.

"Man, whatever it takes, I'm going to do whatever to get this chick in the sack," he thought.

As they danced Elvira gave him passionate kisses and squeezed his butt as they slow moved tightly knit to the music. "Come on baby I need you now. Why don't we go into my bedroom and settle that bulge in your pants down a bit," she whispered into his ear then licked it.

The bedroom was ultra feminine with a four poster king sized bed dominating the room. Floral accents with soft pastel violets, purples, and lavender filled the bedroom. It was diffidently a woman's room but John didn't give a shit as he stripped quickly out of his clothing. Elvira stood off to the side smiling gleefully as she watched John strip tossing his clothing everywhere. Once he was naked, she smiled broadly liking the lean young man that stood before her.

"He's going to be perfect," she thought.

"Oh sweetie, could you do me a favor. I have this thing about hairy men would you mind if we got rid of it for little ole me?" she purred as she removed her outer clothing.

He stood a bit confused for a moment but seeing her posing in her red lingerie, lacy garter belt and black stockings, he was willing to do anything. Alison had never worn such sexy underclothing preferring plain cotton. Elvira's bra had elaborate silver stitching in a floral pattern with matching bikini panties and wide garter belt equally decorated with silver thread. Other than in magazines, John had never seen a woman wearing garter belt and hose. He dumbly nodded his head in agreement too excited to speak.

She took him into the master bath. Donning rubber gloves, proceeded to coat his

entire body from neckline to his toes in a smelly burning lotion. Of course he complained when she coated his underarms and groin but it was only a token resistance. His little man and drug making any real objection impossible. Soon all the hair was flushed down the drain of the shower. He stood with a rampant erection as she smoothed a floral scented lotion over his abused skin and then dusted it with floral talc. He didn't object but relished the touch of her hands as they moved over his body especially when they caressed his penis.

He was so wrapped up in his euphoric feelings that he didn't even notice when she pulled a pair of bright yellow nylon tap panties up his legs lavished with chocolate floral lace hemming. It bothered him a bit when she hooked the matching satin bra around his chest but couldn't respond. The flash of the digital camera became a mere afterthought. He stood patiently as she kneaded sheer white hose with lace welts up his legs. She fastened a yellow lace embellished garter belt around his waist and snapped the six garter tabs to the lacy welts. Shivers went up his spine as she dropped the bright yellow satin and chiffon baby doll nightie over his head. Its soft caress as it floated down his torso sent chills of delight throughout his body. Another first for him and the feelings sent almost agonizing thrills running up and down his spine. Again the flash of the camera didn't register.

She sat him on a pink satin cushioned stool and quickly applied makeup using bright lilac and lavenders to shade his lids and a bubble gum pink frosted lipstick. Black liquid eyeliner, eyebrow pencil and mascara were used to really bring out his gorgeous brown eyes. Again the flash of the camera only brought a mild irritation into what was the most erotic and strange situation he had ever been in. During the entire process she kept telling him how great the sex was going to be and that he would never forget this night for the rest of his life. Instead of wilting in embarrassment at what was being done to him, John's dick remained rampant. The flashing of the camera was only a minor distraction.

He was almost totally out of it when she led him back to the bed and had him sit on the edge. He didn't notice her pull the nine inch black double headed dildo from a dresser drawer and attach it around her waist. He was vaguely aware of kissing its tip and then going down on it. For all he knew it was the greatest night of his life.

Ooo

John suddenly woke up fully alert and clear headed. "What the fuck?" he blurted as he quickly sat up.

The last thing he remembered about last night was drinking a glass of wine. He knew immediately that something was very wrong and looked around the room. The small bedroom was painted in soft colors and the floor covered with a thick beige rug. There were a couple of scenic paintings in gold frames on the walls, a dark walnut dresser, over stuffed chair, bedside table with ceramic lamp and the bed. As his eyes took in his surroundings the bright yellow nightie clearly displaying the bra came into focus.

He automatically brought his hands up to his chest grasping the two mounds in disbelief. When the cups collapsed as he squeezed, relief filled his mind. "Crap, why am I wearing this shit? Thank goodness these aren't real. For a moment there....fuck! What happened last night and why can't I remember anything?" he moaned.

It was then that he felt the tightness around his waist and the grasp of nylons on his legs. Tossing off the covers he looked down, disbelief at what he was seeing written all over his face.

"What the fuck?" he screamed.

Elvira was waiting outside the closed door to the guest bedroom. Waiting for the moment when John discovered his situation. Hearing his scream, she smiled broadly, turned the handle and entered the room. “Good morning sweetie, I hope you slept well and only had delicious dreams about me. Would you like to join me and have some breakfast? It’s all ready. I put a pair of slippers by the bed. So put them on and let’s go. I’m starving after all we did last night,” she gaily said.

“Wha....what happened? I don’t remember anything and ho...how did I get like this?” he demanded as he pointed to his nightie clad body.

“Oh sweetie, I can’t believe you could have forgotten the wonderful time we had last night. Why you had me seeing stars and you tell me you don’t remember.....You don’t remember all the wonderful things we did? I should feel very hurt by that, you know. Well, here put on this negligee and slip into those slippers. We’ll talk all about it while we eat,” she pouted.

“I want my own clothing back right now. I feel like a damn fool wearing this shi...errr...stuff,” he demanded.

“That’s enough! We’ll discuss it over breakfast. I’m hungry and need my coffee,” she snapped tossing him the negligee.

He didn’t know why he did it but he pulled the soft shimmering translucent gown on and stepped into the bright yellow terry slippers. He wasn’t happy by any means but the caress of the tap panties over his manhood combined with the soft nylon brushing across his thighs made it twinge. Watching Elvira’s shapely ass swaying before him covered similarly to his own but in a bright vivid red would have brought him to an immediate erection but he was too upset. He needed answers as to what really went on last night. She ignored him when he demanded to know what happened as they walked to the kitchen. That only made him madder but wasn’t sure if it was her or himself he was maddest at.

“I can’t believe how much of a fool I was to even get in the car with this woman. Hell, I’m engaged to a beautiful woman and I should know better. I would have felt bad enough if we just had sex but....but this is just too kinky...OMG! If Alison ever finds out she’ll cut my nuts off,” his mind screamed.

The breakfast was half a grapefruit, slice of unbuttered toast and all the coffee he wanted. He was too distraught to eat and felt like a complete idiot sitting there dressed as he was. Elvira fended off any questions until she had eaten. When finished, she got up and handed him a DVD and a stack of photographs. He took them and looked into her face with silent questions.

“I think those will explain most of what happened last night, sweetie. Go ahead and have a look. I took those pictures from the DVD we made last night. Oh by the way, I have plenty more hidden away if you would like extra copies for your fiancée Alison and family,” she said seriously. Gone was her bright friendly smile and loving voice, she was all business.

Nervous and scared, John looked down at the photos spread out on the kitchen table. “OMG! What the fuck! This can’t be me!” he gasped as he gazed unbelieving at the pictures. Each and everyone made it look like he was having the time of his life even the close up of a black man’s dick surrounded by his lips. Try as he might he couldn’t remember a thing but that picture of him sucking dick looked all too real. His skin deadly white as he went back through them once again then turned crimson as tears began to flow.

“Good, I see that you understand the position you’re in. Now let me explain a few

things for you. First, you will call me Mistress Elvira from now on and obey me completely or these will be posted on the internet and copies sent to your family. I think Alison will particularly enjoy seeing the one of you sucking that gorgeous black dick. No, you didn't suck a real one, just a very life like replica but no one can tell. Before you even ask, I don't want your money or anything else. What I demand from you is complete and total obedience. You will do everything I tell you without question or delay as soon as I tell you. If I say jump, you had better already be in the air before you ask how high."

"You told me a lot last night and I got even more from your smart phone and wallet. You understand better than I what would happen to you and your family should any of this get out. I shouldn't have to tell you not to try something stupid. I'm stronger than you and have a black belt. Plus if I don't type the proper code into my computer, every one of those pictures and DVD will automatically be forwarded to all the contacts you have on your phone. Now, clean up this mess in the kitchen while I get your clothing together then take you to your car," she instructed.

"OMG! How did I get myself in this mess? I swear I don't remember doing any of this. That bitch must have drugged me! I never would have done any of the disgusting things I see here and definitely not with that stupid smile on my face. I'm so screwed! Alison will have my balls if she ever sees them then my dad will skin me alive should he find out. Oh, I'm so screwed!" he thought as he rose to take the plates to the sink.

After he had washed the dishes and wiped down the counter tops and table, he found Elvira in the room he had spent the night. "Took you long enough, I put some things on the bed for you to wear. Right now I want you stripped and in the bathroom. You need to get cleaned up before you go home," she snapped.

"Why? Why are you doing this to me?" he asked as he began undressing.

"Why? Why because I can. You'll find out all you will need to know in time but for now you do just as you're told," she stated.

"Please, don't do this to me. I've done nothing to you. Please can't we just forget last night ever happened," he begged as he struggled to unhook the bra.

"I'm afraid those photos and DVD tell a completely different story. No, you just happened to be in the right place at the wrong time. Plus you meet most of my requirements. Hurry up I don't have all morning to fuck around with you," she answered.

In the bathroom he was given new toilet instructions. He was to never stand up to pee. He would take baths daily, shampoo and condition his hair every other day and brush it one hundred strokes every night before going to bed. She supervised as he sat to do his business on the toilet and when he prepared his bath. Elvira made sure he wiped after peeing, added plenty of floral bath oils and beads, removed what remained of his makeup and patted his skin dry rather than rubbing. Dried off she had him spread baby oil wherever he could reach then dust with slightly scented floral talc.

"No please don't make me do these things. I smell like a flower garden. Everybody will notice and give me all kinds of grief if I do what you are asking," he whined his whole body glowing pink in embarrassment.

"First of all I'm not asking. I'm telling and I don't care what others think. That's going to be your problem. Oh, before I forget, don't think about running away. While you were sleeping I injected a GPS capsule into your ass. I'll always know where you are and I promise you will not like the punishment should you fail me. Come along you

still need to get dressed,” she retorted.

Back in the bedroom he saw his clothing lying on the bed but his boxers had been replaced with a pair of purple and violet striped high cut nylon panties. Nude panty hose replaced his sox. He picked up the panties between thumb and forefinger with distaste written on his face.

“Get use to them as well as the hose. You will be wearing them all the time when you are with me. Don’t give me that look. Just be grateful that I don’t make you wear them all the time. Before you go home, however, you will stop and buy at least a dozen pair of panties and they better be either nylon, satin or silk in lots of feminine colors preferably with lace and ribbon accents. You will also buy a dozen pair of hose which can be either sheer or opaque in a variety of shades including black and white. On second thought, better make that two dozen. You’re bound to have a lot of snags at first. You will also need several garter belts. Make sure the colors match your panties. Stop at Dana’s Lingerie at the mall. It’s on your way, ask for Dana. Tell her Elvira sent you. When you’ve done that come back here and report to me. Hurry and finish dressing I have things to do,” she stated.

“Please I’m a man not some sissy. I like girls but I don’t want to wear their clothing. Why are you making do this? This is crazy,” John gasped in horror.

“You still don’t get it do you? I’m in charge of your life until I decide to let you go. For all your bitching and complaining you can tell Dana to add some nice uplift bras to your lingerie selection and stop at Miller’s drug store, ask for Janet. She will help you purchase everything you will need for your toilet. Maybe now you will get it through your thick skull who’s the boss,” she snarled.

After John left, Elvira sat down with another cup of coffee. “I’ll let him run around in public, be with his family and girlfriend for a bit before I have him move in with me. Going to Dana’s and the drug store will be humiliating and stressful but they are strangers. Being around his family and girlfriend trying to hide what I’m doing to him will make it much more nerve-racking. He’ll be more willing to move in with me. Then it will be easier to break him completely,” she thought.

Ooo

Back in his own car John cried as he banged his fists on the steering wheel. “I can’t believe all this is happening to me. It doesn’t make a lick of sense. Why does she want me to do all this sissy stuff? What’s even worse is that I can’t stop her. If any of those horrible pictures got out, I could never face my family or anyone else. I’m so fucked. I guess I should be happy that she didn’t make me wear that bra or worse yet put on a dress. Shit! Shit! Shit!” he wailed.

After about fifteen minutes he managed to pull himself together and headed to Miller’s drug store. He found Janet almost as soon as he walked into the store identifying her by the name tag. Janet was a plain looking in her early twenties with bobbed brown hair and large round tortoise shell framed glasses. She was wearing a gray straight skirt and white cotton blouse with a pair of black two inch block heeled shoes.

The bright smile she had quickly turned into a slight frown when he told her Elvira sent him. She nodded her head and said “Yeah, she called. Grab a cart and follow me.”

“Looks like that bitch got another one. Poor soul has absolutely no idea of what he’s in for. I should tell him to run for his life but it wouldn’t do any good. He’s going to windup just like me, stuck in a life I never wanted or imagined. Guess I’d better get him that special depilatory the pharmacist makes for her first,” she thought leading him down an aisle.

It didn't take them long to get all the items he would need for his personal grooming. Knowing that Janet knew what he had to purchase and that it was for his personal use was embarrassing. He meekly followed along as she placed a large jar of depilatory cream into the basket followed by various floral scented bathing and skin care products. He breathed a sigh of relief as a boar bristle hairbrush finished his list of items.

"There are some more things you need to get. Miss. Manning told me that if you didn't arrive promptly to get you a manicure set and bottle of clear polish. Count your lucky stars that she didn't insist that you wear a colored varnish," she stated.

John added the pink leatherette case with all the tools for performing a manicure and pedicure into his cart. A bottle of clear nail polish, one of remover, emery boards and cotton balls were added along with a small instruction book. By the time he checked out, he was not only blushing fiercely but sweating as well. The way the young cashier looked at him as he went through the line still bothered him as he got back into the car.

"That was embarrassing. Now I have to face even worse by going to that lingerie shop. I don't know if I can do that. This was bad enough," he thought.

As he was getting ready to turn the ignition on his cell began ringing. He didn't recognize who the ring tone, "I am Woman, Hear Me Roar," belonged to. He certainly wouldn't have put that one on his phone. It was Elvira calling to say she was pleased so far but if he didn't want any more surprises to hurry over to Dana's. That call dashed any thoughts of not complying. Plus it reaffirmed that she knew exactly where he was.

Dana's Lingerie was one of those glass fronted mid-sized stores in the mall. It was definitely one of those shops he would never voluntarily enter. As he went in he told himself, "Thank goodness there doesn't seem to be any other customers around. Hopefully I'll be able to get through this without becoming a public display."

He found Dana in the back and told her Elvira sent him. Dana was a mature woman in her late fifties with gray streaked black hair fashioned into a tight bun at the back of her head. She had on a silvery pants suit with blue nylon blouse. A pair of black framed reading glasses hung from a gold chain around her neck.

"Good you're prompt. Lucky for you, otherwise you would be getting some very pretty corsets if you hadn't," she crisply said.

John let out a big sigh of relief hearing that and followed her. He was fortunate to be there shortly after the mall opened. He was still greatly embarrassed but grateful only Dana would see him humiliate himself so thoroughly. He kept nervously looking around the store as she pressed one pair of delicate panties after another against his waist. She would then hand him the pair and ask what he thought of the material and appearance. She took time explaining the different styles, materials and lace details as she wanted to prolong his humiliation. Each pair was more feminine than the last or so it seemed. Finally he had a dozen pairs all in bright solids or colorful patterns. Most of them were full cut briefs but a few were in a tap panty style with wide lace hemming at the legs. Selecting six wide embroidered and lace embellished garter belts didn't take long, it only made him blush all the more.

If he was embarrassed before, he was mortified as she took him into the bra section, made him remove his shirt and measured across his chest, below the nipples and over them. She informed him that he was a thirty-four "A" but with the new gel insert styles could manage a nice C-cup. A couple of customers had walked in as Dana was explaining the delicate seed pearl design on a black balconet styled bra. Thankfully

they headed away from them towards the racks of nightgowns. Sorting through the many packages of nylon hose wasn't nearly as nerve racking but some of her selections bothered him. The pink and red dyed hose would be very hard for him to conceal. He was relieved as he put the pink bags into the trunk of his car. All he had to do now was gather up the courage to go back to Elvira's.

He was trembling as he pulled out each item of lingerie and showed them to Elvira while explaining why he loved each and every item. She then had him remove the tags, neatly fold and place them in the dresser drawer in the guest room. She handed him several silk pads reeking of a sweet floral perfume to put into each drawer. She said they would keep his delicates as fragrant as he would become.

"Those are yours and this is your room for the foreseeable future. Whenever you come over, the first thing you will do is come up here and change into your lingerie. You will put on those terry slippers you used this morning and nothing else. Do you understand? Good. Now those toiletries you purchased are for your home use. Make sure to use them daily as you perform your toilet like I showed you. I will know if you don't. I'll call to tell you when to come back, get out of here," she instructed.

Ooo

Even though no one was home when he arrived, he blushed all the way to his room carrying the large bag of toiletries. "I've got to find a good hiding place for this shit," he thought as he opened the door to his walk-in closet. In the back rear corner where he kept his foul weather gear, he pushed the bag behind his longer over-coats. He breathed a sigh of relief as he stripped out of the panties and panty hose he had been wearing. Wadding them up into a ball, he went back into the closet and shoved them into the bag.

Grabbing his robe he headed to the bathroom to take a much needed shower. He desperately needed to get the sweet floral smell off his body before anyone came home. The shower helped ease his worries but seeing his hairless body blushed anew.

"Crap! How am I going to explain this to Alison?" he moaned.

He was stepping into his boxers when his smart phone beeped. John picked it up and touched the e-mail app. It was from Elvira. He hesitated. He didn't want to open it, gritted his teeth and closed the app.

"I don't want to see whatever she sent. Not now. Maybe later but right now I need to figure some way out of this mess I've gotten myself into," he mumbled as he put on his work uniform.

He was heading out the door when his phone beeped again. This time it was a text from Alison. "Baby, sorry bout last night. Let me make it up to you. Folks going out. See you at seven. XOXOXO."

His spirits soared reading her text knowing how she intended to make it up to him. She had the early shift at work and he the second short shift. That would give him an hour to clean up and change. He was humming happily as he put his lunch dishes into the washer when his phone rang with "I am Woman, Hear Me Roar." He decided not to answer.

He arrived at the burger joint and saw Alison just long enough for a lingering kiss that promised even more to come. It wasn't until his break that he checked his phone again. He had two voice messages with the caller id blocked. Making sure no one was

nearby he listened to his voice mails.

“John, I know you are confused but I expect my calls and e-mails answered promptly. How else can I help you?”

“John, I think you will like the picture I e-mailed. It brings out the real you.”

Blanching with sweat breaking out on his brow he scanned his e-mails. He found two sent by “Gender Advisors LLC” The first told him how happy she was that he followed through with his resolve to come out of the closet. That message confused him as he wasn’t in a closet to come out of. The second, almost made him vomit. It was a picture of him without makeup, his face clearly recognizable, a silly looking smile on his face dressed in bra, panty and nightie.

Almost as soon as he closed the app, his phone rang out with that tone. This time he quickly answered it. “John so nice of you to respond so quickly. I think we need another session tonight to resolve any misgivings. I will pick you up at six when you get off tonight. That way we’ll save a lot of time, bye.”

He didn’t have a chance to say a word. All he could do was sit there, ashen faced shaking like a leaf. It took him a minute or two before he could even think straight. “What am I going to do? She knows where I work, even my schedule. Shit! I can’t let any of those pictures get out. What am I gonna tell Alison? How can I explain any of this to her? I’m damned if I do and damned if I don’t. Whatever did I do to deserve this?” he moaned with his palms cupping his chin.

The call to Alison canceling their date did not go well. His explanation that he was sick didn’t sound convincing even to him. She was obviously pissed but he had no choice. He didn’t want to think of what she would say or do if she saw a certain picture Elvira had. It was with lead feet that he walked out of the burger place to find Elvira’s red sports car. It was parked over by the dumpsters away from the security cameras. From the look in her eyes, she was not happy and he knew he was in deep trouble. All she said was “Get in.” Her tone and stare were as cold as ice. She didn’t say another word until they were inside the house.

Elvira was more imposing than she had been when they first met. She was wearing a vivid red balloon sleeved satin blouse, skin tight black leather pants, three inch spiked heeled red patent leather ankle boots, hair fashioned into a high pony tail and immaculate evening makeup. He couldn’t help but admire her swaying ass as they entered the house while at the same time cringed in fear.

“Strip!” she demanded as she removed a riding crop hanging beside the door frame.

“Plea....” He started cowering away from her.

She lashed out with the crop, catching him across his right thigh. “I said strip and I mean now!” she screamed lashing out, catching him on his right buttock.

He screamed loudly as the crop struck with surprising force and considerable pain. He jumped back and quickly began unbuttoning his shirt. The undershirt, pants and boxers were soon mere piles on the kitchen floor. He didn’t want to feel the slash of the crop again. He was naked, hands crossed protectively over his groin and tears flowed freely down his cheeks.

Elvira had her arms folded under her massive breasts, the crop dangling from her hand as she watched him strip. “That went rather well I think. Thought he might have put up more resistance but this is a good start. It’s time I made him fully appreciate the situation and who is the boss,” she thought.

“Put those hands down at you sides. I didn’t give you permission to cover that dinky little worm you have hanging between you legs. Get over that bar stool, grab the legs and spread those legs!” she shrieked.

He was too afraid to do otherwise. When he had assumed the position, using tie wraps, secured his ankles and wrists to the legs of the stool. The house was relatively sound proof but forced a rubber dildo into his mouth, holding it in place with a tight elastic strap. She then gave him ten of her best leaving his ass streaked with burning red welts. As he cried she casually walked over to the refrigerator, took out a bottle of white wine and poured herself a glass. When his crying became soft whimpering sobs, she grabbed a knife and freed him from his bonds. He slid to the kitchen floor curling up into a ball as she stood over him.

“That was for disobeying me and for not promptly answering my calls and e-mails. As you are new to this, I was lenient but should you ever show me any further disrespect, what I did tonight will seem like a gentle love tap. Understand, bitch! Now stop those girlie tears and get up,” she whispered harshly into his ear as she pressed the crop under his chin. John got up unsteadily rubbing his throbbing butt.

“I believe I have already told you what you must do when you come here. Get to it but take a bath and shampoo your hair, you smell like old grease. You have twenty minutes or twenty strokes of my crop,” she yelled.

Scared to death, he ran to the bathroom and turned on the water remembering to add the oils and bath beads. He started to remove the gag but decided he had better leave it in. With his bath completed, he wrapped a towel around his waist and headed into the guest room. There he removed an emerald green pair of tap panties with two inches of white floral lace hemming, matching wide garter belt, padded uplift bra and beige hose. The bra and garter belt didn’t give him any problems as he remembered Dana telling him to hook them in the front and slide them around. He was not use to rolling hosiery up his legs. He put runs in the first pair and he fumbled with snapping the tabs of the garters to the welts of his hose. He had just stepped into the sippers when Elvira walked in.

She walked up to him and placed the tip of the crop under his chin lifting it. “I have big plans for you sweetie and if you cooperate shouldn’t be all that physically painful. You give me any static, anything but your absolute best efforts and I promise I’ll completely destroy you. I’ll not only send those pictures to your family but post them all over the internet. You could run, you could hide, even change your name but those internet photos will be everywhere. Even your best efforts to hide won’t do you any good with that GPS I’ll know where you are. Do we understand one another?” she hissed removing the dildo from between his lips.

“Ye....yes...please...I’ll do whatever you say, jus...just don’t hurt me anymore or send out those awful pictures, please Mistress Elvira,” he softly replied.

“Good, very good sweetie, go sit over on that vanity stool. Tonight you are going to learn the fundamentals of makeup application. I want to see an enthusiastic desire to learn at all times tonight....or,” she said with a laugh letting the threat hang in the air.

The first thing she taught him was how to pluck his brows. He became very nervous as she put a ruler over a brow and marked off 2 1/8 inches using a white pencil. With a pair of tweezers working on the bottom hairs outward, began plucking. Once satisfied with the softly angled high arch, she handed him the ruler and white pencil telling him to do his remaining brow.

“OMG! How am I ever going to explain this?” he gasped.

“Well you can fill them out and darken them with eyebrow pencil but that’s your problem sweetie. Now let me see you copy what I just did. Take your time,” she instructed.

He tried his best to act like he was enjoying what she was doing to him as they worked late into the night. She applied various cosmetics to one side of his face, telling him everything she was doing. When she finished, John had to do his best to make the other side look as good. His biggest problem was that he didn’t like anything getting near his eyes. Putting on liquid eyeliner and mascara proved very difficult for him. At ten thirty they took a break.

“You’re doing well but we need to practice a few more things. I know you live at home, so call your parents and tell them you’re spending the night with some friend. Make up whatever story you want but you will be spending the night,” she curtly instructed.

His father answered when he called. After he explained that he wouldn’t be coming home and for them not to worry, his dad just chuckled and replied, “That friend wouldn’t just happen to be named Alison would it? Don’t worry son, I was your age once. Make sure you’re careful that’s all.”

Reminded of Alison, John started worrying anew. What could he tell her if she found out he not only lied to her about being sick but spent the night somewhere else? “I’ll be dead meat,” he thought.

As he was on the phone, Elvira checked to make sure she still had plenty of time left on the tape recording everything that happened in the guest room. “I’ll have to do some editing but I think this will come out fantastic. He put on a pretty good show asking all the right questions and concentrating so hard. Going to have to give him a reward for that, after all, I need to give him something to look forward too for good behavior. I can’t always use my crop,” she thought.

They spent another two hours at the vanity before Elvira finally called it a night. The next hour was spent teaching him to prepare his face and hair for the night. After he moisturized his face, elbows, heels and hands, she sectioned his long hair and rolled it in a large bristled curler telling him to pay close attention as he would do the next one. He was very clumsy at first but was learning. With his hair filled with rollers coated in hairspray, she covered it in a chiffon night cap lavished with pink ribbons and frilly lace brim. Still in his lingerie, she handed him the same nightie he had woken up in. Next she had him sit on the edge of the bed as she sat beside him with a black nylon scarf in her hand.

“You’ve been so good tonight that I’m going to give you a reward. Lean back, close your eyes and relax. I promise this will feel good,” she said air kissing his cheek.

“When you are good and try your best to please me sweetie, you get a reward. You displease me and you get the crop. It’s totally up to you whether or not it’s pleasure or pain,” she said as he fell back onto the bed spent.

Elvira rose from the bed dropping the soiled scarf into the trash basket. She took a bicycle cable and secured one end around his ankle with a pad lock and the other around the bed post. Pulling the pink sheet and white satin pillowed comforter up to his neck, she kissed him on the forehead.

“Sleep tight sweetie. In the morning we’ll see how much you remember from tonight’s lessons,” she said.

John’s mind was in turmoil as he lay in the darkness. He had a pretty good idea of

what she was doing to him but absolutely none as to why. It didn't make any sense whatsoever and the only conclusion was that Elvira was one crazy bitch. His butt still hurt from the whipping and the pain made it clear that he would cooperate. Cooperate until he could figure a way out of her clutches. As long as she had those incriminating pictures, he knew he was screwed. He didn't even know where to begin looking for them. He hadn't stopped thinking of a way to destroy them since he had first seen them but so far hit a brick wall. No matter how much he thought about it, he couldn't come up with a solution. He was not only mentally and physically exhausted but frustrated as well.

Tired as he was, he found it difficult to sleep. The bristle curlers irritated his scalp, the bra's straps cut into his shoulders and chest and the garter belt dug into his stomach. All strange sensations but not painful, the soft nylon nightie and hosiery actually felt pleasant. Finally he drifted off into a restless and disturbed slumber.

COUGAR

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

It seemed like he had just shut his eyes when he was being shaken awake. "Good morning sweetie, I hope you had a good nights sleep but it's time to get up. We have so much to discuss and do this morning. Come along, your bath awaits," Elvira said smiling broadly.

Groggily he got up, glanced at the clock and was surprised to see it said 5:00 a.m. "I never get up this early except to go fishing or hunting. Crap!" he thought as he followed her into the bathroom.

Elvira stayed as he went through the morning ritual she had insisted he perform. She made sure he used a generous amount of the depilatory even though he had just done it the day before. With daily use, she hoped that in time, all of his body hair follicles would cease to function. Plus the depilatory she had him use contained a high dose of estrogen which would condition his skin.

Back in the room, he selected a fresh set of lingerie. A baby blue matching set of nylon panties with floral lace hemming, satin push up bra, lace embellished garter belt and white hose. Once dressed, he sat at the vanity and removed the curlers from his hair then brushed it out. As he brushed the tight curls loosened up and the hair took on a healthy shine. When he put the brush down, his hair flowed in gentle waves to mid-shoulder. Next he began the arduous task of applying makeup. It took a number of tries along with her assistance before Elvira was satisfied.

Dressed, made up and hair styled, she handed him his thin robe and a pair of two inch heeled wedges to put on. "Let's get some breakfast, I'm starved," she said.

The shoes felt really weird on his feet and with each step clacked loudly on the wood flooring. Breakfast was another meager one, a scoop of cottage cheese, half a peach, glass of orange juice and black coffee for the both of them. John wasn't happy seeing the lipstick smudge on either his coffee cup or glass. That pink smudge only drove home the fact of how he was dressed and looked. He had seen his reflection in the hall mirror and the feminine face that peered back was unsettling.

"We have to get a few things settled this morning. First, you reeked of the smell of grease last night. I will not tolerate that so today you will quit your job. Instead you

will be coming over here for more instructions and you better smell nice and pretty.”

“Second, you may decide to go to the authorities despite the consequences. If you look closely at all the photos, e-mails and phone calls you will see that they are all innocent. You appear to be enjoying what happened and our communications have been of a professional nature. All you will be able to prove is that you enjoy dressing up in lady’s lingerie, putting on makeup and consulting with a gender specialist. So forget that idea even before it forms.”

“Starting right now, I will assign demerits every time you mess up. Each demerit will equal one stroke of the crop. However I’m not vindictive, so you can also earn positive points whenever you show improvement or exceptional enthusiasm. At the end of the week, I will total them up. If the total is positive, you get rewarded if not the crop. Any questions?” she stated.

“Questions, yeah I’ve got a million of them you crazy bitch but you got me. I’ll do what you say only until I can find some way out,” he thought then replied. “I can’t quit my job. I need the money for college and Alison...errrr....she...she wouldn’t understand. Please just let me go. I’ll give you all the money I’ve saved, anything, but don’t make me do this anymore. You’re destroying my life.”

“I’ve already told you that I don’t want your money. What I want is your total obedience and cooperation. In time I will let you go but for now you will do everything I say. What your parents, girlfriend or anyone else thinks is your problem. Now go and repair your lipstick before you start cleaning up the kitchen. I want you to always be aware of your appearance. Should I have to remind you to fix your makeup, hair or anything again you get demerits,” she stated.

Ooo

When John got back home he snuck into his room. His dad was in the den watching the Sunday game of the week and his mother busy in the kitchen. He grabbed a change of clothing and headed to the bathroom for a quick shower. He smelled strongly of flowers and his hair, tied into a low pony tail, still had too much curl. He hoped the shower would get rid of the evidence and prayed that his feminine brows wouldn’t draw attention.

The first thing he did leaving the bathroom was call Alison. She was still aggravated at what she called his “childish act to get back at her.” She became livid when he couldn’t give her a legitimate reason for quitting his job and ended the call.

“I feel horrible for doing that but what choice do I have? I just hope that bitch gets tired of fucking over my life real soon or I might lose her. I don’t know if I could stand that,” he thought getting into his sweats and pulling down the hoody hoping to keep his brows covered.

He was watching the end of the game with his father when his mother brought them some snacks. She gave John a hard look but didn’t say anything. Later when he joined them at the table for supper, she told him to pull down the hood. He knew he couldn’t keep his brows hidden forever but had an excuse ready.

“What on earth did you do to your eyebrows? Have you lost your mind?” his mother gasped.

“No....errrrr...Mom, it was just a crazy idea I had.....that’s all. I...errrr..I wanted to see... to see if I could look more like a rock star that’s all. I kinda went a bit overboard,” he lamely finished.

“Overboard indeed! It makes you look like some kind of fruit cake. You know I don’t

like your long hair and now this. How am I going to explain this to all my buddies?" his father interjected.

"Oh this is just great! First I piss off Alison and now my family. If he's this mad about my eyebrows, I certainly can't tell him I've quit my job. He'd go ballistic over that. Crap!" he thought.

After supper John decided it would be best if he went back to his room. There he pulled out the instruction book on how to do a manicure and began reading. Elvira demanded that he show up with his nails neatly rounded and varnished. He was about to start working on his nails when his mother knocked on the door. Quickly shoving the pink leatherette case and book under his pillow, he told her to come in.

"Honey is something wrong? Alison just called me and she was crying and very upset. She told me that you stood her up and quit your job. If your father finds out you quit he'll hit the roof. You need that job to get into college. We can only provide you with so much and we're stretched pretty thin as it is. So tell me what's going on?" she asked.

He could tell his mother was worried but had no choice. "Mom there's nothing wrong. I...I was mad at Alison for volunteering to get that slime ball elected mayor an....and I hated that job. I'll get another I promise. There's nothing to worry about," he replied not daring to look her in the eye.

When she left he wasn't sure that she believed him but he was stuck. "Like I can tell her I'm being blackmailed and oh by the way there's this picture. Yeah, like I can tell her that," he mumbled as he pulled the manicure set from under his pillow.

Ooo

In the morning after his parents left for work, John pulled the bag of toiletries from his closet. Promptly at noon he was at Elvira's house with his nails filed into neat ovals, painted in clear varnish, his hair hanging loose and smelling of flowers. Elvira was wearing black leggings, an emerald green cotton peasant blouse and four inch cork heeled sandals. Her raven hair done up in a tight bun at the back of her head and fully made up.

"Good you're on time. Get dressed, put on your makeup and I'll be there shortly," she stated.

John selected a set of peach colored lingerie and sheer black hose to put on. Dressed, he sat at the vanity and did his best to apply the makeup. Elvira was pleased as she examined his efforts but had him redo his eyes. With that accomplished, she handed him a bottle of "Lustrous Peach" nail polish from a large array in the vanity drawer. Using a colored varnish made it obvious that he needed practice. It took an hour before she was satisfied with the results. He was surprised when she handed him a pair of silver strappy sandals with a four inch stiletto heel and a black laptop bag with strap.

"You're going to spend the day learning how to walk in heels and handle a purse. Yes, that bag will be your purse and you will carry it with you wherever you go. Put your wallet and whatever else you have in your pockets plus your hairbrush, some tissues and that clear lip gloss into it. I want you to wear lip gloss all the time. It will keep your lips hydrated and remind you to check a mirror frequently. Here take this bottle of perfume too. You will want to keep that sweet floral fragrance fresh. Now where's that happy face and look of enthusiasm? You just earned a demerit. Here put this in your purse after you have entered in today's date and mark the award of one demerit," she said giving him a small white bound book and pink pen.

“With him keeping a record of his punishments he will be much more attentive to doing what I demand,” she thought.

By four o'clock John's feet, ankles and legs were screaming in agony. He had walked heel and toe, planting his toe first then the heel over most of the house. The towering heels and not being use to stepping with his toes first required Elvira's holding his arm for support. He had tripped a number of times, usually when he moved from the hardwood flooring to the carpeted, but was learning. After thirty minutes she had him walking on his own. As he practiced, Elvira kept up a constant stream of instruction. Keep your head up, shoulders back, swing from the hips, take small strides, elbows at your sides, wrists limp, secure that purse with your arm and hold it gently. You're not trying to strangle it, just clutch it. He was given frequent breaks but those involved learning how to sit like a lady. At his first break, he literally collapsed into the chair. She immediately made him get back up.

“Whenever you sit from now on you will do so gracefully like this. You approach the chair, turn your back to it, sweep your hands under your butt and slowly lower yourself, sitting only on the edge of the chair, keeping your knees together before tucking them back, slightly to the side under it. Now you do it,” she instructed.

He earned another demerit for not stopping and checking out his refection whenever he passed by a mirror. Another demerit was awarded for not applying a fresh coat of lipstick and a fourth for forgetting to smile. After four hours of walking and sitting he was allowed to remove his heels and replace them with his slippers. He spent the next two hours putting on and removing his makeup and an hour learning how to put his hair up into a French braid. He hated everything he had to do but plastered a smile on his face fearing more demerits.

At seven he was told it was time for supper and to put his heels back on. She gave him another demerit for forgetting to bring his purse and another for not keeping his knees pressed together during the meal. Dinner was a small filet of salmon, broccoli, small salad with vinaigrette dressing and all the water he wanted. After dinner he remembered to apply fresh lipstick taken from his purse.

As he cleaned up the kitchen, Elvira gave her assessment of his performance. “Sweetie you did better than I expected today. You are getting the knack of walking in high heels with a nice sway. We'll work more on your posture tomorrow. Your makeup application is much improved but need to work on your eyes. I want you to take your eye makeup home with you tonight and practice. When you come over at noon have your hair put up in that French braid I taught you, day time makeup and your nails in that lovely peach shade. When you finish with the dishes, you can go home.”

“I....I can't do that. Somebody will see me,” he said shocked. Wearing makeup with his hair femininely styled while in her house was one thing but having to do so in public another thing altogether.

“Of course you can sweetie. Your parents leave at seven to go to work and you drive your car to my place. The other drivers who might see you will just see a pretty face. For questioning me, I want you to arrive here wearing full evening makeup and a bra. You can easily store everything you need in your purse,” she replied.

He caught some static from his mother when he arrived home for missing dinner and not calling. He made a lame excuse that he was out looking for a better job and lost track of time. His mother noticed him carrying the bag and sniffed the air as he walked past to go to his room.

“He is acting so strange and when did he get a laptop? That perfume I smell didn't

come from Alison either. I wonder if he's seeing another woman. Oh I hope I'm wrong. Alison is such a nice girl," she thought.

Ooo

The next morning when he was sure his parents had left for work, John pulled his purse out from under the bed. He was extremely nervous and ultra careful as he drove to Elvira's. The last thing he needed was to be pulled over by a cop. He made sure to stare straight ahead whenever he had to stop for a light. He was positive that some other driver would recognize that he was a guy wearing makeup. He breathed a big sign of relief as he pulled up into her driveway.

"I received a package for you this morning. Hurry up I want to see how it fits before we start back on your lessons," she said in way of greeting.

"Package, what package and, if it was for me, why send it here?" he wondered as he followed her.

She had him strip and stand before her as she sat on the bed. "I ordered this last Friday using your credit card in case you're wondering. Put your hands on your pretty head sweetie and close your eyes. You open them or move your hands without my permission and you will earn twenty demerits. If you do as you're told, then I will take away those six you earned yesterday. I want this to be a surprise," she ordered.

It took all his will power not to jump back and open his eyes as she pressed something ice cold against his exposed groin. He was scared over what she could possibly be doing to him. He could feel her pushing around on his groin and heard little "clicks" but that was all. Whatever it was, he was sure he wouldn't like it. The fear of getting twenty demerits was stronger than his fear of what she was doing, so he stood in place eyes squeezed tightly closed. He grunted once when she pushed against his balls.

Smiling broadly, she took the contraption from its box. "Oh sweetie you are just going to love this, not," she thought.

It only took a few minutes to force his shrunken penis into the stainless steel tube that would keep it pointed down between his legs. The tube was only two inches long and three quarters of an inch in diameter but it completely covered his shriveled cock. A V-shaped plate attached to the base of the tube kept his testicles up into his body. Thin bands, two extending from the base of the tube and one from the point of the "V" were quickly connected in the small of his back and using a ratchet locking device pulled tight. The chastity device was coated in an inert pinkish material. It was designed so that he could go to the bathroom and could stay on for months before cleaning. She had no intention of letting him out of it until she fulfilled the contract.

"Okay sweetie, you can look now," she said standing up after turning him to face the full length mirror.

She giggled when she saw the look of horror and dismay on his face. "Don't worry sweetie, it's not permanent. In time it will come off but for now I want you chaste. It will also make you more agreeable to my desires as I advance your training. The only way that can come off without major damage is with the special key that I have hidden away. Now aren't you going to thank me for your present? Come on, I know you can do it. Let me hear a delighted happy thank you or would you rather a taste of my crop?" she stated.

"Yo....you wan...want me...me to thank you for...for doing this? You can't be serious? Get this....this thing off me," he said horrified by what she had done.

"Sweetie by now you should know that whatever I do, I'm always very serious. Let me

hear a very happy and thrilled thank you or it's ten of my best across that cute ass of yours," she hissed.

"OMG! This bitch really has me by the balls now. If I thought I could make her give me that blasted key I'd do it but...but shit! She's bigger, probably stronger and if I fail.....all I'll do is piss her off. Crap! I can't win," he thought.

"Thank you Mistress," he said in complete surrender.

"Come on sweetie, you can do so much better than that and you can leave out the Mistress part. Just tell me that you are absolutely thrilled to have all that tucked away and hidden out of sight," she demanded.

"Thank you....oh thank you for...for making that all....all go away. I'm so thrilled that I'm hidden away," he replied doing his best to smile.

Once he was dressed in his lingerie, negligee and heels she put him through his paces. He walked, sat and stooped while handling his purse for four hours. Of course she had to comment on how femininely his panties now fit. With his pose and posture lessons over, he spent an hour learning more makeup techniques. Satisfied with his progress, Elvira had him put his hair up in the bristle curlers, spray them with a setting gel and tie a bright pink nylon scarf over them.

John spent the next three hours practicing feminine hand and body movements. Elvira would demonstrate and he would have to copy her movement. "Women seldom clench their hands into fists. They keep their wrists limp and fingers slightly apart like this. Most importantly, they never have a firm handshake. When shaking hands the wrist is limp, fingers together only reaching the palm of the other's hand and never squeeze," she instructed.

At seven he sat at the kitchen table, knees pressed close, back straight and his purse on the floor. Tonight they ate skinless chicken breasts, bean sprouts with vinaigrette and carrots. While he was cleaning the kitchen, she gave him her appraisal of his performance.

"Sweetie it was a big day for you, wasn't it? You are progressing nicely but still have a long way to go. I have a fashion magazine I want you to read tonight from cover to cover and a list of five others that I want you to buy on your way home. I will quiz you when you come here tomorrow at noon. I expect you to be wearing a bra, full makeup and your hair in rollers when you arrive."

John muttered obscenities as he did his best to clean up before heading home. He wished that he could take a shower to rid him of the floral scent but Elvira wouldn't allow it. He brushed his hair and tied it into the low pony tail but the setting gel had done its job. There was no way he was going to get the wave out of his bushy pony tail.

He decided to stop at Miller's Drug Store to pick up the magazines. He figured since he had already embarrassed himself there, it would be easier to do it again rather than before some new faces. As he walked in he saw his reflection in one of those round security mirrors. He paused without thinking and checked his hair and makeup before heading to the magazine rack. As he walked, he pulled out his tube of bubble gum pink lipstick and had it at his lips before he realized what he was doing. Tossing the lipstick angrily back into the purse, he pulled out the clear lip gloss, stuck his little finger into it and smeared the gloss across his lips.

"With that setting gel and rollers I couldn't get much of the wave out of my hair. It's bad enough being seen out in public with this curly mop but if I had put on that

lipstick.....shit. Where's that damn list of magazines I have to get. OMG! She wants me to read this stuff...Elle, Cosmo, Seventeen, In Style and Play Girl. She's can't be serious," he thought as he began looking through the stacks.

Fortunately he remembered to call his folks and tell that he was going to be late. All he did was shout out an "I'm home" as they were sitting watching television. He quickly minced to his room with a sexy wiggle without even realizing it. Tossing his purse onto the bed, he grabbed his pajamas and headed into the bathroom. He hoped that once he shampooed and conditioned his hair most, if not all, the curl would come out. He didn't like getting his hair wet as it took so long to dry but tonight he didn't care. His mom usually stopped by to say goodnight and he didn't want her to see him with all those curls and smelling like a florist shop.

With the bathroom door locked, he quickly stripped. Taking the bottle of body wash, he frantically coated the chastity device and did his best to remove it. When that failed, he grabbed a pair of scissors and tried to cut it away. The scissors didn't even mar the protective coating. Giving up for the moment, stepped into the shower. Back in his room he found a pair of wire cutters he kept in a small tool box. No matter how hard he tried he couldn't make a dent. His futile attempts brought tears to his eyes and resignation. Elvira had him and he was completely at her mercy.

Ooo

He made sure his parents had left to work that next morning. He certainly didn't want them to see him in full makeup and his hair in curlers. John wasn't half a block from his house when Alison passed by obviously going to his house. He prayed that she didn't see him as he made two quick turns just in case she did. Alison had called and texted him numerous times but each time he was evasive in his replies. The only thing he could say was that he was busy looking for a new job and would get back with her later. With each one of her calls and texts, he could tell she was getting more and more infuriated with him. It would only be a matter of time before she either cornered him or dumped him. He had to talk Elvira out of making him do all this crazy stuff before it was too late. He didn't want to lose Alison.

As he pulled into the driveway his cell rang out with "You Light Up My Life" which was Alison's ring tone. She insisted he use that one so he would know every time she called just how much she loved him. He let it go to voice mail. He wiped a single tear carefully from his eye as he got out of the car. He didn't want to smudge his eyeliner or mascara. Elvira met him with a big smile and told him to hurry to the guest room as she had received some more packages in the morning mail.

Stripped, she had him lie on the bed and close his eyes. Again telling him if he opened them before she said, he would get ten strokes from her crop. She wiped around his breasts with an alcohol soaked cotton ball then blew on the nipples making them stand erect. Quickly she took the prosthesis, coating the back with surgical adhesive then carefully placed it so his nipple slid into the hole in the back before pressing down. The hole in this prosthesis had fine wires pointing away from his breast so that when the erect nipple went in, it would stay that way. It also assured that the nipple would receive stimulation when the artificial breast was manipulated. The prosthesis was very realistic with protruding nipples and would fill a C-cup bra. When she pulled on them to see if they were securely attached, John moaned.

"Oh goodie, you can open your eyes now sweetie. You paid very good money for these but you got the best I could find. They're made of soft silicone gel encapsulated in a durable polyurethane film. Even the nipples protrude to give you that young perky look. They have the weight, shape, color and texture of natural breasts. Aren't you

positively thrilled to finally have your own set? I think the least you could do would be to give me a big hug and smile,” she said.

He was almost as horrified when he looked down at two very real and heavy breasts hanging from his chest as he was with yesterday’s chastity device. At least he could hide the chastity but how was he ever going to be able to hide these. He sat there with his mouth opening and closing but nothing coming out. His hands clutched what felt like real breasts totally overwhelmed by what she had done to him.

“Sweetie I know you just love your new assets but you can play with your new girls later. Right now how about that hug and great big thank you,” Elvira demanded. Reluctantly he reached out hugging her with his arms and whispered a thank you.

“Sweetie you can do better than that. It’s okay for girls to give their girlfriends a big boob squashing hug and sweet air kiss,” she said holding out her arms. He was shocked when he actually felt his new assets moving against her much larger ones. They felt like they were really a part of his body. As they hugged, she whispered into his ear, “give me a nice loud air kiss and then I better hear a really enthusiastic thank you while you tell me how much you love them.”

“I’m humiliated more than I thought possible and you still want me to embarrass myself all the more,” he thought then with a big smile, jumping up and down excitedly did as she demanded. The breasts actually hurt as they bounced all around on his chest. He quickly reached up and clutched them.

“Now you know why we girls wear bras. It’s time for you to get dressed anyway sweetie. When you get your lingerie on and hair all brushed out call me. I have something else for you to wear today that came in the mail,” she said and left the room.

With the breasts pulling at his chest John knew beyond any doubt that the life he had known was now over. She had him right where she wanted him and there was absolutely nothing he could do. His only hope was that she would tire of this crazy game and let him go. She kept saying that in time she would release him but the million dollar question was when.

The bra he grabbed from the dresser was a red satin with silver fern embroidered cups. He removed the gel pads as they were no longer necessary. He hooked it in front, twisted it behind and bending slightly lifted each breast into its cup before pulling the straps over his shoulders. The matching garter belt and tap panties with two inches of black lace hemming on the legs were followed by white sheer hose.

Sitting at the vanity he fastened the small chromed buckles of his silver four inch stilettos securely around his ankles. It didn’t take long to get the rollers out of his hair and begin brushing it the required one hundred times. As he brushed he couldn’t help but stare at the two flesh colored mounds jiggling within the confines of his bra or ignore the tingling of his own nipples.

“I haven’t been with her a week yet and look what she’s done to me. My life is over. How can I face my parents let alone Alison now? First it was these clothes, makeup and acting like some fairy. Then Monday she put that damn chastity belt on me and today a pair of tits. What more can that crazy bitch do to me?” he thought as tears began running down his cheeks leave a trail of smeared mascara and eyeliner behind.

“Oh look at all those tears of joy. Sweetie I just knew you’d love those new breasts but you’re ruining your makeup. Come on dry those tears and fix your face. I want you to try this on,” Elvira said holding up a silvery gray with black polka dots rayon A-line dress. It had a round collar with short capped sleeves, attached thin black leather belt

and zipped up the back. "As you can see the material is lightweight and you will need to wear a slip with it. Don't you just love the full flirty skirt? If you're not careful when you do a cute little twirl the skirt will ride up revealing your pretty panties. Hurry up. I want to see how it fits. You can never tell for sure when you mail order these kind of things," She finished.

The dress was too tight in the waist to zip. Elvira went to her room and came back with a black nylon/spandex waist chinch with wire boning that hooked in the front and laced up the back. With the chinch secured the dress fit perfectly. She had him walk around the room with his arms straight down, elbows slightly bent and fingers loose so they brushed against the skirt as he walked. That action made the skirt sway gracefully giving his wiggle a sexier look.

The early afternoon was spent going over his poise, posture and makeup technique. For most of that time his new breasts were a major distraction as he seemed to keep bumping into them or they blocked his view. From five until seven he sat at the vanity learning how to speak in a softer feminine voice. A tape recorder sat on the table, ear buds in place and microphone braced in front of him. As he listened to the feminine recorded voice, he had to repeat what was said as closely to hers as possible. By the time Elvira said "let's get some supper" his throat was sore.

His cell phone rang a number of times while he was practicing but he didn't answer. As he ate another meager meal, he removed the phone from his purse and checked it. Five calls and two texts from Alison and one call from his buddy Phil. He wanted to check the voice mails but was too tired to bother with them at the moment.

"I'll check them later," he said seeing Elvira looking at him.

"You're making some real progress sweetie but I think you had better stay here with me tonight. We have some errands to run early tomorrow morning. Call your parents and tell them whatever," she ordered.

"Errands, I hope she's not planning on taking me out in public wearing a stupid dress," he thought as he pushed speed dial.

The call didn't go well, not well at all. His mother answered and told him to come home that Alison was waiting for him. They had some serious questions and he needed to be there. He was afraid of the answer he would get but had asked, "questions? Like what?"

"Like who was that girl driving your car this morning and where are you?" his mother shot back.

"I...I don't know what you are talking about. Look I gotta go," he replied and ended the call. Almost immediately his phone rang but he turned it off and put it in his purse.

"Mistress Elvira, please we have to stop this. My whole life is hanging here. I'll never be able to explain any of this. Please, you've had your fun now let me go," John begged.

"Sorry sweetie but we've only just begun. If you're afraid of having to explain everything to your family, you can move into the guest room. It will be better that way," she answered.

"My clothes, my stuff..." he started but was stopped by her raised hand.

"Shish, I have everything you will need right here. As far as clothing, that is one of the things we are going to take care of in the morning. It's still early so I want you back practicing your voice lessons," she stated.

John was crying. Elvira had just turned out the lights and in the darkness let his emotions flow. After what had happened today, he didn't dare being seen by his family or Alison. Elvira's grip over him was too tight and the consequences of disobedience were too severe to fight. All he could do now was cry and bang his fists into the mattress. The voice lessons had left him with a mild case of laryngitis, the bristle rollers were digging painfully into his scalp and his face was covered in a night-time mud pack. His torso was constricted by the waist chinch, the boobs made it impossible to sleep on his stomach and his feet and legs throbbed. Combining all this with mental anguish, John had a very miserable night.

"It's better this way believe me as it will make your progress all the quicker. The quicker you get where I want you to be, the sooner I will let you go. Cooperate, do as you are told and practice diligently and you'll get a nice Christmas present. So, as of today, you're on a strict diet, you will begin aerobics, will always speak in the soft tone and pitch you are learning, always have your hair and makeup done to perfection and dress completely as a woman. Since you only have that one dress and the lingerie I purchased over the internet, we'll go shopping today."

"To defray some of the costs, I have a man coming over this afternoon to get your car. He's already paid for it so sign this bill of sale and we'll leave it and the keys on the dashboard when we leave," she said that next morning.

John's eyes widened in disbelief and gasped, "What? You had no right to sell my car. How am I going to get around without a car?"

"How else do you plan on paying for your new wardrobe sweetie? Remember your parents and girlfriend will be disappointed and upset that you have dropped out of sight but.....and this is a very big but....would you rather have them see all your wonderful pictures and videos? Yes, I have videos of everything you have done while in my house. Everything, now finish with the dishes, get cleaned up and dressed to go out," she said over breakfast.

"Go out? Looking like this? I don't have any clothing. You took whatever I wore over here," he replied panicked at the very thought of going outside.

"Don't be silly sweetie. You have that perfectly good dress in your room. Just remember to put on that waist chinch back on after your bath. I'll be there to lace it up for you. Now stop arguing and do as I say," she snapped.

COUGAR

Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

"Stop that infernal fidgeting and calm down. If you speak in your new voice, keep your head high and pretend you're having a wonderful time, no one will notice. Remember to act enthusiastic as we do our shopping, otherwise you will draw unwanted attention. Just remember what I have taught you. I can't call you John while we are shopping so from now on you will answer to Jamie Lynn," she said as she pulled into a parking space at the largest mall in the city.

John's head was spinning with all that was happening. "Damn, she sold my car for less than what it's worth. She's given me a silly girl's name. Now I'm walking into the most popular mall in the city dressed like one. She's going to make me buy clothing and no telling what else that I don't want. OMG! I'm buying girl's stuff and there'll be

real women all around me. I'm sure someone will know that I'm a boy. Does she want me to get arrested? Oh shit, oh shit I'm doomed."

Elvira saw how nervous he looked and grabbed his elbow. "Look Jamie Lynn I'm not taking you to a lynching but if you don't get your emotions under control....people will notice and we don't want that. Remember what I have taught you and act like you're having fun. When we get in there, you will be going into the lady's changing rooms. You do what I say and I promise no one will notice. If I didn't think you were ready, we wouldn't be here. Now settle down, put a smile on your face and let's do some serious shopping," she said.

There weren't many people moving down the halls for which he was thankful. He managed to smile and remembered to take small mincing steps. The click-clacking of his high heels echoing on the granite flooring, the pull of bra straps and the swishing of his skirt were constant reminders of his situation.

"I sure hope she's right about this. I don't even want to think of what will happen if I don't pull this off. Oh man, I really hate this," he thought.

The first stop was a beauty salon. Three hours later they walked out. John's hair had been dyed auburn and given a soft perm after it had been trimmed. Glamour length acrylic nails had been put on and painted a deep burgundy. He had been scared to death that the stylist or someone else in the parlor would discover his secret but nothing happened. His stylist was a talker and he didn't have to say much the entire time but he was shaking with relief as he walked out the door.

"I think she did a wonderful job on your hair. I hope you like the color I picked out. Being that up close and personal and the stylist didn't even blink an eye. Perhaps now you will believe me when I say no one will think of you as anything but a pretty young lady," Elvira said which calmed his nerves.

As they walked down the hall he had to admit that she was right. He had gotten away with it. Well so far anyway but she did have a point. His hair and nails certainly made him look more feminine. He hated what was done but the style and color definitely disguised his appearance. He doubted that his own mother would recognize him now.

As they slowly walked down the hall looking into the various shop's windows, John felt a strong need. With a look of panic, he whispered, "I need to go to the bathroom. Please, let's go home?"

"Don't be silly sweetie. We'll use the lady's here. There's one just over there. It's nothing to worry about, remember to sit and wipe. You're just another girl using the restroom. It's no different than going into a changing room. Come on if you have to go that bad," she replied.

Unfortunately for John there was a cue with a woman standing in front of each stall. He looked nervously around seeing another woman over by the sink repairing her makeup. To ease his nerves, Elvira began talking to him about what they had seen in the store windows and all the wonderful things they were going to buy. The conversation helped ease his mind and soon the stall became available.

"If I get caught I'm going to jail for sure. Got to keep my cool like she said or else. I can't believe all this just to go pee. Standing in line, hoping I don't pee my panties in a room full of women. Now I got to keep this darn dress from dipping into the toilet and sitting. I hate this! I hate this!" his mind screamed.

The next stop was the piercing pagoda where his ears were pierced three times. Twice in the lower lobe and once at the top with the holes filled in with a large pearl stud,

small gold hoop in the second and small pink rhinestone in the top.

“Remember Jamie Lynn you wear a size 34 C bra and size six panties. I want to see plenty of smiles as we select some nice lingerie. Most of it will be everyday wear but we’ll get something sexy too,” she said as they entered the lingerie store.

Elvira immediately headed over to the large display of panties and bras. There she helped him select twelve pair of pastel colored nylon brief styled panties with some lace detailing and bras. The Playtex and Bali bras, in black, white and beige were selected for every day comfort. From there they moved over to the panty/bra set display to get his “special lingerie.”

“These nylon brief style panties and bras are good for everyday wear but you need some special lingerie for going out or that special date,” she said bringing a blush to his cheeks.

“I don’t want to wear any kind of panties much less something for a date. Besides I already have plenty of both,” he whispered back.

“Remember your place Jamie Lynn or I just might have to expose your secret. A young girl can never have too many precious panties and bras. Maybe I should call over a clerk and have her measure you for a bra? Bet it wouldn’t take her long to make a scene. Those falsies are damn good but under the bright lights of the fitting room I don’t know if I would chance it. Want to try me? Now put a big smile on your face and act like a giddy love sick girl,” she hissed back and began handing him hangers containing fancy matching panties and bras.

He did his best to act as she demanded but kept looking around nervously to see if anyone was watching. Finally six sets were selected and each seemed more sexy than the last which was a red lace embellished black bustier bra with high cut panties. Like the other sets, the bra’s cups were trimmed in lace with a red rose bud sewn in the center. The cups were elaborately embroidered in either a floral or fern design in a metallic thread matching the color of the lace trim. The black and red sets’ bras were also decorated with small multi-colored seed pearls. All the panties were cut to reveal a lot of thigh with delicate lace panels decorating the front.

In addition to the panties and bras a number of wide waist chinch garter belts were purchased that matched his sexy underwear in lacy embroidered details. Six slips, three half and three full, with lacy bodices and hems, four panty girdles and one corset completed his lingerie purchases.

It took all his will power to walk into the changing room with Elvira on his heels. He blushed when he saw a woman wearing just a skirt tugging at the new bra she was trying on. She saw him and smiled as Elvira piped up, “That looks lovely on you” as she pushed John into the booth.

“It’s natural for women to be seen trying on intimate apparel in here, so stop blushing. All you have to do is smile and maybe tell someone how nice they look in whatever they are trying on. Once we get this corset on you, you will be standing in front of that same mirror. Plan on that woman or someone else to compliment you and be prepared to say a nice thank you,” she instructed.

As they were checking out Elvira handed him a card and told him to fill it out. He looked at it in shock and horror. It was a panty and bra club membership. John looked at her pleading with his eyes as she grinned back at him.

“Jamie Lynn joining the panty club will cut the cost of your lingerie a lot. Plus you’ll get all the latest advertisements and promotional features before anyone else. Now go

ahead and fill it out,” she gleefully said.

“Like I want this or their notices,” he thought as he completed the form. As he was handing it to the clerk, Elvira grabbed it and after a quick look, frowned.

“Jamie Lynn I think you put the wrong address down. Don’t you remember, you moved back in with your folks,” she said daring him to say or do anything other than correct the phony address.

Leaving the store with John carrying three large lavender colored bags, she hissed, “You try to pull a stunt like that again and your parents will get more than a panty notice.”

The large department store was crowded. As they entered a young girl approached them and Elvira whispered, “She’ll try to sell you some perfume. Let her spray a bit on your wrist, sniff it by waving your wrist away from your nose then say it’s lovely but maybe later.”

John did as she said without blushing as the girl did her best to get him to buy it. As they walked away, Elvira leaned close and said, “See, that wasn’t so bad and she was none the wiser. You will be trying on dresses and skirts so be prepared to see a lot of women in various stages of undress. I don’t want to see any more blushing, understand?”

He didn’t know how he did it but the more outfits he tried on the easier it became. It was difficult not to stare at some of the prettier girls and women in the change room but he got through his ordeal. When they left the store John was the proud possessor of four casual dresses, six skirts, seven blouses, two short cap sleeved sweaters and some tees. Two of the dresses were in an A-line style, the others a flirty yellow with white polka dots sun dress and a lavender mid-thigh sheath dress. Four of the skirts, in varying materials, were flared while two were straight. All four were mid-thigh in length. All of the blouses were overly feminine in nylon, chiffon, rayon and polished cotton. Some of them had very ornate lacy jabots and full billowing long sleeves. The sweaters were made of angora wool, one white with pink horizontal striping the other solid black with a keyhole neckline. The tees were all round necked in pastel colors that coordinated with the skirts.

After stopping to drop off the numerous bags in Elvira’s car, they went to the food court. His mouth was watering for a cheese burger and fries but all she allowed him was a chef’s salad and a few saltines with a diet soda.

“So far so good Jamie Lynn, now all we have left are some shoes and accessories. We’ll stop at Jonathan’s for that. They have a fabulous selection there. I forgot to get you a couple of other things but we can get those on the way out. I need the lady’s room again and you probably do too, so let’s go. When you’re finished make sure you repair your makeup and check your hair. You forgot to do that the last time,” she said grabbing her tray and standing.

There was a woman standing at the sink when they entered, she gave them a brief smile and turned her attention back to applying her lipstick. Safely in the stall, John lowered his panties, pulled up his skirt, made sure it was clear of the seat and sat. Going to the bathroom as a girl was a lot more complicated than when he was in boy mode. Pulling down panties while holding up skirt and slip were sharp reminders of his forced femininity. The chastity device also made it clear he had no other choice but to sit.

He was surprised at how much time they spent in Jonathan’s. He was use to quickly picking out what he wanted but with Elvira, he spent more time just looking than he

had ever spent in a shoe store. Finally she selected five shoe styles for him to try on. A pair of white and pink running shoes, two pairs of peep toed pumps with three inch spiked heels and another pair of strappy sandals with a four inch pencil heel. The gold pencil heels would go well with his sun dress she informed him. The final pair was a clear plastic mule with a pink puff of feathers on the toe and two inch tapered heels.

They went back into the lingerie store to pick out two nighties with peignoirs. The nighties were full skirted nylon, one with a round neckline and the other a peter pan lace collar. They both had puffy short sleeves with lace hemming and frills. One was in a dark chocolate with white lace decoration and the other nightie a satiny deep blue with light blue lace detailing and ribbons.

The last stop was at a swim wear store where he tried on several bathing suits. He was very uncomfortable with the emerald green bikini that she decided upon. With the additional purchases there was barely enough room in the car for them. Safely in the car and heading home, John dropped his false bravado and cried in both relief and humiliation. It was the most stressful and exhausting day of his life.

Back at the house she helped him take off the tags and put everything away. He was folding the bra to his bikini when she told him that there was still plenty of daylight. In short order he was dressed in the bikini and out on the back patio.

“Jamie Lynn you are in desperate need of some color. I want you out in the sun and getting a nice even tan. I will make time during the rest of your training so you can do that until it gets too cold. Here take this novel and a couple of magazines with you. It will help pass the time,” she ordered. That evening as he was getting ready for bed, John was devastated seeing the very feminine tan lines.

Ooo

Over the course of the next several weeks, John received numerous calls and texts from Alison and more from his mother. They were both very worried about him and demanded to know what was going on. He didn't dare talk to them. With the intense voice training he was afraid he wouldn't sound right. He did text them saying that he just had some personal problems to work out but was okay. His responses didn't even sound convincing to him but would have to do. There was no way he could tell them the truth.

His every waking moment was spent learning to behave like a girl, look like a girl, write and speak like a girl and even think like a girl. After the trip to the mall Elvira took him out frequently. The more they ventured out the more at ease John became in his role as Jamie Lynn. Initially those excursions were to everyday places such as the grocer, cleaners and the like. Then she began taking him to more female dominate places like clothing stores, the beauty salon and tea rooms. Being surrounded by other women made him concentrate really hard to blend in. It reinforced his poise, manners, etiquette, speech and vocabulary lessons far better than her threats of punishment.

With his feminine behavior becoming more and more natural, Elvira had him spending more time learning about fashions, housekeeping and relationships. In early October she began taking him to places similar to the one where they first met. They were the kind of places where single women would be relatively safe from unwanted attention. There they lingered over drinks. She enjoyed watching John squirm when young men came over and tried to talk to him.

At first John was extremely shy and sometimes down right rude to the young men that approached. Social interactions were a strong behavioral motivation and reinforced his female persona. By starting him out in manageable situations, reinforced his

feminine behavior and mind set. When he seemed able to handle mixing with both girls and boys in the casual setting, she advanced his training.

This required another trip to the mall where he purchased more suitable evening attire. When he complained about having no pants, she let him get a pants suit. At Jonathan's three more pairs of even higher heels were purchased. As it was getting cold now, a black lamb's wool jacket was also acquired.

For most of the next week she had him practicing how to dance like a girl. Using different music, she took the male lead and he the woman's as she lead him around the dance floor to slow tunes. For the fast dances, she showed him her moves and had him copy them. By the end of the week he was getting pretty good.

"Jamie Lynn I'm planning on taking you to a nice bar with small dance floor. I think it's time you learned from personal experience what relationships are all about in a more intimate setting. So I see only one stumbling block that will keep me from doing that. You need a license to get into one of those places. We'll get you one tomorrow," she stated one evening.

"I have a license. What do I need a new one for?" he tentatively asked.

"Jamie Lynn doesn't have one. Plus John's shows that he is only nineteen. So this will rectify those little problems," she stated.

By the next afternoon, Jamie Lynn, female, had a permit. The fake birth certificate wasn't that hard for Elvira to obtain showing that Jamie was twenty-one. Friday night she took him to a neighborhood bar. John was very nervous and skittish all night. Whenever young men approached wanting to dance, he politely refused every offer. Elvira was getting frustrated over John's constant refusals and threatened to punish him if he didn't dance. With that he did accept dance requests but only to the fast songs. As soon as the song was over, he flashed a quick smile of thanks and headed back to their table. Elvira was not pleased with his first performance at the local bar.

"Please Mistress Elvira, I'm not gay and having to act like a girl with other men....I don't like it and it makes me sick to have to do it. Please don't make me go back to that place," he begged safely back at the house.

"Jamie Lynn get use to it cause you will be going back there until I'm satisfied with your behavior. No one has yet figured out that you're a guy and if you remember all your lessons and act appropriately like the young lady you are, there won't be any problems. If it's any help, always remember you are Jamie Lynn, a female. There is nothing wrong with a girl dancing with a handsome man or even making out with one. Get your book out, I'm giving you five demerits for your lack of cooperation, tonight," she answered.

That week was spent with her teaching him various flirting techniques women used to attract men. She also showed him how women tell men to get lost but in a nice way. His reading materials were all focused on female to male relationships. Elvira also purchased a male blow up doll and had John practice his moves on it. She provided the voice for the doll and had him make the appropriate responses.

The doll was anatomically correct and his lessons included two methods to keep a man's penis from penetrating. The first time John had to give the doll a blow job, he threw up. That earned him ten demerits. Even the threat of her crop couldn't stop his stomach from cramping and bile from rising into his throat the next time. Fortunately he was able to keep it down and not spew out the contents of his stomach. It did get easier the more he practiced but the sick feelings never left.

On their next outing, he was pleasant but still very gun shy when it came to close male contact. Elvira threatened to leave him alone at the bar if his actions did not improve. She actually had to do it once before John started acting like she wanted. It was a neighborhood bar and John was pretty safe by himself but he was scared to death the entire time Elvira was gone. When he loosened up and played the role of a single female to the banter of the men and dancing even the slow numbers, she began taking him to the singles bars.

The time she left him alone standing at the bar was the scariest night of his life. It seemed like Elvira had just left when he was surrounded by four young men. They were all trying to get him to dance, buy him drinks and a couple brave enough to steal a kiss or pat to the fanny. Just when he didn't think he could stand their attentions any longer, she came to his rescue. He was in tears and shaking badly by the time they reached the car that night.

"Ple....please Mistress Elvira don....don't ever do that again. The....they were all ov..over me," he sobbed.

"Well Jamie Lynn, get use to the attention. You make a lovely girl and horny men will be attracted to you. Now you know how it feels from the other side. If you concentrate more on your relationship studies, you will know how to handle those situations. We'll concentrate on your flirting and get lost techniques some more this week. I want you to be able to attract a man as well as tell one politely to get lost," she gleefully replied.

"I don't want to attract a man or any man for that matter. I told you I'm not gay," he whispered back.

"Oh but that is a very important part of your learning process Jamie Lynn. When we go out next week, I want you to attract one and dust off another. As a matter of fact, I think you deserve an older man. Older men are much more considerate of women, unlike kids your age. Besides, they usually have more money and make better lovers. Come next Friday I want you to flirt with an older man, let's say in his forties or early fifties. When the younger ones approach, you will use your get lost techniques. You will either do your absolute best or I will take you to one of those honky-tonks out on the highway and leave your ass there. Now what will it be?" she demanded.

She didn't miss the 'deer in the headlights' look on his face when she said that and smiled. "He knows I'll do it and is scared to death but he will comply. Once the kids see him only flirting with the older men, they'll get the hint and stop coming by. I'll see how he does for a couple of weeks, if he does well then I'll have him meet my client," she thought.

"It's bad enough having to flirt and dance with guys my age. I don't know if I could handle an older man. Why would she want me to do that anyway? Like I give a shit if they make better lovers or have money. I don't want to have anything to do with any of them. She's had me under her thumb for four months now. When is she going to get tired of fucking with me? I still have no idea where she hides those photos and videos.

Without those, I can never get away and this damn chastity thing is driving me nuts. When I'm not locked to the bed, I'm constantly studying and practicing. Hell, I've been acting like a girl for so long I barely remember how to act like a guy. Whoa what was that she said, 'leave me at a honky-tonk.' OMG! She would too. I've been to the one out on highway 90 and it's a rough place for guys. I'd be dead in seconds going there as a girl. Crap!" he thought.

"I'm sorry Mistress Elvira, I'll do my....my best," he responded.

That night as he was performing his evening toilet, he checked his cell. "No

messages....It's been over a week now and nothing....Even mom has stopped calling. That last text from Alison....Can't blame her...Even if she let me go tomorrow I don't think I could get her back...I'm so screwed," he thought as tears began to flow.

Ooo

The bar was dim, crowded and pulsed with loud music as they walked in. Elvira had picked this bar with care. It catered to both the young and older crowds, dark enough to be romantic yet light enough to easily see most of the people. She had made sure John would get noticed. He was wearing a little black baby doll styled dress that didn't reveal that much of the top but a lot of leg.

It had a square cut neck, flirty cap sleeves and the hem was just long enough to expose a lot of leg. If he was careful, he wouldn't expose the lace welts of his hosiery. The bodice was loose enough so someone standing over a seated John would get a glimpse of cleavage and the matching red bra that he wore. His makeup was perfect with vivid red lips matching the color of his long nails. Pearl drop earrings, two strand pearl necklace and a pearl cabochon ring were his accessories. Sheer red hose, four inch black patent leather strappy sandals and a black sequin clutch purse completed the outfit.

Most of John's jewelry was some sort of pearls. Pearls were strictly a woman's piece of jewelry and something no man would ever wear. A fact John knew and having to wear it was another reinforcement to his feminine persona. Elvira was a master at using subconscious feminine reinforcements like the jewelry. John was only allowed to drink white wine, an item a man seldom ordered at a bar. Having a tampon in his purse and seeing it every time he opened it was yet another. Applying makeup, performing a woman's toilet and dressing in female attire were all very conscious activities requiring a certain amount of concentration. It was the subtle things, like wearing pearls that seared into the subconscious, I am woman.

Now it was time to go to the third level of conditioning which would force John's feminine identity firmly in place. This step would combine both the conscious and subconscious levels of his mind. Elvira was going to make sure that he became romantically involved with an older man. Not just any older man but a special man that John was being programmed for.

Elvira found them a table where the soft lighting would focus on John. As they were waiting for their drinks, a young man came over. He was handsome with a carefree smile. The kind of man who was confident he could pick up any young lady he set his mind on. You could see the surprised look when he walked away. He had used his charm and best lines on the pretty girl only to be rebuffed.

"I can't believe she rejected me. I've never had that done to me by a girl like that. If she were a nine or ten, I could understand it but she's a seven or eight at the best. Must be a fuckin' lesbian," he said to a group of his buddies when he returned to the bar.

When Elvira reached for her purse to pay the waitress, she was told that the gentleman sitting at a nearby table took care of it. Elvira whispered to Jamie Lynn to hold up her glass of wine and smile broadly at the gentleman. It didn't take the man long before he was sitting with the two pretty women. His initial thoughts were on the older of the two but it seemed like it was the younger one who liked him.

"Now this is a very pleasant surprise," he thought as Jamie Lynn placed her hand on top of his and gave it a gentle squeeze.

"I don't want to do this but if I don't flirt with him Mistress Elvira will give a bunch of

demerits. I just hope I don't have to do more than dance with him," John thought.

To Be Continued...

COUGAR

Part Four

By Cheryl Lynn

Of course the young man and his buddies didn't miss what was happening. Seeing the young girl dancing and flirting with the older man, they made the usual snide and hooker remarks then turned their attention to the other girls at the bar. Jamie Lynn flirted and danced with several older men that night and rebuffed a few younger ones. By the time they called it a night, John's reputation for preferring older men was firmly established at the bar.

As John pressed close with his arms around the neck of a man at least twice his age, he thought, "If I have to do this at least she could have me dancing with someone my own age. This guy is as old as my dad or older. We don't have anything in common and nothing to talk about. With that younger guy when he talked I would have an idea of what he was talking about. Who the heck is Jim Morrison anyway?"

That next morning as they were eating breakfast, Elvira critiqued John's performance. "Jamie Lynn next week we'll be going back to that club. I want to see more kissing and serious flirting with the older men. Here I found this article in "In Style" magazine I want you to read and remember. It's the one I marked, "25 Ways to tell your man you love him." It has some cute moves you can practice using this week."

John groaned as he took the magazine from her. "I don't want to tell any man I love him. Much less learn 25 ways to do it. How far is she going to make me go? I sure hope she's not thinking about sending me out on a date with one of these old geezers," he thought.

Like every day since he moved in with Elvira, John spent the morning repeating his grooming, poise, mannerisms, speech and vocabulary lessons. The afternoons were spent practicing with the sex doll as Elvira acted as its voice. For the afternoon lessons, he had to put on his evening makeup and dress for his date. With supper over it was back to the doll and various heavy petting scenarios practiced. By this time giving the doll's seven inch long silicone penis a hand or blow job didn't faze John.

"It Isn't like I'm doing this with a real person," he kept telling himself.

Friday night they were off to the bar. This time John was dressed in a mid-thigh red velvet flare skirt with a round collar and perky short sleeves. His undies were all black with frills of lace and embroidery. Sheer black hose attached to a red floral embroidered garter belt and red peep toed leather pumps. Again pearls dangled from tiny gold chains attached to pearl studs in his lobes. A pearl and onyx necklace adorned his neck and a matching bracelet on his right wrist. For accessories, he had a black beaded clutch and a long sleeved black lamb's wool jacket. It wasn't a particularly cold October evening but the jacket would keep the chill off his torso.

They had barely gotten into their seats when two businessmen asked to join them. They looked to be in their early forties, wearing expensive looking suits so Elvira accepted their request. It was a night filled with lots of dancing, flirting and drinking. By the time John had consumed half a bottle of wine he was feeling mellow and didn't

object when “his date” began groping and French kissing. He didn’t like or want that attention but during a bathroom break Elvira made it very clear what she expected. If the previous Friday hadn’t solidified Jamie Lynn’s preference for older men, this night certainly did. He had no idea of how many cell phone photos of him frolicking with an older man went out over the internet but there were quite a few. Jamie Lynn was getting quite a reputation in town.

As Jamie danced Elvira wasn’t being a wall flower. She was dancing with an older gentleman. “Jamie is totally passable. I’ve exposed him to enough women and others in settings that would have revealed his true gender if his techniques were off. He’s been immersed in femininity so deeply that I doubt his own mother would recognize him now. Well, does he meet your specifications?” she asked her partner.

“Yes Elvira, he’s exactly what I’m looking for. He’ll make a nice trophy wife and no one will be the wiser. In my country gay men are not acceptable in high society. Are you sure he’s a virgin? I have no desire for either bisexual or other gay men. My enjoyment comes from breaking in a totally straight man,” her client responded.

“Oh yes I’m positive he’s totally straight. He has or rather had a fiancée but she broke up with him recently. You should have seen his face when he read her text. It was priceless. No, he hates everything I make him do but with the videos and pictures, he’ll do what he is told. With his girl breaking up with him, that hold is weakened a bit but will keep him compliant for now. Compliant enough to finish his training and for you to take him away. Once you have him, it won’t matter. He’ll have no choice but to be your bride,” she answered.

“So when do I get to meet that enchanting creature?” he asked.

“Next week, here or would you rather meet somewhere else?” she replied.

“No, Saturday is Halloween and I would like to see my princess at the club’s party. I’ll be, of course, Prince Charming. I’ll see that you get the invitations,” he answered.

Ooo

John was happy to hear that their Friday bar night was cancelled but he wasn’t sure about attending some fancy country club party. Apparently one of the old men they met at the bar had sent them invitations. He just hoped that this wasn’t some ploy of Elvira’s. On Wednesday she had received a large box containing the costumes and for the last three days had him wearing it. He had to admit it was a gorgeous gown but he’d much rather see it on Alison. Thinking about her brought his spirits down and it took a swat from Elvira’s crop to put a smile back on his face.

The gown was right out of Cinderella. It was a classical hoop skirted, floor length, sharply tapered waist ball gown in baby blue bridal satin with softer baby blue chiffon balloon wire supported puff short sleeves and hip drapery. The design required a bustle and stiff corset which were in the box. Besides the gown, there were white lace ruffled pantaloons in scrumptious blue silk, sheer white hose with an embroidered rose motif rising from the heel to knee, opera length blue satin gloves, blue satin hair band and a pair of clear plastic four inch spike heeled pumps.

The Persian blue strapless satin corset had white floral lace decoration, baby blue floral embroidery on the cups and running down to a tightly nipped waist. When Elvira had it fully laced, John thought he was going to die from the lack of oxygen. He sat gasping for five minutes before he was able to manage his breathing.

The bustle fastened around his waist and once on, made it very difficult to sit. The dress seemed to weigh a ton and the slippers pinched his toes painfully. With the

gloves pulled up to just below his arm pits, his movements were even more hampered. This costume was the most uncomfortable and restrictive clothing he had ever worn. He doubted that even a real girl could manage this outfit. Plus he had no idea how he would ever be able to go to the bathroom in it. He needed every bit of the three days before he could manage his costume adequately.

Saturday morning Elvira took John to the salon for a full make over. His hair was touched up and put in tubular curls at the back with the sides pulled tight against his scalp and his bangs put into horizontal curls. His glamour length nails and toes were varnished in a vivid red lacquer. Concealer and foundation were used to give his face a porcelain look. Rose red blusher to bring out his cheeks and several shades of blue and silver were applied to his eyelids. Black eyeliner and long false eyelashes were used but what really brought out his eyes was the judicious use of glitter around the eyes and on the cheeks. The finishing touch was the glistening vivid red lipstick. As the cosmetologist did his face, she gave him all the instructions he would need to maintain the look.

They didn't have to be at the club until eight but Elvira had John getting ready at four. It took him almost the full four hours to get ready. He had been careful not to ruin the makeup and only had to add more lipstick. What had taken the time was getting dressed. The pantaloons were the only item of clothing that actually felt delicious against his skin. Once the corset was laced, John still needed a few minutes to adjust his breathing. Looking into the full length mirror he had to admit that he looked beautiful. The only things keeping the image from being perfect were the size of his nose and chin. The chin was just a bit too square and the nose a tad large. Otherwise, Cinderella stood before the mirror. It came as no surprise that Elvira's was going as Cruella De Vill. She even had the white streak of hair, leopard skin coat and long cigarette holder.

The club was crowded with people most in costume by the time they made their entrance. John caught a lot of attention but not nearly as much as the young ladies wearing revealing witch, school girl or nurse costumes. I wasn't long before a man dressed as Prince Charming approached. He was tall, over six feet, heavy set but not obese and had a foreign look about him. His costume looked expensive made of dark blue velvet and white satin.

"Good evening ladies, I'm so glad you could join me tonight. Ahhh, and you my Cinderella, are most beautiful indeed. How fortunate you chose to wear that costume as it makes us the perfect couple. Please, join me at our table," he said in a thick accent taking John's arm.

John couldn't make out the accent but guessed it to be either Northern European or Russian. He knew the man to be older from the thick collar length wavy salt and pepper hair and thin graying mustache. Try as he might, he couldn't remember seeing him at the bar. Elvira seemed to accept his advances, so allowed the man to take his arm and lead them to a table. Two buckets of Dom were iced down by the table and crystal stemware waiting to be filled. An attentive waiter standing nearby assisted Elvira in sitting while the Prince helped John. The glasses were quickly filled.

It took a tremendous effort to get his skirts under control and keep them from billowing up into his face as he sat carefully on the edge of the wooden seat. He was hoping the man would introduce himself but all he said was to call him 'My Prince' while Elvira could refer to him as 'Charming.' After the first glasses were filled and consumed, the Prince asked John to dance.

It was a slow song and the man guided John away from the band. As they reached the

far end of the dance floor, he pulled John in close. "You are very beautiful and very convincing. If I didn't know better I would have never guessed your secret," he said.

John froze, his eyes widening and jaw dropping at what the man said.

"Wha....what....How.....Who are you?" John gasped in both fright and curiosity.

"Oh yes, don't look so shocked and close your jaw darling, it's not very becoming. I was hired by your family to find out what happened to you. It took a lot of searching, questioning and other means but I found you. Now listen carefully, I can't just walk you out of here. Elvira would send what she has on you all over the internet and to all your friends and family. We have to take this slowly. So here is what I plan, we'll pretend to become great friends tonight. That will give me reason to call and make a date with you later. As I don't know exactly where she is hiding what she has on you, we will have to date until I can get it. Then once I have her blackmail material, I'll take you away safely. So is this our plan or what?" he said.

John was stunned by what the man told him. "He's some kind of detective but my folks could never afford someone like him. He knows Elvira, maybe this is some scheme by her to screw me over some more," he thought then said. "You're a detective? My parents couldn't afford to hire any detective. Who are you really?"

"Hate to break this to you buddy but they gave me all your college funds plus took out a loan. I figure you'd rather be out of the mess you're in than go off to school. So you game to try my plan?" he replied.

"Do....do they know...you know about what she's done to me?" John asked. He wasn't sure he could face his parents with them knowing what he had become.

"No, I haven't told them a thing only that I might have found you. Don't worry. Your secret is safe with me, client privilege, and all that. We'll get you back to normal before I hand you over to your parents," he replied.

It didn't take much to convince Elvira that they were fast becoming a couple. John was so happy about an end being in sight that he positively glowed all evening. He danced with a lively step and kissed and hugged her Prince joyfully all night long. When they excused themselves to go to the lady's room, all John could talk about was how handsome and nice his Prince was and if Elvira would let him see the man again. Of course Elvira was more than happy to let them go out on dates with her client.

"Well I don't know Prince but we'll be at the Maltese on Friday. Perhaps you could join us there. It's a nice bar with a decent dance floor and we go there every Friday night," she said trying not to sound over enthusiastic. John wasn't stupid and she wanted to make sure he bought into her plan.

Later as they were driving home, Elvira did her best to sound cool about his dating.

"Jamie Lynn I'm not so sure about that man. He's nice enough but there is something about him that bothers me. I'll let you be with him this coming Friday but don't count on seeing him after that."

"She doesn't like him...maybe...just maybe he was telling me the truth. I'll owe my folks big time after this. That guy must be costing them a fortune. I've got to make sure Elvira lets me keep dating him until I'm free of all this shit," he thought.

"Mistress Elvira, I kind of liked him. He was very nice to me tonight. If I have to dance and flirt with older men, at least let me do it with someone I like," he replied.

"Like I said, we'll see," she answered.

Later that night with John asleep, Elvira pressed the speed dial on her cell. "Well?"

was all she said when it was answered.

“I’ll owe you a bonus for this Elvira. He is dainty and feminine enough to pass anywhere. You’ve really done a number on him. I can’t wait to take him home with me. Did he buy into my plan?” he responded.

“Hook, line and sinker but I’m playing it cool for now. I don’t want him to even think that I’m involved in this little courtship of yours. Just how many dates were you planning before stealing my darling boy away from me?” she asked.

“I’ll have everything set up by the end of November. Invite me over for Thanksgiving dinner. I’ll tell him that’s when I discovered your cache of documents. You’ll see the rest of your funds transfer into your account then,” he replied.

Friday night loomed as a cold and breezy night so Elvira allowed John to wear a pants suit. It was made of black silk crepe de chin with wide ankle length flare legged cuffs. The light weight opulent material was not going to offer him much protection from the cold but was the only “pants” that he had. To help with the cold, he put on a pair of black nylon pant liners with lace frilled hems. He hoped that with his hose, his legs wouldn’t freeze but it was better than wearing a skirt. To go with the pants and matching long sleeved Mandarin styled jacket, he selected a bright white chiffon long sleeved blouse with fancy lace jabot. He would be comfortable dancing in the hot club and wouldn’t be outside for that long. They were definitely women’s pants but at least he would be in pants.

The only thing he was disappointed in was the lingerie Elvira chose. The lingerie was all black satin with lots of lace and delicate decoration. The hipster panties had a white floral lace insert on the front and delicate pink satin ribbon at the waist. The garter belt was embroidered in a bold floral design and white satin ribbons adorned the snaps. The balconet bra’s cups had an overlay of black lace and seed pearls which clearly showed through the blouse. To complete the outfit were white satin pointed toed four inch pumps, white leather clutch purse, white calf leather gloves and long wool jacket trimmed with rabbit fur at cuff and collar.

They were met almost as soon as they walked in by Prince Charming who introduced himself as Dolf Lumcovitch. He was wearing a silver gray sharkskin woolen suit, dark blue dress shirt and blue and silver striped tie. He took John’s hand, raised it to his lips and kissed it before giving the same honor to Elvira.

“Come, I have a booth reserved in the back. I must say you were lovely at the party but even more beautiful tonight ladies. I have a bottle of Dom waiting,” he said escorting them from the door.

When they got home later that night John was exhausted from all the dancing and drinking more than he should have. He actually had fun which surprised him. He silently blamed both the alcohol and the fact that his ordeal was coming closer to an end for his happiness. He was so distracted by the prospect of escape that he overlooked certain clues that he was being set up. It didn’t register in his mind that Dolf was wearing an extremely expensive tailored suit or the cost of several bottles of Dom. All he could think about now was that Elvira had agreed Dolf could take him out the next week. His first real date as a girl and it didn’t bother him at all. He figured the ruse would be nothing more and they would discuss how he was going to escape.

Ooo

Thanksgiving arrived and for this occasion John was wearing his new cocktail dress and lingerie. They had spent most of Monday shopping for just the right outfit. It had been an exhausting day and Elvira made all the selections. In the end he was

surprised at how much she spent as the dress alone was over six hundred dollars. While he wondered where Elvira got all the money, he loved the dress and lingerie she picked out.

It was a V backed, round neck, knee length white ecru long sleeved peek-a-boo lace corset dress. The bodice was floral lace and the under skirt silk. It had a built in corset with boning, scalloped lace trim and Shirred detailing at the skirt. The long lace sleeves ended in flared cuffs. All the dress needed to make it totally elegant were a pair of bold shoes and minimal jewelry. To meet those requirements Elvira purchased a pair of five inch spiked heeled silver strappy sandals, three silver bangles for his wrist, cabochon pearl cocktail ring and small white beaded clutch purse with a thin chromed chain strap to complete his ensemble.

With his outer wear selected Elvira decided that the lingerie be virginal white as well. White silk tap panties with three inches of floral lace trim, matching push up strapless bra, garter belt and nude hosiery were selected.

Dressed in his lingerie, John sat at the vanity and put on his makeup. He used metallic brown, taupe and peach to shade his lids and a sparkling sand lipstick for a dramatic look. His hair was brushed into an up do and a white satin ribbon used to hold everything in place.

Elvira was not about to cook a traditional Thanksgiving meal. She had the affair catered. When the meal arrived, all she had to do was transfer the food from their aluminum pans onto china plates and platters. John was surprised that she didn't make him do it.

"Sweetie, Dolf is your date so you keep him entertained while I make all the preparations," she said.

"With me stuck in the kitchen, Dolf will have all the time he needs to go to my bedroom and retrieve the stack of DVD's and photos I left out on the dresser. Later, when I'm back cleaning up, they can sneak out of the house. Jamie Lynn will think he's free but I just wish I could see his face when he discovers the truth. I doubt if he'll ever get use to being the wife of a prominent man living in that country but he better. Dolf can get pretty mean if he doesn't get his way," she thought.

"Jamie let's go while she's in the kitchen. I found all of the evidence and managed to wipe her hard drive clean. She is going to be one pissed off bitch when she sees that and we don't want to be anywhere around when she does," Dolf said taking Jamie's hand.

"You sure you managed to find all of it?" Jamie asked in disbelief.

"Every single bit. Now let's go," he replied handing him his lamb's wool coat.

With them gone, Elvira poured herself a glass of wine and sat at the kitchen table. She raised the glass in salute, smiled broadly then took a sip. "Here's to another successful transformation and another quarter mil into my account," she said.

Ooo

"I can't thank you enough for getting me safely away from that fiend but where are we going?" John asked.

"I'm taking you away from here Jamie to a safer place. Elvira might try to track you down if you stayed here. I wouldn't be surprised if that bitch didn't want to do you some serious bodily harm. I don't think she transformed you for just personal pleasure but for some other reason. Maybe to put you to work on the streets or other

sex trade activity, I would guess. She invested a lot of money getting you this way and will do anything to recoup her losses. It will be better if you don't hang around here for a month or two. Besides it will take time to get you back to normal. I have a doctor friend that owes me big time. He'll help you and it won't cost you or your family anything," he replied.

Dolf's response sounded plausible and John accepted his reasoning. "Yeah, he's right. She would come after me and I couldn't hide here. I don't think I could stop her if she did. No, Dolf's right. I probably need a doctor's help to put myself back together. She's really fucked me up. At least that won't cost my family any more money. They must have hocked everything they own just to pay Dolf's fees," he thought.

John happily sat in the plush seat as the small private jet soared off into the night. They celebrated his freedom with a bottle of champagne and he was feeling very sleepy. His final thoughts before sleep overcame him were that he was finally free and safe.

The jarring of the plane as it landed woke him from a deep sleep. He was a bit groggy and had a splitting headache. He grabbed his temples and groaned. Dolf handed him a pill and glass of water. He quickly swallowed the pill and emptied the glass. The last thing he remembered was standing in the doorway of the jet as a blast of warm air hit him.

When he woke, he still had a pounding headache, his throat was parched and he hurt all over. He tried to sit up but was strapped in. He looked around and was surprised to see that he was in a white walled room and secured to a hospital bed. He could feel bandages on his face, chest and waist.

"OMG! I remember feeling faint as we got off the plane. I must have fallen down the steps. I wonder where I am and how bad did I hurt myself. Shit, from the way my chest feels, I must have busted a rib. I sure could use a glass of water," he thought.

He wasn't awake long before a young Latino nurse entered the room. She rattled off a bunch of Spanish that he couldn't understand but gave him a glass of water. He had to sip it through a straw but he didn't care. He was thirsty. Finishing the water, he looked at the nurse wanted to ask a million questions but his voice came out soft and raspy.

"Crap! I not only banged myself up but I've got laryngitis to boot," he thought grabbing his throat. To his surprise he felt bandages there too.

"Man, how bad did I hurt myself?" he mumbled and began to panic.

The nurse seeing his reaction injected a needle into the IV and soon John was asleep. Later when he woke there was a doctor standing by the bed checking his pulse.

"Bueno, you are awake, si?" the doctor said.

"Whe...where am I and wha...what happened?" John whispered.

"You in my clinic. You be here four weeks now. Almost time to remove bandages. Soon you go," the doctor replied.

"Four weeks!" John tried to scream but all that came out was a garbled noise.

"You no try talk now. Everything will be okay in day or two," the doctor said then left the room.

The nurse came in right after with a tray of food if you can call jello and soup food. He was famished and ate every morsel. The only Spanish that he knew was that "si" meant yes and "no" meant no, so getting anything out of what the nurse was saying

impossible. She removed the IV but despite his demands to be freed of his bonds, left him strapped to the bed.

Two days later he was feeling much better and his voice returned. He was surprised as his voice had a higher pitch. It was a bit higher than the feminine voice Elvira had made him practice for so long. He was in for a much bigger surprise when the doctor and Dolf came in.

“At last someone who can speak English and tell me what the fuck happened,” he said overjoyed to see Dolf.

“Relax Jamie, I’ll tell you everything you need to know once the doctor removes those bandages,” Dolf replied looking at the doctor.

The doctor injected something into John’s arm then began removing bandages. By the time all the bandages were removed from his face, John was feeling very relaxed. When the doctor held a mirror up so he could see his face, John could only manage a frown. His face was black and blue, slightly swollen but it was obvious that his nose was smaller with a slight upturn, his cheeks more prominent and his lips definitely much fuller.

When the bandages on his chest were removed, he could only groan. He now had two perky C-cup breasts with large button nipples about a half inch long. There were red scars where the doctor had removed two of his ribs and smaller one where he had performed liposuction.

Seeing what the doctor had done John panicked as best he could in his tranquilized state. His thoughts immediately wondered if the doctor had taken the next step and removed his penis and balls. He reached down to his crotch and with both relief and disappointment felt the chastity device firmly in place.

Letting his hands fall to his sides, he looked up at Dolf and asked, “Why?”

“Jamie Lynn, I hired Elvira to get me a young man to be my wife. In my country homosexuality is illegal and punishable by death. Even though I come from a rich and powerful family I am not immune or above the law. I can’t change what I am but I can change someone to conform to my country’s requirements. You already look and act very much the lady. I just had the doctor make a few changes to make you all the more convincing. I am taking a chance by leaving you intact but with that chastity device, if you are seen naked, people will see it as female chastity. It is a somewhat common practice where we are going. There is no going back for you now. You will be my obedient loving wife for the rest of your life. You have no choice. Accept it and your life will be most pleasurable. Fight me, I will make your life a very miserable one but you will still be my wife. The choice is yours. I have brought you a change of clothing. Put it on while I go talk to the doctor,” he said.

“I’m so screwed!” John yelled as he pulled the green silk tap panties up his legs.

The End