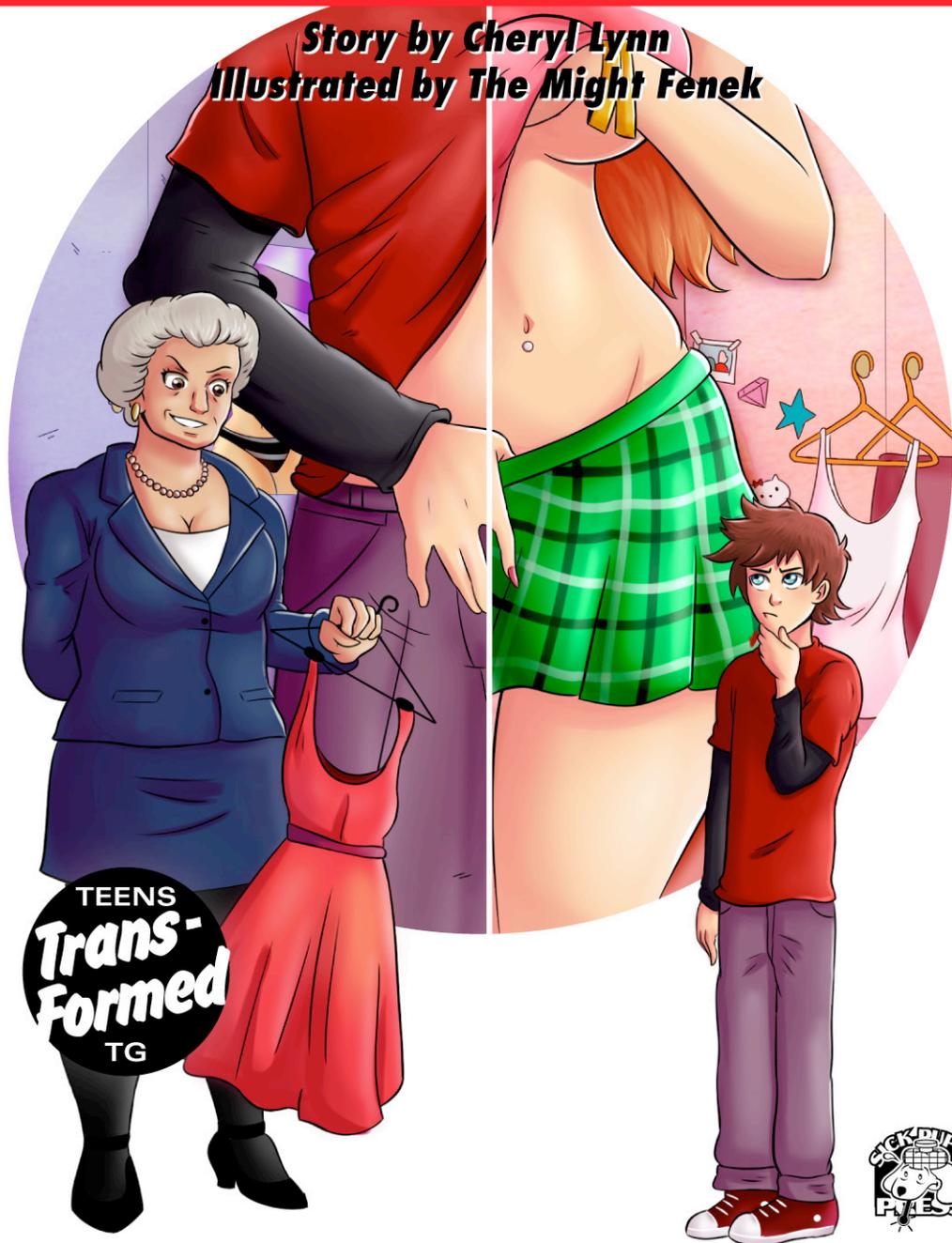


ADULTS ONLY

70 pages 16 illustrations

CREATING SAMANTHA

Story by Cheryl Lynn
Illustrated by The Might Fenek



TEENS
**Trans-
Formed**
TG



C H E R Y L L Y N N

CREATING SAMANTHA

**Story by Cheryl Lynn
Illustrations by The Might Fenek
A Teens Transformed Story**



2017 Digital Edition

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CREATING SAMANTHA

Samuel Eckles was fourteen when his life took a one hundred and eighty degree turn. Up until then he was an average teenaged boy with typical dreams and aspirations. He wanted a driver's license, he wanted to learn to be a fighter jet pilot and he wanted a sick hot girlfriend to show off. He was the only child of a very successful upper middle class family. His father, William, was a civil engineer specializing in roads and bridges, requiring extended travel. Samuel's mother was a family law attorney. It was the ideal suburban family, but like all families that appear solid to the outside world, the reality was a little different.

Shortly after the start of the New Year, Samuel's mother ran off with another man, leaving behind divorce papers. The note she left with the papers stated she never wanted to have anything to do with her husband William or Samuel ever again. The abrupt departure left William devastated and Samuel stunned and confused. He had always felt that his mother was cold and distant to him, but he never suspected she would just leave one day, and he was shattered.

William, emotionally distraught, had to take time off from his work. He had known that his wife was going to divorce him at some point, as they had been just going through the motions for years, still, it was a shock when it finally happened. The divorce was one thing, but Samuel was going to be a major problem. With his frequent and sometimes lengthy traveling, he was in no position to care for his son. On course, these prolonged absences were one of the main reasons his wife left him in the first place. At this point, all William wanted to do was get away from the memories of his failed marriage, but he had Samuel to worry about. His next project was in the jungles of South America and there was no way for him to bring Samuel. That left him with two options — send Samuel to a boarding school or find a responsible adult to watch over him. His parents were elderly, with his mother in poor health, and she lived clear across the country. His wife's parents were deceased. William decided his best option was to send his son to a good boarding school.

One day, William had to face his son and tell him. So on a sunny day in May, he called Samuel in to the living room and sat him down. "Samuel," he said, "I have to get back to work and I can't just leave you by yourself." He could see the puzzled expression on his child's face, and it was breaking his heart. "Here are some brochures from very good boarding schools I picked up. Go through them and let me know which one you would like to go to."

"Boarding school?" Samuel yelled. He couldn't believe his father would do this to him. "You've got to be kidding me Dad! No way! I don't want to leave all my friends! No! Not now, when I'm finally going to high school!" He angrily tossed the pamphlets to the floor and ran to his room in tears.

Well, that idea went over like a lead balloon, William thought. I better pick one even if he'll hate me for doing this. I can't see any other choice. God knows it's been tough on him, but he's a good kid. I can only hope he'll forgive me one day. Placing the brochures in front of him, and fanning them out on the coffee table, he was at a loss. *Can't really tell much about any of these schools though. They all look pretty much the same, and they certainly aren't going to say anything about their shortcomings. Maybe I should consult someone that could recommend the best one. Someone who really knows education.*



“Mr. Cunningham? William Eckles. I was told you’re the school counselor,” William said. It was a couple of days later, and he was picking up his son after school. He used the opportunity to drop in on the counselor assigned to his son for advice.

Harold Cunningham wearily put down his phone as he looked up at the man who had just stuck his head in his door. Mr. Cunningham had just finished having yet another heated argument with his mother-in-law. “Yes... Um... Yes. Oh, you’re Sam’s father, aren’t you?”

“Do you have a moment? I was hoping you could help me.”

“That’s my job,” Harold said, waving Mr. Eckles inside. “Have a seat.”

William sat and leaned forward. “I find myself a single father now, and I have to travel for work. Without a lot of option, I’m afraid I’ll have to send Samuel off to boarding school. My son absolutely hates the idea, but I have little choice. His only grandparents live clear across the country and are in poor health. The only other option is to hire someone to look after him, but that’s not realistic. I don’t know anyone that I could trust to do that.” He took the boarding school pamphlets out of his coat pocket and put them down on the counselor’s desk. “Do you have the time to help me select the best boarding school from these?”

Mr. Cunningham hadn’t listened very intently to what William had to say about his situation. He had troubles of his own, after all. But when Mr. Eckles brought up the idea of hiring someone to look after Samuel, the counselor paid full attention. As William’s story unfolded, an idea formed in Harold’s mind. *Shit!* He thought to himself. *I think I have a way to get ‘The Bitch’ out of my house — finally! I just have to find a way to get this guy to buy it.*

Despite his calm and professional demeanor, Mr. Cunningham was an angry and conniving sort of man. He had been even more bitter due his recent home life. ‘The Bitch’ in question was Mr. Cunningham’s mother-in-law, Margo. She had moved in with them two years ago. She had quickly established in Cunningham’s mind that the woman was a royal, haughty, cunt, and reinforced

it every single day, with her demands becoming intolerable. Her constant need to be in control over his wife and their life was more than he could stand.

Now, he had a golden opportunity. If he could get William to hire Margo, he could get her out of the house, give her someone else to worry about and still keep his wife happy by having her in the local area. Then there was the added plus of not having to pay her expenses anymore.

Margo was indeed everything Mr. Cunningham thought of her — and more. She was in her mid-fifties, tall, almost six feet in her two-inch heels and big. Not fat, just big-boned. Her personality matched her physical form, being strongly opinionated and demanding. She was used to giving orders and having them followed. For most of her adult life she was a physical education teacher, and had worked in several public schools before obtaining a position in a private school for girls as her most recent job. Due to her frequent moves and the low pay, she hadn't managed to accrue any retirement benefits or much savings.

She was referred to as “The Hulk” by her students. An apt nickname as she was both big and quick-tempered. After a very bitter marriage and divorce, Margo had developed a strong, almost pathological distaste for the male population. Two years ago she was dismissed from her last teaching job under questionable circumstances, and the rumor running around campus was Margo had been caught in a relationship with one of the students. With no job, income or any real savings, she was invited to move in with them by Mr. Cunningham's wife.

“William,” Mr. Cunningham said, in a calm and thoughtful tone, “I think I have an answer to your problem that will let Samuel stay here. I know of a person with excellent qualifications to look after your son — a former teacher, as a matter of fact.”



At first, Margo wasn't that interested about moving into a stranger's house to watch over a teenaged boy. However, when William mentioned the \$2,000-a-month salary including room and board, she was begrudgingly willing to see the house and meet Samuel.

Upon seeing the nice old house, well-furnished with antiques, she became very interested indeed. It was a far better place than her son-in-law's squalid little hovel, in her opinion. When she saw the large bedroom reserved for her use, she had already made up her mind. By the time she met Mr. Eckles' wimpy-looking son, who would be a pushover for her to control, she was already mentally moved into the house. So she accepted the position — with conditions.

Those conditions were simple enough. She had to have legal power of attorney over Samuel in all matters, she insisted. In addition, she needed access to enough money for household expenses and other contingencies for which she wouldn't have to justify. Her final condition was to hire a maid as she wasn't going to do house work.

I hate how I'm living now and it would be nice to get away, she thought, as she toured the house. My daughter and that prick of a husband are a real pain in the ass. Samuel is a wimp if I ever saw one and shouldn't cause any problems. This bedroom is twice the size of that cramped guest room I'm living in. Having spending money and the use of his luxury car isn't bad either. I can make this really work for me.

"Mr. Eckles, I'm just not going to explain every nickel and dime I spend on taking care of Samuel or the house. If you trust me to raise your child, then you can trust where I spend the money. Why I need that power of attorney should be self-explanatory. I'll do the cooking but not household chores. For that you can let me hire a maid," she stated.

William, for his part, wasn't all that happy with Margo. He felt belittled in her presence, as her every mannerism and the tone in her voice exuded an air of superiority. Personality aside, though, she was obviously well-qualified, even over-qualified. Her resume looked good, she had no criminal record and could obviously take care of herself. Mr. Cunningham, her son-in-law, had given excellent references. Still, he didn't like her dominant and arrogant personality, and knew Samuel was going to like it even less. He hadn't planned on hiring a maid either, but with little other choice, he agreed to her demands. As far as the power of attorney went, it was a legitimate request. If Samuel got hurt she would need it if he couldn't be reached which was very likely. His next big project was in Columbia for anywhere between eighteen months and two years. The only way he could be contacted was through satellite phones and that would be iffy in the jungle-covered mountains.

Predictably, Samuel wasn't at all pleased over what his father was doing, but he figured it was better than going to some boarding school. Besides, he knew his father loved him and wouldn't leave him in the company of someone who couldn't be trusted.

I don't need anyone watching or ordering me about, he thought. No way is she going to be as bad as she comes off right now. This tough act has to be for show. The minute Dad leaves, I bet she'll have her feet up on the couch and watching TV. Oh well, I don't have much choice. Guess I can put up with her until he gets back. School's out at the end of the week and it's not like I'm going to be spending a lot of time in the house anyway.





Margo moved in on a Sunday, with five old-fashioned hard-cased pieces of luggage beside her. William was scheduled to leave early Monday morning and Samuel was out of school for the summer. That day was a bit strained with all the activity, but passed without any major blow-ups. Samuel was embarrassed when he grappled with one of her suitcases. He managed to get it just off the floor, puffing and huffing as he struggled. She came up to him and using one hand took it from him as if it weighed nothing.

“What a little pussy,” was her only comment.

There was little conversation other than finalizing the arrangements at the supper table that night. Later, William said his goodbyes as he was leaving for the airport early the next morning. “Look son, I’m not entirely happy about this either, but you didn’t leave me with much choice. Your grandparents live clear across the country and are too old to care for you. Do what Margo tells you and stay out of trouble, because if this doesn’t work out, you’ll probably have to go to one of those boarding schools. Understand? Now promise me to be good and I’ll check up on things when I have a chance.”

“Yeah, sure, Dad. Whatever,” Samuel replied dismissively, as typical teenagers often do. In a way, he was glad to see his dad go and get on with his summer without a parent.



It was Monday morning, and Samuel was awakened by Margo at seven, way earlier than he planned. She entered his room without knocking, threw open the drapes, letting the bright sunshine in, then told him breakfast was ready. Opening his eyes he glanced at the alarm clock and groaned.

“Why so early? I’m on vacation and want to go back to sleep. Mom never bothered me,” he said turning away from the offending light, planning on doing just that.

“I’m not your mother for one thing,” she said, sternly. “I said, get up and dressed. You have chores to get done! If you think I’m going to let you sleep all day like a little princess forget it. Now move your butt,” she gave his bottom a hard swat.

“Alright, alright I’m friggin up already!” He then realized what she had just done. “You friggin hit me! You can’t do that,” he screamed.

Before he could say anything more, Samuel was half dragged, half carried, across the floor into the bathroom. There, he was bent over the sink and a bar of soap crammed into his mouth. Margo worked it completely into his mouth, leaving small chunks behind.

“I will not under any circumstances tolerate hearing cuss words coming from your filthy mouth,” she shouted, holding him by the scruff of his neck. “Not only that, you will never speak to me in a loud voice again! You will do and act like I demand when I tell you, or face punishment. Do you understand me?”

All Samuel could do was nod his head as his stomach churned. The smell, taste and bits of soap going down his throat were nauseating. Never in his life had he been subject to such punishment. He had only been punished once before, just three swats of his dad’s belt and that occurred long ago. When she finally relented, he stuck his mouth under the faucet, but he thought he would never get rid of the soap’s taste or smell no matter how long he rinsed.

If Samuel thought waking up was an ordeal, it was only the beginning. For breakfast, he had a small bowl of oatmeal and glass of orange juice. Then he was put to work. First, he had to place all the dishes into the washer after rinsing them off. Back in his room, he had to make the bed and vacuum the floor, then do the same in the master bedroom. He didn’t protest doing the dishes but grumbled under his breath. Making the beds and vacuuming were something else altogether, and he expressed his objections.

“You want me to make my bed, then do the friggin floor? I’ve never made my bed, and I’ve never touched the vacuum cleaner — and I never will!” he shouted.

“Looks like you’re a slow learner, and a whiner as well,” she said grabbing his elbow and leading him back into the bathroom. “Guess you need another lesson.” She was such a large person, Samuel stood no chance of getting free from her once she had him in her grip.

Tears flowed freely down his face from the spanking, and he tossed up breakfast into the commode from the soap. “What did I tell you about cussing, using a loud voice and not doing what you are told?” she scolded. “You’re acting worse than those prissy girls I had while teaching. Heck, those girls took three of my best with a paddle and not cried as much as you are. You’re such a pathetic sissy.”

The rest of the day didn’t get any better for Samuel. With the bedrooms done, he had to dust, then vacuum the rest of the house. Lunch was a tuna salad, three crackers and a large glass of water. Again, he had to rinse then put the dishes into the washer. In the process, he splashed his shirt, so Margo tied a frilly bib apron around his waist. It was one of his mother’s special ones that she had worn for guest dinners. The apron was made of apricot organza with a dark peach floral decoration embroidered on the bib and ruffle frilled. Margo made him wear it for the rest of the day as she instructed him in household chores.

Supper was no better than his other meals: chicken salad, rice cakes and water. He wanted to say something about her meal choices but dared not. He could still taste the soap. With supper finished and the dishwasher turned on, Samuel hoped his day of misery was over. All he wanted to do was get away from this evil woman and crash in his room. To his delight, Margo finally untied the apron and dismissed him.

“Hang your apron on the back of the pantry door, take out the garbage then you can go,” she stated.

It’s not ‘my’ apron, he thought, doing as told. With the apron hung, Samuel went over to the refrigerator and took out a can of soda. He was about to open it when Margo stopped him.

“Just what do you think you’re doing?” Margo said, aghast. “Don’t you know any better? That stuff is like battery acid! Put it in the trash along with any others in the house. As a matter of fact, I noticed a lot of unhealthy things that need to be trashed like all those bags of chips. Grab one of those large trash bags and bring it here,” she stated, going to the pantry.

Samuel could only watch in horror as his beloved chips, candy bars and other snacks filled the plastic bag along with all the sodas. He was surprised when she added bread, pancake mix and other things from the pantry before moving to

the refrigerator. By the time Margo was finished, two large garbage bags had been filled.

“Tomorrow I’ll go shopping. From now on, only nutritional and healthy food will be allowed in this house,” she stated. “No more fats, sugars or refined flour for you.” She smirked when she looked at her charge. “From that scowl I see on your face, you aren’t happy, but in time you will love whole wheat and soy instead of red meat.”

Dad, what have you done? Samuel thought, as he carried the bags to the trash cans. *This woman is out of her friggin mind!*

Finally left alone in his room, Samuel was too exhausted to play his video games. Instead, though still early, he decided to go to bed. He was just too tired and every muscle ached from all the physical activity. Normally, his most physical workout was with his fingers as they danced over the game controller. He shucked off his jeans and tee shirt, tossing them haphazardly to the floor. He went into his bathroom, thought for a moment about taking a shower but was too tired. Then, in his boxers, he slid under the covers. It had been the most terrible day in his life and all he wanted to do was sleep and forget it.



Margo sat down on the couch with a glass of wine and hit the remote. She selected the History channel, but she really wasn’t paying much attention. Her thoughts were on more important matters.

I wasn’t all that thrilled about taking this job, she thought to herself. *This is just glorified babysitting. I’m a tenured educator with a degree! This is boring as watching a brick wall. Much more of this and I’ll be driven stark raving mad. I should have demanded more money!*

As she watched old, grainy black and white film of German offensives in WWII, Margo began to think. *But if I make that wimpy Samuel do all the housework, I can pocket the money for a maid. ‘Samuel?’ Ha! From the way he whines and complains sounds more like a prissy Samantha to me.* She scratched her chin in a moment of realization. *Now that’s an idea... It’s a little crazy, but not impossible... Maybe this job won’t be so boring after all...*

Margo didn’t get much sleep that night as her mind continued to race, expanding on her earlier thoughts. As she thought about what she was going to do, something unexpected happened — she became sexually excited. That night, she did another thing she hadn’t done in a long time. Margo extended three fingers down between her legs and masturbated. As she reached one of the most satisfying climaxes of her life, an image formed in her mind that took her over the top.



Tuesday morning, Samuel was snoring away, when he was rudely woken. This time not by harsh sunlight, but a sharp stinging pain on his butt quickly followed by two more. His pleasant dream of seeing Margo carted off in a straitjacket dissipating into nothingness as tears of pain formed in his eyes.

“Wha... What was that for?” he stammered, seeing Margo standing over him with a shoe in her hand.

“For one thing, leaving your clothing on the floor,” she growled. “And... from the smell of you... for not taking a bath. Stop that sniveling and get up! Get those dirty clothes off the floor and put them in the hamper while I get your bath started,” she ordered.

Oh God, he thought, rubbing his behind and getting out of bed. *This is starting out worse than yesterday... and... a bath? She actually said 'bath.' I don't take baths. She must have meant 'shower.'*

Entering the bathroom, he was surprised to see a growing pile of multi-colored bubbles forming in the tub. There was also a sweet fragrance in the air that made his nose wrinkle. He was about to say something when she asked him a question.

“Why aren't you wearing pajamas?”

“Huh? I just sleep in my boxers. Don't have any pajamas,” he replied.

“That's not proper when there is a lady around. I'll take care of it when I go shopping today. Now get into the tub. We have plenty to do today. You have thirty minutes,” she answered leaving the room.

Samuel thought about ignoring the bath and jumping into the shower but decided to just do it. Margo seemed to be in a bad mood to begin with, and his butt still stung.

No sense in making my day any worse, he thought, stepping into the froth of bubbles.

After another meager breakfast, Margo had him put on his apron. This morning Samuel was directed to strip the beds and taught how to do the laundry. Once the washer was running, she showed him how to make the beds using fresh linens. That task completed, it was time to put the washed linens into the dryer. With that accomplished, she had him mop and wax the kitchen's linoleum floor. As he started doing that, she told Samuel what more was expected of him. “Once you finish with the floor I want you to wipe down the counter tops and all the cabinets. I have to go to the grocery and run some errands. Do a good job or you'll feel my shoe again,” she stated grabbing her purse and leaving.

Samuel was standing, staring through the window as the car left the driveway. For a moment, only a brief moment, he thought about saying ‘fuck it’ and going out to meet his friends for some video gaming. Once the car was out of sight, he removed the yellow rubber gloves, quickly followed by the apron, and headed out the door.

“Shit! I’m fed up with all her crazy demands. Its summer, vacation time and I’m going to have some fun,” he said as the door slammed behind him.

Getting on his bike, he hesitated, but then shaking his head, started off to David’s house. David, his long-time friend for several years, and shared the same classes in junior high. David lived a couple of miles away, but getting away from the house worth the effort, in Samuel’s opinion. His best friend had the latest “Grand Theft Auto” and Samuel was looking forward to beating David’s ass.



She’s going to be so pissed when she gets back and finds me gone, but what the heck! He thought as he peddled down the street. I’ll just call her later and tell her I’m spending the night with David. Screw her!

Margo’s first stop was a nearby mall. At Macy’s, she found what she was looking for and made several purchases. Besides pajamas she bought a dozen tee shirts and six pairs of shorts in the young teen’s department. She added three pair of lowrider skinny jeans while she was at it. She wasn’t satisfied with the underwear in the boys’ department, so Margo went to the lingerie section, where she selected a dozen pair of cotton brief panties. The panties were unadorned mostly in soft pastel colors. Her next stop was the drug store, where she filled the small cart she carried. The final stop was at what she called the “whole paycheck” grocery where she filled the cart. Normally she only purchased a few items there but this wasn’t her money. It was William Eckles’ money, and she didn’t mind spending that on wholesome organic food. Driving

home, she had a big smile knowing how much Samuel wouldn't like what she had gotten.

Since he acts like a prissy girl then he should look more like one, she thought.

Grabbing the Macy's bags from the back seat, Margo intended to have Samuel bring in all the others. When she entered the kitchen, to say that she was mad would indeed be an understatement. Seeing the mop, gloves and apron scattered on the linoleum floor and no sign of him, her face turned red and looked to explode.

"That little shit! How dare he disobey me like this? If he thinks he can get away with this... Well, he's in for a very unpleasant surprise," she fumed.

After putting everything away and getting back into her car, her anger had changed into determination. *I'll show him,* she thought. *I didn't intend to go this far, but he earned everything coming to him.*

It was a little after seven when Samuel finally called to tell Margo he was staying over at David's. He was very surprised that she didn't say 'no' or give him any argument. Instead, she asked for the address where he was, and that she would pick him up at ten in the morning.

"Guess I showed her," he said, as he smirked and hung up.

In fact Margo was actually happy that he called to say he was spending the night with his friend. She wasn't finished with what she was doing, and still had much to do. She spent most of her time on the computer searching the internet. As she browsed through it, began finding web sites that made her perk up.

Sakes alive, she thought to herself. *I hadn't given thought to doing this or going so far, but these sites are giving me plenty of great ideas. Looks like babysitting won't be so boring after all...*

Margo made good use of the credit card William had given her as she made her way through the sites. It was almost midnight when she stopped, rubbing her tired eyes exhausted.

Gracious! I never expected so much. Those drugs I got from that Canadian company were expensive, but if they work like they promised, it's well worth it, she thought, heading to her bed. *And who would have thought they even make hypnotic CDs that can alter a person's personality when listened to as they sleep. I'm not sure about the promises they made, but what the heck.* She glanced at a clock. *It's almost midnight. No wonder I'm so tired.*



While Samuel was waiting to be picked up, the pleasure he had felt from for his brief escape to freedom began fading as he thought about the

repercussions. Margo's threat to use her shoe on his backside was the primary cause for that worry. He was surprised, even shocked, when she showed up just before ten with a big smile on her face. She even chatted with David's mom while he gathered his things and put his bike into the trunk. While she didn't say anything on the drive back to the house, her smile began to gnaw on him.

I thought she would be busting my ass, he thought, but she's been smiling the whole time. She hasn't said a word about me running off, either. I think this is the first time I've seen her smiling... and it's giving me the creeps.

She finally spoke as they were getting out of the car. "Take your dirty things and put them in the utility room then go to your room. I'll be there shortly. I'll put your bike up," she bluntly stated, moving to the trunk.

She took the bike and rolled it over to a corner. Going to the workbench, she found a utility knife and slit both tires. "Let's see the little wimp run off again," she said to herself, heading into the house as the garage door closed.

Margo was barely inside the kitchen door when she heard, from upstairs, "What the fuck!" Samuel yelled. "What has that bitch done to my room!" Hearing that, her smile broadened as she removed the leather belt from around her waist.

"Time for us to reach an understanding of who's in charge here, wimp," she said softly, heading to his room.



The next morning, Samuel's alarm went off waking him from a troubled sleep. "It's only Thursday. She hasn't been here a week and look what she's done to me. I should have gone to one of those boarding schools. They couldn't be worse than this," he groaned getting out of bed.

For a few moments he just stood looking around his room and rubbing his butt through his new pajamas. His bottom didn't hurt, but he remembered the pain from last night. Shuddering, he headed to the bathroom. There Samuel pulled down the front zipper of his new fuzzy polyester pajamas. They were a hooded and footed jumper style in a powder pink color. The pajamas were almost as bad as what she had done to his room.

Going to the linen closet he removed a container of bath beads and tossed several of them into the tub, just as he had been told to do. As the tub began filling, the heady aroma of lilacs and lavender hit him like a two-by-four. After yesterday's punishment and mouth washing, he wasn't about to cross Margo again, and eased himself into the bath. Picking up a new bar of pink Camay soap and wash cloth began his new bathing routine. A routine she taught him

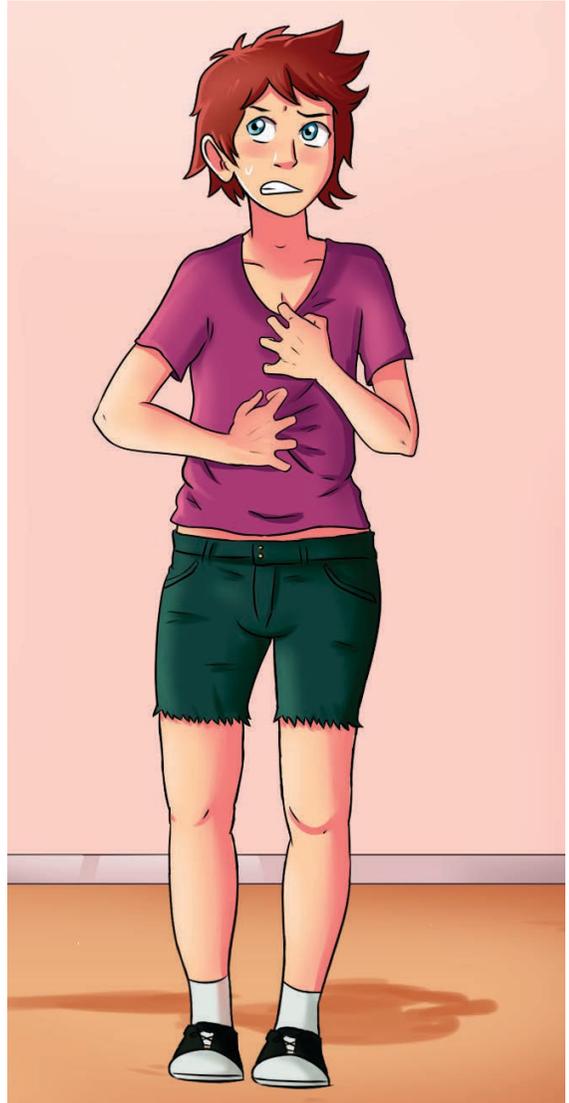
yesterday after his punishment. He finished by using a strawberry scented shampoo and conditioner.

“God, I smell like a flower shop,” he moaned as he began applying his new scented body lotion.

Returning to his room to get dressed for the day, a shudder ran up Samuel’s spine as he saw his room. *I still can’t believe what she has done*, he thought.

Samuel’s room now had pink satin curtains with white lace frills, pink sheets with white flowers on them, and a neon pink quilted satin bed spread. His pink walls had been cleaned of his posters and almost all of his stuff was gone. Margo had even cleaned out most of his closet and dresser, and the new clothing she she had replaced it with was just as bad. There were tee shirts and underwear in pastel colors, and the tiniest shorts he’d ever seen. He examined them closer. Margo had told Samuel she got them from the boy’s department, but he had never seen any of his buddies wearing stuff like this. The jeans aren’t much better, and felt like a size too small, and were too tight on his butt and legs. With little choice, he selected a pair of white cotton briefs.

Wearing the snug, soft briefs felt weird after wearing coarse boxers for so long. Also, there was something about their look that bothered him, but he couldn’t figure out exactly what. Maybe it was the thin elastic waist band and legs plus the lack of a fly. Opening another drawer revealed six pair of new shorts. The one on top was white, elastic drawstring pair with a Dolphin hem. To him they just didn’t look right. Putting those aside, the next was



multi-colored in a tribal pattern polyester. Samuel didn't like those either, and pulled out the next. These were more to his liking. They were made of blue denim with frayed legs. Still, they didn't seem right as the inseam was only three inches. The next pair, if they had wide legs, *might* have been acceptable. They were slim-fitting Bermuda shorts made of polyester/spandex with an eleven inch inseam. The next two were nylon with short flare-notched legs in pink and green.

Frowning, he decided to put on the denim shorts. Lastly, he selected a red tee — but even that didn't feel comfortable when he put it on. The neckline seemed larger and lower, it hugged his torso and barely reached the waist band of his shorts.

None of this feels right, he thought, slipping on his sneakers, *but I don't have anything else to choose from.*

At breakfast, Margo only gave him a brief glance as he arrived in his ill-fitting and humiliating outfit. After eating, he was given a new soft pink organza bibbed apron with lots of ruffled hemming and new pink rubber gloves. He spent the morning mopping and waxing the kitchen floor then learning how to iron the linens he got out of the dryer.

After eating a horrible lunch of some strange concoction that contained chunks of what Margo called tofu, he was shown how to separate and launder the dirty clothing. His face flushed pink as he was instructed on how to hand wash her delicates. Washing panties, bras, slips and fancy blouses just wasn't something a man, much less a teenaged boy, should do. That afternoon, he learned how to iron the freshly washed clothing, including her delicates. By the time supper was over, Samuel could barely keep his eyes open. He was more than happy to go to bed, even though it was shortly after eight.

Friday morning was fairly easy for him. All he had to do was make the beds, tidy up a bit here and there and clean the bathrooms. The tasks were not that tedious, but left him exhausted. A week of eating small portions and no red meat left his stomach growling and his body weak. When he complained to Margo, she told him he could eat as many carrot or celery sticks as he wanted.

I'm starving and she's offering me cow food. How does she expect me to survive on this? He thought, taking several of the veggies.

As he sat nibbling on a carrot stick, Margo placed a "Good Housekeeping" magazine beside him. "While you take a break, read this. There are some good articles I highlighted that will help you with your chores." By the sound of her voice, she wasn't asking.

As he was reading, the doorbell rang. "Go see who it is," she ordered.

Getting up he reached behind to untie his frilly apron but was stopped and told to go to the door. *Like I want anyone to see me wearing this stupid thing*, he thought — but didn't have the courage to say it.

Looking through the peep hole, Samuel was somewhat mollified seeing a UPS delivery man. “At least it isn’t anyone I know. I would die of embarrassment if it was David,” he mumbled, keeping as much of his body covered as possible behind the door.

“Hi, I have several packages for a Ms. Margo Peterson. She has to sign for two of them,” the man said.

“Just don’t stand there Samuel. Let the man in,” Margo said coming into the room.

When the delivery man entered with five boxes on his dolly, Samuel blushed. It was obvious the man was choking back a laugh as he handed Margo his pad to sign.

“Why did you do that?” he whined. “He probably thinks I’m a big sissy.”

“Get over it and help me take these boxes to my room. Then get back to finishing that magazine,” she spat.

When she was alone, Margo excitedly went through her new purchases. The first box she opened contained a pink CD player with lavender trim, earbuds, eight CDs simply marked “Sleep Eze,” numbered one through eight. There was also an instruction booklet included. The box was from the hypnosis web site. According to the instructions the subject should listen to each CD for a week while sleeping. At the end of eight weeks, the subject should show marked improvement in obeying orders and displaying a more submissive attitude. If not satisfied, return for a full refund, it promised.

That’s some guarantee, she thought. I can hardly wait for tonight. If these things work like advertised, I’ll order the other sets.

She quickly went through all the boxes, resealed them and placed all but one in her walk-in closet. The box she kept out contained four large bottles of purple pills. Looking at the labels one would think they were multi-vitamins. However on closer examination, there was a warning in small print stating “For women only. Use by males will cause breast growth and possible sterility under prolonged use.”

Like the world really needs more wimps like Samuel, she thought taking the pills to the kitchen.

That night, as Samuel returned from the bathroom wearing his pajamas, Margo was waiting for him. “Samuel, as you have been complaining about being tired, I got you this. Put these earbuds on and get into bed. According to the manufacturer, if you listen to this at bed time, you’ll fall to sleep in no time. It better work, as I’m sick of your complaining. I’ll check on you later to make sure you’re listening to it.”

Samuel wasn’t happy over this new addition, but did as he was told and listened to the discs as he went to bed. *Huh?* He thought as he heard the sound

for the first time. *This isn't what I expected. No music, just the sounds of rain falling. Thought it would be ancient oldies from a thousand years ago or whatever music she listens to,* he thought as he drifted off to sleep.



On Saturday, Margo started Samuel on a new routine. Early that morning, wearing a black leotard, she entered Samuel's bedroom and woke him. "Amongst other things, I am — or rather was — a physical education instructor. Professionally, I can tell that you lack muscle tone and coordination. So beginning this morning, you're going to learn aerobics. We will do them every morning from six to seven," she stated.

Groggy from sleep, Samuel glanced at the alarm. "What? It's five a.m.! I'm tired and want to sleep! Can't we do that later?" he said, his words sounding more like a whine than question.

"No, you have your chores and the exercise will give you energy to meet the day. Get out of bed, get dressed and meet me in the den in thirty minutes," she ordered as she tossed some clothing at him. "You will wear this for aerobics. Now, no more arguments — or I will get my belt." She then left the room.

"What the?" he gasped, becoming wide awake. She had given him the pair of bright pink nylon flare legged short-shorts, what looked like stretchy white briefs, a white cap-sleeved crop top and black ballerina slippers. *I can't wear this!* he thought. *...But what choice do I have? She's too big and strong and knows how to use that belt. Oh my God! I'm going to look so fruity wearing this.*



That's exactly what he did look like — a fruit, as he followed his legal guardian's moves, dancing to thirty-year-old dance music, dressed in tight, tiny clothes. "Kick higher!" Margo barked at Samuel. "Move those hips!" She yelled. Her instructions seemed to be more focused on the quality of his dance moves than exercise, but Samuel kept up. By the time he was done, he was ready to go back to bed, but his day of housework hadn't even begun.



For Sunday, Samuel just had a few chores assigned to him, leaving most of the day free. However, instead of getting to watch baseball like he usually did, Margo had him learning basic sewing. When he complained that boys didn't do that sort of thing, she gave him a hard glare.

"Samuel, boys and men can always use basic sewing skills," she snapped. "How else are you going to replace a button on a perfectly good shirt or stitch a torn seam? Do you think a Marine would call his mommy when a button pops off his uniform? You certainly cannot expect me to do that for you." She crossed her arms, ending further complaint.

The clothing she gave him that needed mending were anything but Marine Corps regulation. There were four blouses needing buttons, three bras with torn straps, a half-slip with loose lace and a skirt needing hemming. As he was sewing the lace back onto the pink slip, he didn't notice Margo snapping a picture. Seeing the look of intense concentration on his face one wouldn't notice the disgust he felt.

So much for the afternoon ball game, he realized. Still, there was the late game he had wanted to watch. That didn't happen either, as Margo had different ideas. Before supper that night she placed a romance novel in his hands and told him to read it to her.

"Samuel, I hear that this book is fantastic but I forgot my reading glasses. Be a dear and read it to me," she said, in handing him the book.

From her tone, he knew it was not a request, but an order. Picking up the paperback book reluctantly, Samuel glanced at the cover. "Surrender Under the Sun," he saw printed on the front, along with the picture of a beautiful brunette showing lots of cleavage.

You've got to be kidding me, he thought.

He didn't get halfway through the first paragraph when she stopped him. "Samuel, that's not how you read a story aloud. You're using a monotone, dull voice that's putting me to sleep. Put some resonance into it, raise it slightly by tightening your vocal cords. Focus on the story to properly emphasize the

emotion of the story and use the right tone of the words. Make it sound interesting.”

Samuel sighed and began again, but a little louder than before.

“No, no, no! You have such a harsh, grating voice! Has no one ever instructed you on how to speak properly?” She reached over to position Samuel, making sure he was sitting up straight. “Breathe from the chest and speak softly. Now start over again and do it like I said... Or we’re going to be here all night,” she reprimanded. Margo had taken off her belt and placed it on the table as an incentive.

It took him several chapters before she was satisfied with his voice and inflection. Every time he thought he had it right, she wanted him to speak softer, and in a higher pitch. It didn’t help that Samuel wasn’t used to saying words like “lovely,” “gorgeous,” and “precious” which were laced throughout the book. They were not in his normal vocabulary, but by the time Margo ended the session, he was saying them enthusiastically.

“That was very good, Samuel, but there is room for improvement. We’ll do this every night before supper. You have a very pleasant speaking voice when you set your mind to it. In fact, I expect you to talk this way from now on. I don’t want to hear that harsh, loud monotone you normally use,” she said when she stopped him, an hour later. “Either speak this way to me or not at all.”

Oh great, just what I wanted, Samuel thought to himself. How can anyone enjoy reading that stupid, girly mush? Checking the time, he grunted. *Damn, I missed the late game. Guess I’ll go play Grand Theft after I eat. That is if I can swallow that awful gunk she serves.*”



The rest of May and the entire month of June went by with Samuel doing all the household chores. His once chubby frame had lost twenty pounds from his mostly vegetarian diet and constant activity, but it was happening slowly enough that Samuel hadn’t even noticed. But Margo certainly had.

Other than making him do aerobics, wearing a fancy apron most of time, listening to his CD’s before bed and taking his twice-daily vitamins, Margo didn’t change his routine. She didn’t have to. Over time, Samuel had become more and more compliant with Margo’s commands, thanks to his hypnotic messages. To further his changes, she had him reading romance novels and assorted female-orientated magazines, but that was about the extent of it, for now.

With Samuel’s new obedient tendency, Margo only had to punish him when he forgot to use the soft modulated voice she demanded. Things were going so

well that she even let him visit with his buddy David several times. She made sure to spend some time with David's mother, Irene, when she dropped him off and picked him up. Margo used that time to tell Irene just how precious and helpful Samuel was. It was important for her plans that those who knew Samuel would begin to question his masculinity. Hopefully, as his changes became more obvious, they would begin to distance themselves from Samuel, leaving Margo to do what she wanted without interference.

"Irene," Margo said one evening as she picked up Samuel, "I can't begin to tell you how surprised I was when Samuel volunteered to do some housework. Why he even insisted on wearing a frilly organza tea apron his mother left behind. Said he didn't want to get his clothing dirty. I offered him one of my plain white ones but he refused. Can you imagine David doing something like that? Like I said, Samuel is such a precious boy. Here, look, I have a picture of him vacuuming on my phone." Over the various visits Samuel made to David's house, similar conversations took place with her showing Irene photos of him ironing, sewing, making the beds and dancing aerobics.

One photo showed Samuel wearing his white Bermuda shorts, yellow tee and organza apron. "Margo," Irene asked, "why is he wearing girl's Bermuda shorts? Isn't that a girl's crop top?"

"Oh, I was hoping you wouldn't notice, but yes. He picked those out himself when he saw them in Sunday's newspaper ads. I tried to tell him but he insisted. At least I got him to get the pants in white instead of pink," she answered.

Samuel was getting self-conscious, because every time he saw David's mother, she was giving him stranger looks. "What's up with your mom?" he asked David, as they finished another round of Super Smash Bros.

"What do you mean?" David replied as he selected a new player.

"She's always staring at me."

David shrugged. "I dunno dude."

"It's weird." Samuel had a funny feeling. Like David's mother knew what he had been doing at home. That she knew about his pink clothes. But, how?

"Are you gonna play or not?" David asked, exasperated.

A few days later, when Margo suggested that Samuel should invite David for a sleep over, he absolutely refused. "What?" he answered. "Invite him over after what you did to my room? No, no way. The last thing I need is for David to see this girlie room."

Margo made sure that on Samuel's next trip to see David, she'd show Irene a picture of Samuel's beautiful, feminine room.

"Irene if I live to be a hundred I'll never understand that boy," Margo said. "Don't get me wrong, he's a darling, but he insisted that I help him redecorate

his room. See, take a look at this picture..." She placed a shot of Samuel's room in front of Irene, showing the lacy curtains and soft pink bedspread. "Samuel selected and put up those pink satin curtains and bed linens all by himself. Pink is his favorite color, he told me. I tried to talk him out of doing something so feminine but again he insisted. I just couldn't refuse that sweet precious boy," she had said.

Irene gasped. "Oh my God! Sam... Samuel did this? I've known him for years. I never... He's always seemed all-boy. Well, in a nerdy kind of way, but still... If I hadn't seen it... Are you sure this isn't some kind of joke?" Irene gasped.

"No, no joke. I think now that his mother and father are gone he's expressing his true feelings. Actually when I first met him, I thought he was a bit on the swishy side. I don't know if I could put up with a teenaged boy that acted all macho. However, Samuel is such a sweetie, I don't mind taking care of him," she answered. "He's very a very *special* boy."

"I guess you're right Margo. I noticed that lately he smelled... errr... Flowery." She put her hand to her bosom in shock. "Well I never," Irene said.

I wish I had a picture of the look on Irene's face, Margo thought, driving Samuel back home. It was absolutely hilarious. She'll start thinking twice before David is allowed to invite Samuel for a sleep over now."



Towards the end of July, Samuel was having some bouts with morning nausea but otherwise coping. When he asked Margo about the strange queasiness, she told him it was just a part of growing up.

His birthday was on the sixteenth and Margo gave him a big pink fuzzy teddy bear with a large white satin bow, much to his displeasure. Still, he knew better than to object, and thanked her for the gift, wondering how he was going to sneak it out in the trash. Thwarting his plan, Margo insisted he keep it perched between the two big pillows on his pink bed.

Another gift was a poster that came with his guardian's latest romance novel. It was a copy of the front cover, featuring a Fabio-type man in pirate garb with his shirt undone. Margo insisted he put it up right away, and watched over him as he taped it to his bedroom wall, directly across from his bed.

The best he could say about that month was getting a call from his father. It had been over two months since he had heard from him, and Samuel was terribly excited to get a call. The sound was spotty, as the call was coming from a bad connection somewhere deep in the South American jungle, but Samuel didn't care. He had so much he wanted to tell his dad.

Unfortunately, Margo was standing right beside him as they talked, keeping him from saying what he wanted. “Dad, you have to help me!” He said. “My room...”

As soon as he spoke, he felt Margo’s talon-like nails dig into his shoulder, gripping him like a vulture clutching to carrion.

“What? What about your room?” His father replied.

“Nothing...” Samuel replied, trailing off.

However, he did manage to sneak in a complaint that he was doing housework. “I have’ta scrub the toilets now,” he whined. Even the feeling of Margo’s nails piercing his shirt didn’t stop him.

“Great!” William replied to his son. “It’s a good idea! Once you’re out on your own, such knowledge would be good for you!” That didn’t help. Disheartened, he handed the phone back to Margo who reported back to William that Samuel was ‘an angel.’

That wasn’t the only disappointing event in July, either. When Samuel asked David if he could stay over for his birthday, Irene said they had plans. Spending the night at David’s was his one break, his one oasis, from being under Margo’s dominance. If nothing else, at least when he visited David he got to wear jeans and not a pair of those ugly shorts.



August wasn’t much different than July, except Samuel got the distinct feeling that David seemed to be avoiding him. Samuel was only invited over one time by David, but again the request to spend the night refused by Irene. During one afternoon playing outside, David even asked him if he was turning gay.

“What kind of question is that?” Samuel retorted.

“Well you smell like a girl for one thing,” David replied. “All flowery like, you know.”

“Margo makes me use her stuff when I take a bath. Just because I stink doesn’t make me... *That* way,” he responded, getting annoyed.

“You’re starting to sound like a girl too,” David added.

Samuel was surprised at that, and didn’t understand why he’d be accused of such a thing. However, the months of using a soft modulated tone demanded by Margo and using the fancy words from the romance novels he read non-stop, had a severe effect on him. For example, he had stopped using the word “like,” substituting “love,” “precious,” and “adore.” Instead of saying “nice,” he said “delightful,” “sweet” or “charming.” These new words hadn’t registered as girlie to him at all. It was just natural for him to talk this way now.

“You’re being silly,” was the only response he could come up with.

The one thing in August that Samuel was looking forward to was the start of school. He would be getting away from Margo, and had to wear a uniform of regular clothes to class. The school district required boys to wear tan slacks with a white dress shirt. He would also be a freshman and allowed to pick one elective. The elective he badly wanted was Shop. In Shop class he would learn carpentry and hands-on manly pursuits like operating buzzsaws and electric sanders.

When Margo registered him for the upcoming semester, he was furious to see she had decided his elective for him, enrolling him in Home and Family Living, which was just a glorified term for homemaking. Another major embarrassment was his school uniforms Margo had purchased for him. The tan slacks had a small front zip, no functioning pockets and a tailored fit. The slacks bit into his buttocks, hugged his front and came with a slim brown faux snakeskin belt. The inseam was a bit short, leaving his ankles bare. The dress shirts were fitted tightly to his torso and the collars small and pointed. The backpack he was given was black but had pink piping.

On the first day of classes, Samuel was not happy. Looking at his reflection when wearing his uniform brought a blush to his cheeks. His hair hadn’t been cut all summer and almost touched his shoulders. Margo had been making him brush it every night before bed one hundred times, washing and conditioning it every three days. Now it was tied off with a thin black velvet ribbon into a low pony tail. Due to his restricted diet and aerobics, Samuel weighed one hundred and nineteen pounds, his arms and legs toned but not muscular. Thanks to the vitamins, his pectoral muscles were soft with pointy nipples and enlarged areola, and his bottom was firm and rounded. With the fitted shirt and pants, he looked more like a



flat-chested girl trying to pass as a boy. As a matter of fact, his weight and height, five foot four, was more in line for a girl his age according to standard measures.

I was really looking forward to starting my freshman year, needing to shave and looking buff... but not now... Samuel was looking into the mirror, closely, rubbing his smooth-skinned chin. David had started shaving the last time I was over to his place, but my face barely has any peach fuzz. I don't understand why, but I look more like a girl than a boy dressed like this. I'm going to catch so much grief when I go — especially with this stupid backpack and taking that dumb elective.

Within two weeks, Samuel had come to absolutely hate high school. He was teased, just as he feared, about his uniform and elective. Fortunately, the school had a very strict bullying policy and he wasn't physically assaulted. However, the words directed his way pierced like sharp knives. Samuel was surprised at how he reacted hearing the derogatory comments. In junior high such remarks would have him throwing punches, now he had to fight back tears. He was a prisoner to his emotions, which seemed to control how he acted. He quickly became known behind his back as “that swishy gay kid.”

What friends he had quickly abandoned him. It also didn't help that he was the only boy taking Home and Family Living. Another problem was his curriculum. Instead of college preparatory courses, Margo had enrolled him in business administration. And of all his classes, he hated going to Physical Education the most. First and foremost was the teasing over his undeveloped masculinity, primarily his firm and round girlie butt. Secondly was his inability to perform standard exercises like pull-ups and sit-ups like the other boys. He just didn't seem to have the strength they did. If that wasn't enough, another thing that alienated him from his classmates was having to go straight home and not attending after-school activities.

After his first day, he demanded that Margo get him a proper uniform and out of his Home and Family Living class. He also said he wanted a haircut. “I was made fun of and picked on all day because of this uniform,” he said, his voice trembling. “None of the other boys are wearing anything like mine. I want new ones like they're wearing... an... and I want out of that stupid elective you put me in. I'm the only guy in that class. I also want a haircut.”

Margo's response was calm and dispassionate. “Samuel, your uniform meets all the requirements of the school district. I had it tailored and spent a good deal of your father's money on them and will not see it wasted. Furthermore, I will not take you out of that class. Your house work and sewing techniques need improvement and that class will help you.”

As Margo was talking Samuel was getting more upset and angry. “You can't do this! You're ruining my life!”

“I’m doing what is best for you, Samuel,” margo replied. “As far as getting your hair cut, that’s out of the question. If anything, I think your hair should be longer, now that you mention it. However, I do see a lot of split ends. I’ll make an appointment to take care of that this weekend. Now go change. You have chores to get done.” She put her hands on her hips and locked eyes with Samuel. “Do this for me,” she said.

Despite his anger, when she said “Do this for me,” something clicked inside Samuel and he immediately calmed down. *Why do I suddenly feel compelled to do what she just said?* he thought. It was weird to just have his emotions change completely like this. He shook his head and then said, “Okay.” But he didn’t know why.

“Now get changed into your shorts and apron and get started on your chores,” Margo said.

“Yes Ma’am,” Samuel replied, as he turned and left to go upstairs. Why was he acting like this? He couldn’t understand it.

That Saturday, Margo took him to her beauty salon. She had been going there for years, seeing the same stylist, a stout woman named Henrietta. At one point they had had a close, *personal* relationship, but that had cooled to an every now-and-again affair. For the trip, she made Samuel wear his multi-colored tribal patterned shorts and a lavender-colored tee. Of all the shorts she had gotten him, he hated these the most, and had only wore them once. She also told him not to put his hair into a pony tail, keeping it loose. Wearing what he considered a girlie pair of shorts and tee out in public was humiliating. Going into a beauty parlor was truly embarrassing and what was done to him there, mortifying.

His brown hair was styled into a tidy page boy and the color lightened to ginger with auburn highlights. The eyebrows neatened up neither masculine nor femininely but slightly arched. Samuel received his first manicure and pedicure with a glossy clear varnish applied to his nails. As a final insult, his ears were pierced and pink keepers inserted.

Back in school on Monday, the taunts were much worse than the week before. He had been pushed by one boy in the hallway and told he should be wearing the girls’ uniform.



The fall semester came to an end and Samuel was more than happy to get away from school. The only people he could remotely call as “friends” were four or five girls in his Home and Family class. He was fortunate that none of the girls from his old junior high school were in this class, and didn’t know about the radical change in his appearance. There were still some guys that had

known him, giving him grief, but not nearly as much as his first two weeks. The other male students ignored him or thought he was flamboyantly gay. In junior high, he had been fairly popular and had an A average. Now he was an outcast and had a C average. All this had a profound effect on his confidence and ego. Also, Margo's strange influence on him was becoming much stronger. It seemed every time she said "Do it for me," he had to comply.

On Christmas Eve, Samuel expecting a call from his father, and again Margo was right there beside him. "Samuel, your father is probably going to call soon, so I want you to do this for me. When he calls, sound happy and tell him everything is going great. Tell him you just love your Auntie Margo. Oh, I like the sound of that. As a matter of fact, I want you to call me Auntie from now on. Now do it for me," she instructed.

He desperately wanted to tell his dad how horrible his life had become and to please send him to a boarding school, but couldn't. No matter how hard he tried, all that came out was how great everything was — and what his father told him at the end of the call sent Samuel's spirits plummeting.

"I have some bad news," he said. "This job is going to take a lot longer than I expected. Maybe another year before I can get back... Or longer. I asked Ms. Peterson if she was willing to continue watching over your welfare and she agreed. I'm just happy that you two are getting along so well."

Get along? Heck, I hate her, and what she's making me do, he thought as he hung up.

With William not coming home for at least two full years, Margo decided it was time to move on with her plan. Now she had the time to take it to another level, and with the Holiday break, he was going to be home all day for the next ten days. Samuel had been under her influence since early May, and showing the effects both mentally and physically. Between the hypnosis CDs, hormones, diet and lack of close friends he would be in no shape to fight her, leaving him defenseless.

To start the next step in Samuel's transformation, Margo added some new hypnosis CDs. The first set had firmly implanted "Do it for me," as a trigger to make him obey. Whenever she said the trigger, Samuel would do whatever he was told. After eight more weeks, these new ones would implant new desires and beliefs. The longer they were listened to, the more permanent the changes would become.

Those first CDs have certainly worked... but these... these are pretty extreme, she thought, reading the brochure that came with the hypnotic recordings. *If these don't work as promised, then I'll have to stop. As much fun this has been, I can't take the chance. Not with his father eventually coming home.*

That night as he slept, Samuel could hear a soft voice, almost a whisper, that kept repeating: "You hate getting dirt under your nails and looking scruffy. You

hate any kind of violence, especially sports and video games. You love being clean and neat. You love gymnastics and dancing. You hate being ugly. You want to be pretty. You hate dull, boring clothing. You love bright, soft and silky clothing. Wearing makeup would make you pretty. You must obey when told: *do it for me.*”



On Christmas morning, the first present Margo gave Samuel was a pair of pants — but unlike anything he had ever worn before. They were black faux leather-paneled leggings with exposed chromed front zippered pockets. The next present contained a white semi-translucent button down pointed-collar blouse with three-quarter-length sleeves. Another present was a dozen pair of thin cotton briefs, mostly in soft pastels, that were now one size larger to account for his growing butt. In addition, he found an equal number of ribbed cotton camisoles that matched the briefs. In the next one, he found more bright-colored clothing in a shiny elastic satin fabric, unlike anything he was familiar with.

“Wha...” he started to say, when Margo spoke to interrupt.

“Those are called gaffs. Boys wear those to protect their boy parts. You will wear them all the time except when you bathe.”

Samuel looked dubiously at the large, smug woman.

“Do it for me,” she stated.

Without a word spoken in objection, Samuel put them neatly back in the box, and moved on to the next.

The final present were three new pairs of skinny jeans with colorful embroidery on the back pockets like flowers and butterflies.

“Samuel, go and put these leggings on,” Margo instructed, indicating the first pants and shirt she had gifted him. “I have the perfect pair of shoes to go with it when you get back. Make sure you wear one of your new undershirts and gaff too.”

“I can’t wear this!” he exclaimed holding up the black leggings. “They’re girl’s clothes.”

“That’s true, girls wear similar items, but these are the latest in men’s styles,” she answered. “The salesman said he just loved wearing his and were the hottest new styles. Here, I’ll prove it to you.” Picking up her cell, she keyed in “men’s leggings.” Sure enough there were a number of listings.

“Satisfied?” she smirked, closing the app. “Go on, *do it for me,*” she said, stressing the trigger words.

In the bathroom, Samuel hesitated but began undressing. “I don’t like anything she’s gotten me so far, but these are the worst. I’m going to hate these, even if they are the hottest new styles,” he mumbled as he grabbed a red gaff.

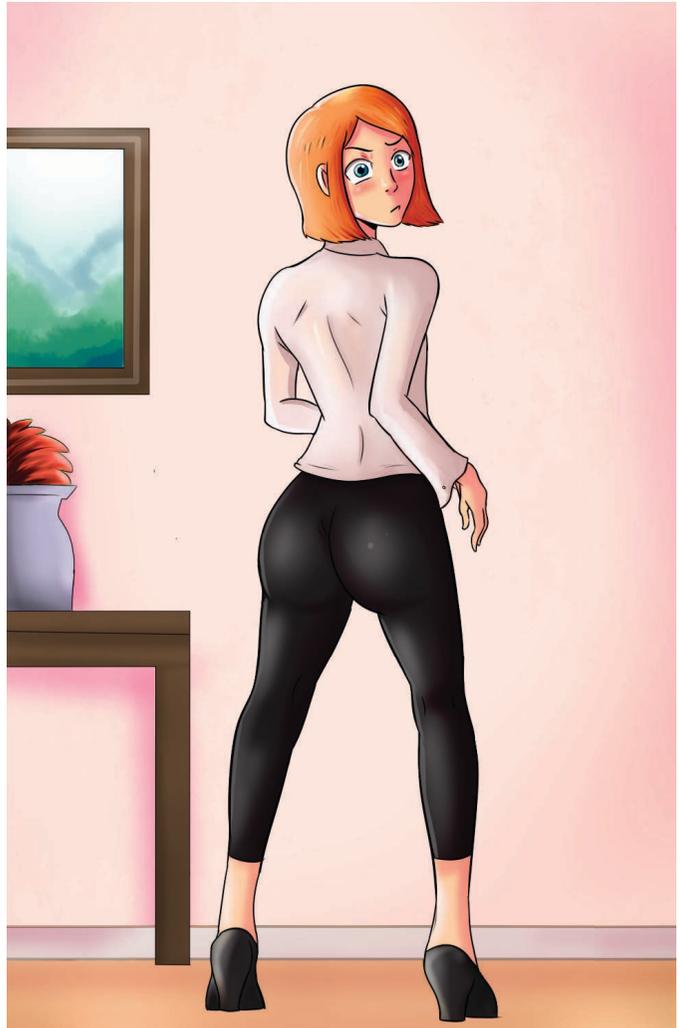
This thing is squashing my package like all get out, and I really don’t like the way the strap is digging into my ass, he thought as he adjusted his penis downwards.

He shivered when the soft camisole slid over his nipples. He didn’t notice that the nipples formed hard points under the soft fabric. Samuel was too busy examining the white shirt. If it weren’t for the thinness, sleeves and small pearl buttons, it looked similar to one of his school cotton dress shirts.

I don’t like this either, but she said to do it for her... And for some weird reason, I want to, he thought, sliding his arms into the sleeves.

He had some trouble with the buttons. They just didn’t want to button right. Next he stepped into the leggings. As he pulled the stretchy material up his legs another shiver ran up his spine. Once settled around his hips, they hugged his body like a second layer of skin. They weren’t all that uncomfortable, but pulled tightly into his groin and backside. As he looked into the full length mirror on the bathroom door, another shiver, one not so pleasant, ran up his spine. Gulping, he opened the door and stepped out.

“Why that looks



absolutely adorable on you, Samuel,” Margo squealed, clapping her hands. “Come over here and let me put these shoes on for you. You can do this for me.”

The shoes were black peep-toe pumps with a solid leatherette vamp, ankle strap with rectangular gold buckle and a two inch block heel. As he stood, he couldn't figure out why on earth he let her put those shoes on his feet.

“I know you're not used to wearing this type of shoe, but they go perfectly with this outfit. Don't you just love how they make you look taller?” she asked him.

“I can't recall seeing any men wearing this kind of shoe... but they do make me taller... an... and that's good isn't it?” he said feeling confused.

“Of course, besides now you're on the cutting edge of the latest men's fashion,” Margo responded.

“I...I don't know...I feel like a fruitcake wearing all this,” he said.

“Don't be ridiculous. You look wonderful,” she replied. “Look how clean and neat you look.”

That message resonated with Samuel, as the messages in his latest CDs had begun to imprint themselves into his mind. He even smiled.

Think this is about as far as I can push him right now, Margo thought. I have some more leggings, tops and shoes, but I need to give those new CDs time to work their magic.

“I have another treat for you Samuel,” she said. “We're going out for Christmas dinner. I have heard *Taste of India* serves a great variety of ethnic vegetarian meals and want to give it a try,” she added.

“No, Auntie please. Not dressed like this,” came his shocked reply.

“Of course not. Not wearing that thin blou... Um, shirt. Get your jacket and gloves. Come on, do it for me,” she stated.

I feel like a complete dork dressed like this, and that jacket won't help, he thought, going to the hall closet. I don't want to go anywhere, but I just can't say no to her...

The jacket she had gotten him back when the weather turned cold was a traditional grey rabbit fur, trimmed with blue fox fur and champagne satin lined. The only people who didn't give him grief when he wore it were the girls in his Home and Family class. They loved it, and wanted to know where he bought it. The grey leather gloves that came with it were rabbit fur lined.

As he was putting on a glove, Samuel noticed dirt under his finger nails. *It's never bothered me before, but I hate seeing dirt under my nails, he thought. How gross!*

Dinner was uneventful, except for the fact that Margo ordered for him and made him the least filling meal he had ever eaten. He wasn't even allowed to have a dessert. Although Samuel was grateful that no one paid much attention to him, he failed to understand that passing as female was more troubling than if he was thought to be cross-dressing.

That night, after he went to bed, a new CD began repeating. "You want to be pretty," it said. "You love soft colorful clothing. You want smooth soft skin. You hate having body hair. It's gross and disgusting. You can't stop looking at girls, but only to see what they are wearing, how they use makeup and the way they move. Girls are pretty and have breasts. You want to be pretty too. When told *do it for me*, you must obey."



From Samuel's perspective, the only good thing to happen during his spring semester was being dropped from PE and placed in the Library Science class. He had complained that the other boys were making fun of him in the showers for weeks, but his whining was only music to Margo's ears. It was when Margo had noticed his chest development that she agreed to drop him out. She didn't want someone asking questions about Samuel's breasts or even worse.

As that semester came to an end, Samuel was lucky to pass into his sophomore year. He had D's in his mandatory core classes but A's in the Home and Family Living classes, which got him passed. Samuel wasn't at all surprised when he saw his final grades. Margo made him do his chores as soon as he returned home, which left little time to do homework. Even when he did find the time, Margo insisted that he do his Home and Family Living work first.

Beginning in March, Samuel's behavior began to change. Slowly at first, then much more obviously as the months went by. It wasn't unusual for Margo to see her charge staring into the mirror for long periods of time, looking at his face. One day, a pimple on Samuel's face spurred the boy to ask for something to "cover it up with," and Margo gave him a small jar of her concealer. She never got the jar back.

Samuel himself had been wondering what it would be like to wear makeup or if he could change his hairstyle into something a bit sexier. He'd comb his long hair this way and that, holding it in place for a moment and getting a look in the mirror as he evaluated himself with a different style. At first, he believed just wanted to look a bit different, then, he realized, he was imagining himself as if he was a girl.

He was horrified whenever he caught himself slipping. He was a boy, a boy who was going to be a man, and he didn't want to ever think of himself looking

like a girl. But then, he'd apply his Auntie Margo's concealer to his face, giving him an even complexion and be proud of his delicate appearance.

When he washed Margo's lingerie, a laborious task that let his mind wander, he began wondering what it would be like to wear slinky nylons or a lacy bra. For some unfathomable reason, a reason he just couldn't understand, he wanted to be pretty. He would often hold up a bra to his chest and imagine what it must be like to fill it up. Then he would toss it away, disgusted with himself.

In his room, alone, the more he looked at his naked body, the more he liked it — except for the smallness of his breasts and body hair. His friends were all growing into men, with muscles and scraggly hair all over their bodies. Such a thought repulsed him. He was glad he still had relatively clear, smooth skin, and that his body hadn't grown into some kind of monstrosity. He much preferred the softness and suppleness of his chest to the hairy, sweaty chests of the boys he knew.

I don't know why I was so upset seeing how flabby and sensitive my chest was getting, he thought, looking into the mirror as he cupped his developing breasts. I know guys shouldn't like having a chest like this, but for some strange reason I like them... and I would like them to be bigger. It feels great when I rub my nipples now...

Samuel had learned about the pleasures of masturbation when he turned thirteen and became a serious practitioner. Now, though, having to wear a gaff all the time limited that activity to bath time. To his great disappointment, he had found that lately, no matter how hard he tried, not much happened. It was like he had worn his penis out or something, and it was almost unresponsive to everything he tried to get it stimulated. Not knowing much about sex at his age, he was too scared to even bring it up with anyone.

Almost by accident, though, he had found a substitute of sorts. He discovered some pleasure rubbing his enlarged chest — especially his sensitive nipples. It wasn't as good, but it was really nice to feel something again, since he no longer ejaculated with any force.

It was one morning in early April as he started his bath, that he was so disgusted by all the hair on his body, that he felt the need to take action. This was the same hair he had once been proud of sprouting, and boasting about, hoping it would grow, especially on his face.

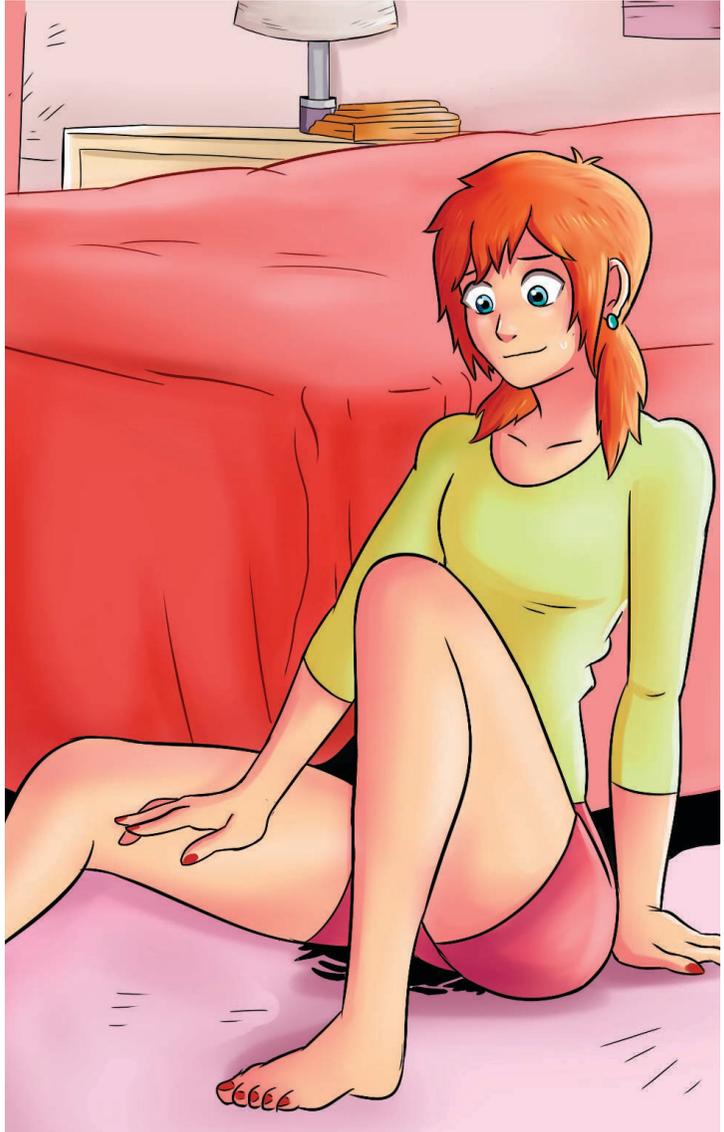
Over the previous months, having body hair was becoming more and more disturbing to Samuel. It was today that he decided it had to go... But he wasn't sure of the best way to do that. Later, when he approached Margo about it, she made an appointment at the salon to get him a full Brazilian body wax. When that ordeal was over, the only hair on his body was on his torso, a neatly

trimmed “V” pubic mound. While the treatment had been embarrassing, and terribly painful, he was strangely pleased seeing the results.

In front of his mirror at home, he liked what he saw. *My skin feels softer, he thought, and I like the way I look but... but something's not right. The only guys I've seen who shaved their legs were swimmers... I don't think anyone would believe me if I claimed to be a swimmer... But, without that ugly body hair, I do feel better.*

During his Home and Family classes, Samuel had begun looking at his classmates a little differently. When he first started the class, his young female classmates were eye candy. The one thing he liked about the class, and it was the only thing, was that the girls were hot. If he wasn't so shy would have asked several of them for a date, and Samuel often left that class embarrassed by the stiffy he sported in his pants. Now, months later, he was still closely examining them, but only for what they were wearing, how they did their makeup and studying their hair styles. He no longer had any kind of erection either, which should have worried him.

Thanks to the magazines Margo had him reading, Samuel could converse easily



with the girls on everything they liked to talk about. Fashion, celebrities, style and of course, the cattiest of school gossip. The only thing he was uneasy about was when the topic turned to boys.

His changes didn't go unnoticed by his fellow classmates either, and over the school year, Samuel had been a topic of conversation many times. All the girls knew that he insisted he was a boy, but they had their doubts. Tina thought he was either a true tomboy or perhaps a transgender girl, wanting to be a boy. Laura was happy that he stopped staring at her ample bosom when they talked, and was convinced that Samuel had only been pretending to be a horny boy at the start of the school year. Tina had noticed Samuel's breast growth, firm round bottom and no noticeable bulge in his pants, just like some of the "late bloomer" girls in the class. She was becoming more convinced that Samuel was either a tomboy in denial or butch lesbian slowly coming of age. His hair style and fitted uniform had always been on the swishy side. After a year of school, Samuel became Samantha in their minds — a tomboy beginning to finally blossom.

Tina's beliefs were affirmed by Margo when she met his lab partners in April for the first time. The Home and Family final exam was to make a dress for a formal occasion. Laura asked her lab partners to come to her house to work on the project. When Margo took him there, she insisted on meeting his classmates. "Hello girls, it's so nice to meet you," she said, being as warm and welcoming as Samuel had ever seen her. "It's so wonderful to have you here. Samantha has told me so much about you," she had said.

Samuel was shocked to hear her call him Samantha, but decided not to say anything because Margo and the girls were involved in introductions and he didn't want to make a fuss. "Before we go up, why don't you make extra sure your room is nice and clean?" She told Samuel. He sped off to his room to do one last check. His Auntie was right. He couldn't let the girls think he kept an untidy room.

What he missed was Margo telling the girls more about 'Samantha.' "She was raised with brothers and no mother around to guide her," Margo told them, with crisp elocution on the word 'she' so it was very clear. Before she sent them upstairs, Margo explained to Laura that Samantha was beginning to come out of her tomboy phase, "but please refer to her as Samuel. She throws a fit if you don't at least try to pretend she's a boy." With Samuel wearing the leggings outfit Margo had given him at Christmas, his hair almost touching his shoulder blades and sporting a feminine figure, her explanation was easily accepted.



As Samuel's seventeenth birthday came around, Margo was ready to implement the final phase of her plans. Samuel had been under the influences of his CDs and taking hormones for over two years, and there was no doubt that Samuel was a boy only in the clinical sense.

The long, slow process of breaking Samuel's masculine self-image had taken its toll on the young man. He slept in silky pajamas and read to himself from a romance novel every evening. In the night, he would wake up two or three times, suffering from constant nightmares of becoming a girl. He would wake, terrified, feeling the cool shimmering sheets he was lying in, look out through the lace curtains on his window, and feel the long, soft, wavy hair on his shoulders. "What's happened to me?" Samuel would sometimes cry out. Then his subliminal messages, which he still listened to, would kick in and calm his nerves. He would then pull his comforter up to his chin and fall asleep again.

In the mornings, he would wake and dress in one of his favorite leotards to join Margo downstairs for their daily aerobics. After an hour, he would shower, blotting his sensitive skin with a towel, and then attend to his beauty routine, combing his long hair with care and diligence. He would tie it off in a ponytail, with a long fluttery ribbon. Samuel applied a touch of makeup to get his skin smooth and perfect like he liked it. Then, he would retrieve the feminized version of his so-called 'male' school uniform, and head back down to the kitchen for breakfast.

No one made fun of Samuel at school anymore for his apparent change of gender. They did tease him for being a girl dressed up like a boy, but he had grown tired of trying to correct people, and just put up with the harassment. Being accused of being a girl, he had concluded, wasn't the worst thing in the world.

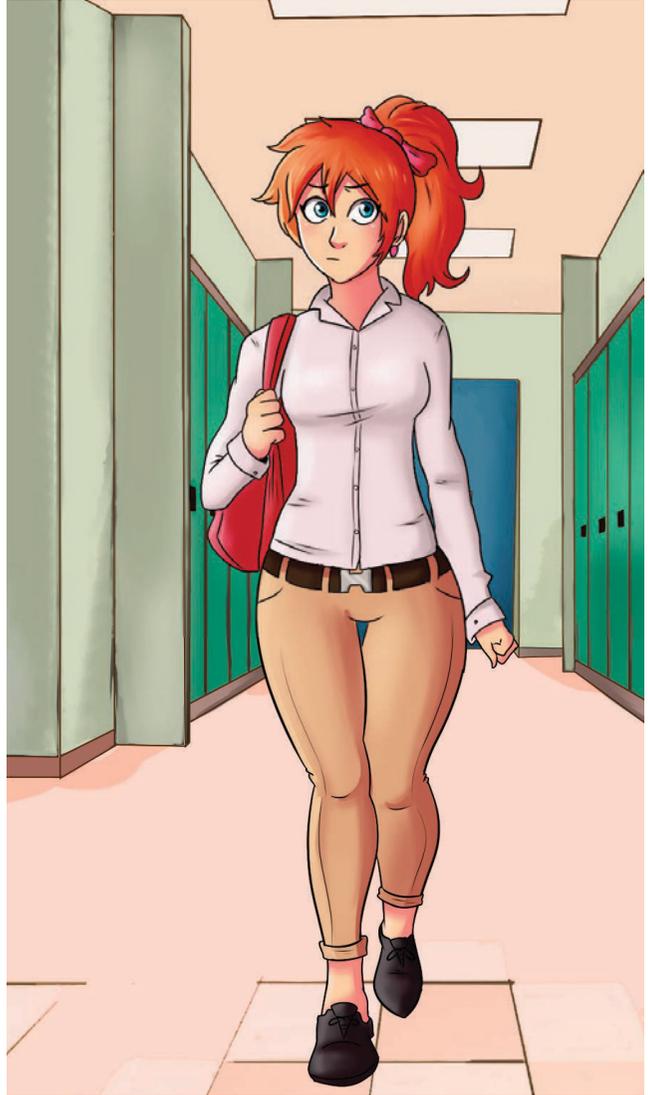
The effect of Margo's scheme on his mind and body had become more and more noticeable, except, it seemed, to Samuel himself. The hormones, diet and exercises had totally stopped any male sexual development. He had dropped another five pounds down to one fifteen, but his hips and butt had added four inches over the past year. Samuel's waist had narrowed another two inches. His pectorals had developed into large pear ends with quarter inch plump nipples and silver-dollar-sized areola. His body and measurements were those of a teenaged girl. In the two years he had lived with Margo, he had only gained one inch in height. He stood five-foot-five without his heels.

As severely as Samuel had changed in body, his thought processes weren't there yet — but Margo was determined to correct that. It wouldn't be long before Samuel's father returned, and her time with the boy was growing short. First, she had to get him a whole new wardrobe and look. A birthday gift would be the perfect cover for it. *None of that androgynous look anymore, she thought. It's time to get him into full girlish mode. I already have him wearing pearl stud earrings. By this time, I think those CDs have adjusted his mind-set*

where he will accept silky lingerie and dresses willingly. Margot was excited to finally start Samuel on the final path to femininity. It had been hard to practice the patience needed to carry her plan off. We'll stop first at the Victoria's Secret store in the mall. If he raises no objections, I'll know he's ready for skirts and blouses. Once I have him looking and acting like a girl, that next set of CDs should complete what I want.

So, a few weeks before his birthday, Margot took Samuel out for a “birthday shopping spree” to celebrate. They spent an entire day at the city’s largest mall. Samuel was as nervous as a cat in a dog pound going through the doors of Victoria’s Secret. It was a warm May day and he was wearing Bermuda shorts, a colorful tee and pink flip flops. The shorts were so tight around his buttocks that his very clear panty lines were on display. Margo had told him she needed something from the shop, just to trick him into following her inside, but when he saw the colorful and delicate appliqués on the lingerie displayed, something clicked in his mind. He couldn’t take his eyes off them, as if they had hypnotized him. The nervousness disappeared, replaced by a strong desire to wear what he was seeing.

“Oh my God, oh my God! I wish I could wear all this,” he whispered, entranced. “If only I was a girl, I could...”



“What was that, Samuel?” Margo said, breaking Samuel’s moment of rapture. “Did I just hear you say that you wanted to wear lingerie?” she asked with a broad smile. Seeing his bright blush, she whispered, “That’s okay sweetie. Tell you what, we’ll pretend you’re not Samuel today but my niece Samantha.”

“No!” Samuel whispered back. “Please don’t...”

“Do it for me dear and I’ll buy you that lingerie.” Margot could see the interest in Samuel’s eyes, and knew she had him hooked. “And if anything else catches your eyes, we’ll get that, too. Now, if you keep a bright smile on your face, I’ll even have a sales clerk measure you for a properly fitted bra. No, do we have a deal, Samantha?”

All Samuel could do was to nod his head, knowing it was so wrong, so against what he wanted and feeding into his deepest fear. He just had to have this set of lingerie for his very own, and he would agree to anything.

“Very good, dear,” Margo said, quite happy to make the first breakthrough in his attitude. “Is there anything else that you’d like?”

They were headed through the bra department and Samuel was staring at one on a display model. It was hot pink with a satin luster and smooth seamless cups. “Can I get that one?” he whispered totally captivated by it. The smile Margo wanted on his face was genuine.

“Certainly,” Margot said, “now let’s find out your size.”

As he was being led to the changing area, Samuel was fighting a might war of emotions. *I can’t believe I just asked Auntie to buy me a bra*, he thought. *What’s wrong with me? Guys don’t wear bras... but it’s so pretty... No! It’s a bra, Samuel! A girl’s bra! But... I can’t wait to try it on...*

In the changing cubicle, the blush didn’t leave his cheeks but the smile remained as the clerk measured him. His first bra was a full A-cup, with a push-up, V-plunge front, and an underwire. It was hot pink with gel shaping and twinned adjustable straps. When the clerk fastened it in the back, everything felt right. From the snugness of the band to the way the bra created cleavage, it all made his heart skip a beat. It felt just like he dreamed it would.

Wow! Samuel thought, as he looked at his reflection, pleased with himself. *I’ve been wondering what it felt like to wear a bra and now I know. It’s absolutely wonderful. I don’t know why I feel this way but I love it.*

When the clerk showed him the matching lace tanga panty made of nylon/spandex he just had to have them. He was so bored with plain unadorned cotton, these exciting new things popped out at him. Samuel just had to have them, and more. By the time they left the bra and panty area, he selected six similar bras with matching panties in poinsettia red, soft white, angel pink, raisin, hot orange and black. He wanted to get a lace balconet bra, but Margo said he was too young for such a racy garment. She said the same when he saw the elaborately decorated garter belts. “However,” she said, “I’d be happy to

get you some pantyhose.” A suggestion that Samuel readily agreed to. So, And in addition to the bra and panty sets, he picked out a dozen pairs of satin French-cut panties, all in bright colors and girly prints.

From there, they went to sleepwear. As Samuel browsed through the area, he was mesmerized by all the different styles, colors and appliquéés. He wanted more than a dozen of them, but Margo let him pick out two. One was a satin number with lace tulle and sequined embroidery on the bodice in an ice lilac. It was a cami style top with white lace frilled tap panties. The other nightie was a slinky mid-thigh length Chemise with side slits hemmed in white floral lace in an angel pink. After almost three hours, they had so many bright pink bags they had to go back to the car to stow them.

Back in the mall, they stopped at the food court where they purchased avocado salads and bottled water. As they sat eating, Margo decided to test the situation. “That’s a fine young man there,” she said, pointing out a boy Samuel’s age who was waiting to order food. “A strapping build with an honest smile. I bet he has a lot of girls swooning over him. A good kisser, I would have to believe. What do you think... Samantha?”

“Auntie Margo, I like girls,” Samuel replied. “I mean, just because I’m wearing a new bra and panties... What you’re suggesting is sick. Guys don’t look at other guys like that.”

Maybe not now, but time will tell, she thought, amused by his answer. He didn’t realize how wrong it was for a boy to be wearing a pretty bra and panties. Those hypnosis tapes are working wonders.

After lunch, they stopped at the ladies’ room. Samuel was quite hesitant and didn’t want to use that particular restroom. “Auntie I can’t go in there. It’s a ladies’ bathroom,” he said.

“Well, looking like you do now with that pretty bra on, you certainly can’t use the boys’,” she replied. “You didn’t have any problems using the girls’ changing room at Vicky’s. Remember, you’re my niece Samantha today so it’s alright to go in. Just make sure you sit to do your business and don’t stare. Now just ‘do it for me’ as we have much more shopping to get done.”

“Yes, Auntie,” Samuel replied, heading inside. He kept his eyes on the floor and avoided eye contact at all costs. He was relieved to have finished the task, glad that no one had said anything. Margo, too, was pleased that no one had said anything.

The next stop was Macy’s, were they practically spent the rest of the afternoon. First, it was the teens’ department for skirts, blouses and dresses. Samuel wanted to get some skinny jeans and slacks like he usually did, but Margo said no. She did “compromise” and allow him to get three new pairs of denim short-shorts in white, pink and lavender. Then it was off to the hosiery department for pretty silk scarfs, panty hose, leggings and tights. They headed

to the shoe department for coordinating footwear, belts and purses. A brief stop in foundations to get him half a dozen panty girdles came next.

The final stop was the MAC cosmetics counter. There, the proper foundation and color choices for his skin tone were explained and applied. Concealer and foundation to smooth out the complexion, earth toned eyeshadows, ebony mascara and eyebrow pencil, light dusting of rose blush to highlight the cheeks and Cremesheen Koi Coral lipstick.

“Just a little bit does wonders. You’re going to love how you look, sweetie,” said the girl applying makeup to his face. “Now don’t peek until I tell you to.” When the cosmetologist finished, Samuel couldn’t believe his eyes.

I’m not pretty... I... I... I’m beautiful! The alien girlish thought flashed through his mind, quickly followed by his masculine side. *...but I’m a guy. I shouldn’t be wearing all this gunk...* Then he took another look at his image in the mirror. *So beautiful... So feminine... I can’t help myself! I love this...*

He was brought out of his thoughts when the woman handed him a pink makeup bag. “Since you purchased so much, this is a free gift of our Turquatic line inspired by the sea. It’s a pleasant crisp scent I think is perfect for you. I also included a DVD of our professional makeup tutorial,” she said with a big smile.

Margo stood behind him beaming. *I knew he was a wimp as soon as I met Samuel but didn’t think he’d make such a beautiful butterfly. If his lips were a bit fuller and nose smaller, he’d be drop dead gorgeous, she thought. I’m so glad I thought of this project to keep me entertained, and put this wimp in his proper place.”*

By the time they left the mall, Samuel was wearing all new clothing. A peach translucent chiffon ruffled cap-sleeved blouse and white box-pleated polyester mid-thigh flare skirt had replaced his shorts and tee. On his feet were a pair of white leather strappy wedge sandals with a three inch heel. It was more than even Margo had hoped for. She had arrived with a boy, and was headed out with a girl.

As they passed by one last store, one of the many stores catering to young teens, Margo noticed a sign. “Special Summer Charm School for 14-16 year old young ladies. Only \$50 with any \$250 or larger purchase. Six weeks of charm and deportment lessons taught by...” was as far as Margo read. That’s all she needed to know.

“That’s just what you need Samantha. Follow me. I’m sure we can easily spend 250 dollars here,” she said.

Samuel had no idea of what she was talking about, but followed her into the store. Margo actually spent more than the minimum amount buying costume jewelry, hair accessories and one shocking hot pink bikini. She also signed Samantha, age 16, up for the charm school.

The classes were scheduled from 10-2 every Saturday and Tuesday at the nearby co-sponsoring YWCA. The brochure stated that the girls had to wear a dress or skirt and shoes with no less than a two inch heel. For the final two classes, a prom or tea dress with no less than three inch heels would be required.

“Auntie! Why did you do that?” Samuel whined. “I don’t want to attend those classes, much less at the YWCA. I’m a guy, and that place and class is strictly for girls. I’ll be a laughing stock – or worse put in jail, if I show up there.” He looked nervous again, his doubts returning to his mind as they left the store.



“Samantha is going to that place and class,” Margo countered. “Not Samuel. I’ve spent all this money on you today, the very least you can do for me is try and gain some culture at charm school.”

I don’t want to go to no charm school! Samuel thought to himself. *I’m not going to let her do this to me!*

“You’ll do this for me,” Margo added.

Well, charm school doesn’t sound too bad, I guess, was the next thing Samuel thought. *I should just tell her ‘no,’ but I feel compelled to agree. What’s wrong with me? Why can’t I stop all this? I’m a guy and shouldn’t be dressed this way or wearing makeup... but I can’t stop myself!*

“So you’ll do this for me?” Margot asked.

“Yes, Auntie Margo,” Samuel replied, respectfully. He then nodded his head as he took the brochure from her.

On the way home, he flipped through the brochure, reading the program of what he would soon be facing. The headline, “What they will be taught,” got his attention. “The girls will be taught how to sit, stand, walk and speak. Utilitarian skills on how to set a table, silverware savvy and how to host a dinner or tea. They will also learn how to dance, dress and conduct themselves for casual, semi-formal and formal events in a fun and activity based environment.”

No way, he thought, letting out a groan.

“Your first class is this coming Saturday. As there will be other girls your age there, I think you need to be prepared. So, until classes are over, I think it best if you be Samantha all the time. You need to get used to being called and respond to Samantha. Several times when I called you that today you ignored me. If you don’t want the girls discovering your secret, you will be Samantha for the duration.

“No!” Samuel finally was able to say. He was spending what might have been his last ounce of courage. “I’ll tell my dad!”

“Well, he’s not going to be here for a little while yet. Until then, you’ll do what I say, and you’ll do this for me, won’t you, Samantha?”

He really wanted to fight. He really wanted to say the words he could see so clearly in his mind. But this was Auntie Margo, after all. He was supposed to do what she said. That was all he could understand, and doing what he was told was so important to him now. “Yes, Auntie,” he replied. “Sorry, Auntie.”

“Think nothing of it. But one more word of back-talk out of you...” Margo thought carefully about what kind of punishment Samuel would truly fear. “...And I won’t let you try on your new bras when we get home.”

“No! Please! I’m so sorry, Auntie!”

Margo was quite pleased with herself. “Fine, then. Now, as summer is here and you have no school, you will dress entirely as a girl, wear makeup and style your hair every day. You will do this for me.”



Thanks to reading women’s magazines and two years of Home and Family classes, Samuel was quite familiar with fashions, entertainment gossip and other feminine issues. Speaking softly and using a feminine vocabulary came naturally to him. He dressed in women’s clothing and his only friends were girls his age. In every way, he led the life of a teenage girl.

What he still lacked, on his inevitable journey, was a working knowledge of cosmetics and walking in high heels. Making him practice with his MAC

tutorial and constantly wearing three-inch heels, Margo was confident he would easily pass as female, even in close quarters. Getting him to automatically respond to his new name of Samantha was more difficult. He still thought of himself as Samuel, a male, despite how he was dressed and how he looked. That was something she hoped the new batch of CDs she had just received would resolve.

On the day of the first charm school class, they drove into the parking lot of the YWCA, and Samuel was nervous. He was used to being in a classroom with just girls, but this was different. It would be his first time out in public as Samantha and in an all-female environment.

Samuel made one last appeal to his guardian. "Auntie? I'm scared. Please don't make me do this," he said, as Margo parked the car.

"Samantha, you will do this for me," she replied. "There is no reason for you to be scared. Come along, and I will get you registered. You're going to have fun if you just relax."

"Bu... But this place is for girls only. What if I... I get caught?" he whimpered.

"Samantha, if I've told you once, I've told you a hundred times: Forget you ever were Samuel," she snapped. "Samuel no longer exists. You are Samantha. Just be yourself, as a lovely teenaged girl named Samantha." Then, softening her tone, she continued. "You saw yourself in the mirror before we left. You can't deny that reflected image was anything but a pretty, pretty teenage girl, with soft skin and long hair, in her colorful, silky clothes and lacy bra and panties. I'm willing to bet all the other girls are going to be jealous of you." She could see that her words were changing Samuel's mind as she spoke them. They were all triggers, words that would activate all the many months of programming he had been subjected to. "Now stop worrying, and let's go before you're late."

She's right, Samuel thought to himself. I look so pretty. I'm wearing a push-up bra, panty girdle and sheer pantyhose under a sleeveless pink georgette blouse, black skirt and black peep-toe two inch spike heeled shoes. With the makeup and hair, I really look like a girl... Samuel's head was spinning. But... I don't want to look or dress this way... I really don't want to go to this class... But I can't help myself," he thought, already finding himself walking into the building.

"Hello, I'm Margo Peterson," Margo said at the front desk, "and here to register my pretty niece, Samantha Eckles for the charm school."

"Samantha — what a prissy name," he thought. *"That's something else I can't seem to control."*

On the day of his birthday, Samuel found himself dressed in his favorite bra and panties set, seated at girl's dream vanity, applying powder to his face. His Auntie Margo had invited most of his charm school classmates over to celebrate at his birthday party. That wasn't what was on his mind, though. *My dad called last night and as much as I wanted to, couldn't tell him what's been going on. Just like all the other times... But at least he said he would be home soon.*

He began fluffing his hair, giving it volume he liked. *I hate having to be Samantha. I want to be Samuel again. Even if it means I can't be pretty anymore. Still, no matter how hard I try, I can't stop being Samantha... or go against Auntie.* He was glum about his life now, but he knew he had one hope left. *When dad gets home he's going to stand up to her, though. He'll get rid of Auntie and let me be a boy again...*

The vanity was a birthday present Margo had gotten for him. It had a white enameled wrought iron base, glass topped with pink chiffon skirting, three lighted mirrors and two drawers with a matching padded stool. He was still having problems with the glamour length nails he had gotten last week. They were recommended by his charm instructor, and were highly impractical, designed for a girl who had no need to use her hands except for delicate, dainty work. He couldn't hold a hammer or throw a football with them on, not that he ever did anymore.

The last class of his charm school was this coming Saturday night, a semi-formal affair which he could not avoid, as it was the final test. "Girls," the instructor had told them all, "as you have learned, it's the opportunity for all of us to go all out, look and behave our best. We will all wear full makeup and fancy dresses – even you younger girls. Now we can't have a dance without some boys, can we?" The instructor was bubbling with enthusiasm. "So I have invited some handsome young men from our neighboring YMCA to be your escorts. This is the chance you've all been waiting for, to show off your new, delightfully charming style. So remember your lessons, and have a wonderful time." The instructor added a wink.

The part about boys being there had all the girls excited and giggling. That is, all but one. Samantha was happy about wearing that "to die for" prom dress Margo had gotten him, but being with, and dancing with, boys — that was upsetting. Guys didn't dance with other guys. Prior to listening to his new CDs the very thought of dancing with a boy would have made Samuel sick.

"Samantha, hurry up. The girls will be here shortly and I need you to help me finish setting everything up," Margo said entering his room, bringing him back to the present.

“Alright, I’m just finishing my makeup and all I need to do is put on my dress,” he answered. “Could you zip it up for me? I’m still not very good with these long nails.”

They had found the dress at Kohl’s after he had his nails done. It was an elegant lace overlay, scoop necked and sleeveless cotton/nylon mid-thigh length dress in a pretty Salmon color. He added a pair of white sling-back sandals with a three inch spike heel, a few colorful bangles for his wrist and pearl necklace to complete his dressing. Checking out his reflection in the full length mirror, there was no doubt a pretty teenaged girl stood there. The pink VS push-up bra and neckline of the dress exposed the base of two round mounds. Samantha’s face surrounded by below-the-shoulder-length ginger hair, flowing in soft waves and makeup, enhanced that image.

I look more and more like a girl every day, he sadly thought turning away from the mirror. *The way my chest keeps getting bigger, I don’t know if I really can go back to being a boy.*

“You know it’s not too late to invite your friend David to come over for the party,” Margo said as he was putting out some decorations.

“What? He... He hasn’t talked to me in, like, forever an... and I don’t want him seeing me like this. Besides, he’ll be the only... only boy here,” he stammered.

“Well, I think if he saw you now, he would want to be your boyfriend for sure,” she replied, giggling.

“Auntie!” he snapped back. *I don’t want him seeing me like this,* he thought. *It was bad enough seeing David at school, knowing he wouldn’t talk to me. He called me gay and that he couldn’t be seen with me... I miss having him around... I miss his precious blue eyes and that nice tush, too... Suddenly, Samuel’s eyes popped open in shock, at what he had just contemplated. Oh my gosh! Why did I just think that about him? I’m not into guys... I’m not! I’m not, I’m not, I’m not!*

The party was surprisingly fun, and Samantha received some nice gifts. Gwen gave him a pretty silk scarf, Janet a pearl ring, Mary a thin gold chain with a cute fairy pendant, and the other presents were nice too. For the first time in ages, Samuel got to eat real cake and ice cream. Margo even let him have a soda. Diet, of course.

Most of the conversation revolved around the upcoming dance. A lot of the talk was over what they were going to wear, but a good portion was about the boys. Samantha was surprised at how involved he became as that subject was discussed. When asked what he liked in a boy, Samantha answered, “Big blue eyes and a nice firm bottom.” That answer got some giggles and agreement from the others. That night, as he put in the earbuds to his CD player, wondered why he had said that.

I'm a guy and shouldn't think about other guys like that. So why did I say that? he wondered.

One of the girls that giggled hearing, "Big blue eyes and a nice firm bottom," was Margo herself. *Looks like those CDs are working already*, she thought. *Guess I need to teach him flirting techniques and spend a lot more time in the mall's food court.* "This is so much fun, and Samuel is so much better off... being Samantha." She said to herself, that night, picking up her vibrator.



The next Saturday, after lunch, Samantha and Margo went to the salon. There the hairdresser set his hair in a soft perm after doing another Brazilian wax. Under the dryer, the manicurist varnished his fingernails and toenails with a baby blue gel varnish. Back at the house, he was sent to his room to get ready for the dance. He had three hours and spent a good portion of that taking a fragrant bubble bath. Back in his room, he selected his new blue strapless satin push-up bra, embroidered garter belt and matching satin tap panties. Once they had purchased his Sherri Hill ankle-length, strapless ice blue chiffon gown with a beaded bodice in a Mediterranean tile design, Samantha just had to have coordinating lingerie. She was thrilled when Margo suggested the garter belt and real hosiery.

"Samantha," Margo said, as she carried the purchases out to the car, "now that you're seventeen, I think you are old enough to wear a pretty garter belt and nylons. They'll make you feel uniquely feminine and special for your young man tonight."

Samuel thought he should say something about her reference to having a date, but let it slip. *'My young man?'* *I don't have a date with another boy. I guess I may have to dance with them a few times... But I don't have a 'young man.'* *I just hope a boy asks me to dance so I don't have to explain myself. And I wouldn't mind if he was cute, too,* he thought.

As he pulled his silky tap panties up his smooth legs, tingles of pleasure ran up and down his spine. *These feel absolutely delicious. Makes getting waxed worth it,* he contemplated.

Wearing just his filmy, thin lingerie, Samuel spent the next forty-five minutes applying glamour makeup. He used sea blues for the blended eye shadows and a rich creamy rum-raisin lipstick to finish off his look. *My makeup is a bit over the top but I want to look sexy and mature tonight,* he thought. *That's what they taught me to do in charm school, after all.* He had no inkling of how wrong that thought was for a boy named Samuel.

Later, standing before the mirror fully dressed and wearing his four-inch spike-heeled silver strappy sandals, Samuel had second thoughts. *Golly, when I*



tried this dress on I didn't realize how much skin I'm showing, he thought, trying to pull the tightly fitted bodice up higher. I wasn't wearing this bra then, either and it makes my boobies look like two small cantaloupes. For a moment, he thought about taking it off and going with something more conservative. Then he took a second look. ...No. I just love how this layered dress looks and feels, and I'm going to look my best tonight, even if I am a little scared.

At the dance, Samantha joined her friends, Gwen, Janet and Mary. Hugs and air kisses were exchanged followed by, “Oh I love your dress. Where did you get it?” He was aware of the boys in the room, all stealing glances their way, and tried not to think about them. That proved difficult as “boys” quickly became the primary subject under discussion. All too soon, “boys” or rather, “boy” became the center of his attention.

“Samantha I think I see the perfect date for you,” Gwen said giving his hand a squeeze. “Look over to the right at the next table. See that blond-haired boy with those blue eyes. Didn’t you say at your party you liked boys with blue eyes? I think he’s super cute too. If I didn’t already have a boyfriend, I’d go for him.”

I don’t want to dance with any boy! Samantha told himself. *...But he is kinda cute. I guess if I have to dance then I hope he’s the one who asks me,* Samuel thought as the lights dimmed and the DJ started the slow music.

Samantha danced most of the night away, and to his surprise, enjoyed it. Most of those dances were with the blond-haired boy, Craig. Craig was a football player at Samuel’s school’s rival, Hampton Heights. He was five foot ten, weighed one fifty-five and was all muscle. Craig was everything Samuel had wanted to be. As he was being led around the dance floor, held firmly in Craig’s arms and feeling an erection pressing against him, what remained of Samuel shrank further away. The kiss towards the end of the evening wasn’t as abhorrent as Samuel thought it would be. As a matter of fact, a tingle ran up Samantha’s spine with that kiss — and again, something clicked.

After weeks of listening to his new CDs and hearing over and over the hypnotic messages, Samuel didn’t have much of a chance. There would always be a part of him in the back of his mind, but Samantha would dominate after this night.

“You are Samantha. Samantha is a girly girl who loves silky lingerie and wearing makeup. You are Samantha, a girly girl.” The messages resonated in his mind as he dreamed about his first kiss. “Samantha likes boys. Boys are cute and Samantha likes boys. Samantha always wants to be pretty. Now, you are Samantha. You hated being Samuel. Samuel was always a miserable loser. Samantha is happy and popular. You are Samantha. You are a happy girly girl. You like boys. You want to date boys. You are girl and you want to be with a boy. You are Samantha...”



Over the rest of summer, Margo had Samuel doing his chores, which was something he never complained about anymore. If anything, he was taking a real interest in perfecting his domestic skills, and always asked Margo if he had

done a good job. But when it was done, Margo made sure the rest of his day was filled with reading, and taking him to the food court in the mall.

All the reading material Margo gave him to read was aimed at teaching him about female relationships with boys. The trips to the food court were his training ground on flirting techniques. She also encouraged him to go out with his girlfriends from charm school. Being with girls his age would further force Samuel into the background. It would also enhance Samantha's feminine behavior. Posters of boy bands appeared in his bedroom and copies of "Playgirl" were on the bedside table.

In early August, Margo decided to make another big change in Samantha's life. As legal guardian, she convinced Samuel to sign a name change petition and another document to change his legal status to being transgender.

"Samantha," Margo said to him over breakfast one morning, "school is starting soon and that's going to be a problem. Your school knows you as Samuel, a boy, and we now know that is no longer true." It was painfully true, as he had been using the name of Samantha all summer, dressing in girls' clothes exclusively, and wearing makeup. He had developed nice B-cup breasts any girlie girl would be proud of. One could see how using his old name and gender would be a problem for both him and the school. "So," she continued, "I want to legally change your name to Samantha Ellen Eckles. Ellen was my mother's name by the way. I also want you to apply for legal recognition as being transgendered. Do this for me and your problems will be solved."

What was left of Samuel wanted to protest violently, but Samantha easily agreed to the necessary changes. She loved her lingerie and clothing. She loved wearing makeup. She loved hanging with her girlfriends. She loved everything about being a girly girl even if some of her friends kidded her. The last thing she wanted was to go back to being a boring loser like Samuel. As Samantha, she was pretty and popular... and that's all that mattered to her now.

Margo was more than satisfied that her charge had done what she was told to do without so much as a hint of dissent. Samantha trusted her, and deferred to whatever Margo asked her to do. She wasn't even sure she needed to say "do it for me" any more. *I really need to send a glowing review to that hypnosis company, she thought to herself. I can't believe how effective they were. Samuel is complying with my every wish without complaint. And now, adding my mother's name will put my stamp on him forever. I always wanted a niece, and now I'll have the next best thing. The true test will come once she starts school. I can't wait to see Samantha dating boys.*

Getting the name change was the easy part. The much more difficult change was obtaining the transgender certification. Margo had to do a lot of internet research but found a doctor that would be sympathetic to her problem — that is provided certain monies were transferred into his account. With two years of treatments and consultations in hand from the doctor, and Samuel's current

physical and mental state, getting the transgender acknowledgement wasn't that difficult. In addition, that same doctor had supplied a list of questions Samantha would be asked by a gender specialist, with the proper answers. The answers Samantha gave would clearly indicate that she was a girl trapped in a boy's body.

Samantha Ellen Eckles (F) was registered for school minus her testicles. They were practically useless anyway, from the hormones he had been taking and being tucked away for so long. On her first day of classes, Samantha wore the mandatory girls' uniform of a green-and-black tartan pleated mid-thigh skirt, starched white blouse with a hint of pink eyelet lace on the collar, sheer black tummy support pantyhose and black two inch heeled pumps. Her backpack was pink with white piping and a new pink cell phone was in her pink vinyl hobo purse.

There was a large pink satin bow pinned to the back of her hair that flowed in gentle curls to her shoulder blades. Her left wrist had several metal bangles and she wore the necklace from her birthday party. Samantha's makeup was a bit more bold than the average high school girl, but not overdone. Her newly enhanced pouty lips were coated in MAC's Mattene lipstick, a matte finish creamy pink, and were quite pretty. Thanks to her charm school training, Samantha walked with an enticing wiggle, and as she walked down the halls of Emerson High, Samantha received a lot of lustful looks from the guys. She noticed, and that made her smile. Chasing boys was something the other girls did, as far as Samantha was concerned, but she didn't have any problems teasing them a little. When she saw David, gave him a limp wristed wave, flashing her hot pink painted glamour nails. It was obvious Samuel's old friend didn't recognize the new girl in school as his pants quickly tented with an erection. She smiled even broader, seeing the bulge in his slacks.

Gwen was so right. All a girl has to do is wiggle her fanny, smile and boys will do almost anything for them, she thought. She told me she wanted a tennis bracelet and her boyfriend got her a real diamond one after she gave him a bj. I don't know if I could do that but she said it wasn't like having sex. I'll have to think about that if I ever get a boyfriend and want something."

Entering his familiar Home and Family Living class, he saw Laura and his other lab partners for the first time since the spring. Putting the backpack and purse down beside his desk, he greeted them. "Hey girlfriends, how was your summer?"

"Do I know you?" Laura asked, looking surprised.

"It's me! Samantha! I was your lab partner last year remember. I was a little different then," she replied with a giggle.

"Oh my gawd! Samuel, is that really you? I can't believe it. You're beautiful!" Laura gushed.



“Wow, you sure have changed,” Tina added, staring in disbelief and a bit jealous.

Judging from their reaction and what I saw in the hall, I think this is going to be a fun year, Samantha thought. Yet, in the recesses of her mind, there was a boy screaming in agony.



Unlike last semester, Samantha was thoroughly enjoying this year. She had basically the same classes, but of note, enrolled in Driver's Ed. Within a week, she had the phone numbers of five boys, and rejected more than that. A week later, she accepted a date with Albert to go to the Friday football game. Albert was cute, with blue eyes and thick mop of auburn hair. Samantha was drawn to those bright blue eyes and darling freckles scattered across his nose. The fact that he had a pretty nice butt didn't hurt. They had met in English class. He had the desk in front of her. He was the first boy she had exchanged numbers with.

She was thrilled when he asked her to go with him to the football game. In her mind, she was just going to go to a football game, and get free tickets and a ride out of the deal. On another level, it was the first real sign of Samantha's emerging new sexuality, because she knew exactly what the price was going to be for an evening out.

Samantha's one worry was that Margo wouldn't let her go, but was surprised. “Of course you should be dating,” she had said. “You're a junior now, but I have some restrictions until I feel a bit more comfortable with the idea.”

Hearing that, Samantha's heart rate jumped and goosebumps formed on her arms. *Wow, she's going to let me go on dates! I didn't think she would let me,* she thought.

Margo interrupted Samantha's elation. “Before you get too excited, listen to and promise me you will stick to my rules,” Margo said, sternly. “Samantha, you have to be home no later than ten. Any date has to include one of your girlfriends and her date. All dates have to be in a very public place. My final, most important rule, is absolutely no sex. However... I know how teenage girls are. So if you want your boyfriend to play with your breasts... I will allow it.”

They were rules Samantha could live with, although she was disappointed by the early curfew. The part about no sex she figured really didn't need to be said. She had no plans to do that. As she went to call Albert with the good news, a tiny voice in the back of her head was screaming: “No!”

Friday, Samantha rushed home at three-thirty, excited by the upcoming date and started getting ready. Albert was going to pick her up at six, bringing Laura and her date with him. Throwing open her closet door, stared blankly into it.

“Auntie Margo, I don’t know what to wear!” she screamed in frustration.

Margo had a big smile as she entered the room. *Just like a real girl going on her first date*, she thought, then said, “It’s alright Samantha. Your school colors are green and white. I suggest you wear that ice mint bra and panty set you got last month at VS. You have that lovely white box-pleated skate skirt and let me have a look... Yes, this Shamrock green angora sweater with the cowl neck. I’ll get them out while you go have a nice relaxing bubble bath.”

Samantha enjoyed the date, even if their school lost by fourteen points. On the way home, they stopped to get pizza, another luxury Samantha hadn’t had in years. She actually had fantasized about eating her most favorite food in the world, but it had remained forbidden, because it wasn’t on Margo’s approved menu. When Albert took her up the step of her home, he gave Samantha her second kiss. This kiss, however, made her toes curl.

I didn’t expect that. I guess I might kinda really like boys now... Especially cute ones like Albert,” she thought, with a dreamy look on her face, and ignoring the shrill voice of protest in her mind.

Over the course of the semester, Samantha dated all the boys she had given her number to. All but one ended with a chaste kiss to the lips. The one hadn’t was Billy. He had been a little more insistent. He had dropped off Daphne and her date first, then parked in a dark, unlit part of her street. It was then that Samantha learned what the term “octopus hands” meant that night. Other than having her boobies played with, and more passionate kisses, she managed to keep him under control. She was learning.

If he hadn’t been so rough I might have really enjoyed that, she thought, going to her room. *I almost feel sorry for him. He had the biggest boner in his pants. Like a great big candy cane. Margo made me promise not to have sex... But Gwen said giving a bj wasn’t sex. Ermmm... I’m gonna have to think about that...*

“You are Samantha. You are a girly girl who loves being pretty. You are Samantha,” the words in her CDs echoed in her mind as she slept. “You love wearing makeup and silky lingerie. You are Samantha. You love boys. You are Samantha. You want to be intimate with boys. You are Samantha. You want to be sexy. You love sucking cock. You are Samantha. You are a girly girl who needs to suck cock. You have always wanted to be Samantha. You are Samantha.”



As the fall semester was coming to a close, the school sponsored a holiday dance. Like the rest of the girls, Samantha was excited. However she was having a problem most of her girlfriends didn't have — five boys had asked her to go to the dance. It was flattering to get so many, and most of her friends were very jealous. Samantha had gone out with all of them at one time or another, and liked them all. Each had also asked her to “go with them” but she refused. She really liked boys... And didn't want to settle for just one, at least not yet.

She did have a favorite, Albert. Albert was just so cute and had those big blue eyes she was a sucker for. Plus, from the way his pants bulged out after one of their dates, a magnificent cock. Up until now, Samantha had been what the guys called a “prick tease.” After dating a boy three or four times, she would allow them to play with her boobies and French kiss, but that was as far as she would let them go. Samantha really enjoyed having her breasts kissed and fondled, it made her feel warm and tingles ran up and down her spine. Of all her dates, Albert was the best at that; he was gentle and didn't bite. On their last date Samantha, seeing the huge bulge in his pants, almost succumbed to the temptation of going down on him.

Albert is just so yummy and cute. I almost did what Gwen suggested... And I'm sorry that I didn't, Samantha thought as she went to bed one night. I have to find out if his cock is as big as I think it is. I'm just so curious! I want my first time to be special and the dance is special. So I'm going to accept Albert's invitation... And maybe make the night special for him too,” she decided.

Like most women, when going out on a special occasion, Samantha had ‘nothing’ to wear. The lovely dress she had worn to the charm school dance was in the closet, but Samantha had already worn that one. So a week before the dance she, Laura and Tina went to the mall. Margo had given Samantha her father's credit card and told her to have fun. The first thing on their agenda was finding that “oh so perfect” dress.

When Laura found a suitable dress to try on, all of them crammed into the changing room to help. When Laura stripped down to her red thong and satin bra, Samantha blushed. The blush wasn't from seeing Laura's full D-cup breasts rather because she was ashamed of her small B-cups. The only thought she had seeing Laura's crotch was, *that's a cute thong.*

Later as Samantha went to try on her dress she blushed again. Mary asked her, “Why are you wearing a panty girdle? Except for my mom, I don't know anyone who wears those anymore.”

“I don't really like them either but my Auntie makes me,” was her explanation then added, “She says they make it harder for boys to get into my panties.” That comment eased the tension as her girlfriends broke out in giggles.

“Yeah, like maybe thirty seconds longer,” Laura laughed.

Once the dress was obtained, it was off to find the “oh so perfect” shoes to match the “oh so perfect” dress, and finally VS’s for lingerie.

After a successful shopping trip, Laura said she wanted to give her BFFs an early Christmas present. She led them to the Piercing Pagoda where each girl had an additional hole pierced and a flower of green and white enameled petals inserted.

“When I first saw these in the school colors, I fell in love with them,” Laura gleefully said.



As Samantha was out shopping for her perfect outfit, Margo was on the phone. “Mr. Eckles it’s so nice to hear from you.” She said, as she talked to Samuel’s father for the first time in a long while. “No, no Samuel isn’t here at the moment. Sh... *He* is out shopping with some friends. You’re in Bogotá, you say? Be home for Christmas? That’s good news... but... I need to tell you something that you need to know before you get here. If you’re not sitting down, I think you better. What I have to say is quite shocking.”

His return wasn’t unexpected, so Margo was fully prepared for it. When she told him about Samantha, his reaction was to treat it almost as a joke. Anticipating this, Margo e-mailed a picture to prove what she was telling him was true. Even then, William’s reaction wasn’t nearly as bad as she thought it would be.

I guess always being on the road and not spending much time with his son made what I told him seem not so farfetched, she thought after she hung up. These pictures, videos and doctor’s notes should convince him I only helped and didn’t instigate Samuel’s transition. I must admit, I’m going to be sorry for not being here when Samantha loses her cherry though. With that last CD, it won’t be long before she is craving all kinds of sex. Now all I have to do is prepare Samantha for her daddy’s return...



The day of the dance, Samantha was both excited and anxious. At the salon that afternoon, she a touch-up and her glamour nails varnished an emerald green. She had her eyes done by the cosmetologist, and when the technician had finished, Samantha’s eyes looked like the eye of a peacock’s feather. After a relaxing bubble bath, she put on her new VS lingerie, a new emerald green high-waist embroidered ribbon-frilled garter belt and a matching satin strapless bra. Slipping into a translucent baby pink nylon wrap, she sat at the vanity. She

finished her makeup with MAC's Creamsheen Star Magnolia, a hot pink glistening creamy lipstick.

She was still putting on the finishing touches when Margo came in to help. "Samantha, put your hose and shoes on while I get your gown ready," she said, going over to the closet. "You picked out a magnificent short sleeveless pale mint green dress for tonight. I really like the bodice with its slim fit, illusion high neck adorned with all these sparkling sequins." She took it off the hook to drape it over her arm and look at it closer. "You'll look gorgeous in this short layered polyester/tulle skirt and the beaded waistband. It's really going to show off your legs. See how the waistband gathers the fabric giving it fullness and the curled hemline. When Albert sees you, he's going to positively *drool* — and the girls will die from envy.

"Auntie I hope you're right. I really want Albert to like me tonight," Samantha replied.

"Oh you sound like you have something special planned for tonight. Exactly what do you have in mind?" she demanded to know. Realizing she was not about to get a teenage girl to confess to something she would never tell a parent or guardian, she used her ace in the hole. "Come on, you can do it for me. Tell me what you're planning."

I don't want to tell her... Samantha thought, struggling to keep her thoughts private. I can't tell her I want to... That I... I'm going to suck Albert's dick. I've been dreaming about doing that all week! Samantha was unable to resist, and answered, answered stuttering. "I was planning to... to hav... have oral se... sex. You sai... said I shouldn't have sex bu... bu... but Gwen said... said it really wasn't like real sex." Samantha immediately covered her face with her hands, in shame.

"I'm glad to see that you are being honest with me," Margo replied. "Oral sex is still sex, no matter what Gwen told you. However, I can see her point. If your boyfriend has been really good to you, sometimes a girl, to keep her boyfriend interested has to reward him," she said with a broad smile.

I was hoping my little wimp would have told me this a few weeks ago, but the CDs are working. According to the instruction book, once the subject starts having regular oral, the anal won't be too far behind. The thought brought on her biggest smile.

Margo wasn't wrong. Before Albert even placed the orchid corsage on Samantha's wrist, he had a noticeable boner. Margo made sure to take a number of pictures before they left for the dance. Her smile reached from ear to ear as she watched them drive off.

Shutting the door behind them and waving goodbye, Margo felt like celebrating. *This has been a fantastic two plus years. I now have plenty of money in the bank and turned a wimpy boy into a surprisingly beautiful girl.*"

She went over to William's private liquor cabinet and popped open a bottle of expensive champagne. *"Samuel will never grow up to ruin some poor girl's life now. His father probably believes his son always wanted to be a girl and I only helped. It has been the most fun I've had in years."* She filled up a flute and drank from it slowly, savoring the taste of victory.



Samantha was sitting beside Albert as they drove to the school. His manly cologne was filling her senses and making it hard to resist her desires. As he pulled into the parking lot, she told him to find a spot that was out of the way.

"Huh? Its cold out tonight and all you have is that fur jacket. Your legs will freeze. You sure you don't want me to drop you off at the entrance?"

"Oh Albert, you're so sweet," Samantha replied. "No, find a parking space where we can be alone for a minute or two." Her voice was practically purring.

As Albert put the car into park, Samantha was already undoing his belt buckle. The zipper was down as he switched the engine off. To his great surprise and delight, her lips were caressing the head of his penis leaving streaks of hot pink as she licked the shaft.

Oh my gawd! His cock is sooo big, Samantha thought, as she worked his shaft. I have both my hands around it and still have a bit left over. I won't be able to take it all, but Gwen told me I really didn't need to do that. All I have to do is kiss and suck on the head, touching my tongue to the slit while moving my hand up and down. It's so velvety and hot. Don't forget to look up into his eyes. Gwen says they go all dreamy eyed when we do this.

The lusty feelings surpassed Samantha's expectations, and she was giving it all she had. She knew that if she messed up on her first time, it would get around school. That wasn't what she wanted. She wanted to be known a good time. Even with the passion of the moment filling her mind, she was intent on making it special and remembering everything about her first time.

I can't believe he's getting harder and so hot. What... what's that taste coming out of him... not bad... slightly salty, a little gooey, though not bad. Oh! He's got the back of my head and pushing down. He's jamming it into the back of my throat. Gwen said to breathe through the nose... swallow... and always keep a hand around it so it doesn't go in too far. Now, he's grunting. Gwen said when they started doing that they were ready to cum. Golly! Here it comes. So hot! ...And so much. Got to swallow it all... I don't want any of this to get on my dress...

The dance was wonderful, and again Auntie had been right. Albert had his hands full, fending off other guys that wanted to dance with her. When she was with the other girls, she could see the jealousy burning in their eyes.

She was surprised when Laura nudged her and said, "Samantha don't be so obvious."

"What?" she dumbly replied.

"You're staring at all the guy's crotches. That's what," Laura giggled.

I can't help it if I'm curious. I really enjoyed doing Albert but I wonder if all cocks look and taste the same. I'm just going to have to find out I guess, she thought, then said, "Thanks, I'll be more careful."

While the dance was fun, Samantha asked Albert to leave before it ended. "Sweetie, I want some more alone time with you. Go get the car and pick me up at the entrance," she instructed.

Albert really knows how to make my nipples tingle and I want some more of that magnificent cock, she thought, getting her coat.

The voice that had been constantly screaming in the back of her mind was totally ignored. That insistent, persistent noise that cried in pain was no longer heard. Samantha was now in lust. She had a compulsion to suck Albert's cock, or any cock, that was so strong she could never explain or deny it. Arriving back at the house, Samantha was upset that Albert had refused to kiss her goodnight.

Inside, Margo gave her a bemused smile noting the smeared lipstick, mussed hair and wrinkled skirts.



Early in the morning, a few weeks later, the curtains in Samantha's room were thrown open. "Samantha, you have an appointment with your gender specialist and I want you to look extra nice. I'll get your clothing ready while you take a bath," Margo said whipping the covers off the bed.

A few minutes later, coming out of the bathroom, Samantha was surprised to see some of her sexiest clothing laid out on the bed. The hot pink balconet push-up gel-padded satin bra and matching bikini panties with the white lace panel. Her new mid-thigh princess pink silk and cashmere long sleeved sweater dress with a V-neck exposing some modest cleavage. On the floor were her three and a half inch covered stiletto-heeled mid-calf camel suede pointed-toe boots.

"Why so dressy? I'm just going to see the doctor," she asked.

“Because you want to look as feminine as possible,” Margo responded. “Plus, today she’s going to make the decision on whether or not you will have your SRS surgery when you turn eighteen. You do want that surgery. ...And you will do it for me.”

After the clinic visit, Margo was very pleased. Not only did the doctor approve the surgery, but stated Samantha was more than qualified for the procedure.



When she eventually showed the paperwork to William, there would be no doubt in his mind either.

“Samantha, let’s celebrate the good news! I know a nice restaurant not far from here,” she said, as they left the clinic.

This is going to be some celebration, Margo thought as they drove. *I told Albert to meet us there. With Samantha looking so sexy, he won’t be able to keep his dick in his pants for long... Plus I have a big surprise for her later.*

Samantha was astonished when Margo pulled into a nice Italian restaurant’s parking lot. Margo was a vegetarian and had her on the same diet from the first day she moved in. She was pleasantly surprised, seeing Albert waiting for them. She was stunned again when Margo said she just remembered an important appointment and left.

“Here’s some money Albert,” she said before rushing off. “I completely forgot that I have someone to meet this afternoon. Do you mind treating Samantha to lunch and bringing her home later? Thank you.” She addressed her charge as she got in her car. “Samantha, I won’t be home until after five.”

I know what I want for dessert already, Samantha thought, seeing the bulge in Albert’s slacks.

After Albert finished off a large helping of Italian sausage and pasta, he asked Samantha if she wanted dessert. “Yes,” she said, batting her eyelashes. “Just not here. Why don’t you take me home,” she purred.

Driving home, Samantha was rubbing her hand over Albert’s upper thigh and occasionally his crotch. *I don’t know why, but I can’t wait to taste this big sausage. I’m tingling all over just thinking about it. Even my bottom is tingling I want him so bad*, she thought.



Samantha didn’t waste any time, and took him straight to her room. Once inside, she shut the door, and grabbing the hem of her sweater dress, pulled it over her head. Albert stood stunned, his eyes wide, just inside the door. He had a number of girlfriends over the years but none that acted so possessed and passionate. Her face wasn’t the prettiest, because of the large masculine nose, but she always wore makeup and dressed so girly girl. Now she was wearing nothing but shoes, panties and a bra, revealing nice apple-sized tits. He had been erect from the moment he saw her and now his penis was raging rampant.

Samantha’s demanding lips cleared his bemused mind. As they French kissed, he unbuckled his belt and let his slacks fall to the floor. As he was doing that she was unbuttoning his shirt. Samantha wanted to run her hands over his hairy masculine chest, then kiss him all the way down his torso.

Her mind was overwhelmed by a compulsive desire, a strong craving to have him fill her both orally and anally. Ever since she had read an article on anal sex being a safe alternative to contraceptives, she couldn't stop thinking about it. Samantha knew she could never become pregnant, but Margo insisted she read it. At first, the idea of letting a boy do that was disgusting but now, a month later, it was all she could think about. Well, that and sucking cock.

Samantha pulled back from the saliva-covered pulsing penis. A thin line of cum and spit from her lips to his dick formed as she did that. It broke as she swallowed. Standing, she tried to give him a kiss but he backed away turning his head.

"Well if you won't kiss me, the least you could do is cuddle with me on the bed," Samantha pouted disappointed.

Getting on the bed, Albert unhooked Samantha's bra and tossed it off to the side. When he tried to pull down her panties, she stopped him. "Baby not now. I'm on my period. You can play with my boobies, but first I have an idea you might like," she said getting up and going over to the vanity.

I'm glad Margo told me to put a pad in my panties when I go on my dates. She said boys won't go there if I'm on my period and I don't want Albert discovering my secret. I'll just have to keep him interested in my boobies. She picked up a rum-raisin glossy lipstick from her vanity. *I read about doing this the other day and guys are supposed to really get turned on,* she thought, coating her nipples with the lipstick. *If he won't kiss me, he'll kiss my nipples.*

Albert was enjoying Samantha's boobies while she played with his limp penis, slowly bringing it back to life. When it was good and hard she slid slowly down his body, kissing and nipping at his flesh before taking him back into her mouth. With him on his back, his dick covered in saliva, she rose up and straddled his hips.

"Oh baby, I've wanted this for so long but I don't want to get pregnant," she said reaching behind and pressing the head of his dick into her backside passage. "Easy darling, I haven't done this before," she gasped as the head entered.

Samantha quickly brought her hand to her mouth and bit down to keep from screaming. She had no idea just how much it was going to hurt. She had read how losing one's virginity could hurt, but she didn't expect it to hurt this bad. Despite the burning pain, Samantha was compelled to take all of it. As it filled her, the pain dulled and when it was all in, she shuddered. The head had found her G-spot. Soon she was bouncing up and down frantically, trying to keep that G-spot massaged. She was leaning over him, panting, her breasts bouncing freely, when the bedroom door opened.

Samantha looked back over her shoulder when she heard, "What the fuck!" The last thing she remembered before fainting was saying, "Daddy?"



Samantha's eyes flew open as the strong smell of ammonia filled her nose. Margo was leaning over her, an ampule of smelling salts in her hand. "That was some welcome home you gave your father Samantha," she said with a broad smile. "Come on, let me help you get cleaned up. You two made quite a mess on this bedspread."

"Oh my God, Daddy saw what I was doing!" Samantha wailed. "How can I ever face him again? He... he didn't... didn't hurt Albert did he?" she asked, tears flowing freely down her face.

“No, he was too shocked, and let’s just say Albert is a fast dresser,” she replied with a Cheshire cat-like smile on her face. “However, your father left. Said something about needing to get drunk. You’ll probably have until the morning before you have to face him. That should be enough time for you to compose yourself.”

“But...but what will I tell him?”

“Just tell him you’re sorry and give him that innocent doe-eyed look you practiced so hard on for your dates,” she responded. “You’re of legal age and there isn’t anything he can do, so, more than likely he’ll forgive you. Now dry those eyes and go clean up.”

I can't believe my lucky stars. This turned out even better than I could have ever hoped, she thought, as Samantha left the room clutching her ass cheeks. The look on William's face when he saw that boy's dick all the way up into Samantha's ass. Wow. He might have been proud to barge in on his son doing some poor girl but... this... wow. And Albert, he was hilarious. I've never seen someone so scared or so fast getting his pants back on. I guess Samantha will have to give him back his shirt, socks and shoes later. Those CDs worked beyond my greatest expectations.



The next morning, Margo skipped their early aerobics session and let Samantha sleep in. When she showed up for breakfast wearing her cami-top pajamas and thin pink nylon wrap, she saw her father. His eyes widened and he spit up the mouthful of coffee he had just taken.

“I’m sorry daddy. I should have gotten dressed. I’ll go change,” Samantha babbled as she skittered away. *Oh golly, first I let him see me having sex, and now practically naked. What’s he going to think about me now?*” she thought as fresh tears began to flow.

Samantha’s father had drooped his head in sorrow. “Margo, this is too much. First I catch Sam... er, Samantha, with that... that boy, and now this. He... *She* was darn near naked,” William said, deeply disturbed.

“Now, Mr. Eckles, calm down.” Margo refreshed his mug of coffee. “I know it has to be very difficult for you, but you must face the fact that Samuel is no more. Samantha is a healthy young girl, doing what most girls her age do. If I hadn’t gone to the airport to pick you up, that would never have happened. Please, for her sake, try to be understanding.” Margo sounded sincere but was chuckling on the inside.

“Yes, you’re right, but this is so much harder than I thought. One day, you have a son, and the next... a sexually active daughter. It’s all my fault for not

being here during his most formative years,” he replied, bringing his hands to cover his face.

“Mr. Eckles, it’s not your fault, or anybody else’s. Samuel couldn’t help becoming his, rather *her* true self. You saw the doctors’ evaluations. And Samantha is still your child,” she replied, sympathetically. *He has no idea of my part in all this*, she gleefully thought, *Good. I wonder what will happen now. Hopefully it will be entertaining for me, at least.*

Over the next few days, as Margo packed up her things, William tried his best to be understanding towards his new daughter, but still it was clear that he was uncomfortable being around Samantha. Samantha, for her part, tried to look and be happy. She missed not being able to see Albert, but they talked almost daily. While she would never say it aloud, what she really missed was his cock hitting that special spot.



The Christmas holidays came and went without much fanfare. In a gesture of acceptance, William did give Samantha some diamond studs, which she was very happy to get. But by New Year’s Eve, she cried herself to sleep. Daddy had refused to let her go out with Albert to a party.

Nothing in his life had prepared him to deal with this situation. He had lost a son he took pride in and he had been replaced with an emotional, sexually promiscuous daughter. As much as he tried, he was not equipped, and did the only thing he could. He called Margo and asked her to come back.

“It’s simply not possible,” Margo answered. Margo had gone back to stay with her daughter.

“Ms. Peterson, I appreciate all you have done under the circumstances. It had to be difficult for you having to deal with Sam... er, Samantha’s issues. I’ve gotten a new assignment and I’m hoping you can return. If you would be so kind.” William pleaded, “ I really don’t want to leave Sam... er, Samantha, alone considering the situation. I have to leave for Fairbanks on the fifteenth. This assignment will probably take only eight to nine months, plus we’ll have almost instantaneous communications this time. Would you be willing to come back under the same terms?”

“Mr. Eckles, I’m just not sure,” Margo said, holding out. “Yes, there were times when I was a bit frazzled, but overall Samantha is a sweetie. Still, she’s going through a developmental phase and a bit promiscuous. However, I’m sympathetic to your problems.” She paused for dramatic effect. “I might be able to return, under the same conditions... And a \$500 raise. Also, you need to sign and get certified those SRS authorization documents unless you plan to be back by then. I think you should just in case though.”

“I... I don’t...” William was in a bind. He figured that they were just documents, and there was still a chance that his boy might not use them. “I’ll do it.”

“Fine, I’ll see you on the fourteenth then,” Margo answered.

What good luck! I get a raise and that wimp for another eight months to play with. After all, I didn’t get the chance to use that last set of CDs yet, she thought, hanging up the phone.

When William told Samantha that he had another assignment, and Ms. Peterson was coming back, it didn’t really matter. Daddy had never been around much, and Auntie would let him date. As far as Samantha was concerned, it was her best holiday gift.



“Well Samantha, are you glad to have your Auntie back?” Margo asked after she settled back in.

“Oh gosh Auntie,” Samantha answered, hugging her Auntie. “Daddy was just so mean to me over the holidays. Albert asked me to this fancy New Year’s Eve ball and he wouldn’t let me go. I was so disappointed, I cried myself to sleep that night. You will let me date again, won’t you?” she asked excitedly.

“Well...” margo let Samantha sweat. “Let me think... Your father didn’t tell me not to... So I think it will be okay.”

“Yay!” Samantha replied, clapping. “You’re so much cooler than Daddy!”

“Don’t be too harsh on him dear, you did give him quite a shock you know,” she replied, smiling. *Those CDs are still working, I see. Oh, yes, she will be dating – and a lot more now. She’s going to be such a slut by the time William gets back,* she thought.

“Yes, Ma’am. Just as long as I can see my Albert again.”

“However, as much as you like that young man, I think it would be best if you started dating other boys once school starts.” She saw the frown on Samantha’s face. “Don’t pout like that. Go call Albert and tell him you can date, but I will insist that you date others, understand?”

“Yes, Auntie,” she replied, smiling before rushing off to call her boyfriend.

That night, the new CDs replaced the old ones. As Samantha slept, their hypnotic chant kept echoing in her mind.

“You are Samantha. You love being a girlie girl. You love pretty, sexy clothing. You are Samantha. You love looking pretty. You are Samantha. Samantha is man crazy. You love being with a man. You are Samantha, a girlie girl. Girlie girls can’t get enough men to date. Samantha is a girlie girl and wants lots of

boyfriends. The only thing girlie girls want more than being pretty is men. You are Samantha, a girlie girl. You want a penis to suck. You love sucking cock. You are Samantha. You want to be intimate with many men. Samantha can't wait to have a pussy so more men will like her."



About a week later, Margo took Samantha to a specialty shop in the nearby big city. This shop specialized in serving the transgender population. There she was fitted with a fairly realistic-looking vagina.

"I know you're having intimate relationships with Albert and probably with others as well," Margo explained on the way home. "We don't want your boyfriends discovering your secret. Until you get your surgery, this should protect you from detection. However, it won't fool them if you let them play with it. Just tell the boys you are saving yourself for marriage, wear a pad and let them use your backside Samantha. Do it for me."

So when the new semester started, Samantha found her attention drawn more and more to boys – all the boys. Tall ones, short ones, white, black and brown it didn't matter. All that mattered was that they had a penis. By the end of February, Albert while still a good friend, had become boring. Alejandro Gonzales, on the other hand, was looking pretty good to Samantha. He was very handsome, with thick raven-black hair, muscular and played on the football team. At the same time, Tyrone Jones was also looking very appealing. Then there was that Asian boy, Tran something-or-the-other. He was in her history class with an unpronounceable last name.

I haven't tried a Chinese boy before, Samantha thought with a giggle. I bet they're all different! And I can't wait to try them all!

By the end of April, Samantha had added another three boys to her regular date list and gained a reputation. She was referred to by the boys as "the blow job queen." Amongst the girls, simply, "that slut." She had seen so many boys that even the girls in her Home and Family Living class refused to talk to her anymore.

Of course, if Margo would allow it, Samantha would have gone out every night. "Samantha, I don't mind you dating but I have to draw the line somewhere," she said one day back in March. "Your school work is suffering, and you seem to be tired all the time. From now on, you will limit your dates to the weekends. Is that clear?"

Another slow change was Samantha's clothing choices. At first, it was several blouse buttons left undone, revealing hints of the color of her bra and cleavage. She hemmed her school uniform skirts higher, revealing tantalizing views of her thighs and panties. There were limits as to how far she could go while in



school — but none on her dates. Tube tops that left her stomach and its navel piercing on display. Short-shorts that barely covered her ass cheeks became favorites on her casual dates. She wore low-cut figure-hugging blouses and tight micro-minis for the more formal ones. Gradually her makeup went from a bold girly girl look to a full-time glamour special-occasion look.

Getting a tattoo had been something Samantha would never even think of. That is, until Alejandro, as he was getting into position behind her said, “Baby, you would look beautiful with a nice floral tramp stamp.”

Samantha was surprised when Margo agreed to let her get the tattoo and accompanied her to the parlor. “You’re old enough to decide but I’m going with you to make sure the design is appropriate,” she had said.

When Samantha saw how elegant the American Beauty roses looked spreading across the saddle of her back, from hip to hip, she was enchanted. So much so she convinced Margo to let her get a similar one done just above her left ankle.



By the end of the spring semester, Samantha had pestered her gender specialist so much that SRS was scheduled. It was set for July fifth, a few weeks before her eighteenth birthday. The surgeon wanted to wait, but with Margo’s consent and the father’s signed and notarized authorization, he scheduled it.

William, when told of the scheduled surgery, just shook his head. Over the spring, he had seen Samantha change so much that surgery didn’t matter. From their internet communications, Samantha didn’t show any hint of ever being his son. The only person he saw and talked to was a boy-crazy teenaged girl. The only comment he made on the subject was that he would be there.

When the day came around, Samantha packed her bags for the trip to the clinic, taking as many of his magazines as she could fit, and Margo drove her there. She was as happy as Samantha could remember Margo, and it even sounded like she was humming a happy tune to herself.

Once they had the patient checked in, and set up in her room, Samantha met with the doctor and the anesthesiologist. They briefed on her on what to expect, and tested out some of the medications on Samantha to ensure a deep sleep during the procedure.

Margo kissed her on the forehead in a rare display of affection and left. She said she and William would be back in the morning for moral support.

At 12:00 that night, alone in her room, she woke with a start. “What the fucking fuck?” She screamed. “Where am I?” Gripping her sheets, she couldn’t understand what was happening. That was because it wasn’t Samantha who had awoken, it was Samuel. The drugs they had used on her to put her to sleep had an unexpected side effect.

Now, Samuel, clear-headed and in control, was awake, free of the suggestions implanted in Samantha’s mind.

He lifted the sheets and saw the b-cup breasts on his slender chest, and it shook him. He was aware of the events of the past two years, but it was all hazy in his mind, like a dream. He still wasn’t convinced this was real life, but he had a sinking, heart-blackening suspicion that it was.

Then it came to him why he was here, and what it was all leading up to – they were going to cut off his dick!

He threw his legs over the side of the bed and tried to stand, needing to brace himself. Samuel was very weak, and couldn't quite balance, but he made it over to a chair, where Samantha's fur coat had been put. It was the only thing he could wear, so he threw it on over his paper hospital gown and opened the door. The hallway was quiet, with faint talking noises coming from both ends.

There was an elevator door, and he immediately began to head for it, stumbling as he moved. "I'm not letting that crazy lady do this to me!" He mumbled to himself. He punched the down button, and it made a 'ding' sound, loud enough to be heard up and down the hall.

Sure enough, when Samuel looked down the hallway, a head was poked around the corner. "Miss?" The person, dressed like a doctor, said. "You shouldn't be up, miss!" He turned the corner and head toward Samuel at top speed.

Samuel was pounding on the down button as hard and as fast as he could. Finally, with the doctor no more than twenty feet away, the doors opened and Samuel threw himself inside. He used the emergency close button, and the elevator headed down.

He was breathing hard and heavy. Samuel knew he was fighting for his life now, or at least any hope of returning to normal. That was when he saw himself in the reflective doors of the elevator.

Samuel touched his reflection, almost unable to believe it. Yes, he was aware of all the changes in his life, but actually being conscious and in control of his senses made the image he saw unbearably heart-breaking. He was just a wisp of a man now, more girl than boy, with long hair and clear, hairless skin. The breasts on his chest were like alien growths on his body, but pert and proud. He couldn't believe it, really. He wasn't the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen, but this was undeniably a female body – except for one detail.

And Samuel was going to make sure it stayed that way. If there was one thing he could do, it was to get away from here as fast as he could. He only hoped that there wasn't too much in his way of getting out of the hospital.

We watched pensively as the floor number counted down to 1. The door would swing open in mere moments. He was going to have to fight anyone who was going to stop him, and dash for the exit. Once outside, who knew what he was going to do, but he'd worry about that when it happened.

The elevator made a 'ding' sound and the doors opened. His father, William was standing there.

"Dad!" Samuel said, so happy to see him. "Please! We have to get out of here!"

“Sam... Samantha?” William replied, still not used to his child’s new name. “You should be in bed!”

“No! No, please!” Samuel wailed. “They’re going to cut it off, Dad! They’re going to cut it off! Please, we need to get out of here!”

“Wait... I thought this is... You wanted this, Samantha!”

“I’m not Samantha! I’m Samuel!”

“I don’t understand... You really should be resting.”

Two burly men in orderlies’ uniforms came from another doorway and closed in. “Stay right there!” One commanded.

“Come on, Dad!” Samuel said. “You know me, I’m your son! Why would I ever want this? You know I don’t want this!” He hid behind his father to block the men trying to grab him.

“I... I...” William was confused. He had spent so much time away, and he had to admit that he didn’t really know his son that well at all. “I think you’re just scared, Samantha.” He stepped away, letting the orderlies grab Samuel by the arms. “I may not be the best father in the world, but at least I can help you find the courage to become the person you were always meant to be.”

“No!” Samuel yelled, shearing his vocal cords. He was being lifted back into the elevator. “No!, Dad! I’m your son! I’m Samuel!”



“You’ll thank me for this, Samantha,” William said as they rode up.

“Please, no! Please!” Samuel was still begging, fighting weakly against the grip of the two large men. They carried him back out of the elevator, threw him on his hospital bed and strapped him down. “No, no!” He continued to yell, even as a nurse injected something into his veins.

As the room started to spin and fall away, he could just make out his vision of his dad, tears falling down his face. “Don’t be scared, Samantha,” he said. “This is what you really want, after all.” He placed the earphones to Samantha’s CD player over his son’s ears and started it playing.

“No...” Samuel said, as he lost strength in his voice. The lights were turned out and everyone left, leaving the room lit only by the full moon outside. The drugs in his body started to take effect. “No...” He said. “I’m not... Samantha... Samantha is a girlie girl... Samantha wants to suck cock... Not Samantha... Samantha wants a pussy...”



The surgery was a complete success. Samantha, back in control, woke that next day, groggy but happy. The scrotal and penile tissue was used to create a functional vagina. When Samantha used the dilator, she was pleasantly surprised to feel tingles of warmth running up and down her spine when it hit a certain place. The surgeon was very good and had created a viable clitoris. Samantha couldn’t wait to get Tyrone’s nine inch thick dick inside that new orifice. Her eighteenth birthday turned out to be the best birthday of her life.

As that summer was coming to an end, William had another project to fly off to. At her daddy’s urging, Samantha was trying to decide on which college to go to. She couldn’t make up her mind, and called her beloved Auntie Margo for advice.

“Samantha, I know your father wants you to go to college, but your grades were not that great. Perhaps you should consider getting a job until you can make up your mind. I think I know just the kind of work for you. Do it for me.”



“Great to see you back here, Billy Boy!” Said William’s boss, slapping him on the back. William had just returned from his latest assignment, and stopped off at his office before coming home. His boss decided to take him out for lunch to congratulate him. “I can always count on you to do the hard jobs!”

They eased themselves into their seats and relaxed. It was noisy, but not too busy.

“Have you thought about settling down, Bill?” The boss asked. “This kind of work isn’t be easy on the family.”

“Well, truth be told, I, uh... Think things at home are best if I’m out of town.”

“Ah, I see.”

“Haven’t been in one of these places. The food any good?”

“Who comes here for the food? Speaking of which...”



The waitress came up to their table filled with smiles and enthusiasm. Both men in the booth were watching her heavy D-cup breasts bob up and down as she moved. It had been so long since William had been able to be in a relationship, and he yearned for the pleasure of a woman's body. Especially one as over-endowed as the one he was ogling and drooling at. It was also obvious that this girl was thrusting her bosom right in the faces of her customers and leading them on.

She handed out the menus. "We have a great special on fried calamari today! So yummy! I'll be your Hooter's girl, and my name is..."

"Samantha?" William warbled.

"Daddy?" Samantha said, finally looking at her customers in the eyes. She covered up her newly enhanced breasts. "Oh my God!" She turned and ran away, crying.

All William could do was sink into his seat, truly mortified and defeated.

"Daughter?" William's boss asked, displeased. "I thought you had a son. Why would you ever let your daughter work in a place like this? Doesn't seem right."

"God help me," William said. "What did I ever do to deserve this?"

But a woman like Margo didn't need a reason.

The End

Titles by Sick Puppy Press

Sick Puppy Comics

Making Friends

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

The Pet Sitter

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

A Curious Curse

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

Boys Will Be Girls

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes anew group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

Teens Transformed

She Made Me Into My Sister

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

Gone Girly for Good

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

One Year in Tokyo

By James J Craft, illustrations by Kwon Lee Tran. Mickey is forced to spend a year with his father in Japan. However things often get confused when words get translated from English to Japanese, as Mickey soon finds out... Book / 87 pages / 20 illustrations

Students, Exchanged

"French Dupe" by Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue's convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 57 pages / 15 illustrations

He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

From Boys to Bridesmaids

"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom" by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

Little Mis-ter Popular

"My Two Moms" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt's "Confidence Club," Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

Bride to Be

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

Winning is Everything

"Costume drama" by Joe Six-Pack. Seth made a funny little bet for Halloween. He needed to pull off the impersonation of a Cheerleader for a party. What's at stake? 100 million dollars and his manhood. Book / 215 pages / 37 illustrations

Tales of Transformation

He's the Wrong Girl

"Office Chemistry" by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

City Boy, Country Girl

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's long-forgotten aunt is sick, and he goes to care for her. His calls back home leave his wife Janice confused and unsure about his return. So she goes to find him. But is there much left to be found? Book / 64 pages / 25 illustrations

Thames Greene

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

Hiding in High Heels

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

A Blessing in Disguise

By KK, illustrations by Kannel. Jay was a witness to a murder, and now he's the target of a vicious criminal. Resorting to a female disguise, he becomes trapped with no way out. Book / 84 pages / 16 illustrations

I'm Your Dolly

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

His Life as a Trophy Wife

"The Puppy Mill" by Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Book / 210 pages / 16 illustrations

Male Monday, Girl Friday

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

The Happiest Place on Earth

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

Hello, Nurse

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care" Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

My Boss, The Bimbo

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

He's the Girl They Want

"Rallies" " by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

Demoted and Degraded

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

I, Candy

"Sissy Sweets" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family's bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

Boyz II Girلز

"The Making of the Ballroom Brats" by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

His Strangest Desire

"Employee of the Month" by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he's going to find himself hurtling headlong into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

Hard Time or High Heels

"I'm Turning into My Mother" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he's on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

Seriously Skirted

"The Show Piece" by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

Stories of the Supernatural

A Change for the Better

"Do-Overs" by Joe Six-Pack. Evan wants a chance to do over his biggest mistake. He gets the chance, but he keeps wanting his new life to be a little bit better than the last. Book / 59 pages / 18 color illustrations

Changed and Rearranged

"Wrongs Make Wright" By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris' dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

From Pals to Gals

From the files of TGStories.com: "Mandate of the People" By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

Crossed Fiction

If the Shoes Fit

"Hand Me Downs" By KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Sydney is a teen who is just trying to make it through the summer with no money. He finds himself wearing hand-me-downs from his sister, and that takes his life in a whole new direction. Book / 98 pages / 30 illustrations

Sisters for the Summer

"Camp Counseling" By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he's no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

They're the Girls for the Job

"Peace and Harmony" By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Summer

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl's dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Year

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Book Two in the Blondie Series. Carl's trip to Florida has been horrible enough, trapped in dresses and makeup. Now, high school has presented a whole new level of humiliation for him. Book / 221 pages / 52 illustrations

I Never Wanted to be a Woman

"Politically Corrected" By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael's politically active mother has decided she's going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

Seriously Sissified

A Family Femmed

"The Femmed Family robinson" by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. The Robinson boys all had dreams of their own, once. Now they have new ones, thanks to their stepmother. Book /96 pages / 29 color illustrations

Auntie's Girl Time

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

Revenge of the Cheerleaders

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

He's Got His Mind Made Up

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinkyrocket.
Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

Web Classics Revisited

Two Forms of ID

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only



Reading is Fun de Mental!