

DAVID'S TRAINING

By Cheryl Lynn

David Julian Defoe was a sixteen year old monster. Up until his father ran off with a younger woman, he had been fairly well behaved and normal for a thirteen year old. However over the ensuing three years came more and more under the influence of his delinquent friends. Three older boys Henry, Bill and Jack were the neighborhood bullies and always in trouble. For reasons only they could answer David was accepted into their gang. Maybe it was because of his dog like devotion. It certainly wasn't because of his strength or size. He was at least two inches shorter and weighed fifteen pounds less than the average boy his age.

He was the only child of William and Julie. Raised in a lower middle class neighborhood. William worked as a journeyman carpenter when work was available and Julie as a nurse's aide at the Sunny View Nursing Home. Like a lot of working parents they had little time to share with little David. Between the stresses of work, paying the bills and marriage both parents had bigger concerns. William spent his idle time drinking beer and watching sports usually at a bar. Julie, never the lovie-dovie type, cared for David but more interested in her reality television shows. She also enjoyed a cold beer and white wine. When William wasn't at the bar on a Sunday, they could be found sitting at the kitchen table arguing more and more the drunker they got. They spent the day and into the night just sitting at the kitchen table getting drunk and cussing each other out.

Julie worked the day shift from seven in the morning until three in the afternoon and off on weekends. When William ran off leaving her high and dry, she was more upset about the loss of his extra income than him leaving. After work she spent two hours playing Canasta and drinking wine with three of her coworkers. Henrietta was a bitter older woman who had a rough life and the senior aide at the nursing home. Gloria and Katherine or Kathy as she preferred were about Julie's age. Gloria had an abusive husband but now divorced and Kathy a lesbian activist. What brought them together was their mutual jobs and dislike of the male population. They rotated whose house they played their games every week. It was each host's job to supply the snacks and wine.

It was on an early summer afternoon in the middle of one of their games at Julie's house that the cops came in. David had been caught crawling through a window into the storage room of the neighborhood convenience store and passing a case of beer out. Everything was caught on surveillance cameras. The others involved escaped but in his rush to crawl out David got stuck in the window. The store clerk had seen what was happening on his monitor and captured him.

As they say, the rest was history. David went before a juvenile court judge and found guilty. Due to his age and no priors, the judge suspended the one year sentence, putting him on probation. His probation required him to give up any association with his cohorts although he didn't rat them out. His mother would be, in effect, his "probation officer." If he failed to behave or got into trouble, all she had to do was call the police and he would spend a year in juvie hall. Henry had spent time there and told, rather bragged, about it enough to make David very afraid.

Ooo

Julie sat with her friends bemoaning the fact that she had a juvenile delinquent for a son. "I don't know what's gotten into that boy. Stealing beer of all things. He should

have known better. Hell, he could have just gotten one out of the kitchen closet. I guess I should be happy that it wasn't for selling drugs. Those older kids he's been around are bad influences. He's damn lucky they didn't get him into worse trouble. I certainly don't know what to do with him. I've already caught him sneaking out twice. Hell that judge made me responsible for him yet I have to work. Who's going to watch over him until I get off? Crap! I can't afford anymore legal costs or fines. Why couldn't I have had a daughter? They're so much easier to have around. Oh, is it my meld already?"

"Yeah, it's your turn. You know I have a dear friend, Lydia," Kathy responded. "She's having some problems right now and maybe the answer to your problem. She got kicked out of her house and living in that dilapidated car of hers. Maybe if you let her move in, she could watch David in return."

"Eerrrr, I don't know. Having a stranger move in....I do have an extra room and the help would take a load off my mind but..."

"No buts Julie. Lydia is a great girl and I can vouch for her. The reason she was kicked out was because her family can't abide having a butch lesbian for a daughter. You know those Latino families are real strict and she has no place to go. She's honest and more than capable of taking care of David."

"Do it Julie! It's either that or juvenile hall. That brat of yours wouldn't make it a day in that place," Henrietta stated.

"If not that, you could put him in dresses. I don't think he would sneak out like that," Gloria added with a giggle.

"Very funny Gloria. Like he would allow that. He might be small but he's all boy. All macho just like his lousy father. Besides, I still wouldn't have anyone to supervise while I'm at work. He would just change clothing and run the fuck off to who knows where."

"Just a second Julie. Actually that's not a bad idea. I know that putting boys and men in lingerie and dresses makes them very controllable. Lydia would be there to make sure he doesn't change and run off," Kathy jumped in.

"Very funny girls but I'm serious. I've got to do something and soon."

"It might have started out as a joke but I think the girls have the solution," Henrietta stated. "It's just a matter of working out the details."

Ooo

Julie wasn't a lesbian despite her experiences with William. If it weren't for his wham bam thank you ma'am approach to sex she enjoyed it. Well that and him being a total asshole. She had no problems with lesbians but living with one was something she had to consider. After all what would the neighbors think? The least she could do was have Kathy arranged for her to meet Lydia. She owed Kathy that much.

At first sight Julie thought Kathy had been pulling her leg. The person entering the house looked like a young man. However as Lydia got closer, the hands, butt and voice gave away the woman inside. Lydia's raven black hair was cut in a GI Joe style, no makeup and what appeared to be a real but thin mustache. Lydia was five foot five, while heavy set not obese. She was wearing desert camouflaged fatigues, white tee, black denim vest and black combat boots. There were black letters tattooed on the first knuckles of her hands and a spider's web on the left side of her neck. Both upper arms had wreaths of thorns around the biceps.

“Wow! When Kathy said she was a bull dyke she wasn’t kidding. Never met one before but I don’t think I would give this one any shit. David certainly won’t,” she thought as they shook hands. The grip was almost painful.

It didn’t take them long to reach an agreement. Lydia would have complete control of David, wouldn’t bring her girlfriends over without prior permission otherwise could do as she pleased. She was a bit hesitant to tell her of David’s fate and what her role would be but she needn’t have worried. Lydia was more than enthusiastic and readily agreed. She volunteered to go back to her house and retrieve all “that girlie” stuff. Over the years her mother had bought her tons of frilly soft ultra-feminine clothing that she hated.

“Me Madre she always made me and my sisters wear girlie-girl stuff. She always saying that women must be feminine and be proud of what they got to get a good man. Sheet! I never want to have a man but momma make me. When I finally told them how I felt they kick me out. Momma she still love me and I can visit when Papa or brothers not around. I weel get girlie stuff when I visit I think fit David. Momma she never throw any theeng away.”

Ooo

David was playing a video game on his old Play Station. He didn’t have a lot of the electronic things his friends had as his mother couldn’t afford them. When Henry got a new one, he have his old unit to him. It wasn’t nearly as much fun as playing on the newer version but it was all he had. It had been a week since the trial and he was peeved being stuck in the house. He had managed to sneak out but old Mrs. Hilton saw him take off and told his mother. He caught holy hell for that.

“David have you lost your mind? You know what the judge said. You have to have my permission whenever you leave the house. Do you want to go to juvie? I don’t think you’d like it if some bad assed gangster picked you for a girlfriend. That’s what you can look forward too if you pull a stunt like that again. Count your lucky stars it was Mrs. Hilton that caught you and not the cops.”

His concentration was disturbed hearing a bunch of noise coming from the guest room. “What the fuck? What’s going on?” he said putting the controller down and getting up.

He was surprised seeing a stranger walking out of the room with his mother trailing behind. “What’s,” he started to say but his mother interrupted before he could finish.

“David this is Lydia. She’s staying with us. She’s moving in so she can watch over you while I’m at work. After that stunt you pulled earlier, I can’t trust you to do as you’re told. She has my permission to do whatever she thinks best when it comes to you and I mean anything! Now that Lydia is here they’re going to be some major changes.”

“Cha....changes? What kinda changes?”

“Oh you’ll see,” she cryptically answered.

David was uneasy as he returned to his game. From his mother’s comments and from the way Lydia looked at him, he knew he was not going to like whatever they were planning.

“Fuck it! I’m not staying here much longer anyway. Jack got paroled too and we’re both getting out of here. The only reason we didn’t run when I snuck out, was he needed to get his grandmother’s social security check first. He said he’d come get me once we had some bread then off to California. I just hope he hurries up, that lesbo

Lydia gives me the creeps.”

David slept soundly with wonderful dreams of living on the California beaches, being on his own and doing whatever he wanted. Those would be the last “good” dreams he would have in a long, long time.

Ooo

That next morning he was rudely awoken. He had been dreaming of wadding in the Pacific Ocean with a pretty blond holding hands. Suddenly the girl turned into a shark and swallowed his arm. His eyes flew open. It was Lydia. She had grabbed his wrist and pulling him out of bed.

“Hey! What the fuck! Get out of my room!” he screamed in fury falling to the floor.

Suddenly his arm was up, high behind his back and pain shot up into his brain. Lydia frog marched him into the bathroom, keeping his arm in a painful half-nelson. There she bent him over the sink, picked up a bar of soap and thrust it into his mouth. She worked it until he had bubbles coming out of his mouth and nose. Satisfied, she let him go. Immediately, he turned on the faucet and began washing out his mouth, gagging hard enough to make his stomach hurt. As he was bent over the sink, Lydia pulled down his pajama bottoms and boxers in one swift yank.

“Fuck!” he screamed as he turned from the sink only to receive a stinging slap to the face.

“If I hear another curse word coming out of your mouth, I weel make you eat a whole bar of soap. Wipe your face,” she said tossing him a hand towel. “Den get you business done while I fill the tub.”

He stood staring at her like a deer caught in headlights. Stunned, confused and smarting from what she had done. One hand was caressing his burning cheek the other covering his groin. He was broken out of his shock when she grabbed the hand holding his cheek and jerked, forcing him to turn facing the commode.

“I said do you business! I don’t have all morning.”

“Wha.....what? No....not with you here,” he stammered.

“Si, yes, you got nothing I haven’t seen before. You want another slap or maybe a taste of the soap?”

Reluctantly he stepped over to the toilet and grabbed his dick.

“No like that! You sit!” she yelled.

David wanted to tell her exactly where she could go but the strong aroma and taste of soap kept him silent. His face flaming red, he let the lid down and sat. She turned on the taps, gave him a hard look then left. With a sigh he let the urine flow.

“That’s one crazy bitch! I can’t believe mom would let someone like that move into our house. She fucking hit me and washed my mouth out. That was horrible and my stomach still hurts. Fuck it! I’m not waiting for Jack. Even if I have to live on the streets for a few days it will be better than being here.”

As he flushed Lydia returned with an armload of various containers and boxes. Letting them spill across the counter top, selected a clear box with fat yellow balls and scatter several of the balls into the tub. Instantly the room was filled with a strong floral scent. David stood hands covering his groin deciding whether or not to try and get past her and to freedom. She returned to the counter, pulled on some latex gloves and picked up a large jar.

As she approached, she told him to remove his shirt. He hesitated, not wanting to expose his groin. She lashed out catching him on the right cheek hard enough to make him wobble.

“I said strip!”

By the time they left the bathroom David was beyond humiliated. He was mortified and very scared. Lydia had denuded his body from his lower face all the way down to his toes with a strong depilatory. He didn't have all that much body hair but what he had had was his manly pride. The bath oils and body lotion had left him smelling like a floral bouquet. The shampoo and conditioner added a strawberry scent. Worse yet were the pink rollers covering his head. She had trimmed and put his hair up in tight bristle curlers then liberally coated them with setting gel. When the curlers came out his shoulder length brown hair would have a wavy bob style.

She had a firm hold on the back of his neck as she guided him back to her room dressed only in his birthday suit. When he saw what she planned on dressing him in, with flight impossible he fought. Kicking, screaming and throwing wild punches he resisted as best he could. It wasn't nearly enough. A knee to the groin and he was down withering in pain. As if that wasn't enough he wound up across her lap. The wooden hairbrush rained down relentlessly bringing a torrent of crocodile tears and howls of pain. When she finished his backside and upper thighs were cherry red. His resistance broken.

When he left her room, his arms full of bed linens the tears were still trickling down his cheeks. Covering his groin was a pair of Disney Princesses pull ups and around his chest a white satin training bra. The bra had slightly padded cups and a frill of pink eyelet lace trim. The pull ups were a tight fit and pressed snugly against his groin. Lydia had unceremoniously pushed his balls back up inside his body and tucked his penis between his legs. The tight pull up would assure that they stayed that way. A dark pink satin lace embellished camisole and matching half-slip completed his lingerie.

A translucent powder pink nylon capped sleeved blouse with a Peter Pan collar and mid-thigh knife pleated tartan flare skirt completed his dressing. The lacy camisole could easily be seen through the almost sheer blouse. On his feet were nylon ruffled pink anklets and black patent leather Mary Jane shoes. The heels of the shoes had metal taps and with every step, the sound echoed painfully in his mind. Reminding him constantly of what she had done to him as if the bra and pull ups didn't.

In his room he stripped off his sheets and replaced them with the ones Lydia gave him. The sheets were powder pink with a white daisy imprint and the comforter a bright pink quilted satin. In the center of the comforter inside a circle of gold was the face of Sleeping Beauty. With the bed made she had him gather all his boy clothing and put them into trash bags. His wall posters and anything boyish also went into the bags. Then he faced the deep humiliation of having to take them outside and dump them in the garbage.

The garbage cans were on the side of the house in plain view of Mrs. Hilton who lived across the street. He had to make three trips and on his last, Mrs. Hilton saw him and waved. For a moment he went white then just as quickly his face flushed pink. He couldn't get back into the house fast enough.

He spent the rest of the morning cleaning his room and changing out the curtains. Gone were the navy blue cotton drapes. There were replaced with white polka dotted pink satin and white lace frilled ones. For the first time in ages his room was spotless

even under the bed. By lunch time, his tears were beginning to fade but his humiliation was a pulsing awareness. It almost felt like someone was punching him in the gut with every swipe of the vacuum, every pull of a bra strap and every step he made.

After lunch he moved boxes from Lydia's room into his. He filled his dresser with girlish pull ups and satin training bras. Brightly colored camisoles and half-slips. Nylon anklets, knee highs and tights. Short-shorts, stretch pants, culottes and leggings. Skirts, frilly blouses and dresses filled his closet. Neatly arranged on the closet floor were shoes, girlie shoes. Pink tennis shoes, flats, wedges, pumps and sandals took the place of the few boy's shoes he had tossed. A ceramic Sleeping Beauty lamp sat on his bedside table. In place of his rap and hard rock band posters were boy bands and ballerinas. Floral scented deodorizer plug-ins were in every available socket.

In less than one day David's life was turned completely upside down. Where once you had a young man you now had a young girl with a girlie-girl room. By the time Lydia had finished with him, the only manliness left was his groin and mind. If Lydia had her way both of those would disappear as well.

Ooo

David stood trembling in the living room waiting for his mother to arrive. After he finished cleaning his room and replacing all the clothing, he took another bubble bath. Lydia had him put on clean lingerie. This time a baby blue pull up decorated with cute bunnies and baby blue satin training bra with a frill of white lace and matching camisole. White opalescent tights were worked up his legs. Three stiff white net crinolines with nylon yokes were around his waist. For his outer wear she selected a baby blue satin and organza tiered party dress. Each tier was hemmed in one inch of white floral lace. The short bubble sleeves had an inch of matching lace with thin blue satin ribbon bows at the cuffs. The flared skirt reached to mid-thigh. One and a half inch heeled white patent leather Mary Jane shoes adorned his feet.

His nails had been filed into neat ovals and varnished in a matching blue polish. The rollers were removed, leaving his long hair in a mass of curls. His brows were thinned into neat arches and highlighted with black pencil. The eye lashes were curled, coated with black mascara and coral pink lipstick applied. The final humiliation was a liberal dousing of a spicy floral scented perfume.

It was Julie's week to host the card game and she came into the house laden with a bag of snacks and a box of white wine. When she saw David she dropped the bag but managed, just barely, to hold the wine.

"OMG! Is that you David?" she screeched in surprise and delight.

Lydia stepped forward and announced, "Senora Julie, let me introduce you to your new daughter Senorita Beverly. I hope you approve. Beverly, welcome your mother home!"

David pulled his right foot back and dipped into a rough curtsey. "He...hello mom....my," he said in a soft whisper his cheeks flaming.

"OMG! Do I approve? Oh Lydia you've worked a miracle! Of course I whole heartedly approve. Just pinch me so I know I'm not dreaming," Julie gasped not quite believing her eyes.

"Mom! How could you?" David screamed shocked that his mother would not only accept the changes but approve. It was a reaction he never considered. He expected her to pitch a holy fit and kick the lesbo out of the house.

“Beverly! That’s no way to address your mother,” Lydia said giving his bared thigh a slap with her hairbrush. “Now apologize!”

David did a little hop as the brush landed leaving a pink hue behind. Fresh tears formed but did not fall as he complied. “Mom...mommy I’m sorry.”

Julie’s surprise only increased seeing his response and hearing the soft spoken reply. In all her years David had never been soft spoken or so docile. “Wow! I must be dreaming. If I am I don’t ever want to wake up,” she gasped in wondrous delight.

David’s first day as Beverly didn’t get any better. Lydia tied a lavender and pink organza tea apron around his waist and had him serve snacks during the card game. Having his mother see him was terrible but having her friends horrifying. He was teased unmercifully. Whatever hopes he had of convincing her to change her mind were dashed as he listened to the women talking while they played.

“He is absolutely precious,” Henrietta exclaimed.

“Yes he is but picture him with Goldilocks curls. He’d be a real doll then,” laughed Gloria.

“Julie you just have to promise us to never let Beverly go back to being a boy. David was such a horrible boy and Beverly is just too precious for words. I know we’re all adults here but come on, pinky swear to keep him in dresses and petticoats,” Henrietta demanded trying to stifle her laughter as David entered the kitchen.

It was bad enough hearing his mother swear to keep him in dresses. Having to stand silent while the women fingered and plucked at his dress, pecked at his crinolines and patting him on his fanny plunged daggers into his male ego. He had no pride left by the time the women went home. He had been forced into girlish poses as the women took photo after photo on their cell phones. Many of the pictures showed his tights covered butt and the outline of his pull ups. The worst of the photos was a side view. It showed him bent at the waist, arms crisscrossed hands on knees and looking back over his shoulder.

He was mentally and physically exhausted by the time he was sent to bed at eight o’clock. Too tired to complain at the early hour, he followed Lydia into his room. There he was finally freed from the hated party dress and toe pinching shoes. He didn’t have the strength to argue when she taught him a night time beauty regiment that left his face moisturized and hair up in tight curlers. She helped him into an aqua green nylon and chiffon baby doll nightie then tucked him in. Despite being mentally exhausted and weary to his very bones, sleep did not come easily.

Ooo

Morning did not bring any relief. Lydia gave him another bubble bath, taught him a morning beauty ritual and helped him dress in another feminine outfit. Lilac with white lily design pull ups, matching lilac bra, camisole and half-slip was followed by a soft pink cotton knee length sundress. A pair of one inch heeled cream colored strappy sandals and white wicker box purse completed his dressing. For accessories, she put thin pink and white plastic bangles on his left wrist, three small silver rings on his fingers and two pink butterfly barrettes to keep his hair back behind his ears.

Standing back and examining him, she muttered, “I theenk a bit of makeup.”

It didn’t take her very long to apply black eyeliner, mascara, pink eye shadow, a bit of rose blush and coral lipstick. Finished she told him it was time for breakfast.

”I’m wearing a dress and makeup. She’s even put barrettes in my hair. I know that’s

me but I look like a girl. I've got to figure some way to get out of this loony bin," he thought examining his reflection.

After a quick breakfast, she made him get into her car, a beat up blue Civic. The car had seen better days but it still ran. David was in full panic mode as she pulled into the parking lot of the city's largest mall. His face was dotted with perspiration, his whole body trembling as she grabbed his hand pulling him from the car.

"Listen carefully Beverly. Right now you act like a boy in a dress. If you have any hopes that no one will find out, you better shape up. Act like you're having fun, put a smile on that sourpuss face, take small steps like I showed you and perhaps no one will notice. Now come along, remember to smile."

The mall was packed and David was frightened to death someone would start screaming about a boy in a dress. It was hard but he managed to keep smiling even when they entered Super Cuts. He left with tears in his eyes, thankfully the stylist thought they were tears of happiness. His hair had been lightened, given a loose perm and feathered bangs. From there he was taken to the Ear Pagoda where each ear was pierced three times and gold studs inserted. His ordeal wasn't over as the next stop was the Merle Norman Studio. There he received basic skin care and makeup application instruction suitable for a teen. Fortunately much more attention was paid to Lydia than him. Almost everyone who saw them wondered why a young girl was with a bull dyke. Many of those were looks of total disapproval.

They made one more stop, perhaps the most embarrassing and humiliating of the day. It was the feminine hygiene aisle. Lydia gave him some money and he had to check out by himself as she waited just outside the doorway. Making this particularly traumatic was the young male checkout clerk. The top of the large plastic wrapped bag of pads easily seen carried in one hand. The bulb syringe, feminine spray and box of tampons fortunately unseen in the other bag. A crimson flush covered his cheeks and the smile gone from his face as they left the mall.

Driving back to the house Lydia was chatting away about how much fun she had. It didn't help that she had to rehash every embarrassing moment. Besides, those moments were already indelibly etched into his mind. Yesterday had been bad but today so much worse. He was not only dressed as a girl but out in a very public place. It seemed that everywhere he looked, his reflected image was tossed back at him from the store windows. The sound of his heels reverberated over and over with each step on the marbled flooring. The pull and tug of his bra band and straps, the way the skirt fluttered around his knees all unaccustomed sensations. Probably the worst was the feeling of nakedness made more distracting by the air blowing freely around his legs. All sensations that were destroying a fragile ego. It didn't help that every person he met from the stylist to the clerk accepted him as a girl.

Ooo

Julie and Lydia worked feverishly to make David into Beverly. Lydia had her girlie-girl girlfriend come over to teach him the finer arts of deportment, mannerisms especially hand and facial movements and makeup application. His mother added vitamins to a mostly meatless diet and helped him learn how to do the laundry and iron. Gloria taught him how to speak in a feminine manner. She assisted the speech pathologist at the nursing home and picked up a lot from her. She taught him to speak in a feminine register and use a feminine vocabulary. Within a short time David never said he "liked" something. He now "adored" or "loved" something. Instead of "nice" he substituted, "adorable," "precious," "dreamy" or "ravishing."

Errant behavior on his part resulted in punishment. The severity of the punishment depended on the behavior. For minor mistakes, he had to stand in front of a full length mirror, curtsy and apologize for his error twenty-five times. His apology always started, "I'm a silly girl. I should know better than too..." For bigger mistakes he received one or more strokes of a metal ruler across the palm of his open hand. That painful punishment was Gloria's favorite. Major misdeeds resulted in a bare bottom spanking.

Throughout his training he was always dressed femininely with no less than a minimum amount of makeup. They set a morning and afternoon routine for him. In the mornings he only wore mascara, eyeliner, shadow some blush and lipstick. His clothing consisted of short-shorts, culottes or skirts with coordinating blouses or tees. In the afternoons his makeup was heavier, the colors more vivid. For outerwear it was always dresses with crinolines, panty hose and high heeled shoes. He hated the dresses as they were usually fancy satin party dresses more suited to a ten year old.

At Lydia's request, Julie bought a pink plastic wading pool to put in the back yard. David, wearing a yellow polka dotted skimpy bikini, spent two hours every other day out in the sun reading girlie magazines. Amy, Lydia's girlfriend, would sit with him as he soaked up the sun. She took particular delight having him read articles related to how to get and keep a boyfriend then question him. If he didn't get enough answers right or showed something less than enthusiasm in his replies, it was ten swats with the ruler.

"After all, you are a teenager and all teenaged girls are boy crazy at that age," she informed him.

He not only did all the housework but the cooking as well. Lydia was a surprisingly good cook and taught him many of her family recipes. By the end of summer David was a good housekeeper and cook. His feminine mannerisms and gestures came naturally. He didn't have to think of the right word to use when describing or loved something. He could put on "his face" in under an hour and style his hair in several different arrangements. There were other physical changes, gradual changes that went mostly unnoticed by David. He definitely noticed his tanned body with the bright white triangles over his breasts and between his legs.

What he didn't realize was the subtle growth of his breasts, hips and butt. The nipples and areolas were larger than a boy should have plus there was a definite puffiness. Not quite a palmful but getting close. His hips and bottom had filled out while his waist had shrunk. He was on a strict diet all summer and he wondered why he had gained weight but not where he expected it. Still the changes were so slow that he didn't pay them that much attention.

While his body and mannerisms had changed most of his mental attitude hadn't. He was still David in his mind and hated everything he was forced to do. Although he would occasionally catch himself humming a tune as he brushed his hair or did a pile of ironing. However, though he would never admit it, he loved the feel of real nylon panties. His birthday was at the end of July and Julie had bought him a dozen pairs of brightly colored or patterned nylon high cut panties. To say that he was happy to be out of those pull ups would be an understatement. He couldn't explain it but as he pulled the first pair up his legs and settled them around his hips was elated.

The other gifts weren't all that thrilling, mostly makeup, perfume and clothing. He did get another "grown up girl" addition besides the nylon panties. There were three panty girdles in white, beige and black. They had bright satin diamond shaped panels with a fern pattern stitched into them with silver thread. At first he thought they were more

panties but stretchy and much smaller than the others. These he came to hate. They were extremely tight, retained heat and forced his testicles back up inside his body. If he didn't press his balls back the pain would be intolerable. Another negative was that he had to use a sanitary pad to absorb the sweat caused by the heat.

The arrival of August presented David with another problem, school. He was due to start the eleventh grade and the school authorities knew him as David and male. His mommy certainly had to give him back his boy clothing then, didn't she. When he built up the courage to ask, she only replied, "We'll see."

Ooo

Julie had discussed his upcoming school year with her friends long before David thought of it. As things stood at that time, she would have to let him return in boy mode. He was going back to his old school. The school administration and students knew him as David. Plus his school records identified him as David, male. These were problems Julie had no idea of how to overcome. Her friends had no answers either. It wasn't until she mentioned the problem to Lydia that a solution presented itself.

"Senora Julie, I'm the president of my LGBT group and very active in gay issues. The state school board requires that the districts recognize and support gender challenged students. Sending David back to school as Beverly should be no problem with the proper records. There is a doctor, Doctor Manuel Salazar, who treats our transvestite members. He gets them the necessary papers to change their official records to reflect their true gender. I don't like hem but have to work with hem sometimes. He's a dirty old man. He's always trying to get the more feminine lesbians to go straight and he always volunteers to make it happen. He's disgusting but a necessary evil. Maybe if you talk to hem, he can help but remember what I said about hem."

Before meeting with Dr. Salazar, she had checked him out with some of the doctors that worked at the nursing home. While the doctors weren't very informative it told her a lot. Doctors never said anything bad about another. However they always had something good to say about a good doctor. Her friends also did some checking. It was discovered that the doctor had a reputation that was less than savory. While it was only a rumor, one nurse said that he had been censored by the Medical Board for unethical conduct. Being poor, Julie decided to try to use that information to her advantage.

Soon after Julie was sitting across from Dr. Salazar in his office. Like Lydia said, he was a dirty old man but not that bad looking. He had a bit of a pot belly, his grey hair thinning and a few liver spots but otherwise acceptable to an older heterosexual woman. She had worn a short skirt and low cut blouse for the meeting. If she bent slightly the blouse would open revealing her red satin push up bra and tempting cleavage. Hopefully the doctor would take the bait and she could get what she wanted without having to pay him any money. She didn't mind "putting out" even if the man was fifteen years older for a good reason. Besides it had been awhile, she was horny and her pussy had an itch that needed filling.

When she left his office the itch was more than satisfied and she had what she came for. Her problem with David's schooling was resolved but he wouldn't like it. The next day she was at the school district with paperwork in hand. Three hours later, Beverly Anne Adams, transitioning m to f, age seventeen, was enrolled as a transfer student at another high school. Her success didn't come easy but with the doctor's notes the district had no choice. As far as the district was concerned David was female but assigned to a special bathroom, exempt from physical education. She also had his class schedule in hand and wouldn't give it to him until his first day of school.

The girls were thrilled to hear that Julie had succeeded but mentioned that more needed to be done. If Julie wanted to keep her daughter then she had to make it official. A legal name change and a social security card would be essential to ensure it. A lawyer recommended by Henrietta cost a blow job and court costs. The social security card was free.

Ooo

The week before the new school year started, Julie and Lydia took Beverly shopping. Not only were new uniforms necessary but new bras as well. While David's breast development wasn't that significant, no high school girl would even think of wearing a training bra, no matter how flat chested.

David kept hoping that his mother would have to send him back to school as David, not Beverly. He was concerned when she told him they were going to get his new uniforms. He only had feminine attire and didn't want to be seen trying on clothing in the men's department dressed like that.

"Mommy you know my sizes, so why do I have to go? Can't you just get them?" he asked.

"Beverly, you have grown over the summer. Just because I have your waist, inseam and chest measurements doesn't mean the uniforms will fit properly. Get dressed and be quick about it. We don't have all day."

Reluctantly David picked out his least feminine outfit. A pair of pinkish-white denim skinny jeans and a baby blue crop top tee. He didn't have much of a shoe choice either. It was either the pink tennis shoes or the black ballerina flats. He chose the flats believing they were the least feminine.

Presenting himself to Julie and Lydia, they immediately sent him back to his room.

"Beverly, where's your bra? Put on some lipstick and mascara. You should know better by now," his mother scolded.

David shuddered at her command. "A bra....why that when I'm getting my uniforms? Crud, I have a bad feeling about this. But she...she can't. No, the school wouldn't allow it! Maybe she just wants to humiliate me one more time. Yeah, I guess with what I'm wearing a bra and makeup won't make that much difference. I'll be totally embarrassed anyway."

The mall was packed with kids of all ages as their parents took advantage of the back to school specials. In a way David didn't mind the crowds as it helped him feel a bit more invisible. He didn't get nervous until they entered Macy's uniform area in the women's department.

"Mommy, not here please. You know the school won't allow this," he whispered not wanting to draw unwanted attention.

"Beverly let me worry about school. You do as you're told or I'll have Lydia swat your bottom right here in front of everyone."

David froze in his tracks hearing that. "OMG! She's serious! She's sending me to school as a girl. She can't believe the school will permit it. No way is that going to happen! It's got to be illegal," his mind screamed.

David was flustered as he was handed pleated tartan skirts and crisp white blouses to try on. There were girls everywhere in different stages of dress and undress as he went back and forth from the changing rooms. He couldn't help noticing a number of them wearing only a skirt and amply filled bra. If he had been in boy mode would have

been delighted but now just plain scared. He was in no man's land. He had used the lady's restrooms, been in changing cubicles before but that feeling of being a transgressor was still strong. Plus there was never this large a group around when he did that over the summer. At least with Lydia there she seemed to draw the most attention. He didn't miss the looks of distaste in the eyes of many of the girls and mothers when she went with him into the changing room.

The next stop in lingerie was unexpected and horrifying. Julie asked a salesclerk for a professional bra fitting. Blushing beet red, David stood bare chested as the older woman placed a cloth measuring tape around his chest. Fortunately the clerk mistook his blushing as normal for a first fitting.

"It's alright dear. I've measured a lot of young ladies who haven't fully blossomed at your age. Don't worry, most came back needing a bigger size. In the meantime, we have some lovely gel uplift bras that add a least a full cup size," the matronly clerk said.

He still had a slight flush on his cheeks as they left with seven underwire satin 34 B+ cup uplift gel bras. David was upset that the new bras filled his vision whenever he looked down and they constantly brushed his arms. A constant reminder that he had boobs.

Ooo

Monday, the first day of school and David was a nervous wreck. He felt ridiculous in the mid-knee length knife pleated tartan skirt and white blouse with its puffy sleeves, rounded collar and semi-sheer fabric. The blouse was just opaque enough to pass school standards but he could make out the lace on his camisole. White knee highs and black and white saddle oxfords completed his dressing. His makeup was minimal, black mascara, eyeliner, shadow and bubble gum pink lipstick.

The studs in his ears had long ago been replaced with gold hoops, pearl studs and pink rhinestones. Julie had given him one of her old wristwatches and some other costume jewelry. Today he wore the watch, four rings and a delicate golden herringbone necklace.

Over breakfast he was given his class schedule. Glancing over it he lost his appetite. Gone was his favorite elective and in its place was Administrative Studies. He knew that was nothing more than a secretarial class. Plus his other elective was worse, it was Home and Family Living. Again just a fancy name for home economics. Instead of physical education he would work in the principal's office.

"I guess I shouldn't be surprised. It's nothing new just more girlie training. Like I have a choice anyway. The only good thing about all this is that I'm going to a new school where nobody knows me," he sadly thought after Julie showed him the official paperwork and new social security card.

"Beverly," Lydia said as she walked him out to the bus stop, "remember you're a girl now. If you remember all your lessons from over the summer you should have no problems. Only the school's principal and nurse know that you have those ugly male parts."

"Yeah, you make it sound simple but you're forgetting something. I've never been around a bunch of girls before. It will be only a matter of minutes before everyone knows," he petulantly replied.

"Don't be so negative. You spent a lot of time with Amy and Gloria. You've kept up to date with your magazines and worked hard all summer. Girls your age mainly talk

about four things, boys, music, the latest entertainment gossip and boys. The boy talk shouldn't be that much of a problem for you. You read several romance novels over the summer. Just react like the heroines did when they were with their boyfriends and lovers. Don't do anything stupid like being caught with your panties down and no one will know."

The first day of classes was like all first days, hectic. He didn't stand out in the crowd and his shyness considered nothing out of the ordinary. He did get a lot of looks, mostly from the boys. What really scared him was the way the boys looked at him. They were not looks of repulsion at seeing a boy in a dress but ones he use to have when seeing a pretty girl. He met several girls in his classes and they seemed to accept him as Beverly. All in all the day was stressful but not as bad as he thought it could have been. The only thing he did which raised an eyebrow was not accompanying two new girl friends to the restroom. His refusal was seen more as an affront to their friendship but the girls didn't give it much thought.

School settled down into a routine. He made a number of girl "friends" but not the kind of relationship he would have preferred. He had been hit on by several boys in his classes as well which really disturbed him. When not in school he did his household chores and homework. During the weekends he would sometimes go out with his girlfriends and hang out at the mall. Occasionally he even purchased something at the urging of his friends. A blouse here, a skirt there but not very often. If nothing else going to school forced David into full girl time emulsion. With each passing day he became more and more the girl his mother and Lydia wanted. The hormones he was taking were also beginning to change his brain chemistry.

Julie took David to see Dr. Sanchez for checkups and booster shots shortly after school began. Each monthly visit was traumatic as he was placed into stirrups and his groin closely examined. His first prostate exam left him nearly in tears and seemed to go on forever. The booster shots only confused him. He didn't know what they were boosting nor why he needed them or the prescription.

The hardest thing during his first semester was going to school dances and events. Fortunately, it was always with his girlfriends but he had to dress up and forced to dance with boys. The very idea of dancing with a boy was repugnant but to keep his cover had to do it. He was able to limit those dances to the fast ones most of the time. Having some guy's dick pressing into his thigh almost made him sick the first time. The first stolen kiss worse. He forced himself to persevere as letting his secret out would be disastrous.

By the time of the junior prom, he was almost comfortable with the idea of being asked by a boy to go. All his girlfriend's already had dates. Until now he had successfully avoided going out on dates. Yes, he had been with boys but with his girlfriends present. Double dates, casual get-to-gathers those kind of dates. He guessed correctly that one of them had set him up as he couldn't refuse the boy. He was surrounded by them when Jimmy Whatts asked. Going to the prom was what every high school girl dreamed of, especially if it was with a cute guy. Jimmy Whatts wasn't only cute but he was on the football team, a jock. As such he was considered a very good catch by the girls. There was no way he could get out of saying yes.

Ooo

Since it was his first prom as a girl, Lydia's girlfriend, Amy went all out in making him as girly-girl as she could. Up until now both Lydia and Amy were disappointed that he had avoided getting a real date. It was important to his mental training that he have a close personal relationship with another boy. In dating they knew it would only be a

matter of time before he was forced to give a hand or blow job just to keep his secret. He was already kissing boys and letting them fondle his body. He was always complaining about having to do that. The next step was necessary even if he hated it. The morning of the prom Amy took David to her salon. There his brown hair was given blond highlights then styled into a fancy up do with a small wreath of pink silk roses pinned to hold everything in place. His nails were varnished in a glistening pink. Amy had taken him to the salon a few times during the summer. By now he was use to such treatments but having his legs waxed for the first time hurt.

The next stop was Victoria's for black lingerie. Specifically a black satin uplift low cut strapless bra, matching wide garter belt extravagantly lavished with lace, high cut satin panties with a pink lace front overlay and thigh high sheer seamed black hose with a lace welt. At the seam on the welts was a cute pink satin bow.

The lingerie was expensive and Amy had a limited budget but it was necessary. Amy was a very smart shopper and had planned every dime to be spent. The next stop was a large thrift store that the Civic League sponsored. The Civic League was a bunch of blue nosed rich women and their store had the best used dresses in town. The last time Amy had been there she spotted a beautiful peach dress and hid it behind some old coats. It would look fabulous on Beverly and hoped it was still hidden.

The short peach colored ballerina prom dress was still where she had hidden it. The mesh neckline had a pretty feminine rhinestone collar, floral lace design on the bust and the waist band had a gem broach. The mini-dress had cap sleeves, reached to mid-thigh and curled tulle full skirt. New the dress was well over one hundred dollars but here only twenty. Fortunately it fit Beverly perfectly and the store had the matching four inch spiked strappy sandals.

Dressed with evening makeup, Amy thought Beverly would rate an easy eight or nine on a scale of ten. From the expression on Jimmy's face and the sudden bulge in his slacks, he thought so too. David didn't miss seeing that bulge either and to his surprise was both pleased and disgusted. Being in feminine mode for over a year and taking hormones, seeing the reaction was a matter of real pride. However, David was still there lurking in the background and the sight disgusted him.

The prom was held in the school's gym. Like most junior proms, the girls were dressed in their very best, wearing full war paint and elaborate hairdos. The guys weren't wearing jeans or cargo pants for a change. Beverly found himself comparing how he looked to the other girls and was pleased that he looked better than most. He spent most of the time talking to the other girls but the rest was taken up by dancing with Jimmy. The majority of the dances were fast ones but as the evening wore on became more of the slow ones. The part of his mind that was still David was glad that his full skirts prevented him from feeling Jimmy's hard on as they pressed together. Still the hands that squeezed his butt or waist as they danced couldn't be avoided nor the kisses. Kisses to his ears, neck and lips that got more passionate as time passed.

After the prom Jimmy found an out of the way dark area to park. What would happen after the dance was a major topic that the girls whispered about among themselves. David was shocked by how far some of his girlfriends were willing to go. All of them agreed that they would at least give their dates a blow job. It was their general consensus that oral sex wasn't really sex but a reward.

Now Beverly found herself in a position David had been dreading all night. Making his situation more dire, Jimmy was aggressive and much stronger. They had been parked for no more than fifteen minutes and his dress was already pulled down revealing his

black bra. The bra was soon unhooked and Jimmy's lips were kissing and sucking on Beverly's pert nipples. Shivers ran up and down his spine but they weren't shivers of disgust. David was very surprised at how good those sensations coming from his nipples felt.

His concentration on these new feelings was broken when Jimmy's hand was creeping up his thigh, almost to his crotch. His penis was tucked back but David couldn't afford to let Jimmy touch him there. He had to act quickly. First, he grabbed the roaming hand, stopping it, then whispered, "Baby, no. I'm on my period."

"On my period," was one of the best defenses a girl had for when a boy wanted to go too far. According to his girlfriends it almost always worked but to keep their virginity assured, would give him a blow job. According to Lily oral sex always killed a boy's interest once he came for a time at least.

Jimmy's dick was surprisingly large, eight thick inches, as Beverly held it in her hand mere inches from her lips. A pearly drop of precum was beaded at the tip. It was so much bigger than his own that David's diminished ego was given another severe blow. As a result David slid further back into the recesses of his mind. Further still as Beverly's lips kissed then began to slowly slide down that slippery slope.

Ooo

With the arrival of summer David passed on to become a senior and into new bras. He was bothered over the entire school year by how big and sensitive his nipples were getting. He was also concerned that his chest continued to swell but whenever he mentioned it, either his mother or Lydia would dismiss them. As a graduation present, Julie gave him new B-cup satin bras with matching panties. His breasts had grown to a full natural B over the school year. These new gel bras gave him nice C-cups. Most of the panties had floral lace appliques and in bright colors. He also needed new panty girdles as his butt had filled out even more. She also purchased him some new clothing and bathing suit.

His new purple bikini had a full brief style bottom but the enhancer top made his boobs look bigger. Instead of sunning out in the backyard by the wading pool, he was going out with his girlfriends to the public pool. He was literally pushed out the front door the first time his girlfriend's came to pick him up. His first public appearance in a bikini left him frazzled but after several trips settled down. It was hard for him to have boys talking to his chest. He was all too aware of how big his breasts had become and their staring didn't help. He was very surprised when the boys left by how much the girls enjoyed it.

"Beverly honey, you need to chill. Like they say, if you got it flaunt it. You need to take Thad's ogling as a compliment. You play your cards right and who knows. Maybe he'll be asking you out on a date. I think he's a keeper from the looks of that bulge in his trunks," one of his friends said giggling.

"He's cute. Don't play so hard to get Bev," advised another stressing the word "hard" amid more giggling.

All he had to do was join in the general discussion of boys, what it felt like to be in love and other such nonsense. Thankfully his readings and experience with Jimmy helped him to participate even if it made him want to gag. They were at the pool most weekends that summer. By the time classes resumed, David had great girlie tan lines. The stark contrast between the skin colors on his chest made his boobs look even bigger to him. Also it didn't bother him when one of the boys messaged sun screen on his back and could feel a dick stiffen against his leg. He was beginning to feel a sense

of pride in his feminine powers. Well the Beverly side of him was anyway. What was left of David was disgusted by it.

Going to school as Beverly, he was invited to pajama parties and at first declined but Julie made him go. She told him it was a rite of passage for all teenage girls. In many ways it was more than that as it forced "David" deeper back into his consciousness. Over the course of the previous school year his "male" awareness had to be supplanted by Beverly just to survive. Participating in pajama parties forced that awareness much deeper. There was no room for male thought or identity when in the presence of nude or nearly nude nubile young women and helping them with makeup or hair styling.

By the end of his second summer of being Beverly, he was ninety five percent female. The only thing male about David was his genitals. Even they were miniscule compared to what they had been. David still made himself known but in the form of nightmares.

Beverly had taken over all his waking hours and Beverly could only be described as a "Happy Camper." Anything girlie-girl, going to the mall, checking out the boys and the latest Hollywood and music gossip she loved. She was looking forward to the new school year. She was going to be a senior and there was the senior prom to look forward too. Thad had gotten very friendly over the summer and they did go out on dates but so far only let him get to second base. If he asked her to go steady like she thought he would, then she would have to think of a way for them to have sex without giving away her secret. Beverly had been shocked when his BFF Bunny told him how she kept her cherry. She only let her Robert do it in her ass. It was a thought.