



*Reluctant Press*

# A Different Life

Jean Hollis



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS*

**A 'HER TV' NOVEL**

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# A DIFFERENT LIFE

**Jean Hollis**

## **So Young, So Ready, So Fem...**

“No, Bobbi that’s not a good color for you.”

“But Mom, I like this one so much!”

“I said no, now hang it back up and keep looking, we’ll find something that will look better on you.”

Bobbi loved Sundays with his mother, it was her day off work, when she had more time for him. They would have a breakfast out, and then go to Goodwill-type stores to shop. His mother’s budget was tight, so she had to be creative in their shopping.

Bobbi looked so much like his mother. Blond, China blue eyes, full lips with a fair complexion. Like his mother, he was also small-boned and short, even for his young age. But he was a different type of person already from his mother. She was strong, she stood up for herself, spoke her mind. Bobbi was shy, quiet and, his mother said, like his father, rather passive. His father had died from a strange disease when Bobbi was five. Just after his father died, his mother had his name changed from Robert to Bobbi. It was different, she said, and might help people notice him more.

Sometime after his father died, Renee, his mother, began dressing Bobbi in girl’s clothes. She had wanted a girl so badly! Then she lost her husband who had worshipped her and who also always did as she said. She began dressing Bobbi up on Sundays after they came home from shopping, usually for things for him. Once home, they dressed him and then they did fun things like tea parties, or play games together. Of course she was teaching Bobbi to cook and clean house. She promised when he was older she would teach him to sew. Bobbi loved to visit fabric stores with her and touch all the materials. He could spend hours there, looking at fabrics. Sometimes he and his mom would sit together. Let the other boys play ball, Bobbi loved doing this.

Bobbi still missed his father, but on Sundays, when he was all dressed up and feeling pretty, he felt so close to his mother. At bed time she took him in for his bath, and afterwards he would put on his sleep panties and a gown and Renee would read him a story, after she tucked him in, before he went to sleep. She knew the days of this story time were running out as he got older, but she loved doing it for him. He looked so pretty lying there, his long blond hair freshly brushed.

Sometimes however, Bobbi would start acting boyish, and be smart-mouthed. His mother knew to deal with that at once, before it got out of hand. He was taken to the bedroom and given a good old-fashioned over-the-knees spanking with a wooden paddle, the same one Renee had used on her husband when *he* had acted mannish. This was something Renee would not tolerate in her feminist household, male acting out!

Before the spanking, Bobbi went right into girl's clothes, everything, including a training bra. She did everything to him that she had done to his father when she needed to put him in his place. Then it was into the closet with him, and he stood in a corner, surrounded by women's clothes, until he was allowed to come out, when the timer went off. Once he was allowed to come out, he wrote in his blue book, at least forty times, *I am sorry for acting like a boy, I promise not to do that again, please forgive me.* His written lines were presented to his mother on his knees, and he waited there, often a long time, until she gave her forgiveness.

Sometimes they talked about his training and punishments. They both felt the corner time while fully dressed as a girl, after the spanking, seemed to work best. In the corner, Bobbi had lots of time to think about how important it was for him to behave and act as a girl when he was with his mother. He knew that boys' behavior is usually bad and girls' is good. So his mother was pleased when he acted like a girl. Part of his reward was all the soft, wonderful clothes she bought for him. Bobbi loved the girl's clothes so much, he never wanted to give those up. So he studied girls at school and did his best to learn to be the best girl he could for his Mommy.

Bobbi loved his mother deeply, and he understood when she told him that he must never tell anyone about his dressing-up. That was something only she and he could share. He wondered if other boys did this too, but he had no way of knowing. He knew these were his special times; it made him feel so different to be all dressed up and to look so pretty when he saw himself in the mirror. His mother looked over his shoulder, and said, "You just shine, darling."

Things went well for them. Bobbi was bright and did well in his school work. Then one night his mother told him their car needed a few repairs. It would cost a lot, but she thought she could handle it. "However, young man," she said, "it will mean we will have to cut back on our Sunday shopping. That may mean fewer dresses for you." "Oh Mom, it's OK, I'll wear the ones I have 'til I outgrow them." "All right, darling, I know you'll help. Maybe we can get a few things now and then. Maybe a slip and panties for your birthday."

Then a month later, Mr. Carlson, the landlord sent notice of a rent raise. Bobbi's mother was so angry, she broke a cup. "You go to bed, Bobbi, I'm going to go talk to him." He lived just down the hall. Mother came back quite a bit later and kissed him on the forehead. "It's going to be all right, sweetheart. Mommy's going to make it work, don't you worry about it."

After that, every Friday night, Bobbi's mother went to Carlson's apartment for about an hour. She left after she tucked Bobbi into bed. He had the phone number and he knew where Carlson's apartment was. Still he worried about his mother; he knew she didn't like Carlson very much and he couldn't figure out what she did down there, for so long. He noticed, even though he was supposed to be asleep, that as soon

as she got home she appeared to be tired and she always took a very long shower. That was strange, because she normally showered in the morning. However, it was OK because she later told him Carlson had raised everyone else's rent but not theirs. Bobbi was glad. His mom knew how to care of things, as always.

## Where Does The Time Go ?

The years slipped by. Renee stayed at her office job. She never remarried, often remarking how much she disliked macho men! Bobbi did well in school, even though he was thought of as a sissy by nearly everyone. He was growing up very different from the other boys. He never "did" sports or gym, but took quite a few home economics classes. He did very well in cooking and was the best in his sewing class. The sewing teacher seemed to understand that certain boys were just cut out for this, that they had a way with fabrics, so she encouraged Bobbi and treated him special. He was able to make close friends with some of the girls in his class. He just had to be careful when they were talking about clothes and things. As much as he *wanted* to share his feelings with the girls, as they did with each other and even though he would love to talk about what it felt like to try a new dress on, or how good it felt to have a bra fit snug around your chest, he knew he couldn't. So he just listened and tried to learn all he could about being a girl. It was OK to listen to his mother talk about fem things, but it was different with girls his own age. "I'm so like them," he thought, "and I want to be just one of them. I want that so badly, but I am different."

He did make friends with two boys who were a lot like him. Like him, they, too, were considered sissies. But the boys didn't care, and they were glad to have each other's friendship. One thing they all talked about was their dream to go to New York and become dress designers. Bobbi often wondered if they dressed up at home like he did. Sometimes, one of the boys would say something that made him think they did. Like, one time Jamie said he had tried walking in his mother's heels, and Oh! it was so hard to do. Bobbi wanted to say, "Well, I have four pairs of heels that my mother and I picked out for me, and I can walk very well in all of them." Of course he didn't say that. He knew secrets are secrets! His mother had been very strict in telling him he was never to talk about dressing up to anyone!

At last Bobbi turned 18. He loved teen fashion mags and his mom let him subscribe to two. He and his two friends loved to talk about the newest fashions and what they would design if they were doing it. Several times, one of the three boys almost slipped up and said something about dressing up, but caught himself and didn't. Bobbi was now allowed to wear panties to school every day; of course, he didn't take gym classes. His mom made sure they looked unisex, "just in case". Naturally, Bobbi sneaked in a lacy pair now and then, and felt *so very* naughty walking down the school hall with those on his hips, under his pants. He loved how tight they fit "down there" and the way they hugged his hips. He made up a little poem which he would recite in his head as he walked. "Happy in panties, smiling all the time, happy in panties because I know they're mine."

One day in the school yard a good-looking boy named Jack came up and started talking to Bobbi. Bobbi had noticed him looking at him before. Jack was a year older,

in his last year at school, and Bobbi thought he was very smooth and sexy. Bobbi had never seen Jack with a girl; he was always with the other boys. Jack made small talk to start with, then he said, "Bobbi, I notice you walk home from school by yourself. You know what? I would like to walk you home sometime."

Bobbi knew boys often walked their girl friends home. Bobbi was very unsure how to respond to this and Jack could tell that. "Tell you what," Jack said. "I'll meet you at that corner after school, OK?" Bobbi just nodded yes. As he was leaving Jack said, "I'll even carry your books for you, Bobbi."

On the way home, Jack did most of the talking. "I really like your blonde hair, Bobbi. It looks so good in a pony tail." There were a few more compliments, including one about his pretty blue eyes and Bobbi said, "Thank you, Jack," for each one. When they got to Bobbi's building, Bobbi didn't know what to do. Should he invite him in? Jack made it easy. "I've got to be going, here's your books, I really liked walking you home. I sure would like to see you again. Bobbi, I like you a lot, and I've always thought you would make a super special kind of a girl friend, for the right kind of guy. You are so pretty. I know you don't have a boy friend. If you ever want one, I would like for it to be me. Please think about it, I'm sure I could make you happy. We could have a date sometime and see how it goes." With that, Jack reached over and squeezed Bobbi's hand, then he left.

Bobbi had a little trouble walking up the stairs. He felt very lightheaded and his heart was beating fast. When he got into his apartment, he lay on his bed. He just didn't know what to think about all of this. He was so happy he could just die, because Jack had told him how pretty he was and what a pretty girl he would make. No one except his mom had ever told him this. Oh, how wonderful!!

As he lay there, he thought some more. Bobbi knew about gay people; his sex class' teacher had explained that. He didn't think he was gay. Of course he didn't know; he was, after all, a virgin. Mom had said that until he was spoken for by someone, it would be best to keep his virginity. But it was so thrilling when Jack took his hand and squeezed it. He wanted to just be like a movie queen and look up to Jack and say, "Yes, kiss me Jack, I'm all yours."

Bobbi knew what he needed to do. He was feeling it so strongly! He glanced at the clock, there was time before Mommy came home. He went to his closet. First, a really sexy pair of panties, followed by his new bra with inserts, then the new baby doll gown. At his vanity, he put just a touch of perfume on his upper lip, it was so easy to smell there. He looked at himself in the mirror. "I am so pretty," he thought. He turned away, then turned back, opened the tube and put just a touch of color on from the lipstick. Then he lay on the bed and used his favorite lotion, warming it in his hands first. Bobbi loved to touch himself. He tried not to do it too often, but sometime he just had to. This evening was one of those times. As he rubbed the lotion on, he went off in his mind to that special place. That place where everything was sweet, soft and silky. He was there now, being the beautiful girl he longed to be. He was there with someone else; they were lying in the shadows, and doing things he could not quite see. But he felt sweet and good as he lay there in the shadows and looked up from his place down below. When he "came back" from there, he got up, washed his panties out, and put on a house dress. In the kitchen, he put on his apron and started supper for his

mother. Fish cakes, a salad, and the cookies he made yesterday for dessert. Bobbi smiled as he cooked. "I'm a happy girl," he thought, "different but happy."

After dinner, his mom watched TV, while Bobbi straightened out his panties drawer and went through his dresses. Later he went to sleep while looking at a fashion mag. He dreamed of Jack holding him in his arms and kissing him. When his mother went into the kitchen, nothing had been cleaned up, the dinner dishes were not washed. "Bobbi Jean!" Jean was his middle name which she used only when she was angry. "You come in here right now, young lady." Renee did not usually refer to her son as a "young lady", even thought it would be easy to do when he was in dresses so often. But at times, it just came out like that. Bobbi appeared in the kitchen, took one look and knew he had done wrong. "Mommy, I'm so sorry. I fell asleep." "You can go to sleep once your house work is all done, but not before then." Bobbi was reaching for the dish cloth. "Oh no, not yet. You come with me into my bedroom, young lady" He knew what was coming. He followed her into her room.

"Go stand in the corner until I get ready for you." He obeyed her. She pulled the straight-backed chair from the wall. From the closet she got her wooden paddle. It had holes in the paddle end. A long time ago, Bobbi had painted Mommy on the handle with nail polish. She went to his room and brought back a very short dress, one used only for this purpose and cotton panties. "Very well, Bobbi, take these and go to the bathroom and get dressed for me." He did as he was told. In the bath room, he undressed and pulled the short skirted dress over his head. It was pleated from the waist down and moved around in a whirl when he moved his hips. Then he begin pulling the cotton panties up. Then it happened, as it always did before he was punished for something. He always tried to not let it happen, but it always did. He never knew what to do about it. He knew his mother would not approve. He pulled the panties all the way up. There it was, pushing out from inside his panties, under the dress. "Bobbi, you hurry up, I don't have all night for this!" "Yes Mommy, I'm hurrying." It just stuck straight out, making a bulge in his dress. He tried to push it down, but it just came back up again. He slapped it with his hand, nothing changed. Tears started down his cheeks; at last he opened the bathroom door and walked over to his mother, trying to bend sideways so she wouldn't see it. "You turn and face me. Well, I'm glad to see some tears, perhaps you are remorseful." She handed him a hankie to dry his eyes. He knew she saw it, pushing out like that. "Dry your tears and stand sideways by me." It couldn't be missed now, the dress just stood out. Renee pulled his skirt up and told him to hold it. Then she pulled him down over her knees. It was still there, pushing against her leg as he lay on her lap. She pushed the back of his panties down. "Do you need this punishment, Bobbi Jean?" "Yes, Ma'am, I do." The paddle came down hard and true. Bobbi had been well trained, he knew what to do. "One, thank you, Ma'am. Two, thank you, Ma'am." It was still there, pushing against the front of his panties. When it was over, he had counted to fifteen. His face was wet with tears. "Do you think you'll ever forget your house work again?" "No Ma'am, I promise I won't." "Very well. Go put yourself in the corner until I say you can come out.

He stood there for fifteen minutes. He deeply regretted falling asleep. More than anything, Bobbi always wanted to please his mother. As he stood there, Renee sat on the chair and watched him. He was so like his father! She remembered when she had

to do these same things to his father when *he* forgot his housework. How she missed him. He too always looked cute in a dress. Afterwards her husband always performed so well for her, in her bed.

“Well, he’s gone now, and I only have Bobbi.” She stood and walked over to Bobbi. She put a small pink hand towel in his hand. “I know what you need to do, Darling, and since you took your punishment well, you have my permission for your reward.” She bent over and kissed him, then turned and walked out of the room. The only light was a small rose-colored lamp on her vanity. She had lit some musk incense earlier. There were traces of the faint rose light in the corner where he stood in his dress, looking down at his shaved bare legs. The musk smell lay in the room, making it a magic place. Bobbi pulled his dress up and tucked it in around his waist. His heart beat faster as he slowly pulled the cotton panties down to his thighs. As he started, he was aware of the welts and stings of the paddle, and how they burned. The panties were so tight, pulled down like that, the elastic pushing against his flesh. He put his hand around it; then he went to a different place, the place he loved to go to. As he did, he could feel it all over, there in his dress, and his panties. There was a special glow about it; most of all he could feel it deep inside. That tingly pulsating feeling, then after a while the rush came quickly, so overpowering that he trembled. After he had finished, he stood there in his heels, sighing deeply, his breath coming in gasps, as his legs tingled. He used the pink towel to wipe with, then he pulled his panties back up and turned around. He slowly took the pink towel and put it in the laundry and went to the kitchen to finish cleaning it up.

His mother was in bed when he finished. He tiptoed in and kissed her cheek. “I love you, Mommy.” “Good night. You were a good girl with your punishment, Darling.” “Thank you, Mommy.” Bobbi went to bed in a white long gown with a bow at the top, lace at the bottom and matching panties. His last thoughts as he went to sleep were, “I’ll always do my best to be a good girl for Mommy.”

## **A Job for The Working Girl/boy**

“Mom, I want to get a part-time job while I finish my senior year. Please, Mom.” “Bobbi, we have discussed this before. Your housework comes first!” “I know, Mother and I promise I’ll do it all. But I need money for things, and I don’t want to ask you any more. Please, Mom.” At last she said he could look, but she had to approve any job he took. Sunday morning, he put on a housedress and went through the want ads. The next Sunday, different dress and same thing. The third week, he saw it. “Part time Help wanted. Stock boy for women’s dress store. After school and Saturdays. Good place to work. Must take orders well. Apply to Ms Stern at Dresses Now.” “Mom, Mom here it is, this is my job.”

Mom gave her approval for Bobbi to go for an interview. After school the next day he stood in the hall way and waited to be seen by Ms Stern. Her office was large. She was in her late 30’s and she wore large silver hoop earrings. Her short hair was black. She was tall. Most of all, Bobbi noticed her eyes; they were so dark, over her high cheek bones. He thought she could overpower him with just her eyes. They talked a little about Bobbi’s school classes. He told her about his sewing class and how much he loved it. He blushed as he said someday he would love to be a dress designer. She smiled as she thought to herself, “Well, little pretty boy, if you go to work for me, you just might get some training for some other things.” As they talked, Bobbi found himself looking up at her, and after a while he was so aware of something, but did not know what it was. Being so inexperienced with females other than his mother, he did not know what was happening to him. Little did he know that this woman had such a powerful female force that someone like Bobbi who had strong inner feminine feelings could be overcome and overpowered by her dominant female force. As he sat there in her private office, her female force was all around him ready to come into him and take charge. Their talk went well, she thought this pretty little boy would fit in well. “I’ll watch him with the dresses, he looks like the type who would like to try some on.” Three times she asked him if he could take orders well, from a woman, that is. “Well, yes,” he said, “I’ve grown up taking orders from my mother. I know how to obey.” She liked the sound of that, so she hired him. “I must get my mother’s approval for the job.” “That’s good, Bobbi. Talk to your mother tonight and come to work tomorrow if she says O.K. Do you always obey your mother?” “I do my very best,” he said. She just smiled. Bobbi took a bus home. Even then it was like he could still feel her power touching his skin; it seemed as though she was drawing him to her. He closed his eyes and daydreamed a scene where he was alone with her in her office again. In his day dream she sat in a high-backed chair, wearing a long silver gown and very high-heeled silver shoes. He was there with her, but he looked different. His golden hair was much longer, he had lip color on and he wore low-heel blue shoes that matched the light blue smock he wore. There was a leather collar around his neck and one on each wrist. He kneeled in front of her and gazed up into her bottomless dark black eyes. Then the bus stopped. Bobbi opened his eyes and saw where he was, only a block from home. The dream was over, but as he sat in the bus seat, this scene was embedding itself into his young brain. It would visit him again and again.

He started work on Saturday. Ms Stern owned three businesses, all in the same building. The dress store, next door, a boutique and a beauty salon. Bobbi’s job was

mostly in the dress store, but he also ran errands for the others. Ms Stern told him he could get his hair done in the beauty shop. "Your long blonde hair is so lovely, Bobbi, most girls would kill for it." The store he would have loved to spend time in was the boutique. His few trips in there showed him glances of wonderful things he had never seen before: garter belts, corsets, G-string panties, and more. "Oh God," he thought, "I could spend forever in there." He was also excited about getting his hair done in the salon. He had never done that before. It cost too much. Now it was free.

Bobbi had mail-ordered some cream that he rubbed on his breasts every night. It was named BB for Bigger Breasts . So far, no change, except his nipples were more sensitive. He could really feel that when they rubbed against soft material. For some reason that always made him think of Jack. But Jack had now started walking his friend Jamie home after school. That hurt Bobbi's feelings, but he said nothing about it. Then one day at the lunch hour, Jamie started showing off his new ring. "So, did Jack give you that?" their other friend Terry said. "I can't say," Jamie answered, a big smile on his lips. Bobbi noticed since Jamie had started seeing Jack, he had started wearing a bit of color on his lips. "Well," Bobbi thought, "I guess Jack is just after anyone who will you-know-what. I'm glad I'm still a virgin, but I bet Jamie isn't, not anymore, not after the new ring." He remembered something the girls in his sewing class often said: "Some girls will do anything to get attention, or to get a boy." Bobbi thought, "I bet that's true of Jamie now. He has a boy."

## The Secret Slips Out

Bobbi did well in his new job. All the women liked him. Ms Stern spoke and he obeyed. He had his hair done for free at the salon. This is pure heaven, he thought as he sat in the chair with the cape draped over him. He smiled at the pretty blonde he saw in the mirror.

Then one day it happened. The store was closed, he was working over time to get a new shipment of dresses unpacked. Only he and Ms Stern were there, and she was in her office...or so he thought. Just for fun, he took one of the new dresses and walked over to a mirror. He held it up in front of him and modeled it as best he could, just holding it. Ms Stern stood in the partly-open door and watched with a smile on her lips. He had no idea she was watching him. "That color looks good on you, and so does the design." He nearly dropped the dress. She walked slowly into the room. His whole face was a blush. She stepped forward and took the dress, then she held it up against him. "I like the color with your eyes and hair. This is a dress for blondes. You have good taste, Bobbi.

He would never forget that night. Tears started down his face. Ms Stern dried them with a hankie. She said soothing things, then she took him to her office, and she sat next to him on the sofa. With her arm around him she said, "It's all right, dear little one. You're not in trouble, it's fine. Some boys like to wear girl's clothes, it's sexy for them, and they have a deep need to do this. I thought perhaps you were a panty wearer, now I know you are. Bobbi, look at me, I'm glad you love to wear girl's clothes, I'm very pleased to learn this." "But I was supposed to keep it a secret," he said. "So, lets see, who is your secret with? I bet it's your mother." He nodded yes. "Well, Bobbi, I won't tell, I promise. Your secret is safe with me." He looked up at her with his big blue eyes. "You won't tell any one?" "No, I won't." She could feel him relax. "Oh, Ms Stern, I won't do that again, I promise." "But what if I let you do it, maybe sometime when we're here by ourselves, like tonight?" "Oh, I don't know," he said. She turned him towards her. He was lost in those deep, dark eyes of hers. She had such control over him. "Bobbi, we had an agreement when you went to work for me. It's real simple, you carry out my orders! You do what I tell you to! Do you remember our agreement?" "Yes, Ma'am." "Very well. If I tell you to stay after work and model dresses for me, that's what you will do, understood?" "Yes, Ma'am, but what if..." "No what ifs, you will be paid overtime. I'll send a note to your mother about you needing to work late, if she needs it. Any questions now?" "No, Ma'am." "Good, now I want you to not worry about anything. I know your mother takes good care of you. From now on, in my way I will too, but only you and I will know about this."

Bobbi's head rested on her shoulder. She pulled him closer and put her hand on his leg. He felt so covered by her power, it seemed to fall over him like a cape. Bobbi had quickly, perhaps because of his youth, already reached a place where he was coming more and more under her dominance, and he had begun to feel safe with her. It was the same safeness he felt from being under his mother. Yet it was somewhat different. He was so naïve he couldn't tell just what it was, but he knew he felt it. Ms Stern wore a large diamond on her hand. Bobbi looked at it as her hand moved higher up his leg. "Oh God," was all Bobbi could think, "I wonder what is happening to me."

After Bobbi left, she sat in her chair and thought about him, and what had happened. This was not new to her, a few years earlier she had a relationship with a young male who had worked in her beauty salon. He loved to dress in women's clothes, too. They had a wonderful time together. She found she really liked it when he was crossdressed; it was a great turn on for her. Then one night she spotted him in a coffee shop, holding hands with a man. When she finished with him the next day, telling him what was going to happen to him, he left town. "So," she thought, "here is another one who likes dresses, and panties. But he's younger, and, I think, better trained by his mother. I'll take him along and see if I can find out if he likes boys or women. I'll have to be careful with the mother being so close to him." But she couldn't wait to see him fully crossdressed, with that hair, and those eyes. "Oh yes, baby, you are turning me on. Big time!"

### **On The Job Training**

The next week she kept him after work when the store closed and the other woman had gone home for the day. She wrote a note he could take home to his mother later, about her need for him to work late. The store was locked. She had ordered a light dinner for them. They sat side by side on the sofa as they ate. Bobbi was nervous, he didn't know what to make of this. He was so unworldly, he thought perhaps other stock room boys stayed late to have dinner alone with their female boss. He was so naïve! Ms Stern liked this. As she drank her coffee, she put her hand on his leg, rather high up there. He was uncomfortable, she could tell as she increased the pressure on his leg. "At some point," she thought, "I'll brush him with my hand down there," She wanted to check his response to what she was doing. She smiled and thought to herself, "I'm feeling this pretty little boy up and he does not quite understand what I'm doing to him. He feels it, but does not know I'm doing it on purpose. How sweet! So like a maiden he is."

"Cool it, lady," she thought, "go slow with this tender little one. Go slow."

She had given him permission to call her by her first name, but only when they were alone. No one else was allowed to do this. It made Bobbi feel so special as she drew him even closer to her. Shawn liked her name, it was so unisex.

When she was 20 she had her first girl friend. Shawn already was the dominant one. It had been a short relationship; the girl seemed to have one problem after another. Shawn liked some of the relationship: the sex could be good, the girl took her discipline well, and she needed it. But at times when Shawn was really upset with her, Shawn would overdo it with the belt or strap. The girl seemed willing to take this very harsh punishment, but it bothered Shawn to go so overboard. Several times, the girl was so sore and raw afterwards that she could not sit for days. So Shawn, who didn't want to put the girl in the hospital with her belt, ended the affair, giving the girl money to leave town. She still had in a drawer the strap-on she had used often on the girl, a keepsake of some very passionate times. Kitty, Shawn thought, liked to get belted, as much as she liked to give it to her.

As they sat on the sofa, Shawn offered Bobbi dessert and put a napkin over his lap. As she did this, her hand pushed against him "down there". It was like a rock,

even in those tight panties he was wearing under his trousers. “Good boy,” she thought, “I’m on my way to owning that!”

After dinner, Bobbi stayed on the sofa while Shawn moved to a chair facing him. She opened a box and laid the things in it on the sofa next to him. Then she held them up one by one, in front of him. “Bobbi, these are items I may start stocking in the store. What do you think of them, dear? Will women buy them?” Bobbi nodded yes, then took a sip of water to find his voice. Looking at these intimate garments held so close to him affected him greatly.

She held up a small corset with a wired bra, light rose-colored, with cincher ties in the back. “Bobbi, I bet you would look just lovely in this.” He blushed to his toes. “Think how this would mold your young figure.” He lost his voice again. He felt so strange sitting here listening to her like this. Yet he also felt so...warm. He didn’t know what to call his feelings. Shawn leaned forward and kissed his cheek. His senses were so full of her, perfume, powder, and lipstick on his cheek. He felt overpowered and surrounded by her femaleness. “It’s really all right, Bobbi. All your feelings are all right,” she said as her hand stroked his leg. “Oh my,” he thought, “she reads my mind so well, I feel so helpless when I’m with her.”

She handed him the rose corset. Without thinking, he hugged it to his chest. Shawn smiled as she watched him. “This boy would love to be wearing this. I can’t wait till he is mine, mine the way I want him to be.” Already she was dressing him in her mind. A basic black dress, pearls, heels, a small purse.

“Bobbi?” He looked up from the fem trance he was in “Yes?” “I want to talk to you about your need to wear female clothes. I want you to listen closely.” “I will, Shawn.” Her name tasted strange, but sweet on his tongue. “Some men dress as woman. Some of these men are gay, some aren’t. Do you know about that?” “Yes, I learned about being gay in my sex education classes.” “Do you know any gay people, Bobbi?” “Well, I think so.” With that, Bobbi begin a long story about Jack, who had wanted him to be his girl/boy friend, but who had taken Jamie instead. Then he told about how Jamie had gotten a new ring and how anyone could figure out what Jamie did to get that ring. “Slow down, Bobbi!” Then she got the whole story from him. Sounds like Jack was really putting the moves on Bobbi, but didn’t get anywhere. Good, she thought. Shawn was sure that Bobbi was still a virgin. He was so naive, she just couldn’t believe anyone had taken him yet. “Well, they won’t now, I’ll see to that. Between his mother and me, we’ll keep him a virgin until I can take his pure sweetness.” Shawn was quiet as she considered her thoughts. “I want this fem boy and I want him fresh and unspoiled. I’m not sure how I’m going to do this yet, but I’ll find a way. My bed has been empty too long. When it’s time, my Bobbi boy will be my Bobbi girl, and she will wear white that first time I take her.

“So, Bobbi, men who wear dresses usably keep it a secret, unless they come out that way, or if they are in drag shows. When your older, I’ll take you to a drag show where you’ll see a lot of beautiful boys dressed as women.” “Oh, will you Shawn? I can’t wait.” “So you see, Bobbi, you’re lucky to be working for me, because I like boys who wear panties and dresses.

“I’m sure your mother must help you with this. How old were you when she started dressing you?” “I think I was 7 or 8. it was just after my father died.” “Did your father dress up, too?” “I think so, but I’m not sure. I do remember he always wore a house dress when he was doing the house work.” “Is that what you do too, Bobbi?” “Yes. I mean I always wear a house dress when I do the house chores, and of course panties, and a training bra, and I wear an apron too.” Shawn thought, “Sounds like mommy has had her house work well taken care of for a long time.”

“Now Bobbi, this is a very important question. I hope you’ll trust me as I have trusted you when I let you go to work for me, I need you to tell me the full truth now.”

Bobbi looked deeply into her dark eyes. She knew he would answer her questions. Shawn was feeling very sure of herself, as she pulled her web strings even tighter around him.

Shawn took the rose corset from his chest and laid it on his lap. Once again, her hand was on his leg. He accepted that as natural now, not understanding yet how much it showed her ownership of him.

“Now Bobbi, I know there must be times when you do things wrong at home, times when you displease your Mommy. Isn’t that true?” He nodded yes. “So, when that happens, what does your mother do? Does she punish you?”

Again he nodded yes. “Go slow,” she thinks, “Careful, touchy stuff here.” Shawn moved back on the sofa next to him. She put her arm around him. His head went to her shoulder. Her other hand went back high up on his leg. She hugged him to her. “So, sweetheart, what does mommy do when you have been bad?” He found his voice, it was very small and low. “Well, she spanks me.” “How does she do that?” She could feel him relax a little more. “She has a big wooden paddle.” he held his hands out to show her. “It has holes in the end. One time I painted her name on the handle, with nail polish. She told me I could do that.” “What name did you paint?” “Mommy,” he said. “What else happens, Bobbi, when you get punished?” “ He snuggled closer to her. He feels so good, she thought, he’s almost the same size as my ex-girl friend. She stroked his hair. He was under his spell, and his air ways were full of the scent of her powerful perfume. “Go on, Bobbi.” “Well, Shawn...” He looked up at her as her name came off his lips. “Mommy has a special dress that I always wear when I get paddled. It’s short and pleated, it’s a jumper, and I have a white blouse with a bow. Then I have a special pair of white cotton panties that I always wear when I’m punished.”

Then he almost started to tell her about the special reward he got if he took his punishment well, about the pink towel mommy give him, and about what he did as he stood in the corner with his cotton panties pulled down. But he just didn’t know how to tell her, it was so deeply personal. He had never told *anyone* about that. He didn’t talk to Mommy about it. Of course he didn’t need to because Mommy knew. What he did in the corner was approved; he knew he had her permission to do it after the spanking. But even as he wanted to tell Shawn everything, he just couldn’t seem to now. Then, there was a little bitty smile on his lips. “She will find out soon,” he thought. “She seems to have ways to find out everything she wants to about me.”

“Bobbi, I’m so glad your mother has raised you the way she has. I think all boys should be raised that way. It’s too bad they are not, but maybe more will be in the fu-

ture. Things are changing as more and more woman take charge. Now its getting late, I'll drive you home. But first I have a present for you." She handed him a small box wrapped in silver paper with a red bow. "Go on, open it." He did and looked in the box. "Oh my! Oh oh." She reached in the box and held up her present to him: a shimmering gold-colored pair of bikini panties. "These are for you, Bobbi, for doing such a good job for me in the store." "Oh Shawn, they are beautiful. Thanks so much." "Now, I want you to wear them under your trousers to work tomorrow. Of course, before you go home, I'll have to see how they look on you." Bobbi blushed, thinking already how he might push things back out of the way when she looked. In those skimpy little panties, there would be little chance of that though, things might show.

## WHATEVER SHAWN WANTS

Ma'am drove home that night after dropping her little jewel off to his mommy, she began to lose herself to thoughts about Bobbi. What it would be like to have him with her all the time, to have him live with her? He appealed to her in so many ways. As someone she could shape and mold as she wished. Someone who could be trained to always obey her, and to accept her punishment when she felt he needed it. She smiled. The truth was Shawn liked to wield the paddle, or belt, on others. She missed swinging her arm on someone. She even felt a little motherly towards Bobbi; it would be fun to give him gifts. But she had to be honest with herself. The real attraction was sexual. Pretty boys, submissive boys turned her on, and Bobbi was that. As she drove home, her powerful sexual drive was awakened. She could feel her hands on top of his golden curled head, pushing him down to where she wanted him.

At home, she ran very warm water in her oversized tub. She put on soft flute music, lit incense and a candle. She disrobed and looked at her hard, firm body in the mirror, in the candle's glow. She touched her erect nipples, pinching them, then her hands went between her legs. She opened a drawer and took her dildo out and laid it by the tub. Then she entered the warm, bath-oiled water, so slick and sexy. As she lay there she began to touch herself; she closed her eyes and saw Bobbi's sweet face looking up at her, so pretty, and so trusting. Then she saw Bobbi in her bed. He was in a white cotton gown with lace trim, and matching panties. She pulled his gown up around his hips and pulled his panties down to his upper thighs. There were red marks on the side of his hips. Marks from her belt. She was poised over him, ready to sit on him. In her trance he smiled up at her. Then she reached up to the side of the tub, took the dildo and brought it under the water and put it where it belonged.

Shawn sleep like a baby. Over coffee the next morning she wondered how she could bring it all off. Surely his mother must know that someone is going to carry him off, most likely a man. She couldn't let that happen !

Before she left for the store, Shawn wrote a note and put it on her kitchen message board. She couldn't find the pen, so she wrote it with lipstick, in big letters. GET BOBBI ! Then she went to work.

## Jack's Back

When Bobbi got off the bus he started walking the two blocks toward home. As he approached his building, he saw someone sitting on the steps in the darkness. When he got closer he saw it was Jack. "Hi, Bobbi, I was hoping you would come home soon." "Hi, Jack. Gosh, what are you doing here?" "I just wanted to see you, and talk to you a little bit." Bobbi didn't know what to think. "Look, Bobbi, we can just step over here by the fence a minute where we can talk."

Jack took Bobbi's arm and guided him to the side of the building. In the dim street light, Bobbi looked up at Jack and felt a thrill go through his body. He felt a tightening in his nipples. "Bobbi, look, I'm sure you know that I've taken Jamie as my girl-boy friend. I mean everyone knows now. Jamie is sweet and sexy, but Bobbi, I just can't seem to stop thinking about you. Bobbi, you are so sexy and so beautiful, sometimes I even dream about us making out together and it's so good!" Bobbi was breathing hard, his heart beat faster. Something was stirring "down there", but he didn't speak.

"Bobbi, look, sweet boy, I know I could make you feel like the girl I know you really want to be if you'll just give me a chance." Then Jack took Bobbi in his arms and kissed him deep. Bobbi let him and their lips clung together as they moved back. "Please think about it, little one. You know my number. I've got what you need, Bobbi, got it right here waiting for you. You know you want it. I can make you feel like the girl you want to be, Bobbi. Call me." With that, Jack was gone.

Bobbi leaned on the fence. His heart was beating so fast he thought he would faint. He could still feel Jack's tongue in his mouth and feel his manly arms around him. "This is what it feels like to be a girl," he thought. "Oh God," he thought, "oh, oh oh." At last he went up stairs. Inside the apartment his mother remarked that he didn't look well. "I don't feel well, Mommy, may I go lay down, please?" "Of course, dear, you can do your chores tomorrow." He got undressed and put on pink cotton panties and a matching ruffled gown. As he lay in the bed, he head danced with visions of he and Jack together, of Jack holding him, of Jack being on top of him as they both were naked. Bobbi could not seem to keep his hands from rubbing his breasts. His nipples were swollen. Down there, "it" was pushing against his panties. Oh it's just so much to be a girl, so exciting. "So thrilling," he thought. "Boys want you so badly, they want to do all those things to you."

Bobbi gazed out the window at the night sky, dreams of romance floating through his head. "Who will take me first?" he wondered, "will it be a woman or a man?" He thought of sitting on the couch with Shawn and how it felt with her hand on his leg and of when she touched him under the napkin. She was testing him, he knew. He was sure he had spotted his panties then. It's wasn't the first time she had made him spot himself.

He drifted off, then came back and began thinking of Jack again. "He wants me so badly, just look how he held me and kissed me tonight. He even said he would dump Jamie for me. I'm so desired," he thought. His hands rubbed his hips. It was so thrilling to be kissed so deeply by Jack. Bobbi was aware that his sex hurt. His nipples throbbed. "Oh, I wish they would get bigger, I must have breasts someday to be the woman I long to be." The tears fell down his cheeks, he bit his lip, then he put his

hands down between his legs. Exhausted, he fell asleep with the moonlight on his golden locks, his full young lips slightly parted.

Sometime in the night he woke up. He had been dreaming of Jack. His hands were still down there. He felt himself. His panties were wet and sticky. He fell back to sleep, dreaming girl's dreams.

## LIKE PETALS, HE WANTS ME, SHE WANTS ME

A few nights later, Shawn kept Bobbi late at the store. In her office as she sipped wine, she had him model some dresses for her. They had done this several times now and were both comfortable with him being crossdressed. Bobbi loved to try to strut like a model in front of her and she was being his good instructor. Shawn knew what he was wearing under his dress. As part of her program, she was doing things to give her more control over him. A few weeks earlier, she had two-way mirrors put in the dressing room he used at night. She loved to watch him get dressed, putting on his garter belt, his nylons. She really liked watching him put on his panties, as he struggled with trying to push “it” up between his legs. “I must get him a gaff,” she thought. It was exciting to Shawn to watch him through the mirror. She liked looking at his treasure, surrounded by its circle of golden hair. “It’s just what I want. I can’t wait to have my girl-boy.”

Then her busy mind begin to think. “I really want him to live as a young woman, and we’ll need to do lots of things to make that happen. Voice lessons, walking, sitting, the list goes on and on. He’ll be with other woman at times. He will have his period, even if he does not need it, just so he can talk about it. There is so much to do, and I still don’t know just how I’ll take him away from his mommy, but I’ll find a way.” A little shiver went through her as she thought, “My little soon-to-be shemale will be worth it all.” She felt her wetness grow, just thinking about it. She could almost feel the belt in her hand and him naked on the chair under her.

After a while Bobbi was tired. “Come here, Bobbi,” she said in a strict voice. He sat down by here. “Bobbi, if you were a real model and if I were a man, this is what I would do to you now.” She took him in her arms and kissed him deep, her lipstick wet on his lips. His heart beat fast, he was going limp in her arms. She held him upright as she smiled at him. “See



Bobbi what it would be like if you were a real girl model? But Bobbi, I love you just as you are.” He was dizzy, her breasts were so full as she held him in her arms, they felt so good. Then he thought, “I would love to have breasts even half that size.”

As she sat there and looked at him, she was sure she had him. “I will soon have complete control of this boy,” she thought She could feel her juice on her leg. “But I must be careful. I can go just so far and no father for now.” Shawn knew she was pushing it with some of the things she did with him, but she couldn’t help it sometimes. “Oh God,” she thought, “I just want to sit on him so badly.”

“Bobbi, we’re both tired. Go get undressed, put the dresses up and I’ll drive you home.” “OK,” he smiled up at her and wiggled his bottom. She reached out and touched his cheek. He looked over his shoulder and smiled at her. “That little tease!” she thought. “I wonder if he knows how badly I want to swing my belt on his bottom. I bet he wants it as badly as I want to give it. I need to buy a good paddle, one with holes in the end, like he’s used to getting at home. Oh baby, this will be so sweet!”

## OH MY! SO MUCH, SO SOON

Bobbi had his birthday, 19, and he had been kissed a few times, by Jack and Shawn and Mommy. Both his mother and Shawn showered him with gifts. He got the same kind of gifts from them both: Dresses, jewelry, makeup, panties, gowns. Bobbi thought, "I'm the luckiest girl-boy in the world!" At times Bobbi's desire to live as a girl was so strong he would forget he was a boy, well, at least a *little bit* of a boy "down there". He had just grown so used to thinking of himself as a girl that all his birthday gifts seemed normal to him. Of course he would be given dresses and panties for his birthday! Shawn gave him a gold-colored gaff and told him how to wear it. She also told him, "Don't tell your mom." Bobbi loved it; he would stand in front of the full-length mirror in the bathroom and look at himself. In a whisper he would say, "Oh, look dear, my dee dee is gone." That's what his mom and he had always called it, his "dee dee". It was so cute a name. Later, Shawn would give it a more grown-up name. She would rename it his "Mary Jane". "Time for a big girl's name for it now," she said.

Now that he was out of school, Shawn gave him a full-time job working for her. He became her personal assistant. The women who worked for Shawn had all figured it out by now. They didn't know her plans for him, but they did know she was going to make him hers, her control over him was so complete. Some of them wondered why because he was so feminine, but a couple of the women thought, "Oh yes, that would be nice. I would like to have him myself. Being the way he is, you could have complete control over him," as Shawn seemed to already.

By this point, Bobbi obeyed Shawn in everything, just as he did his mother. Shawn planed a lot of his life, even his boy clothes. Bobbi's mother was very aware of this. In truth, she could feel him slipping away from her. Sometimes at night she lay in bed thinking about these things. She had known for a while that someday, someone would take Bobbi away from her. She would not be able to stop that. She didn't know if it would be a man or a woman. Unknown to Bobbi, she had watched out the window the last time Jack had been there. She didn't see everything, but she saw enough to know what was going on. "Well," she thought, "I hope it will be Shawn that takes him, and not Jack or some other man. Bobbi was raised by a woman, and trained to obey a woman. As female as he is, I know he will become someone's wife. I hope he becomes Shawn's wife. I hope that's what she wants. I'll miss my baby so, but I think he will be much better off belonging to a woman like Shawn who can take good care of him, and give him so much. Some man like Jack would just use him a while and then dump him. Shawn would take special care of my baby, I'm sure she would." She set her alarm. Then, thinking, "I just have to accept what will be," she went to sleep.

Bobbi went to work the next morning. It was gray and overcast. "Showers by afternoon," the radio had said. His first task at work was to brew Shawn's coffee and have it ready for her when she came. Next, he went into her private bath and checked to see that everything was as it should be. Then he wrote a note as she had instructed him to and put it on her desk. The morning note always said the same thing, just as she had told him to write it. "Ms Stern, I belong fully to you today, and all my days. I am your servant. Signed Bobbi." Then he touched a little color to his lips from the lipstick he always carried in his pocket and put his lip prints on the note. Then he blotted the

color from his lips. Shawn had told him it didn't look right to wear lipstick in the store while he was still wearing boy's clothes. Then she had cupped his chin with her hand. "That will change someday. The clothes, that is."

By noon the rain had started. Soon, all the customers were gone. Bobbi was re-sorting the packages of nylons. Wanda called him to the back. "Ms Stern wants you in her office at once." He was used to these commands from the Queen. She stood at her office door waiting for him. "What's going on?" he wondered. "Come in, Bobbi." She shut the door. "Sit on the sofa, dear." She reached over and took both of his hands. He felt strange. All morning he had a sense of something not being quite right. His mother always said he had a woman's intuition. He looked right at Shawn. "What's wrong?" he asked. "Bobbi, your mother is in the hospital." She reached out to support him just in time. Then she began to try and explain. "She had a stroke. Do you know what that is?" "No." "All right. Look, I'm going to take you to her now. I'll explain it all in the car. Go get your coat and an umbrella. I'll meet you at the back door." Shawn called Wanda and told her what had happened. "You lock up tonight, I won't be back." Then she and Bobbi got in her car. On the way to the hospital, as best she could, she explained what a stroke was. Bobbi sat with his hands in his lap, tears rolling down his cheeks. "Oh, oh, oh," was all he could say.

At the hospital the doctor met them outside the door. He tried to explain it too. "Your mother can't speak. The only movement she has is a little in her left hand." "Will she be all right?" Bobbi asked. "We don't know. It's too soon to tell what will happen," he said. They went into the room. His mother told Bobbi with her eyes that she knew he was there. He put his arms around her. At last, Shawn took him out into the hall. "The doctor said you mother needs to rest. I'm going to take you home with me for tonight. I don't want you to be alone." He just nodded. Before they left, she got some sleeping pills from the doctor. "Oh, for the young lady," he said, a mistake more and more people were making about Bobbi. "He's a young man," she said, but she thought, "Good, more people are seeing him as a girl!" In the car, she hugged him. No response. She drove them to her town house.

Once there, she took him to the guest bedroom, helped him undress and put a silk robe on. Then she took him to the bathroom and ran a tub of warm water. She lit incense and helped him into the tub. He was like a rag doll. She dimmed the lights and ran her hand over him in the tub. "Do you want to talk, Bobbi?" He shook his head no. After a while, she helped him towel off, then she put him in mint green silk panties and green gown. She took him to the guest bedroom. He got into the bed. "Do you want to try and eat something, dear?" He said, "No, Shawn." "Very well, but you must take this pill, it will help you sleep." "Shawn, will you take me to the hospital tomorrow?" "Of course, Darling. Bobbi, I will take care of you in all ways and with everything, Just trust me." "Oh I do, Shawn." He turned his head on the pillow; tears ran down his cheek. Shawn sat there, watching him go to sleep. "This poor dear boy, he loved his mommy so much. Oh, bless his heart, this will be so hard for him, I must do everything I can for him, and I will." She stroked his long golden hair. "He's so alone now. There is no other family, all he has is me. Thank God for that! Damn," she thought, "I'm falling in love with this kid! I should know better than that." When she was sure the pill had worked, she walked to the door, stood there and watched him.

Then she thought, "With this, he's mine. Damn, I mustn't think that way!" She felt guilty. She went to the kitchen to do battle with her thoughts. Then she got a pad and started writing her thoughts out along with an action plan in case Bobbi's mother didn't not make it. "I can make it all work," she thought. "I should have been a man. No, I'm better than any man. I know how to run the show." Her guilt was soon gone.

She went in to check on him once more. She went to bed, but first she got her dildo out of the bathroom. "I'll use my sleeping pill too," she thought, "God, I need it tonight!" After a while she gave up. "Too much on my mind," she thought. She got up, had a couple of stiff drinks and thought about how she would need to redo the guest bedroom, make it a girl's room for him. Then she went back to her bed, and lay there making plans, 'til at last she went to sleep.

## GOOD BYE, MOMMY

Bobbi's mother suffered another stroke that night and passed away just a little before 5:00 AM. The hospital waited until 6:00 to call. Shawn, being the pro she was, took care of everything. There was no other family. She took care of the burial, closed the old apartment and collected the insurance for Bobbi, who gave it to her to handle.

Then she got on the phone and found a therapist, a female who said she dealt with grievance and gender issues also. Shawn offered her a bonus if she would see Bobbi the next day. Bobbi liked her at once. She dressed in a very mannish way and took charge of Bobbi at once. This was the kind of woman Bobbi was used to, a woman who wore the pants, the Boss. At the same time, she was loving to him and held him as he cried. As she watched him she thought, "He is so pretty and so feminine." Shawn had told her that it was her plan for Bobbi to begin to live as a girl full time. She thought that was best for him. After meeting Bobbi, the therapist thought so too. This kid would never make it as a boy. This therapist who had many gender issue clients, knew that more and more boys and men were crossing the line and living as woman. She believed this was a good thing, for them, and for society. Her studies had convinced her that role reversal would be better for almost everyone. More and more men were showing that they were ready for dresses and all that went with that. She was thinking about possibly writing a book on this subject. Something on the lines of, say, *The well-dressed male house wife*.

Every Sunday, Shawn took Bobbi to his mother's grave. Then, it was every two weeks. He had a photo of her on his dresser. Shawn got him a beautiful silver frame with roses on it. At times, Bobbi would light a candle by the picture and he would just sit and look at it, sometimes with tears in his eyes, sometimes not.

Every week he went to his therapist. First they dealt with his grief and he was able to go through it quicker than she or Shawn had thought. The therapist, whose name was T.J., said she thought Bobbi could do that because he had to transfer his love and dependence from his mother to Shawn. He had a strong need to be firmly controlled by a woman, and Shawn did that for him. Shawn, like his mother, accepted his need not only to crossdress, but to live as a female as fully as possible, when the time was right for him. They did not discuss in any great detail the obvious fact that Bobbi was well-disciplined. Shawn just assumed that the therapist knew that Bobbi was so well-behaved because of the strict measures she used to train him. Shawn often talked alone with T.J., as she was given progress reports on Bobbi. Then when the question of his behavior and minding well at home came up, Shawn and T.J. shared a knowing smile together. T.J. was well aware that most, if not all of her shemale clients who were being taken care of by someone were disciplined at home, some rather severely. Shawn was so glad to hear all of this. "I've done the right thing in taking Bobbi and making him to be a true shemale. It gives him what he needs and when the time is right, he will give me what I need." Shawn knew what she had always wanted was a beautiful girl who would be submissive to her, but who had a male sex in her panties. Shawn needed the girl, but also needed that male part to control and use in bed. Bobbi was the best of all worlds for her, she thought, and she was the best of all worlds for him.

They had redone the guest room for Bobbi. Shawn let him pick it all out. It was a pink and white girl's room now. Bobbi put ribbons and bows everywhere. At first, Shawn had said, "My God, Bobbi, must you have it so girlish?" She hoped her new girl would cool it a little. After all, she could tie pink bows around his you-know-what, if he needed bows that bad. But not yet, that part was still on hold. Shawn used her long round thing from the bathroom a lot more now. Having Bobbi girl just down the hall required all her patience. She kept it in a leather sheath in her vanity drawer.

Shawn was guiding Bobbi deeper and deeper into his female role. He now shaved like a girl, had his eyebrows done, and was allowed to wear a scent at home, with lip color. Easy Does It was Shawn's code, but at times it was hard to do. They both wanted to have Bobbi become a girl overnight. T.J. said, "Don't rush it too quickly. Yes, it's true he's been in panties all his young life, but gaffs, nylons, make up...these things are new for him. Best to go a little slower. Let him have the time he needs to become a girl. After all, when we're done with little Bobbi, he'll be a female the rest of his life. A special female, that is."

The women at work of course had watched all of this. They had no problem with it. A few thought he was gay; many gay males worked in the fashion business. Some believed the real story, that Bobbi was being turned female because Ms Stern wanted him that way. Judy told Wanda she had a teenaged son at home and she would give anything to get him into dresses to settle him down. Wanda's response was, "I would love to petticoat my husband, Billy and train him to do the house work." Judy replied, "Sure, then you could rename him Billie, huh?"

At work now, Bobbi was just one of the girls, and he had begin to talk a lot about going to beauty school to be a hair dresser. They all thought he would be great at that, so he was just waiting for Shawn's approval to go. Bobbi had been to the school several times and met the owner, another of those strong women that Bobbi had always been attracted to. Her name was Eddie, she wore a crew cut and had a tattoo on her arm of a sailing ship. She usually wore blue jeans and Doc Marten boots. Shawn, once she had approved of the school, took Eddie aside and told her how it was. "Bobbi belongs to me. He is *my* girl. No one flirts with him or touches him in a sexual way. If they do, they will answer to me and I'm a real kick ass woman." Eddie said she understood. "You know Shawn, if I had a girl-boy like that, I would feel the same way. Don't worry, I will see to it that no one touches him in my school and I'll put the word out to the students once Bobbi starts school." In his visits to the school, Bobbi had been flirted with by some of the pretty boy students, winked at, had his golden locks touched. One pretty dark-haired boy had even touched Bobbi on his cheeks as he stood behind him, and whispered, "Oh baby, I would love some of that!" Other pretty boys didn't turn Bobbi on like Jack and Shawn did. Later, he told Shawn, "I just can't wait to start school. I'm so excited I may wet my panties." When ever he ssaid something like that, it got him a face slap from Shawn. "That's so crude, young lady." Much more than his mother ever did, Shawn was referring to him as "young lady". It just didn't seem right to look at Bobbi and say "young *man*"!

Shawn had begun to discipline Bobbi at home. She had gotten the paddle she wanted, she also liked to use a small ruler on the palms of his hands and a belt at times. Bobbi was quickly learning the rules in Shawn's home. They had picked a cor-

ner in her room and in his, for him to do his “corner times” in. Bobbi had made a sweet little sign that said **Bobbi’s Corner** with ribbons and bows to hang on the wall during his corner time. But he missed the pink towels and what they meant, that Mommy used to give him. “Someday, I must ask Shawn if she will let me do that, like I used to.”

The discipline was working, Bobbi was well-behaved most of the time, and he was learning to wait on Shawn the way she wanted to be waited on. The servant training she was doing with him was working. Wives-to-be should be trained to serve their husbands, even little boy wives. Shawn wanted an old-fashioned wife, and that’s what Bobbi would be for her. This would work as Bobbi was most happy under the control of a strong woman, as he had always been. However, all of this kept whetting Shawn’s appetite for her girl-boy. She had to fight to keep her hands off of him in that way. Without thinking, as they sat together on the sofa watching a video, Shawn would find her hand under his dress, feeling him up. She made herself stop as she had not set the time yet to take him. “Everything must be right for that first time when I put him under me sexually.” She knew if her hand went *too* far up his dress, she would no longer be able to stop.

## The Time Has Come, The Queen Said

A few months later, Shawn went to see his therapist. "Do you think Bobbi is ready for an inmate relationship yet?" "It depends. Remember, even young girls sometimes have problems when they lose their virgin status. Think about Bobbi. I do believe he has dealt well with the loss of his mother, so I think things are O.K. there. But keep in mind, if you are planning on doing to Bobbi what I think you are planning, this is more than a young girl must deal with. Bobbi will be taking the woman's role, and will lose his virginity too. As much as he wants the female role, this is still a lot to deal with. I suggest you go very slow, let him see he can trust you with his sex, let him feel safe with that. Then, if you go slow, he should be all right. If there's a problem, I can help."

After Shawn left, T.J. sat in thought. She knew of several relationships where older women had young shemale lovers. Some of these worked, the young person being happy as they were well-cared for. Usually, if there was a problem it was when the shemale started something on the side with a male. "I don't think Bobbi will do that. He could, but I think he needs the presence of the strong woman." Then she smiled to herself. "That Bobbi will be something sweet," she thought with a touch of envy

Shawn had read all the material on female hormone treatment for males, and she had the name of a doctor who would do this without raising a lot of fuss. He accepted cash readily. She thought, "I'm going to start Bobbi now. It will help with every thing and make him even more dependent on me." They were in the doctor's office the next day. As Bobbi sat in a chair, nude under his little white gown, Shawn talked to the doctor. "I don't want his sex drive affected too much by this." "But you do want him as feminine as possible?" the doctor said. "Well, yes." "Look," the doctor said, "he's in good health, and at his age he can take a lot of female hormones without it slowing down his drive. What you need to do is just test him each week as we do this. After the right number of shots, I'll put him on the pill." "Sounds like birth control," Shawn thought. "My God, I'm not going to get him pregnant."

So, little Bobbi who earlier had the doctor's finger up inside him (which Shawn watched with great interest), now leaned over the table. Shawn held his hand with one hand, and held his gown up with her other hand. Then Bobbi got his first shot of femaleness.

Shawn, feeling very much like the husband with a wife who had been to the doctor's, took him home, put him in a pretty gown with no panties, and put him to bed. Then she read him a story from a woman's magazine.

He loved it, and wanted to know when his next shot would be. "Oh God, I must not spoil him," Shawn thought. Later as he got sleepy, Shawn reached under the blanket and rubbed his legs. Then she couldn't help herself and she reached up and touched it. The hormones had not affected it yet. "My God, Shawn," she thought, "you are like a kid in a candy store that can't wait to eat the candy." She kissed him goodnight, and went to bed. The long round thing on her beside table was getting a work out every night now. It was a real deep one that night.

Shawn had a workman put peep holes in so she could watch Bobbi whenever she wanted to. She also began to kiss him and touch him more. She found his nipples were very quick to respond to her touches. He received a shot twice a week now and already they could see the affects. His breasts were budding out like a young girl's. He spent hours trying on bras and looking at himself in the mirror. His voice was changing, most of his male hair pattern was gone. His hips filled out. He was moody at times. He got spanked more and sent to bed without his dinner. Shawn was pleased with her work. "I am creating a lovely young woman," she thought, "one I soon will ravish. My boy wife! Oh, I can hardly wait!" As the days and nights went by, Shawn watched him more and more through the peep holes. He liked to stoke himself, but it seemed to her that he looked around, even though he was alone, looking perhaps for someone to tell him it was OK. "I wonder if his mother gave her approval to him?" she thought. She didn't know yet about the pink towels. "Well, soon my sweet girl-boy will have me to tell him it's all right. Not only that, but he will have his Queen giving him orders as to what I want him to do." Her darkly colored lip slicked lips smiled a long slow smile.

Bobbi wanted to start beauty school. Shawn said no, she was concerned his hormone balance was such that he needed to stay home for a while longer yet. He wasn't even allowed to work at the store. One evening after a dinner he had cooked, he started crying in the kitchen. "What's wrong?" she asked. "Oh Shawn, I want to go to school so bad. Please, please let me. Please, Shawn." "Bobbi, I told you no, you're not in fit shape with your hormone treatment to go anywhere right now." He cried more and begged more. Shawn had it. Bobbi had been like a teenage girl lately, Shawn had work problems, and enough was enough. She slapped Bobbi hard. "Go to your room at once."

He lay on his bed and cried. She came in. "Get up, Bobbi and take your clothes off now!" She watched him undress and try to cover his sex with his hands. "Put your hands on your head, now." He did, he could tell Shawn meant business. His fear made him tremble, and made "it" small. Shawn put the punishment chair in the center of the room. She told him to get over it. Her paddle was still in his room from the last time. She picked it up from his vanity table. She stood in front of him. "Look up at me, Bobbi." He did, and as he looked up he saw her standing there in her black business suit. He saw her dark, short-cut hair, her silver earrings, but most of all he looked into her dark eyes, and he knew he belonged to her, body and soul. Shawn saw it in his eyes; he knew she owned him. "My sweet soon-to-be little wife now needs to be punished for acting out and be put in her place." Shawn held the paddle up to his face. "Kiss it, Bobbi." He did. "Now, kiss my hands and ask for your punishment." He kissed each of her hands and, looking up at her, said, "Please Shawn, give me what I need."

It came down hard and true. As he had been taught to do years ago, Bobbi counted them out. "One. Thank you, Ma'am. Two. Thank you, Ma'am." There were fifteen in all. Afterwards, on his knees, Bobbi thanked her. Shawn watched him next as he sat down to go to the potty. He didn't try to cover himself as he patted dry with the tissue. "That's good," Shawn thought. After he washed his face and hands, Shawn took him in her arms. "Mommy loves you, Sweetheart, but you must always mind me and never upset me as you did tonight." "I'm sorry, I'll try to be a better girl." He pushed his face into her breasts, she heard him murmur "Mommy". Bobbi slept on his tummy

that night, but he went to sleep secure in his place, knowing he was loved and cared for. Even the painful welts on his cheeks didn't seem to hurt as bad as he thought they would. They were soothed by the soft cotton panties Shawn had put him in as she tucked him in.

As Shawn lay in bed, after taking care of her needs, she thought about the night. She had done the right thing, Bobbi must be trained to behave well, and must be kept in his place under her. "When I said 'Mommy loves you,' he called me 'Mommy'. We are bonding so closely, I know I will be so happy with my new lover, my little shemale wife-to-be."

Shawn worried about Bobbi having nothing to do all day, plus she had lots of business stuff to tend to. Some nights she just wanted to come home and relax. A drink, a good meal, and relax. Shawn loved to have a glass of brandy and a small cigar after dinner. It was the only time she smoked. She liked the male feeling the cigar gave her. "Bobbi, let the dishes go a minute and come in here." Bobbi sat on a footstool at her feet, and looked up at her with his young love. "I've found a woman who gives private lessons to boys who want to be girls. She can teach you a great deal about how to walk, sit, stand, and hold your hands as a woman does. If I let you do this, you would go for your lessons at 1 PM and I would pick you up after work. Would you like to go?" "Oh yes, Shawn. Oh I would love to go, may I please?" "All right, dear, I'll let you try it for a week, but I want to see some results before you can go on. Is that clear?" "Oh yes, Shawn, I'll show you every thing I learn, I promise." "But Bobbi, you will go to your lessons in a taxi, I don't want you riding the bus anymore. I don't want some male jerk trying to pick you up." Bobbi blushed. He was aware of the effect he had on men, he noticed it when Shawn took him for a walk in the park. "They get hot looking at me," he thought. He knew, his female self just knew, these men wanted him, *that* way.

On the first day of his lessons, Shawn took him herself. She went in, and the teacher, a Ms DuBois, sat down with them and told Bobbi the rules of the house. "Here, boys will behave as young ladies, or they will be disciplined as allowed by their keeper." With that, she looked at Shawn. "Ma'am, what sort of punishments may I use on young Bobbi if I feel its necessary?" "Spanking is fine," Shawn said, "and face slapping, corner time." "What about my school ruler on his hands?" Shawn looked at Bobbi who was cowering in his chair. "Yes, the ruler's fine too." "Good," Ms DuBois said. "By the way, I will not spank or use the ruler on his private parts. I feel that's best done at home by his keeper." Shawn had not heard that term, "keeper" before, but she liked it. Ms DuBois was from Paris, and had Old World ways of doing things. Shawn thought this would be good for Bobbi; she had talked to several instructors of she/males and had chosen Ms DuBois because of her ways, and also because Shawn thought she would be very strict with her young charge.

A man was trying to buy Shawn's stores, and she was very busy with her work. She could use all the help she could get in training Bobbi. As they discussed more of his training details, Bobbi tried to sit as upright in his chair as possible. Under his boy clothes he was wearing, as Ms DuBois had asked for, nylons, a garter belt, matching panties, and a new bra that fit his budding new girl breasts well. He thought once the training started he would go into a dress, and heels. They had brought garment bags

of his clothes for that purpose. Shawn had even let him pick some of them out. Bobbi knew that older, strong women always ruled younger boys and punished them when necessary. He was sure that's what all older women did with boys like him. He knew of course that didn't happen to most other boys, like, say, Jack. "I wonder if Jack is still thinking about me." As he thought about Jack, he felt a little tingle in his new breasts and a tug in his panties. Thinking about Jack and the things he wanted to do to him always gave Bobbi a thrill.

"Bobbi, pay attention when I speak to you," Ms DuBois said and with that, her hand turned his cheek red. "I'm sorry, Ma'am." "While you are being schooled by me, you will always pay strict attention, understood?" "Yes, Ma'am." Shawn said she needed to get to her office. "Can you wait just a few minutes? I would like for Bobbi to do something for you before you leave." "Very well." Ms Du Bois took Bobbi by the ear lobe and led him into the other room. There, she quickly removed his boy clothes, and put him in a pink, heavy ruffled dress, with a pair of low-heeled white pumps. Then she told him what he was to do. They returned to where Shawn was. "Shawn, I wish to say something to you, if I may," Bobbi said. Shawn nodded her approval. With that, Bobbi stood in front of her, and quickly got down on his knees, "My Queen, with all my heart, I thank you for bringing me to Ms DuBois to be trained to be a better girl. I will do my very best to not disappoint you and to also learn to serve you well. I wish to be a good girl and to always obey you."

Shawn was touched. She reached down and guided Bobbi up. "How sweet, darling, that made Mommy very happy." Then she leaned over and kissed Bobbi on his lips. Shawn looked at Ms DuBois and smiled. Ms DuBois winked at her, saying with her eyes, "We know what he needs, and we'll make this boy into the girl you want him to be."

In her car, driving to the office, Shawn thought, "Ms DuBois is one sharp lady, I chose well with her." Then she saw in the mirror that she had smeared her lipstick when she kissed Bobbi. "Damn. Oh well, just more of the price I have to pay for having a young wife," she thought.

Bobbi's lessons were hard, walking with a book balanced on his head to learn good posture. Serving tea to Ms DuBois for what seemed like 1000 times. Smoothing his dress or shirt just so before sitting down. The list of things to do to learn how to be a young lady went on and on. By the time Shawn picked him up after her work, he would often fall asleep in the car. But the lessons were working. Shawn could see results after just a week. Bobbi was required to watch old movies at home with female film stars, and to study how they acted as woman. He had to write a report for Ms DuBois on each film of the things he learned by watching the woman stars act. He was now allowed to address Ms DuBois as Madam.

There were, of course, discipline problems, Bobbi tried so hard because he wanted to please Madam, and thus please Shawn, that at times he made mistakes. He spilled the tea, he held his skirts the wrong way, and he dropped the book. Each time he was punished and with each punishment he was given a stern lecture on what his faults were and what he must do to correct them. At first he didn't know how to act when he was being lectured, but that changed after a few times. Now, when he sat in the straight chair while she lectured him, he felt he was transported to another place.

He felt like he was roped to the chair, that Madam held his life in her hands, that she controlled every cell in his young body. He became very used to these feelings, he came to like them a lot, and it felt like he was a prisoner to Madam. Locked up by her in his petticoats, panties, and lace-covered dresses, as she gave him orders on how to act. That evening at home he had to write lines in his blue book, given to him by Madam. "I'm so sorry I spilled the tea, please forgive me, I promise to be a more careful girl." He had to write this 100 times and give it to Madam the next day. Shawn always knew when Bobbi had a bad day, whenever she saw him going to his room with his blue book, and pencil in hand. "Were you a naughty boy today, Darling. I mean, were you a naughty girl?"

## But Not Quite Yet

Shawn had talked to T.J. again about all that was going on with Bobbi. T.J. again said “Go slow.” Then she added how important it was that when that first time happened that everything work well for Bobbi. That he truly feel he was a woman being taken for the first time. That he really felt ready for his crowning glory, in his female role. Most importantly, he must achieve a full climax. “So, Shawn, be as sure as you can be when you pick the time, that’s it’s the *right* time for our virgin boy to give it up, as he becomes your woman.”

Shawn, as she drove back to the store was saying “Damn, damn, damn, this is so much work and trouble, and it’s taking so long. My God, it would have been easier with a real girl, and much quicker.” Little did she know what that thought would turn into that night.

At home that night, Bobbi fixed a light dinner for them. Instead of eating, Shawn had another drink. “Do you want to eat now?” he asked. “No, I’m not hungry. Now, don’t bother me, go cut out some paper dolls or something.” Bobbi put the food away as he bit his lip. Then he went to his bedroom and closed the door. Shawn thought as she finished her drink, “I need to get out of here for a while. Being here night after night with Little Miss Beauty Queen is getting on my nerves. Plus, that sweet stuff in her panties is *still* not ready to be had. Damn, I’m getting tired of my dildo! She fixed herself another drink, then she walked over to Bobbi’s door. He was crying, she could hear him. “Oh God,” she thought, “sometimes it’s like he’s ready for his period every night.” She opened the door and walked in. “Bobbi, what’s wrong now?” “You don’t like—sob,sob—my cooking. I worked—sob,sob—so hard to make you a nice dinner, and you won’t eat it. I’ll never make a good wife for you—sob. I’m such a failure !”

Shawn pulled a chair up to the bed. “Now listen to me, you are acting like a spoiled little bitch, and I won’t tolerate that! Get off that bed!” He stood and got his face slapped twice on each side. Tears rolled down his face. Shawn reached under her skirt and took her panties off, rolled them into a ball, and stuck them into his mouth. The sounds stopped, but the tears keep rolling down. “Get over that chair!” Shawn’s anger and frustrations filled the room. Bobbi trembled, his nipples were swollen, the tears continued. She pulled his house dress up and his panties ripped as she pulled them down. All of Shawn’s frustration over trying to get Bobbi ready to be her shemale wife was coming out tonight. “Damn,” she thought, “I should put him in a girl’s school, or better yet a girl’s reform school. Those girls would get him converted real quick, he would be the jail slut real quick.” Bobbi lay over the chair, his plump girlish little cheeks exposed, ready for what was to come. “Bobbi, does Ms DuBois see the back of your upper legs when she helps you change dresses?” He murmured, “Yes, Ma’am.” “Well, she’ll have something to see tomorrow.” Shawn had laid the paddle down and picked up her heavy leather belt. It came down hard with a shish as it went through the air. It hit the back of his legs so hard he almost slid off the chair. Shawn kicked her shoe off and put her foot squarely on Bobbi’s back. Shawn could taste it in her mouth now, that dominant taste she knew so well, and loved. The belt came down again. The energy was running high in Shawn now, her breasts felt tight, nipples erect. She could feel her wetness on her legs. Bobbi tried to count each time off, but he

could not speak with her panties in his mouth. He counted to six in his head before Shawn got hold of herself and was able to stop. She stood over him breathing hard. "Go clean yourself up, Bobbi." He could hardly get off the chair, his legs were a mass of bright red welts. Shawn left the room and went to the living room. She poured herself another drink, her hand shook. She downed the drink. Then she went to her bedroom and quickly used her vibrator.

In the bathroom, Bobbi was trying to put some salve on his legs; they were so sore and painful he could hardly touch them. Shawn came into the bathroom; she was almost afraid to look at his legs. "I hope there's no scars," she thought. "I want this girl perfect and plastic surgery is costly." "Bobbi, as soon as you have cared for yourself, get the kitchen cleaned up and put the punishment things back where they belong. You can have a little bite to eat if you want it, but no ice cream ! Then I want you in bed at 8:00, in cotton panties, and no sexual thoughts in bed. Do you understand, young lady?" "Yes Ma'am, I do."

While Bobbi took care of his needs, Shawn went to her bedroom and changed into a tight white short-sleeved sweater. Over this, she dressed in a black silk pant suit. She did her make up, rather heavy on her eyes. She put on a heavy silver bracelet and matching ring. Then heeled black boots. As she came out of her room, Bobbi was going to the kitchen to clean it. "Remember, as soon as the kitchen's done, I want you in bed and behaving yourself." "Yes Shawn, I promise I will." Shawn took her car keys and left. Bobbi didn't know what to think, she had never acted this way before. This was the hardest punishment he had ever received from her. He was sure he must have deserved it, otherwise she wouldn't have done it, but still he didn't know what he had done wrong. Then, where did she go? She never just left like that. When would she be back? The idea that she might not come back never entered his head. Shawn was the center of Bobbi's life. First, it had been his mommy, now it was Shawn. Bobbi did not seem to be aware, as Shawn and his therapist were, that Shawn had now replaced the other one.

He cried as he started cleaning the kitchen. After he finished, he tried to eat a bite but had to give up, because he started crying again. He lay his head on the kitchen counter and sobbed. Then he stopped; he had been ordered to go to bed when the kitchen was done. "I must not disobey," he thought. He got up and went to his bathroom. He cleaned his face with the special cleaner Shawn had gotten for him. He went to the stool and pulled his dress up to go. Afterwards he put some cotton panties and a gown on as she had told him to. Then he got into his bed, on his tummy. He kept thinking how Shawn had just left without a word. Where did she go? This was, no doubt, something he should not be thinking about. As he lay there on his new peach-colored silk sheet that Shawn had just gotten for him, he tried to think of other things. Then his mind went to what she had done to him earlier. He could see her standing over him with the heavy belt in her hand. She was so beautiful, as he looked up to her in his mind. Then he saw himself closing his eyes as the belt came down on his nude legs. The hurt was so deep, and yet so, well, sweet. Yes, sweet. Now that the slave had taken some of the sting away, it didn't hurt as bad as it had earlier in the kitchen when he was down on his hands and knees cleaning the floor. That was the way Shawn wanted it cleaned, she didn't allow him to use a mop. As his thoughts went

back to his punishment, he felt a tingle in his newly growing breasts. He reached up, put his hands under his chest and touched his nipples. They tightened. "Oh God, I love my breasts so." He thought of Jack for a moment and the things he thought Jack wanted to do to him. Then he started thinking again of laying on the chair under Shawn as she whipped him. Bobbi was growing excited. His hand went down into the cotton panties. It felt so good there: warm, tingling, and secret there under the blankets and the silk spread. "I shouldn't be doing this, I know I shouldn't, Shawn said not to." His nipples were erect now, as was something else. "I took my punishment well, I was a good girl, I am a good girl. Someday, Shawn is going to take me and do those things to me. I know she is, it's going to feel so..." And then it happened. He couldn't help it. It came so fast. "Oh, I'm such a bad girl! When will I learn to obey better?"

Bobbi got out of bed. He quickly washed his panties out, and hung them to dry where Shawn wouldn't look for them. Then he put on fresh panties and got back in bed. He pictured Shawn in his mind, as she had been when he first went to work for her. Sitting in her office chair, with her dark bottomless eyes swallowing him up. She was so strong and powerful. So fully in control of him. "Oh, I love her so much, I must learn to obey better. She will be a wonderful husband for me, I just know she will. I'm such a lucky girl!" With that, Bobbi dropped deeply into sleep.

## The Pick Up

Shawn drove through the rain-streaked streets slowly. She had been drinking, she didn't want to be stopped and perhaps get a D.U.I. She was heading for a women's gay bar, the one where she had met her last girl friend. "I want a girl under me," she thought. She pulled into the parking lot; the rain had stopped. She didn't want to get her silk suit wet. She walked down the half-flight of steps to the club. It was smoky. "Damn, I wish these girls would stop smoking. They need their butts spanked. Oh, screw it, that's not why I'm here." Shawn walked slowly to the stand-up bar, every eye in the place was on her. She made a striking figure at 5'11". Her dark butch-cut hair, her heavy made-up dark eyes and the expensive black silk suit got everyone's attention. She ordered a scotch with water back. The heavy silver bracelet and ring caught the light as she raised the glass. She surveyed the dance floor. This crowd was mostly working class girls, young office workers, and blue collar girls. Shawn was sure some were carpenters, painters and truck drivers, making their statement about themselves through their work and their choice of sexual partners.

The music from the small all female group on the bandstand was slow, low and sexy. Some of the dancers held each other close enough and in such a way that they appeared to be having sex on the dance floor with their clothes on. Shawn was sure there were some damp panties on that dance floor. She smiled to her self. "I need pussy tonight," she thought, "I need to get some, and I will." Shawn was sure she could almost have her pick of the crowd. Women on the floor looked over at her as they danced by. Then a girl at the bar offered to buy her a drink. "No thanks, honey," Shawn said with a smile. "She's not right for me," she thought. It felt good to know she still had the power with these woman. Most of them wanted, or badly needed, a strong, powerful woman like Shawn to take charge and dominate them. Shawn would do that tonight, once she picked out her lucky little piece of fluff. She could almost taste it, that strong bittersweet taste of another woman in high heat. The power she would feel when she put the woman down there on her knees, as she held her with a handful of her hair. "Yes, I want it," Shawn thought, "I want her to taste my power." She could feel that power rising now in her full breasts and in the beginning dampness between her legs. She turned to see the dance floor better. Which one will it be ?

At home, Bobbi dreamed of his wedding. In the dream he could see himself in his white bridal gown. He was so proud he was still a virgin, so glad he hadn't given it away like some boys he knew, like Jamie for just a ring. He wore a veil, and his gown had a long train. This was perhaps every shemale's dream: to be married, in a white gown, and veil. Shawn was next to him, the perfect husband. So handsome in her black tux, her hair cut even shorter for the wedding.

Shawn spotted her on the dance floor, a sexy little redhead, dancing in the arms of a middle-aged school teacher type. She had great T and A, plus a just-right face. Saucy thick lips, a cute nose. She wore big, hooped ear rings. She looked just right to Shawn; already she could see her down on the floor on her knees, begging for it.

Shawn downed her drink and walked out on the floor; the music was still soft, and sexy. Shawn walked up to the couple and tapped the school teacher on the shoulder. The woman turned her head and looked at Shawn. "You're done, honey, you're

out of here.” Before the woman could respond, Shawn took the redhead in her arms, and moved across the dance floor with her.

“Wow, you’re fast, and oh God, so good-looking!” the girl said. Shawn pulled her in close. Yes, really good breasts and up close Shawn liked the way the girl looked even better. “Have you been good lately?” Shawn said. “Well, that depends on what you mean,” the girl said. “What I mean,” Shawn said, “is that it looks to me like you could use a good spanking before anything else.” The girl looked up at Shawn. She could see the desire in the girl’s eyes already, almost pleading for it. “My name is Shawn, and I’m in charge. Is that understood?” “Yes, I mean yes, Ma’am. Uh, yes Ma’am Miss Shawn.” “That’s better. What’s your name, little one?” “I’m Pat,” she said. “Well, now you’re Patti and you’ll do as I say, is that clear?” “Yes Ma’am, Miss Shawn.” “It’s Mistress Shawn, not Miss. Now, do you have an apartment, without a room mate?” “Yes, Mistress, it’s small but nice.” “Do you have Scotch there?” The girl shook her head no. “Go get your coat and meet me at the door.” The girl walked towards her booth. The school teacher started towards her, but the redhead shook her head, no. Shawn went to the bar, spoke low to the blonde, tattooed woman bartender; then she handed her some folded money. In a minute, the barkeep gave Shawn a brown bag. Shawn took Patti by the arm to the parking lot. “Do you have a car here?” Patti said no, her friend the school teacher had brought her. Shawn guided Patti to her car. Patti was impressed with the black BMW.

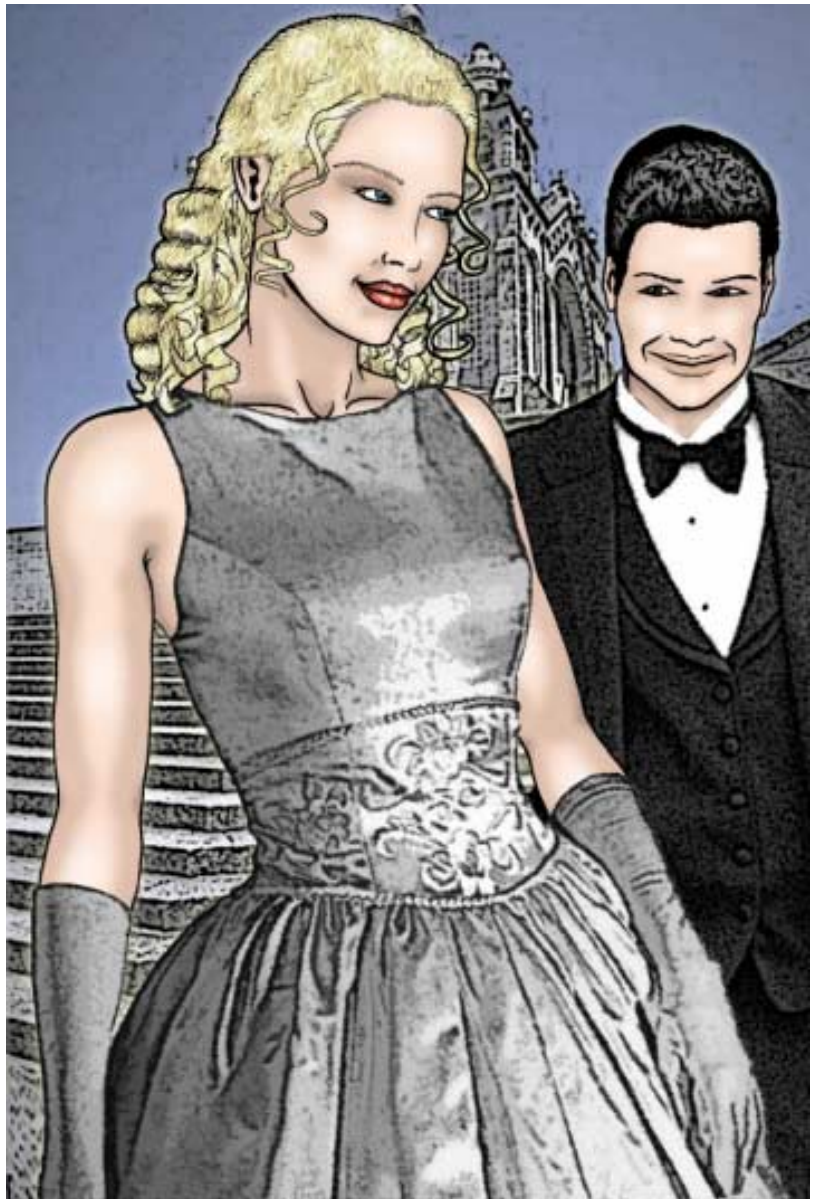
Shawn started the car, then she reached over and took Patti in her arms, Patti murmured, “Oh God!” just as Shawn took her face in one hand and kissed her deep. Patti was breathing hard. “Sit close to me,” Shawn said, then she took Patti’s hand and put it up high between her legs. “Give me the directions, Baby.” It had started to sprinkle again, the dark night closed in around their car. Inside, on the leather seats, with jazz on the radio, the two woman dreamed their exotic dreams. Patti wanted to be taken, spanked hard first, then maybe more rough stuff, maybe tied up, and slapped around. She kept a coil of rope at home just for this purpose. Thus far it was unused. “I’m in luck tonight,” she thought. “This strong butch woman is going to use me and abuse me, Oh god, I need that so badly.” Her hand pushed against Shawn there between her legs. She could feel the power from there flowing into her fingers. Patti shuddered; she had never been with so powerful a woman before. She had become damp on the dance floor, now she was soaking wet there. In the darkness of their night journey, Shawn dreamed of taking this girl. “Damn Bobbi, that little slut, so precious, so wanted, and I must wait till everything is just right before I take him.

“Well, there will be no waiting with this redhead, her panties are getting ripped off fast, if she even has any on. Then I’m going to take my anger at the long wait at home out on her. What a ride this little bitch is going to get tonight, and she going down under me for a real face full. She’ll learn what it’s like to be under a strong ruling woman tonight. Too bad for her this will be her only time with me, but I won’t be back, I’m going to marry Bobbi one of these days, if he ever gets his femaleness together, and is ready to be a married shemale.” Shawn was so sick and tired of T.J., and Ms DuBois telling her “Now go slow, don’t rush little Bobbi. Give him lots of time to be a her, don’t pluck the fruit ‘til it’s ripe, et cetera, et cetera!” “OK, I’ll wait for little Bobbi, but I’ve got some sweet-looking red-haired fruit I’m gonna pluck tonight!”

They parked in the drive way. Her apartment was upstairs over the garage. It was small but neat, sort of girlish. Shawn handed her the bottle. "Here, go pour us drinks." As they drank, Shawn told Patti to get on her knees and take her boots off. "Kiss each one before you set them down." The girl did as she was told. Good, Shawn thought, she minds well. The girl asked where Shawn lived. "Shut up, I don't want to talk now." The girl submissively lowered her head and sipped her drink.

When she was ready, Shawn stood up, took the girl by the arm and took her into the bed room. "Strip," Shawn said. The girl began taking her clothes off. When she was down to her blouse and panties, Shawn took over. First she slapped her face, then she pulled her blouse off, complete with the buttons. "Bet you've daydreamed many times of being raped by a strong, beautiful woman like me, haven't you?" "Oh God, yes," she replied. Slap and her face stung again. "Say 'Yes, Mistress,' you little bitch." The girl repeated it, "Yes, mistress." Shawn gripped her panties at the waist and ripped them off with one strong pull. Then, Shawn pushed her onto the bed, spread her legs, kneeled, lowered her head and Shawn's hungry mouth took her. The girl screamed as the rush came to her, draining her, as the sheet wrapped her hands and a sweat puddle on her stomach. Now Shawn lay on her back. "Get down there, girl and make me happy," Shawn said.

The girl went to work, her head between Shawn's strong legs. "Oh, she's good," Shawn thought, "very good, a super tongue." It went on for quite a while. Shawn gripped the upper bed posts each time she came to her several highs. Then Shawn reached down and grabbed a handful of the girl's red hair and pushed her face further down into it. At last they rested. The girl brought them glasses of water, then she came back with the coil of rope. Shawn smiled. "Well, at least you know what you need, don't you, my little sweet lips?" The girl was so excited by what was going to happen she couldn't speak. Shawn tied her hands behind her, then turned her and tied her ankles to the bed posts. Shawn went into the other room.



She found a large old-fashioned wooden hairbrush and took it to the bedroom. “Bet this is why she has this,” she thought, “just like she had the rope.” She untied one foot, wadded up the girl’s torn panties and stuck them in her mouth. “Here, see what you taste like.” Shawn rolled her on her side. “Shake your head when you’ve had enough.” The girl’s bare cheek stuck up in the air. It seemed to be begging Shawn, “Here I am. Please use that hair brush on me. Please punish me, I need it so badly.”

Then, holding the hair brush high in her hand, Shawn brought it down on her cheeks, hard and again and again. The girl begin to cry, but didn’t move her head. Even though Shawn was tired from all she had been through; still it felt good to be swinging her arm on this girl, *very* good. Shawn could taste her excitement. Finally the girl shook her head. Shawn stopped, felt the sweat on her breasts and how hard her nipples were after the work out. Then she untied her and took the panties from her mouth. The girl was in so much pain she had to stand, she couldn’t sit. She just stood there and looked at Shawn like a love-struck kid. “Go get me a drink ,” Shawn ordered. When she returned Shawn said “That was good. Now, don’t ask questions because I won’t answer them. This was a one-night stand and it will never happen again. If we ever see each other in public, just smile and keep walking. Be glad for what you got, Patti. I am.” With that, Shawn got up and slowly got dressed. She reached over and licked the girl’s lips, then she left. Patti stood there in the nude, with her red bottom still stinging and the taste of Shawn’s tongue on her lips. She was in a daze, then finally she said to the empty room, “Thank you, thank you, thank you...”

## Virgin Days Grow Short

When Shawn got home she looked in on her Bobbi. He was sound asleep. She took a hot shower. Her stress was all gone. “Nothing like getting a little to banish the stress,” she thought. Then she smiled. “Of course, I wouldn’t actually say that was a little. Wow, that was a lot. That little red head was one hot piece!” She toweled off, Then in front of the mirror she flexed the muscles in her arms, smiled at herself, and thought, “You hunk, you.” She used powder, walked to her bedroom and slipped into bed, nude. A happy hunk, she was asleep in minutes.

The next day at the office she wrote herself a memo: “Get started with Bobbi, a little more here, a little more there. Feel him up more, touch him down there. If he feels ready, and safe, give him a hand job. He’s in my web, I just need to tighten it more.” She put the memo in her purse, and looked at it several times that day. She called Ms DuBois. “Please tell Bobbi I’m taking him out to dinner tonight. Can you ‘girl him up’ for me so he can pass?” Ms DuBois assured her Bobbi could go out in public any time now and pass as a girl with ease. “With the hormones, the beauty treatments and all he’s learned from me, he will make an excellent girl for you anytime.” As she hung up, Shawn thought, “That’s a good sign. He is so close to being ready. My prize is so close, I can almost taste it.”

She took him to dinner at an Italian place, very upscale, which Bobbi loved. He kept busy being all the girl he could be for Shawn, checking his makeup in his new compact, checking his hair. He also knew without looking that the men in the room were checking him out. They drove home. On the way, Shawn said, “Did you see the way all the men started at you?” “Well a little, yes.” “No Bobbi, a lot. When I marry you, you will wear a large wedding ring.” “Please Shawn, can I have a pretty engagement ring too? All the girls get them. May I please, pretty please? Oh Shawn, my girl’s heart is so set on it. I must have the ring, please.” “Oh, all right.”

Shawn had already talked at length to Bobbi about her plan. Once Shawn switched him over into being a full-time girl, Bobbi would become known as Shawn’s long-lost niece. Shawn would buy the necessary I.D. for her. The only remaining problem was the people in her building that had seen Bobbi from time to time in the elevator, as a boy. What to tell them if they asked? Shawn was not on a close friendship basis with anyone there. The story she came up with was, the boy was a long-lost nephew, but he’s gone now to live with his aunt in Texas. This is his sister who will now live with me. Shawn knew it was iffy, but she also knew people are too interested in themselves to pay much attention to others. If anyone asks about the wedding ring, we’ll tell them the truth, she wears it to keep the men away.

As they sat on the sofa watching an after-dinner movie, Shawn put her arm around Bobbi. He smuggled up close to her. After a while, she softly kissed his ear with her tongue. Lately she had been watching Bobbi closely through the peep holes. She knew “it” stood up often, usually just after he took his panties off. She loved to watch him sort of pet it, and sometimes stroke it. But usually there was no more than that, no milking. She assumed that took place in his bed.

The light was low as they watched the movie. She put her hand high up on his leg, she knew how he loved that. After a while she moved her hand and put it just under

his dress. Bobbi wiggled now. "He is so ready," she thought. Slowly, her hand moved up his leg. "Just like a girl's leg," Shawn thought, smooth and silky. Then Bobbi, who was always so passive, just scooted down some on the sofa. As he did, Shawn's hand went all the way up to his panties. Her fingers could feel it, it was pushing against his gaff. It must hurt, she thought, being pushed back like that. "Baby, do you want mommy to take your gaff off?" He whispered, "Yes please." "All right, stand up." She took it off and pulled his panties back up. She helped him back up to the sofa. Shawn believed that being in panties was an important part of keeping boy-girls excited.

Shawn was growing excited. "Go slow," she said to herself. She just held him for a while with her arm around him. He felt so good sitting close to her. "He's so little, my little one." Then she turned his head, and kissed him, letting her tongue play inside his mouth. Then she touched his new breasts through his lacy bra and dress. His young girl's breasts, his pride and joy, were so swollen, the nipples erect. Shawn pinched one through the bra. He shuddered and took a deep breath. The area on the sofa was alive with Shawn's heavy perfume and the sexual vibes between them.

"Come with me, Bobbi." She guided him to her bedroom. She sat on the bed, and he stood in front of her. "It's time for this now, Darling. It's not going to be all, not everything, but it will be a start for getting you ready to be my wife." She undressed him as he stood there. When she took his panties off, it stood straight out, and he tried to cover it with his hands, his arms pulled forward, as any modest girl would do. "No, Bobbi, soon you will be my wife, so it's time that you no longer hide your sex from me. Put your hands at your sides, cup them back." It was warm in the room, but he trembled as he stood before her in the nude. She cupped his breasts. "They are so lovely, Bobbi. You must be very proud of them, and I see they are still growing." He nodded yes. He was breathing hard. As he stood there in the nude for her, Shawn was enjoying her ownership of him. "It's like creating a piece of art," she thought, "molding this boy into the girl I want him to be, well, almost a girl." She reached her hand behind him and slowly stroked his tender young cheeks. She ran her finger lightly down the crack. He gasped and trembled, his hips beginning to move. She looked down at it; it was swollen, and throbbing. "Mommy is not going to punish you now, Darling, you can relax." But she knew his anxiety was not just fear of a spanking, it was a virgin's fear of sexual things, fear of the unknown. Shawn loved it, his fear. She relished it, her power created this in him. She could even taste his fear, it was bitter sweet in her mouth.

She lay him on the bed and covered him with a silk sheet; his long lashes closed his eyes. She looked at his long lashes and smiled a self-indulgent smile. Her hand stroked his golden long hair as her other hand went under the sheet. She had hardly touched him when the milk came out. He was so ready, he could not help himself. "It's all right, Darling." His legs were shaking, she wiped him off. Then she lay down by him and held him a little while. Their breasts touched and pushed together. The full breasts of a mature woman, and the budding breasts of a young girl, a girl-boy. After a while she begins to kiss him and touch his breasts, squeezing his nipples. Then she began kissing them and gently sucking on his nipples. Her other hand was down there again. Quickly it came up again, as she guessed it would. Ah, 19 years old! Her tongue and lips were on his face and his breasts. Her hand stroked, slowly at first, then

faster. He lasted longer this time and he sighed, he moaned, when her lips were close to his. He kissed her back, little school girl kisses. After her well-placed stroking, she whispered to him, "Give it all to me now, Bobbi, obey me." The milk came again, much more this time. She covered it with a towel that was pink. He rolled over to her, she held him. He said, "I love you so much, I want to be the best wife in the world." "I think you will be darling, once you're fully trained." He napped as she held him. After a while, she woke him. "It's time for you to go to your bed, Bobbi." He got up slowly. "Give Mommy a kiss." She patted him on the bottom and he went off to his room, hips slowly moving side to side. As Shawn lay in her bed, she was very pleased that it went so well. "I'm sure he felt safe, in first sex with me. Some more of this will lead us to the real thing." She smiled, well-pleased with herself, then she opened the leather sheath and took her friend out. After using it she was soon asleep.

As Bobbi lay in his bed, dreams of weddings floated through his head. He was the bride bedecked in white with ruffles and lace and pearls and Shawn in a tux, so strong, and handsome. And the bride's maid, and flower girl! Then he thought, "Oh God, where will we get all these people? Maybe the two cute boys at beauty school could crossdress for this, or maybe I should get real girls, like Rita from my high school sewing class." Bobbi gave no thought to the more practical aspects of all of this, Shawn would take care of all of that, just like she always did. Mommies always take care of things. Bobbi stretched in his bed; he was wearing a long beige-colored gown. He felt his breasts. Oh, what Shawn had done to them earlier! He had dreamed of that and now, it had happened. His hand reached down in his gown. He could still see Shawn kissing and sucking his breasts with their nipples so erect and swollen. His hand slid down there. "Oh God, I've done it again," he thought, "well, I'll wash my panties out in the morning." Soon he smiled off to sleep.

A few days later, Shawn brought home Bobbi's new I.D. It had cost quite a lot, but it was very good. It was a driver's license with a photo of Bobbi as a female and a description as a woman. This was sort of funny, Shawn thought, since Bobbi didn't know how to drive. There was also a Social Security card. Bobbi couldn't wait to get his library card as a girl. All those romance books they had! He was dying to read them. Shawn had put signs up around the town house which read **THINK GIRL, DO GIRL, BE A GIRL**. The cleaning woman would just have to wonder about it.

That evening after work, Shawn lay in the tub with a glass of wine, while Bobbi massaged her feet propped up on the edge. "Tonight, Bobbi darling, my precious little girl crosses the line and becomes the full-time woman you have always wanted to be. I'm turning you out tonight. Your dream has come true. A girl at last and there's no going back. Yes, my darling one, now it's panties forever, with all the dresses you could ever want! We're going to get you all dressed up, and then I'm taking you out to celebrate and you can carry your new female I.D. in your new silver purse." Already Bobbi had six purses, and still begged Shawn for more. Then Shawn kissed Bobbi and Bobbi glowed, as he thought "I'm a girl, a woman, at last. My dreams have come true!" As he was dressing, a few tears fell down his cheeks. Tears of happiness, and tears for his new womanhood, and also tears of loss. As he sat on the vanity stool, he thought, "I wish my Momma was here. I miss her so much sometimes and I wish she could see how beautiful I will look tonight."

Shawn came in to help her shemale finish dressing. Shawn was dressed to the max, in her butch best. Bobbi wore a black cocktail dress, with pearls, black heels and a shawl made of silver thread. When he was all dressed, makeup with his jewelry on, he modeled for Shawn. "Oh Baby, you are foxy! Wow, maybe I shouldn't take you out. Every man in the place will have a heart attack, wanting you!" "Oh Shawn, please. You promised." "All right sweet, but don't you even look like you're making eyes at some man or I'll bring you home and whip you with my belt." "I won't, I promise." Bobbi loved it when Shawn talked to him that way. It made him feel loved and special, and it really made him feel like a woman, Shawn's woman. After all, this is how husbands talk to their wives and men to their girl friends in the old movies he watched. Bobbi sneaked one final look at her new girl self in the mirror. "Gosh, I am beautiful!" Then he mouthed the words, "You go, girl!"

They went to a very expensive hotel where Shawn had made reservations. They had dinner in the intimate dining room. All the men did look. Shawn thought to herself, "Oh, if you men only knew what is in her panties!" They had champagne with the meal. Bobbi glowed, the waiter couldn't do enough for them. Shawn told Bobbi how happy she was with his change to female. Bobbi thanked her from the bottom of his heart. "I've always wanted to be a female, a woman, a girl. Ever since I was first dressed up in panties and a dress. It was so long ago, but I still remember those feelings. That tingling all over and the way the clothes felt—so soft and so tight in certain places. That feeling of going off to somewhere special and being a whole different person, but still me. I always felt so safe back then, when I was dressed up. I would look at my little girl face in the mirror, and I just hoped that someday I would grow up to be a big girl, and now I have. I can't find the words to thank you enough Shawn, I love you so dearly."

Shawn was very touched by all of that. "Well," she thought, "tonight we'll find out if you can deliver in bed." Bobbi wanted ice cream, Shawn ordered him a small piece of cake. "Young ladies in dinner dresses don't eat ice cream in public." "Yes, Ma'am," Bobbi said as he smiled at her.

Later, Shawn took them to a small, high-class women's gay bar. They had a drink in a booth and when the music was slow, Shawn took Bobbi out to the dance floor. Bobbi had a few dance lessons at Ms DuBois training classes, dancing with the maid there, who was tall and had strong arms. Bobbi thought she had a very deep voice for a maid. But he did learn the basics, so he was able to dance with Shawn fairly well. All the woman in the bar watched them as they danced. "What a doll!" one woman said. "God, I would love to have that sweet little piece for even just one night."

Before the ladies started coming to their booth to ask for a dance, Shawn took Bobbi's arm, left a nice tip and they left. Shawn drove a little faster than usual; she was in a hurry to get Bobbi home. "I wonder if this is how men feel when they know they are going to get some, and from a virgin no less." "Yeah, baby," she thought, "I'm taking your precious cherry tonight. This butch woman is going to make this shemale my girl for sure." She pulled the car into the garage.

Shawn told Bobbi to sit on the sofa while she got the bedroom ready. It had not been said in so many words, but Bobbi understood tonight was the night he would sexually become Shawn's wife. He hoped he could do it right and do it the way Shawn

wanted it. "She will have to show me," he thought. He sat on the sofa, his legs crossed under the black dress. Already, Bobbi had adopted the habit some woman have of letting their heeled shoe dangle off of his toes, just holding the shoe in place with his toes. He ran his fingers over his pearls. He wondered if he should take his lip stick off before he got in bed, or leave it on. Anyone watching would have said, "What a beautiful young woman!" "Oh," he thought, "I wish she would hurry." Bobbi's gaff was so full and so tight, he was afraid the seams might rip, and he was nervous. He keep thinking, "I won't be a virgin tomorrow."

In the bedroom, Shawn laid out the new rose-colored gown she had gotten for Bobbi. No panties tonight for her sweet one. The light was low and soft pink. She had lit her favorite incense and started the flute music on the C.D. She got a wooden straight chair out. She lay a pair of chrome handcuffs she had bought the day before on the chair. There was also a ball mouth gag. Across the back of the chair she draped her heavy leather black belt. She stripped her clothes off. "I'm ready to take my new wife," she thought and she went to the door. "Bobbi, come here now." He stood, a nervous smile on his red lips; he pulled his heeled shoe back on. He moved slow. "Come on, Bobbi, I'm waiting for you." As he walked towards her, he could feel his gaff straining, but he still did his best to sway his hips in a womanly way as he approached her. "Come in, Darling," she said as she held the door open for her new woman. Bobbi tried not to stare at Shawn's nude body, but he couldn't help himself. He did not look as most males would; instead he looked in wonder. Shawn's breast's were a full 36 C, her legs were long and strong and well-shaped and her waist was narrow. Bobbi had never looked at a woman's sex before. Shawn's was covered with her curled black hair, shaved at her panty line. Bobbi looked in envy. "Oh, if I had a body like that...", he thought. "Undress, Bobbi, put your things over there and be quick about it." Nude, Bobbi returned and stood in front of her.

Shawn put him under the rule of silence. Shawn spread his legs. Shawn still wore her high black heels. Bobbi looked up at her. Shawn put her hand between her legs. It was wet there, and she took her hand and wiped it across Bobbi's mouth. Her woman's scent was strong in his nostrils. Then she slapped his face hard. "Are you ready to be punished and to begin to give yourself to me as my new wife?" "Yes, Ma'am." "No, Bobbi, it's now 'Yes my husband, yes my lord and master'." "Yes my husband, my master. Oh yes, please take me," he said.

She pulled his gaff off. "It" stood straight out, swollen in the night's air. "That thing won't last during his punishment," she thought, "it's too swollen. I had better deal with it." She stepped to the dresser and came back with a latex glove on one hand. On the chair she lay a small pink hand towel. Bobbi looked down at the towel. Did she *know* that was the kind of towel Mommy used to give him when he was allowed to...? She must know somehow! God, Shawn knew *everything*. "Bend over, Bobbi." With his hands on the chair, he stood bent over, his cheeks up high. She put lube on her gloved finger, then he felt her finger in him. Just like the doctor had done. But Shawn didn't take it out. It stayed there and went deeper. Then it began to move in and out. Then Shawn reached under him. As he bent over the chair, she took him with her other hand. Between her two hands, her finger inside of him, and the other one around him in front, he lasted only a minute, as she knew he would. He stood and

she handed him the pink towel to clean himself. This was just like old times, *happy* times in the short black pleated skirt, with his cotton panties pulled down, and after the spanking, Mommy would hand him the pink towel and go in the other room. But this was different, he was a young lady now, not a little girl-boy, and Shawn was to become his husband tonight. Shawn did not leave the room, but instead stood there by him, at least six feet tall in her heels. She was a tower of female power standing over Bobbi, directing his every move and thought, fully controlling him with her power. Shawn slipped a thin leather slip noose with a leash over Bobbi's head. With his head property bowed, she led him to her bed.

"Lay on the floor, Bobbi, here by the bed, on your back." Then Shawn lay on the edge of the bed, so she could drape her leg over the side. As Bobbi lay there on the floor, he felt her foot on his breasts. She circled it on them, tweaking his nipples with her toes, then her toes were in his mouth. "Suck them," she ordered. He did. Shawn reached to the bedside table and lit one of her cigars. As Bobbi was sexually tormented by her foot on his breasts, in his mouth, and then on his sex, she lay back and smoked her cigar, feeling the male in herself, as she controlled her conquest. Bobbi must have felt it too, as it didn't take long for him to begin to respond as a female to her, to her foot, and to her maleness. After a few more smoke rings, Shawn said "So is my precious little wife about ready to take her place in my bed, and give her sweet sex gift to her lord, and master?" Bobbi tried to answer but his mouth was full of Shawn's toes. He made bubble sounds. "What did you say, wife?" When she took her toes from his mouth and placed them on his sex, he answered "Yes, my husband, I am ready."

Shawn got up, pulled Bobbi up with his leash. She took him to the whipping chair and he bent over, with his hands behind his back. "We need to get my wife ready for her master." She put the ball gag in his mouth and tied the straps behind his head. Next came the handcuffs, with the feel of their cold metal, Bobbi felt a cold chill go through his body. He trembled, he was almost overcome with fear. As Shawn stood above him, she watched this and smiled. "How I love this," she thought. "My ownership of him/her is so complete. I am loved, respected, served and obeyed by my she-male, the one who I have created."

Shawn raised her arm, the belt hung silent in the air for a second. It was such a special moment that they both felt the union between them. Then it came down on its mark, hard and true, its sound swishing through the air. Shawn's dark eyes were shining, a wicked smile spread across her lips. Bobbi was given ten of her best. Shawn's wetness increased with each swing of the belt. Then she stopped and lay the belt down. "That's enough for tonight, I have other plans for my sweet one." She took the ball gag from his mouth. "Who do you love, Bobbi?" "Only you, my husband, you and only you." She took the cuffs off, and pushed him on to the bed.

The moon light came through the skylight, the room seemed to be draped in the soft, haunting flute music. The incense took a back seat to the exotic perfume Shawn put on both of them, a dab on his ear lobes, and on his tummy, just above his sex. Bobbi lay on his back, his legs spread. Shawn sat on her knees between his legs, looking down at him. As she looked in Bobbi's eyes, she could see the love that overflowed there for her. She looked down between his legs. "It" was so lovely standing up there, just waiting for her. At last, she thought, "Its mine, all mine, at long last." "Bobbi,

when I sit on you, just keep pushing your hips up to me. That's all you need to do, to be my good wife." Then, as she looked at it again, standing up there for her, she slapped it hard. "Now it's mine," she said. Then she poised over him on her hands and knees, and then at last, she moved back and sat on him.

After a little while Bobbi was sure he had left the world. He didn't know just where he went, but he knew it was what Heaven must be like: all sweetness and light. But then it changed and it became tight and hard. It was a pulling and pushing feeling. It even hurt some, but it hurt good, a sweet sexual hurt. "I'm a wife at last," he thought, "and my husband is having me, taking me, sexing me!" He tried to keep pushing his hips up to her but she came down so hard on him, it was hard to do. "I'm losing it, losing my virginity!" He bit his lip and tasted blood. Bobbi started to swing his head from side to side and moan and suck the moisture in his mouth. Shawn slapped him hard as she continued to move up and down. Then she grabbed his golden hair and held his head still. Still she came down on him, again and again. And it stood up for her, an inner knowing telling him that was what he should do, to keep it up there for her. At last, they came together. Shawn arched her back, and made sounds deep in her throat. Bobbi shuddered and bit his lip again, harder this time.

There was a glow in the room, the lovely male bride could feel it on his skin, the female husband could taste it in her mouth. Through the skylight, the woman in the moon smiled. Shawn slowly got up off the bed and walked to the window at the side of the room. She opened it and deeply inhaled the night's warm summer air. Oh God, it was so good, so worth it all. Bobbi slowly, tenderly, came and stood close behind her. Shawn reached around and pulled him to her back with her arm. He lay against her, his golden curls tumbling down his back. Bobbi, too, smelled the night air; there was a stillness in the room. Shawn looked out the window, the city lay quiet and Shawn felt a real sense of deep inner peace, like things had settled into place. "Everything has changed," Bobbi thought, "I'm a girl now, a special kind of girl, *my* kind. I'll never be a boy again. I'm no longer a virgin, I'm not! I do hope I did it all well, like Shawn wanted. I'm glad I waited for the right one, and didn't throw it away like Jamie did in high school. Oh Mommy, you told me to save it, 'til the right person took me, and I did." Shawn turned around and took Bobbi in her strong arms. "You did well, little one. There is much more for you to learn so you can please me, your husband, but don't worry, I'll train you."

She stood there holding him for a while. Then she told him to go to his bed. Bobbi knew Shawn liked to sleep alone. She kissed him tenderly on his lips. Then she swatted him on his bottom. "Go to your bed, wife." As Bobbi left the room, he was so full of happiness, he thought he would burst. "Wife," she had said. "Yes, yes, I am a wife at last. Tonight I became her wife." He floated out her door and down the hall to his room, where, in a crisp white cotton gown with lace at the neck, and lace panties, he was asleep in minutes, his fingers touching the rose buds embroidered on the skirt of his gown. Bobbi snuggled down in his bed and breathed a deep sigh. "I am a woman loved," he thought, as sleep overtook him, a woman at last.

## The Vegas Idea

Shawn had the idea weeks earlier. “Bobbi is going to want a real wedding,” she thought. “It’s all those woman’s mags he reads and the TV. ‘For your wedding, wear the coolest clothes, do your make up just so, be sure you get the engagement ring, have a big wedding.’ They just fill these young girls’ heads full of all these things, then I have to pay for them. Damn,” Shawn thought. “Well, my problem is much more than that. I’m a thirty-five year old woman who wants to marry a boy. The boy wants to be—and will be—the bride and I will be the female groom. Now, just where in Hell are we going to get married?”

Then it came to her. When she got to the office she made a list, then got on the phone. Vegas was her idea. They do everything in Vegas, and they will do anything. First she called an entertainment booking place and asked if there were any drag shows in Vegas. “Are you kidding?” the guy said. “There’s lots of them!”

He gave Shawn the phone numbers of several, including the biggest and best-known one. Shawn had to talk to several people there that night, but at last got a boy who understood what Shawn was trying to find. “So,” the show girl-boy named Toni said, “you want to find a wedding chapel where you can marry your shemale who will be the bride. You, the older woman, will wear a tux, be very butch, and you will be the groom.” “Yes,” Shawn said, “thank God, you understand.” “Will your bride-to-be need a bridesmaid?” he asked. “Oh yes, would you consider it?” Shawn replied. “Wow!” Toni said. “Sure, what a trip. I would love to be her bridesmaid, and I could bring some friends with me. Maybe one of the boys would like to be the flower girl. I also have a gay woman friend who loves to wear male clothes. She could be your best man.” Shawn couldn’t believe her luck, she was getting everything she needed. “But wait,” Shawn said. “We need a place to get married, and someone to do it.” “Oh, Honey, I’ve already got that figured out. There’s a gay church here with a butch woman minister. I’ll have to ask but I’m sure she will do it. You’ll have to pay to use the church, of course.” “Wonderful. Of course, I’ll pay. In fact, I’ll want to pay for a party for you, and your friends who take part.” “Cool !” Toni said. Shawn took his home phone, and said, “In a day or two, I’ll get back to you, and we can work out the date.” Toni said he would talk to the minister.

Shawn wanted to tell Bobbi, as she was driving home from work. “No,” she thought, “I’ll keep it a surprise, but I think I’ll tell him we are going somewhere special to have a real wedding. Then he can try to guess the rest of it.” At home, Bobbi lit up like a Christmas tree. At last Shawn said, “Bobbi, sit down and be quiet a minute. My God, I’m afraid you are going to wet your panties!” He calmed down at last and asked permission to go to his room to start making lists of every thing that would need to be done. “Bobbi, how many candles are on the table?” Bobbi looked. “Only one, Ma’am.” “That’s right, and that means what?” “It means I don’t have to ask you permission to-night to do things.” “That’s right, Love, so go start your lists, but I want my dinner served at eight sharp.” “Yes, my Lord.”

Shawn had started this two weeks earlier. She called it O.T.L.M., which meant **Obeying The Lord and Master**, which in this home of course was Shawn. The way Bobbi showed his desire to obey was to not do anything without first asking for

Shawn's permission. But it got to be a bit too much for Shawn so she set down the next rule. If only one candle stood on the table, Bobbi did not have to ask for permission, but if there were two candles, then he had to ask for permission before doing anything. So the first thing each morning as Bobbi got out of bed early to make Shawn's coffee, he looked at the table to see what the rule for the day was. At first it had been fun for Bobbi, then it bothered him that he had to ask permission for everything on certain days. He felt so bound to her then, like a slave, moving only with the approval of his King/Queen. Bobbi always tried to think of Shawn as his King, which was hard sometimes, because Shawn was such a beautiful woman.

## Little Girls Must Learn To Behave

On this early morning, as Bobbi entered the living room he looked over at the candles. There were two; Shawn had done that last night. "This is an 'ask for permission' day," Bobbi thought. He was wearing curlers in his hair. He had his baby doll gown and matching pink panties on, all under the lovely silk dressing gown Shawn had given him. Bobbi had been told he would have to wait to go to beauty school, until after he had completed his change over to being a full time girl, and until after the wedding. As he made her coffee he thought, "I want to go to beauty school so bad!" He had even dreamed of one of the cute boys there, the kind of dream he would not want to tell Shawn about. It was that kind of dream where boys do things with each other, *those* kind of things. After Shawn had started her "ask for permission" program, she had decided to put it to a real test. That evening she had dressed Bobbi in a special little girl's outfit she had bought for this purpose. She thought it would be a good outfit to put Little Miss Bobbi in her place from time to time. As she sat on his bed, she directed his dressing. "Put the bloomers on first," she said "and then your bra ". Shawn had found a store that sold little girl's clothes for big girls. She had bought a complete outfit for Bobbi who had very mixed feeling about it. Part of him wanted to be a little girl again, as he had been for his Mommy in the past. But the other part of him saw himself as a grown young woman now, going out to dinner in a chic black dinner dress, with heels and pearls. As Shawn watched Bobbi getting dressed she thought this is a good time to lecture him about his behavior.

"Now Darling, put the petticoats on. Here, I'll help with it. Just think, little girls used to wear these all the time." Bobbi pushed and pulled to get them on; all the ruffles and elastic made it hard to get them on. Then she had Bobbi put on the little pink-trimmed anklets and the black patent little girl's shoes with a strap, and buckle. "Now Darling, come over here and stand in front of Mommy." Bobbi obeyed. "Bow your head and listen closely to me. Some people are meant to rule, they are to be obeyed, and some people are meant to be ruled. They are to always obey the orders of the one who rules them. I know you understand these things, I even know that deep down inside of you, you have a real need to obey me, and accept my position, and my rule over you. But sometimes, because you are only human, you tend to rebel against my rule. You have these hidden feelings that you shouldn't have to do this or that, just because I tell you to. It's these hidden feelings that I want to remove from you. They are harmful to you. They keep you from being my humble wife, my servant. They keep you from lying down under me and accepting me fully as your Lord and Master. I'm going to keep working to remove these wrong feelings from you. This, just like all the other things I do, are for your best good. Now, step over here and look at me." Bobbi stepped to where she sat on the bed, he looked at her. She slapped his cheek so hard it turned bright red, then she cupped his face in her hand and kissed him hard on the lips.

"Tonight is a special training night for you, a time for you to more fully accept your position of being under me, under my feet, under my rule." "Yes, my husband and Lord. May I say something, please?" "You may." "Sometimes when you make me do certain things, or in certain ways, I just feel like, well, like I'm just your slave." "Bobbi, sometimes that is what you are *supposed* to feel like. You see, little Bobbi, sometimes you have been my special girl friend. Soon we will be married and then you will be my

wife. But sometimes, I want you to be my slave and my whipping boy, I mean girl. Now, you listen closely to me, Little Miss Bobbi, you will always be what I want you to be. Is that clear?" "Yes, my master, very clear." "You should be so happy that I allow you to serve me in these ways. Get on your knees and kiss my shoes. Cover them with your lips, slave girl!" He went to his knees.

After the shoe worship, Bobbi finished getting into his little girl's outfit. The dress was a dream, all white but trimmed in pink. Pink ribbons, pink bows, pink lace, even pink buttons down the back. A little girl's dream. The dress matched the petticoats and the panties and the bra. "Oh Darling, you look so precious," Shawn said. "Do some curtsies and bows for me." He did and loved doing them. Bobbi was now enjoying himself and beginning to get excited. He could feel it pushing against his gaff. Shawn had taught him how to pull it all up high between his legs and then back. This allowed him to wear a much tighter-fitting gaff. These, however, not only fitted tighter, they were not cut as full. This resulted in sensations that at times became painful. Shawn told him that was good for him, he needed to feel pain in his panties, that was part of being a shemale, she had said. Of course, Bobbi soon figured out, as all shemales do, that wearing that kind of gaff could be a sort of unseen thrill. All he had to do was stand with his legs in a certain way and squeeze his upper thighs just right... It was Thrill City going on under his dress. And Shawn didn't know he was doing it. "Oh, I'm so sneaky at times, I deserve the punishment I get," he thought.

"Go stand in the corner, Bobbi and don't touch yourself while I'm gone." When she returned, she had a plastic dish pan in her hand and a large pitcher of water. From the top of the dresser she took a pair of handcuffs, a pink colored mouth gag and a small leather riding whip. "Come here to Mommy, Darling. Rule of silence, now!" She turned him around, then she pulled his hands back and cuffed them. Bobbi had seen the leather riding whip lying on the bed. He started to get cold chills; he didn't know what she was going to do, but he did know it was going to hurt, maybe a lot. Shawn filled a glass with the water. "Drink this, Dear, all of it." She poured it in his mouth so fast some of it spilled on his dress. She refilled the glass. "Bobbi, Mommy wants you to drink some more for her." She tipped the glass up to his lips, he drank as fast as he could. Still, some spilled on his pretty new dress. "Bad girl, Bobbi, spilling your drinks like that." Shawn stood and moved to Bobbi's back, she held his dress up by its ruffles. "God," she thought, "this boy has the sexist legs in the world." Then she brought the riding whip down hard on the back of his legs. Bobbi went up on his tip toes. "Careful, Darling, don't move around too much, I might miss the intended place." With that, it came down again. "I like this," Shawn thought, "this little riding whip feels good in my hand, it gives a painful whack." She could see the red marks on his legs. Shawn poured another glass of water. "Drink it all, Bobbi and don't spill any." She held his head back with a handful of his blond curly hair. Then she pinned the back of his dress up. "Walk around and model for me, Bobbi, like a little girl would do, I know it's hard with the hand cuffs on, but do your best. Maybe I'll get you some of those old movies of that cute little girl, Shirley something, she could be a good model for you. Now move around, Sweetheart, show me what you can do." He did his best; it was hard to do anything with the handcuffs on and his legs burned where the whip had come down, but he did his best and tried to smile, a sweet little girl's smile. His eyes saw the riding whip lying on the bed by Shawn, His mouth was dry like it had salt in

it. But still he smiled and then, as he became engulfed in the ritual going on in the room, he felt “it” grow hard, pushing against his gaff.

“All right Bobbi, that’s enough of that. Stand still, close your eyes, and bow your head.” He could hear Shawn doing something, but he could not tell what it was. Then he felt Shawn standing next to him. “How is that new gaff doing, Little One? Is it keeping everything back out of sight like it’s supposed to?” “Yes, my Lord, I believe so.” “Well, let’s see. Spread your legs.” Bobbi spread his legs, Shawn reached under his dress with the whip. He could feel it rub against him, then her hand was there, checking out the gaff, and its contents. As her hand moved around on it, she asked, “Is it too tight on my little girl?” “NoMaster, it’s fine.” “Well, good,” she said as she pushed hard against it one more time, with the riding whip. He tried, but couldn’t find his voice.

Shawn put the gag in his mouth and tied it in place with its pink ribbons. “This way, Bobbi.” She led him by his arm to the corner. “Step into this dish pan, Bobbi.” He did as ordered, wondering what was going on. “Don’t move until you are told you can.” Then Shawn went into the bathroom; the door was right there by the dish pan Bobbi was standing in. He could hear her in the bathroom, then he heard the fall of her water in the stool. Then it hit him. “Oh my God,” he thought, “I need to go so badly.” All the water she had made him drink was fast catching up with him. He squeezed his thighs. “Hold it,” he thought, “don’t tinkle in your panties. She’ll let me go in a minute as soon as she thinks of it.” Shawn walked out of the bathroom, retying her dressing gown, with a strange smile on her dark red lips. Bobbi tried to get her attention with his eyes, he mumbled under the mouth gag. At the same time he was holding his legs together and beginning to move his feet around in the dish pan. “Hold still, Bobbi.” She used the whip on his exposed legs again. “And young lady, I can tell what you are thinking by your eyes. Now you listen close. You are not to go pee pee while you are standing in that pan. Do you understand?” He nodded his head yes. Shawn was enjoying it. She could see the panic in his eyes, he could not hold his legs still. “If you wet your panties, Bobbi, you will get such a whipping, you will be unable to sit down all week !” Then Shawn pulled up a straight chair, the kind she used to give spankings with and she sat down where she could look at Bobbi’s face and eyes.

He did his best to not go in his panties; he counted from 1 to 100 and over again. He tried deep breathing. He held his legs together as tight as he could. He kept looking at her, hoping, praying she would release him, so he could go pee pee. She was so beautiful as she sat there in her dressing gown. His mind remembered all of the sexual things she had done to him. He begin to get excited that way, but it didn’t last because he hurt so bad from having to go and not being allowed to and the gaff was so tight. He didn’t think to question why Shawn was doing this to him; after all, she was the Lord and Master and he was, as she had told him, her slave. Shawn lit a cigar, the smaller ones she enjoyed so much. She blew the smoke in Bobbi’s direction. She felt her power so strongly as the cigar smoke encircled him. “Maybe later,” she thought, “when he’s deeper into his training, I’ll get a new strap-on dildo and begin to man my little girl. I won’t use my old one, I want to keep it in memory of my last girl friend.”

Then it happened, Bobbi doubled over. He could no longer stand the pain of holding it; as he bent over, the flood came out, running down his legs, filling the dish pan. His

panties were soaked, the front of his dress was wet. His little white and pink anklets and his little girl shoes were covered with his urine. Shawn just watched with a knowing smile on her face. Bobbi's eyes were on her, they pleaded with her to release him. She let him stand in it a while, then she left the room. "Oh God," Bobbi thought, "how long will she leave me like this?" The odor was growing strong. At last she returned, holding an instant camera. She stood in front of him. "Look up at me, Bobbi," and she snapped two shots of him. Then she went behind him and took two pictures there, showing his dress pinned up and the red marks on his wet legs. She stepped back in front again. "Oh Bobbi, you are so sweet, even like this, you're my damsel in distress." Tears flowed down his cheeks, his eyes were red from crying. The smell was getting stronger, he was shaking a little. "It's from the fear," Shawn thought. "Training is hard for a little one like Bobbi, but it is what he needs to fill his deep inner needs. I must remain hard on him, while I am molding him into his true place, under me.

"I know he feels my love for him even as I put him under my feet." Shawn had a flash of a picture she had seen before in her daydreams. It was a picture of her sitting on a throne. She was wearing a crown on her head and she had a beard. She was very much the King. Lying on the floor, under her feet, was her little Bobbi. The look on his face was one of utter worship for his King. The vision, so fleeting, was still full of strong feeling. Shawn couldn't help herself; she put her hand between her legs. As she watched Bobbi being so helpless, she stroked herself "there". Bobbi hovered in the pan, tears rolling down his face, as he continued to bend over. Shawn clamped the cigar in her mouth, walked around and removed his hand cuffs. "Stand up straight, you little bitch. Look what you have done, peed all over yourself, wet your panties, your petticoats, your dress. You should be ashamed of yourself." Bobbi gushed tears and wrung his hands together. He tried to say, "I'm sorry," but he was crying so hard he couldn't get the words out. "God, you smell bad." Shawn raised her hand and slapped him hard, once on each cheek, leaving bright red marks. "You listen closely, girl. You're a bad girl. You are to go to the bathroom, put all those wet smelly clothes in the tub, rinse them out, then put them in the washer. Empty and wash this pan out and put it up in case we need it again. Then you are allowed to go shower, use lots of soap on Mary Jane. When you are dry, you may come to my room in your dressing gown. Any questions?" "No, Master." Shawn turned and left for her room, still smoking her cigar. Bobbi hurried to do all his tasks, so he could get in the shower.

Back in her room Shawn lay on the bed and smiled. She was proud of herself. "I did a good job with my little slave. He is getting it, I know he is. Everyday he is becoming more and more submissive to me. He knows he belongs to me, that I own him. But I worry sometimes because he is such a beautiful young woman. I worry that it may all go to his head. He may think he's too good for this. Then there's another worry, an even bigger one. Sometime when he's by himself, some man may hit on him and do it just right, and it may turn Bobbi on. He may start wondering what it's like to be taken by a man. What it would feel like deep up inside of him. I need to watch him like a hawk, 'til I have him so well broken and fully under my rule and power, that he would never dream of letting a man feel up in his panties, or another woman for that matter. I also need to get that new strap-on and think about when I will begin to man Bobbi." Then Shawn dozed off. In her dream, she was the King again, but this time as she sat on her throne, her fly was open. She could not see it clearly in the dream, but she

knew “it” was there. Bobbi was down there on his knees; his beautiful blonde curls were bobbing up and down as he did something to it, and it felt so good.

At last, Bobbi stood in the shower, letting the hot water run over his shoulders, washing the stress away. He thought about her saying, “Use lots of soap, wash Mary Jane off real good.” Despite the pain on his legs from the riding whip, he still smiled as he thought about Mary Jane. It had happened weeks earlier, one night as he lay in his bed and Shawn sat beside the bed on a chair. She had come in to tuck him in for the night. But as she sat there, she pulled his comforter back. Then she had pulled his gown up and his panties down. He lay there fully exposed to her; he remembered now how naked he felt that night. Bobbi had never been naked in front of anyone except his mother when he was young. He was still trying to adjust to being naked in front of Shawn whenever she ordered him to be so. Sitting by his bed, she took his sex in her hand. “What do you call this, Bobbi, what’s its name?” “Well, when I was little, Mommy named it Dee Dee, so I’ve always called it that, my Dee Dee.” “That’s sweet, Dear,” Shawn said as she held it, “but you’re a big girl now, and my...just look, Bobbi, it’s getting bigger as I hold it. I think it’s time we rename it, give it a big girl’s name.” “What will we name it?” Bobbi asked. “Let’s see, it needs a good name, something nice, and polite, respectable. I know, we’ll call it Mary Jane. That’s a good name for it.” Bobbi smiled. “Oh yes, that sounds just right.” So, on that very night, little Dee Dee became Miss Mary Jane. As the hot water poured over him in the shower, Bobbi took Mary Jane in hand and washed her with lots of soap, washed her very hard, so hard in fact that there in the shower, Mary Jane gave up all her milk. At least for the time being.

After his shower, he put on powder and his dressing gown and went to Shawn’s room as ordered. Shawn still lay on her bed. Her dressing gown was open and Bobbi could see her sex. He tried to not look. Shawn sat up, she picked up the photos she had taken of him in the dish pan. “Look at these, Bobbi.” He did. “I want you to keep these in your room and if you get to thinking you’re so hot or you shouldn’t be my slave and serve me, or if you start enjoying having men look at you, then I want you to get these out and look at them. You see, Bobbi, that’s what I can do to you, and things even worse. So don’t you ever forget who you are and what your place is. Most of all, don’t you ever forget that you belong to me.” Bobbi nodded his head yes. “I’ll punish you tomorrow night for going pee pee without my permission. Go to bed now.”

## **In Her Service**

After dinner the next night, Shawn took Bobbi to her room. She held him in a very loving way; he was in Heaven. At last she said, “I’m not going to punish you tonight. Don’t think you are getting out of it, I just might do it later. By the way, let’s see how your legs look.” He was in a little house dress. He turned around and held his dress up for her to see. The red welts were still there, but not as sore-looking as the previous

night. “Keep putting the salve on, Sweetie, they will heal.” Shawn gave Bobbi a kiss. “Mommy loves you, Sweetheart. Get a pillow and kneel down on the floor, I want you to rub my feet.” Bobbi loved being at her feet, he loved rubbing them, and looking up at her.

After a while, when he looked up, Shawn had her legs spread and was smiling as Bobbi looked up at her. “It’s all right, Baby, you can look.” Her hair was so dark there, pure black. Bobbi looked at the sacred place between her legs. Shawn keep smiling at him, Bobbi smiled back. Shawn thought, “I’ll have him do it tonight. This is the time, I can feel it.” “Scoot in closer to me, Darling.” Shawn reached with her hands and guided Bobbi’s head closer between her spread legs. He was now so close he could smell her femaleness, her pubic hair touched his cheeks. Bobbi was both excited and fearful. He had no idea what was expected of him, or what was going to happen. “Just relax, little one, I’m going to teach you how to be my girl friend. We’re going to be two loving woman together now. This is what some woman do with each other, sharing love and sex. This will help you to be even more of a woman, Bobbi. I’ll guide you, just do as I tell you to.” This night, Bobbi learned another way to be a woman and new uses for his lips and tongue. When he was finished, Shawn had wet his face well and he had served her well. As she lay back on the bed, she thought, “Not bad for his first time down there. My little shemale did as well as any woman I’ve ever let go down there.” Shawn had loved looking down at golden curls, as his head had moved back and forth. She smiled, she was pleased. The next day, Shawn told Bobbi he could start beauty school after their wedding. In the meantime he could come back to the store and work. She wanted him to learn the business, in case she needed time off.

Bobbi started back to work, as a young lady, the next day. All the woman there were glad to see him again. But now he appeared as a woman, so they had to start calling him “her” and “she”. They accepted him well and he was pleased with their full acceptance of the new “her”. All these ladies had been at the store when Bobbi first started working there as a young teenage boy; now he was back as a young woman. They didn’t know if he had had a sex change or not and no one asked. They just knew that he was now a very beautiful young lady and they were all happy for him. The women had always liked Bobbi. He had never been like most boys, loud and pushy. Bobbi had always been quiet, very polite and most respectful of all the ladies. You could tell his mother had raised him right and trained him well. It helped too that the three stores, the dress shop, boutique, and hair salon, had always catered to cross dressers and the ladies who worked there were very accepting of those sweet men who preferred to wear dresses and panties. The sales women had guessed Bobbi would end up in dresses, too. Judy told Alice, “Dear, I would give anything it I could get my Bill to start wearing dresses, even just at home, I’ll tell you if I had it to do over again, I would only marry a sweet little crossdresser. That Shawn is a very lucky woman to have Bobbi fully crossdressed as he is now.” Shawn overheard bits of this talk. “Little do they know *how* lucky I am,” she thought.

## The Nights Of A Maiden

While Shawn waited for her new friend in Vegas to get all the details put together for their wedding, Bobbi passed happy days working again at the store where it had all started for him. At least once a week he had his hair done in the beauty shop; he also was helping with the window designs. He seemed to have a talent for that.

Then one day, as Bobbi was standing up in the window helping another woman with the display they were doing, Bobbi glanced out to the street. He could not believe his eyes. There on the corner was Jack, just standing there, looking down the street. Bobbi almost dropped the dress he was holding. He quickly turned away; he didn't want Jack to see him. He told the other woman that he had a pain in his side and he went to the lunch room to sit down. When Shawn was told of this, she went to Bobbi who said he felt better now. Shawn had him sit in her office and do paper work the rest of the day. At home that evening, Bobbi had a little soup and went to bed early. Shawn checked on him later and he seemed all right. While he read a book on hair styles, Shawn went to bed.

After midnight, Bobbi was still awake, tossing in his bed. He couldn't stop thinking of Jack; he could still see him there standing on the corner. He was so handsome, even more so than Bobbi had remembered. Bobbi was wearing a silk sheath, long and split on both sides, held at the top with tiny straps tied in bows. He had on matching colored panties, with lace around each leg, but with the legs also split up the sides. Shawn had picked this sleep set out. She had said, "It's easy to feel you up in this, Sweetheart." Now, as he lay in the bed thinking about seeing Jack, Bobbi was very aware that the loose-fitting panties under his gown were pouched up "down there". He was trying to keep his hands away from there, but every once in a while his hand would go there. He would try to push it down, but it would just come back up again. "Jack, you still torment me so," he thought, "maybe I should have given myself to you back then when you wanted me so badly. But I was such a young girl then, I mean boy." This had become a day dream of Bobbi's that he would go to from time to time, not often, but at times. Then he would try to picture and feel what it would be like if Jack took him and used him as a woman, as some men did to pretty boys. Being so inexperienced, he wasn't sure just what to picture, but he had a fairly good idea. He could sort of see himself lying under Jack and Jack was inside of him back there. It was a very exciting day dream and it always affected him, deeply. Tonight was even more affecting, as he had just seen Jack for the first time in a long while. He knew he dare not tell Shawn or he would get a severe beating.

Bobbi had a velvet bag hidden under his bed; he reached down and got it now. As he lay in bed holding the bag, he knew what he was going to do. He opened the bag, and took out a small brush, a bottle of lotion and a hair tie used for a pony tail. Shawn had first used these types of things on Bobbi, who learned to love them. So much, in fact, that he now had his own, to use late at night in bed by himself. He lay the other things by his side and held the brush in one hand. With the other hand, he pulled his split gown to the side, then he pulled his panties back. Then he touched himself. As he lay there on the bed, he could see the dark tree trunks out the window, backlit by the moon. The dark leaves seemed to dance on the tree trunks. He pulled his panties

further aside and he slapped “it” hard. He had learned to like that, slapping it, from Shawn who did that often to it. Then he picked up the brush and he began to brush it all over. It felt so good, his thoughts went to Jack again, then he remembered the hair tie. It was really hard to get it on, now that “it” was swollen “I should have put it on sooner,” he thought, “I always forget.” He struggled with it and at last he got it on and pulled down to where he wanted it. Then he used the brush some more. It all felt so good, he sucked on his lower lip. The night with the clouds drifting over the moon and the dark trees looked so spooky. Bobbi shivered and held it tight in his hand; it throbbed so. The thoughts of Jack lying on him were vivid.



He tossed on the bed smelling the perfume she put on him earlier; it was so sexy. At times he would close his eyes, other times he looked out the window at the night sky. “Put your manly arms around me, kiss me deeply, Jack. You know you have always wanted me. Now I am the lovely girl you always said I would be. I’m her now, Jack. I’m her and I’m yours. Take me, my man, Ohhhhhhh.” He arched his back, it started coming out. He quickly moved his pink towel up to catch it just in time, so much of it, flowing out onto the towel. When it was all done, Bobbi lay back in the bed. He put his other arm up on his forehead, his blond hair spread on the pillow. He breathed in deep sighs, still holding himself down there in the pink towel. He could still feel those deep inner sexual feelings. “Oh God,” he thought, “soon I’ll be a married woman, and I want so to be a good wife, I truly do. I love my husband-to-be, Shawn, so dearly. I need a good spanking for this, but I can’t tell. Maybe I’ll do something tomorrow that I’ll get a spanking for. I hope so.” He could almost feel the sting of the paddle on his cheeks. He put his things away. “I must remember to put the towel in the laundry.” Bobbi now kept a supply of small pink towels for this purpose. It reminded him of his Mommy, who he still missed at times. He snuggled down in his bed; as he drifted off to sleep, he thought about the time Shawn had put his face down between her legs. He remembered how close they had been that night, he remembered as he lay there now with the moonlight shining through the dark fingers of the night as it drifted in the window. This lovely young girl-boy, his golden blond curls spread out on the pillow, remembered as the Sandman came and took him to Lullaby Land.

## Spell Period

The next evening after work, Shawn and Bobbi sat in her car in a drug store parking lot. Bobbi was writing a list as Shawn told him what to write. They had discussed this in private at lunch in Shawn's office. Shawn had told Bobbi it was time for him to begin to learn what it was like to have a period. "You'll be talking to other young girls when you start going to beauty school. You must have the experience so you can talk about it." "But Shawn I won't really have a period." "No Darling, of course not, but you can go through the motions, you can have a play period. I want you to mark the calendar, so you do it at about the same time each month. What you cannot experience yourself, I'll explain to you so you can talk to your girl friends when the time comes."

In the store it was agreed that Shawn would stay in the background so Bobbi could experience doing this himself. He found the right shelves and began to look. Pads, he would use pads, even though most girls used the other things. He picked a box out. Santi-panties were right there, by the pads. Let's see spray, or powder, or both? God, Shawn had not told him. Then what else? Oh yes, a belt for the pads. Hmm, that sounds like fun. But he couldn't find the belts. A young woman clerk had had her eye on Bobbi. "Can I help you find something?" "Well, uh yes, I'm looking for a uh..." He couldn't say it. The young woman thought, "Gee, do you suppose this is her first period? Oh, I'm sure it's not, she looks at least eighteen." "Look honey, let me see what you have." She saw the pads, the powder. "Oh, you need a belt, here they are, down here." She handed a packaged one to Bobbi. "Thanks so much for your help, I'm sort of new at this." "Oh," the clerk said, "well, I started when I was fourteen. Guess you're a late starter. But don't worry, you'll catch up, welcome to womanhood, Honey." "Thanks," Bobbi said and he walked to the cashier to pay for his things with a big smile on his lips. Welcome to womanhood indeed! "It's been a long walk for me to get here, but I'm here at last. A girl am I." As he thought that, he felt his panties as they caressed his cheeks, he felt the crotch as it pulled up tightly against his snug-fitting gaff. It seemed like he felt them as he never really had before and Oh God they felt soooo good. He joined Shawn at the front of the store humming *I enjoy being a girl!* In the car on their way home, Bobbi sat close to Shawn as she drove. His hand was on her leg. "Oh Shawn," he said, "isn't wearing panties just the most wonderful thing ever!" "Of course, Darling, that's why we girls wear them!"

When they got home, Bobbi just had to try it all on. Shawn was tired but said OK. They went to Bobbi's bathroom; he undressed except for his bra. Shawn showed him how to hook the ends of the pad to the belt. Bobbi couldn't seem to get it right. Shawn was getting short-tempered. Then he dropped it and had to put a clean pad on. "Take your gaff off, Bobbi, you don't need that tonight." When he did, "it" stood up. He tried to push it back down, but it wouldn't stay. Shawn slapped it very hard, it went down for a few seconds, then came right back up again. "Damn thing has a mind of its own," Shawn said. Then of course Bobbi couldn't put the pad on because "it" was in the way. "Bobbi, I'm too tired for this tonight." "But Shawn, I have to do this tonight. I'm so ready, you have to help me."

"What did you say? I have to help you? You are telling me what I have to do?" Her slap caught him so hard on his face that he almost lost his footing. "Put that stuff on

the vanity and you go stand by your bed. Now!” Bobbi obeyed at once. “I really messed up,” he thought. Shawn took his bra off, she sat on his bed and Bobbi stood in front of her naked. “Bow your head!” He did. Shawn reached up and pinched both his nipples so hard that he thought he would scream. Then she took “it”, which was not standing up now, in her hand. Quickly it stood up. “You got really excited, didn’t you Bobbi, at the idea of at last being taken deeper into the female world, of having your own period, or at least pretending to.” Bobbi was afraid to speak, so he just nodded yes, it was true. “Well,” she said as she pulled on it, “this thing was the problem, wasn’t it?” He nodded yes again. Shawn walled over to the dresser where she keep her punishment tools. She came back with a small wooden ruler and a large wooden hair brush. “Uh oh,” Bobbi thought, “just last night I was thinking I needed a spanking, because of all those nasty thoughts I had about Jack, while I brushed myself, thinking about all those man things he was doing to me in my fanzine. Now I’m going to get that spanking.” Bobbi hung his head, he slowly started to cry. Shawn looked at him. “Hmm, I have not even started his punishment yet and already he’s crying, I wonder if he’s guilty of something. Well, it’s good training for him.” The tears increased and became little streams on his pretty cheeks.

“Turn sideways and put your hands on your hips, girl style.” He did, his lip trembled. Shawn picked up the ruler. She saw the quiver in his lip, then she used the ruler on the object of her punishment, with a great deal of force.

“Careful,” she told herself, “don’t cut the skin, you may be wanting this in a night or two.” Still, she spanked “it” hard with the ruler. It would go down under the spans, then come right back up again. Bobbi’s tears fell in abundance now, they glistened as they fell on his young, upturned breasts. It was so painfully exciting, it was all he could do to stand still. Even then his nail polished toes wiggled At last she stopped and took “it” in her hand. It was damp on the end. Shawn knew what that meant. She took Bobbi over her knees. His toes touched the floor as he had been trained to do. She had his arm bend up behind his back, he was not going anywhere. Her hairbrush came down hard. “Count them off, Bobbi.” He did. “One. Thank you, Master. Two...” Shawn had put a towel over her lap before he was laid there. She had ruined a skirt once before by not having a towel draped over her. When she was done, he stood up; she took “it” in her hand again and it was still swollen, red and ready. She dropped the towel on the floor below him. “Finish yourself, Bobbi. Lower your head and speak my name with love and respect as you do this for me, and do it with my name.” He began to do so; it was hard to do because it was so sore from the ruler, sore and painful to his touch. He could only do it with his thumb on one side of it and two fingers on the other side. Behind, his cheeks felt like they were on fire from the spanking. Even now he struggled with being fully naked in from of her. “I just feel like a sex object,” he thought. He had heard girls say that in stories. “But I guess sometimes that’s all I am to her, just a sex thing, to be used and abused when she wants to.” With his head bowed, he stroked it as best he could. It hurt and felt good at the same time. “Shawn, Shawn, Shawn, Shawn,” came from his lips. He could see her black heels as he looked down at the towel. Then he noticed the towel, it was pink, *his* pink towel. His milk came out and fell to the towel as he continued to softly say her name, “Shawn, Shawn, Shawn,” as the last drops fell.

Later, after being send to bed, he lay there and thought, “Yes, I did deserve that.” Then Bobbi closed his eyes and tried to find a way to lay that didn’t hurt. At last he went to sleep thinking about his upcoming wedding and picturing himself in his long, white wedding gown. The background music was joyful, *Here Comes The Bride*.

## A Night on the Town

As Shawn was driving them to work one morning she said, “Bobbi, I’m taking you on a date tonight.” “Wow, wonderful, where are we going?” “It’s a surprise, Darling, you’ll see.”

That night Shawn told Bobbi to dress like a young career woman going out for dinner. After his bath, Bobbi did the whole thing. Shawn had to yell at him to hurry it up. “Damn,” she thought, “these young woman! I swear they would spend all night just getting dressed if you let them.” “Hurry up, Bobbi. Damn it, you’re taking all night.” “I’m sorry, my husband, I am hurrying. I’ve just got to do my lipstick. Damn, look at that nylon!” Shawn looked at her watch again and lit a cigar. She better put out good for me tonight, she thought, that’s what matters!

They ate at a really upscale place. All the men, as usual, turned their heads to look at Bobbi. They, of course, wondered about the older woman she was with, the one with the short hair and deep dark eyes. “Look and eat your hearts out, boys,” Shawn thought, “this is my little piece. I’m the one who will be getting in her panties tonight, only me. And boys, you might not want that special treasure that I’ll get there, if you knew what it was.” Shawn smiled at the looking males; so did Bobbi, he loved the attention.

After dinner, Shawn drove them to a large concrete building that was under a bridge, just at the edge of downtown. The doorman looked them over and accepted the ten dollars from Shawn’s hand. They were shown to a booth up close to the stage. The place was full, mostly men, but there were some tables of woman. It took a while for Bobbi to figure out that some of the men were holding hands and a few were kissing each other. Then he realized the tables with women were doing the same things. He looked at Shawn. She put her hand on his dress-covered leg under the table. “Yes, Sweet One, it’s a gay club. Do you remember I promised to bring you here?” “Oh Shawn, yes, thank you.” Then he started looking around again. They ordered a drink from a very pretty girl in a white blouse and a very short skirt. She smiled and took their order, then Bobbi realized she had a boy’s voice, not a girl’s.

“I guess she could use some pills like you take, huh, Baby?” Shawn said as she kept her hand on his leg. Bobbi had figured out that the hand on his leg was a sign of her ownership of him. He liked it, he *liked* being owned by this strong dominant woman.

Then the floor show started, Bobbi sat fascinated by all of it. The girls were beautiful, the gowns out of this world. Bobbi counted three gowns he would die for. The way they sang, and danced! Shawn explained about lip synching. “Oh, Shawn, can I learn? Please, please, please.” Bobbi now had his hand on Shawn’s leg, rather high up. He had learned a lot of things girls did to their men to turn them on. When he really wanted something he used all the girl tricks he had learned to get his way. As she felt his hand on her leg, Shawn smiled. “This little bitch!” she thought, “he knows how to get me up and ready.” Shawn found the longer Bobbi lived with her, the more she thought of herself as a male. “I’m getting hot, and hard,” was a thought she had often now, followed by, “think I’ll get a little tonight.”

After the show, one of the show girls stopped by to say hello. Shawn invited her to join them for a drink. Bobbi made sure she did not sit next to Shawn. The girl talked about the show but you could tell she was trying to figure this pair out. Was Shawn a big butch woman and Bobbi her little piece, or was Bobbi maybe a shemale? "No," she thought, "she's too fem to be a shemale." Still, she had meet some shemales that could pass so well, you would have to look in their panties to know for sure. Bobbi was very protective of Shawn and she loved it. "My woman is staking his claim on me, big time. Great!"

At home, Shawn took Bobbi to her bed. Bobbi had put on a light peach-colored gown and panties and let his hair down. Shawn held him a while, then took his panties off and played with him as she got him ready for her. When she took him, Shawn held his wrists down to the bed. She sat on him hard and fast. "She's in such a hurry to take me," Bobbi thought. He put all his attention on her, moving his hips up to meet her, in the most womanly way, doing his best to be ready for her when she called for him. After a very sizzling, deeply sexual time, she called out to him. "Now Bobbi, now!!" He was ready, he was a good wife, and did the very best he could. Shawn reached forward for Bobbi's breasts and grasped both of them. His new breasts were so sensitive, he could not hold back, his milk flowed. But it was her time too. "Oh baby!" Shawn called out. "Oh God!" Shawn came down so hard on Bobbi, he lost his breath. They lay side by side on the bed, in the dim rose-colored light; after a while Shawn reached over and ran her fingers through Bobbi's long curly blond hair. "My baby girl, my very own shemale wife, my precious lover." Shawn reached down and took Bobbi's only remaining male part and held it in her hand. Love lay in bed with them that night. Shawn let Bobbi sleep in her bed that night. He loved sleeping down at her feet.

## Here Comes The Bride

The shemale show girl in Vegas called. "All is ready, just say when." Shawn sat a date, a week away. She told Bobbi that night. He thought he would faint, but instead got his lists out and begin to go over them with Shawn. She said no to some things. "We're not going to have white doves released in the gay church as we kiss, no!" But he got a lot of what he wanted; after all, as he kept telling Shawn "How often does a girl-boy get married? This will have to last me a lifetime."

Shawn made arrangements for Judy to run the business, saying only that she and Bobbi would be out of town for three days. Soon all was ready and they caught a plane at Thursday noon. Shawn would call Toni the show girl after they checked into their hotel and they would arrange to get together then.

Toni came to their hotel room. They all hit it off well and were soon laughing together. Then they got down to the business at hand, the wedding. Toni had done a great job and Shawn gave her a check for all her work. Toni had told them that she lived as a woman and wished to only be referred to as "she". Bobbi liked her a lot. Shawn could tell Toni would be good for Bobbi, as he had never had a shemale friend.

The wedding was set for Saturday at 2:00 PM. There would be the woman minister and her female life partner. Toni had gotten someone to take the pictures and an organ player. Toni would be the bridesmaid and her friend Jimi would serve as the flower girl/boy. The minister had found a very butch-looking woman who would wear a tux and be the "best man". They still needed someone to give the bride away. Toni called the show club and talked the manger into doing it. Bobbi thought it was a trip, the way Toni could get things done and later Bobbi told her so. "Well, honey, you got this big beautiful woman taking care of everything for you and I've just got me, and a few boy friends that come and go. So see, I have to get things done for myself."

Bobbi asked if Toni had a regular boy friend. "No baby, I don't. I keep hoping I'll catch one, but so far no luck. It seems like all these guys just want one thing, they just want to get in my panties. Then, before long, they are making eyes at some other TV or pretty boy. You don't know, Bobbi, how lucky you are, getting married. I'm sure Shawn will make you a good husband, even if she is, well, you know, a woman." Toni wondered if Shawn used a strap-on with Bobbi; she just sort of figured she did. When it was all set, Shawn took them to dinner. Toni had the night off, but Shawn promised they would be there at the show club the next night. Toni said they would do the show specially for her and Bobbi.

Later, in the same big bed, Bobbi rolled and tossed. He was too excited to go to sleep. Finally, Shawn, who was tired, reached over and pulled him to her. She had brought some pink towels and lubricant just for this purpose. She held him in her arms against her powerful breasts. She talked softly to him. "Just think, on Saturday you will be a happily married woman, my special woman." As she talked, she put the lubricant on him slowly. It felt so wet to Bobbi, he wiggled closer to Shawn. She keep talking in a low voice to him, telling him how much she loved to do him and how she loved his young girl's breasts. Now she had him firmly in her grasp and she whispered in his ear "Beg me for it, Bobbi, beg me to take your milk." He turned his face to her, his blonde curls falling over her face. "Please do me, Shawn, please take my milk,

please, please.” She pushed his face down to her breasts, he stopped speaking. When it was over, Shawn used the pink towel on him. Then they both drifted off to sleep.

The next day, Shawn took Bobbi shopping for some sexy undergarments and a new dress for that night. They went to a casino and watched people gamble; Bobbi played a slot machine. They both had other things on their minds. Later, Shawn took Bobbi up to their room for a nap. First, they talked. Shawn had never really told Bobbi her deepest feelings about what they were going to do by getting married. Now she sat and talked to him in a way she never had before. “You see, Bobbi, being the way I am I could never be married to a real man. The truth is, I prefer woman, but I want the male sex thing. Even though I’ve had real girls before, that’s my second choice. So you are just right for me, Sweetheart. You’re a beautiful girl and all girl, except for that thing between your legs. That makes you just right for me. So I want you to know when I marry you, its for real for me. I will love you and always take care of you just as though if I was a man and you were my wife. Our marriage will be different, but I know you need to live as a female, and you need not only someone to take care of you, but also to discipline you when you need it. I can do those things for you. Then too, Bobbi, in the months we have been together, I have really come to love you in my own way.” Bobbi sat still and listened to her every word; now the tears streamed down his cheeks. “Oh Shawn, thank you for telling me those special things. I needed to hear them so badly. I love you Shawn, so deeply I can’t tell you. I’ve never loved anyone but my Mommy and you.”

They held hands as they went into their nap. It would be a big night at the TV show club. After their nap Shawn told Bobbi she had an errand to run; he was to stay in the room till she returned. Earlier, Shawn had seen a sex toy shop, that’s where she went now. Inside, she looked around. There were some neat paddles and whips, but that was not what she was looking for. Then she saw the section she was looking for. A sales girl came over to see if she could help her. Shaw explained what she needed. The girl asked if the person it would be used on had experience in this. Shawn said no, that he was a virgin to this. The sales girl suggested Shawn get several, a small one to use in the beginning, then a larger one to use next, then what ever larger one she wanted to use after the boy was well opened up and had gotten used to it. The girl suggested a really small one to start with, Shawn then picked out three different sized ones; she also picked out a strap-on harness to use with it and picked up a small booklet entitled “HOW TO MAN YOUR SISSY”. Before she left, she also picked up a lovely wood paddle painted pink with the words THE BOSS on the handle. “Another wedding gift for us both,” she thought with a wicked smile on her lips.

## **The Bachelor Party, and A Shower For the Bride**

As they were getting dressed to go to the TV show club, Shawn thought about the arrangements she had made earlier with their new friend Toni. Shawn knew Bobbi had read all the bride magazines, and she was very aware that Bobbi longed for a conventional wedding, but that was not going to happen. However, she did want to make as much of his dreams as a new bride come true as she could. So she had given Toni money and asked if he would have a shopping service get, and gift wrap, presents for

Bobbi so they could have a little shower for him that evening. Shawn and Toni made a list of what presents should be purchased. But unknown to Shawn, Toni had a surprise for her, too.

They got to the club around nine. They were seated and had a drink. Shawn didn't see Toni anywhere. She hoped everything was all set. Then Toni and another girl-boy came to their table, Toni introduced the other show girl as Vickie who was new in the female impersonator biz. "Well, hey, Toni said you two should come with us and we'll show you our dressing rooms." They went backstage, Toni opened a door and they all went in. The room was full of people, mostly drag artists, and all at once they begin to sing "Here comes the bride." Shawn and Bobbi were both surprised and then some. Shawn had a big smile, Bobbi smiled and blushed. When it was a little quieter, Toni took over and seated Bobbi, then Toni made a little speech. "Bobbi, we wanted to do this little party just for you tonight, because you are very special. All crossdresser's dream of someday wearing a wedding gown, and then to really get married in it. You, Bobbi, will be living our dreams tomorrow when you marry Shawn. So we all wanted to make it as real for you as we can, in our own way." Toni leaned forward and kissed Bobbi on the cheek, he blushed again. Toni said, "Wow girl, you sure blush a lot, good thing you don't work in a drag bar ! Any way before girls become brides, they have a shower, so Bobbi this is your shower." One of the girls pulled a sheet off a table and everyone saw the table had lots of wrapped gifts on it. "Come on, Bobbi, open your wedding shower gifts." Bobbi was speechless, Shawn came forward and gave him a hand, as did his new friend Toni. Bobbi had tears running down each cheek! The gifts were great: ones to use, ones to wear, and some fun ones including a douche and a tube of virginal jelly. Drinks were served and Bobbi and Shawn got to meet all the other girls in the show. Then it was showtime, so Bobbi and Shawn went out front to their table.

The show was great and songs were dedicated to Bobbi and Shawn. Bobbi was in Heaven seeing all these beautiful boys appear as girls in their beautiful gowns and wonderful makeup. "Oh God," Bobbi thought, "maybe I should have been a show girl, a female impersonator. No," he thought, "I just want to be a married woman, I just want to be Shawn's wife. Shawn knows what to do with me when I get out of hand and need to be disciplined. I need that too, sometimes a lot." So he just relaxed and enjoyed the show.

Just before closing time, Toni took the mike and announced the cast was now going to do a special number for a special person. The lights went low. Stripper music started playing, and out of a side stage door came a show girl in a long red gown. She danced over to Shawn and Bobbi's table. The music stopped, Toni said on the P.A. "Hey folks, it's a bachelor party for someone getting married tomorrow, someone named Shawn." With that the stripper music started again and the gown came off in one swoop and underneath the show girl was dressed as a man; she slipped a jacket on. He/she danced around Shawn, flirting with her. Then as the tempo of the music increased, the male clothes came off and under them was a bikini swim suit. The girl/boy had great breasts. She went up and took Shawn's face in her hands and the shemale gave Shawn a big kiss. Everyone clapped. It took Bobbi a minute to figure out it was all in good fun, then he clapped too. Drinks were on the house.

Before they left, Shawn took Toni aside and said, "I can't thank you enough, you have made our wedding so great. If I can ever do anything for you, all you have to do is ask." Then, as promised, Shawn took everyone in the show out for a late night dinner at a gay place noted for its food. Everyone had a wonderful time. Bobbi had never done anything like this in his life. Bobbi laughed when Toni whispered in his ear, "Be careful Sweetie, when she sticks that big thing in you. Take a deep breath!" Later, Bobbi clutched his hankie and cried from sheer happiness. He and Shawn went to bed just as the first light of day was coating the sky. As they fell asleep, the new day was dawning. Their wedding day at last was here.

## Wedding Bells Are Ringing!!

It was beautiful, the church was lit with candles. The gay woman minister and her helper, her life mate, performed a wonderful ceremony. Shawn, put a wedding ring on Bobbi's third finger. Shawn did not want one. Bobbi looked like a bride out of one of the magazines and he just glowed in his white long-trained wedding dress, with its lace veil. A string of pearls was woven into his golden hair. Shawn had hired a hair-dresser, a clothing stylist and a make up artist, all to make Bobbi beautiful for his wedding. Shawn wore a tux, and looked manlier than ever except, of course, for her large chest. Toni and the other shemale who was the flower girl both looked gorgeous, passing well as females. Toni had gotten the gay club manger to stand in as Shawn's best man. The wedding clothes had been rented, but Shawn ended up buying the wedding dress for Bobbi who wanted it as a keepsake.

Miss Toni had really done everything plus. To Shawn and Bobbi's surprise, there were at least two dozen guests in the church. Toni had gotten the minister to call and invite some church members. How could they say no when she told them the groom was a thirty-something business woman and the bride was a shemale. They played Here Comes The Bride. The minister's bother walked Bobbi down the aisle and gave him away.

When Shawn kissed the bride, she *really* kissed the bride and everyone clapped. Toni whispered to her TV friend, "Wow! A butch woman that kisses like that...I might even give up boys for someone like her...maybe."

There was a small reception in the church basement, wedding cake with Shawn and Bobbi's names on it, champagne and lots of good wishes. They thanked everyone. Shawn passed an envelope of money to Toni, Bobbi said to her, "Please come visit us sometime." Toni and Bobbi hugged each other and cried together. Bobbi at last had a real shemale girlfriend. How cool! Then the newlyweds left, they had to get up early the next morning to catch a flight.

Their honeymoon was at a gay resort on the beach in Costa Rica. They had a suite with a deck that over looked the ocean. Shawn waited 'til their second night before she took her bride. Both were rested then. Shawn had given this a lot of thought. She knew Bobbi so well by then, she also knew she had a possible problem. The problem was Bobbi's incredible sex appeal. He was such a good-looking young woman. As when they had been out and around in Vegas, Shawn saw how people looked at Bobbi. Had Shawn not given some "I'll kill you" looks to some males, Bobbi would have been hit on several times. All of this told Shawn she needed to do everything she could to totally own Bobbi...own him so he really knew it.

That afternoon they went to the beach, Bobbi in his new bikini, Shawn in a one-piece skintight suit. All the gay woman there made eyes at them and drooled over one or the other. Some were attracted to Shawn; her power and dominance always showed, whether she wore a business suit, dinner dress, or swim suit. The women there who were attracted by this, looked at Bobbi with envy, wishing they could be the one to lay under Shawn's leather belt, as they were sure Bobbi was privileged to do. They could just see themselves kneeling between Shawn's long, strong legs while they still smarted from the marks of her belt.

Others were attracted to Bobbi. Two cute blondes talked about what it would be like to have her under them in the bed; they also discussed all the hot, wet things they would do to that sexy little piece of fluff. One of the blondes waved at Bobbi, but Shawn told him not to wave back.

That evening they had dinner at the hotel. The staff was all beautiful, young people, local gay kids. The young man who seated them was so good-looking, he would have made a great girl in a dress. Thinking Bobbi was a young gay girl with her older woman lover, he paid little attention to Bobbi. The waitress was a very pretty dark-eyed girl. Her skirt could not have been any shorter and still cover her cute buns. Her low-necked blouse was scooped to show as much of her ample breasts as possible. The gay woman guests loved staying there. After dinner, some of the male guests danced together to local music. Bobbi wanted to dance, but Shawn said she would not even *try* to dance to that. Bobbi would be taken dancing when they got back home.

As they ate their dinner, Shawn decided she would break Bobbi in to her strap-on that very night; this would give her even more ownership of her prize. The more things Bobbi came to look to Shawn for, and to be dependent on her for, the greater Shawn's degree of ownership. Shawn had read that males, many anyway, loved to be entered "back there" and that shemales quickly learn to love this kind of sex. Shawn smiled to herself as she thought, "Well, I want my male wife to be happy so, tonight, I'm going to take her a lot further down the road to being, and feeling, like the woman he wants to be."

After dinner they walked on the beach a while. Bobbi was nervous, Shawn could tell. All brides are nervous, even young shemale brides. Shawn took Bobbi's hand as they walked, she could feel Bobbi breathe easier. They stopped and sat on a bench. Above the ocean, the moon let its silver light slip down behind the fronds of the palm trees lining the beach. The surf softly rolled up on the sand, the air was warm and smelled of the tropics. Shawn reached over and put her strong arm around her girl-boy. She softly ran her tongue tip in his ear, then she whispered, "It's time, Precious, for me to take my wife and put her where she belongs." Shawn stood and pulled Bobbi up from the bench. Hand in hand, they walked back to the hotel.

In their room, Shawn lit the candles and the incense. She opened the sliding deck doors to let the sounds of the sea come in. Bobbi had laid his bridal night things out earlier. There, on a chair by the bed, was his new gown. It was all lace in a pale gold color to blend with his long golden hair and there were no panties. Bobbi stood in the candlelight in front of a full-length mirror. He was nude except for his open back heeled gold slippers. He held a hair brush in his hand and he was brushing his long beautiful hair out. Shawn stood to the side and watched him, with her smile saying everything that needed to be said. The candle on the table on the other side of Bobbi highlighted it. There, just below his hip line, it stood straight out. It pointed towards the mirror. Bobbi was no longer the bashful little boy-girl he had been months ago. Now he stood there for his lover and female husband to see. Proudly, his breasts stood up, the nipples erect and his most treasured part stood up in front of him, erect, hard and proud. He seemed to be saying to Shawn, "Here I am, just as you created me. The shemale wife you wanted is now all yours. Here I am."

Shawn was so turned-on she couldn't wait. She quickly pulled her clothes off, then she stepped over to Bobbi. First, she kissed him long and deep as she held his pride and joy between her strong legs. Then she stepped back and slapped him hard on both sides of his face. "Get on the floor, you little slut." Bobbi obeyed at once. Shawn stood over him and Bobbi looked up at her with eyes overflowing with love. "Spread those legs and hold it up in your hands. Hold it up to me." After she had looked for a minute, Shawn sat on him, hard and fast and she took him that way, hard and fast. Their sweat flowed down to the carpet, followed by her wetness and then his flow.

Afterwards they lay on the carpet, waiting for their breathing to return to normal. Then Shawn reached over and pinched Bobbi on the bottom, while giving him a kiss. They both showered and then got on the bed with a bottle of wine. Shawn blew out the candles. In the warm tropic darkness she stood by the bed, put her strap-on around her hips and stood there using her hands to feel the thing it held. Bobbi could not see what she had done. "Oh my," Shawn thought, "my little wife is going to be so surprised when she feels what her husband has for her tonight." Then, Shawn lay on the bed and reached out for Bobbi.

Shawn caressed his breasts and sucked hard on his nipples. With her hand, she could feel him respond down there.

Then she whispered to him, "Tonight is a special night for you, little love. Tonight I will use you the way a man uses a woman. I will go down deep inside of you tonight. I know you have never had this done to you before so I will go slow and gentle, while I teach you to take it. Once you have learned over time to take it well, then I'll go faster, and it will be bigger. You'll be proud of yourself once you have learned to do that. Now, rule of silence for you, sweet one, just listen to me, and obey me. Do you understand?" "Yes, my Lord and master."

Shawn guided his hand down to it. "Touch it, Bobbi, stroke it, feel it." Bobbi did with a sense of wonder and delight. It felt so good in his soft hands. He loved the feel of it. Then Shawn directed him to kiss it, to run his tongue over it. He did these things. He felt so loving, yet also playful with it. Then Shawn told him to take it in his mouth, all of it. "Swallow it," she said. He did his best to. He choked a little, it filled his mouth so much, yet his mouth was greedier than ever as he went after it.

Shawn pulled him up to her. She kissed him and ran her tongue in his mouth and on his face. He lay by her and his breasts pushed hard down against hers. She had never done this to him before, he loved it. "It's like we're two women with our breasts pushing together," he thought. Two woman in love making. Then Shawn said, "You're going to take this now, Bobbi. Its time you fully become my woman."

She put him on his back and put a pillow under his hips. Bobbi wanted so badly to speak, but could not. He felt sweat under his shaved armpits. "God," he thought, "is it going to hurt?" He had read stories of virgins being taken for the first time, and how much it hurt when it came into them. He bit his lip, two tears went down his cheeks. Shawn watched it all and in the darkness her lips formed a wicked smile. "How I love this," she thought, "my very own girl-boy, my shemale wife and tonight I take the last part of him. His most private, hidden special place, and tonight it's all mine."

Shawn opened a tube of jelly. She drew a latex glove over her hand and put the jelly on her middle finger. She knelt on her knees beside him. "This will be cold and it may hurt, Bobbi, but this is necessary to prepare you for what will be next. Now, just try to relax. Think about how much you love me and how devoted you are to me, your Lord. Bobbi went to his special place, the way he had learned to do when he was little. Those times when he was up against the wall with mommy. When he was in that short pleated dress and the white, tight cotton panties.

He felt the cold jelly first, although he didn't know what it was, then he felt her finger as it slowly worked its way into him back there. At first he thought it hurt, then he thought it did hurt, but just a little less. Then he remembered—this felt like when the doctor had done this to him. He remembered he liked it once the doctor had started doing it.

As well as she could, Shawn watched him closely in the darkened room. She pressed her finger deeper in and with her other hand, she reached up and pinched Bobbi's nipples. His response was just what she had hoped for. He liked this. She watched as he bit his lip, a sure sign he was approaching the height of his sexual feelings.

She withdrew her finger and took the glove off. Then she looked down and saw it. She took hold of it, at the front of her strap-on and put a thick coat of the jelly all over it. She smiled as she knelt there above him on her knees. She looked down with pride at her male piece, with the jelly all over it. "Turn over on your tummy, Bobbi."

She arranged him with pillows under his hips and with his bottom raised up in the air towards her. "Go to your place, Bobbi." Shawn knew all about the special place he went to when sex or punishment was very heavy. She slapped him on his upturned cheeks several times. How sweet and inviting they looked. "Come take us," they seemed to say. "This is your place, Bobbi. This is where you belong as my boy wife. Now I'm going to take you as a woman, enter you deeply and make you mine."

She went into him then, slowly, but fully, all the way to her hilt. She grasped him by his hips and with her strong hands held him in place while she had him, again and again. He sobbed and cried, but, as ordered, did not speak. When she was done, she rolled on her side. "Hmm," she thought, "this man stuff is a lot of work." "You can come over here to me now, Bobbi." He pulled the pillows out and snuggled up against her. He kissed her arm. "Did I do good?" he asked. "Yes wife, you did good. How did you like it?" "Well," Bobbi said, "it hurt at first, but then it begin to feel good, and I liked the way it filled me up so much." Shawn smiled. "Sounds like my wife has found another part of her place. She's now even more of a woman and a wife for me."

As they lay there on their honeymoon bed, tired from their love making, each deep in their own thoughts, the sound of the night sea whispered into their room. The moon was higher in the star-filled night sky now, but still spilling its light down on the beach, through the palm trees. This moonlight lay on their deck, its fingers coming through the open door, reaching almost to their bed.

Bobbi cuddled closer to Shawn. Shawn had been thinking her man thoughts, how she had gotten her wife ready, then pushed him to the peak of his sexual feelings. How she had controlled it all. How well Bobbi had obeyed her, laying as she told him to,

moving this way and that. "I'm good at this," she thought, "and good at being a husband. Look how easy he gave it up to me, just rolled over and put his little buns up in the air, and in doing so seemed to say, 'Go ahead and take it, take me there, my husband, there in my special place.'" Shawn stretched. She felt manly, so strong and powerful, so good. She yawned and soon was making heavy breathing sounds.

As Bobbi cuddled up to her, he could smell Shawn's heavy perfume, a manly smell, and he could smell the sex smells in their bed. Laying over it was the smell of a night in the tropics, with the moonlight bathing the edge of their room. There was another smell too. As Bobbi lay there, he tried to place it. He couldn't be sure but he thought it might be jasmine. "Gosh," Bobbi smiled, "I never thought I would someday be doing all these things. Mommy and I never went anywhere and now I'm in Costa Rica on my honeymoon. Wow. Oh, I love living as a woman, and getting married in Vegas. I mean, how many girls get to do that?" So many things were going through Bobbi's mind. His new friend Toni and how pretty he was. The wedding in the church, with all the people there. Walking down the aisle on the arm of that man, in his beautiful long white wedding dress.

Bobbi breathed deeply, then he felt his breasts. They felt good, so firm and full. He touched his hair. "Everyone loves my hair," he thought, "I'm so blessed with it. I must remember to brush it fifty times every night. Of course I won't do it tonight, I'm too tired and well, just...I'm not sure just what. Just that I guess I'm like other young wives are after their husbands have had them several times sexually. Yes, that's what I am." He felt an inner pride at being the sexual wife he was for Shawn. He felt his wedding and engagement rings on his fingers. "Wait 'till the kids see these when I start going to beauty school. They will be green with envy. I'll just smile at those pretty boys in school, and I'll say things like 'my husband this, and my husband that, and he brought me flowers last night and and and.'" "Oh Bobbi," he thought, "you are so bad. You can be just a little bitch sometimes." He smiled in the darkness.

Then he turned closer to Shawn. "I love my husband so and tonight, well it happened at last. I knew it would, I always knew she would take me there in my most secret place. I guess I've just been waiting for it. Then tonight it happened. I was scared, I admit it, I was. But she started slow with me, and using her finger like that helped me get ready for it. I'm so glad she did that. I think every husband with a shemale wife should start him that way. Oh, Shawn is so smart and so good to me. Once it was all the way in, I felt so full, so...oh, I don't even know how to say what I felt, so complete. Oh, I do know. I felt so much a woman, really even more than going down the aisle in my wedding dress, yes even more than that. Tonight was the night when I really knew I was a woman. All the woman I ever can be. A woman in my heart of hearts, a woman to my woman husband who loves me. Tonight, I went there at last, I felt it so deep down inside of me. My breasts ached, I tasted my femaleness in my mouth, felt it in every part of my being. I was there and I'll go there again, and again. That place will always be there for me. Oh God, it was Heaven. I'll never wear a dress the same way again. I'll wear it as a woman who's been taken there from now on. As the woman I now am."

Bobbi put his hands down between his legs and held himself there. He was wrapped up tight against Shawn, he could smell her skin, and he kissed it. Soon like Shawn, he was asleep, dreaming of dresses and other beautiful things.

