

DR. VITNER'S SPECIAL PROJECT

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Dr. Vitner sat behind her mahogany desk tapping her scarlet nails as she gazed in thought. "This case is most unusual and I'm looking forward to the challenge. Never had a client who wanted her husband and two male children treated before. Seems that they treat her and her daughter with total disdain and wants to drastically change their behavior. Wants to be respected and their opinions listened too, very interesting, very interesting indeed."

Dr. Thelma Vitner, PhD, was a master of subliminal suggestion and hypnosis. She was in her late forties, tall, standing just shy of six feet in her heels. Her black salt and pepper hair fashioned into a tight bun and black horn rimmed glasses hung from a golden chain around her neck. She didn't need the glasses but believed they gave her a more professional appearance. She always wore designer pant's suites with crisp white blouses and immaculate makeup.

Thelma grew up in a very dysfunctional family. Both her mother and step-father were alcoholics living on the dole. She was teased and bullied in school because she was poor and couldn't afford the clothing currently in style. The more affluent kids were the worst and left a hatred for those better off than her. As she blossomed into young womanhood, she had been sexually abused and mistreated by her step-father. Other bad relationships left a bitterness and hatred of men. As a result of these experiences, buried herself in her studies. Eventually she obtained a full scholarship from a prestigious university.

Her experiences led her into the field of psychology. Initially she wanted to learn about her own problems. However as her quick mind absorbed her lessons, realized it would become a way to get even with the male population. Her PhD thesis was how subliminal suggestions could influence someone's mind and personality. She graduated cum laude and entered into private practice. It took her several years to create truly effective and successful subliminal programs. What made her methods so effective was the advent of certain psychotropic drugs. Using these new drugs in combination with hypnosis gave her a ninety-nine percent success rate. Her practice concentrated on very rich clients with a similar dislike of the male population. Her most gratifying cases were the ones where the woman had no such intentions. Those cases were rare like the one that had just landed on her desk.

Ooo

Mrs. Adam Finch came into her office several days ago. She was forty-two years old, beautiful and elegant but her style of dress seriously outdated. She was actually wearing petticoats under her full skirt which Thelma hadn't seen in decades. She was obviously well-to-do and lived in a five bedroom sprawling ranch styled house outside the city on ten secluded acres. Their conversation proved very interesting and Thelma hoped her background check would come back positive. In her line of work Thelma had to be extra careful and had a trusted private investigator on retainer. She really wanted this special case. It was a dream of hers to have an entire family unit under her control.

The private investigator's file was on her desk and Thelma began scanning it. Eva had come from a very conservative family, married Adam when she was twenty, had three children, two boys and a girl. Both sets of grandparents were deceased and there were only a few distant relatives. Adam was a youthful looking forty-three, slim with sandy blonde hair. A brilliant computer programmer, his patents had made them very rich. So rich he no longer worked but occasionally created a new innovative application that made him even more money.

He was also miserly, a control freak and very demanding. They could easily afford a staff to take care of their house and grounds but he insisted that they could do all the work themselves. Any decision regarding the house or their lives had to get his okay first. While

he always favored his two boys had a heavy hand when dealing with his daughter or Eva. Being conservatively raised and naïve Eva went along with his chauvinistic and demanding old fashioned ways. However as she grew older, began resenting these one-sided commands.

Her sons Bobby, seventeen, and Robby, fifteen, took after their father being slim and looking younger than they were. Bobby had the same blue eyes and sandy hair as his father except Robby had thick black hair like his mother and brown eyes. Under their father's influences, believed that women had three roles in life. They were to look beautiful at all times, keep the house clean and have babies. Instead of being treated with respect, mother and daughter, Sylvie aged fourteen, were more like servants.

She was also sick and tired of living well below their means. Adam, though a tightwad, didn't mind spending money on the clothing and cosmetics needed to keep his wife and daughter beautiful. However over time, the high maintenance required to keep them beautiful had become loathsome for both women. What she disliked the most was the lack of socializing with other people her age. The only time she spent with other women were her monthly garden club meetings. She wanted to socialize but he was a strict home body. As a result, they had no real friends and isolated.

Adam insisted they dress in traditional lady's wear, no slacks or pants, always have on makeup and hair styled. Both daughter and mother required high maintenance to meet his exacting demands. Both were sick and tired of it especially Sylvie. Young and impressionable, her imposed dress code made her the butt of jokes from fellow classmates. They were particularly upset by his refusal to let them wear more modern styled clothing. They were there to provide for the men of the family while looking good with no ands, ifs or buts. Eva had considered divorce but there was a prenuptial and she briefly considered murder. The obvious downsides to both those options led her to Dr. Vitner.

Now with the PI's file verifying what Eva had told her, she was ready to take her on as a client. It would be challenging but when (there was no question in her mind that she could fail) the treatments were completed Eva would be a very happy client. If not, it didn't matter. What mattered were Dr. Vitner's desires. She had something on her mind that she had wanted to do for ages. Having the entire Finch family at her disposal would give her that opportunity. Sliding a disc into her computer began inputting the necessary data to complete the first set of subliminal instructions.

Ooo

Adam wasn't happy seeing a psychiatrist. Eva told him she had won a free session at her garden club meeting so reluctantly agreed. As far as he was concerned his marriage was perfect. Once this shrink reaffirmed it, would get Eva off his back. She had been acting strange lately going so far as to refuse him his marital rights for the past several weeks. He usually let her bitching and complaints go in one ear and right out the other but no sex got his attention. So here he was sitting nervously in a plush leather chair with a woman shrink sitting opposite.

"It figures it would be a fucking woman shrink. Well hurry and get this thing going. I only agreed to one session so she won't have anything to bitch about tonight. Come on, let's get this thing over with," he thought.

As he wiggled in his chair Dr. Vitner was observing Adam. He was slight of build, with long sandy blonde hair tied off in a low pony tail. There was a splattering of freckles across his nose and big expressive blue eyes. His hands were not overly large and seemed to have little body hair. He was casually dressed, wearing khaki's and a blue pull over collared short sleeved shirt. His appearance confirmed what the PI's report said which made her smile with anticipation.

"This is going to be so much fun," she thought as she began the session.

Two hours later he left the office quite content and feeling better than he had in days. In his

hand he carried a crystal pack with a CD that he couldn't wait to listen to. He was pleased that she gave him a six disc CD player with ear buds. Dr. Vitner told him to listen to it when he went to bed that night and by morning would feel on top of the world. She also set up another appointment for him three days later.

That next morning Adam woke feeling great as he removed the ear buds. He couldn't remember anything from listening to the CD but if it made him feel this good had no complaints. Besides the player was free and free in his opinion was always good. He didn't offer the least bit of objection going back to see the doctor. He was a little confused by not objecting to seeing the shrink again but felt compelled to go.

His second session lasted three hours and he left with a new CD to listen to after the first disc. Again he felt fantastic and at peace with the world. As he was getting ready for bed that night didn't think twice about asking Eva if he could use her depilatory ointment. Eva was more than happy to help, going so far as to apply the depilatory to his back and between the cheeks of his ass where he couldn't reach. Getting out of the shower and seeing his hairless body, he had second thoughts. Sniffing the aromatic scent of lavender, noticed the bubble bath that Eva left for him. As the aroma filled his lungs dismissed any misgivings.

Three days later she sent him merrily on his way for his third doctor's appointment. Again Adam was happy but there was a nagging itch at the back of his mind screaming for him not to go. It was that same annoying little voice that objected when he stepped out of the tub completely hairless from the neck down and smelling like flowers. He ignored that voice then and he ignored it now as he parked his Lexus at Dr. Vitner's office.

As he got back into his car Adam was surprised to see that over three hours had gone by. His session only seemed to last a few minutes but again ignored the bothersome little voice that said something was very wrong. He had a new CD and was very happy.

"Good times always seem to go by faster than normal times," he thought dismissing his misgivings.

That night after his perfumed bath he asked Eva where she kept her moisturizer and cleansers. Of course she was more than happy to show him how to cleanse and moisturize his face. She even talked him into wearing a green night time mud pack. As a reward she masturbated him to a wonderful climax before she inserted his ear buds and turned on his player. Rolling over she turned on her own player to listen to the doctor's recordings made especially for her.

"You are a strong, powerful woman."

"You are the keeper of your kingdom."

"You rule with a powerful hand."

"You like your men meek, pretty and submissive."

"All the men in your life must be pretty and obedient."

"You will do everything in your power to help them become pretty and meek."

"You are a strong, confident and powerful woman. Your will is law."

This refrain repeated over and over as she slept. It's message bringing a smile to her lips and a wetness between her legs. She would see Dr. Vitner in the morning for her own session. It would be her third and she always left happy and feeling very confident. She trusted the doctor completely and knew she would do what was best for her family. The little voice at the back of her mind telling her that the doctor's plans were going too far was becoming smaller and smaller each day. Originally she only wanted her husband and sons to treat the female members with more respect and be more accepting of their opinions. Those initial desires were being replaced with much more sinister ones.

Of course the boys immediately noticed the change in their father. He smelled funny but was still demanding and vocal with them. They also noted that he wasn't quite as bossy with their

mother as he had been. He had actually agreed to help her clean off the table one night. Like most teenage boys they noted the change but shrugged it off. It wasn't until they were taken to Dr. Vitner six weeks later when school let out for the summer that drastic changes began to occur.

Ooo

Before the boys went to their first session, Eva took Sylvie to see the good doctor. Sylvie had noticed much more of her father's change than the boys and was asking embarrassing questions. As a girl she was more aware of other people and her sense of smell acute. Telling her that the doctor would explain everything she went along. When she left she was smiling and carrying her very own CD and player.

That night she listened to it as she had been instructed.

"You have always wanted sisters."

"You never cared for boys. They are stinky, rude and mean."

"You want sisters who are sweet and obedient."

"You are strong and want to help your sisters be as feminine as possible."

"You may be younger but you are in control."

"You like the changes in your daddy. You want him to be sweet and pretty."

"You hate his and your brothers' bossy attitude and want them to be pretty and understanding."

"You love feminine men and boys. They will listen to you and not boss you around. You will be in command if they are feminized."

Sylvie's mind was very accepting of what she was hearing. All her life she was dominated by her brothers and father. The idea of finally being in charge was more than acceptable to her young mind. The statement that boys were stinky, rude and mean was certainly true from her experiences. She had received more than her fair share of teasing from the boys at school and her brothers. She had often wondered why boys couldn't be as nice as girls.

Ooo

The boys were taken to their session kicking and screaming that they didn't need to see no quack. They were taken one at a time to see the doctor. Dr. Vitner was pleased by what she saw when each boy entered her office. Bobby took after his father in both stature and looks. He had the same blonde long hair, fair complexion and skinny. Robby took a bit more after his mother. He had her rich full bodied black hair, sparkling blue eyes and milk white skin. Like his father was thin, looked much younger and a bit shorter than his little sister. When each returned from their session they were smiling and had their own CD and player.

Bobby's CD repeated over and over throughout the night.

"You hate having so much body hair. Body hair makes you stink. It makes you itch. You hate having body hair you want it all gone."

"You want smooth soft skin. You love having long flowing hair."

"You want to smell sweet. You really like the smell of flowers."

"Having no body hair, soft skin and smelling like flowers sexually excites you."

"You will listen to your mother and sister. They are in charge and you will obey them."

"You want to be pretty."

Robby's CD had a slightly different message.

"You hate body hair and want it gone."

"You want to smell pretty. The smell of baby powder makes you very happy."

“You love pink. Anything pink makes you very happy. The color pink really turns you on.”

“You hate action figures. They represent nasty men. You love dolls. Dolls are special and make you very happy.”

“Playing dolls with your sister is so much fun.”

“You will listen to your mommy and sister. You will do what they say.”

Over the next three days not much happened with the boys. The only noticeable change was that they seemed to listen to their mother and sister more than usual. They happily washed and dried the dishes when asked for the first time in their lives. Adam bringing in the dirty dishes wearing a pink organza frilly apron was barely noted by the boys. The fact that they were wearing white cotton ruffled aprons didn't register as odd to them either.

After their second session with Dr. Vitner and new CD's, there were notable changes in the boys. Thelma knew that the younger her patient the easier it was to manipulate their minds. She could take a faster approach with them than for their father. Independently they went to their mother complaining about their hairy bodies and asked what they could do about it. She happily showed them how to use a lady's razor to shave their legs, under the arms and pubes leaving a small landing strip. What little hair there was on their chests were plucked out. Eva smoothed out their brow lines into nice feminine arches.

With shaving she had to show them how to use body lotion. Bobby chose a sweet smelling floral scent and Robby one with a baby powder scent. Neither boy knew why they did what they did and were bothered by it later. As they looked at their hairless bodies what struck them as really weird was their pubic hair. Next to developing chest hair having a manly nest of pubic hair was extremely important to their developing masculinity. Now with only a narrow neatly trimmed landing strip, their minds were screaming in outrage. It was too late to do anything about it and both boys swore they would never do anything so foolish again.

The idea that any of their few friends would see them with shaved legs or worse yet, their landing strips scared the day lights out of them. Due to that fear, both boys severed any contact with their friends by telling them they were going away for the summer. Having no friends would be a real bummer but it was better than being called out for shaving their bodies and smelling like girls.

Three days later they were back with Dr. Vitner. She was pleased to hear that they had severed all contacts with friends. It was important to her plans that they were isolated and had seen to it during an earlier hypnosis session. When they left thoughts of not shaving their bodies would never enter their minds again. The new CD's would bring on other changes that their inner soul would hate but unable to stop.

Bobby was the first to ask that his room be redecorated. He wasn't sure of how he wanted it so asked his mother to help. When all was said and done, his room was painted an egg shell white with a floral border. His old heavy oak furniture was replaced with white enameled delicate furnishings including a vanity with pinkish-orange satin skirting and matching padded bench seat. The navy blue curtains replaced with flowing pinkish-orange satin ones that draped to the floor. Even his computer was replaced with a new violet colored one.

Gone were all his sports memorabilia posters and magazines along with his collection of girlie pictures he had tacked up on the back of his closet door. They were replaced with posters of current teen idols and one of a prima ballerina. On the back of his closet door was a poster of a weight lifter wearing a Speedo. His video games and music CD's were all sent to the trash as well. They were replaced with more appropriate teen girl favorites. The only things remotely masculine in the new room were his boy clothing.

While his room was being remodeled Bobby slept in the guest room and not allowed to see what was going on. “Bobby you told me to change your room and I want it to be a big surprise,” Eva had told him. The room bothered him with its floral comforter and matching drapes but after a couple of days loved it.

Now, as he gazed around his new room, it was indeed a big surprise. He hadn't expected such a radical makeover. Like with the guest room for some unknown reason loved it. When he asked about the vanity, his mother said that it came with the set and not to worry. The room even smelled like a girl's. The floral aroma coming from a crystal bowl filled with potpourri and scented oil lamp.

Shaking his head in confusion, a voice screaming that this was a girl's room, Bobby replied, "Great, I love it. Thanks mommy." After she left he walked around the room wondering why he had said he loved it. Nothing felt right about it yet everything did seem right.

Soon after Bobby's room was changed, Robby had his remodeled. Instead of the pinkish-orange drapes and white furniture he opted for all pink and white. His walls were painted in alternating pink and white stripes, the drapes pink satin with cream chiffon overlay, all the furniture was in a powder pink with white pin stripping. On his walls hung pictures of Disney Princesses and one poster of a young ballerina dance ensemble wearing white leotards and pink tutus.

An expensive ceramic Victorian doll dressed in elaborate costume of the period sat between his satin covered pillows. The fragrance of baby powder hung in the air. His sister was more than happy to give him several of her dolls and doll clothing to play with. She also gave some of her old "Strawberry Shortcake" games such as "Berry Sparkling Charms" and "Fashion Show." He thought those games too juvenile and tossed them to the side but liked the dolls.

He too loved the room for reasons he couldn't understand. It was most definitely a little girl's room and it was painted in his favorite color yet there was doubt. No real boy in his right mind would ever step voluntarily into a room like this but it was his. He should hate it but it felt very comforting and he loved the pink colors.

Ooo

As the boys were going through their initial changes, Adam was also changing after six weeks of intense therapy. Changes Eva was more than happy with. He was taking a scented bubble bath every morning and evening, kept his body totally hair free, had a morning and evening skin care routine and let his shoulder length hair hang free. He also helped around the house with the cleaning and meal preparation without having to be asked while wearing a frilly apron. The biggest improvement however was in their love life. Adam eagerly performed oral sex on his wife something he had absolutely refused to do in the past. Previously he had been a wham-bam thank you ma'am performer satisfied with the missionary position, now he took his time in adoring her body. Not only that but when she wasn't in the mood to let him enter her body, he actually obeyed.

As far as she was concerned their love life had improved a thousand percent even if hubby was left frustrated more and more often. The fact that he was left frustrated actually pleased her. After all, he had left her that way during their entire marriage and he could stay that way. She didn't need the mess or his dick insider her anymore. His tongue and lips were more than satisfying.

Sylvie was probably the most pleased. Instead of retrieving drinks and snacks for the boys they were doing it for her. Not only that but they were responding more readily to her demands. At times Bobby gave her a bit of sass but Robby was becoming very obedient. She considered herself too old to be playing with dolls but thoroughly enjoyed teaching him how to play with them. It was while playing dolls that she got the idea that Robby should be her little sister. He was fifteen and the smallest of the children, with a bit of work could look twelve or maybe younger. She decided to mention her idea to Dr. Vitner at her next session.

Ooo

Dr. Vitner sat at her massive desk going over what Sylvie had said that day. "Emmmm, she wants a younger sister and she did make a good point about Robby. She's a sweet girl and I think I'm going to give her a much younger sister. Of course I will get Eva's permission but that won't be a problem. The first thing I'm going to have to do is prescribe growth inhibitors

and low dose hormones for him in addition to what I'm giving them now. He takes more after his mother and using high dose estrogen at his age could give him breasts equal or greater than his mother's. I certainly don't want that as he is going to be the little sister. We don't want any growth spurts either."

"The boys and Eva are due tomorrow so I'll give them the shots to quick start that process. As far as Bobby is concerned, I think it's time to get him on hormones but at a level slightly higher than for girls his age. Of course he may have drastic mood swings, cramping and nausea but those will moderate. Based on his mother, I would guess that his breasts could develop into a nice C-cup."

"Now what to do about Eva? She's coming along fine with the changes I've instituted but not fast enough. I think I'm going to start her on some testosterone to build her aggressiveness. She's being too easy on her husband and boys. Adam probably would benefit from hormone therapy as well. He's coming along nicely but there is still some reluctance. I think a low dose is called for here as I want him to maintain full functionality. Well, guess I better get busy programming their new CD's or I will be here all night."

Selecting a new CD, Dr. Vitner began speaking, "Eva you are a strong and determined woman."

"You must assert your authority at all times with your husband and boys."

"They must be obedient to your will and desires."

"It is imperative that you make them sweet, docile and pretty."

"You must eliminate any masculine activities and dress to do that."

"You love having an effeminate husband and sons, the more effeminate the better."

"To be all that you can be, you must make them as effeminate as possible."

"You will only allow Adam to have oral sex with you. Satisfying his needs is unimportant. Giving him any satisfaction will only lessen your control. You do not want to lose any control. You prefer being close to other dominant women."

"Eva hasn't evidenced any lesbian tendencies but this should make her start thinking about it," Thelma said putting another disc into the recorder.

"Robby you are a weak little girl."

"You love being Sylvie's little sister."

"You look up to your big sister and will do what she says."

"Playing dollies and other little girl games is so much fun."

"You are a weak little girl and don't like grown up things."

"Grown up things only make you unhappy and confused."

"You adore your big sister and will do anything she says."

"Well that's a good start but will probably take a couple of weeks to change a whole lot of his thought processes. I think Sylvie will be happy though," she thought putting another disc in.

"Bobby you are a girlie-girl and love all things feminine."

"You get an amazing high from the touch and feel of fine lingerie."

"Wearing lingerie feels so nice and builds your confidence."

"You can't wait to feel your flesh covered in fine nylon, satin and silk."

"Jockey shorts, boxers and undershirts make you itch all over."

"You hate the dull heavy boy's underwear. You love the colorful, soft and silky girl's lingerie."

"Sleeping in a nightie sends thrills running up and down your body."

“The idea of wearing a nightie with your hair up in curlers is so exotic and gives you thrills of pleasure.”

“Wearing lingerie means you must keep your hair pretty. Pretty hair and lingerie go together. You want pretty wavy hair and beautiful lingerie.”

“You want to be pretty. You will listen to your mother and sister. To be pretty you must listen to them.”

“Ahh, three down one to go,” she thought slipping in another disc.

“Adam you have a very small penis and testicles. You are unworthy of making your wife happy with such itty bitty pieces.”

“You are not a man but a sissy.”

“Sissies do what their wives tell them and love to clean and cook.”

“You want to have sex but know you are inadequate.”

“You can only please your wife with your tongue.”

“Your wife’s pussy is a temple to be worshiped and not penetrated.”

“You want to masturbate while thinking about your wife but that is very wrong.”

“With your little bits you can only find relief by watching or reading gay porn.”

“Watching or reading gay porn lets you cum.”

“Seeing two men having sex will make you spurt, relieving all your frustrations.”

Thelma removed the disc and put it into the crystal pack with his name on it. “He, like his wife, doesn’t have any gay tendencies. After listening to this for a few weeks and, like his wife, give him more of the psychotropic drug to take before going to bed....well....it will be interesting to see how they both change. Of course these subliminals won’t do much by themselves but combined with deep hypnosis and drugs will conform to the basic instructions. When the sexual orientation results are positive, I will see just how far I can push them both. That reminds me, I’ve got to start working on Bobby’s orientation as well. He’ll be eighteen soon and more than old enough to date.”

During the Finch’s next sessions Thelma kept them in deep hypnosis as she added the necessary details for her plans to come to fruition. With each visit they left her office feeling great but in the back of their minds knew something wrong had occurred. Getting them into very deep trances and providing instructions took a tremendous amount of concentration leaving Thelma exhausted but happy.

Ooo

“I’m so happy that the La Petite Salon could take all of us. All I had to do was mention that Dr. Vitner recommended them and we had the appointments. Now Sylvie, I want you to help Robby pick out a cute style. I’ll help Adam and Bobby with their makeovers. Come on, let’s go,” Eva said as she drove to the salon two weeks later.

Adam was in the passenger seat looking nervous while the children were in the back. “Dar... darling...ar....are you sure about this? I...I don’t think we....we should be doing this,” he stammered.

“Adam! Don’t contradict me. You know it’s a bad example for the children to hear you do that. Of course what we are doing is normal. You and the boys have let your hair get completely out of control. It’s greasy, unkempt and no telling how many split ends. You do want to set a good example for the kids, now don’t you?” she snapped giving him a glare that made him cringe.

“Of course you are right darling...I...I just...well I’m sorry. We’ll do it your way,” he meekly responded.

Adam was feeling worried. Something about all this was making him nervous and there was

a small voice screaming in the back of his mind. "I'm the man in this family. I should be giving the orders" the tiny voice screamed then a louder more commanding voice said, "but...I have such a little penis and balls. I'm really a sissy, so maybe it's better to let Eva make all the decisions now."

Bobby and Robby were as nervous as their dad and similar little voices were screaming their objections as well. Thanks to Sylvie, they had a much better idea of what was going to happen at the salon. Everything they knew was telling them to run for their lives but was unable to do anything about it. Their bodies refused to respond to their mental commands.

At the salon they were met by a team of beauticians and stylists. They were all dressed in pink smocks and black short skirts with ear to ear grins on their faces. Another thing they all had in common was a mutual dislike of the male population. Once again Dr. Vitner had provided them with a pot of gold and a chance to have some real fun. Once the introductions were made they split into teams taking Adam, Bobby, Robby and Eva off to their work stations. Sylvie followed Robby and his team smiling at what she had in mind for her little sister.

When Robby was placed into the chair and a pink nylon drape tied around his neck, Rosalind the stylist turned to the young girl. "Well sweetie do you have anything particular in mind that you would like to see done?"

Four hours later and four thousand dollars spent they left the salon. Eva had her black hair cut into a very short pixie style and only wearing a vivid red lipstick. All her other makeup had been removed giving her a more harsh appearance. Robby's black hair was permed giving it nice flowing waves with bangs hanging just above his arched brows. His lobes had been pierced and two golden teddy bear studs were inserted. His lips were enhanced to give them a permanent bee stung look. The makeup was lightly applied with powder pink eye shadow, pink lip gloss and light dusting of powder. His nails had been filed and painted a bright pink. It was all very suitable for a young girl.

Bobby's hair had been dyed a strawberry blonde with some auburn highlights and styled in a big stiff bubble page boy. His bangs were feathered and large golden hoops hung from his newly pierced lobes. A second piercing just above the first held a large pearl stud. Like Robby, his lips were given collagen injections to make them pillow soft and full. His makeup was more heavily applied, typical for a seventeen year old girl but not overly done. The colors chosen for his shadow was a blending of muted reds and purples while his lips a glistening plum with foundation, blush, black liquid eyeliner and mascara. His nails had been extended three quarters of an inch and painted in a matching plum lacquer.

Adam's hair had been dyed a deep auburn and put up in an old fashioned bee hive style. His brows thinned into deep arches and ears pierced three times. The lower lobe held dangling gold chandelier earrings, followed by a large pearl stud and a pink faceted stone stud. His nails received one inch extensions and painted to match his hair. The injections to his lips left them in a permanent oval shape and painted a luscious deep red.

"Perfect cock sucker lips," his wife thought when she saw them.

Ooo

It hadn't taken her long to get her hair styled and she went shopping while the others were finishing up. Adam was about her size and could wear her things. She had decided to give him all of her clothing and take his. Robby was close to Sylvie's size and could wear her stuff but Bobby needed his own. She didn't get him much but would serve until she could get him into the shops for a proper fitting. While she was out, decided to buy Sylvie something she hadn't been allowed to wear, slacks, jeans and pants suits. Sylvie would be thrilled to get rid of all those old fashioned styles Adam had insisted on. As she left one store she noticed a swim wear clearance sale. She just had to get a precious pink bikini for Bobby. He would look so cute in it laying on the lounge soaking up the summer sun.

Finished in the salon they went home. The men tried their best to keep out of the view of

passing automobiles but really didn't have to worry. From the outside it appeared that four girls were in the car. Of them all Bobby was the most self conscious. He was wearing girl's clothing for the first time. At the salon Eva took him into the back and had him change into his new clothing.

"I can't believe how cute and beautiful you look Bobby," she gushed as she closed the curtain to give them some privacy. "I can't wait to see how gorgeous you will be when you put on your new outfit. You are going to be so pretty."

He was shaking like a leaf when he picked up the red nylon hip hugger panties with a white floral lace heart shaped insert on the front. The matching satin pushup gel filled C-cup bra had to be fastened by his mother. Ecru panty hose were difficult to put on with his long nails but with his mother's help got them on without any runs. A high waist padded red panty girdle was much harder and required a lot of wiggling to get on.

The powder pink sleeveless dress with a sweat heart neckline was just above the knee and had to be carefully lowered over his head and buttoned up the back. A narrow white leather belt with gold buckle was fastened around his waist and white leather one inch heeled pumps completed his dressing. He was handed a white leatherette shoulder bag to put his wallet and other items in along with tissues and his cosmetics.

Eva made him do a twirl so she could see the full effects. "Bobby give me a turn....you are so pretty. Bobby doesn't quite sound right for a pretty girl like you. What do you think about changing your name darling?" she said.

"But I am Bobby. I don't want another name," he said blushing at seeing his reflection from the mirror on the wall. "I don't even look like me anymore. I don't want some sissy name too," he thought.

"Well, if you insist but from now on you will spell it with an "ie" and I'll give you a middle name of....of Ann. Yes, that's it, you'll be Bobbie Ann from now on," she stated firmly.

With every movement, no matter how slight, Bobbie Ann could feel his new clothing pulling and tugging most uncomfortably. The tightness around his chest and pulling at his groin were the most distracting. He was constantly fiddling with the hem of his skirt or pushing an errant bra strap back into concealment. All he wanted to do was get out of these clothes and scrub the gunk off his face. He was at a complete loss at how he had let his mother do this to him. He hated it but every complaint, every attempt to stop the insanity failed to materialize. As much as he detested what was happening he couldn't do a thing to stop it. His mind was petrified in fear as they left the salon.

Robby was having similar feelings. When he saw what they had done to him he was surprised at how pretty his face looked. That surprise quickly turned into fear as he realized that he didn't look like a boy anymore. "I'm not some stupid girl! Why did they do this to me? Shit! I don't want this," his mind screamed but try as he might to ruffle up his hair or use his arm to smear off the offending lip gloss he couldn't do it. He was totally helpless and that knowledge really scared him.

Ooo

Back at the house Sylvie pulled Robby into her room where she had stacked some of her old clothing on her bed. She had spent most of the morning digging around in the attic finding what she could to hand down to her little sister. Once in her room she had Robby strip naked. He was glowing pink with embarrassment. His mind telling him it wasn't right to be naked in front of his little sister but could only comply with her demands.

Sylvie giggled as she saw his penis and balls all shriveled up in fear as she picked out a pair of panties. The panties were full cut brushed cotton in a bright yellow with Cinderella imprints and white lace about the leg openings. She was delighted to see him blush all the harder as he pulled the tight fitting panties up his legs. A yellow cotton elasticized training bra with white lace detailing was pulled over his head and snapped into place. She had him sit while she put thin white cotton socks with three rows of yellow lace ruffles on his feet

followed by a pair of black Mary Jane styled shoes. A white taffeta petticoat was lowered over his head, its three tiers of overlapping layers fluffed out and the straps adjusted for a perfect fit. Finally she held out a yellow satin party dress with large puffed chiffon sleeves, yellow ribbon detailing and square neckline. The ruffled hem of the dress with the petticoats reached to mid-thigh. Tying off the satin sash into a big floppy bow with a flourish pronounced him dressed for the day.

“You know Robby you’re my little sister now for real and you have to do what I say. Don’t you think a name like Robby doesn’t sound right for someone as pretty as you are? I think I’ll call you Robyn...yeah Robyn Lynne Finch. Don’t you think that is a pretty name for a pretty little sister? Pick up your dolly and let’s go show and tell mommy your new name. Oh, and don’t forget to call her mommy. Cute little girls like you always refer to their mother as mommy.”

“I...I don’t want to be called Robyn....my name is Robby an...and I’m a bo...boy,” he stuttered using all his will power to argue.

She grabbed his hand, pulled him over to her full length mirror. Standing behind him with her hands on his shoulders said, “Now Robyn Lynne, don’t be like that. Look at your reflection and honestly tell me what you see there,”

“I...I se...see a...girl. A...a little girl,” he admitted shamed to his core for having to admit the truth.

“Since there are no girls called Robby that I know of, then you must be a Robyn Lynne. Tell your big sister what your name is sweetie,” she demanded.

“It....it’s Robyn Lynne,” he replied dutifully a small tear forming in the corner of his right eye. Ooo

As Sylvie was changing Robby, Bobby was in his room standing in front of his full length mirror. He stood there for some time trying his best to overcome the mental blocks that kept him from tearing the hated clothing from his body. He managed to grip the neckline with both hands intending to rip off the offending garment. All he managed to do was straighten it out a bit before dropping them back to his side. He gave up after lifting a hand to squash his big hair do when he just gave it a gentle pat. When a tear began to form in his eye, he quickly grabbed a tissue and blotted it away. He wanted to rub the shadow, mascara and liner away but kept it from smearing instead.

“I don’t want to be a Bobbie Ann or dressed like this but I can’t help myself. What’s wrong with me?” his little voice screamed.

Eva had taken Adam up to their bedroom. There she had him strip and made him do a twirl as she giggled saying, “Darling if I didn’t know better, I think your itty bitty man things have gotten even smaller. I can’t believe that small thingy made me give you three children. Well stand still and let me gather some more appropriate clothing for you.”

“You know you always demanded that I wear these exotic pieces of lingerie but now you will have the opportunity to discover just how uncomfortable and embarrassing they can be. Here put these on,” she said handing him a pair of sheer aqua nylon brief styled panties.

He took the flimsy garment and holding it up blushed scarlet. “Yo...you ca...can see right through these things,” he stammered.

“Of course you can, isn’t that why you made me wear them? You said it was sexy and now you know how embarrassing they can be. I bet you’d get a great big thrill wearing that bit of nothing in front of some of your old friends. Well, put them on. We don’t have all day and you need to get dressed and make dinner,” she responded with a laugh.

He was given the matching push up satin bra, cut low enough to expose the nipples. His blush deepened as Eva helped him adjust the straps and hook it behind his back laughing happily as she did so. Next she laced a corselet around his waist drawing it in at least four inches. It was an emerald green satin with black lace and bow detailing. He was gasping for breath as he kneaded black semi-sheer hose up each leg and attached them to the garters

hanging from the corselet. A sheer chiffon lime green blouse with cap sleeves and lacy jabot tie and black mid-calf length pencil skirt completed his dressing. A pair of three inch block heeled patent leather pumps was a bit tight but fit. Adam complained about how exposed he felt. She just laughed off his complaint telling him that he looked hot and would make most men horny as hell.

Her comment about attracting the attention of other men really bothered him but at the same time felt a tingle in his groin.

Ooo

Robyn Lynne sat on the floor of Sylvie's room next to her doll house. He was wearing pink cotton panties with Tinkerbell imprinted on them and eyelet lace around the waist and leg openings, a pink training bra, black topped with full bright yellow nylon ankle length Sleeping Beauty dress and pair of pink jelly sandals. He was holding a Barbie doll pretending to be the mommy waiting for her husband to come home. He hated this game that she forced him to play but his conditioning was too strong by now. He had received a number of inoculations over the last few weeks after his sessions with Dr. Vitner which left him feeling weak. The voice in his head that protested had become fainter as the days went by but he was still very conscious that this was all wrong.

Sylvie was holding a Ken doll and playing the husband and dressed in blue jeans and white cotton shirt with her hair pulled back into a tight bun. Her more masculine attire had its intended effect on Robby. While he didn't consciously make the connection his subconscious certainly did. He was the most feminine looking and acting person in that room.

"Oh you're finawwy home my handthome huthband. I've mithed you tho. Give me a hug and kith," Robyn said in the soft higher pitched voice that she was making him use.

She was not only making him speak in a softer modulated tone but also had him change his "L" sounds to "W's" and his "S's" into "th." She thought it made him sound even younger. Dr. Vitner's suggestion that he listen to little girls reciting nursery rhymes was doing wonders. She had him dressing completely as a young girl for two weeks and still the thrill hadn't diminished. She loved what she was doing to Robby. She couldn't explain it but she absolutely loved what she was doing. She was just sorry she couldn't do something to Bobbie Ann but she was the older sister.

As they were playing house Bobbie Ann was learning how to wash and iron the family's laundry. He was wearing lavender lingerie consisting of full cut nylon panties, padded bullet bra, brown seamed hose, high waist long line girdle with a pink rubber lining, full slip, a starched white net crinoline and blue full skirted rayon paisley print dress with three quarter length sleeves and three inch spike heeled open toed pumps. To say that he was in misery would be a severe understatement. The girdle was extremely hot and pulled painfully at his groin and stomach. The band of the bra bit into his chest and the heels made his feet and calves scream in agony as he stood over the ironing board. Another thing he hated was having to look over his bra enhanced chest. The bullet bra made the bodice of the dress stick out sharply.

He had complained as best he could when his mother took him to a large vintage clothing store recommended by Dr. Vitner. There she went wild buying him as much of the old clothing that she could find in his size. Much of the clothing she purchased came from the late fifties and early sixties. Much of the used clothing was in new to almost new condition. Some of it, especially the lingerie was reproductions. The period dresses had full below the knee length skirts, some double breasted while others with sweet heart or rounded necklines. The suits all had pencil skirts and open styled jackets. She did pick out one outfit from the seventies, a white and pink striped above the knee sheath dress and white go-go boots. It came with a white pill box hat.

Of course the mandatory little black velvet dress and a formal gown had to be purchased. The strapless heavy satin formal was in a rich peach color with a crystal beaded reinforced

bodice and full knee length satin skirt with draped cream chiffon over layer. The skirt had a stiff pale peach organza and net petticoat which would flare it out at a forty-five degree angle. In addition to the dresses a number of box styled hats with veils, colorful scarves, gloves and purses were added to his wardrobe. All the shoes purchased had at least a three inch heel most of them stilettos.

“Bobby you made a lot of comments about my June Cleaver outfits and teased Sylvie unmercifully as well. I just hope you enjoy these styles as much as we did. Although we never had to dress this extreme, I think you deserve it,” she thought.

Eva spent most of their time going through all the various items of lingerie. After sorting through the piles she managed to put together four complete lingerie sets. Each set consisted of full cut nylon panties with no cotton gusset, stiff bullet bras, waist chinch garter belts, both panty and long-line girdles, full and half-slips. The sets were in lavender, black, iridescent yellow and white. All the girdles had fancy silver stitching in either floral or fern patterns within the bright satin panels and most rubber lined. The waist chinch garter belts were elaborately embroidered some with crystal bead work and the slips were dripping with lace at bodice and hem.

The lingerie selection wasn't complete without several peignoir sets. Three sets in powder pink, aqua and rich chocolate were found in his size. Two of the three were full ankle length while the third a baby doll barely covered his bottom. The pink and chocolate sets had spaghetti satin straps, round necklines in a sensuous soft nylon with chiffon over skirting. The chiffon robes were balloon sleeved with rows of white floral lace running down the sleeves which ended in wide white tiered lace cuffs. They were hemmed in ruffled white lace and had delicate ribbon bows.

The baby doll's cream chiffon overskirt was knife pleated and the underskirt a shimmering aqua nylon. The bodice was embroidered in a colorful floral design. Matching full cut panties with rows of white lace decorating the bottom came with the gown. With the nighties went a pair of clear plastic Malibu slippers with a three inch spike heel and a tuft of ostrich feathers at the toe.

Bobbie could barely stand by the time he had tried on the clothing. His mind was screaming in outrage at the indignity he was forced to endure but his body refused to obey. Not only was he exhausted but feeling nauseous. Ever since Dr. Vitner began giving him injections after their sessions he was cramping and throwing up in the mornings. After two weeks the cramping almost stopped along with the nausea but now his stomach was doing flip flops again. When he complained to his mother she gave him a birth control pill and Tylenol telling him they would be leaving soon.

Seeing her take the birth control pill out of her dispenser, looked at her shocked. “What? I can...can't take this. It's for girls,” he stammered.

“Nonsense darling, they work very well on stomach cramps. Now take it and no more complaints. We'll be leaving as soon as we check out,” she replied.

To Be Continued

DR. VITNER'S SPECIAL CASE

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Bobby was having a particularly hard time adjusting to his new life. He no longer was able to sleep in having to get up at five a.m. to begin his day. Usually he was cramping and nauseous at first but by the time he completed his morning toilet felt better. Dressing took a major effort especially with his long nails. The tiny slides, small hook and eyes were a real pain to get fastened. The girdles had to be sprinkled with baby powder before he could

wiggle into them. They were hot and very restrictive. Even after Dr. Vitner showed him how to push his testicles up into his body and press his penis down between his legs the tight embrace of the elasticized girdle's crotch was still uncomfortable.

Once dressed in his lingerie, he had to sit at the vanity to remove the bristle curlers, brush out and lacquer his hair and apply makeup. It was a tedious process and he still had a lot to learn. He spent hours each day practicing often with his mother at his side but still hadn't mastered the process.

With his hair and makeup done, he had to select his outerwear. That presented a whole new set of problems as he was not proficient in coordinating or accessorizing. His mother often sent him back to his room to change into something more fitting. Then he had to spend the day learning how to be a good housewife. The very last thing in the world that he wanted to be was a housewife of any kind. Despite his revulsion he paid attention to the lessons his mother was giving him. Having his father learning the same lessons was somewhat of a consolation but he still hated it. During his little free time read and took notes from his female orientated magazines as he lounged under the bright summer sun. Eva had him tanning every day for an hour. Within a few short weeks had developed very distinct tan lines only girls would love. He had also been forced to speak in a higher softer tone.

Eva was pleased with her husband and son's progress but despite her efforts they fell woefully short in presenting a feminine demeanor and manner. Dr. Vitner suggested she engage the services of Ms. Edna. Ms. Edna was an elderly but strict woman well versed in teaching proper girlish mannerisms and poise. Beginning the next day and for four hours every weekday Adam, Bobby and Robyn would attend her classes.

The boys didn't think much of the old lady wearing an ankle length black dress with long sleeves. Her gray hair tucked into a tight bun at the back of her head and the gold framed granny glasses perched on her nose. However that changed with the onset of lessons. She quickly got their undivided attention with the first swish of her cane. The searing pain was quickly and often administered those first few days under her tutelage.

In the first few weeks were taught as a group where they learned mannerisms, poise, posture and walking. After that they were separated with each getting specialized attention. Robyn was given a little girl's etiquette book published in the late forties to study. Soon he was constantly dropping perfect curtsies and only speaking when asked a question. Bobby and Adam received etiquette books from a more recent past which concentrated more on the proper attire and behavior one should exhibit for any given event or occasion. Of course most of their lessons concentrated on their movements and mannerisms. They were also given workbooks to fill in with a neat feminine script for homework.

Ooo

As with the men in the family Eva had changed drastically over the past months. She had taken Adam's wardrobe and made it her own. She wore his boxer shorts, undershirts and outer clothing. The only feminine item she kept was her compression sports bras. At first the boxers were a bit tight around her butt and hips, the trousers loose in the waist but she was eating a lot more and gaining weight. Most of that weight gain going to her stomach instead of her hips and butt. Another thing she didn't really notice was the lost of almost a full cup size in her breasts.

She had also stopped shaving and had thick black hair growing on her legs, underarms and between her legs. The hair when it first started growing back was very irritating and came in thicker and stiffer than before. Every time she picked up a razor to get rid of it always put it back down. Before she put it away she shaved her upper lip. In the recesses of her mind a voice shouted out everything she was doing was terribly wrong but she couldn't act on that warning. She had even stopped using lipstick and used her husband's after shave instead of her perfume. The perfume was Adam's now anyway.

At Dr. Vitner's suggestion she was going out Saturday evenings leaving Sylvie in charge. There was a particular bar in town that she went to, The Pink Lizard. It was a gay lesbian bar

and its clientele spanned the spectrum of the gay scene from BDSM to couples out for a good time. Eva was uncomfortable the first time but she met a cute petite young woman named Della. Della was thirty, pixyish with short brown hair and large expressive eyes. She was cute, funny and had a great personality. It wasn't long after they first met that Eva went to her apartment and had a most eye opening experience.

Della gave her a black, very realistic, eight inch strap-on dildo and insisted Eva put it on. Eva wound up having the most satisfying sex in her life. She left the apartment completely sated with the strap-on still fastened around her waist. Thinking about her next visit to see Della occupied her thoughts for most of the week. Having the strap-on bulging out her trousers and pajamas gave her immense confidence. Seeing Adam's eyes bulge out when he first noticed it was more than satisfying. Making him get on his knees and actually suck it sent her ego soaring. As the days went on she found that having Adam pay homage to her black member more satisfying than having him lick her pussy. Besides Della did it much more enthusiastically and better than he did.

It was mid-August when Della introduced Eva to Dewayne. Dewayne was twenty, six foot two and weighing two hundred thirty pounds of solid muscle. He was handsome in a way. His broad nose had been broken a few times and had some acne scarring on his face and exposed shoulders. He seemed confident and sure of himself, something Eva wasn't pleased about. She didn't like strong confident and macho men anymore. She wasn't sure why Della introduced them until Dewayne began asking her about Bobby. Why his interest in Bobby bothered her she didn't understand but it did. Instead of telling Dewayne to get lost gave him a non-specific answer about setting them up. Della soon had her attention focused elsewhere and she forgot all about Dewayne.

Ooo

Dr. Vitner examined the two reports sitting on her desk, one from Della and other from Ms. Edna. Della's report was very encouraging in that she had succeeded in getting Eva to wear the strap-on all the time. She was a bit disappointed by her off handed rejection of Dewayne though. Dewayne was the perfect person to break Bobby's will completely and bring him fully into the folds of the she/male life style. Dewayne could be forceful but never physically beat his subjects. They would leave the experience hurting but it was a hurt they would soon exhilarate in.

Ms. Edna's report was glowing with praises on how her three students were adapting to her strict disciplined lessons. She had the older ones studying Vanderbilt's nineteen fifties etiquette book and showed aptitude. Of course she had to use her cane frequently at first to get their undivided attention but they were coming along nicely. She was particularly pleased with little Robyn Lynne's efforts and said within a week she would be a carbon copy of Shirley Temple. Thelma got a good laugh out of visualizing Robyn with his thick black hair in tight curls, wearing one of those delicate dresses that flared from the bust line with the mass of frilly petticoats underneath. Of course, Ms. Edna wasn't referring to his looks but his behavior.

"The only thing that would make that picture any better would be to see a thick diaper covered bottom in pink plastic rumba panties. I'll have to talk to Sylvie about that though. I'm not into diaper play but maybe she is," she laughed.

Putting down the reports she turned her attention to the previous session's notes. "Good, I see Eva has been doing what I told her. Now that Bobbie Ann is eighteen she has been making him pick out good looking young men and telling her from the girl's point of view what makes the boy so appealing. She started out slow like I asked using pictures from television and movies then advanced him to doing it out in public. Said making him do it properly was like pulling hens teeth the first few times but now he is doing quite well. He's noticing boys and commenting what was so cute about them on his own. She thinks he's a butt person as he seems to notice them first then the eyes. I've concentrated his hypnosis and CD's on how great being with a man would be. Of course he's concentrating on butts. I

told him that was where a boy's pussy was. He may be Bobbie Ann from the skin out but deep buried inside there is still his old boy self and what are all teenaged boys only interested in."

"I've also been making him examine the physical attributes of men and comparing them to his new persona. That comparison has the effect of further diminishing his libido and perception. This training plus the higher dose estrogen and progesterone should be chemically changing his sexual orientation. All I need now is for him to date Dewayne. Once Dewayne has taken him, there will never be any going back to what he once was and he will accept his new identity."

"When I performed a visual check of his body, I was more than pleased to see that his nipples had grown, now approximately a quarter inch long and not quite as wide. Their color has become pinker and stiffened when manipulated showing good sensitivity. The areolas had lightened and grown as well. Upon checking his privates, despite having his testicles stuffed up into the body cavity and wearing hot girdles a great majority of the time was still fairly responsive. I guess that should be expected since he was well on his way through puberty. Another few weeks and that should stop completely and his testicles no longer will be able to produce sperm."

"Little Robyn will be turning sixteen shortly and the growth inhibitors and low dose estrogen have worked wonders. Having just entered puberty, the drugs have had a more profound effect. His nipples have darkened and now form small protrusions with expanded areoles with a slight puffiness. When I first examined him he had no detectable nipple growth. From my estimates I think I can expect to see nice A-cup boobies on him in another six weeks. He hasn't grown an inch either plus his penis and testicles have shrunk. In another six weeks he should have the body of a thirteen year old girl. My guess is that he isn't producing any male hormones but the blood tests will tell me for sure."

"I think it's time to introduce him to one of my other clients. Norbert is about his age but totally sissified and acts like a ten year old. His mother was a huge Shirley Temple fan and her son now looks like and can imitate her to a tee. I think they would make great playmates. Maybe even lovers at a future date. Mrs. Summers and Sylvie might not like that though. They want their precious girlie boys all to themselves. I have to admit Sylvie has done a surprisingly good job of regressing him into acting more like a ten year old girlie-girl. I think I can convince her that having two little Shirley Temple wanna bees would be fun. Norbert's mother on the other hand will require a bit different approach."

"Now to Eva....my how she has changed, she is perhaps the most advanced of any of them. When she first came to me all she wanted was more respect and voice in her daily life. Now she is a certified dominant butch lesbian wearing her husband's clothing and a strap-on. Those testosterone shots I have her on have done wonders. She's added muscle mass and grown a mustache plus lost a full cup size. Ahh, the wonders of chemistry, I think the reason she rejected Dewayne out of hand was because he's a dominant male. She can't abide males unless they are feminized so I had better give her some explicit instructions next session. I need her to agree to let him date Bobbie."

"I haven't done much to Sylvie but she is developing nicely. I've encouraged her to be strong and confident in dealing with the boys and other young men. Girls her age are very adaptable and easily manipulated without using drugs. I've planted the seeds to give her a dominatrix personality and a push towards lesbianism but that's all. She seems to have a bent for domination and really enjoys making Robby be as feminine and girly as possible. She doesn't fully understand the sexual under tones yet but she will. I don't care if she embraces lesbianism but I definitely want to encourage her dominance and feminization traits."

"Last but not least Adam, dear sweet and swishy Adam you have come a long way. I changed you from a dominating, overbearing total asshole into a charming housewife and homosexual. Eva told me about finding you in the bathroom rubbing your tiny clit just like a woman with your finger tips and cumming while looking at that gay magazine. Now all I have

to do is find you a strong man to bring your fantasies true. I think a much older man but still capable with the help of Viagra. Someone overbearing and demanding like you once were. I'll have to give that some thought but I'm sure I can find you that special someone."

Ooo

As September drew near Eva withdrew her boys out of school saying that Robby would be home schooled. Bobby was eighteen and could legally drop out. Both boys were disturbed by the news but resigned themselves to her decision.

Buried back in their minds was the hope that once school started they would be allowed to return to their masculine clothing and pursuits. With that faint hope dead and buried what remained of their male egos disappeared from their conscious thoughts. A little desperate voice could still be heard vehemently protesting their new life styles but incapable of altering it. Between the weekly visits to La Petite, constant feminine surroundings, Ms. Edna's demands and Dr. Vitner they had no hope.

One day a Mrs. Watson showed up, she was to be Robyn's teacher. She was a short dumpy round faced middle aged woman with small piercing pig like eyes. Mrs. Watson like all the rest had been recommended by Dr. Vitner. She came four days a week and set about reducing his knowledge. Her first step was to make him write with his left hand. Her second step taught him a new math where two plus two equaled five. The third step in her lesson plan taught him that cat was spelled kat. The use of a metal ruler applied sharply to the palms of his hands reinforced her training methods. She added sewing, knitting and needle point to his lessons. For those lessons Bobbie Ann was also required to attend. Both boys found sewing to be dull, monotonous and boring but did the required work diligently.

Ooo

Thelma had gone to the exclusive county club for luncheon with Mrs. Summers, Norbert's mother. It wasn't a place where she could practice her own form of witchcraft but the best she could do. She hadn't seen Abigail for over six months and hoped the pre-set hypnotic suggestions were still functioning. It wasn't until after dessert that she broke through Abigail's reluctance.

"Abigail, you trust me don't you? Good, you know that whatever I do or say is only for your benefit, right? Yes, dear, now listen closely. You are getting older and need to seriously think about what will happen to our precious Norbert. No dear, you are not sick and we are looking to the future. Your darling Norbert will need, must have, someone delicate like him that cares as much as you do. You must agree that having a dear friend will be good for him. Now I know of a delightful young man who is desperate to find someone like our precious Norbert. No Abigail, he won't take Norbert away from you. Don't even think that. No, he will be someone to share in your wonderful life. Accept Robyn Lynne and you will find more happiness than you could have hoped for. Look at it this way, you're not losing a child but gaining another one. You will have two delightful children to dress and cuddle as you wish."

Thelma left the country club smiling broadly. It didn't go perfectly but Abigail did agree to let Norbert visit Robyn Lynne. Plus she agreed to an office visit where she could delve deeper into Abigail's mind. That step would be very necessary if her plans for Robby and Norbert were to reach fruition.

Ooo

Robyn had an unexpected surprise when a severe looking woman showed up with a young girl in tow. She was Mrs. Abigail Summers and had brought Norbert to visit and play with Robyn. Norbert was about Robyn's height and looked like a bleached blonde Shirley Temple. The thick hair was in tight curls, a vivid pink ribbon hair band separated the bangs. His pale pink dress had very large white chiffon puffed semi-transparent short sleeves supported with bone wiring, square neckline and the light weight cotton skirt flared out dramatically from just under small breasts. A large mass of frilly white chiffon and net petticoats fluffed up the dress. On his feet were cute white nylon ankle socks with pink ruffled lace, pink patent

leather Mary Jane shoes with a small bow on each toe and metal taps on the soles.

He carried a white knitted purse which hung from his right wrist by a woven satin string. In his other hand he held a very lacy and floral embroidered hankie between his thumb and forefinger. His lips were a deep lustrous pink painted into a Cupid's bow. His rosy red cheeks glowed over the white foundation that covered his face. His eyebrows were painted on in deep arches with black liner and his lids covered in pink shadows. Two small gold ball studs decorated his earlobes and he smelled strongly of sweet flowers. When he spoke it was in a high pitched lilting voice.

Sylvie wasn't all that keen on having Norbert visit but once she saw him was delighted. "OMG! I can't friggin believe it! That's a boy? OMG! He looks like Shirley Temple and sounds like her too. Wow! Maybe I should have done what Dr. Vitner asked and put Robyn in diapers but didn't think that much of it at the time. This is going to be way too much fun," she thought.

They spent most of the day with Robyn learning to dance and sing like Norbert. Sylvie had put on the "Good Ship Lollipop" and thoroughly enjoyed watching Robyn trying to copy what his new friend was doing. Before the start of every new song Norbert would compliment him on his efforts then kiss Robyn on the cheek, wipe off the offending lipstick smear with his ever present hankie then freshened his own lipstick.

Sylvie thought that was really cute and made Robyn do the same. During their frequent breaks, they would sit side by side holding hands and sipping from Sylvie's old play tea set. When Norbert had to use the little girl's room he asked Robyn to go with him. Of course Robyn was flabbergasted by the request and refused. Norbert started to cry saying that he needed help to go because of the way he was dressed. Robyn still refused but Sylvie stepped in. She informed him that it was common for girls to go to the potty together and help one another out. Since Norbert was his guest it was his responsibility to help. Reluctantly, Robyn followed him into the bathroom, even more grudgingly lifted the numerous petticoats and pulled down his pink silk panties. He loved the color pink and the feeling from touching the silken fabric made him want some of his own.

By the time Norbert went home Sylvie was beside herself with a mixture of joy and a strange new excitement. There was a wonderful tingling warmth coming from between her legs spreading from her groin all the way up into her brain. It was a feeling she didn't want to ever go away. Seeing the two effeminate boys making out, going to the potty together and dancing and singing along with that movie had caused it. She couldn't wait for Norbert's next visit. Only next time, Robyn would look and be dressed more like his new friend. Yes, she would get him his very own pair of silk panties but what she had in mind was ruffled lace and beribboned pantaloons. They would go perfect with the Little Bo Peep costume she had recently seen in a magazine.

Ooo

Not long after Norbert's visit Bobby received a visitor. A totally unwanted visitor as far as he was concerned but his mother had insisted. He was too use to obeying her to stop now. At her command, he had taken a long leisurely bubble bath and spent extra time making sure his hair and makeup were perfect. She had laid out his clothing which caused him to frown when he saw it. His lingerie was a very vivid red consisting of full cut nylon panties, strapless satin push up bra with white eyelet lace trim, waist chinch garter belt prettily embroidered in a floral design and white eyelet lace trim. A pert bright red satin bow adorned each of the eight garter tabs. A pair of white hose with lace welts completed his lingerie selection.

For outer wear Eva had chosen a cream colored semi-sheer chiffon billowing sleeved peasant blouse with lace cuffs, very low round neckline with a three inch floral lace drape and red box pleated woolen mid-thigh length skirt with a champagne satin lining. A wide black patent leather belt with square gold buckle and white leather letter purse completed his outfit. A pair of red patent leather four inch stiletto heeled open toed pumps sat beside the bed. For accessories she gave him large red plastic buttons for his lower piercings, a red block

necklace and a matching block bracelet.

To his girlish mind the outfit went way overboard for a first date. It revealed almost as much as it covered. The blouse would leave his shoulders completely bare and the low neckline would expose the soft mounds the tight bra created. His bra and, if not for the wide belt, his garter belt could be easily seen through the thin fabric. The mini-skirt, if he weren't very careful, would give anyone looking a great shot of his red panties and what they contained. He shivered at the thought someone would discover his secret. No matter how hard he tried his stocking tops would be on display every time he sat. He pleaded with his mother to let him wear a panty girdle, something he thought he would never do, or longer skirt to no avail.

Now he sat on his vanity stool going through his purse for the umpteenth time. He was nervous and dreaded the moment when his mother called him to meet his date. For the first time both his conscious and subconscious voices agreed that being dressed like this was not a good idea for a first date. The subconscious voice was more vehement and told him not to go. His conscious voice only objected to the manner of dress but approved of the date. His thoughts were broken when his mother called him to meet his date.

His date was a good three inches taller even in his four inch heels, was nicely dressed and very masculine. Dewayne was everything he could never be and it made Bobby feel very small and submissive. His conscious mind was immediately struck by the muscled hunk and lost all objections to his sexy attire. His subconscious mind was screaming for him to run for his life. It wasn't until Dewayne reached out and took his hand saying they had a dinner to get to that Bobby's body was able to move.

Dewayne proved to be very charming. He opened doors, helped Bobbie into his seat and told him to order whatever he wanted off the menu. It wasn't an expensive place by any means but a nice place. The conversation general in nature and like Ms. Edna taught him, let Dewayne do most of the talking. Bobbie wasn't that surprised to hear he had played some college football but a knee injury, loss of his scholarship had stopped his education. What he didn't tell Bobbie Ann was that he was now pimping out high class she/male whores.

Dewayne for his part was impressed with this pretty she/male Dr. Vitner set him up with. It was apparent from what little Bobbie Ann said that he was going to be an easy mark but had his instructions. Break the kid in easy, bust his cherry and most importantly make him feel like a woman. He had handled too many of Dr. Vitner's cases to even think about disobeying her orders. So he was going to handle this one with kid gloves and take his time before he would take pleasure in busting his ass. The one thing Dewayne thoroughly enjoyed was taking someone's cherry. Seeing the pretty girl across from him would make that an extremely rare pleasure. It wasn't often he came across clean, untainted beautiful boy/girls.

Bobbie Ann was home by ten o'clock and Dewayne had only given him a goodbye hug and peck to the cheek. For his part, Bobbie was shocked by the entire date. It was nothing like he expected and had actually enjoyed it once he got over his nervousness. He had a great meal, better than he had all summer and saw a humorous chick flick with a big strong man by her side. That's what his conscious mind saw and it didn't come as a great surprise when he agreed to go out on another date. His subconscious however was upset over the up coming date but greatly relieved he only had to endure some hand holding, an arm around the waist, a brief hug and kiss to the cheek.

Ooo

Robyn wasn't happy. His day with Norbert hadn't gone well, not well at all. It was bad enough he had to dress and act like a little ten year old girl but putting up with another boy just like him very upsetting. What disturbed him so much was that Norbert seemed to actually enjoy it. Norbert also had an annoying habit of embarrassing Robyn. First all that nonsense of dancing and singing then making him go to the bathroom with him. He was just happy that Norbert didn't make him hold his weenie. Norbert's pink silk panties peeved him even more. Why did he get to wear pretty silk panties and all he got were crummy cotton ones. The more he dwelled upon it, the more he focused on the pretty pink silk panties. He behaved like a

petulant little girl for the rest of the evening and the next day. It wasn't until Sylvie scolded him that he admitted he was jealous of Norbert's silk panties and demanded his own.

Hearing him say that he was jealous, she started laughing. When he stamped his feet and screamed at her to stop laughing, she only laughed the harder. It was his first real little sister tantrum and Sylvie couldn't stop laughing. She couldn't get the picture of Robby as he had been acting out like he was now. Finally she got her merriment under control and told him if he behaved she would think about getting him grown-up girl panties.

For his second play date Robyn was taken to Norbert's. Sylvie wasn't happy about not being able to stay and watch as her "big" brother played with Shirley Temple. Mrs. Summers had promised her a lot of photos which made leaving a little easier.

Poor Robyn wasn't all that happy either. He did get a pair of silk panties but not the kind he wanted. He was dressed in a bright pink low cut satin party dress with stiff white taffeta petticoats, a white satin lace frilled training bra and white silk pantaloons with row upon row of pink floral lace frills. A big bright pink satin bow was fastened at the back of his head. It wasn't exactly a Bo Peep costume but pink was Robyn's most favorite color. He was also wearing "big girl" makeup and white leather slippers with a one inch heel for the first time. She had used a light foundation, powder, black eyebrow pencil, black mascara, pink blush and a very wet looking dark pink gloss on his bee stung lips. She had really wanted to see the two boys kissing and hugging a lot but would settle for some cute pictures.

Norbert unlike last time wasn't wearing a dress. Instead he was dressed in a royal purple velvet Lord Fauntleroy outfit. The satin blouse was a sparkling white with heavy ruffled lace embellishments and full balloon sleeves with tiered lace cuffs. White knee high nylons with a pert purple satin bow at the back of the welts and black three inch heeled Mary Jane's completed his dressing. His hair was in long ringlet curls and thick makeup. White foundation, rose-red circled cheeks, purple blended into lavender eye shadows, black liquid eye liner, mascara and bright glistening scarlet lipstick forming Cupid's bow lips made his face really stand out. He held a very lacy hankie between thumb and forefinger in one hand and his knit white string purse containing lipstick and tissues in the other. With the heels he stood three inches taller than Robyn.

Robyn had to be given a push to step up to Norbert for the required hug and kiss greeting. This time Norbert seemed to take control and pulling Robyn into an embrace kissed him fully on the lips. When the kiss broke he took Robyn's hand and led him into the house. Both Sylvie and Eva were a little surprised as they watched the kiss but enjoyed the scene.

"Please come in for a moment and have some tea," Mrs. Summers said as the two boys entered the house. "I have a delicious day planned for our two delicate boys. I thought a classical day would be nice and my darling Norbert wants to teach Robyn the Minuet and play the harpsichord for him."

Robyn was a bit overwhelmed by Norbert. He was acting so masterful and not a bit like the swishy delicate boy he had been. Not only that but they were no longer standing eye to eye. Robyn had to look up to see into his eyes which made him feel even more docile. As soon as they were inside, Norbert had dropped his hand and put it around Robyn's waist pulling them close.

"I can't tell you how happy I am that you could come over today. You look very pretty too and I just love your dress," he said not using his lisping lilting voice. It was still soft and modulated but much more masculine.

When they reached what was obviously a music room, Norbert turned to face Robyn, cupped his chin with his hankie hand and placed another tender kiss to his lips.

"Come let me put on a record and we can dance. It's a simple dance really, basically a four step but with dips and curtsies," he said when the kiss broke.

Poor Robyn was totally confused and astonished by the change in Norbert. He had expected a few hugs and kisses to the cheek but a lip lock never. Nor did he plan on doing anything

but a repeat of their last meeting, dancing face to face and close was not like doing it apart and singing to some stupid old movie. He couldn't miss the differences in their clothing either. While Norbert was still dressed like a sissy it was way more masculine than Robyn's. Robyn was left feeling submissive and compliant in the presents of the confident Norbert.

The Minuet was not a full body contact dance. Rather a lot of bowing and curtseying with hands held with back and forth movements. Norbert took the man's dominant position and led him around the wooden dance floor. With each curtsey to his bow Robyn's psyche was forced into the feminine role. As each dance ended he was pulled into a tight embrace and kissed on the lips further reinforcing his feelings of submissiveness.

After Sylvie had left Mrs. Summers brought them tea which she served as they sat on the settee side by side. She of course told them how delightful they looked dancing and what a beautiful couple they made. Her comments made Robyn blush but he managed a soft "thank you." She also made sure Robyn's tea had a bit something extra. It was something that would release his libido and calm any anxiety.

After tea Norbert played several tunes on his harpsichord before returning to sit beside him. Robyn didn't care for the harpsichord but was feeling very mellow and relaxed. When Norbert leaned in, kissed him deeply, plunging his tongue deep into his mouth, playing tongue tag and withdrawing leaving a lot of spit behind, he didn't complain but swallowed with a silly smile on his face.

Robby had only been on a couple of dates before but all of them were very chaste. The only girls to ever kiss him were his mother and sister until now. Instead of the pretty girl he had hoped to be involved with, it was with another feminized boy. He was filled with revulsion and should have been sicker than a dog with that last kiss but he wasn't. Any repugnance or resistance was impossible do to all the hypnosis and drugs.

He didn't object when Norbert unbuttoned the back of his dress and pulled the bodice down revealing his training bra either. He was very aware of what was happening but there was a fluttering in his stomach and warmth he hadn't felt before. There was also another part of him telling him this was all very very wrong. As his bra was pushed up over his small breasts and Norbert's lips began sucking on the tender nipple, he let out a gasp of surprise followed by a low soft groan. He was so lost in his feelings that he didn't remember when he took Norbert's penis in hand.

Robyn didn't realize he was slowly masturbating his friend until a wet hot wetness covered his hand. Shocked he pulled back and raised the cum covered hand. As he looked at it in complete surprise, Norbert pushed it towards his lips.

"Go on Robyn, taste it. You'll love it I promise. I know I do when Mommy let's me," he whispered pushing on the hand.

As it touched his lips, Robyn despite all the repugnance filling his mind, stuck out his tongue. It was like an out of body experience as he watched his tongue slowly then eagerly licking the gooey substance from his hand. That tiny voice submerged in the back of his mind was screaming in outrage but his body didn't listen.

"Now clean me," Norbert whispered huskily as he pushed Robyn's head down.

Robyn couldn't stop, he wanted but couldn't. There was a muted white noise like sound in the back of his mind screaming "no, don't do this. This is wrong, this is sick." He tried to resist the downward pressure on his neck as it was drawn down to the opened flap of Norbert's velvet shorts but it was feeble. A major part of him was curious, wanting to see and do more; yet, a much smaller part found the very idea abhorrent and hideous.

He was staring at a pinkish-brown round one eyed head, the shaft covered in a bright pink satin covering. Pink was his favorite color and the little lace frills hemming the sheath was really cute. Sticking out his tongue he began licking the small pearl drop clinging to that eye. Soon he had the round knob completely in his mouth, flicking his tongue into the eye, trying to suck more of that gooey salty discharge.

Trying to get more, he gripped the satin covered shaft with his hand. Indirectly, without really noticing, Robyn was surprised at how large Norbert's penis was. It filled his entire hand but there was still room left over. He felt it get harder and warmer, it began pulsing and another hot gush filled his mouth. He hummed as he swallowed it all ignoring the screams of anguish echoing in his mind.

Mrs. Summers was watching their activity on the settee from the archway leading into the room. There was a rueful smile on her face as she watched. "Oh my precious darling, I love you so and want to keep you always by my side. As much as I hate to let another into your life, Dr. Vitner says I must. I won't always be here for you and who will take care of you when I'm gone? The doctor says that Robyn will make a good life partner and from that smile I guess you will agree," she thought as a small tear formed in the corner of an eye.

As Norbert lay in bed wearing his chartreuse nylon and chiffon baby doll nightie with the matching rumba styled panties bunched up around his knees, Mrs. Summers tied the small satin ribbon bow securing the emerald green satin sheath around his seven inch member. Giving it a pat she quickly pulled the chastity device over it and locked it shut. Today was the first time he had been released from it in a very long time. If it had been up to her he would never be allowed out of it but alas, Dr. Vitner was very specific.

"Did you enjoy being with your little friend today darling?" she cooed.

"Oh mommy this was the bestest day ever. I hope you will let me see Robyn again....real soon," he replied sleepily.

Ooo

It was early October and Bobby was sitting in Dr. Vitner's office in a deep trance. "So Bobby what do you think of all your changes over the summer? I think you have made wonderful progress. You may speak freely," she said using the catch phrase that would release his subconscious.

"You fuckin' bitch! Look what you have done to me! I look and act like a fuckin' girl and dating a guy. How do you expect me to fuckin' feel? I hate this and I hate you! I have tits and can't get hard anymore! How the fuck do you expect me to feel? You have ruined my life!" he softly said. His freed mind was screaming but he couldn't raise his voice.

"My, my, such hostility coming from a pretty girl like you. Where is your appreciation? It did take a lot of work to get you where you are today you know. So, tell me about the young man you are dating," she responded with a giggle.

"Dewayne, he's black! I don't want to date a black dude or any other guy for that matter. It's sick and perverted. I'm not gay and every time I'm near him I want to get sick as hell," he replied.

"I asked you to tell me about him, not how you feel. So, is it true what they say about black men?" she asked grinning already knowing the answer.

"He....he's big..and black, really black and taller than me even in four inch heels..an....and strong as an ox. Yeah, I guess it's true....he's at least nine inches and thick. OMG! Why are you making me tell you this? It's disgusting just mentioning it. Shit! I'm going to throw up," he said grabbing the nearby trashcan.

When he finished, she handed him a tissue. "Bobbie Ann let's talk now," she said. Immediately Bobby's subconscious retreated back, far back, and his Bobbie Ann conscious took over.

"Well Bobbie Ann I'm pleased that you are happy in your relationship with Dewayne. Now I want you to strip so I can give you an examination then your shots," Thelma commanded.

Thelma was very pleased with her physical examination of Bobbie Ann. His breasts were a solid C-cup with pert eraser sized nipples and his butt was almost a perfect bubble, round, white as the driven snow. The waist had narrowed from its original twenty-nine down to twenty giving him a thirty-six, twenty, thirty-six overall figure. The narrow landing strip

between his legs was bigger than his shrunken penis.

Ooo

Bobbie Ann was getting dressed for her date with Dewayne. They had been dating regularly since September and she was looking forward to tonight. They were going to his place for the first time and she was excited, her tummy was doing flip flops and she was in love. On their last two dates she had given him a blow job and couldn't wait for him to take her virginity. The size and girth of his dick filled her mouth completely and the taste of his discharge was like honey. The thought of it entering her was both thrilling and frightening. From the sex education readings Ms. Edna had assigned, Bobbie Ann knew how to prepare for a first time. She had douched thoroughly and applied a lot of lubricant. In her purse were an extra absorbent tampon and pad. Her readings told her that girls like her always swallowed and never wanted anything to leak out.

Bobbie Ann hadn't given any thought to losing her virginity until she left Dr. Vitner's office a few days ago. Now all she could think about was getting her cherry busted. When she did that, she would be fulfilled and a complete woman. Only little girls had a hymen and she certainly wasn't a little girl now that she was eighteen. Giving her cherry to Dewayne would be her first month's anniversary gift plus it would make him hers and hers alone. She thought briefly that after they had marvelous sex he would even propose. Getting married in a beautiful gown and ceremony was what all girls wanted more than anything wasn't it?

Ooo

After Bobbie Ann left her office, Robyn Lynne came in and was quickly put into a very deep trance. After giving him new instructions, she said, "So Robby how do you like all the changes you have undergone since the beginning of summer? You may speak freely."

"Damn you to hell! I hate this! I'm not a little girl! I'm a man! You've got to change me back!" his mind was screaming but spoke softly.

"Temper, temper darling, I hear you have a certain someone in your life now. Tell me all about your new playmate?" she asked with a big smile.

"Crap! He's the biggest faggot I've ever seen. It makes me sick just being near him. He really creeps me out! He's such a perv," he replied.

"Now let's not start name called Robby. Norbert is a sweet obedient child and I understand he really likes you. Let's move on and talk about your big sister Sylvie. So how does it feel to be her baby sister?" she asked.

"She's not my big sister! I'm older and not a little girl. She's mean, nasty and makes me act like a ten year old. I hate her almost as much as you. You are both evil and nasty," he answered.

"Let's move on shall we Robyn Lynne. I want you to disrobe and let me check you out then give you your shots," she said sending his subconscious back into oblivion.

As with Bobbie Ann, Dr. Vitner was more than pleased with Robby's development. His chest sprouted two knobs with dark small nipples more like pear ends with short stems. They were the perfect size to fill out an A-cup bra. The torso was like that of a young girl and his butt beginning to fill out nicely. His penis and scrotum had degenerated into the size of a very young boy and completely useless except for urination. She was happy to see that he hadn't grown any taller.

Ooo

"Robyn Lynne was humming a nursery rhyme as he was getting ready for his date with Norbert. It was going to be a special date. He was going to a sleep over and very excited. He couldn't stand still for a second and was babbling like any young girl anxious to go and have some special fun.

"Robyn Lynne if you don't stand still and stop that infernal talking, I'll never get your tote

packed. Yes, I'll let you wear your special big girl panties and that new bra. Now settle down and let me get this done," Sylvie said with a laugh.

Sylvie was getting a bit bored with her little sister and her constant chatter was getting on her nerves. "Damn, I'm gonna be so happy to have her out of my hair for a change. I wouldn't mind being a fly on the wall of Norbert's bedroom tonight though. Now, where did I put those frilly white satin panties and bra? Ah, here they are," she thought pulling the lingerie from the dresser drawer.

"Look, here are your big girl panties and bra," she said holding them up for Robyn to see. They were both new, the bra a real A-cup white satin, smooth cupped with light padding and two hook and eye closure. The high leg matching panties were hemmed in frilly floral lace.

"Oh goodie, give them to me so I can put them on," Robyn said hopping up and down clapping his hands in excitement.

With his big girl lingerie on Robyn skipped over to his closet and removed the bright pink stiff net crinolines with soft nylon yokes and quickly pulled them up his legs. The satin party dress soon followed. The dress had a bright pink square cut bodice embroidered with flowers and large sheer puffed sleeves tied off with pink satin ribbon bows at the lacy cuffs. The full skirt was bright white bridal satin hemmed with an inch of pink lace. Carefully sitting so not to wrinkle the dress, he pulled on white ankle socks with three tiers of pink ruffled lace and his black Mary Jane's with the small bow attached to the toes.

She couldn't help but smile at his childish and girlish enthusiasm. Pulling the tote closer, she filled it with a really precious white with ornate pink detailing baby doll nightie and the matching rumba styled full cut panties. The nightie was double layered nylon and chiffon with wide ruffled pink floral lace hemming and a pretty pink satin bow with streamers reaching to the hem sewn at the center of the round neckline. The glistening white panties had six rows of pink ruffled lace sewn across the bottom. Satisfied he had everything he would need, she zipped the tote closed.

Ooo

Eva lay on the plush leather couch wearing a man's navy blue woolen slacks and dress shirt. When she entered the doctor's office for her session, she hung her jacket on the tree stand, loosened her tie and unbuttoned the stiffly starched white shirt's collar button. She was completely relaxed and under Dr. Vitner's control.

"Now Eva tell me how you like all the changes in your family so far? You may speak freely."

"You...you fucking bitch! This isn't what I came to you for. All I wanted was to have a loving considerate husband and respectful children. What you have done to us is pure evil! I demand you change us back!"

"Change you back? Hardly my dear, not after all the hard work I have put into this special project. You may have gotten a bit more than requested but you have to admit everyone in the family does what you say and does it respectfully."

"You've got to be kidding me! A bit more you say. I certainly didn't ask to be turned into a bull dyke nor have my boys turned into hideous reflections of girls and my poor husband into a flaming faggot. I don't know exactly what you have done to my daughter but she isn't the same either. You have to undo all this and now."

"Eva! Go back into your cubbyhole. You have expressed yourself quite clearly. Now strip and let me examine you."

Ooo

Eva stood before the bathroom mirror holding a small red mustache brush. She had already tightly bound her breasts up in an elastic bandage and strapped on her dildo. She was pleased that she finally had a mustache to be proud of. Splashing on her Old Spice cologne quickly finished and went back into her bedroom to get dressed for the evening.

Adam's best suit, a black shark skin was hanging on the closet door. Hastily she grabbed a pair of green and black checked boxers and white cotton undershirt from the dresser. Then from another drawer, where Adam had put her freshly washed, starched, ironed and folded dress shirts, removed a blue one with French cuffs. Dressed she flicked through the assortment of ties selecting a blue and black stripe silk tie. By now she had gotten good at tying a Windsor knot without having to look in the mirror.

As she went out the door, she unconsciously reached down and adjusted her big cock. Tonight was going to be a special one. Eva planned on giving Della a diamond ring and ask her to move in with her. Adam had long since been moved into the guest bedroom and she needed someone to fill in all that empty space. Who better than Della? She figured her odds were better than good that she would accept. Della had been bitching like a wet hen lately over having to live hand and mouth in her tiny efficiency apartment. She reached down and adjusted her cock again as she got behind the wheel of the Lexus.

Like all of Adam's other things, his beloved convertible sport car was her's now. Adam was driving her old SUV taking the kids on their various excursions and doing the grocery shopping. Of course he had to get it custom painted before he would drive it anywhere. Its original ebony black was way to masculine for a faggot like him. It was re-painted in an iridescent pink with lime green pen stripes..

DR. VITNER'S SPECIAL PROJECT

Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

Sylvie was in her trance as Dr. Vitner looked her over. She was impressed. Sylvie was wearing a bright white satin blouse, open at the neck to reveal a tantalizing hint of black satin bra, black above the knee pencil skirt, black seamed hose and open toed black patent leather four inch spike heels with one inch platform. Her makeup was equally impressive with its dark colors and bright scarlet lipstick. Her hair was dyed raven black with purple streaks. She looked every bit of a dominatrix and much older than her just turned fifteen years.

"Yes, you will make a lot of men grovel at your feet my darling protégé. You can easily pass for nineteen or even older and that will work to your great advantage but not yet. Give it some more time and then I'll see about what we can do then. Right now I need you to be a bit more like your true self, less dramatic makeup and conservative dress. You can start dating but you need to learn how to make men do your every bidding without thought. To do that you need to start with boys your age or even a bit younger. Guess I better get on with your new instructions," she thought. With the instructions over, she asked Sylvie the same question she had asked all the others and told her to speak freely.

"Seeing my mommy and daddy so changed scares me like really a lot. I don't know what's gotten into them. Like she's becoming more and more like my daddy and he's, well like, he's just so out there. I can't explain it and their changing frightens me. It's like some alien zapped them or sumptin or they're turning into some kind of zombie. I sometime think I should like report them to somebody."

"No, Sylvie you can't do that even if you are scared. They haven't punished or harmed you have they? No, so there is no need to report them and they weren't zapped by aliens or turning into zombies. It's just that their true natures are finally coming out into the open. Now tell me about your brothers," Thelma interrupted.

"Like I really like being in charge and seeing my brothers like put in their place but this is really going way too far out. You know, I'm glad to be the boss of them but I don't like what's happening to them. It's not right. Like I just wanted to do my own thing but no, this, this is wrong. I love my brothers yet I keep getting this tingly feeling with Robby. Seeing him suffer like I did having to be goody-goody all the time and do all the stuff I had to do for them gives

me these little chills of pleasure. Like I know that isn't right but I do. Still that's no excuse for what's happening."

"Of course what you are doing is right and they deserve what they are getting. Don't you remember how mean and bossy they were before? Now you are in charge and so what if you make your brother dress and act like a little sister. You've always wanted a little sister and now you have one. Has he ever complained about the way you have been treating him? I mean complained about having to be your little sister."

"Errrr, no, he's thrown a tantrum or two but never said he didn't want to be my little sister," she honestly replied. She didn't know that Robby and Bobby were programmed.

"Well then, so what's wrong with the way they are behaving? They are no different than your parents. They are just coming out of their shells and being who they really want to be. I'm willing to bet that even Bobbie Ann hasn't complained or showed the least bit of outrage over having to dress and act like a young lady. He hasn't has he?"

"Well I haven't been around him as much as Robyn but no, not that I have ever seen or heard. He's been acting really excited over dating that Neanderthal Dewayne though. What he sees in that guy I'll never know. He's like way too dominating, you know."

"Very good, Sylvie now go back to your happy place."

Ooo

Sylvie was getting ready for her very first date and felt both excited and confident. Dr. Vitner had arranged the date and assured her that she wouldn't have to worry about a thing. She dressed in a long sleeved red satin blouse, an above the knee woolen black straight skirt with a satin lining, red seamed hose and her platform black patent leather four inch spike heeled boots. Even though she wasn't much taller than Robyn, the heels would put her three inches above her date's head. She had arranged her hair into a high flowing pony tail and used a heavy night time makeup with scarlet lipstick. She took her mother's large diamond studs for her own. With her long pointed nails painted in a matching scarlet, she looked imposing and in command. There was also a real sense of the exotic as well.

"This outfit and makeup makes me look like way hot. Michael should think I'm sexy and Dr. Vitner said that was important but that I must act regal at all times. I should tease but never let him touch or take any initiative when we go out. She also told me I could kiss but only on the cheek and hold hands preferably as a reward for his good behavior and only if I wanted to and then do it sparingly.

"The one lesson you must learn on your date Sylvie is how and when to deliver your rewards....They cannot be too frequent or too few. In time you will learn how to balance them out so just be careful. You fail this lesson and you will have lost any ability to make things go your way," the doctor had instructed her.

She also said that if he tried to kiss her then to slap him hard across the face. He is not to make any moves unless you specifically tell him. To be all you can be, you must stand firm and make all the decisions. Firmly enforce your choices by force if necessary and give small rewards for correct behavior. Above all you must look desirable but regal, within reach but untouchable. Most of all never ever lose your heart to a mere man. She wasn't quite sure what all that meant but it helped being told to think and behave as a Goddess.

"Wow! Like, I could get into that," Sylvie thought.

Ooo

Bobbie Ann paid special attention to the way he dressed for her very special date. He had decided to shampoo and wash out her stiff bubble page boy and carefully arraigned it into two bobbing pig tails tied off with vivid lavender satin bows. Instead of the usual night time makeup, used a minimal amount. A bit of blended lavender and pink eye shadow, black mascara and a heavy application of a lavender pink lipstick. The hardest part was deciding what lingerie to wear as Bobbie had already selected her outfit.

“Oh gosh, I’m not sure whether to wear the black and red lace corset and matching bikini panties, that naughty red set or go strictly virginal white. Well, I am a virgin so I guess I’ll go with that,” he thought.

Before he put on the white satin demi-bra with a frill of lace hemming on the cups, Bobbie coated his nipples and areoles with the lavender pink lipstick. A white heavily embroidered garter belt and white sheer seamed hose with a lace welt were quickly donned. The white bikini panties were a special purchase and had a three inch skirting of knife pleated pale pink chiffon across the front. Bobbie thought they were particularly naughty and loved them. A white cotton long sleeved pointed collared blouse was tied just below the breast line leaving the belly exposed. A plaid gray, black and pink mid-thigh woolen box pleated full skirt completed the outfit.

Stepping into a pair of black four inch fuck me heels, went in front of the full length mirror. “Gee, I think it’s sexy and hope Dewayne does too. Dr. Vitner told me all men just love sexy school girls. Now all I have to do is put that sexy hot red baby doll nightie into my purse and I’m all set to go. Gotta have something really hot for bed to impress,” he thought with a giggle.

It was getting cold out and Bobbie didn’t want to wear a coat as it would diminish the impression she wanted to make. One look out her window convinced her to get one anyway. At first she pulled out her white rabbit’s fur jacket but quickly rejected it. Instead from the very back of the closet grabbed her old letterman’s jacket. The jacket had been the only “Bobby” thing left in his room. It would look great draped over his shoulders and enhance his school girl look.

Bobbie was thrilled as she stepped into Dewayne’s apartment. From the moment he had been picked up until now everything was going to her plan. Dewayne was practically drooling the whole time and complimenting her over and over at how fantastic she looked. Bobbie Ann couldn’t have been happier. It came as no surprise when he quickly ushered him into his bedroom. Using all his will power to keep him at bay, Bobbie went into the master bath to put his nightie on over the lingerie.

He was on her knees looking soulfully up at Dewayne as his thick penis filled his mouth. The waves of pleasure rising from his belly as he swallowed quickly changed into something altogether different, from ecstasy to absolute horror.

“OMG! What the fuck am I doing? How did I get here?” his mind screamed as his tongue flicked out to remove the very last trace of semen.

His mind saw everything as his body slowly rose and began removing Dewayne’s remaining clothing. Watched in terror as his tongue flicked out to lick her man’s nipple while reaching down to massage the flaccid cock back into hardness. Then the strange sensations of pressure and a bit of pain as his breasts and nipples were manipulated, the nipples nipped by sharp teeth. The flaming hot burning pain as he was penetrated and the seemingly endless pounding etched themselves deeply into his awareness. As terrifying and repulsive as those actions were, Bobby could do nothing to stop or offer any resistance which made the experience all the more diabolical.

Ooo

Robyn was really excited to be going on his first sleep over. Robyn’s constant, “Are we there yet,” was driving Adam to distraction but didn’t mind. What was important was that Robyn was happy besides he had his own upcoming date to think about. As soon as he dropped Robyn off he was going to meet Mr. Oliver.

Robyn was a little disappointed that Norbert was again wearing pants. Again, they weren’t normal men’s pants but rather a bright peach colored satin pantaloons with large pink satin ribbon bows at the knee. His peasant styled blouse was full cut with billowing sleeves in a soft pink nylon with a very full and lacy jabot tie. He was also wearing a dark peach satin over coat styled jacket with big brass buttons that left the front of his blouse visible. The hem

of the jacket was thick with ruffled pale peach floral lace. His hair was still in long Goldilocks curls and his Cupid's bow lips painted a very vivid red. A large white lace frilled hankie was in one hand dangling between his thumb and forefinger.

They met with a hug and chaste kiss as the two adults watched with big smiles. While they stood talking at the front door, Norbert quickly escorted Robyn into the music room where he planted a much more passionate kiss on Robyn unresisting lips. They spent much of the evening dancing the Minuet or quietly conversing on the settee with the occasional kissing and hugging.

As they sat on the settee Robyn was feeling strange. With his big sister he always felt submissive but now there was a tingling in his tummy. Norbert was funny in a cute way, his touch and kisses tender and sweet. The fact that he was wearing pants and made all the moves left him actually feeling feminine for the first time. It was a sensation both comforting and scary.

When Mrs. Summers came in to tell them it was time for bed, Robyn grabbed his tote, slightly nervous but excited. He wasn't sure what would happen next but hoped that something wonderful occurred. He didn't know much about what went on during a sleep over but he did know that you just didn't go to sleep.

Mrs. Summers took Norbert into her room to change while Robyn was left to change in Norbert's. Norbert's room was dainty but not quite as feminine as Robyn's. The walls were painted egg shell white with blue and white striped drapery on the single window. The furnishings were French provincial, delicate in a pale oak. A large queen bed with white chiffon canopy occupied most of the room. There was a very plush white satin comforter with the corner folded back revealing baby blue satin sheets. The three mirrored lighted vanity had a baby blue satin skirting and matching cushioned bench seat. The rich wooden floors covered in fluffy soft baby blue throw rugs. There was a large framed picture on each wall depicting Victorian dressed young ladies and girls.

What caught Robyn's attention was a large wooden rocking horse off in one corner. It was painted bright pink with a white leather saddle and reins. Still curious, he walked over and opened the very large walk-in closet. There was a plethora of delicate and very fancy outfits hanging on pink padded hangers. The shelves held hundreds of shoes, from Mary Jane's to six inch platform heels. As Robyn examined the shoes he noticed a number of pairs of baby shoes but in a large size. As he probed the closet's contents further noted a large stack of cloth baby diapers and colorful plastic panties.

"What the heck? I guess all that was from when he was younger but why was it still there?" he wondered as he walked out to get into his baby doll.

He had just finished dressing when Norbert walked in, stopped, with his mouth forming a big "O" said, "Yo...you're beautiful."

Blushing at the compliment, Robyn dropped into a curtsy and said, "Thank you. You look very nice too."

It was Norbert's turn to blush as he performed a bow. His head was covered with a powder blue nylon sleep cap with a lacy brim and ankle length powder blue satin sleep shirt. Recovering from seeing Robyn wearing only a semi-sheer nightie, he pointed to the bed and said, "Shall we. Mother insists that I be in bed by nine."

Like a gentleman, Norbert held the sheet and comforter back so Robyn could slide in. Norbert's eyes were riveted on the expanse of leg and the ruffled panties. Robin didn't miss the look and was pleased, a feeling that was totally unexpected. Norbert quickly followed and pulled the sheeting up to their waists.

It was quite for a few moments as they looked at one another then Robyn asked about the rocking horse. In response Norbert blushed then replied, "Mo...mommy makes me play on it when I've been bad."

“That doesn’t sound so bad. Does she do anything else?”

His blush became rose red and he shuddered. “Sh...she...pu...puts me in diapers an....and dresses me lik....like a little bab....baby girl,” he stammered.

“Oh you poor baby,” Robyn found himself saying as he grabbed Norbert in a tight embrace, kissing him deeply.

They lay there for a while, each other’s arm under the neck of the other staring up at the canopy. Suddenly Robyn felt Norbert’s other hand caressing her cock under the sheet as he turned and placed a deep kiss on her lips. Robyn’s hand slowly reached out and began fondling Norbert’s large erection. In the dim light of the night light, two shadows turned, legs sprayed around each other’s head and the heads began to move up and down.

Norbert’s cock head was completely surrounded by Robyn’s full lips, his tongue flicking quickly over the eye when suddenly he stopped but only for a fractional second. His mind was awake and fully aware of where and what he was doing.

“OMG! No! This can’t be!” his mind shouted in horror.

Instead of jumping up, beating the snot out of Norbert, Robyn watched in terror as he sucked in the entire length of Norbert’s rampant cock. He was completely helpless to stop what was going on but his mind was fully aware and hating, disgusting every single second of it. Gradually as he sucked, licked and kissed Robyn became aware of the sensations coming from his own groin. He never had any kind of sex before and his experiences with girls limited to a few kisses. Norbert was an excellent cocksucker with a very talented tongue and lips. The sensations shooting up into his Robby’s mind were repugnant and pleasant, surprisingly pleasant. He wasn’t all that sure he wanted this to just go away. Unable to control himself, he reached an amazing climax while at the same time swallowing and swallowing.

Ooo

Adam parked in front of the wooden framed shot gun house. He noted the peeling dark green paint and weed overgrown yard. There was a beat up old refrigerator standing off to one side. This was not the best part of town and he worried about leaving his SUV out on the curb but the gate to the drive way was locked. He swished his way past the clutter and knocked on the door.

“So ya cided ta come avisitin’ faggot. Well, don’t jest stand thar get that swishy ass in here,” Mr. Oliver gruffly ordered.

The inside of the house was just as dumpy if not more so on the inside. The front room was cluttered with old newspapers and litter, the rug tattered and the furnishing not much better. Mr. Oliver was dressed as he had been at the grocery but to Adam’s eyes everything looked beautiful.

“Go git me a beer n one fer yerself if ya want then join me on the couch.”

Making sure to wiggle his ass as sexily as he could Adam minced over to the kitchen and put his purse in the only clear spot on the counter. The counter top and sinks were filled with dirty dishes, pots and pans. The kitchen table was equally covered in trash and dirty dishes. Taking a beer from the refrigerator he sashayed back to where Mr. Oliver was sitting.

“Honey would you mind if I cleaned up just a little?” he asked.

“Faggot I done told ya ta call me Mr. Oliver. Yeah, clean up this place until the game done over if’n ya wants.”

“I’m sorry Mr. Oliver. I won’t forget again,” he replied contritely, turned and went back into the kitchen.

He had barely made a dent in cleaning the kitchen when he heard, “Faggot, I need another beer.” It was the first of many interruptions.

He had the kitchen mostly cleaned. The peeling linoleum floor still needed to be mopped, the oven and refrigerator cleaning when he was told to come join Mr. Oliver on his sagging couch. When he arrived Mr. Oliver had his pants unzipped and his wrinkled cock out on display.

“Well faggot this is what ya came here for so get busy,” he gruffly stated.

Without thinking about it, Adam dropped to his knees and took the flaccid cock in his hand. Looking up into Mr. Oliver’s eyes said, “Oooohh, what a big cock. I can’t wait to eat it all up.”

The wrinkled brown cock was finally beginning to harden when Adam realized what he was doing. His eyes flashed open in horrified surprise but didn’t stop.

“No, I’m not queer. Why am I doing this? What’s happening....oh that fuckin’ bitch. Dr. Vitner has to be behind this. OMG! Why can’t I stop? This old man is disgusting and stinks to high heaven. I should be sicker than a dog.”

It took Adam over thirty minutes to bring the old guy off. What he swallowed was watery and slightly slimy thankfully not much in quantity either. He stood smiling from ear to ear and slowly ran his tongue across his painted lips.

Mr. Oliver glared at him, “Faggot now ya got what cha wanted get me another beer.”

Later Adam was in a smelly bed on all fours with his girdle and pants looped around one ankle looking seductively over his shoulder. He wiggled his ass trying to encourage Mr. Oliver as he struggled getting his Viagra enhanced dick into Adam’s virgin ass. Unlike Bobbie Ann he had no knowledge of how to prepare. The only lubrication was a big wad of spit and that was applied to Mr. Oliver’s dick. There was a sharp stabbing burning pain and Mr. Oliver was in.

Even though his ass was burning and it felt like his insides were being torn out, Adam was moaning and verbally encouraging Mr. Oliver. “Oh fuck me, fuck me hard. Ohhhh that feels so good, deeper, plunge it in deeper Mr. Oliver. Ohhhh, yeah, keep it coming. When you fill me with your hot cum I’m going to lick you clean and we’ll do it again.”

He couldn’t believe the words flowing out of his mouth or the fact he had practically dragged the ugly old man into the bedroom. He had never felt so mortified or fouled than he did at that moment. When Mr. Oliver groaned loudly and collapsed on top of him, sending them both into the musty smelling mattress, Adam’s mind went blank.

Ooo

Sylvie’s date was a nice young man her age with shoulder length blonde hair and blue eyes. He had an almost pretty face and dressed nicely in tan slacks with a NFL jersey. Michael was shy and nervous like any young teen on his first date. His father had dropped him off and said he would pick him up at ten. His father was under the impression that there was a party but didn’t ask any questions. She liked Michael right away except for his shirt and silently thanked Dr. Vitner.

She acted just like any typical disinterested girl, turning her back and walking towards the den. She wanted to look back to see if he was following but resisted the impulse. As they passed the kitchen she said, “There’s sodas in the fridge, get me a diet coke” and kept on walking. She was pleased to hear the refrigerator door open and close.

Sylvie put on some music and sat down on the big leather sofa as Michael handed her a soda. When he started to sit next to her, she gave him a cold stare and pointed to the far side of the couch. He didn’t look happy but complied. So far he had done good, remembering the doctor’s instructions, gave him a beaming smile and asked him to tell her about himself. Whenever he boasted or talked about a manly subject she quickly cut him off with a big yawn and pretended total disinterest. She asked him a lot of questions as well.

She quickly discovered that he was a year younger, more of a geek than athlete and this was his first date. Suddenly she had an idea. “Michael you know that you have pretty blue eyes but they could be beautiful with a little effort. Would you mind if I showed you how? I’ll make

you happy if you do,” she said flashing a wondrous smile and pulling back her shoulders.

“Errrrr, yeah, I guess so,” he replied confused but his eyes were focused on Sylvie’s thrust out chest. “Oh man, this is one hot chick. I think I’m in love,” he thought.

Before the night was over his brows were plucked but not over done. He was wearing three shades of blue shadow, black eyeliner and mascara. Sylvie was sitting on his lap as she worked on his face, every now and then would gently pat his cheek. When he consented to let her remove a stray hair or two, actually kissed him on the cheek.

“Baby that looks so way cool,” she said squirming in his lap. She could feel his hard cock pressing against her round butt. “But you need one more thing to put you over the top,” she added uncapping a tube of pearlescent pink lipstick.

He drew his head back as the lipstick approached his face but seeing her brilliant smile let her apply a thick coating. Holding out a tissue she had him blot, leaned in and whispered huskily, “Baby you look fantastic and it’s making me soooo hot. Promise me you’ll let me do this the next time we are together.” Then she kissed him right on his own painted lips. It was brief but as she did made sure her butt rubbed across his iron hardness.

“A horny man is a very controllable man,” Dr. Vitner had told her. “Just be sure to keep him horny but unfulfilled. Once he’s had his fun, all bets are off.”

She handed him a hand mirror and he gasped when he saw what she had done. His eyes did stand out but nothing like a boy’s eyes should look. They were a pretty girl’s eyes. Then he noticed the smeared pink lipstick mixed with her scarlet and his penis pulsed, hard. He almost came in his pants. To his great relief he didn’t and blushed a bright pink thinking about how close he was to embarrassing himself. Having a beautiful girl sitting astraddle his waist didn’t help ease his excitement either.

Sylvie saw the range of emotions spreading across his face as he looked into the mirror. She also felt his pulse through her panties as she made sure she was sitting right on top of it. She flashed him another of her bright smiles, leaned in and gave him another quick kiss but this time on the cheek.

It wasn’t until his dad was due to pick him up that she removed his makeup. As she escorted him arm in arm to the front door, handed him the tissue with his lip imprint and whispered seductively, “Baby take this to remember our night together and I’ll see you next week.”

Ooo

Eva’s date was going according to plan. Della had prepared a nice dinner which went well with the expensive bottle of wine he had brought. As they sat on the couch watching television, he opened the blue velvet box and showed her the ring. Getting down on one knee proposed that they move in together and she readily agreed. Still squealing her pleasure, Eva picked her up and carried her into the bedroom. Eva had her head buried deeply between Della’s thighs, nose plowed deep into her thick bush sucking and licking like there was no tomorrow. As Della clamped her thighs tighter, Eva came awake.

“OMG! What am I doing? This can’t be happening but it is. I’ve got to stop this immediately but I...I can’t. What’s wrong with me? This is totally wrong. That bitch! I wish I had never heard of Dr. Vitner. She’s making me do this and I can’t help myself. Oh Adam, can you ever forgive me?”

She watched as she rose up and began sucking on Della’s fat nipples. She withered in agony as Della stuck a pink dildo up her ass as she plowed into her snatch with the strap-on. She never had a single lesbian thought but now she was actually doing things which would have been so repugnant before. It was a blessing when her mind went blank.

Bobbie Ann woke up to a cold sticky wetness between his legs and Dewayne snoring loudly. Grimacing, he got out of bed and headed into the bathroom picking up his purse. Reaching into the purse he removed the super tampon and pressed the pink plastic applicator to his burning asshole. He felt much better as he gave the string a tug, settling it in place.

“Don’t want to lose any more of my man’s love cream than I have too,” he thought sitting down to pee.

After a hot shower, the first in a long time, he put on his makeup and added some lipstick to his sore nipples. Dewayne had really seemed to enjoy that as he had given his nipples and breasts a workout last night. The nipples were puffy, throbbing slightly and there was a ring of hickies around each one. His hair was still in pigtails thought one of the ribbons was undone. Quickly retying it, he pulled his nightie back on omitting the panties. He had no idea where they were anyway and headed into the kitchen to make his boyfriend some breakfast.

With breakfast ready he went back into the bedroom and kneeling between Dewayne’s spread legs leaned down. Dewayne woke up, “Oh baby, now that’s a great way to start the day.”

Bobbie quickly finished off her boyfriend whom she hoped would ask her to marry him before the day was over. Swallowing, she licked her lips and with a big smile said, “I’ve got your breakfast waiting. I’ve just had mine.”

“I could eat an ox. Why don’t you get dressed and when I finish I’ll take you home,” he replied startling Bobbie Ann.

Bobbie Ann sat on the edge of the bed confused saying, “Take me home but I thought we were going to spend a romantic day together, make passionate love and then you would ask me to marry you.”

“What? You’re one crazy bitch. Why on earth would you think that I wanted to marry you?”

“We’ve been going out a month and you’ve been so nice and all. I thought once we made love, you would want me. You know, marry me.”

“Like I said, you’re one crazy bitch. All we did was fuck....Nothing more, nothing less. It’s was just fucking baby and I admit it was damn good but not worth marrying over. Now get your ass dressed while I get cleaned up,” he answered sharply as he left the room.

Bobbie stared at the empty place Dewayne recently occupied as tears flowed down his cheeks. He was devastated. “Ho...how coul...could he say that it was jus....just fu...fucking. I gave him my virginity and all he can say, is that it was just a fuck!”

Ooo

Robyn’s eyes fluttered open feeling a wonderful sensation coming from his groin. Soft tender lips were sucking gently and he moaned in pleasure. He began responding to the wonderful stimulation by rocking his ass in time to the bobbing head. He gasped loudly as he reached his climax, squeezing his thighs and arching his back. Reaching down he caressed the golden curls and pulled the face from between his legs and brought his lips to those of his lover. The taste of semen was strong but Robyn swished his tongue around anyway. Norbert was so good to him and he loved the taste.

When the kiss broke, Robyn smiled and pushed her lover over on his back then slid down to return the favor. There was still some evidence of his lipstick on the round head from last night and he began licking it like a lollipop. Holding the shaft he swirled it around his lips while flicking out his tongue at the single eye before swallowing it. It didn’t take long before he was rewarded as gob after gob of hot salty cum filled his mouth. Norbert’s cum was much thicker, whiter and saltier than his and Robyn couldn’t seem to get enough of it.

Robyn didn’t swallow this time as he let the deflated snake pop from his mouth. Rising up and sensuously sliding up Norbert’s trembling frame, planted a deep kiss. For the longest they kept swapping cum back and forth. Only Abigail coming into the room disrupted their play. They were both beet red as she stood over them. She wasn’t smiling but she wasn’t frowning either.

“It’s getting late and breakfast is about ready....provided you’re both still hungry. Robyn use Norbert’s bathroom and he can use....oh never mind, I don’t guess it makes any difference now. You two just hurry up,” she stated.

Ooo

Adam stirred in his sleep as a wonderful dream played out in his mind. He was getting a blow job. His dick was being sucked and that was something that hadn't happened since before his marriage. Eva didn't seem to mind doing that on a regular basis before but absolutely refused after she said "I do." It was a sensation one didn't forget and the one he was getting now the best he had ever received.

In the dream he was reclining on a pillow soft cloud surrounded by a warm mist. He couldn't see much through the fog but the feelings radiating from his little penis were absolutely wonderful. All he could see was a shadow bobbing up and down between his wide spread legs. He lay back enjoying the sensations, purring and moaning in pure bliss. He reached out as he was getting close, wanting to bury his hands in the hair of his lover to speed up the tempo. Surprisingly, his hands didn't touch hair but skin. He sat up and saw a bald skull covered in brown age spots and a toothless mouth moving up and down his small shaft. He snapped instantly awake as he simultaneously ejaculated.

The bald head with its ring of white hair rose and a thick tongue slid across wet lips. "Good ya awake. Now, don't go n be gitting ideas faggot. Ya still the flammin' queer here. Git outta bed and make me some damn coffee while I git cleaned up."

It wasn't until he tried to get out of bed that the throbbing pain radiating from his asshole and hips through the top of his skull hit him full force. "Oh hell, I feel like I've been run over by a garbage truck. My ass is burning and my hips feel dislocated. That must have happened when he pushed my feet up around my ears and took me on top. I thought I was gonna suffocate when he collapsed on top of me. Shit! I'm stuck to the sheet."

He wobbled sort of like a toddler into the kitchen and after rummaging around found the coffee and started the pot. He was sitting sipping coffee when Mr. Oliver walked in wearing a tattered blue terry robe. He sat heavily catty-corner to him with his own steaming cup.

"Fore ya say anything faggot, don't git any wrong ideas. I aint no flaming faggot like ya. Ya done reasonable n I...well that's all ya need to know. If'n ya want to thank me ya know how's I want it," he gruffly said.

Adam was on his knees between the old man's legs, compelled to do anything for his man. Despite just coming from the bathroom, he stank to high heaven but Adam lowered his lips. His knees were screaming in agony before he tasted the salty dribble and heard the "Ahhhhhhh" moan signaling Mr. Oliver was satisfied.

An hour later he was still hurting but dressed and on his way out. He looked a mess with his hair all tangled and matted, blood shot and swollen eyes but it was the best he could do. His poor asshole was gapping when he examined it. Thankfully he had a pad in his purse. It was something Eva insisted all good faggots carried in their purses but now he actually had a use for it.

His unconscious was more than ready to get out of that hell hole but begged Mr. Oliver for another date. "Mr. Oliver I had the best time last night. You were so masterful and commanding in bed, you sent thrills all over me. Please, I'll do anything, anything at all if you'll let me see you again. I...I'll even come over and clean your house, do the laundry and clean the dishes....whatever you want but please say I can come back."

"Ya a determined faggot now aint ya. I guess its okay but come early so ya can clean this house. I'll see ya next Friday."

Ooo

Sylvie woke from a marvelous dream. Michael was fully dressed to the nines. He was wearing a purple and lavender satin formal gown and fully made up with his hair piled high in ringlets. She was standing slightly ahead of him wearing black patent leather skin tight Capri's, a black leather corset with scarlet lace frills and biker boots. Her makeup immaculate with her hair held in a high pony tail. They stood before Dr. Vitner who smiling with pleasure,

presented Sylvie with a plaque on a golden chain. The plaque read, "Sylvie's Pet, Michelle."

"Wow! What a dream. He was cute but I don't know if I can go that far with him. I don't think his daddy would approve," she thought with a giggle as she got out of bed. She was wearing a pair of gray terry string tied shorts and an extra-large white tee shirt. She felt great this morning and couldn't wait to hear all about her little sister's first sleep over.

Eva didn't show up at the house until a little after noon. Right behind her was a small rental truck with all of Della's possessions. It wasn't until early afternoon that all her stuff was put away in the master bedroom. Eva looked worn out but seemed usually happy. Adam who had arrived back after picking up Robyn wasn't so happy but welcomed her into their household. Sylvie had a small tinge of regret but shrugged it off. The boys couldn't have cared less. They had their own problems to deal with.

Ooo

Over time things settled down into a routine. The boys went out to be with their boyfriends and Sylvie had Michael. After she had been seeing him for awhile, Dr. Vitner mentioned that there was a special club that catered to young adults like them. Sylvie had fallen in love with the place. Adam would drive her and Michael there almost every Saturday. Once there she would take him into a changing room. When he came out he was Michelle and at least Sylvie had a great time, Michael, not so much.

Getting Michael into lingerie and dresses hadn't been as hard as she imagined. What she didn't know was that his mother had gone to Dr. Vitner. If Sylvie had been older or more observant she might have noticed the telltale signs of left over makeup on his father or the panty lines. The two parents alternated in either dropping Michael off or taking them somewhere. Dr. Vitner hadn't done that much to Michael's mind, just made him predisposed to cross dressing and obedient to women. She wanted to see what Sylvie could achieve and prove herself worthy to be her protégée.

Sylvie especially enjoyed watching Michelle dance with the other "boys" that attended. The club allowed kissing and minor fondling but drew the line on anything else. She liked Michael/Michelle but had no romantic relationship so didn't mind sharing him with an older gay man, another sissy or the occasional butch lesbian. As he danced and fought off the advances of his partners, she was socializing with the other dominant young ladies and women. Sylvie was learning a lot about domination and control through those weekly meetings.

Bobbie wasn't with Dewayne anymore, that relationship ended after that night in his apartment. He had been depressed for days after that night. After a talk with the good Dr. Vitner, agreed that going out with other men was the best way to have that wonderful wedding of his dreams. He was now going out with a variety of young men or, in some cases, much older men. His dates were set up by Dewayne without his knowledge and always ended up with Bobbie providing sexual favors. Most of his dates were actually enjoyable if you considered nice to extravagant restaurants, the latest movies or wearing the latest fashions enjoyable. His little voice was never heard from anymore. Having a big pulsing dick in his mouth or ass was much more fun than listening to that voice.

When he wasn't going out, Della had him wearing maid's uniforms and cleaning the house. During the week days he wore standard cotton uniforms with plain cotton underwear and support hose with block heeled gum soled shoes. On Friday evenings, he wore either his bright pink or black French Maid's outfit with ruffled panties, chiffon crinolines, fishnet hose and skyscraper heels. Usually it was just Eva and Della Friday nights but occasionally they would have guests as he served and waited on them. Those events always made him blush adorably. Many nights after one of those parties he went to bed with a bruised and oft pinched bottom. Saturday's were always date nights. He dressed appropriately for wherever he was being taken and wearing his sexiest lingerie.

Robyn had a regular sleepover every Friday through Sunday at Norbert's. The vast majority of that time Norbert was dressed in some kind of feminized pants and took the masculine

role. Occasionally, if Mrs. Summers felt they were misbehaving or on a pet peeve, she put them in diapers, fancy little girl party frocks with the laciest of undies. They then spent time playing dollies, skipping rope, playing jacks or on the rocking horse.

If Abigail was particularly upset, like the time she caught Norbert trying to stick his thing into Robyn's backside, she made them use the diapers and didn't change them for hours. They were expected to be intimate but penetration was strictly a no-no and severely punished. It had happened only that one time but she kept a close eye on them. Neither boy enjoyed sitting in a messy and very wet diaper for very long. Robyn was really enjoying being with Norbert. The rare times when his subconscious rose to the surface, he found that he enjoyed what he and Norbert were doing.

Adam was spending the great majority of his time with Mr. Oliver. The dilapidated house sparkled on the inside and the laundry washed, ironed and carefully put away. At Mr. Oliver's suggestion, he went to La Petite and had his hair dyed Chestnut brown streaked with gray and given an older woman's style of makeup. Adam thought the foundation was too heavy and pale and the blush much too red but did it for Oliver. He also began to keep his hair up in a big bun at the top of his head and discarded most of his dresses. He felt much more comfortable wearing tight Capri's, stretch pants and cotton house dresses. While he looked and felt older, Mr. Oliver seemed to grow younger and much more vigorous. Seldom had a day gone by when he wasn't shagging Adam like a young stallion.

Eva was having a good time spending money buying jewelry and designer clothing for Della. She and Della went out to the various gay/lesbian clubs returning in the wee hours. Every three months they took a week and went to an exotic gay resort south of the boarder. When they were on one of their little vacations, Della enjoyed watching Eva trying to avoid the attentions of gay men. With her mustache and dress she easily passed as an effeminate male. On a lark one night she got Eva drunk and sent her off with four very muscular gay males. She arrived back the next morning a bit battered with a very sore bottom and her strap-on dildo stuffed up her ass. Della thought it was hilarious and promised that if Eva wasn't really nice to her would see about another similar adventure.

Up until that particular trip Della was always the bottom. Now she began taking a more controlling approach. Soon, Eva was the bottom during intercourse. She still wore the strap-on during the day but at night handed it over to Della. More often than not she used it on Eva's puckered anus.

"Eva, you're nothing but a gay man trapped into a woman's body and only good for a butt fuck. I think I'll start calling you Ned. Yeah, I bet you really enjoyed having all those big hunks drilling your backside down in Mexico. Didn't you Ned! Come on Ned! Tell me you love getting you ass pounded by a real man. You can do it Ned!" she's screamed as she thrust as hard as she could. Life wasn't so happy after that trip for Eva. She was beginning to believe what Della was telling her was true.

Ooo

Dr. Vitner looked at the thick files on her desk with a smile of satisfaction of a job well done. Picking up the top file, she glanced at it. "Ahhh, Bobbie Ann, a very successful transition into a she male prostitute. Subconsciously she remembers everything but completely unable to do anything about it. The residual income Dewayne pays me is still substantial but will diminish in time."

The next file was Robyn Lynn's. "Robyn, perhaps one of my best and worst efforts, is living with the Summers'. As I remember once reluctant but fully accepts who he has become. Unfortunately for me, his real self has accepted the gay life style, enjoys being dolled up and treated like a little princess."

Tossing that file aside opened Adam's. "Oh I enjoyed doing this one the most. He was a chauvinistic, overbearing male pig it there ever was one. Now he's living full time with a man twenty years his senior, living on the dole and dressed like an older woman. He is fully aware of his circumstances but completely helpless to do anything about it. His life style has

become a living hell.”

Finally picking up Eva’s she glanced through it one more time. “Who would believe that two years ago she was a normal housewife and mother? Now she calls herself Ned, had SRS and living with a fifty year old gay man in poverty. Signed all the Finch’s assets over to Della who gave me a very large portion, yes, I would call this project very successful.”

Taking the files she locked them securely in her Completed Case vault. Back at her desk, she punched the intercom button, “Send Sylvie into my office. I have an assignment for her.”

“My greatest achievement ever, I have created, without much effort, a very competent protégée who loves domination and changing males into she/males.”

The End