EMPATHY TV FICTION

Baby Faced Bride GROOM



BOOK TWO

Cecil is at the mercy of the women in his life.

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BABY FACED BRIDE GROOM is a new series of five books that will entertain your every fantasy. What ever you have dreamed about happening to you at the hands of a dominant woman happens to Cecil.

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Baby Faced Bride Groom
Book Two

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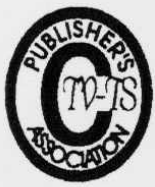
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VOLUME TWO

I. DEBUT OF "CECILIA"

Sparkling in the bright sunshine, the now peaceful Colorado river flowed past their motel, a jewel of a chalet set in a mounting of rugged rock. Cecil and Trixie felt even more in love out here, more dependent on each other as they sensed their own smallness compared with nature's mighty granduer. "This new tennis court looks so inviting - let's play tomorrow morning," proposed Trixie. "I'll bet you'll be much improved over that other time we tried it." Cecil had never played much tennis and had lost to her Wednesday by a lopsided score. When he checked his apparel after dinner, however, he discovered that he'd left his tennis costume 250 miles behind, where they'd stayed the previous night. "Oh, no! How could you, darling?"

"I don't know - I didn't think I had those things out of my luggage yesterday." "Oh dear - and I did so want to play! Dont worry - we'll find something for you."

Trixie went to mail some postcards they'd written, and frowned a little as she read Cecil's card to his mother: "Dear Mom, I wish you could be here to see these glorious mountain sunsets, etc." Lucky she isn't here, Trixie reflected ruefully. Despite her young husband's apparent love for her, he seemed almost afraid of her in bed - if his Mama were here he might want to sleep with her! They had been married nearly a week and Trixie had experienced sexual fulfillment only twice, and even then they had not been simultaneous nor very satisfying. Still, she couldn't help but adore her handsome spouse, who attracted so many feminine eyes. She had received added indications that references to him dressed in girls' clothing excited him, but he had steadfastly refused to accept any item of her wardrobe. Now she disrobed by the bed while her modest mate went into the bathroom and changed into his pajamas. When he emerged she posed provocatively for him. "Like my nightie, dear?" "Oh yes, it's very nice," he replied, looking away shyly from the low cut, short baby

doll gown. "Before you get into bed Honey, here's something for you to try on," and she gave him a pair of her white shorts. "Ohhh - !" he said as though annoyed, but he did so make the change. "Hmm, they seem to fit - " "We can't tell with your pajama top on! Please take it off." He hesitatingly did so; her shorts hugged his waist nicely and flared loosely, gracefully at the thighs. The zipper was on the side and a single red button adorned each side. Trixie beamed as she eyed his nude upper parts and slender, well-shaped limbs. She'd seen countless bared masculine chests and had never thought of them as anything but flat, hard and virile; Cecil's was so nice and soft and there was just an intriguing hint of roundness to each of his little breasts. "Perfect, darling! I'll find a top for you - " "No, I can wear a T-shirt tomorrow - " " - but first, let's put this real nice cream on your legs."

"What is it Honey?" "It's a disappearing cream, very good for your skin. Just spread it on like this - use it generously." Trixie spread it lavishly over his lower limbs while Cecil grumbled a little and gave her a kiss - he was still too unaccustomed to all her kooky whims but loved her too much to refuse. "Your

arms and chest too, dear - that's right... Better yet, take off your shorts - in the bathroom, if you like - and spread this nice stuff all over you. You have to leave it on exactly seven minutes, then wipe it off. You can do that in the shower." "You and your crackpot ideas!" he complained with his dimpled smile as he watched his persuasive, scantily gowned charmer. He went into the bath, closed the door and decided to humor her little whim. Removing his shorts, he applied the cream well all over his body from the waist down, not missing anything; when our hero performed a task of any kind, he performed it carefully and thoroughly. Trixie waited outside and tingled with eager anticipation when she heard her lover turn on the shower. It ran for several minutes... then came his cry of amazement, "Trixie! What - what is this stuff you gave me?" "Why dear? What's happened?" "Oh no!" he groaned as the results became more stunningly apparent every moment. "I told you it's a disappearing cream, Honey - it makes your unwanted hair disappear and makes a real smoo-oothie out of you."

Cecil was shocked and angry, the more so because, though he wouldn't tell her, he had lost all of it - even that V of hair where

every adult, man and woman, possesses one! His shapely figure was not only girlishly smooth now, but had the complete, all-over nudity of a baby! Yet mingled with his amazement and resentment of Trixie's trick came a strange, pleasurable thrill at the wonderful new feel and appearance of his satiny skin. Truth to tell, he had more than once wondered how he would look devoid of all body hair - the result was even more beautiful than in his secret dreams.

He looked for his pajamas, but while he had been in the shower they had disappeared and been replaced with his wife's dolly gown, still warm from her exciting body. "Say! Where are my pajamas? Now I won't stand for any more of this - hand them in to me!" "Darling, please! You'll simply love that gown, once you're in it! Your skin will be more sensitive now, it will adore that dainty softness against it." There was silence inside for several moments and when Cecil spoke again his voice had noticably softened. "Please turn out the light." Trixie did so until he emerged, then just had to turn it on again - to see her blushing husband scurrying to hide under the bedsheet, prettily gowned and with a figure, what she could see of it, of enchanting smoothness. "Let me have

a good look at you," she begged but when he refused she switched off the light and joined him in bed.

Trixie's well plucked chick was sulky but she discovered at once that his predicament had greatly thrilled him sexually. Soon her hands were exploring him as she exclaimed in admiration to feel one satiny surface after another - the depilatory had left him as bare as a newborn infant. He tried to twist away from her searching hand but it found him - and she gasped to feel his utter nudity, even there. She checked an impulse to remark on his baby-like characteristics, and told him how it thrilled her to feel his lovely, silky-smooth figure. Once she gave him an affectionate squeeze and he vented a low exclamation of pain. "Oooh, did I hurt you, dear?" "A little, Honey - it, it's very sensitive there, you know." Trixie wondered if Jackie had overcame him by squeezing him in this area; she was very curious about this but wisely withheld her questions for the time being. Maybe we'll make it tonight! He seemed more ardent, more sweet than ever before.

As they petted Trixie murmured teasingly, not knowing how deeply it would stir him, "I

know what you can wear for tennis tomorrow morning." "What, Honey?" "My tennis dress - with my lace panties peeping out underneath." "Oh! Oh Honey!" he squirmed excitedly, Victor's warning forgotten for the moment. Trixie felt his renewed surging of arousal and eagerly she drew him atop of her, guided him into her catacomb of love. Oh! This time he was so palpitating, so turgid! He was probing new recesses of delight, he was magnificent! Then he faltered as he often had before and Trixie, knowing the signs, sought hastily for a way to renew his ardor. "Your skin is so beautiful now, it's just like a girl's," she panted, working desperately to recapture his earlier mood. "I'm going to dress you up like a girl - " "Oh! Oh! Oh!" he moaned, heaving forward madly on her, impaling her more deeply. "I'll give you a bra and girdle - or better yet, I'll have you fitted for a lovely, full length corselette - " she named the feminine garments she'd give him, the exotic ones that she thought might thrill him, while the daintily gowned male jerked and plunged like an excited mare at each titillating suggestion. "Oh! Darling! I love you!" he gasped in a frenzy of passion - now he was doing it, if only he didn't weaken once more! "And - and -"

Trixie searched her brain quickly "We'll call you - ah, Cecilia." "Oh! Oh Dear! I - Oh! I'm coming!" So was Trixie, fully, rapturously, gloriously. After, they lay blissfully in each other's embrace a long time, Cecil exhausted and happy, yet filled with some vague apprehension, Trixie so utterly contented that she nearly purred, like a big, well-filled cat.

During the night Cecil arose and changed into his own pajamas, and in the morning his shyness was more evident. Trixie was learning that remarks that might thrill him under the cover of darkness could merely embarrass or annoy him by day. He was quiet at breakfast; Trixie was already in her short tennis dress but Cecil wore a light sweater and slacks. She suspected that he was worried about wearing her shorts and tried to keep him cheerful and relaxed, praising his appearance, remarking that it was so quiet in here no one would notice what a person wore for tennis. Back in their room Cecil announced that he didn't care to play but Trixie coaxed so seductively that he unwillingly removed his slacks and drew on her shorts. "Oh not those socks!" he objected as his wife gave him his knee length white nylons - they didn't look nearly as sporty as her own cotton

sweatsocks. "Put them on, like a good boy!" she told him firmly. "I'll give you a pair of my shoe-liners to protect them while you play." He did so; they looked quite sissyish, but the place was nearly deserted and the tennis courts completely so. She helped him remove his shirt and undershirt, and impulsively embraced and kissed him as she beheld his bare, perfectly smooth upper body. "Oh darling, I love you so!" she murmured. "Here's your top." "Oh no! I WON'T wear that!"

"Now listen, my pretty boy! You left your tennis things behind like a foolish, careless child, didn't you! You were a naughty boy - so now you have to let Mama fix you up." It excited Cecil strangely when she scolded like this, playfully and yet with a certain severity. With misgivings he stood still while she put the halter top on him; it had flounced edges and didn't cover much more than his breasts. His flawlessly white back was nearly all exposed except for the garment's ends that Trixie knotted behind him, leaving a great part of his midriff bare. Her hand accidentally brushed against him and confirmed her suspicion that he was greatly thrilled at his extremely girlish appearance. Oh, I simply mustn't stop here!

Trixie said to herself. She ran to the dresser and returned with a dainty flowered chiffon head scarf. Again Cecil protested but more weakly now, and his young wife carefully tied the filmy kerchief over the top of his blonde curls and knotted it securely under his chin. It covered his sideburns and most of his hair in back, and Trixie neatly arranged the curls that did show to look like a girl's hairdo. Cecil was astonished as he looked in the mirror - a very pretty, although flustered girl was looking back at him! Not one with all the curves of a mature woman, but rather the slender grace of a sweet, pubescent teen-ager. "Oh!" he sighed, torn between feelings of shame and secret delight. "Of course, I'd never dream of going out like this - Wait! What are you doing?"

"Stand still, Sweetheart - don't spoil it," Trixie ordered as she skillfully applied her strawberry red lipstick to her dismayed husband's mouth. "Don't you see, this is what you need to keep you from being noticed, or possibly being made fun of. Instead of looking like a slightly sissyish boy, you'll be a sweet, beautiful girl." "Oh, dear, but - but I just can't go out!" "Honey, one more little touch would make you perfect!" but the effeminated male

exploded with a loud "NO!" when she suggested a bra with a bit of padding for him. She'd have loved to put a pair of her fancy, lace trimmed round garters on him - just indoors, of course, to see how they'd look - but decided not to push it too far. He looked extremely pretty but embarrassed and cranky, and it took a lot of coaxing to get him outside. She finally convinced him that the coast was clear and the two girlish figures strolled gracefully toward the courts. Trixie eyed her titivated spouse with delight and cooed, "Honey, your legs are beautiful." "Not as beautiful as your's - I wish my thighs were plumper." "That's where a lot of women get too fat - most girls would love to have thighs like your's, you pretty thing." Their arms encircled each other's waists lovingly as they entered the court and Trixie sighed, "Can't we both play on the same side of the net, so I can keep my arms around you?" "I'm afraid that wouldn't work," tittered Cecil.

They lazily lobbed the balls to each other for a few minutes, and Trixie noticed that her pretty husband did not take long, leaping strides like a man, but ran with shorter, mincing steps and was inclined to pat the ball rather

than stroke it crisply; his mannerisms seemed to have become as girlish as his costume.

They were about to start a game when Cecil exclaimed, "Look! Two men! I hope they're not -" But they were; two athletic males carrying racquets were heading straight for the courts. Cecil wanted to run but Trixie told him it was too late, he'd run right into them. "Darling, they'll never suspect - be calm and keep your voice soft if they say anything." The men took the court right next to them and began hitting ball with a good deal more skill than either 'girl' possessed. "Hey Ralph!" called one of them jovially, "I thought you said there were no pretty girls around here!" "I take it back!" grinned the other. "How about a game, girls?" Cecil was panicky but Trixie answered calmly, "No thanks fellas, we're not in your class - we're just learning." "Good - then we'll give you a little lesson - OK?" Without noticing the dismay of the slimmer 'girl' the men joined them, each one pairing with one of the pretty creatures in white. "I'm Ralph, and this is Mike." "Hi," returned Trixie, deciding to make the best of it. "I'm Trixie, and this is my sister, Cecilia."

Cecilia! Was he really being introduced

as a girl? Wouldn't they see right through his effeminate exterior? He choked out a soft, nervous 'hi' and then lowered his head shyly as both men glanced at him with friendly smiles. Ralph, who was his partner, seemed to be eyeing Cecil's legs quite a bit; Cecil wished that they were more covered, and tried to move as gracefully and girlishly as possible. "Let's have the girls hit a few while we watch their form," suggested Mike. "I'll watch their forms - you watch the ball!" returned Ralph with a guffaw. Trixie managed to stroke fairly well before her male audience, but Cecil shakily muffed one shot after another. Ralph tried to show 'Cecilia' the proper stance and finally stood behind 'her', one of his hands over 'her's' on the racquet, his other hand lightly at 'her' waist. Cecil was thankful now that the depilatory had done such a thorough job - his hands, his limbs and all surfaces were girlishly smooth. "Oooh!" he jumped sensitively as Ralph's hand accidentally brushed against his bottom; a moment later the athlete's arms encircled his slim waist as he explained something or other. Ralph's cheek was right against his; the big man had a strong masculine attraction and his nearness was not really unpleasant.

Temporarily they had stopped hitting balls and Cecil gasped as he glanced across the net and saw Trixie struggling for a moment in Mike's arms; then she seemed to relax and their faces were very close, their bodies clinging together as though they were kissing!

"Oh!" Cecil exclaimed in utter confusion; he almost broke out of Ralph's embrace but his instructor caught his slender arm and whirled him around so they were face to face - and gave him a quick kiss! "No - don't!" murmured Cecil, fortunately remembering to keep his voice soft and feminine. He turned his face away and wriggled frantically as he felt Ralph's hand run across his body caressingly, stroking his soft bare midriff, then reaching lower to boldly pat his bottom... Suddenly Cecil twisted violently and managed to break free - and at once ran as fast as he could, racquet in hand, toward their motel room. "Hey Cecilia - what's the matter? I won't hurt ya!" Ralph's surprised voice sounded behind him. He began to persue the flighty girl but too late - Cecil had a good start and managed to reach the safety of their motel cottage. He quickly locked the door and then staggered about shakily, all a-tingle from this upsetting experience. He could still feel Ralph's hands stroking his

body, and the fresh man's kiss right on his mouth! How awful! But how - exciting! Had Ralph suspected? Did his male hairdo show? He went to the mirror and viewed himself anxiously. He saw a frightened girl - a little dishevelled and out of breath, but still a very girlish 'Cecilia'. He was relieved; he'd be even more feminine if he'd accepted Trixie's offer of a bra - angrily he tried to shake off the idea. He had nearly come to disaster by going out looking like this - he must never do it again. He jumped as someone pounded hard on the door.

"Who - who is it?" he called out apprehensively. "It's me! Open up!" At Trixie's voice he sighed with relief and quickly unlocked. His very angry wife strode into the room, glaring at the slender male still in his dainty headscarf and girlish white attire. "Well! That;s the way you protect your wife, is it! My great hero! Leaving me to fight off both of them while you run away like a little fraidy cat." "I - I was just about to go out and look for you, dear!" "Yes, it looks like it! Where were you hiding, under the bed?" She continued to scold him as they changed clothes for the next leg of their journey; as

Cecil removed his wife's shorts and halter top she said crossly, "Don't put on your clothes right away - I want to see how you look in my tennis dress - and I'll put a bra on you first." "You will NOT!" retorted Cecil, stung by her authoritative manner. "You'll not tell me how to dress - ever! There will be absolutely no more of my dressing in any of your things - so there!" Trixie glared in angry frustration and swallowed a furious retort; only last night she had coaxed him into a nightgown for the first time, with most gratifying results; she must be careful not to spoil her campaign to stimulate and encourage their love life. They dressed and soon were on their way.

Much as they loved each other, their difficulties in the conjugal bed seemed to exaggerate their other differences, turn little annoyances into large ones. As they drove over a mountain pass Trixie remarked mildly, "When we get home you'll have to take charge of the kitchen at first, until I learn all that needs to be done." Recalling Victor's warning, Cecil answered sharply, "Oh no! The kitchen is your responsibility! I will instruct you in anything you need to know, but certainly you should be able to do what is necessary, even while

you are learning the finer points of the culinary arts." He hadn't put it very tactfully and Trixie, surprised at his vehemence, lapsed into a hurt silence. He was gentle and then arrogant, affectionate and then cool, manly and then effeminate by turns; his perplexed wife hoped that she'd find some way of coping with him. Her opportunity was to come with dramatic suddenness.

II. SQUEEZING OUT THE TRUTH

That evening they drove into Goldstream, a picturesque little town with one first class motel where they registered for the night. On the way in, Trixie noticed a farm with a few riding horses; she was eager to try out the western mounts, which probably were more spirited than those at home. She had packed her riding outfit and was disappointed that Cecil had not. "Let's take a little ride in the morning dear - please?" "No, I really don't care to, Honey, but you go ahead by yourself - I know you enjoy it." Cecil had been thrown by a horse three years ago and could not be blamed for being timid if them ever since.

At dinner Trixie left the table briefly to go to the ladies room; upon leaving she observed from a distance Cecil talking with the pretty, red-haired waitress. Nancy was a saucy little thing who sometimes chatted very frankly with male guests, whom she knew would

soon be gone "like ships that pass in the night." They exchanged first names, Nancy confirmed her guess that they were newly-weds, she asked "How is married life so far? Is everything all right?" The diminitive beauty seemed very attractive and appealing to Cecil; he had almost wished once or twice that he had married a more petite girl, one who would look up to him with respect and never presume to tell him what to do. Nancy hung on his every word and eyed the handsome youth with undisguised admiration. As Trixie came up she heard her husband say "I - I wish we had more time to talk - " "Well! I hope I'm not interrupting something!" his wife said icily. Both of them tried to assure her she was not and Trixie forgot the incident - temporarily.

After dinner they strolled around the shops for a while and it was well that the jealous bride did not notice a dark-skinned Indian woman who followed them from one shop to another, scarcely able to remove her eyes from the golden haired, ravishingly handsome Cecil.

In one store Trixie admired an exquisite riding whip; actually she used only a quirt when riding, but this was such an artistically

braided, hand crafted beauty that she bought it as a souvenir of their trip. They returned to their little cottage and decided to retire early; the day's events had whetted Trixie's desire to seek further thrills between the sheets. "You were so lovely today in your tennis outfit, dear," she told her mate, "I'll give you a real pretty nightgown tonight." "No!" replied Cecil, concealing his inner excitement at the thought. "After the trouble we had today, I'm never going to dress up like that again."

"But - I'm your wife! I'm not some big man about to eat you up! Or - " a new thought struck her. "Perhaps you'd like to be the wife, and want me to be your husband?" In the darkness she felt for him, her hand lightly closed around it. "No! Honey, I don't know why you - you talk like this! Did Jackie - er, tell you some things about me?" "No dear, what does she know about you, that your wife should not know about?" "Nothing." "Yes, she does dear, and you are withholding it from me." Trixie's hand, which had been caressing him gently, slipped down a bit lower and closed around his little sack with its' pair of soft globes that she had discovered were so easily

hurt. "Tell me, dear. "Er, nothing, except a few things that happened when I was little - that I scarcely remember." "Such as?" "Well, I - oh, Honey, I don't want you to make fun of me, or think me sissyish!" "I would never do that, dear." She squeezed, lightly but suggestively and Cecil hurridly said "I - when it was very cold I wore girls' snuggies to school." "Oh? Were they your mother's?" "No, er - she bought them for me." "How old were you then?" "Six or seven, I guess." "Well, there's nothing wrong with that, dear - girls' snuggies are nice and warm. But how did Jackie learn about it?"

"She used to - to pick on me; she was a year older than I and one day she dragged me in to a prairie with real high weeds and - and that's how she found out." "You let a little girl undress you?" "She was bigger than I and - very mean. I - my mother didn't permit me to fight." "But - how did Jackie come to bully you in the first place? What made her suspect you were in girl's underwear?" "Well..." then Cecil reluctantly told of his first encounter with the tomboy at that never-to-be-forgotten wedding party, when he had foolishly joined other boys in teasing Jackie and had come to

such humiliation. How vividly he recalled lying flat upon his back while she straddled him, jeering at his frilly blouse and velvet kneepants and long curls while the other children all stood around in a circle and watched, laughing and cheering his tormentress on! - and how she'd caught him in the upstairs bedroom later, slapped him silly and then undressed the sobbing child and made him change clothes with her! "Perhaps you looked and acted very girlish in your sissy clothes, dear, and made her think you'd like to be in her dress." "No, I think she did it because my cousin told her - " he stopped but it was too late. Trixie cross-examined him, his tender balls in her hand, until he confessed the other episode that ranked with the wedding party as the two most poignant memories of his childhood; the day his mother left him with his two girl cousins and he'd fallen in the mud and his aunt had to put all his clothes in her washing machine. Having no little boy's clothing available, she'd had no choice except to give him those of her daughters' - pantywaist, bloomers and a cute little dress.

By this time Trixie had propped herself up on one elbow and lay partly above her very

embarrassed husband, one hand still holding him in a very vulnerable place as a broad hint to continue his confessions. Cecil had never intended to tell this much but one story almost required another to account for what had happened. One of Trixie's large breasts almost touched his face as she hovered above him, and sometimes he paused for an instant to kiss the globe of soft flesh, through her nightgown. "Was she the same aunt who dressed you up every year at Halloween?" "Yes." "I saw those pictures - you were getting quite big. Were you in high school?" "Oh, no, I never - did that after eighth grade. I didn't want to do it then but I'd won first prize three years in a row and my aunt said I should, and so did the directors of the park that sponsered the contest." "I'll bet your cousins had fun, with you dressed as a girl." "Well...I guess they did - " "I envy them; I wish I had known you then - I know you were ravishingly pretty! I'll bet you would love to be in those ruffled blouses and satin knee pants right now."

"No, I wouldn't!" "Are you sure? Or maybe you'd prefer a little girl's dress and pinafore, and a nice hair ribbon in your curls." "No! Honey, don't say those things!" He

squirmed agitatedly and Trixie felt his arousal. "Thinking about being in girl's clothes really thrills you, doesn't it? Didn't you often get so excited that you had an orgasm?" As he hesitated she added "When you were little?" "Oh - er, yes. In fact, those things greatly excited me even before I was old enough to - you know. Then later I began to worry about it. There was some talk going around that if a boy did that very often he would lose his mind. I asked a doctor about that and he said it wasn't so." "He didn't encourage you to do it, did he?" "No." "Of course not - because if you became accustomed to it you might have trouble having normal relations with a girl. Did you ever have any sex with a girl?" "Oh, no dear!" "And when you grew up, you still played with yourself, didn't you? Tell the truth!" She was caressing him there and it felt so nice, so blissful that he didn't want to argue with her or do anything to make her stop. "Oh! Oooh! Well, I - sometimes, dear!" "Yes. But now you are married, and you must save it all for your loving wife, mustn't you?" "Yes." She stroked him and whispered "Do you promise?" "Oh! Oh yes, Honey! I promise!" Again her breast brushed against his face and he kissed it; this

time Trixie lifted it out of its' lacy hammock and offered it to him. Then there was silence as he drew ardently, adoringly on its sensitive, rigid nipple. She cuddled him to her, petting him lovingly. Does my sweet little baby want his Mama? she asked herself; he's a mama's boy for sure - I just hope I can wean him away from hos other Mama, and make him my baby.

Cecil lay quietly beneath his shapely wife and continued to feast on her succulent charms. During his recital he had felt a pleasant relaxation, a distinct relief at having at last unburdened himself of these secrets he'd never told anyone all these years, secrets he'd thought of and dreamed about so often; now he began to wonder if it had been wise to reveal so much. When Trixie offered him a filmy nightgown he refused it. Despite her provocative advances, he again was not a successful lover, to his hot blooded wife's disappointment. Once, as he knelt up in bed and began to lower his body atop her's, Trixie raised her supple lower limbs and placed one on each of his shoulders, gently pressing them downward so that he slid downwards in the bed with his head lovingly embraced by Trixie's fragrant, plump thighs. Perhaps she hoped for a few kisses in the dainty, pulsating

area that had been sadly neglected thus far, but Cecil held back stubbornly and would not permit his head to be drawn in any further. "Please darling, just kiss it once," she pleaded, trying to hold him there. "It's lilac scented tonight - your favorite flower. I do it for you, so come on." "No, I - I can't!" gasped the prudish male with embarrassment, and then managed to free his head from her affectionate embrace. She concealed her chagrin and continued their love-play but alas! once more it ended in gratification only for Cecil, when he did not warn her in time of his closeness to fulfillment. This time, she tried to console herself, had not been a total loss; 'True Confession Night' had been quite interesting...and perhaps useful.

III. CATASTROPHE!

Next morning Trixie awoke early and quietly dressed in her whipcord riding suit and boots. She was about to leave when Cecil awoke and sleepily climbed out of bed for his good morning kiss. Trixie took him in her arms; in his baby-blue nylon pajamas and bare feet he was so petite, almost fragile, and the taller Trixie embraced him lovingly in her strong arms and kissed him. "Go back to sleep, darling," she whispered. "When I come back we'll have breakfast together." Recalling last night's revelations she wondered if he might play with himself during her absence and she added, "Be a good little boy or Mama will give you a whipping," and she flicked his legs lightly, playfully with her quirt, never dreaming that her words would prove so prophetic.

When she departed Cecil fell asleep again. The cottage was in dense shade, the room dark

and the bed very comfy... He did not hear the door softly open, nor the motel maid enter - it was Suvaho, the Indian woman who had watched him so covetously last night. Her coarse black hair hung in heavy clumps on each side of her coppery face, which was stolid except for her smouldering eyes; she moved as softly as a cat - or a she-wolf. Her virile but hard-drinking husband had deserted her, she'd had no man for months, she was ravenously love starved. Noticing Trixie leave, she had not tapped on the door but quietly unlocked it on the chance that this beautiful paleface, the handsomest she had ever seen, might still be asleep. Exactly what she'd do then, she didn't know. Noiselessly she closed the door and watched the exsquisite male she'd dreamed of all night, this velvet smooth skinned, golden haired youth who could have posed as a veritable god of love. He lay on top of the sheet on his back, his delicious limbs outflung, blissfully unaware of the dark woman's ardent, greedy gaze. She moved closer, eyeing the apex of Cecil's outspread thighs, covered by his shorty pajamas. Dare she risk it?

Holding her breath, Suvaho very carefully unsnapped the fastenings of his nylon pajama

pants; her love-god stirred and went on sleeping. She bent above him, her jet black masses of hair nearly touching him. Gently she spread the opening of his garment apart, to reveal the soft, curled up birdie that nestled there, completely devoid of any hair, nice and clean and rather babyish. This made it none the less desirable for sultry Suvaho; she licked her lips and glanced indecisively at the face of her sleeping Adonis...then she carefully, tenderly lifted the little object of her desires...instinctively her head bent low and she took it avidly, adoringly in her hungry mouth! Cecil half awoke to feel the most delightful sensations as the passionate woman stooped to her joyous task lovingly, sensuously. Eyes still closed, he murmured, "Oh Honey - I love that!" thinking of course that it was his beloved Trixie ministering so sweetly to him. Soon his sensitive little member had awakened - before he did! - and in his half-sleep he tossed happily, fitfully on the bed as his dark admirer drew eagerly, lustfully on his quivering shaft. It titillated his whole body; it felt so delicious that he was in no hurry to wake up, drowsily wriggling, his nicely pampered thing now rigid and quivering with delight. He felt his beloved

one drawing down his pajama trousers and as she gently tugged he sleepily raised his hips to permit her to remove them completely, her lips never ceasing to pay him exsquisite homage. Eyes still closed, he reached downward to pat his dear wife's head - and felt the coarse mass of Suvaho's hair!

Oops! Cecil became wide awake, jerking in fright to realize that a stranger, an intruder was doing this to him; he tried to pull away but she clung to him, her arms encircling his hips, his excited appendage still in her mouth. "Oh! Wha - who are you? Stop! Stop it at once, I say!" He pushed at her clinging arms but doggedly she held her embrace and she was giving him such heavenly pleasure that his resistance was not all that it might have been, unconsciously his hips were working back and forth in response to her carnal titillation. "Stop it! Leave here at once! Ohhh!" he exclaimed, his voice still dull with sleep, his virtuous instincts rousing him to repel her. With both hands he succeeded in shoving Suvaho's head away, but by now it was plain to see that his passions were fully aroused. The woman leaped up to a kneeling position on the bed, pushed him backwards and quickly pulled up

her skirts. Her bare bronze thighs flashes for a brief moment as she flung herself atop him and with almost the same motion took his stiff glistening staff in her hand and guided it into the hot depths of her womanhood.

"Oh no - no! I - I CAN'T!" Cecil gasped in horror but the Indian had captured the white man this time. Her fierce desire overcame his protests, made her strong enough to hold him in carnal embrace while she actually dragged the slender youth over on top of her, her bare lower limbs wrapped about him, her yearning arms drawing his head closer to her's. "Oh, stop it, you disgusting thing! Ohhh! No, don't, I'm married!" Ummmmph - " His frantic protests were muffled as the dark woman dragged his head close to her's and rained rough, passionate kisses on his sweet, red lips. His fright and outraged sensibilities made him lose his erection but Suvaho reached down with one hand and provocatively goosed him - an old but effective Indian trick - and made him buck and rear wildly between her inviting thighs.

At this moment Trixie, booted and swinging her riding quirt in her hand, walked into the room.

The illicit lovers heard the door click

open but Suvaho was holding the bridegroom so securely with her clinging limbs that they could not disengage themselves immediately. They heard Trixie SCREAMMM! in shocked outrage and hastily scrambled out of their adulterous embrace - but not until the astounded, anguished wife had seen everything. For one terrible, sickening moment the room swam before Trixie's eyes, she thought she might faint - then it passed and the plucky girl moved forward, taking a firmer grip on her quirt. "CECIL! What ARE you doing? Oh! You - you bitch! What are you doing with my husband? Ugh!" She gasped as she swung her quirt madly at Suvaho, who had jumped up but was momentarily trapped in the corner. The dark woman tried to shield herself with her hands as Trixie frantically slashed at her head, shoulders, legs - anywhere she could land her flashing, swishing blows. "You - you bastards! I should kill both of you!" she screamed, wishing that she had her whip instead of the milder quirt. Cecil was terrified and dumbfounded; was this female demon of vengence the supposedly gentle Trixie he thought he knew? He bent to pick up his underclothing but his enraged wife noticed, out of the corner of her eye. "Don't you dress -

I'm going to take care of you!" she yelled, wheeling and wildly swinging the quirt at him. At this Suvaho ran to the door and darted out; Trixie pursued and landed a few more slashes but then remembered her deceitful husband; she didn't want to give him opportunity to dress.

The wronged wife ran back inside just as Cecil, having thrown off his pajamas, began to put on his shorts. "Give them to me!" screamed Trixie, snatching them out of his trembling hands; he'd never dreamed she could be in such a rage. "Honey, please let me expalain - oh! Wha - what are you doing dear?" he quavered in panic as he saw her pick up her new whip - and with him naked! "Honey! This was all a mistake - I mean, I didn't know - I thought - oh, don't hit me with that!" He tried to snatch up the bedsheet to shield himself, but SLASH! the whip bit into his arm and he screamed and ran back. The furious bride pursued as he tried to dodge around the chair - SLASH! - jumped across the bed - SLASH! SLASH! "Ouuuuw!" A louder yell of pain came from Cecil as he stubbed his large toe hard against the dresser. The pain was excruciating for a moment; he limped badly as he tried to dodge the avenging whip. "Oh, stop, please Honey!

I - I think I broke my toe! Ow!" "I'll break something for you!" SLASH! SLASH! The nude youth screamed wildly - this was hellfire, far worse than the quirt, it seared his tender white flesh unbearably. In desperation he tried to grab the end of the whip - and succeeded!

Trixie tried to jerk it free, but he worked his way down, hand over hand toward the handle, and they struggled for possession of the whip. Her boots gave her good traction on the floor while Cecil's bare feet slipped again and again as she pulled and flung his slender body this way and that. Then somehow the whip came away in his hands! But before he could gain any advantage from it the courageous girl darted in close and getting one booted foot behind his ankle, pushed hard and tripped him. As he fell she tried to drop heavily atop him but he managed to scramble a bit to one side, avoiding the full force of her fall but striking his head with a crash against the foot of the bed. Dizzily he began to arise and something heavy - her whipcord covered knee - crashed into his face and he saw stars as he fell back. This time he could not move for a few moments; dazedly he felt her pull him up to a sitting position, take hold of one of his wrists and

twist it as hard as she could! Cecil shrieked as his young wife wrenched his slender, bare arm; he struggled up to a kneeling position but as she twisted his arm behind his back he fell forward, flat on his face, to ease the pain. Trixie held her punishing grip until his arm was deadened and nearly unable to move...then arose and planted one of her sturdy boots right between his shoulder blades!

Cecil yelled with pain as her leather sole and heel ground harshly into his soft flesh, but she resolutely kept it there, standing over her flattened nude husband and watching as he instinctively reached back with both hands trying to dislodge her boot or wriggle out from under it. She wished she could tie his hands back there, just as they were - but how? Then her eye fell upon her full-length nylon hose, on the nearby chair. She snatched them up and knelt atop her dazed, still prostrate spouse and sharply ordered him to put his hands together behind him. "No dear, please let me explain - it wasn't my fault!" "I'm going to tie your hands so you won't grab this whip." "No, then you'll hit me with it, and I can't stand it!" "I promise I won't! But I insist that you have your hands tied, while you ex-

plain." Full of apprehension but still too shaken and haunted by guilt feelings to offer much resistance, Cecil lay there and felt her wind thehosiery twice, three times around his wrists at his back and knot them securely. Her sheer hose looked so fragile but were amazingly strong - his arms were helpless. She helped him up to his feet - never had they contrasted so sharply with one another, the trembling Cecil in his slender, vulnerable nudity, the infuriated Trixie fully dressed in mannish riding habit and boots, taller, heavier and stronger than the quaking male who had sinned so grievously against her.

The fight was over - it had lasted only three minutes. Cecil had never dreamed that he would clash physically with the supposedly genteel Trixie, much less that she'd be able to overpower him - yet here she was, nude and with arms bound, cringing before a booted, athletic wife whose eyes seemed to flash sparks as she glared at him. To his almost hysterical relief she put the whip back on top of the dresser; then she rummaged through her toiletries case and brought out a hairbrush, the sight of which made Cecil very uneasy - had he seen it before? Trixie slapped it's

plastic back loudly, significantly against the palm of her hand, to increase his nervousness. "All right, Lover," she said, seating herself on the edge of the bed, "Come across my lap - face down." "Oh no, Honey! Oh please don't - don't hink of such a thing! It - it would break up our marriage!" "What would?" "If - if you - spank me!" "Who said anything about spanking? But if you expect me ever to forgive you, you'll come across my knees, while you explain what happened." Frantic with fear at this shameful prospect, Cecil still pleaded and argued, but when Trixie arose and took the whip he quickly said he'd comply. SLASH! The cruel whip curled around his tender buttock and he screamed again. "That's for being slow to obey - do you want more?" "No - please! I'll do it!"

The young wife sat down and Cecil at once fell across her lap, almost crazed with despair and shame. He hoped that this was just an awful dream, that this suddenly fierce goddess of vengence was not really his wife, that he was not actually lying, arms trussed and bare bottom up in this utterly shameful position...Had Trixie not been so furious, she might have paused to admire the two plump,

flawlessly skinned cheeks turned up to her so invitingly. As it was, she felt a thrill of exhultation to see her sinning husband in this abject, helpless posture, his shapely nude figure humbly bent across her lap, entirely at her disposal. Her strong hands ran across his soft white globes, feeling of them critically, appraisingly as a butcher might with a tender rump roast ready to be cooked. The modest sissy had always hidden his precious body from her, but now she had it on full display, velvety smooth and quivering with shame, right where she wanted it. She positioned it to her liking, perching his satiny white globes up high.

"Now - what do you have to explain, when I find you in bed between another woman's legs?" She ran the stiff bristles of the brush lightly, experimentally over his tender flesh and Cecil quivered with fear and his deepening sense of shame. He began his story but did poorly what with her frequent interruptions, his guilt feelings, and the galling ignomity of his position.

Smack! The brush landed sharply for the first time, as he was slow to answer her cross-examination. "Ouch, dear! You said you

wouldn't!" "I did not!" Smack! "How dare you" Smack! "Tell one untruth after another" Smack! Smack! Smack! "Too tired to make love to your wife" Smack! Smack! "then dare to bring a low slut into your wife's bed" Smack! Smack! Smack! "and f**k her, use all your energy on her - " Smack! Smack! "And on your wedding trip at that" Smack! Smack! "give her the affection that you should give your bride" Smack! Smack! "Oh, please stop! I - I was asleep! Ow! Ow!" Cecil almost shrieked; his tender white globes were turning to a bright rose color as Trixie's strong arm flashed up and down relentlessly, scorching every inch of his bouncing posterior. He bucked and reared wildly, but Trixie locked one of her legs over his two, while keeping him perched up on her other thigh in perfect position. Smack! Smack! He tried to shield his burning buttocks with his nylon-bound hands but Trixie held them out of the way with her free hand and continued - Smack! Smack! Smack! - to thrash her wriggling, moaning culprit.

Despite Jackie's hints, Trixie had never dreamed that she would actually spank her prissy, superior acting husband; now that it

was really happening she was filled with a heady exhilaration, a glorious feeling that many of her vexing problems were about to be solved, that the portals of some unknown paradise were opening to her. Smack! Smack! Smack! on his tender white flesh; it fascinated her to feel him wriggle in her grip and to be able to control him; it thrilled her to have such a good view of his prettily wriggling body, it delighted her and somewhat mollified her wrath to see how red and surprisingly hot his soft globes were becoming as she applied the brush with crisp, accurate strokes. Smack! Smack! Smack! "Oh! Eeeeeee!" "Oh please!" poor Cecil shouted wildly, heedless of the liklihood of being overheard; without letting him explain she was scorching him with unbearable fires. He thought, I must not cry, whatever happens! Again he fought frantically to e·cape her grip; she was holding his legs and shoulders down but his hips bobbed up and down madly in his efforts to break free. The alert Trixie adjusted to the bouncing of his buttocks, timing her blows so that they landed with searing force just as his burning cheeks jumped up to meet them - thus using his own wrigglings to increase the severity of his punishment.

Stripped and held in such a shameful position, scorched excruciatingly and unable to escape his wife's grip, is it any wonder that poor gentle Cecil began to cry? It came without warning, a violent, uncontrollable heaving in his chest that suddenly erupted in abject, nearly hysterical sobbing! Trixie's arm had tired and she had been about to stop but when his first heart-broken, racking sobs reached her ears she continued to spank her unlucky husband - more lightly now, for ugly dark red welts were beginning to show on his tender, virginal flesh. Once he had started to cry he couldn't stop; she had ignored his every plea for mercy, the confused victim perhaps thought that this would make her compassionate. "Waaaaagh!" he sobbed loudly. "Oh, boo hoo hoo hoo hoo! Waaaaaagh!" "Go ahead and cry!" Trixie told him coldly. "I'll teach you to play around with girls!" Smack! Smack! "Do you still want your Indian lover?" Smack! Smack! Smack! "N-n-n-no! I n-never - Waaagh!" "Shall I call her back?" "Boo hoo hoo hoo hoo!" "and show her your pretty bottom" Smack! Smack! Smack! "I'll decorate it for you" Smack! Smack! "You made a big hit with that waitress, didn't you?" Smack!

Smack! "What is her name - Nancy?" Smack! Smack! "Waaagh! Waaagh!" "I suppose you have a lot of sweet talk and flirty smiles ready for her this morning" Smack! Smack! Smack! "I'll bet she thinks you're quite a man" Smack! Smack! "She ought to see you right now" "Waaaaaagh! Waaaaagh!" "and hear you!" Smack! Smack! Smack!

Trixie had never heard a grown man cry, nor had ever expected to; but under these circumstances her sissy husband's weeping was music to her ears; it hinted that mastery might be within her grasp, a greater Woman's Liberation than she had dared to hope for. She kept him sobbing, using the back of the brush more gently on his now livid flesh, occasionally turning the sharp bristles down and drawing them lightly over his well-burned surfaces. "Waaaaaagh! Please stop!" bawled the unfortunate boy whose only sin, really, had been to think in his half-sleep that his wife was making love to him, rather than some stranger whom he had never encouraged nor even met. Smack! "I've watched you make goo-goo eyes at every girl we met on this trip" Smack! Smack! "even at our wedding you had to expend your charm on every girl except your bride!" Scratch,

scratch, scratch with the bristles "Ouw! Ow! Waaaagh! Boo hoo hoo hoo hoo!" "Mr. Pretty Boy, the Ladies' Home Companion" Smack! Smack! "You like girls' clothes, do you" Smack! Smack! "what you need is a long-leg panty girdle" Smack! Smack! "One that I can lock you in" Scratch, scratch, scratch "Waaaaagh! Waaaaagh!" "Maybe that would guard your chastity" Smack! Smack! Smack! "Or a full length corselette, so tight you can hardly breathe" Smack! Smack! "I'll get something for you" Scratch, scratch "that will strap your sex up good" Smack! Smack! Maybe even change your sex" "Boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo!" "I'll teach you to take other women to bed!" Smack! Smack! "When you can't even take care of your wife" Smack! Smack! "in bed or out of it" Scratch, scratch "You're gonna please your wife after this" Smack! Smack! "and do your duty in bed" Smack! Smack! "or suffer for it" Scratch, scratch, scratch! "Ow! Ow! Waaaagh! Waaagh!"

At long last Trixie decided that his livid, lobster-red cheeks had had enough, perhaps a bit too much, and laid her brush down; but for a while she held him in his humiliating position across her lap, listening with relish to his sobbing. When it began to die down, a few

hard pinches in his burning flesh brought forth a new series of shrieks and wails from the thoroughly crushed boy. Trixie's alert mind was already leaping forward, evaluating the possibilities on this unexpected conquest. Knowing how prim and proper and virtuous Cecil was, she was fairly certain that the unattractive Suvaho must have been the agressor in this affair; but fate had suddenly given her a great advantage over her difficult, overbashful, inexperienced husband and she must make the most of it.

When she finally released her grip and helped him to stand, poor Cecil danced madly about the room, jerking and writhing from the blazing fires she had kindled in his bottom, kicking up one knee and then the other in a frenzied dance that would have been funny if it were not so painful. "What is that - an Indian ceremonial dance?" asked Trixie unsympathetically. "Did your girlfriend teach it to you? Is it an Indian love dance? I'll teach you to dance! I'll make you kick twice as high next time!" The thrashed boy could only answer with a new torrent of sobs as he faced his conqueress, his head drooping with humiliation. Trixie watched, sitting on the

edge of the bed; she saw that despite his anguish he was in a very stimulated condition sexually and made him come closer. His turgent member stood up straight as an Indian arrow, shaking and bobbing stiffly as his hard crying convulsed his slender nude body. Trixie scorned to touch his excited love-toy but gave him a good tongue-lashing, asking what he expected to do with that, whether she should call back his Indian lover - or better yet, call the cute waitress Nancy to see how her Pretty Boy danced.

"Your lovers can have you - after today I wouldn't touch you with a ten foot pole. As soon as we get home, of course, I'll divorce you." She was bluffing; the prospect of having this handsome sissy completely under her control was far more desirable than divorce, but she wanted to test his reaction. Cecil was so dismayed that he almost stopped crying as he fell on his knees before her, his arms still bound. "Oh, please dear, n-n-not that! I - I'd die if you did that! I l-l-love you so!" Again a fit of crying assailed him, despite his efforts to restrain it. Trixie stood close to the kneeling youth, hands on hips and her booted feet planted wide apart; her breasts

jutted out proudly and through her well fitted riding pants the sensuous bulge of her Mound of Venus showed more than a little; she looked so masterful and yet so womanly, the very image of today's Modern Woman. "Are you sorry now? Or do you want more?" "Y-y-yes, dear," he sobbed, "b-b-but I couldn't h-help - " "Kiss my boots." Quickly Cecil bent forward and planted not one, but half a dozen earnest, smacking little kisses on each of his wife's boots. He had intended to show her who was boss on this trip, but this was not what he'd had in mind. "I got them all dusty - you will polish them tonight." "Y-y-yes, dear!" Cecil sniffed, wishing he could blow his nose.

"You've turned out to be a real cry-baby! And if you don't behave I'll give you plenty to cry about!" With this, Trixie untied his arms; her nylons might be ruined but they certainly had done their job well. Earlier she had wondered if he'd try to strike back at her when unbound, but now she was feeling more confident by the minute. Arms freed at last, poor Cecil could only rub them gingerly trying to restore the circulation and look about, still sniffling, for his clothing. Trixie made him wash "the little thing he had so misused" adding

"You're half girl as it is - if you ever try anything like this again you just might get castrated and become a real girl!" She went up to the intimidated boy, a bra in her hand. "You said yesterday you'd never wear a bra, didn't you?" "I - sniff - I didn't mean it, dear!" He stood meekly still as she fastened the bra on his white, hairless chest, then stuffed a pair of her panties into each of its size B cups. "You also said you wouldn't wear my tennis dress - there isn't time now, but you'll put it on this evening." "Sniff! Yes, Honey." "Too bad I haven't got a baby dress for Cry-baby, but it's nice and short, it will do instead. Hold still!" She applied lipstick to his mouth with some difficulty, for his lips were still quivering. "Now dress, you sneaking cry-baby! Maybe the next woman will see what a girlish sissy you really are!"

Cecil tried to dress but the moment his shorts touched his livid posterior he broke into tears again. "I - I can't! I just can't!" Trixie had thrown off her riding clothes and was about to change into her sun suit; she was hungry as a bear and strode over to him in bra and panties, angered at this additional delay. Her figure, sometimes a bit too full

in dresses, was superb in lingerie. "If I hear any more crying I'll bring you to the dining room in a dress! Lie on the bed, face down." Cecil did so and she spread a generous layer of cold cream over his burning buttocks; despite her cross words her hands were light and gentle now, as though to atone for her over-severity. "There! Is that better?" "Yes, Honey - thank you very much." "Say, 'Thank you, Mama'" she prompted him and he said it at once. As he stood up the scantily clad girl dangled a pair of dainty nylon panties before him. "Do you want to put on those rough, irritating shorts again? He hesitated, eyeing the soft, tempting garment in her hand. "Are - are you going to wear those, Mama?" The last word had slipped out unintentionally. "I might," Trixie replied, greatly pleased at his choice of words, "unless someone else wants to wear them - and asks Mama for them very politely." "Please - may I wear them darling - er, Mama?" She consented; the two of them, in bra and panties looked like two girls, or perhaps like a stern mistress and a pertinent maid she had just rebuked. Trixie eyed him with grim satisfaction and told him that his name was Cecilia, for the rest of the day! He shakily got into his

clothes; his world had suddenly tumbled about his ears. His dreams of becoming master of the household, of making Trixie respect and obey him, had suffered a severe setback.

Shortly thereafter the young honeymooners entered the dining room. Instead of Trixie going first and being ushered in by her gallant husband, a tremulous Cecil with red cheeks and redder lips came first with Trixie following, her hand on his arm guiding him forward. He had hoped to sit in the vacant corner, but his wife steered him to the busier section attended by the pretty redhead, Nancy. "Ohhh!" Cecil gasped in pain as he gingerly sat down; it felt like sitting on a bad burn, which was, of course, the case. Again he felt all quivery inside and he prayed desperately that his tears would not start again. Other breakfasters, including five truckdrivers, glanced casually, then more closely at the tense, grief-stricken appearance of the handsome, red-lipped male and the complacent, pleased as punch bearing of his large, shapely wife, who smiled radiantly at all around her. The aroma of just-fried bacon reminded both of them that they were famished, as the prettiest waitress in town came up with a pleasant "Good Morning!"

"Darling! Here's your friend Nancy -don't hide your head in the menu, say good morning to her." Cecil did so, praying that the beautiful girl was too busy to notice him. "Good morning Cecil," she chirped briskly. "Have you both decided on your order?" Trixie ordered her's and Cecil, still looking downward, asked for cantaloupe, bacon, eggs, and coffee. "Oh no, Cecilia couldn't eat all that," Trixie spoke up with crunching clearness. "I'd better order for him - do you have something like boiled mush?" "Er - we have Cream of Wheat," replied the surprised Nancy. "Good. He'll have that with a small orange joice and a pitcher of hot milk, and nothing else - he's too young for those other things." This stung Cecil enough to make him say, "Oh no! I want some bacon! And coffee!" Trixie still smiled but her eyes glinted menacingly, as she told him "Darling, if I have to bring you back to the cottage I'll fix you so you can't sit down for a week!" "Er - if you haven't decided I can come back," offered Nancy, wondering if her ears were playing tricks on her. "No - he's ready to order now - tell Nancy, dear." "I - I'll have a small orange juice and - and -" "Cream of Wheat, Cecil?" "Right!" smiled Trixie, "only his name

isn't Cecil for today - tell Nancy your name, dear." When he choked on his reply his wife, who had been gently holding his hand, turned her sharp fingernails into his wrist and pressed hard. "My name is - Cecilia!" he exclaimed, lowering his head in acute shame.

"Yes, sissy Cecilia was naughty this morning - very naughty. And when I corrected her she acted like a baby, so she'll be treated like a baby for a few days - a baby girl. Isn't that fiar, Nancy?" "I - I guess so, ma'am," replied the pretty girl, glancing again at the humiliated youth as she hurried off. She couldn't resist telling the other waitresses, and on closer scrutiny they noticed his facial make-up, the startling swell of his bosom, his low-heeled girl's shoes - and his crestfallen, crushed manner, so different from the happy, debonair youth of last evening. Cringing at the many curious glances in his direction he scarcely lifted his head during the meal, but as Trixie sat back contentedly after her delicious breakfast he murmured bitterly, "I'm still starved! I must have some bacon and toast, at least!" "Oh, there's Nancy!" Trixie signalled to the luscious waitress, who didn't know whether to pity her erstwhile admirer or

to side with his attractive wife. "Nancy, my baby is still hungry. We have to leave now, but do you know where I can buy a nursing bottle and a rubber nipple?" The girl's lovely blue eyes opened wide and she could hardly repress a big smile as she gave the directions.

By now the loud giggling of the other waitresses was ample proof that Nancy had spread the word around and that any admiration she had felt for Cecil had turned into scorn. Most people like to be on the winner's side, and Nancy was no exception. One waitress after another found some excuse to appear at their table to eye the 'baby' bridegroom and pay her respects to the dominating bride. When they arose to depart, the many snickers in the background broke into gales of laughter at the expense of the squirming, mush-fed husband.

When the happy couple checked out, the manager and his wife were at the counter. "Mr. Goodwin, did you have some difficulty with one of our maids this morning?" "I - uh--" Cecil stammered, uncertain whether he should admit it. "Yes, we did," spoke up Trixie calmly. "I was out riding and returned to find my husband in bed with this woman. He says he was asleep when she entered, and she seduced him." Both

of them stared at Cecil; they had heard how his wife humiliated him in the dining room. The shamed boy saw that the woman was looking at his prominent breasts, and tried to stand in a way that made them less noticable. In a confused daze he heard the manager ask, "Would you or Mr. Goodwin care to sign a complaint against this woman? I must say she is competent, we've never had a complaint against her; I'd hate to lose her, but - " After a quick moment of reflection, Trixie said she would not sign a complaint, " - but please give her a good warning." The good hearted girl was in a generous and forgiving mood; in a way she felt indebted to the dumpy, unattractive Suvaho. Had it not been for her, Trixie would not have such a pentinent, respectful and soundly spanked husband at her side this very moment, looking so very girlish and very unlikely to do any flirting for a while.

Trixie liked Cecil's appearance and to enhance it told him to change into his white shorts. "But - remember dear? I lost them." "The pair with the large red buttons - put them on." Cecil reluctantly changed, and then put on his knee-high white nylon socks. Except for a headscarf, he looked like the girl those two

tennis players had taken him for. Before they left town, they stopped at its department store and Trixie proved that she hadn't been bluffing: she purchased a nursing bottle and rubber nipple, several jars of strained baby food - and a pacifier with a cord to be worn around baby's neck... That afternoon the pain of sitting was too much for Cecil and he had to lie face down on the rear seat while Trixie drove. He had managed to tell his story to her and she had innocently replied "Why didn't you tell me sooner, dear?" which only made him feel worse! Of course, it wouldn't have made any difference; she had caught him with his defenses down (and pants ditto), and guilty or innocent, she had been itching to take control over the proud, prissy youth.

As she drove over the winding mountain roads it occured to Trixie that Cecil might have been exposed to some infectious disease that would require prompt curative measures. She told him he must see a doctor in the town where they stayed the night, and the mortified bridegroom could not object. He felt wretchedly uncomfortable and hungry; at luncheon everyone had stared at the well-filled bra cups thrusting out through his thin summer

shirt, and all he'd had to eat was one slice of bread, a dish of strained soup, a dish of strained prunes, and milk. He had never dreamed that Trixie could be so unjust and severe; he was too pain-filled and shaken in confidence to protest at present, but he resolved to assert himself, to strike back at her on the morrow.

When they registered in Quartzville, Trixie asked the clerk about a doctor. "Yes, Dr. Borden. His nurse was just here - she may be in the gift shop." Good, thought Trixie - it would be easier to talk to a woman first on this unpleasant subject. She found the nurse, Miss Kerridge, a rather plain, angular woman in her late thirties; Trixie took heart at her friendly smile and decided to confide in her. After some preliminary details she said, "I feel terrible to mention this, Miss Kerridge, but my husband has been - er, unfaithful to me with another woman and I wondered if we should ask the doctor to do something for him, to avoid a possible infection." "Oh, how awful, dear - and on your wedding trip at that!" exclaimed the nurse sympathetically. "Is that your husband, that very handsome young gentleman looking this way?" Her eyes sparkled with sudden interest. "He certainly should have

treatment, and without delay. I'll contact Dr. Borden and try to make an appointment for after dinner. You're staying here at the Golden Nugget? I'll phone you as soon as I reach the doctor." Trixie rejoined her subdued young husband; with satisfaction she noticed that he was not eyeing several attractive women in revealing attire nearby but was inclined to turn his face - and his nicely outjutting breasts - away from them. Meanwhile Miss Kerridge was making a phone call.

"Hello, Elvira? How'd you like to be Dr. Borden this evening? You've got that authoritative, professional air....Cutest lookin' boy you ever saw and wouldn't you know it, he cheated on his wife on their wedding trip - an' she caught him! She must have given him hell, he's so scared and timid....She wants his love tool treated....All we need is X-14 Prophylactic and that ointment, Dorset, I guess - you oughtta know....Practising medicine without a license? Listen, they'll be gone tomorrow! We can treat him and have some fun at the same time....If you saw this sweet boy doll you wouldn't worry ....I don't think his wife would mind if we made him squirm a little....Yeah, Dr. Borden could be a woman - they wouldn't know....Great!

Over at my house."

Shortly thereafter Trixie heard from her nurse friend - "Call me Yvonne, honey," and after dinner she brought her embarrassed husband, bathed and now entirely in his male clothing, to the doctor's home. It was a neat but unassuming cottage on the outskirts of the town; Yvonne had just slipped one of Dr. Borden's cards into the mailbox slot, replacing her own name. Trixie pressed the bell and the nurse in an immaculate, crisply starched white uniform, admitted them. She entered on a long form Cecil's name, address, age, brief medical history and then, to his mortification, she required the full det ils of his unsavory adventure. Cecil, no longer in lingerie, had regained some of his spirit but he began to blush hotly as Yvonne quizzed him on everything that had happened, including each position the lovers had assumed, before a grim, attentively listening Trixie. "I - really, I didn't do anything!" he protested in a low voice but Trixie interrupted to say that she had found him between the motel maid's legs. "But it - it was entirely that woman's doing - I - didn't know she was there -" "Excuse me, Mr. Goodwin, but that is ridiculous. It's easy to blame the absent one, isn't it!

But we are not concerned with your guilt, only with helping you." "What I meant was - " he blushed more deeply "it - it fell out right away! So is this really necessary?" The nurse stared at him reprovingly. "Certainly! You could have contracted a disease even without a complete coupling with your - paramour. Remove your clothing from the waist down, sir, and put on this gown." She added, "Dr. Borden is busy at the present but she'll be with you in a minute." "Uh - she?" exclaimed the startled Cecil. "Wait - I - I don't think I care to -" he hoped that Trixie would support him in rejecting a woman doctor in this embarrassing situation but although Trixie was also surprised, she quickly recovered and said quietly but firmly, "Do as the nurse says dear." Left alone, Cecil disrobed with trembling hands. The modest youth had never had a woman doctor, nor ever permitted any female to see him unclothed - not even Trixie until this morning. How could all this be resulting from an encounter of only a few seconds, and of which he had been innocent entirely? Life was becoming more complicated by the minute.

In the next room Trixie was introduced to the doctor, a plump, hard-faced woman of 45 with

horn rimmed glasses and an air of authority and competence. At first she seemed rather tough and coarse to Trixie, but her deep voice was soothing as she greeted the young wife and expressed her sympathy. "You poor dear, and on your honeymoon! Just like a man, ain't it, dear? Though how many men could tomcat around with such a lovely wife waitin' for him is more than I can see! Don't worry, we'll fix up your Pretty Boy - and if you like, maybe we can show him the error of his ways an' make him a little ashamed of himself." "Oh, I wish you could, doctor!" exclaimed Trixie, impulsively squeezing the doctor's arm. "Doctor, I'm just heartbroken about this - I wish we could do something to prevent it from ever happening again!" "Well, that's not impossible," rumbled the deepvoiced woman; Trixie did not notice her wink at the nurse.

Meanwhile Cecil, wishing that his examination gown were not so skimpy, jumped as the nurse briskly entered. "This way, sir." Cecil followed her to a nicely furnished bedroom, evidently a woman's, in the center of which was a double size bed covered with a clean white sheet. "Dr. Borden has moved all her equipment to her new office downtown, but she can treat

you equally well here. Remove your gown and lie down on your back." When the modest youth was slow to comply, Yvonne went behind him, untied the loose bow of his gown and drew it off. Quivering with embarrassment, Cecil tried to cover his pelvic area with both hands as he reclined on the bed, but Yvonne had already glimpsed something to excite her interest. She brought over a floor lamp with a bright flood light and placed it beside the bed, then told Cecil to put his hands at his sides. As he reluctantly did so the nurse's suspicions were confirmed - his crotch, just like all of his velvet smooth, girlish body, was entirely devoid of hair. Instinctively she ran her nads over his soft thighs and calves to feel their delicious smoothness and then, regaining her professional poise, asked, "Do you ever feel shooting pains here, Mr. Goodwin?" "No - gulp! I don't." She entered a notation on her chart, then brought a cotton swab and alcohol and sponged his crotch thoroughly, giving special attention to the white, pretty thing that lay so soft and limp in her hands. It wasn't this soft when your wife caught you this morning, Pretty Boy, she thought as she dried him with a towel. Cecil complied with her instructions

and even spread his thighs at her command - for he was acutely aware of how his spanked buttocks must look still, and prayed that she wouldn't ask him to lie face down. Yvonne studied his penis carefully, felt of each testicle and wrote on her chart. Again her fingers enclosed the velvety round head of his warm shaft and Cecil was mortified to feel it stirring and swelling in her hands. What would she think of him, he worried; he tried to take his mind off it, but it was growing bigger. The nurse's voice remained crisp and business-like, but her hands were soft and caressing.

Cecil jumped nervously as the door flew open and Dr. Borden enteres; he cringed at her unsmiling, stern gaze as she eyed the quivering, stiff penis that the nurse's skillful hands had brought to life. The doctor wore a plain black sheath dress covered by a snug fitting, silky white coat such as might be worn by beauty operators - or woman doctors. "Doctor, this is Mr. Goodrun." Her voice was cold but she eyed his utterly hairless , shapely body with interest. She came closer and took his penis in her big, soft hand as the nurse stepped back; the tips of her fingers encircled it and ran lightly around it. "Nurse, bring 5 CC's of X-14

and the Dorset." She felt Cecil squirm nervously and asked the reason. "N - nothing - I - I thought you - you said something else." The doctor's sharp eyes swept over him - his baby skinned body, his shy, girlish confusion, stiff but slender penis and soft, effeminate voice reminded her of another pretty male she had once known. "Perhaps you thought I said corset? Would that be more appropriate for you?" she asked scathingly. Cecil did not reply but his blushes did, eloquently!

The plump 'doctor' sat beside Cecil, who was fairly petrified with embarrassment, and felt of his genitals with painstaking care as Yvonne adjusted the bright light. The two women bent over him intently, their soft hands frequently brushing against his tummy, his thighs; they spread the snug little slit of his organ and injected the contents of a tiny tube into it. "Patient has some hermaphroditic characteristics," the doctor murmured casually, "I'll have a look at his chest." As the doctor held his sensitive globes in her chubby hand, the nurse deftly unbuttoned his shirt and drew it off, along with his undershirt - his last remaining garments. The exceedingly bashful youth, now entirely nude, squirmed and twisted

as the 'doctor' fondled his little breasts, then felt of the glands of his neck and under his arms, her hands stroking his soft tummy and then returning to his breasts. She commented to the nurse on the rigid condition of his nipples as Yvonne pressed one hand lightly but firmly on his thigh to hold him in position while her other hand brushed occasionally, lightly against his sensitive organ to keep it standing stiffly erect. Both females eyed his baby smooth body closely, almost greedily, which increased his shy confusion but it did not occur to him that these two might not be what they seemed. Soberly viewing the extremely handsome nude, the doctor declared, "He needs a prostatic massage - " Cecil did not hear her low voiced order, but Yvonne promptly fetched a rubber glove and Vaseline. They helped Cecil up to his feet while the nurse placed a firm hassock on the edge of the bed, and before Cecil knew it they had guided him into position across it, face down and with hips elevated high. The modest youth was almost glad to hide his love-toy from them, but now, alas! his other secret was now out in the open.

Doctor and nurse exchanged surprised

glances with each other to see that Cecil's bottom globes, although smooth and nicely shaped, were covered with red, criss-crossing welts. Suddenly the patient was bucking and rearing wildly as Yvonne spread those tender cheeks a-part and applied a generous dollop of Vaseline between them. "Oh! Ooo! What ARE you doing!" he almost screamed, but the able bodied women held him firmly as the doctor explained the virtues of this massage, needed by many male patients. "Lie there quietly, Mr. Goodrun! You're so lucky I noticed this condition - a little massage now will save you from serious trouble later. Hold nice and still now - there." Her largest finger made insertion as Cecil quivered violently and she began to work it forward and back in the prudish youth's sen-sitive, virginal crevice while the delighted Yvonne held his shoulders down to keep him in a receptive, bottoms-up position. "Just relax, Mr. Goodrun, and it'll go easier.- that's it," the doctor said encouragingly. As his squirming subsided the nurse left the room momentarily and returned with an object not generally found in doctor's offices: a red, medium hard rubber frankfurter of the type ordinarily given to one's pet dog as a toy.

At sight of the wiener Dr. Borden's grim face lighted up and she nodded with approval. Yvonne coated one end of the sausage with Vaseline and handed it to the doctor; scarcely missing a stroke the doctor removed her probing finger and carefully, gently worked the bigger prong into the unsuspecting male's orifice. "Oh! Ooo! Oh!" he gasped in some discomfort as the doctor worked her big sausage in deeper. "There! My, we're tight, aren't we, Mr. Goodwun? Are we taking your little maidenhead?" Her voice was cheerfully casual. "This will not hurt you, Mr. Goodwun; the anal tissues are capable of being distended far more than this. He's taking it very nicely," she added to the nurse who was struggling to keep from laughing aloud. "How did you get these lesions on your buttocks, Mr. Goodwun? "I - I --" Cecil floundered for a reply and couldn't find one. Just then Trixie, who had lingered within earshot in the next room, decided she'd better answer for him. She entered the 'therapy room' and exclaimed "Oh my gracious!" in surprise. She could see nothing of her misbehaving husband except his turned up buttocks and the doctor was sliding a phalluslike object in and out between them.

"Excuse me, but I didn't want you to think my husband has a -- a skin ailment," she blushed. "I must confess that when I found him with that woman this morning I used my quirt on him and then - I'm embarrassed to say it, but I took him over my knees and spanked him with my hairbrush." "REALLY?" exclaimed doctor and nurse together; a few questions established that the young wife was serious and poor Cecil squirmed in anguish as they drew closer to examine the evidence, and he felt their hands go over his still hot surfaces appraisingly, one of them lightly pinching each of his tender cheeks to guage their softness. Their respect and admiration for Trixie had increased considerably. Cecil kept his head down, unable to s show his face as the doctor asked how he had reacted and Trixie admitted that her problem boy "had cried quite a bit." "Ohhh! Does he cry if he can't have his way? Poor baby!" said the doctor with heavy sarcasm. Yvonne congragulated Trixie and the doctor added on her own praise. "That was just what he needed. You didn't really hurt him and he deserved a good lesson. Too bad more women don't employ such measures - although every woman doesn't have such a nice, gentle young man." "Or such

a girlish one," added Yvonne.

Still working her scientific instrument in and out, the doctor told Trixie that all of us possess some genes of the opposite sex and that her husband apparently had a predominant share of female genes. "Yes, I was quite sure he had," nodded Trixie. "He likes to wear my nightgowns." "See there!" exclaimed the doctor approvingly and she and Yvonne nodded knowingly at each other. "He has such a lovely complexion - all over!" remarked the nurse. "Does he use a depilatory?" asked Elvira and Trixie replied, "I'm afraid I'm responsible for that - or you might say it's the result of his own negligence. He carelessly left his tennis shirt and shorts behind in a motel room; I wanted very much to play and told him he should wear my two piece outfit. I didn't want him to be embarrassed by looking like a sissy-boy so I gave him a depilatory the night before and then he played wearing a chiffon head scarf and a little lipstick - and everyone thought he was a girl." She broke off to ask curiously, "What is this treatment you're giving him?" "It's a phalluscoscopy, dear," the doctor replied glibly while her nurse gazed at her in admiration of her inventiveness, " - a benificial theraputic device for cases

like this." Trixie felt a warm stirring within her to see how her cheating husband's hisp were wriggling and the way the instrument glided in and out, in and out - she blushed to think how sexy it looked, with Cecil taking the passive role of a woman and accepting what looked much like a male organ in his little "vagina."

The nurse bent over to feel beneath the patient's hips; her hand closed over the member she sought and she reported, "Signs of renewed genital arousal, doctor." "Yes, I thought so. Your husband is actually getting a naughty thrill out of this therapy, Mrs. Goodwin." "No I'm not!" protested Cecil, moving as if to arise but the doctor snapped, "Put your head down, Mr. Goodwin!" and the nurse quickly saw that he did so. "This may make him feel like a girl and he may object in an attempt to preserve his male image," Elvira told Trixie. "Some girlish men even fantasize that they have a masculine lover, as this would help to fulfill their longed-for femininity. Perhaps your husband is wishing right now that a male lover was putting one of these, a fleshy one, into him." "Oh no! Oh no!" came Cecil's horrified protest from the bedsheet. "Of course, a man can have some fantasies that his wife would do well to encourage. If he got

a thrill out of imagining he were a housemaid, for example, it would certainly pay his wife to get him a nice maid's uniform and help make his dream come true." "Is that what you want, darling? I'll be glad to cooperate with you!" Trixie said eagerly. "No! No! Never!" exclaimed Cecil resentfully, angrily. "Don't say never - that's a long time," Yvonne murmured as she held him down firmly.

"Some men secretly yearn for a masterful wife," the doctor continued, twisting the end of the sausage she held in her hand "perhaps a wife booted and spurred and with a whip, to take charge of them. A wife would be smart to indulge such a fantasy - it would certainly mark the end of domestic strife in her marriage." "Yes, I can see that," nodded Trixie thoughtfully. "Of course, your husband's effeminacy need not interfere with your happiness, as long as you teach him his proper place and don't tolerate his naughtiness - isn't that right, Mr. Goodrun?" She shoved it in more deeply and Cecil cried out "Yes! Yes! Please stop now!" "Are you going to be faithful to your lovely wife? Do you promise?" "Ow! Oh yes I will! Ow! I promise!" Trixie realized that these good women sympathized with her and were

deliberately making her beloved but misbehaving spouse squirm a little. When the doctor finally withdrew her tool, it was to make a further examination.

IV. CECIL'S EXAMINATION GOWN

While Yvonne held the patient in place - he was so ashamed to be thus exposed, but he'd be even more ashamed to jump up naked and face their mocking eyes - Elvira went to a dresser drawer for the necessary device. Trixie didn't notice that the drawer contained such items as hair curlers, face powders and creams, costume jewelry. The doctor returned with a pointed steel instrument - actually a fingernail file. Without warning she ran its fairly sharp point lightly across the sole of Cecil's bare foot. "Oooo!" He jerked so violently that he nearly fell off the hassock. "Relax, Mr. Goodrun - I'm going to test your reflexes." She held his foot in her hand and as he tense it she ran the file across his other foot, and again he jumped wildly. The file touched the back of his knee - the sensitive inside of his thigh - one of his buttocks, near the crease between them - his unsuspecting foot again, each time where he

least expected it, making him jump and jiggle his twin globes in the air in most undignified fashion. Trixie wasn't sure she approved of t this teasing but when Yvonne whispered "He'll think twice before he cheats on you again," she nodded her head emphatically. Elvira knew just how to use this simple instrument; she kept the naughty male jumping until he was nearly exhausted and begging her to stop. At last she did so; she'd had another inspiration.

"How are your bowels, Mr. Goodwin? Raise your hips a little - that's it." She slid a hand under him and felt of his lower abdomen. "They're all right," Cecil said uneasily but Elvira mused "Hmm... A little congestion here." Trixie noticed that the doctor's hands were more gentle than the male doctors she had encountered; while Elvira probed with her left hand, her right hand lightly cupped his testicles a few moments, then brushed across his anal area and made the modest youth squirm sensitively. "On a trip such as you're taking, it's easy to become constipated," Yvonne explained to Trixie. "Yes, he could stand a good enema, to clean him out thoroughly," reflected the doctor. "Oh no! I - I really don't need that at all! Oh, don't do that to me!" cried

Cecil, struggling to arise, but the nurse shoved his shoulders down as she suggested, "It would be good for his wife to know how to give him an enema." "Yes, we will at least show her the prosedure," decided Elvira. Bring the hot water bottle and syringe." As Yvonne hurried off the frightened Cecil again started to jump up but the doctor sharply ordered him to stay right there. "Mrs. Goodwin, see if you can make your husband cooperate - it could be very important for you to give him an enema when necessary." Trixie held her rebellious mate's shoulders down to keep his twin globes poised high across the hassock.

"Honey, do what the doctor says!" she scolded and gave him a rather brisk, warning slap on one of his upturned cheeks that painfully reminded him of the morning's ordeal. The doctor snapped "Don't be naughty, Mr. Goodwin! Your wife just might spank you again, right now!" Cecil froze with terror at the shameful thought; his livid posterior could not stand further punishment and disgrace, before these two homely, taunting older women, would be even worse than the pain. He lay still, apprehensively waiting the nozzle. He heard the nurse return and the doctor's voice. "I'll slip it in first, Mrs.

Goodwin. We make sure the nozzle is well lubricated, and also...his little rosebud." She had drawn on her rubber glove and he quivered as her greased finger again invaded him. "And don't be afraid - he really enjoys this." "I do NOT!" Cecil shouted and then winced as the nozzle went in. "There. It may seem tight as first and you just work it around - so. Isn't that nice, Mr. Goodwin?" "NO IT ISN'T!" "Don't yell!" Yvonne hissed in his ear, "You'll get that spanking yet! We'll all take turns giving it to you!" The far from pretty nurse added in a whisper, "Quiet down or I'll sit on your head - and I'm not wearing any panties!"

The nozzle was withdrawn and Cecil cringed to think that it was Trixie standing at his unprotected rear now, about to impale him. His young wife also felt a strange, unaccustomed thrill as she probed carefully for a moment at his tightly puckered little orifice...then for the first time slipped the long, curved nozzle into her bashful husband's rear. His wriggling and squirming added to the excitement she felt as she penetrated him; she thought, here's something for you, my naughty boy... After his sausage therapy the slender nozzle was not difficult to insert, but the doctor encouraged

her to 'work it around and get the feel of it.' Trixie was naturally dexterous and edging it cautiously in and around some tight, protesting barriers of flesh, managed to insert it quite deeply with only two or three twinges of discomfort to the handsome 'patient'. "This is just a practice maneuver, Mr. Goodrun" remarked Elvira. "Otherwise your wife would have you flooded with warm water by now." A groan and some anguished writhing was Cecil's only reply. Why had he consented to all this - if only he'd walked out before they'd undressed him, and put his clothes goodness knows where! He squirmed resentfully as Yvonne again slipped her hand beneath his hips, felt of his arousal and announced it.

"Yes," nodded the doctor, "Some men are sexually stimulated by an enema, especially at the hands of a pretty girl. Mr. Goodrun is doubtless enjoying this and hoping for a real one in the near future." "Oh no - no!" groaned Cecil, wincing at a poke in a tender area but he received little sympathy. "Some men think nothing of inserting a much bigger nozzle in a woman, regardless of her feelings," went on Elvira. "It wouldn't hurt to turn the tables on such men occasionally and make them

accept what they are so eager to dish out; it might take some of the cockiness out of them. I know a woman whose husband was very flirtatious; she caught him at it a few times and each time she made him take something a lot bigger than what you're putting in your husband, in the same area. It completely cured him and now he's very attentive and affectionate to her." "Really?" Trixie was intrigued at this idea and wished t that the red sausage hadn't been put away; she might be tempted to try it on her problem child while he was so nicely positioned.

However, the doctor had given a rubber glove to Yvonne and she took her turn at working her finger into the mortified male while Elvira quizzed him about his diet. "Do you like orange juice, Mr. Goodwin?" "Yes." "Roast beef?" "Yes." "Polish sausage?" "Yes." "I can believe that - you seem to be fond of all suasages." The nurse laughingly remarked "I'll bet he'd be fond of a nice hot beef injection." As he groaned at a deep thrust she asked, "Are you sorry for being such a naughty boy, Mr. Goodwin?" "Oh yes! Yes, I am! Please stop now!" "Are you ready to go to your sweet wife and ask her forgiveness?" "Yes! Ow! Oh yes I will! Please let me up! At a nod from the

doctor a half dozen hands reached down to the huliliated, nude youth and drew him up to his feet; they noticed at once that his swollen, quivering staff was now larger than ever.

"Cecil!" exclaimed his young wife reproachfully. "Why can't you ever be in that condition when - when - " she stopped, but the observant doctor said "May I ask, Mrs. Goodwin, if your marriage has been satisfactory thus far, in the conjugal bed? Sexually, I mean." "Oh! Well... Cecil, do you want to answer that?" "Where is that - gown?" gasped our hero, looking around frantically as the three fully dressed women ogled his baby skinned nude figure. "Where did you put it?" asked Yvonne unsympathetically and as Trixie invitingly held out her arms her naked spouse quickly ran into them to at least partially hide his bare surfaces. "Darling, I must get dressed! Help me find my clothes!" Trixie embraced his soft white body protectively while Yvonne went to the 'doctor's' closet. "I found another gown," she announced. "Here you are, sir." Cecil turned in his wife's arms and hurridly slipped into it - and all three women "Oooed" and "Ahhhed" with delight! This examination gown was a very short, dainty peignoir, lace trimmed and frilly and very

transparent. It was so transparent that his body was still practically all exposed, but now looked extremely feminine. Again he quickly tried to hide in Trixie's arms as the ladies smiled gleefully to see that his shapely buttocks showed almost as clearly as before. Yvonne added another nice touch by bringing a pair of shoes and slipping them onto the confused, distracted boy's feet. As she had guessed, they fit quite well and Cecil was suddenly two inches taller, for they were ladies' high-heeled pumps.

"Oh, what a pretty young lady!" "Who is this adorable girl?" "Just what Cecil needed to make him look natural!" "Instead of Cecil, you should call him Sissy!" When Trixie admitted that "today I called him Cecilia" all agreed the name was perfect for him. Scarlet with shame he hid his face agianst Trixie's shoulder, unaware that the back he turned on his tormentors was so fully exposed. Humiliating incidents had kept piling up on him, one on top of the other, on this disasterous trip - who could have dreamed that he would be standing here in cobwebby, see-through gown and high heels, clinging in shame to his wife while the three women enjoyed his discomfiture and Trixie especially enjoyed what she felt pressing,

turgid and throbbing, against her pelvis.

"Mrs. Goodrun, you have a very lovely husband," smiled the doctor. "It wouldn't take much to make a pretty girl out of him. Yvonne, just think how Mr. Goodrun would be improved by a fifty-day regimen of female hormones." "That would be perfect!" agreed the nurse. "He sometimes wears a bra - that would really fill it out for him." "Yes, and round out his figure nicely - he'd have a soft, plump derriere like a woman." Yvonne added to Trixie, "And it'd be all your's to spank, if he were naughty!" "Oh, that would be thrilling!" exclaimed Trixie, impulsively hugging her scantily gowned mate, "but - would he fill out too much? Would he lose his nice, slender waist?" "No, not with sensible eating habits." "And you could get him a good, maximum control corset," said Yvonne. "The hormones," continued Elvira, "stimulate certain glands that produce attractive curves in the bosom, buttocks and thighs. It would be soft, feminine flesh." "Cecil is nice and soft now. He doesn't exercise much." "Well, I'm sure this is part of what attracted you to him in the first place."

"That's so. I wouldn't want him too - er, masculine; it would spoil his - you might say,

delicate beauty. I never had a sister and perhaps when I married him I had in the back of my mind that he might be both husband and sister to me." "He'd make a sweet sister for you - and I imagine he will help you a great deal in the kitchen, and with the housework." "Yes, indeed! Cecil can plan whole menus excellantly, he can launder and iron and sew - his mother taught him all those things." "Wonderful! You have a real prize, honey - if you can only teach him to be a good girl, and faithful to you." Yvonne remarked mischievously, "I'll bet he'd be sweet in a maid's uniform, especially one of those fancy, French musical comedy types." "Yes, I suspect Mr. Goodwin would love that. And - your wife has such a lovely bosom, Mr. Goodwin - don't you envy her? Wouldn't you love to have a pair of beautiful, big, soft breasts?" Almost frantic with shame, the furiously blushing male couldn't speak and Trixie prompted him. "Answer the doctor, dear." "No, I wouldn't." "YES YOU WOULD, Mr. Goodwin - don't deny it!" boomed the doctor; several times she had lowered her voice to a deep, menacing contralto when she wished to intimidate him, and he winced and fell silent. In a daze of debasement he stood in Trixie's

embrace; despite all she'd done to him, how he needed her now! How alone and friendless he'd be this very moment, if it were not for her sturdy, protecting arms!

In his shame he couldn't follow all their remarks, until suddenly Trixie shook him a little. "Answer the doctor, honey - she asked you a question." "Mr. Goodwin. I asked if you masturbate." "No - I want my clothes!" moaned Cecil, his voice so low that only Trixie heard it. She felt it best to set the record straight "He admitted to me that he does, doctor." "It is not unusual to deny such a childish habit," said Elvira severely. "It's often accompanied by extreme shyness, effeminacy, Mama's Boy behavior and impotency. If you're addicted to this baby trick, Mr. Goodwin, I suggest that you stop it at once - or you'll not be able to perform your husbandly duties as you should." "And your wife might put a diaper on you," added the nurse. Cecil quivered at this degrading thought as he stood in his wife's embrace, his lips pressed against her neck and his beautifully curved back and pink buttocks peeking through his sheer gown at the two critical ladies in white. Trixie hugged him more tightly and exclaimed "Did you hear that, darling? I'm

not the only one who thinks you should be in baby clothes! I told him that only a few days ago! Would a diaper help prevent masturbation?" "Not exactly, dear," smiled Elvira, "though it might shame him out of it - and a diaper and rubber pants would save his clothing from semenal stains that could ruin them." "All right, dear - that settles it," Trixie told her squirming spouse. "You were such a naughty child today, and such a crybaby - in fact, your behavior has been far from mature on this whole trip. I'm going to get diapers and rubber pants for you - and a baby dress!"

"Oh, no!" moaned Cecil wildly, despairingly, but the medical women expressed their warm approval and his wife thrilled to feel how swollen and rigid he was against her Mound of Paradise. "I think he likes the idea," she told the beaming doctor and nurse. "I'm sure he does even though he makes a pretense of objecting. Some young men marry while knowing very little of life; they are frightened by their sudden responsibilities and may long for a more passive role. Some put on female clothing in unconcious longing to be a submissive 'wife' and take orders rather than give them; others even wish to escape 'back into the womb' - to be in

rompers or baby dresses and become a baby again, free from adult worries, with no need to do their own thinking, no need to do anything except obey Mama." "Some of that exactly fits him!" exclaimed Trixie, patting his nearly bare bottom like a fond, possessive mother. "Is that what you want, darling? I'm going to be your Mama - and you're going to be my sweet, obedient baby... he especially likes my baby doll gown," she added to her two gleeful confederates; in her delight she didn't hear - or heed - the low, shame-stricken protests of her distraught spouse.

"Yes, I suppose your baby doll gown has been the closest thing to a baby dress that he could find," smiled the doctor. "And why not? It's well known that some males are simply not capable of facing the stern problems of today; if one can become a pampered, beloved and pretty baby, and if he has a capable, loving Mama to guide him - as Cecil would - why not let him find his happiness? Such babies get into less mischief, they're not running out and throwing away money or flirting all the time, and their wives have a lot less to worry about." "I bet he'd make a nicer baby than he would a husband," pointed out Yvonne. The doctor said she understood there is a place in California

where beautiful baby clothes are made to order for adult size babies, but she didn't recall the name. "Is the lady's name Florence, who makes them?" asked Trixie. "Yes! You know about it?" "I heard of it, but I don't know the firm name or address." "Are you driving toward Capitol City - yes? They have several stores that handle adult books and sexual aids - you may learn something there." "I wish you luck," chimed in Yvonne, "because I think Cecil would really be sweet in a pinafore - and with a frilly baby bonnet framing that darling innocent face of his." Cecil groaned at this unmanning, unbearable prospect but he could not break away from the embrace of Trixie's arms and this talk was intolerable; at last he cried "All right! Anything, but let me dress and get out of here!" "First say 'Please Mama,' " prompted Trixie. "Please, Mama!" the scantily gowned boy exclaimed loudly, and the onlookers laughed merrily. "Now you're getting the idea, Cecil - or rahter, Cecilia!" taunted Yvonne. At last, fairly saturated in shame, the dazed youth was permitted to dress.

In the next room Trixie paid the bill - this visit had been worth ten times its cost, she felt - and chatted with her new-found allies. The doctor's prognosis for a happy

mother-child relationship was 'favorable - but only if the child has a good, firm Mama." She told Trixie that Cecil's breasts were one of his active erogenous zones "especially, I imagine, if he is in lingerie or a nightgown... do you know what a dildoe is, dear?" "Yes," blushed Trixie; a few girls at college had owned some. "If you had said no, I wouldn't say any more, but since you do, I'll give you a hint: by the way Cecil reacted to our massaging he might be very receptive to a dildoe - it might be just what his girlish nature craves... Also it might be better if Mr. Goodwin does not have ordinary sexual intercourse tonight. Perhaps you could have him perform cunnilingus instead." "What?" When Elvira explained, Trixie shyly admitted that up until now Cecil had always refused to perform this delightful by-play of love - in fact, "he acts as though it's improper." "He'll never learn any sooner. He may think he's smart, but he's childishly naive about some matters. Society recognizes that any variation of lovemaking is right and proper if both parties agree to it or if the wife desires it, and if it results in sexual fulfillment, at least for the wife. Here he comes."

A very crestfallen younghusband joined the

ladies, too abashed to meet their twinkling, triumphant eyes. "Well, there's our pretty baby," observed the doctor playfully. "My, she looks almost like a grown-up in trousers." "She's apt to lose her trousers if she doesn't behave." Trixie joined the teasing by adding "Yes, I think I'd prefer her in rompers, anyway." Cecil cringed as they discussed his babyish qualities and then the doctor's voice grew more serious. "Now that you have your trousers on, Mr. Goodrun, I suggest that you keep them on in front of other women and remove them only when your wife so desires. I have told Mrs. Goodrun that you are not to have sexual intercourse tonight - and see that you don't masturbate." Cecil squirmed as they all eyed him severely. "However, if your wife desires you to do anything for her tonight, as long as it does not involve either of these two, I strongly advise you to comply with her wishes. For her sake and your's, be a good boy after this, or perhaps I should say a good girl; stop your flirting and obey your wife if you want to keep out of trouble. Do you understand?" "Yes," mumbled Cecil in a low voice, eager to end this humiliating ordeal. "Cecil! Speak up, for heaven's sake!" exclaimed Trixie. Dr. Borden

has given you some excellant advice, and you should be grateful. Why don't you give her a nice good-by kiss?"

Cecil was stung with resentment at this; the last thing he wanted to do was kiss the coarse, overbearing woman who had not only degraded him but who might have changed the entire course of his life. As he stood hesitatingly, trying to phrase a suitable refusal, the plump doctor stepped forward and embracing him, glued her thick, moist lips against his. He shrank away in revulsion from her hated caress but she held him tightly and treated herself to a long, succulent feasting on the handsome boy's lips. "There, you sweet little fairy!" she murmured in her deep, throaty voice. "May I give you a little kiss?" the nurse asked, and Trixie could scarcely refuse. Yvonne seized the youth as quickly as Elvira released him and gave him a lengthy, sensuous soul-kiss - he felt her tongue slip into his mouth and dart about in it as she held him in that snug embrace, her face mashed hard against his. How galling that these two plain looking, older women, after titillating themselves with the undressed and unstrung youth for two hours, should expect him to treat them to such an affectionate farewell!

He stumbled dizzily as Yvonne released him and Trixie took his arm and led him, distraught and undone, to their car.

As they drove off the two fun-loving nurses collapsed in each other's arms, almost hysterical with glee. "Oh, what a dcotor you are!" "I could hardly keep a straight face." "And charging them $25.00 to give that pretty sissy a going over! We should have paid his wife double that!" "She's sure starting him out right - I'd love to see him a few months from now." The 'doctor's' coat and the 'patient's' gown (the first one) had been borrowed from their beauty shop; the weiner and the prostatic massage had been last minute inspirations made possible only by the shy passivity of an intimidated youth whose spirit had been spanked out of him too recently to permit his resistance.

Busy with her thoughts, Trixie drove in silence until Cecil cleared his throat and asked, "Honey, what were you and the doctor discussing while I was dressing?" "Do you really want to know?" "Well...yes, dear, if it concerned me." "It does. We were discussing what you should do in bed with me tonight, to prove you're sorry for your outrageous conduct."

"Oh," our hero said uneasily. As they neared the bright lights of a restraunt he recovered a little from his trance and pleaded "Honey, I'm starved! That baby food didn't nearly fill me! Please, can we stop for a little food?"
"No. I'll give you something to eat when we get to our room."

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