

ENTRAPMENT

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Life was relatively good for Henry Chapman. He was five foot six with sparkling grey-blue eyes a bit smaller than others his age. He wore his mousey brown hair in a low pony tail that reached to mid-shoulder. He lived in a ritzy neighborhood with his mother, Ellen, and younger sister, Rachel. Unlike a lot of boys his age, Henry wasn't rebellious or that much into sports. However, like the other boys, had a fascination with girls and a nice collection of pin-up magazines stashed in his room.

While most of the other boys were dating, he lacked the courage to ask anyone out. Lately he had been trying but every time he approached his prospective date, lost his nerve. He was a handsome boy but more on the pretty side rather than rugged macho. He didn't have much in the way of facial hair, his chin a bit pointed and his nose petite.

Ellen was an up and coming corporate big wig. Many days she worked ten or twelve hours. Her work ethic got her many promotions and with each advance, she was often transferred to another job site over the past five years. Her success and moves contributed to Henry's lack of confidence and shyness. He hated it the first time they moved as he lost all his friends. It seemed to him that as soon as he made a good friend or two his mother would be transferred again. After their last move, he pretty much gave up on making any friends. It hurt too much to leave them.

Over the Christmas holidays, his mother moved again to another city and into a bigger house. He was forced to start a new school in the middle of the year. His small stature and natural shyness made him one of those students who blend into the background. He wasn't exactly a social outcast but he wasn't in any of the clicks either. He had a few acquaintances but made no real friends. He blended into the background so well that the bullies seldom picked on him.

Rachel, on the other hand, was the bane of his existence. She wasn't a beauty and had adopted the Goth style. She never wore dresses or skirts and her favorite color was black. Ellen had provided her with many cute and feminine outfits hoping to get her away from, as she called it, the dark side. Those attempts only made Rachel more rebellious. While Henry became shy and retiring due to the frequent moves, she became more outlandish and mean. Since she couldn't take out her frustrations on Ellen, she took them out on Henry. She demeaned him every chance she got.

Being the older brother, of course, he got back at her every opportunity. He especially enjoyed taunting her whenever his mother made her wear her feminine frills. Henry took great delight in flipping her skirts and laughingly made fun of her frilly lingerie. As she was developing into womanhood, he would continually tease her about making mountains out of molehills. It was during Easter when Rachel had been forced to wear a yellow satin party dress with white net crinolines that things came to a head. Henry had flipped her skirts one time too many and she turned on him. They were grappling and rolling on the floor with Rachel winding out on top, his arms pinned to the ground by her knees when their mother entered the room screaming and breaking them apart.

Henry had been embarrassed by his sister in front of his mother but was glad she intervened when she had. He didn't want to think about what would have happened

otherwise. He would never admit to himself that he let his little sister beat him up but a seed of fear was planted. Rachel on the other hand, relished her conquest. For the first time she felt empowered with the knowledge that she could physically dominate Henry. That feeling made her very confident.

The next day, she deliberately punched him on the arm, hard. He winched and jumped back but seeing the look in her eyes called her a bitch and walked off rubbing his arm. His reaction emboldened her and from then on took any opportunity to demonstrate her strength over his.

Fortunately, after this last move, both of them mellowed out a bit and weren't shouting at each other every single day. As a matter of fact they seldom ever talked and only then to call each other derogatory names. Rachel's attitude began to change right after their move and Ellen hired a housekeeper.

Ellen's new job would take more of her time and, as the kids were too old for a nanny, hired a live in housekeeper, Dorthea Washington. Dorthea was a statuesque black beauty with ample breasts and behind. She wore her hair in a short afro style. Her nails and lips were painted a vivid red and wore a heady floral perfume. She moved in a week before school started. It seemed like Rachel and Dorthea took an immediate liking to one another.

Henry, for his part, didn't care too much one way or the other for Dorthea initially but as the year progressed came to fear her. At first she was nice enough but demanding. She made him help with the household chores something he had never done before. The demands were nothing outrageous at first, doing the dishes and running the vacuum. She made Rachel do the same things, so Henry accepted the new rule. Henry tried to argue that men didn't do those kinds of chores with his mother but she was impressed and happy with her new housekeeper.

"Henry, stop your whining. Dorthea is doing a fantastic job and a little house work will do you good. She's even stopped the two of you from trying to kill one another. One of these days you will be out on your own and will need to know how to keep a place tidy," she said when he complained.

However, as time went on, Henry found himself doing more and more of the chores while Dorthea and Rachel spent more and more time together. Things drew to a head in late April when Dorthea insisted he wear a frilly apron, pink translucent plastic cap and pink rubber gloves to do the chores.

"I'm not wearing any of this shit and I'm not doing any more cleaning! I've had it! Get Rachel to do something around here and she can clean her own fucking room!" he shouted throwing the apron, cap and gloves to the floor.

Dorthea surprised him by grabbing him by the scruff of his neck, bending him over while pulling his pants and boxers down then spanking him like a little child. Rachel was standing off to the side grinning broadly as she watched her brother making his humiliation all the greater. By the time Dorthea finished punishing him, his butt was bright red and his eyes swollen. She then pushed him into a corner and made him stand there with his pants and boxers around his ankles. To add to his embarrassment, Henry was made to step out of his pants and boxers leaving him in just his white tee shirt while Rachel smirked in the background.

To make matters more humiliating, Rachel had seen him naked as he was marched into the corner. As soon as Dorthea had left the room, she started teasing him about how little his wiener was and what a cute girlish tush he had. Her comments infuriated him and forgetting about any ramifications, turned from the corner intending to teach her a

lesson. Instead, she was ready for him, standing right behind as he turned and punched him in the solar plexus bringing him to his knees. He knelt on the floor gasping loudly trying to catch his breath.

“You ever try anything with me like that again and I’ll beat the crap out of you little brother,” she sneered in triumph. At that moment Rachel felt a rush so powerful it made her weak in the knees. She had completely overpowered her brother in one swift move. She had no words to describe just how great it felt but she knew she didn’t want that feeling to ever go away.

“You better get back into your corner faggot before Dorteia comes back. I think I hear her coming now,” she said going back to her chair.

Henry scurried to stand and face the corner. His face was glowing red in embarrassment at having been taken down by his little sister. Fresh tears flowed down his cheeks while he tried to justify in his mind that Rachel had been lucky with her punch.

“I’ll get her for that,” he thought but knew his threat was an idle one. He now harbored a feeling of fear. Fear of Dorteia and now his sister that would grow over time to make him completely docile.

He completed his list of chores wearing nothing but his tee shirt, apron, cap and rubber gloves. As he cleaned Rachel’s room, she sat on the bed ridiculing him. Adding the words, “sissy” and “cry baby” to her “dweeb” and “faggot” descriptions of him. Once, when he bent over to pick something up, she snapped a rubber band against his bare ass. He squealed and turned on her with fists clenched. She stood in front of him grinning from ear to ear.

“Go ahead faggot, just try it and I’ll beat the snot out of you just like I did last Easter and today. With that little dick of yours no wonder I can beat you up. Come on, go ahead and try it,” she snarled daring him to make his move.

Being without his pants and only covered by the apron took away most of his confidence plus he remembered how she had pinned him before. Reluctantly he turned away from her.

“You’re just a bitch and not worth the effort,” he mumbled. Henry finished cleaning her room and did everything else Dorteia wanted with tear brimmed eyes. Silently, he promised to tell his mother as soon as she got home and that he would have his retribution.

“Mom won’t put up with this. She’ll fire that bitch and when she is gone I’ll get back at Rachel,” he thought.

He didn’t get to see his mother until two nights later as she had worked late. As soon as she walked in, he went crying to her and told her everything that had happened. He did his best to get her sympathy but to his surprise she told him to stop acting like a baby.

“Henry, stop acting like a baby. You are old enough to help around the house and I’m getting tired of your whining and crying. Grow up and try to be helpful. It’s bad enough that I have to work such long hours just to keep a roof over our heads. Dorteia told me everything and if she has to punish you, well, that’s okay with me. Now, please dear, try to be a help and behave. I don’t hear Rachel complaining about sharing the work, so not another word from you,” she said.

“What....what work? Rachel and Dorteia just sit around and talk while I do all the fucking work,” he ranted.

“Watch your language. I don’t want to hear that kind of talk coming out of your mouth. I thought I raised you better than that. You do as you are told and no more complaining. I’m tired and need to relax. I was hoping you would understand since you are the eldest. Now, not another word,” she demanded.

It was at this point that Henry’s life took a definite downhill slide. Like an avalanche it started with a rumble then cascaded into full plunge. When he came home from school, Dorthea gave him his instructions then he put on his frilly bibbed apron, cap and rubber gloves. He cleaned and picked up around the house while Dorthea and Rachel secluded themselves doing whatever they wanted. He fumed and cussed under his breath but he did what he was told.

Besides doing all the cleaning, other things changed. Dorthea decided the family needed to start eating healthier. Ellen agreed as her high stress management position was making her put on the pounds. It was decided with Henry’s strong protests ignored, to go on a vegan diet. Additionally, Dorthea convinced his mother that Henry needed to learn better hygiene. Smelling like a wet puppy dog would no longer be accepted.

Again, Henry objected fiercely but when pushed had to admit that sometimes he missed taking a shower and seldom shampooed his long hair. With three women in the house also admitted that sometimes he forgot to raise the lid or put it down. The end result was that Henry’s avalanche was beginning its downward tumble.

Henry never thought he would ever relish school lunch but now it became his best meal of the day. By the end of the school term, it was the only thing he looked forward to each day. His home life was placing more and more demands upon his time. Dorthea made sure he took a bath every morning before going to school. He hated baths especially the ones she made him endure. As the tub was filling he had to add fragrant bath beads and floral scented oils to the water. Once in the tub, he was forced to use scented body wash. Then every third day he had to wash and condition his hair as well. He couldn’t use just the soapy suds from the bar of soap to wash his hair like he use to do. Now, like the bath, it was floral scented shampoo and conditioner.

After a week of supervised bathing, Dorthea decided he still reeked of puppy dog by the time he got home from school. She decided it was caused by “all that body hair.” To resolve that problem, she made him remove all the hair from below his chin down to his toes leaving only a small trimmed triangle of hair at his crotch. Rachel got much delight from loaning him her depilatory cream and pink razor. Her derisive laughter was stopped by Dorthea but every morning as he left the breakfast table for the bath, she would grin widely and whisper “sissy.”

Henry did as he was instructed but only after receiving several more painful spankings. Thankfully, he only had one more day of PE after he had his body hair removed. He caught some grief from the other boys but was mostly avoided by even his acquaintances from then on. The school has a strict anti-bullying policy, so instead of beating him to a pulp, he was shunned by all the boys. He was even more humiliated when one of the school councilors asked him if he needed to talk about his gay lifestyle.

“I hate queers and I’m not like that!” he snapped back at the councilor which earned him an hour of detention.

As Henry’s life was going to pot, Rachel was changing. Her hair was now tightly permed and shaped into an Afro style. Instead of black lipstick and nail polish she switched to a vivid red. She switched from baggy cargo pants to tight fitting jeans and

Capri's. She had never worn much jewelry but now always had a dozen or so thin metal bangles on her wrists, rings on every finger and dangling chandelier earrings instead of plugs. She even wore dresses or skirt and blouse. Her Goth friends stopped coming by and were replaced by a group of mostly young black girls. Henry didn't like them as they were just like his sister. To them he was Rachel's faggot or sissy brother. It didn't help that he was wearing an apron, plastic cap and rubber gloves whenever they were visiting nor when he was required to serve them soft drinks and snacks.

While all this was going on, his mother was working ten to twelve hours most days except Sunday. When she got home from work, he was already in bed. Dortha had decided he would go to bed at seven because he was too tired in the mornings when she woke him at five. When she changed his bed time, Henry protested loudly and said that he wasn't a baby. Dortha threatened that if he said another word, he would spend the night in diapers. Her threat was enough to send him on his way.

"No body goes to bed at seven. Treating me like a damn baby. That bitch would do it too. She tries putting a diaper on me, I'll kick her ass," he thought with false bravado.

He wanted to talk to Ellen about what Dortha was doing to him. The first chance he had to talk to her, he was confident she would change things around. When he approached her knowing that even she wouldn't agree to him going to bed at seven, was surprised. Instead of responding to his complaint, she wanted to know why he was sneaking into Rachel's room and stealing her panties.

"Dortha tells me you have been taking your sister's panties and other things. Henry, I know boys....well....boys get curious but this has to stop. It's not right and I find it almost too horrible to contemplate what you are doing with them. If you do it again, I have given her permission to do whatever she thinks is necessary. She also told me about those horrible magazines you have hidden under your mattress. You know how much I distaste such things," she said.

"But mom, I...I never...errr....never did any such thing. I swear I didn't take her panties," he sputtered in defense.

"You haven't...well come on...let's go to your room and have a look," she almost spat at him.

To say that he was shocked would be an understatement when she walked over to his dresser, opened the bottom drawer, reached into the back and removed two pair of nylon panties. Holding them up between thumb and forefinger, she glared at him. There were visible stains on each panty. She tossed the panties on the top of the dresser and walked over to his bed, lifted the mattress and removed his pornographic magazines. Only, they weren't his. Instead of "Playboy" they were "Playgirl" and a couple of gay magazines.

She glanced at the magazines with a shocked expression then shuddered. Staring daggers at him she said coldly, "No, don't say anything. I have made up my mind. I don't have the patients or desire to hear what you have to say about your little perversions. Now, please just tell me you will stop this nonsense and behave for once in your life."

Numb, he walked over to the dresser and grabbed the panties. One was bright red and the other green high cut with white lace around the leg openings. There was a dark stain on the front of each. He cringed in disgust and dropped them into the trash basket. He didn't know how they got there or how to explain the magazines but had his suspicions.

“That bitch Rachel must have done this to me. I’ll get her if it’s the last thing I do,” he thought as he flung himself on the bed and started crying.

Ooo

By the end of the school term Henry’s life was tumbling out of control. Over the past three months he had lost fifteen pounds most of which was muscle. His daily baths and depilatory treatments had left his skin smooth and floral scented. His dull greasy hair was now sleek, shined and full of body. The only boys in his class who would talk to him were the few openly gays whom he detested. His grades had fallen from straight A’s to C’s and D’s due to all the time he spent doing the household chores and an inability to concentrate.

The worst thing that happened to him was the loss of his mother’s respect. After the first time she discovered her daughter’s panties in his dresser, she occasionally checked his room on her day off. Each time she found, tucked in an out of the way place, an intimate item or gay magazine. The second time it was a lilac half slip with a dark stain along with a muscle man calendar and the third, a pink satin bra and matching panties. After that third discovery and “talk” she gave up in disgust. She left his room saying that if he wanted to be a pervert, he would do it in his own lingerie. She said it in a loud enough voice that everyone in the house could hear. In the silence that followed, he could hear Rachel giggling in her adjoining room.

That incident occurred two weeks before the end of school. For the rest of the school year Henry found himself wearing frilly nylon panties and matching camisoles. When his mother had left his room after finding the bra and panties, she asked Dortha to see what she could do.

“Dortha, I’ve had it with Henry. I don’t know what to do about him. See if you can’t talk some sense into him. I’m at my wit’s end,” she said.

“Don’t worry Miss Ellen. I can take care of this. Ever since I started working for you I thought Henry was a sissy. Little things like how he wears his hair so long, how sweet he smells and shaves his body hair. What? You didn’t know he shaved his legs? Yes, ma’am, he keeps his legs shaven. Some boys can’t help themselves ma’am. They just born that way you know. Maybe it’s time to see just how much of a sissy he really is. We’ll get him some nice frilly undies of his own and see if he wears them. If he does, then you’ll know he’s a sissy at heart,” she answered.

“Oh Dortha, I don’t know. I blame myself for being gone so much of the time. It’s all my fault. I should have been a better mother,” Ellen responded beginning to cry.

“Miss. Ellen, don’t you be saying that. You’re a fine mother. It’s just that some boys can’t help themselves. My cousin’s boy, Andrew is like that. He thinks he’s a girl and dresses that way all the time. It might seem perverted but he loves his lifestyle. All a momma could wish for is to have her children happy. If being a girl makes your Henry happy, then why complain? You leave your Henry in my hands and I’ll find out just how much of a sissy he really is. Maybe this be just a passing fancy sorta like tomboy girls. Some grow out of it and some don’t. Just look at Rachel. She wore them awful black clothes and such. She’s changed a lot and maybe Henry will too,” she replied hugging Ellen.

Henry’s fate was sealed. The day after Dortha had her talk with Ellen, he found himself marched into an upscale lingerie salon. When they got out of the car in front of the salon with its big pink awning with black script lettering, “Sissy Missy Fashions,” he balked.

“What are we doing here? I don’t want to go shopping with you girls,” he objected.

“Just because it’s a lingerie shop doesn’t mean we are shopping for us. Besides, what self respecting girl would shop at a store this prissy?” Rachel replied giggling.

“Come along Henry and don’t drag your feet unless you want a spanking right here in the parking lot,” Dorthea threatened grabbing his hand jerking him forward.

Henry had a bad feeling about this but Dorthea’s threat and grip made him move. The store was even more prissy looking the closer they got to the entrance. The display windows were filled with mannequins wearing the laciest and fanciest lingerie and night gowns he had ever seen. Inside the shop was filled with a rainbow of colors and the air had a distinct smell of flowers. The floor was covered in a thick carpet of mauve. The walls painted a pale pink were hung with a multitude of lingerie items and posters featuring young girls in various stages of undress. It wasn’t until he looked closely at the pictures that he realized the models were very boyish looking.

“Oooooohhhhhhhh, noooooooooo, I’m outta here,” he moaned and tried to jerk his hand out of Dorthea’s firm grip.

Dorthea was ready for him and pulled her arm back propelling him forward. Bent over from the force of her jerk, Henry felt her hand smacking his upturned rear end. Even through his school slacks the force of her blow made him scream in pain. Tears were streaming down his face by the time she stopped.

“Behave and do as you are told. Stop that sniveling or I will give you something to really cry about,” Dorthea snarled. Wiping away his tears he saw a tall matron standing before them. Her beak like nose and countenance denoted a stern and severe woman.

“I was going to ask if you needed any assistance but I see you have everything in hand. My name is Miss. Devereaux and this is my humble salon. How may I assist you today?” she said with a slight laugh.

“My charge here has been caught stealing his sister’s lingerie. His mother decided that he should have his own lingerie to abuse instead of his sister’s. I heard about your shop and was hoping you could find something appropriate for a panty thief,” Dorthea stated.

“Why of course. As you can see I specialize in delicate garments for girlie-girls even sissies. I do occasionally get a girlie girl but mostly I cater to feminine boys and men. You mentioned that he abused his sister’s lingerie? If you are interested, I have a few products that could solve his little problem. If you will follow me, we can get him measured and make your selections,” she replied.

Embarrassed almost beyond endurance Henry was stripped naked, measured and outfitted in the softest nylon. When he left that horrible shop Henry possessed a dozen pair of tap and full cut brief styled panties in bright vivid colors with lace embellishments. Seven matching camisoles all trimmed in delicate lace, seven training bras and two baby doll nightgowns with negligees. The nightgowns were double layered nylon and chiffon, empire cut, with wide full skirts reaching to mid-thigh. They were lavished with lace and ribbon frills. One had a round neckline in a bright emerald green and the other a delicious chocolate with a square neckline. They came with matching bloomer styled panties lavished with lace and bows.

When Miss. Devereaux showed Dorthea some of her special products to prevent him from abusing his new lingerie, Henry became belligerent. Gathering all his courage he swung, kicked and did his very best to get away from these crazy women. With his strict diet and weight loss he was completely outmatched and was soon cowering in tears.

“For that display, I’m going to get you the most restraining device she has. Maybe the next time I tell you to do something you will do it without complaint or resistance,” Dorthea fumed.

A much subdued Henry walked gingerly back to the car carrying two large pink bags. He was wearing bright sunflower yellow tap panties with two inches of rose lace hemming, matching training bra and camisole under his school uniform. Around his groin was fastened a chastity device most cruel. It was small, only two inches long, and somewhat narrow with sharp pins on the inside. The women laughed gaily as Miss. Devereaux fitted the device to his shriveled penis. Rachel particularly enjoyed commenting about his small penis as the chastity was locked into place.

“As you can see,” Miss. Devereaux pointed out, “this device will guarantee that his penis will never expand and is very hygienic. It will only have to be removed once a month for cleaning. Should he get any sexual stimulation from his new pretties or from looking at pornography, the sharp pins on the inside will cause excruciating pain. From my experience, no boy or man for that matter can maintain an erection. Another benefit is that he will have to sit to pee. No more unsanitary splashes or seats left up. Should your sissy desire it, I have a wonderful selection of realistic breasts and vaginas. Would you like to examine them, no, oh well, then perhaps later?”

During school he was allowed to wear his uniform over his panties and camisoles but once home had to don one of his new training bras. Again, he was allowed to wear his regular boy clothes over his lingerie. While his clothing covered up the lingerie, brief styled panties displayed visible panty lines and his bra left similar signs as well. Another thing he had to do when he came home was untie his pony tail, brush it one hundred times then leave it hanging free and loose about his shoulders.

On his first day back at school wearing his chastity, Henry was in constant pain. He was aware of it from the moment of installation but seeing the pretty girls walking the halls and in his classes made him realize just how much they turned him on. Prior to being put in chastity, he would reach down and adjust any uncomfortable feelings. Now those feelings weren’t minor discomforts, they were down right painful. By the end of his first day in chastity, he felt like his poor dick had been shredded into a bloody pulp. The gusset of his panties even had some spotting when he took them off for his evening bath. He complained bitterly to Dorthea but she reprimanded him.

“Your momma and I both know about your filthy magazines and detest being looked upon as sexual meat for your grinder. We don’t like being, as you call it, eye candy nor drooled over for our bodies. We are humans and should be respected for our minds and personality rather than our bodies. That device will ensure that you will respect us and, in time, learn to obey. Now stop bitching or that thing will never come off. As far as that little bit of spotting all you have to do is use a panty liner,” she said walking over to the linen closet and removed two packages.

She removed a thin oblong item from one package and holding it up instructed, “This here is a light day’s panty liner and you put it into the crotch of your panties. Fold the wings down and press it firmly into the crotch. It will keep your panties nice and clean down there from now on.”

She took a much thicker pad from the other package and told him that it was a maxi-pad for heavy days. “When you get home from school you will replace your liner with this one. You don’t really need it but it will make you more sympathetic towards women and what we have to go through every month. Each of these packages comes with an instruction sheet. You will read them and memorize them. You say anything besides, ‘yes Miss. Dorthea’, and I’m going to teach you all about tampons.

Understood? Now hurry up it's almost your bed time."

After his bath, Dorthea took him into her room, sat him at the vanity and placed a translucent pink plastic cap over his hair. There she slathered all kinds of creams and lotions on his face, chest, elbows and heels before sending him to his room and bed. He could feel the night mask pulling and tightening his skin. The plastic cap rustled in his ears with every movement and he felt like a complete dork. Dorthea had gone so far as to put large pink plastic rollers in his hair.

Henry went to bed that night in a foul mood. His penis was sore, his face was covered in what Dorthea called a night mask and he was wearing a red baby doll. Adding to his discomfort were the rollers. To make matters worse, he had a maxi-pad stuck between his legs and it felt like someone had stuffed a small pillow there. It was uncomfortable and made him cringe as he thought of its actual purpose.

"I can't believe this is happening to me. Why? Why are they being so mean to me? Even mom won't listen to me any more and the way she looks at me now. It's like she doesn't love me any more. It has to be that bitch Rachel's fault. Ever since mom found those fucking panties and magazines she's been acting strange. I only get to see her on Sunday's and now she will barely talk to me. I didn't do nothing but she won't believe me," he thought.

That same night Dorthea sat down and had a talk with Ellen. Like a good housekeeper, she had an ice cold martini waiting as she walked into the house. "Miss. Ellen, I took Henry to the store where he purchased several pretty lingerie sets. I couldn't believe my eyes but he jumped at the chance to own his own panties and such. He even begged me to let him buy some baby doll nighties. Of course, he made me promise not to tell you but I thought you just had to know. I see this really bothers you. Here, let me get you another martini. I made a pitcher just in case," she said as they sat at the kitchen table.

"Oh Dorthea what am I going to do? I can't stand the thought that my....my son....my son wants to do that sort of thing. It has to be perverse or something. Maybe I should take him to see a psychiatrist or specialists of some sort. I could understand him doing....well...you know what young boys do but....but this is a bit too much. The very idea of him doing that in Rachel's panties or worse yet mine, I really don't want to go there," she sobbed.

"Miss. Ellen don't you worry none. Like I told you before, some boys well, they are just like that. You don't need to take him to some specialist and waste good money on that sort of thing. I know how to handle this from my own experiences with my cousin's boy. Look, give me awhile and he'll either become the son you always wanted or at the worst be another daughter for you. Girls are so much easier anyway. Let me handle him and try not to worry. At least he's not into drugs or out drinking and raising all kinds of hell. So what if Henry is more feminine than masculine? He could do a lot worse for himself than putting on frillies and frocks. Forcing the issue with him could do more harm than good. It wouldn't be so bad to have another daughter, now would it? I did good with Rachel and I can do the same for Henry," she said.

"Oh, I guess you're right Dorthea. Rachel has really improved her appearance and getting good grades since you've been here. Henry, I'm not so sure about. Having a gay son is one thing but.....but this? Maybe I should sit down and have a good talk with him. Get it all out in the open, you know," she replied.

"Miss. Ellen I don't think that is a good idea right now. While I could see the joy in his eyes when he went shopping, he's much too embarrassed to say anything to you about

it. Can you imagine just how mortifying it would be for him to tell you he loves wearing panties and bras?” Dortha cautioned.

“Bras? He’s wearing a bra?” Ellen asked shocked.

“Oh yes ma’am, they were the first thing he asked me to buy for him today. We’ve gotten real close lately and he’s even asked me to help him look pretty. I didn’t want to tell you this but tonight, he...well he asked me if he could use some panty liners....cause he...he wanted to feel more feminine. I didn’t have it in my heart to refuse. He sounded so desperate and then so happy when I agreed. The first thing he did was read the instructions then put one in his panties. I done asked him that he should talk to you about how he was feeling but he just started crying and begging me not to say anything to you. Why, the poor soul broke my heart. Just let him be for now and I promise I will take real good care of him. Let him come out in his own way, compliment him on how he looks and don’t force the issue. You try to force him and he may have a complete breakdown then he really will need one of those doctors. You are going to have to face the fact that Henry wants to be your daughter. He can’t deny his nature,” she answered.

“OMG! It....it’s really hard for me to accept all this. I’ve read that homosexuality maybe genetic and maybe that’s why he’s doing this. As much as I might want otherwise, I can’t do anything about that. Alright, I’ll do as you say,” she replied resigned to the fact that her boy was gay.

“He’s either gay or a pervert and I’d much rather think of him as being gay,” Ellen thought as she went into her room. She stopped on her way and looked into her son’s room. She was a bit shocked at seeing him sleeping, wearing a green facial, pink rollers in his hair and a red nightie. She didn’t miss the package of lite day’s sanitary pads atop his dresser.

“Dortha told me but I didn’t really believe but seeing him now..well I guess she’s right....,” she thought as she softly shut his door.

For the last two weeks of school Henry was extremely self conscious and avoided all casual contact. He gave up lunch, the only good meal he was getting, to stay in the library. It wasn’t the panties or camisole that bothered him the most. It was the lack of a masculine bulge in his pants and the severe pain just being around girls that made him seek solitude in the library. Henry use to get great enjoyment out of seeing the girls at school and in his magazines but now they only brought him pain.

To Be Continued

ENTRAPMENT

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

With school out for the summer Dortha stepped up her plans to totally sissify Henry. She woke him at five in the morning and he spent the next two hours learning a new morning routine. The first thing she had him do was a thorough douche. She presented him with his very own pink rubber bulb syringe and a set of directions on how to prepare a cleansing douche. Next, she gave him a box of pink plastic applicator tampons and the instructions. After his bath, he massaged a floral scented moisturizer into his skin followed by a dusting of floral talc. From there she marched him into her room wearing a towel tucked together between his breasts. Sitting at her

vanity he was taught a morning facial regiment which included a facial depilatory.

Back in his room he put on matching panties, bra and camisole. He was given a pair of ecru support pantyhose and instructed on how to knead them up his legs and wiggle his hips to secure them in place. A pair of black leather pointed toed three inch heeled pumps were forced onto his feet followed by one of Rachel's dresses. As a final touch she had him brush out his long hair then squirted him with a floral perfume. He was beyond embarrassed as Rachel was taking many pictures of him performing his feminine rituals.

Dressed he spent the rest of the day cleaning, learning how to wash and iron clothing. By dinner he was totally spent and could barely keep his eyes open to eat his sparse meal. Dortha gave him a large purple pill and a small white one telling him they were vitamins. After dinner she allowed him to take his bath and perform his nightly beauty ritual. Rachel thoroughly enjoyed taking picture after picture as he did that and modeled his emerald nightie. Her final comments that night forebode more misfortune.

"Dortha, Henry doesn't look too happy in all these pictures. You'd think he would be really happy being a sissy," she said with a small frown.

"Don't worry child, tomorrow we'll see a big improvement. You can take some more pictures for your scrapbook then," she replied.

"It's not a scrapbook. It's my social networking page," she retorted.

"Doesn't matter, a girl should keep a scrapbook to remember all the important changes in her life. Doing it on a computer isn't quite the same. I still have my high school prom corsage that I can touch and even smell to this day. It brings back many fond memories," she replied.

"No, no you can't do that! Please, Miss. Dortha don't let her post any pictures of me lik....like this," Henry screamed hearing what Rachel said.

"It's bad enough her friends see me dressed like some faggot sissy but I can't let her post them. Shit! If she does that, I'm totally screwed," he thought panicked.

Dortha paused, looking from Rachel to Henry and back again. "Rachel, your sissy brother has a point. I don't know if the world is quite ready to see all those intimate details. Besides, those pictures don't really do him justice," she whispered.

Turning back to Henry she said, "Henry, Rachel has a right to use whatever photographs she wants but I sympathize with you for the moment. However, if I get her to agree not to use them, then I want to see you smiling all the time and acting happy no matter how you really feel. Do we have a deal or do I let her do as she wishes?"

"Anything, I promise, just don't let her post anything," he replied.

"You promise, exactly what are you promising to do?" Dortha coldly asked.

"I...I errr....I promise to smile all the tim....time and....and act happy no matter what," he tentatively said.

"Very good sissy, we have an agreement. You forget and I won't stop Rachel from using those photos. Now, go to sleep, you have a busy day tomorrow," she replied with a satisfied grin.

As they left his room, Rachel stopped and looked up at Dortha. "I really wanted to post these pictures. I promised the girls I would do it. Come on, let me post them?" she asked.

“Rachel, you said he didn’t look happy in your pictures. Some of them make it look like he hates doing whatever it was when you took the picture. Now you can take all the pictures you want with him smiling and acting happy as a lark. Don’t you think those pictures would look more convincing? Wouldn’t that give you even more power over him? Just think about it dear. Now go to bed,” Dorthea replied.

Back in her room Dorthea rummaged around digging through some of her boxes. After a brief search she found what she was looking for. The next morning after his toilet was complete, she handed him a thick book filled with blank pages. The book was covered with white leatherette and inscribed in gold letters, “My Fondest Memories.” He spent the next two hours pasting and taping items along with a brief commentary into that book. Included in his efforts was the empty box his first bra came in along with the notation, “My very first bra. It’s so beautiful. It’s a peach color with wonderful white lace over the cups. I can’t wait until I can fill them out.” Another much more embarrassing entry was the pink applicator taped to a page and the inscription, “Today I feel like a woman.”

Each day was the same with Dorthea telling him that structured repetition with a bright smile would make everything easier in the long run. She was constantly at his elbow giving directions or administering punishments. He had his chores down pretty good but knew nothing about handling skirts, sitting or even walking in heels but he was learning. While he worked Rachel would take pictures or sat around texting her friends or playing on her computer. Whenever he saw her doing that he would panic scared of what she was telling or sending her friends. Dorthea kept assuring him that their agreement was good. Her assurances were not that comforting.

Dorthea decided that Henry really wasn’t trying hard enough to act and move in a lady like manner. She contacted her cousin and asked her who had taught her boy what he needed to know about being feminine. The next day Henry was driven wearing a nice yellow sun dress with white polka dot design and three inch stiletto strappy sandals to a seedy part of town and dropped off at Mrs. Hazel’s house. Mrs. Hazel was an elderly black woman with very short salt and pepper hair, wore gold rimmed spectacles perched on the end of her large nose and while thin exuded a stern strength. She wore a gingham dress and held a long thin stick.

“Mrs. Hazel here is going to be your teacher during the summer. Your momma said she didn’t want you children sitting around the house all day so you will be spending four hours every morning with her. You mind her and do what you is told and I’ll be back later to pick you up,” Dorthea said with a thin grin.

As soon as she left Mrs. Hazel took over. “You here to learn and I’m gonna teach you. You do what I tell you to do or you will feel the sting of my switch here,” she said swishing the thin stick through the air.

Henry was scared and would have fled but there was no place for him to run. He was in a bad part of town. He was white, wearing lingerie and a dress. If he was caught like that, no telling what a black gang would do to him. With no alternative, he nodded his head in acknowledgement. For the next four hours he learned manners, etiquette, poise, posture, walking and neatness. The next day he learned grooming, table manners, speech and vocabulary. She gave him several workbooks and demanded he spend at least two hours every evening reviewing and practicing his lessons. If she didn’t see improvement every day, he would feel her switch. He had felt it often enough that first day to know he would apply himself to limit the punishments. The lessons weren’t that difficult but they were all designed for a girl, an old fashioned girlie-girl.

For his grooming lessons, Dortha had provided him with a pink case containing all kinds of makeup and hair care products. Once the grooming lesson was over, he was required to check his makeup and hair every time he passed a mirror which was quite often. He didn't like being out in public wearing a dress and makeup and was more than happy to get back to the house.

He was not allowed to change once they got home and he was mortified when any of Rachel's girlfriends came over which was often. They would tease and ask him very embarrassing questions. He did his best to ignore them but a few swats to his butt by Dortha made him participate in their conversations. He was forced to tell them what he thought a "stud muffin" was or what it felt like to wear a pad. The sex questions were the worst. He was laughed at, abused and in tears by the time they left. They took great merriment watching him do his workbook assignments. He hated every second of this but had no other choice. He was trapped in his own house surrounded by vicious women on all sides who were determined to turn him into a sissy.

To make his life even more miserable, the girls would often make him sit with them and play with some of Rachel's old dolls. He was given girlie magazines and made to read articles about boys and relationships or ones on makeup and fashion. They justified their abuse by asking him, "How else can you talk to us about boys and the latest fashions?"

He never saw his mother in the evenings as Dortha's bed time restriction had him in his room asleep. He was up early enough in the mornings to see her but he was kept busy with his morning toilet. Sunday's were special days. Days in which Henry was allowed some slack in his daily routines. He was allowed to put his boy clothing over his lingerie on Sundays but required to keep his hair brushed out and wear a light pink lip gloss. He was too embarrassed even in his boy clothing and tried to stay in his room as much as possible but his mother had other ideas. She often demanded that he get out of his room and out of the house saying that being cooped up was not good for him. He sometimes ventured out but pretty much stayed in the yard. He didn't dare go to the park for fear that someone would discover he was wearing lingerie. When he saw his mother, she seemed concerned about him and sometimes tried to get him to talk but he shied away.

"How can I tell her what they are making me do? She already thinks I'm a pervert and stealing Rachel's panties. She thinks helping around the house is good for me. She doesn't know that I'm doing them all and it's my word against theirs. Besides, how can I tell her that I'm being beat up and abused by my little sister? I don't have a prayer," he thought.

Ellen was concerned by Henry's remoteness and the obvious fear in his eyes but couldn't get him to open up. Despite his male outer wear she had noted the panty lines and the way he moved and acted so girlishly. Dortha would reassure her that everything was alright and Rachel would back up whatever she said.

"Ma'am, don't you worry none. Henry is a special boy like I told you. He's just like my cousin's boy. He went through the same phase before finally getting the courage up to be his real self. It took a whole lot of patients, understanding and encouragement from the family to get him to be comfortable with his self. You can ask Rachel. She'll tell you how he prances around wearing lingerie and her old dresses acting all girlie like when he thinks no one is watching. She even caught him putting on makeup and wearing one of my uniforms. Why he even bugs her to let him join her girl friends when they come over to visit and talk about boys and stuff. You can ask any of them.

They'll tell you how eager he is to learn about fashions and makeup. Go on, Rachel tell her," Dorthea said one evening.

"Yeah, mom, Henry is a real sissy. He pesters my girl friends all the time just like Dorthea says. He even stole some of my makeup and bottle of perfume but I don't mind. I like having a sissy brother. The old Henry was a real pain to live with. I think he was so mean then cause he wasn't happy and had to act all macho like. He's much nicer now although sometimes he gets a bit much asking my girl friends about makeup, fashions and their boyfriends," she replied.

As Rachel was telling her lies, Dorthea went into Henry's room and brought back his scrapbook. "Ma'am he don't know I know about this," she said handing the book to her.

"OMG! Thi...this...I never would have guessed. Oh my poor baby. Dorthea, you seem to have a close relationship with Henry....since you are here...what...what can I do?" Ellen said after perusing the entries, her anguish clearly evident in her voice.

"Ma'am like I said, leave him to me and Rachel. I have some experience with these things and if you let me help, I'll do my best to make him all better. It's very hard for a boy to admit he's a sissy especially to his mother. He's going through a difficult phase right now but don't pressure him. You're his momma and if you press the issue, he'll deny everything and probably tell you he is being forced to do the stuff he loves to do. I mean what self respecting boy would ever admit to wanting to be a girl much less a sissy?" Dorthea answered.

Ooo

He wanted to run away but either Rachel or Dorthea were always around. Plus all his boy clothing had disappeared. He had nothing to wear but some of Rachel's dresses, skirts and blouses. The only boy clothing left were a pair of slacks and a couple of shirts that Dorthea kept hidden away in case Ellen was around. By the end of June, his mother was use to seeing him wearing nail polish, his hair in a feminine style and moving femininely. He had developed a wiggle in his walk, arms hanging loosely at his side with wrists limp and took small one foot in front of the other steps. Even his hand movements were decidedly feminine. He was no longer aware of what he was doing. Mrs. Hazel's lessons and switch made his feminine poise, posture and mannerisms natural by then.

It was Dorthea's idea that perhaps it was time for Henry to get a wardrobe of his own. Ellen had misgivings but seeing how her son acted agreed. Dorthea and Rachel took Henry on his first shop till you dropped excursion. For the trip, he wore his boy clothing but Dorthea forced him to put some frosted pink lipstick, blue eye shadow and mascara on making him look like a girl in boy's clothing.

They went back to Miss. Devereaux's shop to get him some better fitting lingerie and foundations. It was there that he was fitted for some very realistic "C" cup prosthesis and put into his first training corset. Much to his relief, Dorthea decided not to buy the artificial vagina.

"Henry is a sissy and while his little thingy is tucked away, he's not a girl nor should he look like one. At least not down there. No, I appreciate the offer Miss. Devereaux but we'll pass for the time being. I will take that brochure you have on them though," she said. As she put the vagina brochure into her purse thought, "I'll just leave this where his momma can find it."

The next stop at the mall was a salon where his long hair was lightened to an ash blond, trimmed into a cute bob with feathered bangs, eye brows stripped down to

feminine arches, his nails lengthened three quarters of an inch and varnished bright red. From the salon they hit all the fashionable lady's shops where he was allowed to only buy the most frilly and feminine of dresses, skirts and blouses. He was embarrassed from his head to his toes as he had to use the lady's changing room and try on every single piece they had selected. Even though his reflected image showed only that of a young and fairly pretty girl, he was deadly afraid that someone would surely see through his disguise.

His boy clothing disappeared somewhere during his dressing and he had to wear a pretty navy blue box pleated skirt and white poly cap sleeved blouse for the rest of the day. With the salon visit, new clothing and his feminine movements, Henry was prettier than his sister. Rachel didn't fail to notice either. Outwardly she didn't show her resentment that her sissy brother actually made a much prettier girl than she did. It was just another excuse in her mind to make his life unbearable.

Ooo

By mid-August Henry was getting really apprehensive. Dortha had let him out of his chastity device only a couple of time to clean it. Each time his penis looked smaller and his scrotum seemed shrunken as well. Adding to his worries when the fake breasts were removed for cleaning, his breasts were getting bigger. His nipples were much larger and very sensitive while the underlying tissues made his breast look like the top of a pear. His diet and training corsets had its affects on his torso as well. He had lost a lot of weight where he now tipped the scales at only ninety seven pounds. He had a narrow waist and well rounded bottom. At one time he could move the dinning room table by himself but now he needed Dortha's help.

His body was changing drastically and he had no answer for it. As much as he hated the idea, he decided he needed to see a doctor. He didn't relish the thought of a doctor seeing him dressed, wearing cosmetics with his hair done in a very feminine manner but had no choice and was too scared not to. He also had hopes that the doctor would listen to what he had to say and put a stop to it. His mother would believe a doctor for sure he thought. That thought helped him overcome his fear and asked her to make him an appointment.

Tentatively he approached her Sunday afternoon. He still wasn't at all comfortable with his mother seeing him in dresses and makeup. It wasn't like he had a choice in the matter. All he had to wear were feminine fashions. The first time he was forced to wear a dress in front of her was extremely traumatic and humiliating.

He secretly hoped she would immediately make him change back into boy mode and fire Dortha. However, there was no screaming, no anger or ostracism. She greeted him as if he had always worn dresses and lingerie. She seemed a bit surprised but her acceptance was like a knife through his heart. To him, her acceptance proved that she was behind everything that had happened or at least with her consent.

When he approached her that Sunday, he was wearing a bone colored straight mid-thigh denim skirt and yellow chiffon short-sleeved blouse that buttoned up the back with ruffled collar. His yellow bra and camisole with its lace detailing could easily be seen. On his feet was a pair of white strappy sandals with three inch stiletto heels. He wore a gold locket chain around his neck, several thin metal bangles on his wrists, delicate rings on most of his fingers and a silver middle toe ring.

"Eeerrrr, mom, I....I need to talk to you. I need to see a doctor, could you make me an appointment?" he managed to get out blushing beet red.

"Henry darling what's wrong? Are you sick?" she responded concerned. She still

wasn't happy with his life style choice but wanted what was best for him. Seeing how fashionable he was dressed and wearing full makeup didn't ease her discomfort but accepted it.

"You couldn't force a real boy to dress and act like he does. Dortha is probably right but I hope he isn't sick," she thought.

"N....no....I'm okay but I need to talk to a doctor. Please mom, do this.....I....I really don't want to talk about it. I'm too embarrassed to tell you but I really want to see a doctor," he haltingly replied.

"Well, of course dear, I'll see what I can do. You sure you don't want to tell me what is bothering you? I'm your mother and you don't have to be embarrassed telling me anything," she answered hoping he would finally bare his soul to her.

"No, no, please, just make the appointment," he begged.

"Alright dear, I'll have Dortha check into it at once," she said with a sigh. She hated seeing her son looking and acting like a pretty teenage girl but like Dortha had told her, it was his happiness that mattered.

She gave him a long look then, as he walked away, gazed at Rachel sitting off in the corner. "I can't believe that my son makes a prettier and more feminine girl than my real daughter. I guess if they are both happy I don't have to worry too much about not being here," she thought.

Ooo

The doctor's visit didn't go at all like Henry wanted. First, the doctor was a black woman and second she didn't seem at all surprised at how he was dressed or when he mentioned his problems. The fact that she was black didn't bother him. It was the fact that she was a she. He had never had a female doctor and it embarrassed the hell out of him to have to tell her what was wrong. He thought a male physician would be more concerned about him developing breasts.

He didn't remember he was wearing a chastity device until she told him to strip naked. The device, for the first several weeks, constantly made itself painfully aware. Anything that would turn a normal boy on now caused intense pain. A girl at school, a picture, and even the smell of perfume would give him a raging hard on but now he had learned to ignore such stimuli. It had been a part of him for so long that except for the occasional prick forgot he was wearing it. As he slowly pulled down his red nylon high-leg panties, he tried unsuccessfully to hide the device.

When she saw it, she matter of factually said, "Oh, you are taking this seriously aren't you?"

He was confused by her lack of surprise and comment. "Of course I'm concerned over getting tits," he thought then replied, "Yes ma'am I'm serious."

"Well let's get to it then. I'm going to give you an exam then I need some blood work and urine sample. Lie down and let me take a look at you. Here let me help you put your feet up into these stirrups," she said.

He blushed when she massaged his budding breasts and tweaked his nipples until they stood up like pencil erasers. His embarrassment was all the more when she put on a latex glove and probed his anus. She ran her long finger deep into him and began messaging his prostrate until clear ooze leaked out of the chastity tube. She captured the sample in a cup and put it aside telling him he could get up and to put his clothes back on. Turning to the nurse, the doctor told her she wanted the results stat

and to send them to her office. She left him with the nurse who took several tubes of blood and handing him a cup told him to fill it.

He fidgeted as he sat in the doctor's office waiting for the test results. While he waited she had him take a written test that asked silly questions like, "what is your favorite color?" and weird ones that presented a situation and asked him which of the answers below most reflected his choice. What he found weird about those questions were that the situations involved boy/girl ones like, "You are on your first date. Would you allow your date to kiss you? Answers: a. only at the end, b. if they were really cute, c. whenever the occasion arose or d. Never.

He had to think about that one. He'd never had a date before but imagined being with a cute girl and if she didn't protest he would love to kiss her whenever the occasion arose, so he circled "c". There were many similar questions and by the time he finished the nurse had brought in his test results.

"Okay Henry, there's nothing serious here, a little off but nothing for you to be concerned about. I'm going to give you a shot that will correct the minor imbalance. If you would please lower your panties dear," she said.

"But...but doctor what about these?" he asked cupping his breasts.

"Like I said, nothing to worry about, this shot should take care of your little problems. Now I want to see you in six weeks," she said as she plunged the needle into his left butt cheek. Later, after she had reviewed his written test, she called Dortha.

"Dortha, I've reviewed his gender test results and they came back positive for being transgender. He didn't make it by a large margin but close enough. All that training and hormones working on his brain probably did the trick. I'll fax a report to you after I tidy it up a bit so you can show his mother. If that doesn't convince her everything you have told her is the truth, nothing will," she said.

Ooo

Over the ensuing weeks Henry became very concerned. His breasts especially his nipples had become very sensitive, he was nauseous most mornings and his emotions were swinging all over the place. It was bad before but now that he had that injection, everything seemed multiplied. To make matter worse, it was time to register for school. His hopes of being allowed back into pants and boxers were crumbled when Dortha told him he was going to his sister's school. Rachel went to an all girl's school.

When he complained bitterly that he was a boy and boys didn't go to no damn girl's school, Dortha washed his mouth out with soap for cussing then marched him before a full length mirror. He was wearing a sheer white chiffon blouse with balloon sleeves and tight high collar with a fluffy bow tie and a black mini-skirt. The reflected image showed only a very prissy looking young lady with golden curls wearing a black bra and camisole seen through a sheer white blouse.

"Look at that and tell me that's not some girlie-girl," Dortha demanded as Rachel looked on giggling.

"I don't care what I look like! I'm still a boy no matter what you make me wear! I'm not going to a girl's school," he yelled totally frustrated and fed up with what had been happening to him.

"Very well then, I'll see that you are enrolled in the local military academy. I should think you would have plenty of admirers there dressed as you are," Dortha

sternly replied.

“Wha.....what? No, you can’t do that! You have to give me my pant’s back,” he exclaimed in fright.

“Oh yes I can. Your mother gave me all the authorization I needed to get the both of you enrolled in school. You don’t have any pants, remember, so you will have to go to school as you are until you get your new school uniforms. You either go to Rachel’s school or.....” She replied letting the threat drop.

“OMG! I can’t go to military school dressed like this even for one day. I’d be dead meat. Shit! Shit! I’m dead no matter what I do,” he thought in panic.

“I can call and get an appointment at the academy for you but you will go in a nice dress. You don’t want to make a bad first impression do you?” Dorthea added with a smirk.

“I....I can’t go like this. You’re not giving me any real choice but I’m still a boy and they won’t let me go to Rachel’s school,” he capitulated.

“Yes they will but you will have to change your name. They will admit you as a transgender student. However they insist that you have a proper girl’s name and assurances that you will conform to all the school rules,” she stated.

“A....a girl’s name?” he asked dumbfounded.

“Yes, I was thinking something like Pricilla Ann or maybe Candy Sue since you are such a girlie-girl. Which one do you like best,” she responded.

“Neither.... I don’t want a girl’s name,” he sullenly replied.

“Well in that case I’ll choose for you.....I know, Candy Sue. What do you think Rachel?” Dorthea said.

“Oh I like Candie Sue a lot but I think she should spell it with an ie instead of the y,” she piped up.

“Wonderful, I’ll let you tell your mother when she comes home about Henry’s decision. Candie Sue with an ie will be perfect for your sissy brother. Oh, and Candie Sue, I expect you to be very enthusiastic about your new name or you will be going to that military academy,” Dorthea said ending the conversation.

Ooo

Candie Sue sat at his vanity getting ready for his first day of class. Over the past three months his room had been gradually changed so that now it looked nothing like his old one. The walls were still painted an off white but were covered in boy band posters, pictures of half-naked men and Rachel’s old dolls and stuffed animals were piled everywhere. His bed now had soft floral patterned linens and a bright pink satin quilted comforter. His desk had been replaced by the lighted vanity and his computer with a new pink one covered in small white daisy decals.

His sister had been more than happy to add new Candie Sue social media pages and changed his screen saver to one of rainbows and unicorns. The computer was also modified so that he could do his homework, access only gay porn sites and couldn’t change any of the settings.

Henry was mortified when he saw what she had done to him. His new social media pages guaranteed that he could never show his face again at his old school if it got out. There was enough evidence linking his Henry profiles to Candie Sue’s that anyone looking at the sites would know they were one in the same. The pages showed

him in full girly mode and his profile made him sound like the biggest faggot that ever lived. There was even a blog saying that he had voluntarily put his little “cockette” into chastity to be more feminine looking.

There was even a long list of “friends” that he didn’t have before. When Rachel made him open his contacts, he was horrified at what all of them said or wanted. She made him answer all of them on a regular basis which only added to his humiliation. She particularly enjoyed watching him squirm as he answered “Big Daddy’s” posts asking him to wear diapers, rubber pants and let him bottle feed him. He was sickened by what she made him do but had no choice.

When he first saw what she had done, his temper got the better of him. She was waiting for his reaction and when he took a swing at her, she dodged it, grabbed the arm as it came at her, pulled and twisted it behind his back. Forcing the arm up while grabbing him under the chin with her other arm, she made him scream in pain. It took a few minutes but breaking down in tears Henry submitted. Her threats of further violence and that she would make sure everyone knew his little secret forced him to do whatever she wanted.

While he had been attending Mrs. Hazel’s classes, Rachel had been taking mixed karate and judo lessons. She took to the martial arts like a duck to water and became very proficient. Something she didn’t mind showing off to her older brother. She often used him in the afternoon for practice. He got to hold the board as she broke it with either fist or foot. Her new ability was not lost on him.

Dorthea had assured him that only the school’s administration would know about his little bits of difference. The last thing he needed was for the entire world to know his secret. All the visible evidenced made it seem like he voluntarily and happily became Candie Sue. He only had a year left and hoped that he could pull off his feminine disguise until he graduated. Rachel’s threats, he knew would be as good as gold if he didn’t do what she and her friends demanded. So far, he felt confident they would keep his secret as long as he behaved. The only good thing about the start of school was that he was no longer required to take daily lessons from Mrs. Hazel.

What he didn’t realize was that Mrs. Hazel’s lessons had become so ingrained and habitual they were no longer needed. He walked the walk and talked the talk of a very girly-girl to such a degree that he would shock anyone in the feminist movement. He could curtsy with perfection to a degree the vast majority of girls couldn’t even come close to matching or imagine doing. All his mannerisms, fashion sense and to a large extent his mind had been molded into that of an early fifties era woman. Thanks to Mrs. Hazel’s switch and Dorthea’s punishments, Henry wouldn’t consider leaving his room without full makeup, wearing the frilliest of lingerie and a dress. He also had become very submissive and obedient.

Ooo

Henry was flustered as he stepped off the school bus behind his sister. He was wearing the same uniform she was. It was a gray-green tartan pleated plaid mid-thigh flare skirt, starched white short sleeved blouse with pointed collar and green silk bow. Underneath the uniform he was wearing bright red brief nylon panties, matching lace frilled bra, camisole and floral lace hemmed nylon half slip. If a sudden breeze came up or he moved wrong everyone would notice his bright red panties. Rachel had on white cotton undergarments which most of the girls wore.

To add to his discomfort, he was carrying a pink Barbie backpack with a miniature Barbie doll attached to the zipper. It was way too juvenile for his age but Dorthea had

insisted. Additionally, his hair was parted into pig tails and tied with gray and green satin ribbons. Any chance of him blending in with the other students evaporated as soon as they saw that backpack. He would be ostracized as being too prissy and childish for them to be friends. As he walked the gauntlet of school girls he was teased and pointed at.

“Hey little girl aren’t you in the wrong school? Did you get on the wrong bus? Shouldn’t you be in elementary school?” and such haunted his passage.

As he was about to enter the principal’s office, someone flipped up his skirt and shouted, “Oh look everybody, she’s wearing big girl panties.” The resulting laughter almost brought tears to his eyes.

The principal smiled as he sat down carefully smoothing the skirt under him. “I didn’t think you were such a prissy little girl at heart when you registered for classes but I guess with a name like Candie Sue its fitting. I told you to come here to get a few things absolutely clear before you actually start classes. First, I don’t care if you put your hair up into pig tails but that backpack has to go. Our girls have a certain image to maintain. Second, I expect you to be studious and well behaved. I have my reservations about letting you use the girl’s restrooms but have been assured of your....shall we say....err...restrictions. However, if I hear a single complaint of you peeping or of other offensive behavior you will be expelled immediately. I understand that if that happens, you will be enrolled in the military academy. I would have preferred that but we receive federal funding and cannot discriminate. With your particular situation I can understand why you would prefer being here. From the looks of you today, most of my misgivings are eased. I have exempted you from physical education for obvious reasons and substituted women’s health instead. Do not embarrass yourself or this school when you attend class or our mandatory social functions. As with all your classes, I expect typical lady like behavior and scholarship. Do we understand one another?” she said.

“Yes, ma’am,” He replied. “Crap, she thinks I want this! She thinks I want to be in a girl’s school. The classes I’m stuck in suck, Office Management, Home and Family Living for electives. Women’s health, like that is going to do me any good. Still it’s better than having to take PE. As far as peeking, shit, I can’t get it up without tearing the hell out of my poor dick. I can’t remember the last time I got a hard on anyway,” he thought as he left the office. Women’s health was embarrassing as much of the course content was about sex and giving birth. At least he wasn’t the only one blushing as the course developed.

To Be Continued

ENTRAPMENT

Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

He was an upper classman but had to spend his lunch time with Rachel and her click of friends. Sitting with sophomores made sure none of his classmates would want to be his friend. It was during lunch that Rachel made sure he stuck to his vegan diet and would tease him relentlessly. He was made to fetch things for her and her friends from the lunch counter which wasn’t missed by the upper classmen further alienating him.

With her sissy brother totally under her control she was admired and looked up to by all her friends. Rachel had never been a leader but now felt the empowerment having a sissy brother could give. It made her more determined than ever to keep him in his sissy state.

It still bothered her that he made a prettier girl than she was. A comment made by one of her friends about him looking so good, he could steal their boyfriends got her to thinking. The comment had been made in jest but Rachel knew that it was true. He could easily get a boyfriend. She decided then and there that she would solve that potential problem.

Ooo

Being in a girl's school surrounded on all sides by femininity and rhetoric, feminist issues posted on all the bulletin boards and behavior, plus his home life were a constant reminder and re-enforcer of his feminization. Having to do what his sister demanded and being a servant in the home made his obedience a natural behavior. These traits were becoming more ingrained with each passing day.

Henry was Candie Sue. Dortha's repetitive feminine routines, constantly answering to the name, Candie Sue, attending a girl's school, changing body due to hormones and dress had eroded what had been Henry to a mere pittance. Henry didn't have the strength or will power to argue or fight anymore. His lingerie, dresses, skirts and blouses were normal clothing, makeup and hair care daily beauty habits, cleaning and cooking were just daily life.

He was now a natural full B cup and no longer had to wear the fake ones. His body measurements were 34, 22, 34 and weighed 97 pounds. His body hair free except for a small triangle of trimmed pubic thatch sitting above his caged penis. It was a penis that no longer reacted to stimuli such as seeing naked or partially dressed young ladies. With his body betraying him along with the world at large, Henry was forced to accept that he was now a freak called Candie Sue.

Even his mother considered him her daughter and treated him as such. She was the only woman who treated him half way decently. Henry could tell that his mother's attitude had changed and that hurt him more than anything else. She actually thought he wanted to be this way and that really hurt. He had to admit that all the physical evidence pointed to him volunteering happily in his transformation. Between Dortha and Rachel they had entrapped him into a world of femininity that he hated.

His fellow classmates thought he was a freak. Not because he was a boy, his secret was still closely held. He was considered freakish due to his prissy girlie-girl attitude and behavior. He had cemented that reputation when he curtsied upon being introduced to his teachers and classmates that very first day. Joining lower classmen for lunch and his juvenile backpack made them think that maybe he was mentally retarded. Even though he had taken that backpack to school one day most of the student body knew him as "Barbie." As a result the only "friend" that he had in the senior class was his lab partner in Home and Family Living class, Janet. Henry was used to being in the background at school but had never been surrounded by so much estrogen. He didn't realize it but he was beginning to think more and more like a real girl.

Such was his conditioning that when Rachel asked her friends if they knew of any gay boy that would be interested in dating someone like Candie Sue, he barely objected. The girls got a big kick out of the question but to his chagrin became serious.

"Rachel I don't think gay guys like girlie boys. They like other men, if you know what I

mean,” one girl stated with a hearty laugh.

“Yeah, Rachel good luck with that one, Candie Sue is such a prissy girly-girl I can’t think of any gay guy that would take her out but I sure can think of a bunch of regular guys that would,” another piped up.

“Right Jordan, with those lips and tight ass Candie Sue could have the guys lined up around the block,” laughed another.

“Come on you guys, I don’t want to date any boys no matter what. I’m not gay no matter how much you make me act and look like one of you,” Henry objected strenuously.

“Oh don’t worry your pretty little head brother dear. I’ve decided you need a social life. Besides, we all know you’re not a real girl! You’re a sissy and sissies need love too. Why do you think I’m asking my friends if they know of someone who would like to date a sissy? Now get us some sodas and snacks. Maybe that will keep your pea brain busy enough to let us do the thinking for you,” Rachel spat. The girl’s comments about how easy her brother could get a real boy pissed her off especially since she had a hard time getting one.

Rachel was lamenting the fact that none of her friends could come up with someone who would like to date Candie Sue when Dorthea entered the room. She looked from Rachel over to where Henry was dusting and with a broad smile suggested, “Why Rachel, I have the perfect companion for Candie Sue. My nephew Andrew is somewhat of a butch lesbian. I mean he loves to dress and act all girly but tends to be a bit bossy. Well, actually, more than a bit of a bitch if you know what I mean. Let me give my cousin a call and see if Andrew would like to come over and visit this afternoon.”

Henry looked up from what he was doing, shock and fear written all over his face.

“Whaa.....what...no, please, I don’t want to date anybody,” he gasped.

Henry was waiting in his room nervously plucking at his lavender colored velvet baby doll dress. He was wearing full evening makeup and his hair brushed until it shined. Despite all his objections Andrew was coming over to visit. All too soon he heard Dorthea call him into the living room to meet his date for the day.

Henry froze in his tracks when he entered the room. Andrew was over six foot tall and must have weighted two hundred pounds. What stunned him was the way he was dressed. Andrew was wearing a fuchsia balloon sleeved chiffon blouse with fluffy lace collar and skin tight pair of purple Capri’s. Gold strappy three inch spiked heels were on his feet and a wide matching leather belt around the thick waist. The emerald green camisole and bra could easily be seen through the thin blouse. His black hair had been shellacked into what appeared to be looped and braided horns sticking out of the sides of his head. A thick coating of plum colored lipstick and matching eye shadow sprinkled with glitter gave him a harsh look. There was absolutely nothing feminine about him except his clothing.

Seeing Henry, Andrew minced over and held out ring covered fingers with two inch long bluish-purple varnished nails in a flippant manner. “Auntie darling you can’t be serious? Why this won’t do at all. How can I take him looking so....so....like this to meet my friends? I’d be positively humiliated. They would think I switched sides and started dating girls,” he lisped.

“Andrew be nice. Candie Sue is Rachel’s sissy brother and we thought you two would make a great couple. So what is so horrible about going out?” Dorthea replied.

“Why Auntie, can’t you see? The hair...the clothes.....it just won’t do. I have a

reputation to maintain you know. I and my friends are known at the club for our campy Rocky Horror Show life style. He needs a lot of work before I would even consider it," Andrew said as he turned and swished back to where Dortehea was standing.

Henry for his part didn't know whether to be insulted or elated over Andrew's performance. Andrew had to be the most "campy" queer he had ever met who he'd never want to be seen with much less date. On the other hand, he felt insulted to be talked about in such a manner.

"Well what would it take to get you to consider taking my sissy brother out?" Rachel demanded.

"Oooohhhh at the very least big hair, preferably a nice shade of pink or perhaps champagne with pink highlights, more dramatic makeup and skin tight pants....perhaps in a leopard print with maybe even a bit of fur. Boobs, much bigger boobies wider looking hips, you know. I have an image to maintain," Andrew said after a moment of thought.

"That's fairly drastic dear. Candie Sue still has school and what you're asking...." Dortehea started to reply but Andrew cut in.

"Auntie, I love you but I can only do so much. Make the changes. Let him drop out of school for all I care. I'll get him a job at the club with me and the rest of the girls if you want? But I simply refuse to go out with him as he presently looks. I'd be too embarrassed," he flippantly stated.

"Wow! That sounds fantastic! My brother in a frea....errrr....in a real show....Dortehea we just have to do it," Rachel piped in. She almost said freak show but she was really turned on by what Andrew was suggesting.

As Rachel shouted out her enthusiasm of Andrew's suggestion, Dortehea was looking at Henry. He stood pale as a ghost, knees shaking and his eyes bulging out of their sockets. She gave a thin smile and turning to her nephew replied, "Andrew sweetie, I'm so sorry you don't like our little Candie Sue but I will give your recommendations serious consideration. If we make those changes, you will go out with him, right?"

"I would still have to think about it Auntie but probably. What I said about the job, you know, he'll have to show some kind of talent," he simpered.

Rachel was disappointed, Henry was relieved and Dortehea smugly planning her next move when Andrew left. "That went rather well. Henry was scared to death of going out with Andrew but I'm willing to bet he won't hesitate to go out with a real boy now. Rachel was a bit too happy about the idea so she will be more than willing, with the help of her friends, to find him someone suitable. I'll just make a few suggestions to her," she thought.

Ooo

A week after his meeting with Andrew, Henry received a phone call. It was some boy by the name of Manuel Hernandez and he had been given Candie Sue's number by Rachel. He was calling to ask her out on a date. Needless to say, he was flabbergasted and managed after a few minutes of mumbling conversation ended the call by saying he would have to ask permission. He would have outright refused but Dortehea was standing right beside him.

"What was all that about?" Dortehea asked knowing full well what it was.

"Som.....some boy....asked me out on a...a...date...." The confused boy replied.

"Oh how wonderful. Why didn't you accept? You know how much your sister and I

want you to have a social life. You can't just stay in the house all the time. You have your poor mother worried to death as it is," she responded.

"I....I don't want to date a boy. Besides, I don't...don't have the faintest idea of who he is," he stammered.

"Look Candie Sue we are getting impatient. Perhaps we should make a few changes and call Andrew back over. Is that what you want or would you rather go out with a real boy," she caustically said.

When she said that his eyes lit up with fear and he began trembling. "N....no Miss. Dorteia, I....I do...don't want that," he gasped.

"Well then I think you know what you must do. When is he calling you back?" she snapped.

"I....I don't know....errr....he said he would....that's all," he replied.

"Good, when he does, I expect you to respond appropriately," she said walking away.

What Henry didn't know was that Rachel had set him up. She was determined that he would date some boy but not just any boy. "He has to be a real loser, none of my friends would even consider dating," she thought walking down the school's hallway when she was accidentally bumped into by the Mexican janitor. She was about to tell the ignorant wet back what to do with him self when the idea hit her like a ton of bricks. "I think I just found the perfect date for my sissy brother," she thought.

When Manuel showed up at his door Friday night, Henry was surprised to see the young Latino janitor that worked in his school. He was taller than Henry with well tanned skin, greasy black collar length hair, chubby but not obese wearing jeans and button down blue shirt. From the look in his dark eyes, you could tell he was more than pleased by Henry. Dorteia gave Henry a shove forcing him to step closer than he was comfortable to Manuel. Nervously, he stuck out his hand but was surprised when Manuel took it, raised it to his lips and kissed it.

"How sweet," he heard Dorteia say as he stepped back allowing Manuel to enter. In the background he could hear Rachel laughing.

Ooo

His first date wasn't the death of him but caused a lot of embarrassment. They went to a movie and then back to the house. Henry was use to being seen in public dressed as he was but never with a boy. He was very nervous and Manuel didn't make it any easier. He was constantly putting his arm around Henry's waist, holding his hand or patting his butt. In the theater he stole several quick kisses and more than once Henry had to grab a wondering hand but that had been it. The kiss at the front door when they got back was more forceful but he lived through it. Unfortunately, both his mother and Rachel were looking out the window and saw everything.

Henry wasn't given a chance to go to his room when he went inside. Immediately the two women and his mother began giving him the third degree. They wanted to know every detail of his date and what had happened. They weren't satisfied until he told them every intricate detail. He didn't realize it at the time but having his mother present had saved him even more humiliation. However he paid a price for that seeing the look in his mother's eyes. At that moment, he knew that he had lost her respect as a man but was accepted as a woman.

His hopes that everyone would forget about his date were dashed the next day. Rachel

brought the subject up with her girl friends during lunch. They pounced on him wanting to know what it felt like to be kissed by a boy and whether or not he had a big dick. He was left in tears by the time they had finished with him telling him that he would be going out on a lot more dates in the future with Manuel.

Whenever he saw Manuel in the hall or cafeteria that next week, Henry couldn't stop himself from blushing. Rachel and her friends enjoyed his discomfiture and teased him constantly. He was required to go out with him at least once and sometimes twice a week. Each time Manuel became more intimate and demanding. Each time Dorthea made sure he was dressed to the nines. Uplift bras and low cut necklines along with short flirty skirts or dresses insured Manuel's continued interest. With each succeeding date, Henry became more afraid that his secret would be discovered. He knew that once Manuel found out he would be as good as dead. He pleaded with Dorthea and Rachel to stop the madness before it got out of hand. They just laughed him off telling him that if Manuel wanted to get to third base, a good method to stop him would be to give him a wonderful blow job. The thought of doing that made him so sick that he went to the bathroom and threw up.

It was their fifth date when Manuel got to second base. They had been to a movie and were now parked out in front of Henry's house. Manuel was kissing him passionately, thrusting his tongue into Henry's mouth and messaging his back. Henry had worn a low cut mint green blouse and emerald green push up satin bra. It wasn't until he felt the band of his bra falling away, the cups of his bra being pushed up that he realized Manuel had unsnapped it. He tried to push Manuel away but didn't have the strength. He would have said something but Manuel's tongue was deep in his throat. It wasn't until Manuel broke the kiss and locked his thick lips around one of Henry's nipples that he loudly moaned out, "Nooooooo" as Manuel grabbed his hand and forced it to his crotch.

"Rub it for me baby...come on....you got me so horny...rub it baby," Manuel said as he continued to lick, nibble and suck on Henry's sensitive nipples.

For the first time in his life Henry found himself rubbing another boy's erect penis. He could feel the heat coming off it and could tell it was a monster. He was helpless as Manuel continued playing with his breasts. He knew that if he didn't get Manuel off by rubbing his crotch much worse could happen. He was lucky as Manuel groaned loudly and he felt a hot dampness against his hand.

He was distraught as he told the girls what had happened on his date that next day. He had avoided talking about the intimate details of his date when his mother questioned him that night but not today. The girls found it hilarious and told him he'd better do better the next time or he would have a date with Andrew. Letting Manuel play with his titties was a much better option than having to date Dorthea's nephew.

After that fifth date everything changed. Now Manuel sought him out at lunch time. At Rachel and her friend's urging, accompany him to the janitor's closet where they would kiss and make out. Henry certainly didn't want to do that but the girls insisted. He could refuse but that would have drawn unwanted attention from all the other girls walking down the hallway to lunch. On many a day, Henry went back to classes with a hickie or two around his neck or on his creamy breast. Something the girls didn't fail to notice or comment upon.

He didn't fully comprehend his position in the school's social pecking order until Janet lit into him just before their Home and Family Living class was about to start.

“Candie Sue I have to be your lab partner cause Mrs. Jason makes me and won’t let me change. I’m not your friend so stop trying to talk to me unless it’s about our project. You’re such a freak Barbie! I can’t believe that anyone in this school would actually go out with that janitor much less make out with him. It gives me chills just thinking about what you two are doing in that janitor’s closet. Oh don’t look at me like that. Everyone knows that you go with him at lunch and those hickies you come back with. None of us would be caught dead going out with that wet back much less let him touch us. You disgust me, so stop trying to be friends,” she said loudly enough for the whole class to hear.

On every date after a steamy bout of French kissing, his breasts were bared and his hand rubbing Manuel’s erection. Only now, there wasn’t any cloth between Henry’s hand and pulsating flesh. It was only a matter of time before Henry found his lips locked around that shaft. With each succeeding date, he had found it easier but no less objectionable to be more intimate. He would do anything to keep Manuel from discovering his secret or having to go out with Andrew. Dortha made it very clear that if he didn’t date Manuel he would be dating Andrew instead.

It wasn’t long after their fifth date that Manuel stopped taking Henry out. Instead he brought him to his home. Manuel’s home was a one bedroom efficiency apartment in a run down neighborhood. The living room had a dilapidated couch, coffee table with a wobbly leg, old television with antennas covered in aluminum foil and one straight back chair. An old orange shag rug with bare spots and more stains than he could count covered the floor. The kitchen had a table with three chairs, a stove top, small refrigerator and a sink piled high with dirty dishes. The floor of the kitchen was covered in green and black patterned linoleum thick with grime and dirt. When Manuel turned on the light, Henry was horrified to see roaches fleeing everywhere for cover. The bedroom wasn’t any better. The floor was covered in green shag just as worn and dirty as the living room. A queen sized sagging bed, six drawer dresser and night stand with lamp and alarm clock was the only furnishings. The bathroom wasn’t any better or any cleaner than the rest of the apartment. The smell of rotten food, dust, sweat and mold was everywhere.

Manuel went over to the refrigerator and removed a bottle of tequila from the freeze compartment. Grabbing two shot glasses walked back to the couch. He had Henry sit down next to him and handed him a glass filled to the brim.

“Come on baby, its good for you,” he said clinking his glass to Henry’s.

Henry had never drunk hard liquor before and as the fiery drink passed his lips began coughing and sputtering. His throat felt like it was on fire and he couldn’t catch his breath. As he fought to get control of his coughing, Manuel was laughing his ass off.

“Baby you should take little sips the first time you drink tequila. Don’t worry, you’ll come to like it as much as I do,” he said.

Henry’s mouth was still burning as Manuel kissed him passionately. It wasn’t long after that that Henry’s blouse was unbuttoned, his bra unhooked and his breasts being suckled. Having his breasts sucked wasn’t a totally bad sensation but Henry stared up at the ceiling resigned to his fate.

“Crap, I wonder how many girls find them selves in a situation like this. Having a man paw and slaver all over them and having to just grin and bear it?” he thought. It wasn’t until he felt Manuel’s hands sliding up his nylon clad thighs that he looked down and quickly grabbed the probing hands.

“Manuel please.....I’m....I’m not ready for that,” he said pulling the hands away. He

was hoping that some of the lessons he learned in Women's Health would work on Manuel. Sex education was a big part of that class and stressed ways girls could put off a boy's advances.

"Oh come on baby, you know how hot you make me," he replied as he began lavishing kisses on Henry's lips, neck and ears.

Again Henry stared up at the ceiling resigned to what he had to do. Reaching down he unzipped Manuel's pants and pulled out his enormous dick. This time Manuel wasn't going to be satisfied by a mere hand job. He put a hand around Henry's neck and began pushing downward. Besides having Manuel trying to fuck him, giving a blow job was the last thing he wanted to perform. He tried to resist but Manuel was much stronger and insistent.

"Shit! Shit, I don't want to do this but I either do it or he'll want something else. I'm stuck in his apartment with no where to run much less scream for help. Fuck!" he thought as the head of Manuel's penis approached his lips.

Henry just made it to the bathroom in time to toss his cookies into the commode. He wasn't about to use Manuel's toothbrush but there was a bottle of mouth wash. He half emptied it before he felt better. There was still a lingering smell of Manuel but the taste of him was out of Henry's mouth. Tears were spilling out of his eyes as he looked into the dirty mirror. His lipstick was gone and there was a droplet stuck on the bottom of his chin. He reached up and flicked it away with disgust realizing what it was.

"I'm a cocksucker now. I can't believe that I just did that," he thought with a shudder.

Henry managed to stay away from the apartment for the next two dates. Henry had insisted on seeing two new movies that had been released and Manuel reluctantly agreed. Those dates resulted in a lot of kissing and tittie play but no blow job. In the janitor's closet during school Manuel wanted oral sex but Henry deferred saying it would be too dangerous and embarrassing. Manuel was pissed at spending so much money on movies and not getting any sexual release, he wasn't going to take no for an answer.

"Embarrassed, huh, you too embarrassed to give me a blow job? I'll give you something to be embarrassed about," he seethed. Before Henry could do anything Manuel had him bent at the waist, his head pulled up, forcing him to look up into Manuel's eyes.

"I need to fuck something and since you don't want to blow me, I'm going to titty fuck you," he angrily said as he pushed his dick into one of Henry's bra cups and began humping. It didn't take long before his breast and bra cup were covered in gooey ejaculate. Stepping back breathing heavily, Manuel told him to get the fuck out.

Henry rushed out with tear filled eyes and into the nearest restroom. Fortunately there were only two other girls there busy fixing their faces to notice as he locked himself into a stall. He felt defiled and dirty as he grabbed wad after wad of tissue and wiped away his humiliation. Fresh tears flowed down his cheeks. He had always been scared about dating Manuel but until today thought he could handle the situation. Manuel had never been rough or mean like he had been such a short time ago. Now he was really scared and decided that there was no way he would ever go out with Manuel again. Rachel and Dortha could rant all they wanted but he wasn't going out with him again. It wasn't until Dortha picked up the phone to call Andrew that he changed his mind. He was scared of Manuel but Andrew and his demands absolutely terrified him.

Ooo

Henry was sitting at the vanity putting the finishing touches to his makeup. He was wearing a burgundy embroidered mauve satin balconet corselet, matching garter belt and silk tap panties with two inches of white floral lace hemming, white nylons and silver leather strappy sandals with a four inch stiletto heel. Hanging from the closet door was a burgundy halter neck bridal satin prom dress with a full flaring skirt. On the bed were four taffeta and net white crinolines. A mauve net shawl would compete his dressing. It was the school's Harvest Moon formal and he was going with Manuel. It was embarrassing enough dating Manuel and the whole school knowing about it but to actually show up at the dance with a janitor and a Latino would be mortifying.

At least Manuel showed up wearing a suit and tie even if it was well worn and ill fitting. The only two women happy with his date were Rachel and Dortha. His mother accepted the fact that he was dating but disapproved of him dating someone so beneath his social standing. However, Dortha and Rachel had convinced her that Henry was in love. Again, Dortha proved her case by showing Ellen Henry's scrapbook. Many of its pages had ticket stubs and other bits of dating memorabilia accompanied with his commentary. Anyone reading that flowing feminine script would assume it was written by a love sick girl.

The prom was as embarrassing as Henry imagined it would be. Where ever they went snickers, giggles and whispered derisive comments could be heard. No one else joined them at their table. The only person to talk to them was the principal and her comments were not complimentary. She took exception to Manuel being there as well as dating one of the students but since there were no specific rules against it, all she could do was voice her opinion. Henry was more than glad to leave the prom early but when he noticed where Manuel was taking them shuddered. They were going to his apartment.

The loud rustling of his skirt and petticoats echoed off the walls of the tiny apartment as they entered and he took a seat on the couch. Manuel grabbed the bottle of tequila. The full skirt and petticoats took up most of the space and Manuel frowned.

"Baby, take that dress and petticoat off, there's no room for me to sit. Besides, they will only get in the way," he demanded.

Henry wanted to protest but the look in Manuel's eyes made him get up and do as he was told. As he was getting undressed, Manuel took off his coat, removed the tie and loosened up his shirt. Wearing only his lingerie and shoes, Henry sat back down and gratefully accepted the shot of tequila. This time he knew what to expect and took a small sip of his drink. He let the burning liquor swish around in his mouth before swallowing then took a bigger sip.

"If I'm going to have to give him a blow job I might as well do it drunk and hopefully this shit will kill my taste buds. Maybe I can get him drunk enough to not want to even do that," he thought as he finished off that shot and asked for another.

By the time Henry was dropped off in the wee hours of morning, it was more than just his mouth that Manuel took advantage of. Instead of knocking Manuel out, the tequila only made him more horny and belligerent. The only good thing about sucking Manuel off was that he stopped trying to kiss Henry. Manuel wasn't satisfied with that and had Henry play with his dick and balls until he became hard once more. This time he forced Henry down on the couch as he tittie fucked him, leaving his neck and chest covered with his seed. Manuel paused to recoup his strength and they passed tequila around until the bottle was almost empty. Henry was too drunk and weak to offer any resistance as Manuel turned him over and pulled down his panties. The searing pain and humiliation as Manuel forced his dick into Henry's back passage, riding him

doggie style, sobered Henry up quickly. By that point there was absolutely nothing he could do to stop it except let the tears fall freely down his cheeks. When it was over Manuel fell back and was instantly asleep. It took Henry a long time to clean himself, pull himself together and dress. All he wanted to do was get home and forget this night had ever happened.

He wasn't allowed the privilege of forgetting. It seemed like he had just closed his eyes when Dortha and Rachel woke him up. They were holding his stained panties and balconet up in front of his face demanding all the naughty details of his night of passion. His backside was still aflame, there was stickiness between his thighs, his head was pounding and he needed desperately to get to the bathroom. He ignored them as he made a mad dash for the bath. They caught up with him as he was vomiting into the toilet, bent over with a dark stain clearly visible on the crotch of his panties.

He didn't remember changing into neither his nightie nor anything about coming home but what Manuel had done to him was as clear as a bell. He spent the rest of the day crying in his room. The panties he had worn that night secured in his scrapbook with the caption, "From the night I finally lost my virginity."

Henry was pretty much left alone most of Saturday morning. Between episodes of crying and feelings of self-pity, he questioned whether or not Manuel had discovered his secret. The fact that he had arrived home alive convinced him that his secret was still safe but he remembered so little after Manuel had taken his cherry. He rubbed his reddened eyes and sat up in bed when Rachel opened his door and tossed something to him. He reacted automatically catching the box. Looking down, he saw that it was a box of ribbed lubricated condoms. Rachel's meaning all too clear, he threw it back at her but she had already left laughing wildly.

Ooo

He dreaded going to school on Monday. His sister had already blabbed about his date to her friends and no telling what or how Manuel would act. He knew it was going to be a very bad day as soon as he approached his locker. Sticking out of the vent was a bright red condom another blue one had been blown up and tapped to the handle. Blushing deep red, he quickly tore them off his locker, looked around to see if anyone was watching and stuffed them into his purse. He didn't know what else to do. Where ever he went that day snickers and sometimes out right laughter followed in his wake.

Apparently Manuel got a bit of ribbing from the other janitor and was smiling from ear to ear. Henry knew from his previous existence that Manuel's teasing was something to brag about. As a girl, his behavior was frowned upon. Approaching Manuel and the other janitor standing nearby, he heard the word, "Punta" as the other one left. Manuel reached out and pulled Henry in close.

"Baby that was the best fuck I've had in years. Come on, let's go to the closet. I've been horny as hell ever since I took you home," Manuel whispered louder than Henry liked.

"Manuel I can't go with you there. Didn't you hear what happened at my locker this morning? Everyone knows," Henry replied near tears.

"Si, but what has that to do with anything? So what if they know you like Manuel's big dick? They're just jealous, that's all. Now come on, I really need you Baby," he replied grinning even broader and pulling Henry's arm.

"No, no I can't," Henry said much louder than he intended drawing even more attention. He glanced around and saw a dozen girls standing in the hallway giggling

and pointing at them. His face flushed, tears streaming down his face, Henry pulled free, ran to the nearest restroom and locked him self into a cubicle.

“I’m not only a sissy cock sucking queer but a whore as well. Everybody knows what I did. They all think I’m a wet back loving bimbo whore now. I can never live this down. I would have been better off going with Andrew and making myself look like some cheap drag queen than this. At least his friends wouldn’t make fun or torture me like this,” he thought sobbing loudly.

He heard the restroom door open and a number of girls come in. He did his best to not let them hear him crying but noticed a number of feet stop in front of his stall. In the next moment he was showered with foil wrapped packages of condoms and a self-pregnancy test. Laughter erupted, echoing all around him as the girls scurried out of the room.

He left school that day determined to never go back and never see Manuel again. He had never been so humiliated and dejected as he was then. He marched to his room, grabbed a suitcase and threw some clothing into it, not paying much attention to what he grabbed. From the top drawer of his bureau he took what money he had and stuffed it into his purse. Furious with himself for not having the balls to run away sooner, he picked up the case and headed to the door.

Rachel stood, arms folded under her breasts blocking his way. “Just what da fuck you think you’re doing bitch?” she snarled at him.

“Get the fuck out of my way Rachel! I’m leaving and nobody can stop me,” he shouted determined to do whatever necessary. It didn’t matter that Dorthea was standing behind his sister. Nothing mattered anymore but to get away from these conniving bitches. He didn’t know where he was going or what would happen, he just knew he had to get away.

Henry used all his will power, all his strength but in the end he went no where. The two women easily overpowered him, beat and spanked him into submission. He was crushed mentally and physically. In the process Dorthea had given him a carrot. She promised that if he continued to follow orders, when he graduated, she and Rachel would stop torturing him. He could go back to being a young man, he could do whatever he wanted but Candie had to graduate. He was far from happy but he had a small hope of getting his life back. All he had to do was get through the holidays and four more months of school then he would be free.

To Be Continued

ENTRAPMENT

Part Four

By Cheryl Lynn

He was left in his room crying on the bed. As he lay there he thought his life was truly over but there was a glimmer of hope. He also thought about getting a kitchen knife and doing some great bodily harm but didn’t dwell on it as both Dorthea and Rachel were more than a match for him. He then spent some time contemplating suicide. He eventually gave up on that idea as well. He was too much of a coward

and with his track record would probably goof that up and be in even worse trouble. Seeing Candie Sue on a diploma wasn’t his idea of getting ahead but it did offer him a chance.

Over the course of the week, most of the teasing and innuendo stopped. He was tolerated by his fellow classmates but that was about it. Each day became just another day in purgatory. Rachel made him accept another date for Friday with Manuel despite all his pleadings.

“What the fuck, if I’m lucky Manuel will kill me anyway and solve all my problems,” was his final thought as exhaustive sleep took him.

Ooo

Friday night Henry was surprised when Manuel didn’t take him to his apartment. Instead they went to a party at his friend Jose’s place. Henry was the only non-Latino there and the room was filled with men and women having a grand time. Salsa music was blaring from the stereo, cerveza and tequila was in plentiful supply. He was introduced to everybody as they made the rounds. They were all friendly and accepting of the new comer. After awhile, Henry was actually enjoying it.

Henry didn’t remember much about the rest of the night. He had more than his fair share of beer and tequila. He had a vague memory of sitting at the kitchen table with three other young Hispanic girls. Something about him and Manuel was being discussed and they were showing him their tattooed knuckles but that was the extent of what he could remember.

Henry was in for a rude awaking. As he was performing his morning toilet he noticed that the first knuckles on his left hand had crude black ink letters on them. The letters, “M..A..N..N..Y” stood out in black ink. He tried washing it off but the pain told him that they had been tattooed. Then it hit him, the memory of what the girls were telling him. Latino girls tattooed their man’s name on the first knuckle of the left hand, the hand closest to the heart to show their undying love. He was marked for life as Manuel, Manny’s girl. That wasn’t the only discovery he made that morning. There was also a crudely shaped heart tattooed on the inside of his left ankle with the letters, MH, in the center.

Henry let out a loud groan as his forehead hit the counter top. “There’s no way I can hide these ink stains. Everyone will know. They just stopped putting condoms in my locker, what are they going to do when they see my hand? I’m doomed. Shit! Shit!”

Monday afternoon, Candie Sue was called into the principal’s office. “Miss, Chapman, I’ve just about had it with you. It was bad enough that I had to accept someone like... like you into my school,” she started, sounding very upset and slightly red in the face. She paused took a deep breath before continuing. “You have done nothing but disrupt my school from the first day you arrived. I trusted you to behave in a lady like manner and made exception for your attendance. However, your...your behavior with....with that....that janitor and..and the disruption you have caused will no longer be tolerated! Do you hear!”

She paused again, trying to get her emotions under control, and then saw the black inked letters on Henry’s clenched hand. “OMG! I heard rumors....but....What have you done?” she almost screamed pointing to his hand.

“Tha....that is totally unacceptable. What kind of example is that for my students? Are you becoming some barrio hussy? You should have the decency to cover that up with concealer. I’m not running some cheap downtown shanty school here. This is a refined, sophisticated school for young ladies. Unfortunately, there are no rules for your..your kind. If I had my druthers you would be expelled immediately. I just wish I could fire that stupid janitor but he has tenure. Since I can’t get rid of him, I have come up with another solution. I have reassigned you to our community program with your

guardian's approval. Starting tomorrow you will report to...." She paused again to look down at a piece of paper on her desk.

"You will report to the Calm Shores Nursing home to begin our Licensed Practical Nursing program. It is one of our charity programs for the less fortunate. It's a two year course and when or if you graduate, your diploma will be issued from my school. Now get out of here and I don't ever want to see you again except at your graduation," she coldly stated.

"Wha....what you can't do that! What guardian? I don't have a guardian...." He objected. He didn't want to be whatever it was she was talking about. He had to finish school so he could escape.

"Your guardian...a Miss. Dorthea Washington....has fully agreed with my recommendation. Your only other option Miss. Chapman is to transfer over to the military academy. Now please leave. I've had enough for one day," the principal stated with finality.

"Two more years? She said two years," kept rattling around in his dazed mind as he left the office.

He was still in a daze crying profusely as he got into the back seat of Dorthea's car. From the front seat Rachel was chanting over and over, "Candie Sue is in trouble, Candie Sue is in trouble."

"That's enough Rachel. Candie Sue is just going to a new school. That's all, he's not in trouble," Dorthea admonished. She turned her attention to Henry and said, "Stop that crying, it's getting on my nerves. Your new uniforms are in the boxes beside you. I have already spoken to your mother and while she was understandably upset, agreed this will be for the best. Now wipe those tears and blow your nose."

Henry managed to stop the tears and looked at two white unmarked cardboard dress boxes and shoe box on the seat beside him. "Oh crap, she's sending me to that military academy. I can't go there looking like this. She said these were my new uniforms. Hey, if these are the school uniforms, I'll have pants again. All I have to do is cut my hair....no one will know...I can be me again," his mood brightening as his fingers moved across the top of the dress box.

With the first true smile he had had in ages, he pulled the shoe box to his lap and opened it. His smile turned into a look of confusion then panic as he pushed the tissue aside. The shoes were white leather with a yellow-brown gum wedge sole. Putting the shoes aside, he quickly grabbed the dress box and opened it. All his hopes crumbled as he looked at a white dress with pink stripes running down the full skirt.

Ooo

The next morning Henry looked up as he got out of the car. Large script letters said he had arrived at Calm Seas Nursing Home. He was dressed all in white, panties with a bit of lace ruffle, satin bra, waist chinch with garters attached to white support nylons and half-slip with two inches of floral lace hemming. The heavily starched square necked uniform was a simple white A-line style with a tight bodice and full skirt with pink vertical stripes. Over the dress, he wore a plain white bib apron with a large side pocket. His makeup was minimum, dark eye shadow, mascara and pink lipstick. His hair was fashioned into a tight bun at the back of his head. A white and pink hemmed nurse's cap was pinned above his forehead.

Inside he was registered, given a pile of books then ushered into a small classroom. There were four other girls dressed as he was already there, all minorities. The woman

who escorted him to the classroom was Mrs. Ruby Gonzales RN his new teacher. She was Hispanic, short and dumpy, wearing green scrubs and had short graying hair. She introduced Candie Sue to the class and immediately told them to turn to chapter 20 of their "Introduction to Basic Nursing Care." Chapter 20 was a discourse on the detection and treatment of Crab Louse Infestation (Pediculosis Pubis) and why it was a major concern in nursing homes.

He spent the first four hours in the classroom. After a very tasteless lunch in the cafeteria the rest of the day was spent tending to the patients. Everywhere he went, everywhere he looked were old people of mixed heritage and frailty, the smell of antiseptic, muskiness and urine prevailed. Calm Seas was not new, its age showed everywhere but it was basically clean. The staff was friendly enough but showed obvious signs of overwork and stress.

"You missed the first semester so I am going to have you with me for the next couple of weeks. The first thing you need to know is sterile technique. The last thing I need is for you to catch something or worse yet infect one of my patients. You have a lot to catch up on and until you do, you will report here every Saturday for extra training. I demand the very best from my girls and you will be no exception," Mrs. Gonzales said as they left the cafeteria.

Mrs. Gonzales proved to be a harsh taskmistress and Henry was exhausted by the time he went home. By the end of his third week, he could give a sponge bath, change an adult diaper and empty bed pans in his sleep. No matter how much he bathed or how much perfume he used, he couldn't get rid of the smell of the nursing home. It seemed to engulf him like a cloud and he didn't enjoy what he was doing.

Ellen noted and commented to Dorthea her concern about Henry's gloomy attitude and withdrawal. Dorthea dismissed her concerns, telling her that his depression was due to working at the nursing home and not being able to spend time with Manuel. She even asked Henry what was the matter, only to get a, "Nuthins' wrong mom," in response. What she didn't hear was his mumbled, "not that you would care." Ellen wasn't reassured but dropped the issue. She decided to wait and see.

The gloomy atmosphere of the nursing home added to his forced feminization only heightened his own depression. Dorthea still made him perform some of the household chores but on the good side, he didn't have to go out with Manuel. His schedule was too strict to allow for much dating. Dorthea used his depression as an excuse to make Henry go out with him for a few hours every other Sunday. Henry would come home after those dates with hickies on his neck and sore butt.

On their first Sunday date, more than a month after he was kicked out of school, Manuel took him to his apartment. After a couple of shots of tequila, Manuel became very insistent and demanding. So demanding that he was not going to settle for oral sex, he wanted something more than Henry wanted to give. Henry's refusal enraged Manuel and he hit Henry with a back handed slap to the face, Roughly, he flipped Henry onto his stomach and ripped away his black lace panties. Manuel's need was savage and using a bit of spit for lubrication rammed his cock home. Henry could only scream and moan in pain as Manuel had his way with him.

Immediately afterwards Manuel was sorry and grabbed Henry in a tight embrace, raining kisses down on the inflamed cheek. "Chiquita, Manuel knows all about you. I know since before we dated that first time. Rachel told me everything. I don't care. I missed you and couldn't stop myself. I'm sorry if I hurt you but my need was too great. You shouldn't fight me, I love you but I have needs," he said.

Upon hearing that, Henry shoved as hard as he could against Manuel's chest pushing away. He jumped up, screamed, "I hate you!" Clinching his cheeks together waddled into the bathroom slamming the door. He had no idea how long he sat crying on the toilet, his ass hole burning as fluid dripped into the bowl.

As he cried, Manuel was outside the door talking. "Baby, I said I was sorry. I just got mad and carried away. Look, I'm gay too. I admit it and...and you can't tell anybody. I'm supposed to be a macho Latino with a reputation to keep. If it ever got out in the barrio, my life wouldn't be worth a single peso. Only a few people know and now so do you. Come on out of there and let's talk."

Henry had to come out sometime. He was surprised at what Manuel had told him but that didn't forgive the fact that he had been raped and slapped. He cleaned himself up as best he could and walked back into the living room. Manuel had been drinking and a full shot was sitting on the table for Henry. He picked it up and swallowed in a single gulp before refilling the glass and took another shot.

"You SOB...." he began, stopped and refilled the shot glass.

"Before you say anything else baby, I said I was sorry. Just don't make me mad next time. I'll keep your secret and you keep mind not that anyone would believe you. All I have to do is beat the shit out of you and tell everyone you tricked me. Now, get one thing straight. You make a fine looking woman and me look good in the barrio. You're my woman and will do what I tell you. If you don't, that little slap will be the least of your worries. I think I love you but I'm warning you, don't make Manuel mad. Do we understand one another?" Manuel soberly said.

If Henry thought his life couldn't get any worse, Manuel made sure that it would. He was being forced into a life he hated, dominated and controlled no matter where he was. On the outside, everything looked like he happily embraced being a girlie-girl and in love with an older man. He even had the man's name etched in ink on his fingers which witnesses would say he volunteered to have. Except for a very few, everyone knew him as Candie Sue and accepted him as a prissy girl. After what could only be called rape, that small portion that remained Henry, shrank even more.

Ooo

Summer arrived and unlike Rachel, Henry would still have to attend his Licensed Practical Nursing training. He managed to get through each miserable day by telling himself that he would find a way to escape. He found some happiness talking and being with the other four girls in his class. They were nice, friendly girls welcoming him into their tight little circle from the first. They didn't get to spend a lot of time together, mostly during lunch, but Henry looked forward to what time they spent together. He discovered many of them were having the same boy trouble as he was, weren't that happy working under the same conditions just like him and dismal home life. He believed that two of the girls actually had a worse life than he did, something he never thought possible.

One of the girls, Josephina, lived in a small two bedroom apartment with seven brothers and sisters. She also had a very abusive boyfriend that beat her regularly. Plus she was constantly worried that INS would catch and deport her. The other girl, Latassha, had been shot twice on different occasions, once on her porch in a drive-by and again a year later while walking home. She also had an abusive boyfriend who was not the father of her two children. Her first boyfriend had been killed in the drive-by. The other two girls had similar lives but not as bad.

Mrs. Gonzales was a strict but fair teacher. She did care about her students. On many

occasions she would help them where she could and offered counseling. It hadn't taken her long to figure out all her students except one. She knew what their home life was like, what most of their problems were and why they were taking her course. The only student that was still an enigma was Candie Sue. All she knew about Candie was that she came from a well-to-do family, somehow got mixed up in the barrio scene and was very troubled. She had tried to approach Candie several times but never could get her to open up. Ruby wanted to help but with all her responsibilities had to keep putting off seriously talking to Candie about her obvious problems.

It was the forth of July weekend and Henry didn't have classes. He spent Friday night in Manuel's bed taking care of his needs. Now, he was seated at a picnic table with five other Latino girls. They were talking as usual about either their men or kids. Henry knew them casually and didn't participate much in the on going conversation. They were the same girls that had tattooed him earlier in the year. When he joined them at the table, they kidded him a bit about Manuel and their sex life. Manuel had a reputation for having a big one and they all wanted to know if it was true. They also teased him about not giving her lover a kid or two by now.

When he said that having a baby was the last thing he'd ever want to do. They jumped all over him telling him how wonderful it was to have babies to love and cuddle. Not only that, he was told that if he didn't provide a baby for Manuel he would lose respect in the barrio. Esmeralda who was sitting beside him insisted that it was the woman's responsibility to keep her man's respect. With that she thrust her infant into his arms, reached out pulling down his blouse and bra exposing his right breast and pressed her baby's mouth to his nipple.

"Now amiga, you let my baby suckle at your breast for awhile. It feel wonderful, make you want to be a mamma," she said.

Henry sputtered in surprise and embarrassment. Here he was out in the broad daylight with a kid sucking on his breast. The noise from the table had drawn the attention of everyone around. Some were giggling and others stood staring with broad smiles on their face as Henry blushed scarlet. He tried to pull the baby from his breast saying he didn't have any milk but Esmeralda insisted he keep the baby a bit longer. He was teased about the small size of his breasts and was told when he had his own babies they would get bigger. He was the butt of their teasing but it was given in fun. Their teasing would have been no different with any other your girl in the same situation. Never the less, it didn't ease his severe humiliation. Later that evening, Manuel was toying with Henry's nipple and said that he was baby enough for him bringing the flush back to his cheeks.

"Everyone thinks I'm a real girl. I even look like one with these tits. I even have strangers shoving their kids into my lap and telling me to breast feed them. I dress like one, I live and work like one, I even get fucked like one, how can I ever go back to being me?" his mind screamed during the night.

Henry had a right to be concerned after more than a year of domination. His pear shaped breasts were a small B cup with brown stubby nipples, firm yet soft to the touch. His measurements were a feminine 34-18-34 thanks to his diet and hormones. His hair was thick and lustrous reaching past mid-shoulder. His most masculine feature was his face but judicious use of makeup hid those few traces. His mannerisms, poise and posture had changed a bit from the prissy swishing style imposed by Mrs. Hazel to those more normal for real girls his age. His voice and vocabulary were definitely that of a young woman. Now that he was having regular sexual relations, even his feminine hygiene rituals were necessary, except his use of

pads and tampons was for a very different reason.

Another important concern was the lack of any response from his imprisoned penis. He had been locked up for so long, that even when his prostrate was massaged, it stayed soft and exuded a thin watery discharge. The mind blowing explosive climax that he had been use to no longer happened. His sexual release was more typical of a woman. His nipples and anal opening were his major source of sensation that took longer to develop and less intense. Usually Manuel reached his climax when Henry's was only nearing completion leaving him frustrated.

The biggest and most important changes were happening to his mind and emotions. He didn't notice but he was thinking more like a woman. He was constantly aware of other women and how they dressed but not the slightest from a sexual point of view. He viewed them as competitors. In his case, it was more of a fashion and behavioral competition. Instead of being direct and assertive, he was designing and timid. He became emotional almost at the drop of a hat. He cried frequently but not always because of his situation. Often it was a sweet comment or simple gift or a scene at the movie that would cause the tears to flow. He often got angry as well but instead of lashing out, would burst into tears. Henry despite his wishes and desires was more female now than male.

He had crossed a line from which he could never go back. He was living the life of a lot of women. He was in an occupation he didn't enjoy. He was in a relationship without rewards and had little social standing. He spent the majority of time doing thankless tasks or just getting ready to meet the day. To make matters worse, he felt that no one really cared for him. Of all the people he knew, surprisingly, only Manuel sometimes demanding and gruff, seemed to care. A small gift here, a kiss to the cheek or hug, a complement for no reason was expressions of care that only Manuel gave him.

By August Henry was beginning to accept his fate. His work and studies became easier leaving him more free time. That free time came at a cost. He hated being around Rachel and Dorthea so he was spending more time with Manuel and his friends. Manuel had mellowed out after their confrontation and was treating Henry much nicer. He still demanded sexual favors but in return he didn't physically force it. He spent more time cuddling, even taking a "no" for an answer. He was giving small gifts and even flowers. Manuel was treating him like most men treat their ladies. Additionally, they were spending more time with Manuel's friends who for the most part Henry enjoyed being around. His life still wasn't great but it was better than it had been.

For their part, Dorthea and Rachel were both getting a bit bored with Henry. He had become so compliant and feminine that the thrill was gone. One Saturday Dorthea was looking at Henry's Summer Session report card which had arrived in the mail, Rachel was sitting off in a corner and Henry had not come home from his date with Manuel.

"Do you know your sissy brother got straight A's this summer? I never would have guessed," she said.

"So what? I don't really care, he's no fun anymore anyway," Rachel replied.

"You know Rachel, you're right. It's not nearly as much fun as it use to be. Not only that but he actually seems happy sometimes. We've made him so feminine that I believe he actually thinks he's a girl. He has a boyfriend, girlfriends and doing well in his classes like a typical girl." She replied.

"He's still a little sissy faggot, no matter what you say," Rachel added.

"No Rachel, you're wrong. He's not a sissy faggot like you say. He's turning into a

girl. Oh yes, he's still a boy under all that lace and frills but he's beginning to think of himself as a normal girl. With a few exceptions, everyone thinks and treats him like a girl. Why that janitor boyfriend even sent flowers the other day. No, I'm afraid that you are wrong dear. Somewhere along the way we let things get out of control," Dorteia replied thoughtfully.

"Yeah, now that you mention it, he does act that way. Hell, he even makes a prettier girl than me. If I didn't know better I'd be jealous. Thank goodness he's with that homo Manuel or he would be stealing my boyfriend. It really pisses me off when Rory comes to pick me up and sees Candie Sue. It's positively disgusting the way he drools when he doesn't think I'm looking," Rachel replied in a huff.

"What would you say if I had an idea that would stop all that?" Dorteia replied with a haughty look.

With the summer session over at Calm Shores, Henry had two weeks off before classes would resume. He was planning on spending as much of that time with Manuel and his girlfriends as he could. The less he saw of Dorteia and Rachel the better. Over the course of the summer, both Dorteia and Rachel had eased up on him. Other than having to clean the bathrooms, he was pretty much left to his own devices.

During that time he did a lot of thinking and resolved to move out and live with Manuel. There was one very good reason for doing that even though it wouldn't get him out of his forced feminine role. He would finally be free of both Dorteia and his sister. Free of their influence, given time, he would find a way out. He was smart enough to know that he probably could never be the man he once was but living free would be worth it. First he needed to break away from his family then Manuel. If he had to live the life of a woman, it would be on his terms and not those dictated by family or Manuel. He planned his move for the day after summer break.

Ooo

Unfortunately for Henry, Dorteia and Rachel had made their plans as well. On the morning he decided to make his move, they made theirs. When he entered his room after completing his morning toilet, Dorteia was waiting for him. He was surprised to see her as she hadn't done that in quite awhile.

"Candie Sue, I have decided since you did so well in your classes to give you a reward. Straight A's are something I certainly didn't expect. I've laid out your clothing and we'll leave as soon as you are dressed," she said taking him completely off guard.

He felt the hairs on the back of his neck rise in suspicion but forced habits are hard to ignore. He began to really worry as he began to dress as she was still in the room which she hadn't done in ages. Usually she gave him an order then left. She was standing in the middle of the room, arms folded beneath her ample bosom watching. He timidly asked her what was going on but she simply replied that it was a surprise.

He wasn't overly surprised when they stopped at a beauty salon. It wasn't the one they normally went to but it wasn't something he hadn't done many times before. What caused him to worry was that it was located in a rough part of town and seemed a bit seedy. He hesitated at the entrance but Dorteia grabbed him firmly by the elbow and led him in. It was a very small salon, only one chair and one old fashioned metal domed drier. A large woman with a very big hair in a bouffant and over done makeup met them and escorted Henry to the stylist chair.

"Wha....what's going on?" he asked fear beginning to fill his mind.

"Why I'm giving you your reward for being such a good student, silly. Now sit down

and behave your self,” Dortha replied with an evil grin.

Over two and a half hours later Henry left the salon a changed person. He had been secured to the chair with leather straps and the stylist had her way with him. His hair was washed, bleached into a champagne blond with bright pink highlights. His hair was fashioned into a large massive bee hive style and lacquered stiffly into place. At the top of his head bright pink silk roses formed a crown. His nails were given two inch ceramic extensions and varnished in alternate pink and white diagonal lines. His small earrings had been replaced with large gold eight inch hoops with the eye of a peacock feather floating in their center. His lips had been injected with collagen forming pillow like cupid’s lips and dyed with bubble gum pink ink.

From the salon he was taken to Miss. Devereaux’s shop, where over his objections, fitted with skin toned gel butt, hip pads and DD realistic breast forms. As before, they were coated with surgical glue and wouldn’t come off for at least a month. With his new dimensions, new panties, bras and corsets were necessary. All his new bras were in bright colors and designed to make his cleavage and breasts look even bigger.

From there he was taken to a fetish clothing store. There his new wardrobe was selected. He left that shop in one of his more conservative outfits. A chartreuse mid-rift chiffon peasant blouse with short puffed sleeves, skin tight leopard print mid-calf length leggings with a trim of white fur around the hems. Florescent pink nylon flare legged short-shorts trimmed with a band of white lace and chartreuse leatherette stripper boots with five inch spiked heel and one inch platform sole completed his dressing.

Finally he was taken to an apartment complex across the street from the “Pussy Kat Review” night club. He was marched up two flights of stairs and into Andrew’s apartment. After all that had happened, Henry was not surprised that Dortha took him here. Andrew looked him over, walking around, occasionally reaching out and touching him. Henry was poked in his fake breasts and rounded ass as the inspection continued.

“Much better Auntie but....but these fake things are soooo obvious. I would think with that bitch’s money, you could have at least gotten implants,” he simpered as he made his rounds.

“Andrew, I don’t have access to any of that and you know it. I think Candie Sue turned out wonderful and all you can do is bitch like a spoiled child,” she retorted.

“Oh Auntie lighten up, I was only joking with you. I just love how he turned out but... but really....they do look unnatural. I mean, like, where’s the jiggle,” he replied reaching out and flipping Henry’s right breast.

Henry entered the apartment determined to keep quite and hopefully, in a moment of inattention, make a run for it. He didn’t care where he ran as long as it was away from them. Leaving the beauty salon he had been too mortified and stunned to offer much objection. The trip to Miss. Devereaux’s and then the fetish shop were made in a foggy daze. His mind numb with the absolutely horrible things being done to him. Now in Andrew’s apartment, he stood back as they argued. What he was hearing scared him shitless and knew if he didn’t get away and soon, his life would be over. As they continued to argue, he began stepping back out of their reach.

“Well get him a job like you promised and use whatever he makes to get implants. I don’t care. You’re going to stick with our agreement and keep the little sissy. I’ve already told his mother he packed up and left,” she huffed.

“Alright, alright don’t get your panties in a bunch. I’ve always wanted my very own

love doll. There's only one little tiny problem. What's to keep him from just up and leaving?" Andrew retorted.

Henry was about to make his break for it when he heard Andrew ask that question. "Yes, I can leave whenever I want. The only thing keeping me here now is Dorthea. Once she leaves, I can get the hell out of here whenever I want and without these impossible heels," he thought.

"It's really quite simple Andrew darling. We go live on the internet. I'm sure he doesn't want the people at Calm Shores to find out. Probably some legal issues there with a boy tending to the intimate needs of female patients. Plus, if his secret ever gets out with his barrio friends....well no telling how they would react," she smugly said looking directly at Henry.

Henry stood frozen upon hearing that. "OMG! She would do that too. That bitch is mean and nasty enough to broadcast those photos and no telling how much harm would come of it," he thought.

His Nursing Ethics class had very strict protocols about mixed sex treatments and procedures. He had treated numerous female patients at the home without any other supervision. Until she mentioned it, he hadn't given those legal aspects any thought. Manuel's life in the barrio would be over and no telling how the girls would react to his deception. Henry could still run away but without any money, dressed and looking the way he did now wouldn't get very far. Henry trembled in absolute fear as those realizations materialized. He had two choices, he could run and be doomed or he could stay, his friends left unaware.

Ooo

Henry didn't run and he settled into a miserable existence. He stayed with Andrew and became his version of a love doll. Working at the Pussy Kat review gave Andrew access to any number of outlandish costumes. His favorite costume for Henry to wear was a bright violet latex cat suit with breast and anal cut outs. A large pink fluffy tail attached to a butt plug and pink cat's paw mittens came with it. Dressed in that costume, Henry was made to jump through hoops, bat rubber balls and lap his meals from bowls placed on the floor. It was degrading and humiliating but Henry had little choice. Andrew had said he was practicing for his role at the Pussy Kat but Henry doubted it. Andrew always demanded a blow job after he completed his act.

Andrew's friends were just as weird and diabolical as he was. Janice who thought he was the reincarnation of Janis Joplin both on and off stage couldn't carry a tune if he wanted. He was usually stoned so didn't give Henry much trouble. Ethel who dressed on stage as a lion with bright orange mane, on the other hand, was a sadistic bitch. He enjoyed using the lion tamers whip way too much and Henry's backside often showed red welts after his visits. McKinley was the weirdest freakiest of them all. He had a very full Mohawk dyed in alternating pink and violet stripes that hung to mid-shoulder blades. What made him freaky were the heavy piercings and tattoos covering his body. If you didn't count the permanent makeup, his face was the only part of his body not tattooed. Chrome plated bars, balls and hoops of various size almost too numerous to count were pierced through his body. He was more afraid of him than any of the others as he kept pestering Andrew to let him work on Henry.

Three weeks after he moved in with Andrew, Henry was introduced on stage as "The Violet Pussy Kat." A week before his grand entrance, Andrew made one concession with McKinley. Henry's nipples had been pierced and half inch golden hoops with four small tinkling golden bells were inserted into the holes. As he hopped and moved

around on stage, his breasts dangling and shaking, the bells gave off a surprising loud tinkling sound. If he didn't act enthusiastically, Ethel's whip stung his bared bottom. Henry hated every second of the demeaning acts he was required to perform.

Between acts, he along with the rest of Andrew's crew worked the crowd. As they moved from table to table, giving lap dances or tittie rubs to the customers who paid, Henry felt even more degraded. There was a back room in the Pussy Kat. For \$500, a customer could invite one of the cast members to go with him. In the room was a bottle of chilled champagne, two glasses and a soft leather couch. There the chosen one would give the customer a warm up lap dance and finish it off with a blow job. Being new Henry found himself going into that room during every break. He never saw any of the money he earned as it all went to Andrew. He didn't think his life could get any worse. If he wasn't servicing customers he was taking care of Andrew.

After four months of working the Pussy Kat lounge, Henry was becoming numb to all the humiliation. His life was becoming more and more robotic, his mind more and more detached from reality. Andrew succumbed to McKinley once again. Now Henry had a pair of pink and green hummingbirds tattooed, one on each breast facing each other. McKinley also added four more holes in each of Henry's ears.

He was making his rounds, swishing his fluffy pink tail into customers' faces as he moved when a hand reached out and pulled him into the darker shadows. Henry started to scream as this was one of the few no-no's in the lounge's rules. Instead, he stopped, mouth open ready to scream when he recognized Manuel's face.

"Shhhh baby, it's me. I've come to take you home. Come, follow me and stay in the shadows," he whispered into Henry's ear.

"Manuel, no, I...I can't. I'm too embarrassed an...and if they catch us....they...they will do something horrible to you. The bouncers here are real mean and don't take kindly to someone messing with us," he whispered back.

"Don't worry baby, some of my amigos will start a diversion any second. Once the fight starts we're otta here. Now come on move. We need to get a bit closer to the door," he said giving a gentle pull on Henry's arm.

Henry was shaking like a leaf. He was scared that Manuel would get harmed and he didn't want to think of what Andrew would do to him if caught. A disturbance began in a far corner near the bar which quickly became a fist fight. The fight drew the three bouncers and the next moment he was being pushed into the back seat of a low rider. There was no squealing of tires or noise of racing engine that he expected to hear. Instead the car drove quietly out onto the highway and headed for town. The last thing he saw out of the back window was a group of men spilling out of the bar. Absent minded he reached down and pulled the uncomfortable tail from his backside and tossed it to the floor boards.

Back in the safety of Manuel's apartment, Henry clung to him shaking and crying with relief. Manuel rained down tender kisses cooing and telling him that everything was alright. When Henry finally calmed down with the help of several shots of tequila, he wanted to know how Manuel found him.

"Baby, I looked all over for you. I was going out of my mind with worry. That bitch of a housekeeper told me you packed your bags and left. I knew you wouldn't just take off without telling me something. I checked with the girls at the nursing home and they didn't know nada. They didn't believe you would just take off either. Hearing that only made me worry all the more. I caught your sister alone for the first time yesterday. I made her tell me what happened to you," he said.

“Manuel, if that happened yesterday why didn’t she warn Andrew you were coming?” Henry interrupted.

“Let’s just say she wasn’t in any condition to call anybody. Well not for a day or two anyway. So I got a few of our friends together and we hatched the plan to sneak you away. Except for Jorge who has a broken jaw everything went like we planned. You’re safe here with me now baby and I won’t let anything ever happen to you again,” he finished.

Ooo

Manual was gay but nobody knew and as a result of his escapade to save Henry, his reputation in the barrio soared. It wasn’t hard for him to convince some of his gang member friends to pay a visit to Andrew’s place. As a result several people were sent to the hospital. Andrew, poor fellow, seemed to have lost his balls during that altercation and seemed to have a sever case of indigestion to boot.

Henry went back to the nursing home picking up his lessons where he left off. He didn’t even consider contacting his family. The only one that might have cared was his mother but Henry knew he could never convincer her that any of this was without his consent and happy participation. As far as his sister was concerned, he could care less. He didn’t even shed a tear when later he heard that she was working the streets, addicted to drugs and some home boy’s play thing. He did smile when he heard Dorthea was involved in a hit and run. She would be in the hospital a long time and probably never walk much less be able to work again. From hints and overheard comments, Henry figured Manuel played some part in both those events.

When he graduated with honors from his Licensed Practical Nursing program he celebrated by agreeing to become Manuel’s civil union bride. It was certainly not the life he had planned on but he was content. With Dorthea and Rachel out of the way, Henry mended his relationship with his mother to a certain degree. His mother, though reluctant, accepted his relationship with Manuel. She even bought them a nice house in the barrio since they didn’t want to leave and got him a job working for her company, a much better paying job with fringe benefits. Life for Henry wasn’t exactly what he wanted but given his circumstances was content.

The End