

Feminine Discipline

3 Novelettes

by Bea



Female Discipline
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Preface

There are three novelettes in this book. Like all of Bea's stories, each of them have the theme of dominant women and subjugated males. These stories are just a little different though in that in each case the female starts off as being dominant from the beginning. In "[Cruising](#)" our hero David, attracts Eugenia from their first meeting aboard a cruise ship. The story revolves around her immediate desire to effeminize him. In "[Karen's Little Sissy](#)", the protagonist is the daughter of a dominant female. From about twelve years old, she is taught how to dominate males and sissify them. She picks a young male called Donald and takes some time to develop him into being what she wishes. In "[A Pretty Girl is Like a Malady](#)" a young man who has proved incapable in marriage, finds out that he is to be the trustor for a young lady. Despite his grandiose ideas of how he will treat her, she is very strong willed however, and quickly has him learning what his true standing is in their relationship

Cruising

Eugenia Dobbs - her friend's call her 'Gene' was somewhat infatuated with David Ross from the moment she set eyes on him.

She - and her gang of four other ladies were assigned one of the better tables on this particular cruise on this very expensive shipping line. Seating eight per table, the assigned diners were: Louise, Evelyn, Karen, and Anne (her "pack" as she called them); a pair of elderly sisters, and David. Naturally, all of her friends were very interested in this, the only male at the table, but something was amiss. None of them were making a play for him. Neither was she, because, like her friends, she was puzzled.

As someone once said, the rich are very different from you and me. Eugenia was no exception. Her fortune was well over twenty million, and she had outlived three husbands to attain this level of wealth. She had been a relatively faithful wife to all three, but had gradually come to the conclusion that she preferred sexual liaisons with those of her own sex. But after seeing her third husband into his final resting place, even these couplings with delicious young women started to pall occasionally and she discovered a taste for passive, somewhat effete young men – discovering a huge sense of power by gradually overcoming and feminizing them.

Her 'pack' all had the same proclivities, though were probably not as aggressive as she. There was, all the same, a decided area of 'competition' between them – a good natured game at seeing who could come up with the best "trophy wife" (Yes. They actually called their 'converted' males by that designation amongst themselves.) Absolutely loved to parade their little pets around in front of the other (usually jealous) members of the pack. Once or twice they had all managed to acquire little sissies – and these had been *great* trips! The fun they'd had showing off their conquests in increasingly feminine roles and dress! This particular cruise wasn't looking too good though, there weren't many good prospects.

All of these ladies were extremely well dressed at all times. Very sophisticated and very, very, confident. Predatory, sleek, and assured, they prowled – always searching for a young male they could tame and show off to the others. Imagine, if you will, a pride of female lions – with no males or cubs to fend for. Just themselves. If they had any weakness it was the fact that they were all extremely snobbish – with the possible exception of Louise, who was the only one amongst them who had actually inherited wealth

The problem with David was that he should have been at least 'rich'. Poor people did NOT, could NOT, afford the kind of expenditure necessary for the

cabin / table that David was occupying.

The other puzzling aspect was that he was SO shy and diffident. Normally, people associated with this kind of money were not characterized by these personality attributes – but where had he come *from*? Not only that? His clothes and personal jewelry did not equate to his place at their table. His hair did not show the benefits of a personal hairdresser. Yet, at the same time, all of these ladies were well aware that some of the rich had idiosyncrasies that were hard to understand. Many acted like they were *poor*!

Gene could tell that her friends were sizing up this prize, and were just as curious as she. Sort of a pride of lionesses stalking around a piece of meat, wondering why it was there – and wondering why none of the other members of the pride were taking any bites. Not wanting to commit first and appearing foolish in front of the others. At dinner time the second night, an idea crossed her mind. Excusing herself from the table, she left the dining room and headed for the Chief Purser's office.

From previous cruises, she knew him, and was lucky enough to come across him before she came to his office. She smiled a great smile, and angled him into a small corner. He was immediately aware that something was up.

“Well! Hello Mrs. Dobbs! How lovely to have you back with us again. It's SUCH a pleasure!” He said this with genuine warmth, because although he was well aware of her and her friends games, no one ever seemed hurt by them – and he often benefited – like now, he thought, feeling the folded piece of currency discreetly touching his palm as they shook hands.

“Delighted to be back chief purser” she said. “This has to be my favorite cruise ship of all time! But I have a question for you?”

It took a small amount of obfuscation on her part, but she extracted the data she wanted from him in a surprisingly short time, discovering that the young man seated at her table was the winner of this cruise as a prize on a Television game show. She beamed at the news. The puzzle was solved! Back at the table, she proceeded to lay claim to her prey very quickly. Before the evening was over, she had seduced him.

Before the seduction, he surprised her. He was slight of build and very fair skinned. Pale blue eyes, and had a tendency to blush girlishly. She had been lucky enough to be seated beside him and, at one time, laid her hand on his arm. Even under the jacket he wore she swore she could feel how soft he was. She was entranced. Visualized him in all sorts of pretty clothes. How all her friends would be green with absolute jealousy when they saw her new trophy. Could she possibly bring him out to meet them wearing a dress and wearing makeup as well? What a triumph! None of her gang had ever done anything

like that! Sure, Lisa had brought that waif out wearing makeup at that party last year. But a dress? What could she dress him in? Chiffon? Taffeta? Velvet and satin? She took a deep contented breath, imagining the reaction from her circle of friends.

But then came the surprise. She'd arranged to meet him at the Gala Ballroom Dance that was held in the main ballroom after dinner. Luckily, she didn't tell the girls because David surprised her by being an *excellent* dancer! Literally swept her off her feet! Strong. Confident. Well versed in the intricacies of the samba, rumba, and – especially, the tango! She absolutely loved it! He was so commanding! So aggressive! She felt like a *girl* again!

Later, in her suite, she found out that he was malleable, just the way she liked her young men. Enthusiastically, she raved about his dancing – complaining about the fact that so few males danced well in these modern days – and the fact that she had to dance with her girl friends regularly. Asked him if he would give her pointers as how to lead – as she had to perform the man's part so often?

He was very willing. A little perturbed to find that she wanted him to take the ladies part, while he explained the techniques of leading. It made too much sense though, and after she put some nice romantic music on, she took him in her arms and danced him.

Being a good dancer herself (and well accustomed to leading) she soon had him following her very nicely.

Jokingly, she argued with him about the relative ease and difficulty of the male and female roles in ballroom dancing. He maintained that the responsibility of the male to lead was of primary importance and that, as the woman only had to follow, her part was the lesser of the two. She argued that traveling 'backwards – and in high heels' – was the physically more demanding of the two functions.

Laughing, they agreed to let him try the lady's part, wearing a pair of her shoes – which fitted him quite well. Naturally, he found that he had to put on a pair of nylon knee-highs to protect the shoes. Surprisingly, to him, he was quickly proficient in the heels.

Of course, they were only two inch, but he had no problems. She smiled happily to herself because this was another good omen. She'd often noticed how quickly effete men took to women's high heels. After a few minutes, she suggested that the low heels were making it too easy for him – perhaps a little higher? It took him a little while to become accustomed to the new shoes, but soon he was floating in her arms quite comfortably.

She started to get sexually aroused. By this time, he had taken his jacket off and the feel of his soft, pliant body through his shirt, and having him under her control as she led him around the floor of her cabin (actually a large suite) was enchanting to her. She slowed her dancing down, then stopped. Kissed him. Even in his heels he wasn't taller than her. His eyes were unfocused as he looked up at her face coming down on to his. His lips were soft, full, and yielding giving way immediately to her probing tongue.

She led him slowly to the bedroom, kissing him softly, whispering endearments in his ear, slowly pushing him down onto the bed. Started undressing him – as he was doing to her. Then just as she was about to lay him on his back and mount him, he surprised her.

Later, she put it down to the 'girlish' feelings she'd had when he'd been dancing the male part, because for the first time in quite a few years, she suddenly found herself *under* a man! He wasn't overly well endowed in the genitals, nor was his technique anything to rave about, but he performed admirably enough she thought. She was also quite impressed with his quickness in taking the aggressive role.

Naturally, she didn't want him leaving her company feeling that he was the dominant male in the relationship. In the post-coital haze that followed their lovemaking, they chatted about his background, as she started to arouse him again. She was pleased to find out that though poor, his family had once had money – at least some. She smiled to herself when she discovered that he was an orphan – and had no siblings.

Lazily, she wrapped an arm around his shoulders and pulled him in towards her. He seemed to be acting adversely to her taking the aggressive role now, but that just made her smile all the more as she easily overcame his resistance, pulling him into her embrace for fondling and caressing. This time, she made him take a passive role, until he lay there, trembling underneath her as she inexorably climbed on top of him, straddling him and looking down at his pale face – pretty in the half light, she thought. Then she mounted him, and controlled the pace of their lovemaking until they both shuddered to a standstill.

Over the next few days, she enjoyed the jealous attention of her friends as she effeminized him. In no hurry, she led him down the path into docile, feminine looks and behavior.

To begin with, she made sure he was in her cabin when her appointed hairdresser, Trudi, arrived to do her hair. Smiling apologetically, she asked David to forgive her for forgetting about the appointment, and pleaded with him - ever so nicely - to stay and keep her company. What could the poor man do?

Then. “Why not let Trudi see if she can do anything with your hair David? She’s wonderful! And why not, if you’re waiting for me anyhow? It’ll be a nice reward for you being so good!”

And, side by side, with his aspiring mistress - In matching pale blue smocks (Trudi, who was well aware of Gene’s proclivities, just *happened* to have a spare with her) he sat, and had his hair washed, then trimmed, then put up in rollers. (He protested at this but was told it was just to give his hair some body). Then, while he was waiting? What would be wrong with having a facial, just like Gene?

His face plastered in masque, he listened to Trudi lecture him about his nails, but assuring him that the false nails she glued on over his own would be easily removable and at least give him the semblance of a proper manicure. Naturally, the nails were discreetly oval and a little on the feminine side, but she used clear polish only. She was very complimentary about his soft white hands.

She lectured him some more about his feet as she gave him a pedicure. He thought it had to be his imagination, but when she had first started working on him, she had talked as a hairdresser to a client. Now, there seemed to be elements in her voice as she scolded him as if he’d been a naughty little girl. She applied a pink polish to his toes, explaining that this particular type of polish was wonderful for dried nails like these – but she didn’t have it in clear – and who would be noticing anyway?

Then, sitting under the dryer she provided, he was embarrassed when Anne and Evelyn dropped in for a visit. For some reason, Trudi had finished with Gene while he was still waiting to have his face masque removed and have his hair fixed. He found himself the center of attention as his masque was removed, Gene and her friends crowding around as Trudi began to reveal the results of her ministrations.

Once the masque was removed, Trudi massaged his face with a sweet smelling cream – a little overly perfumed he thought, but as Anne was very complimentary about the scent, and he didn’t want to appear as if he was contradicting her.

“That’s a very nice job Trudi.” Gene commented, “But don’t you think it’s bleached some of his skin tone out?”

“Maybe a little,” Trudi admitted “But that’s easily taken care of.”

To David’s horror, she promptly stroked his cheekbones with a soft brush. “See!” she said triumphantly. “A little blush works wonders!”

“Absolutely!” Gene agreed. “Don’t you agree David?”

“Well. Not really,” David started to say, but was interrupted by Anne.

“Oh David! Please don’t start in with a bunch of macho nonsense!” she said. “Nobody will notice, for goodness sake! Why can't you accept the fact that you look good? Almost pretty?”

Totally intimidated by the women surrounding him, the young man wasn’t even truly aware that he had entered the ranks of soon-to-be sissies. He didn’t even complain when Trudi applied some lip salve – seemingly to moisturize his lips after they had been dried out by the masque. He did have red lips naturally, but this treatment just made them a little more prominent and gave them a pouting appearance.

He did raise a complaint when Trudi plucked some of his eyebrows, but she was so quick that it took him a moment or two to figure out what she was doing so that, by the time he did manage to speak, she was just about finished with the task.

With the rollers taken out and his hair brushed out, David looked at his new reflection. He wasn’t ‘feminine’ perhaps, but decidedly androgynous, with a porcelain sheen to his face and a cap of silky hair, with just a trace of a ‘petal’ cut. He was embarrassed some when Trudi showed him how to apply rollers to keep the hairdo – then gave him a bag with rollers and hairspray in it. He was even more embarrassed when Anne commented again on how pretty he was – even though she apologized immediately and corrected it to ‘handsome’.

But an assumption was made by both Anne and Evelyn. Perfectly understandable considering that they were an audience to a young man being feminized by their friend Gene. They saw his docile acceptance of the hairdo, the makeup – good God, he was wearing a smock! Naturally, they came to the conclusion that he was already Gene’s ‘trophy bride’ and treated him with the sort of arrogant condescension that was normal for them in similar circumstances. They left shortly thereafter and within hours, the other two of Gene’s ‘pack’ were acting under the same misapprehension. This had major repercussions on what was to happen downstream.

The following day, Gene had David measured for two ‘shirts’. In actuality, they were tuxedo shirts for ladies that, under a tux jacket would not be seen as anything different than a man would wear. The sleeves were a different matter though. They appeared to be a different material than the rest of the shirt and, in actuality, were a heavy gauge chiffon, bloused just a little. They weren’t too obviously feminine, but Gene got a thrill from the idea and the pretty topaz cufflinks and matching studs she gave him to wear were noticed by more than one discerning woman.

Obviously a reader of this must ask – “What about David? Can anyone possibly be THAT spineless?”

The answer is that David was working on an agenda of his own. A meek, docile man is what he was - and perfectly aware of his shortcomings. He was not an orphan – he had lied to Gene. He had both a mother and a sister living in Oregon, both of whom cared for him very much. A little too much he had thought before he left his home – tended to baby and, generally, overpower him with kindness – almost as if he were incapable of doing anything for himself.

His family had never had money – that was another fabrication. He had always known that the only chance he had of living any form of comfortable lifestyle depended on his becoming attached to a rich woman. He had spent a large part of his disposable income on learning how to dance properly. He wanted, desperately, to learn golf but just did not have the necessary finances. His luck on a TV game show had won him the cruise, but he was well aware of how short he was of the necessary clothes. When Gene showed an interest in him, what was he supposed to do? Refuse the clothes she, so obviously, wanted him to wear?

He felt strange in the increasingly feminine garments she was providing him but, at the same time, enjoyed the feeling of being under someone else's control. It had surprised him how quickly he had picked up the female role in his dancing but, again, there was a sexually pleasing aspect to it that made him increasingly subservient. One night in her cabin, she had him remove his jacket then replace his trousers with a pair of black velvet ladies pants on the pretext that she wanted to see how he'd look in velvet. As they danced that night, she held him in her arms, happily aware of how resplendent he was in his white, chiffon-sleeved blouse – and his black velvet pants dancing in the submissive role to her dominant lead.

At the dining table the other ladies accommodated this new relationship so that he now sat beside Gene, with Karen and Anne on one side of him and Louise and Evelyn on the other side of Gene – right in the middle of 'the girls' so to speak. The fact that he was now treated as THE girl by the women around him escaped his notice. Kinda enjoyed the warm, manicured hands, 'accidentally' brushing against his thighs and over his privates – although he did blush a lot. Couldn't quite figure out why he got involved in 'girl talk' on a regular basis with one or two of the ladies – while the remainder of the group discussed sports, or other manly topics.

Karen and Evelyn gave up on their hunt for sissies and picked up a pair of girls, Tiffany and Melissa, instead. He, somehow, usually ended up with them. When they'd go to the bathroom, they started waiting for him to join them. Naturally, he didn't go into the Ladies with them – but he found that they'd get upset if he didn't wait for them – so he got into the habit of going to the toilet

with the girls – and coming back with them. Who could blame many of the passengers for thinking he was a sissy?

He was aware of this to a certain extent but, in pursuing his own agenda had very little option. His introduction to Gene's pack in his female persona was orchestrated the evening of the Fancy Dress Gala. Gene was adamant – she was to be a 20's gangster. He was to be her flapper 'moll'. He did try and protest but was easily, though gently, bullied into it. "Oh everyone will be dressing up! What are you complaining about!" she kept persisting, until he finally succumbed.

Trudi's services were again purchased and this time, she was a little more forceful with him, demanding that she be given a free hand. She gave him a modified perm and dyed his hair blonde. Put him through the indignities of a Bikini wax job, a manicure, and pedicure. For the sake of 'realism' attached a pair of small, but noticeable, set of breast forms to his chest.

In his short dance dress with his stockings rolled down at the top, his long loop of pearls and long cigarette holder, his little clutch handbag, his dainty cloche hat – and his strappy heels, he looked every inch the flapper. What he was totally unprepared for, however, was the fact that Karen and Evelyn were gangsters like Gene – and Tiffany and Melissa were flappers – in almost identical outfits to his!

To his dismay, the two girls immediately took him as one of their own – as did most of the other passengers. Naturally, at the Gala, he danced with the other members of the pack as well as Gene – but always in the female part of course. Stupidly, he drank far more than he usually did and, naturally, developed a need for the bathroom. This time, he couldn't deny that he'd raise holy hell if he went into the Men's – so joined the other two in the Ladies. Naturally, he had to sit down to pee, like the others. When he came out of the stall, he also found he was expected to join them in fixing their makeup. He blushed furiously when Gene and her pack also came in – though nobody seemed to think it was anything but natural for him to be there and doing exactly what the other two girls were doing.

They left the gala fairly early and Gene and he walked out onto the promenade deck. She took her coat jacket off and draped it around his shoulders and, shivering in his thin dress, he was very happy about it. She put her arm around him and kept telling him how pretty he was. He giggled with embarrassment at first, but she just kept on doing it – sometimes even fondled his breasts and he found himself becoming sexually aroused even though he felt strange in the dress and playing the passive female role. Finally, she took him back to her cabin, laid him on the bed and mounted him.

He awoke in the morning with her snoring quietly beside him – and he was still wearing his dress. In the light of day, he was panicked. It had been okay the previous evening to be walking about in costume – practically the whole passenger list had been dressed outrageously – but how was he to get back to his cabin – in a dress?

But Gene laughed at his fears. "Okay dear, your makeup's all smeared and ruined – but get that repaired? You'll be as good as new. Frankly dear? I don't think that too many people took you for a man last night anyway – you just looked and played the part of a flapper girl to perfection! You just seemed so *natural!*"

He blushed at the gentle teasing tone in her voice, little realizing that she was watching him closely as she was now blatantly essentially casting doubts on his masculinity for the first time. Didn't realize that by the lack of any reaction from him, she was now ready to push the next phase of feminization on to him. Linking arms with him and engaging in girlish topics (so that people they passed would not see anything wrong, she escorted him back to his cabin – then helped him change back into his masculine clothes after he'd showered. The mortification he obviously felt as he stripped off his dress and undies in front of her was very pleasing to her.

He was then, naturally, terrified when he discovered that he couldn't remove his breasts so she suggested that he keep his bra on "Stop your tits from flopping about until you get Trudi to get them off for you," she put it crudely. Naturally, Trudi couldn't arrange to visit his cabin – he'd have to go to her salon. Gene assured him sincerely that the breasts were practically invisible (lying of course) so that when he and she made their way to the salon, his pretty perky orbs stood out very nicely under a cashmere sweater she'd bought for him earlier on. Trudi fussed and complained about having to remove them – she was SO busy – couldn't he just accept the fact that they were so small that nobody could possibly notice them – but for once, David persisted and she finally removed them.

Gene wanted David in dresses permanently now. Wanted to parade him, soft and feminine, in front of her friends. That day, she made a few discreet bribes and established a scenario for the others involved to follow.

She, David, and her pack were traversing the boat deck after lunch when Tiffany and Melissa rushed up to meet them excitedly. "Guess what!" Tiffany squealed. "The director of Passenger Entertainment just looked out me and Melissa! Asked – no *begged* us - to do at turn at the Passenger Follies tomorrow night!"

"Doing what? The Charleston?" Gene asked.

"No. Wants us to do some lip synching – preferably to the McGuire Sister songs."

"But, there's only two of you!" Gene said. "I saw them perform in Vegas – so I know. Dorothy and Phylis and Christine I remember them well."

Both girls giggled. Then Melissa spoke. "Oh, the woman thought David was a girl the other night! Wants him too! Isn't it *exciting*?" she said.

"How wonderful for you girls!" Karen said. "You'd better start rehearsing. You don't have a hope of winning first prize – but you don't want to make fools of yourselves either, do you?"

The girls' faces dropped a little at her words.

"What a *mean* thing to say!" Gene laughed. "Betcha five hundred dollars they win. Loser pays any charity the winner decides."

"You're ON!" Karen said. "I didn't mean it to sound like that – but hey! They get some pretty good amateur performers in these things! These girls don't stand much of a chance! You want to make me look good to my favorite charity? We got a deal!"

The two women smiled at each other then shook hands, clinching the bet. Gene turned to the girls. "Yeah Tiffany, you can be Christine. You Melissa? You should be Phylis – and David can be Dorothy!" Then she let go of David's arm then whispered something in Tiffany's ear. Came back and linked her arm with him again.

He had been silent up until then, but things seemed to be getting away from him. "Hey!" He tried to laugh. "I'm not so sure . . ."

"Oh David! Don't be such a party pooper!" she laughed. "Gonna quibble about helping your friends Tiffany and Melissa to have a good time? Gonna cost my charity a chance to make a few bucks? C'mon! I thought you were a good sport!"

The way she spoke made him feel guilty and he had no ready answer for her. "But, I can't be having people think I'm some sort of female impersonator," he protested weakly.

"Who's to think a stupid thing like that?" Gene laughed.

"Yeah! You make a great girl! Please help us out?" Tiffany breathed seductively at him. "Please say you'll do it?" Melissa added in the same way.

Having no answer that would not estrange him from Gene or his girl friends and somewhat flattered at the same time, he could do nothing but nod.

The girls squealed excitedly and embraced him immediately, enfolding him in soft femininity – while Gene and her pack looked on the others giving Gene secretive smiles at the initial success of her stratagem.

Shortly afterwards, they all broke up, he and Gene heading for her cabin. Once they had left the others, he asked her what she had whispered to Tiffany. She grinned. "Told her and Melissa to meet us in my cabin. Didn't want Karen to know. Here they come now."

The two girls were coming down the alleyway in the opposite direction, both waving giddily as they saw Gene and David. They all arrived at the cabin door about the same time and Gene opened the door and ushered them in.

"Why all the secrecy Gene?" Tiffany asked.

"Well, I'd like you gals to win first prize tomorrow night, and want to help any way I can," Gene answered.

"That's awfully nice of you. But how can you help?" Melissa asked.

"Easy! You three can use my cabin to rehearse in - and you two? You can start teaching David how to act like a girl . . ."

"But he was awfully good the other night," Melissa interrupted.

"First things first! He's not a *he*, any more. David's a *SHE*!" Gene said firmly. "At least until after the show tomorrow night!"

"But David's a man's name. It would sound silly calling him 'she'!" Tiffany giggled.

Gene nodded pensively. "You're right." She paused for a few seconds. "*Her* name? Like I said, it's Dorothy McGuire." She hugged David and gave him a quick kiss. "Just for the sake of accuracy, huh - - Dorothy?"

For the very first time, she exerted her not inconsiderable strength, making David feel weak and defenseless. He could only stare at her, totally dumbfounded. She then led him over to the couch where the two girls were sitting and sat him down between them. Stepped back. "Okay *girls*! Time to talk about what outfits you're going to wear!"

The two girls looked at each other, puzzled. "Outfits?" Tiffany said.

"Yes. Outfits! The McGuire sisters always wear matching outfits! Really cute. Don't you remember?" Gene asked.

"Well, Tiffany and me don't have anything that matches. At least I don't think so." Melissa said.

"But I'm sure the ships store will!" Gene said. "And it would be my treat! Can't very well have Dorothy pretend to be your sister if she doesn't have a proper dress to wear, can we?"

David listened, horrified as she picked up the phone and called the store.

Being the kind of customer she was, the senior saleslady was there in fifteen minutes with a half dozen dresses for the girls perusals. Tiffany and Melissa squealed with delight, holding dresses up to themselves and asking for David's opinion. At Gene's urging he gradually entered the conversation and then, much

to his dismay, found that he and the other two girls had to hold dresses up against themselves to get the saleslady and Gene's comments. (The woman had, naturally, been let in on the secret and though David was positive he saw glances of contempt coming from her eyes, she was very flattering about how well that color would go with his eyes – or how that higher hemline would look so *cute* – she had seen his legs and it was such a pity to hide them, didn't he think so?).

The choice was finally made – checked emerald green and white taffeta with short jackets over backless dresses and a plethora of petticoats under the full skirts. The woman left shortly thereafter, to return with some shoes for David to try on. He ended up choosing a pair of green pumps at Tiffany and Melissa's urging – primarily because it went with his dress, secondarily because they were close in color to shoes that the girls had. Gene had him remove his socks and shoes immediately and gave him a pair of knee high stockings to wear so that he could get into the habit of wearing the shoes – they were quite a bit higher than the pair he'd worn to the costume party.

To his utter humiliation, the saleslady returned with a bag full of lingerie for him – bra, panties, slips – and the triple layered petticoat – and identical petticoats for the girls. Somehow he felt as if the act of putting on the high heeled shoes and the shiny nylon mini-stockings had de-manned him in everybody's eyes because he was caught up in a flurry of the girls stripping off their dresses and putting on their petticoats – while urging him to HURRY UP! Then impatiently taking matters into their own hands, to undress him tittering at his shy attempts to stop them and reminding him that he was just one of the girls now! What was he acting so *peculiarly* for? He did win one point.

They had attached rather bulbous breast forms to his body and quickly wanted him in a bra, but almost crying, he pleaded desperately and was allowed to go and change into his bra, panties and petticoats in the privacy of Gene's bathroom. There, amongst the proliferation of cosmetics and artifacts that typifies a woman's bathroom, he blushed to the roots of his hair when he saw the feminine reflection he generated. Trembled in actual fear when Melissa pounded on the door and shouted. "Dorothy! Come out and get fitted for your dress! You don't? Tiffany will put you over her knees and spank you on your panties!" he knew she didn't mean it as he heard both girls giggle – at least he hoped she didn't mean it – although the idea of being spanked by a girl while dressed in lingerie, did seem to excite him for some reason.

And now, when he ventured out of the bathroom there were the girls, Gene, the saleslady – and now a seamstress all smirking at him and, try as much as he could, he could not stop the delicate materials of his petticoats from swishing

about, ever so prettily – as the dressmaker said while grinning at the others – who grinned back.

In the face of Tiffany and Melissa's assured confidence he became nothing much more than their plaything – a little doll to be dressed and prettified while, he gradually lost every vestige of masculinity. After the saleslady and dressmaker departed, Trudi, the makeup artist re-appeared and now proceeded to do his hair, his eyebrows, his manicure and his pedicure while Gene sat, smiling complacently at his transformation. She laughed scornfully as he squealed minor complaints weakly in protest as the work was being performed. "Oh Trudi! Have you ever heard the like? All that fuss about getting his eyebrows plucked! Honestly Dorothy, that's really childish!"

Then all made up, and prettified, his hair up in rollers, Gene absolutely beamed as the two girls had him place himself between them, then started showing him some basic steps they wanted to use while they were supposed to be singing. With his breasts bouncing softly within his lacy bra, and his petticoats swirling above his high heels, she felt as if he was going to be the prettiest trophy bride she'd ever had. In his lingerie, just like the girls, it was really hard to tell him apart from the others – other than by his rollers of course. He wasn't as pretty as them – but have his hair brushed out and get him moving *properly* – like a girl, naturally? There wouldn't be that much difference, she thought contentedly.

The store called to say that the dresses would all be ready by that evening, but Tiffany and Melissa had to get dressed – they had dinner dates they said. Came and wished *Dorothy* a lovely evening, then left. "I'll have them serve our dinner in here," Gene said. "We can have a nice romantic meal here, just the two of us. Doesn't that sound nice?"

"Yes Gene," he said softly. "But I was just wondering . . .?"

"Yes Dorothy?" she cooed.

"Well first? I'd kinda like to get changed back. Second? I'd rather you called me David, please?" His voice was weak and rather petulant, she thought.

"No Dorothy, I will *not* call you David. Until tomorrow night is over, I want you to think and act like Dorothy. It would be stupid, for me to allow your male persona time to take over again, don't you think? No, Sorry dear. Can't be done! And you want to change back? Into what, may I ask?"

"My *real* clothes!" But there was no force behind his words now.

Suddenly, but smoothly, she pulled him down to sit on her lap and fingered the material of his petticoat. "You saying this pretty lingerie isn't real, Dorothy?" Fondled his breasts, staring him in the eyes and daring him to protest. "*Everything* about you feels real to me, sweetie." She kissed him on

the lips. "Even your lipstick tastes real too. Tastes nice. Now be a good girl and stop this arguing! Going to behave?"

"Yes Gene," he said.

"What's your name?"

"Dorothy."

His dress was delivered and fitted perfectly and just before dinner was delivered to the cabin, Trudi reappeared and brushed out his hair. Gene devoured her emasculated escort with her eyes as he sat, dainty as a picture, eating his dinner across from her. She decided to have a little fun with him after he'd finished.

"Dorothy?"

He looked at her, his soft eyes rimmed with dark mascara, the green in his eyeshadow a perfect match for his dress. "Yes Gene?"

"I just wanted to compliment you. Tell you how pretty you are – and ask you if you knew that your voice is rapidly becoming more and more like a girls – and it's very pleasant to listen to."

He blushed (very prettily) she thought, then she continued. "But would you mind if I said that your lipstick is just a little smudged?" she said softly.

He blinked and his eyes showed some confusion. "I'm sorry. But what am I supposed to do?"

"Do? Why fix your makeup of course, silly!" she said sweetly as she got up from her chair and lifted her handbag. "Here. Use my compact for a mirror - and here's one of the lipstick tubes that Trudi left you. So why don't you just touch up your lips a little for me, huh?"

She actually felt herself getting moist in the groin as her pretty little date sat and, using her compact, daintily cleaned off his lips, then freshened up his lipstick. "You do that so *well*!" she breathed. "You sure, absolutely *sure*, that you've never dressed like a girl before?"

He protested volubly that he'd never done such a thing in his life before even though his sister had dressed him a girl a few times – much to the amused delight of his mother. Gene sat smiling disbelievingly, all the time assuring him that she was just teasing in a sort of half-hearted way then, once he calmed down, added "But?" then smiled angelically at her poor flustered sissy.

"Yes Gene?" he asked softly.

"Now that you mention it? I can see that it's possible that you might make a mistake and act like a male during the performance – and we wouldn't want *that* now, would we?"

She loved the way his breasts moved under his dress as he shrugged, *Adored* the helpless look in his sultry, pretty, eyes as he desperately tried to figure out

what answer he could make that wouldn't aggravate her. "Why are you shrugging dear? Don't you think it best then?" she pressed.

"Best? I don't understand."

"Silly! Like I've been *saying*! Best that you *stay* a girl until after the concert. Just think of all the practice you'll get!"

Up until that particular point she hadn't really known that he'd capitulate to her ridiculous suggestion but when he simply looked back at her weakly, fluttering his eyelashes in despair, she got a sudden urge to get her dildo on and ravish the poor little thing. The only thing that saved him was a flash of revelation that lit up her mind. She *loved* this little sissy! Wanted to *marry* him! The pack would be jealous out of their minds – when her 'trophy wife' became her REAL wife! Her mouth actually fell open with delight as she imagined how lovely he'd look in a wedding gown! She always got most delight from anally penetrating sissies when they were dressed properly – in dresses, naturally, but the idea of breaking in a virgin piece of ass while he was wearing a wedding dress? Her heart skipped a beat! Now poor David hadn't a hope in hell.

She was randy and needed sex. Was almost insanely crazy at the idea of raping him there and then – but the idea of breaking his virginity in the wedding gown was too strong in her mind to give in to, so she opted to take the next best thing. Led her little sissy over to the couch and after a little aggressive foreplay, lifted his skirts and his petticoats, pulled down his panties – and mounted him. It wasn't what she really wanted, she thought afterwards – but it had eased her inner tension somewhat. She sighed happily as he meekly accepted the offer of her mink coat then, after she'd wrapped one of her chiffon scarves around his hair, she pinned it in place and took him out onto the deck for an evening promenade. The poor dear was trembling inside her coat with the fear of getting caught, she guessed – something else that titillated her considerably – especially when she gently urged him into the shadow of a lifeboat, took him into her arms and started kissing him.

He actually tried to struggle against this, but naturally was ineffectual.

"What's the matter darling?" she cooed. "Don't you like to kiss me any more?"

"Oh no – it's not that. But won't anyone that sees us think we're two *women* kissing?"

She giggled then shrugged. "So what dear? Nobody's business but ours, is it? And anyway? I really enjoy kissing you when you're all soft and sweet smelling. And another thing. Can you blame me for feeling romantic? Isn't that what cruises like this are for?" She shoved her hand in inside his coat and openly caressed his breasts, "and you *feel* so nice too! Tell me, do you like

feeling like a woman?” Then she giggled again “Or should I say, being *felt up* like a woman?” And now her other hand was up under his skirts, rubbing his erection under his panties. “Like this, sweetie?” she cooed as he finally stopped resisting and just snuggled into her. “I won’t make you cum,” she whispered. “Don’t want to make a mess of your pretty dress, do we – Dorothy?”

“No Gene,” he whispered.

She pulled her hands away, then cradled his face in them. Kissed him gently. “Don’t you think we ought to get you into bed? Tomorrow’s going to be such a big day – and evening, for you. Aren’t you excited?”

“Yes Gene,” he whispered – willing to agree to anything this woman wanted him to agree with.

“Come along then. I’ll lend you some nightwear. Might be a little big for you, but it’ll do for the night. Then we’ll get you ready for bed.”

“Do you think I really need to borrow your nightwear Gene?” He asked weakly.

“Dorothy! Are we going to have this discussion *again*? Honestly, you’re making me think that you don’t *want* to help your friends! *Want* to see me lose a bet! Is that what all this arguing is all about? You *want* to go back on your promises? That it?”

“No Gene, it’s not that . . .”

“Well hush UP then! I’ve got a nightgown and peignoir set that I’ve never worn – and they’ll look lovely on. Come on!”

Gleefully, she pulled her pliant little sissy along to her cabin. Pretended that she couldn’t make up her mind now – and brought one set out after another. Had him take off her mink coat then pose with each nightdress held up against himself and then demanded that he pass judgment on the cut, the material, and the color – what suited him – and why. What felt the nicest against his skin. What color went with his complexion. Smiled condescendingly as she argued with some of his statements, drawing him further and further into a conversation that two women might have – but would never be countenanced by any kind of male. To underline her control over him now, she demanded that he actually pick a set, then pouted until he thanked her effusively before she had him put on “his” coat and scarf again before she escorted him back to his cabin. There, while he changed into his nightgown and peignoir in the bathroom, she made a quick call.

He finally reappeared, resplendent in a jade green –trimmed with jet black lace – peignoir and nightgown set, both garments floating about him in the most feminine manner possible.

“For goodness sake Dorothy! Straighten up! I told you you’d look pretty, didn’t I? And you DO!. If you don’t start looking happy? I’ll see if I can figure out a way to make you really unhappy! You are really starting to aggravate me. Is *that* what you want?”

Her words and her manner were equally threatening and he quailed before her. Picked helplessly at his feminine garments. “I’m sorry Gene – just not used to this stuff I guess.”

She pretended immediate contrition and went over to him and took him into her arms. “Aw honey, was I mean to you? I’m *sorry* if I’m being unfair. I mean, after all – you’re a man,” She took the little sissy into her arms and caressed his breasts, then cooed “and I don’t see why I should be expecting you not to feel strange. I mean – threatening to spank you like that! Tell you what? I ever threaten to put you over my knees again? I want you to just stand up for yourself – and tell you what? I won’t get mad at you if you put me over your own knees and give me what for! You’ll do that, won’t you?”

But as she spoke, she pinned both of his arms to his side with one arm, and fondled his crotch with the other. Then, not giving him a chance to reply, she kissed him on the mouth.

Just then, a knock came to the door. Pulling her lips back, but otherwise maintaining her hands where they were, she called out “Come in!”

His eyes opened wide in outrage, but he said nothing – then the door opened and Trudi came in. Took in the situation as if there was nothing wrong with seeing an effete man in the grip of a woman – while he was wearing a shimmering confection of nightgown and negligee. She ignored him completely. “Yes Ms. Dobbs?”

Gene smiled. “I hope you don’t mind Trudi? But David here – sorry, I mean Dorothy - has decided to remain in drag, so to speak until after the concert tomorrow night. We thought that it might give him a chance to become more familiar with the art of being female?”

“Perfectly understandable Gene – but what do you want me for?” Trudi asked.

“Well, obviously you’re the expert here,” Gene said, “But I was thinking, you know, it’d be a good idea to show him how to clean off his makeup – then maybe set his hair for the night? Then tomorrow, you could come and get him ready for the day – then help get him ready for the concert at night. I’ll pay you of course. Now, if you . . .” Then she stared at him incredulously as he interrupted her!

“I’m sorry Gene!” he said firmly. “But I must put my foot down! How DARE you invite someone into MY cabin and . . . This has just gone too far! On

top of that? I think . . .” He was stammering with outrage, but then he let out a feminine squeal as Gene grabbed a hold of his arm, pulled him over to the couch and laid him, squirming and wriggling, over her knees. He put both of his hands over to protect his backside.

“DOROTHY! Take your hands out of the way!”

“But you’re going to spank me!” he wailed. “And you said you wouldn’t!”

“Take your hands away! I *mean* it!”

“But Gene!”

“NOW!”

And he took his hands away. Started to cry, but lay still, prone over her knees.

“You’ve been a naughty little girl all evening Dorothy! Are you sorry?”

“Oh yesss Gene! I’m sorry!”

“Going to be a good girl from now on? Do what me and Trudi tell you?”

“Oh yessss Gene. Yes. I’ll be good!”

“A good girl? SAY it!”

“I’ll be a good girl.” He gulped back some tears.

She had been staring at his rump, but perfectly aware that he couldn’t see her facial expression, she grinned at Trudi although she kept her voice stern.

“Sorry Dorothy. This spanking is for your own good. Do you accept that?”

“Oh please Gene – don’t!”

“Dorothy!”

“Yes Gene.”

She spoke across his body and grinned at Trudi again. “I’m going to make Dorothy cry now Trudi – unless that’ll make your job more difficult?”

“Oh no, Ms. Dobbs. Maybe a little – but little sissies DO seem to need a firm hand every so often, don’t they? Please go ahead.”

“Please don’t hit me Gene,” he pleaded grabbing at straws now. “Remember what you said?”

“No. What did I say?”

“That if you threatened to spank me again? I should spank *you*. Remember?” He burst into tears again as Trudi snorted in disbelief.

“Now that you mention it, I do remember,” Gene said. “Are you going to spank me?”

“Oh no, Gene.”

“Why not?”

“I couldn’t,” he blubbered.

“Of course you couldn’t. Because it hasn’t been ME that’s been naughty, has it?”

“No Gene.”

Blubbering, whimpering, squealing and crying, he then lay there supine and submissive as she spanked him hard. Every so often, he’d try and protect his blistering ass by putting a hand over it, but she’d simply say “Dorothy?” then wait patiently until he took it away again. Then she’d say “Just for that? You get an extra two spanks!”

Finally, it was over. But she still wanted another pound of flesh. Pulled him up so that he was sitting on her knees, his head on her breast. “What do you say, Dorothy?” she asked him gently.

“I’m sorry.” He wept.

“That’s NOT the answer I wanted to hear. But while we’re at it, what are you sorry for?”

“Being a naughty girl.”

“I’m VERY glad to hear you say that. But what else?”

“It was for my own good?”

“Better. Nothing else?” She toyed with his hair, turned his face gently up to hers and kissed him on the lips.

“I’ll be a good girl?”

“From now on?”

“Oh Yes!”

And she knew she had broken him to her will. But then she made a drastic mistake. “You’ll remember to do what ladies tell you to do from now on?”

“Oh yes Gene.”

“Not gonna argue or make a fuss?”

“Oh no Gene.”

“Fine. I’ll leave you in Trudi’s good hands. Any problem with that?”

“No Gene.”

“Well? Now that I think on it, I don’t want you wearing your concert costume tomorrow – so don’t be getting dressed until I bring you fresh lingerie and a dress in the morning. You won’t forget now, will you?”

“Oh no, Gene.”

“That’s a good girl! Come and give me a good night kiss then!”

She stood, erect, tall, and regal, as he came forward meekly and kissed her submissively on the cheek.

“Good night Gene,” he murmured.

“Goodnight Dorothy. Sweet dreams.” She said then left the cabin, closing the door behind her.

Trudi opened up a canvas bag she never seemed to be without. Pulled a squat looking piece of white plastic and a bottle of clear liquid along with some

cotton wool balls. "Sit down Dorothy. Any place will do."

"Trudi? Would you mind terribly if I asked you not to call me Dorothy?"

"Don't mind. But why on earth not? Want me to call you David. That it?"

"Yes Trudi. I'd really appreciate it."

"Sorry sweetie. Ain't gonna happen. Now, after what I just saw? I didn't think I'd have to ask you this – but are you going to be a good little girl – or a naughty little girl?"

"Good." But he was obviously saying it unwillingly.

"Oh? A good what, exactly?"

He paused, then capitulated. "A good little girl."

And what's your name?"

"Dorothy."

She walked over to where he'd sat down. Opened up the bottle and wet some cotton wool with the contents. He caught the pungent smell of alcohol immediately. "What's that for Trudi?" he asked.

"Antiseptic" she said as she swabbed his earlobes. "Hold on a sec."

"Eh, eh?" he started as she pressed the plastic thing up against his ears.

"Yes?" she asked, but there was a funny sort of noise and a sharp sensation in his ear, and he knew he was now the proud possessor of a pierced ear. Seconds later, both of his ears had been pierced. Then she swabbed the lobes with alcohol again, waited for a few seconds while the cold sensation disappeared then quickly and professionally inserted a couple of gold loops in his hears. "Pure gold – won't infect. You'll need to keep them in for a few days. Gene might want you to wear nicer ones for the concert. If that's the case – or if they feel like they're itching? Come and see me at once. Okay?"

He nodded submissively.

"Okay dearie. Lets have these clothes off you. Need to see what's wanted."

"But Gene didn't say anything about taking my clothes off." He protested.

"No, she didn't did she? But I'm here now and I'm asking you to take your clothes off. Want me to do it for you?" She undid the tiny ribbon that tied the peignoir at his neck and the front fell open.

"I can do it Trudi."

"That's better. Stand up then, why don't you? I'll give you a hand."

He did as she'd said and gently, she took a hold of the peignoir and took it from his shoulders and laid it over the back of a chair. "Gene buy this for you? It's very pretty." She asked.

"No. I don't think so. Said it was one of hers that she was lending me," he replied, his mind busy with the implication in her question.

“Oh. Seems to fit you awfully well. But lets get that nightgown off, Dorothy. Okay. Don’t be shy now!”

He pulled the flimsy garment over his head, then held it in front of himself in an attempt to hide his nudity.

“Don’t be a silly girl! Put it over there, beside your peignoir!” she said sharply. Meekly, he did as he was told.

“Face me – and lift your arms up in the air!” she said.

Blushing, he did so. She nodded. “Well at least your fairly smooth, but I didn’t do that good a job on you before. We’ll get your underarms shaved, then get a depilatory on the rest of you. I think it might be an idea to shape and dye your pubes. What do you think?”

“You’re going to remove all of my body hair?” he asked. “But the dress I’ll be wearing doesn’t bare too much.”

She shrugged. “Probably not. But didn’t Gene say she was bringing you a new dress tomorrow morning? So what do you think she’d say if you were showing hairy underarms, huh?”

He got an erection while she was trimming his pubic hair, but she carelessly flicked it with a fingernail. “None of that stuff here Dorothy! Not ladylike!” she giggled. Then she had him sit naked in front of the dressing table mirror and cream off his makeup. She then did a better job of shaving his underarms then sprayed him with a depilatory. Had him stand for a few minutes, then shower after having him tuck his hair inside a shower cap. After he’d been dried and powdered, she dyed his pubic hair pink, laughing at his facial expression.

“Okay! Gene may never see it – but if she does, I’ll bet she gets a kick out of it,” she said.

He was delighted when she allowed him to get back into his feminine clothes. By this time he was well aware that he wasn’t getting back into masculine attire without permission from Gene – or now Trudi. Flimsy and feminine they may be he thought – but they still provided him with some degree of privacy. He didn’t see Trudi’s slight grin when she saw him tie the dainty bow at his neck, then check it in the mirror. She’d effeminized a few males in her day and now it didn’t really surprise her how quickly they’d pick up little feminine touches. “Okay Dorothy. I want to do a little better job on your hair,” she said, pleased at the way he sat back down at the dressing table, arranging his robe and nightgown around him so that he wouldn’t crush them and then looking up at her expectantly.

She took more care with his hair this time, brushing it out a little more then spraying it with a hair softener before laying it out for the rollers. His hair was fine though it could have been a little longer, she thought but once she had the

large rollers in place, she then arranged the smaller ones more so that his face would be framed more with waves. Then she applied a stronger setting lotion, and then wrapped her handiwork in a silk scarf she'd had in her bag. Didn't match his outfit too well, she thought – but beggars can't be choosers and, as she studied his reflection in the mirror now she was well pleased with the changes she had wrought. There was practically no way that anyone could take him for being a male – not even a sissified one. Some more training, especially voice? He'd pass for a girl any day of the week. "Okay dearie. Bedtime for little girls! Give Trudi a kiss and say goodnight" she said, starting to pack her belongings.

Then she paused. Looked at her watch. She had time. "Changed my mind Dorothy – there's something else I want to do. Sit back down at the table, would you. But this time? Turn your back to the mirror." Again she was pleased with the passive, submissive, way he did as he was told without question.

He did show a little trepidation as she took her special case out of the bag, then carefully removed the hypodermic. "What's that Trudi?" he asked nervously.

"Won't hurt! I promise," she said. "Gonna give you nice plump, kissable lips for a while. Pout them for me, please."

"But please? What is it?" he asked, a small tremor in his voice.

"It's collagen, Dorothy. And just in case you're wondering? I'm State certified to do this. Please don't worry. You'll have an absolutely beautiful mouth! Now pucker up dear."

She proceeded to give him tiny little injections around his lip line and, between each one, she'd pause for a little while, before making the next. It really didn't take long, but when she was finished he really didn't see that much of a change. A little while later, however, he noticed that his face now had a sort of petulant expression – then realized it was brought out by his pouting, seductive, ever so kissable, lips.

"Great!" Trudi said, delighted. "Now, while I'm at it, why don't I plane your eyebrows? Go the whole hog, huh?"

"Is it going to hurt, Trudi?" he asked in a small voice.

"Just a little discomfort more than anything else – but when I plucked them before? It got you off to a good start. So turn around and face the mirror again dear."

Before she left, she helped him off with his negligee and laid it over the back of a chair. Then she gave him a very light spritz of perfume. "There - that'll give you nice dreams for tonight," she laughed, tucking him into his bed and

giving him an affectionate kiss. “You were a very good girl Dorothy – and I’m going to tell Gene how good you were!”

“Oh, thank you Trudi!” he said and reached up his arms to embrace her. She noticed how his voice had become even more soft and diffident.

“You’re welcome!” she said kissing him softly on the lips. “Now off to sleep with you, you’ve got a big day tomorrow. Goodnight!”

“Good night Trudi. See you tomorrow,” he said, even more girlishly.

She waved her fingers at him and left his cabin, closing the door softly behind herself.

David settled back down into his soft pillow, acutely aware of the perfume surrounding him. He’d no real idea of how he’d got himself into his current predicament. Okay – he’d always been a bit of a milquetoast – he’d be the first to admit it – but how in hell’s name had he finished up wearing women’s nightclothes – and these damn rollers in his hair! Made him want to scratch, but he was smart enough to know that he might ruin Trudi’s work, which might not sit too well with Gene. The earrings bothered him when he tried to sleep on his side, but he had to admit that there was no pain associated with them, just the fact that he was unused to them. What would Gene say when she saw them?

And? While he was thinking about Gene, wouldn’t it be a good idea for him to figure out a way to escape from her clutches – assuming of course that he *wanted* to escape from her? There was the rub. He’d sunk about every dime he had into this cruise, strictly in the hopes he could attract a rich woman. He hadn’t really fancied his chances and the fact that he had actually done exactly that surprised him. He rolled over onto his side, and was reminded of the fact that a pair of reasonably-sized breasts were now adhered to his chest, yet at the same time, he surprised himself with the tiny surge of pleasure he felt at the feel of the nightgown material caressing his smooth body.

He felt decidedly strange. Felt as if his identity was gradually being stripped away – and what was replacing it was being designed by Gene. What did she want of him? He was smart enough to know that sexually he wasn’t any woman’s dream. Knew that he was learning how much easier it was to take the subordinate role in a relationship – but if he continued as he was? Was he going to finish up a male? He gradually slid into a dream world of sensory and olfactory sensations – all of them pleasurable, while a dreadful fear of ‘something’ lurked at the periphery of his mind.

When Trudi left David, she reported to Gene’s cabin and recounted everything that had transpired, except she made no mention of plumping David’s lips, nor her work on his pubes. Thought it might be a nice surprise for this woman who usually tipped very well.

“He didn’t give you any trouble when you used the depilatory – or even when you pierced his ears?” Gene asked with raised eyebrows.

“Good as gold!” Trudi assured her. “Truthfully Ms. Dobbs? I know you like sissies, but this one’s in a class all by himself. Some work and training? I don’t think he’ll remember he’s a man himself!”

Gene cocked her head to one side, inordinately pleased at hearing such a thing. “Hold on a second Trudi,” she said. Then she wrote out a very generous check and handed it to the cosmetician. “A small token of my esteem?” she said.

Trudi took the check from her. Made no attempt to hide that she read the check amount. Her eyes widened. “MOST generous, Ms Dobbs!” she said firmly. “Anything else you desire? Please don’t hesitate.”

“Don’t worry dear. I shan’t hesitate at asking for your expertise.”

“As it should be!” Trudi stated with a grin, folding the check and putting it in her purse.

David was awakened the following morning early by someone knocking on his cabin door.

“Who’s there?” he asked sluggishly.

“Trudi. Can I come in?”

“Yeah. I suppose so.” He yawned and, as she came into the cabin, saw his clock. “Aw Trudi! D’you see the time? It’s barely seven o’clock!” He yawned again.

She crossed to his bed and yanked his covers off. “Upsadaisy sleepyhead! I’m a working girl don’t forget – and have to be in the beauty salon before nine o’clock. You want to come and work with me there? Or would you rather see what I can teach you here?”

He blinked and yawned again, but swung his feet out. Sat on the edge of the bed and rubbed his eyes. “Made your point, I guess. What do you want me to do?”

She pulled his robe off the chair where she’d put it the previous night. “Here. Get this on. Then go and pee, or whatever. Brush your teeth if you want – but don’t waste any time. Got it?”

“Yes Trudi. Thanks,” he said.

When he returned, he immediately went and sat down in front of the dressing table mirror, where Trudi was standing. Once he sat down, she went and stood behind him and placed her hands on his shoulders and stared at his reflection in the mirror.

“Dorothy? Can I say something?”

A small look of surprise crossed his face. “Of course,” he said.

“Look. Ms. Dobbs is a *very* generous woman to those that please her. I think you want to please her – am I right?”

A very nice way of asking if I’m after Gene’s money, he thought. But he nodded.

She patted him gently. “Fine. Now I’m going to teach you how to make yourself look attractive by using makeup. I can’t teach you everything in all the time I’ve got, but if you listen, you’ll have a good idea of how to take care of your skin, what shades you should and shouldn’t use – and how to apply cosmetics properly. Now, there’s no sense in me even trying if this is not what you want as I’ll just be wasting both of our times. I’ve come here early because I don’t see Ms. Dobbs getting here before nine o’clock – so you’ve got two hours to learn. Is this what you want to do?”

He sat there and a feeling of shame rose in him. He knew perfectly well what he looked like. By his own admission, he was after Gene’s money. Now, sitting there in his ultra-feminine garments, an answer to Trudi’s question in the affirmative would indicate what he truly was willing to be taught another feminine artifice, how to make himself *pretty* for a partner. In other words – a whore. But the thought of saying “no” to her question was unthinkable. He’d spent far too much of his existence lusting for the good life. He wasn’t sure yet what direction the current situation would take, but he surely wasn’t going to toss away whatever slim chance he had. He nodded again.

Trudi started pulling a fantastic amount of things out of her bag. Brushes. Large and small. Brushes for the hair, the cheeks, the lips. Applicators ranging from small and smooth, to large and fluffy. Wands for mascara. Eyelash curlers. Q-tips for eye cosmetics. Nail files of various degrees of roughness – and emery boards of course. Perfume atomizers. Along with these were various cosmetics – eye makeup, blushers, lipsticks, creams of every type, colognes and perfumes. There seemed no end to it.

“Jesus Trudi!” I can’t afford to pay you for all of this stuff!” He finally said. “I don’t know much about women’s makeup – but that looks like it would cost a fortune!”

She paused in putting something else on the dressing table in front of him. “Don’t ever say *women’s* makeup again. Got it Dorothy? It’s *YOUR* makeup now. Got it?”

He blushed. “Sorry.”

“No problem dearie. But you’re starting to look like one of us *women* now, and if you listen to me? Nobody’s ever gonna take you for anything else from now on – so it might be a good idea to start thinking of yourself as one of us?”

She didn't seem to expect an answer, so he didn't provide one. Okay, he was going to become male again after the concert, but from a practical viewpoint? Gene seemed to like him girlish – and if this is what it took? Who was he to argue?

When she finished pulling the stuff from her bag, she went into a detailed lesson on how to make himself attractive by the use of cosmetics. About the difference in day and evening – about outside and inside. She had him make himself up – the full works. Then she pulled out a Polaroid camera and took a number of photos – which she didn't let him see. “Frankly Dorothy? I'm surprised at how well you've done – you seem to have a natural touch. But let me show you how to clean your face off – and then give you some tips. Then we'll have you do yourself up again.”

She spoke to him as he creamed off his makeup under her direction. One of the things she had him do was practice talking like a girl – from the upper part of his diaphragm rather than his chest. To try and put a questioning inflexion in at the end of a sentence. “May as well practice with me Dorothy,” she said pragmatically. “You need all the practice you can get. Just think of yourself as being in a beauty parlor – and chatting to the operator. May not help much, but it can't do any harm, can it?”

So, for the next hour, they chatted like two women. At first he felt very uncomfortable with trying to maintain both the voice, and stay within the womanish topics that Trudi brought up. Gradually, however, he entered into the spirit of the thing and had quite an enjoyable time. Frankly, he found the scents and the feel of the cosmetics, sexually stimulating – though naturally didn't say anything to Trudi. Hoped she didn't see his erection under his negligee and nightgown. (She knew it was there – but elected to ignore it. If the little sissy was having fun? Who was she to deny him, she thought)

As they went along, Trudi worked on his hair, gradually removing the rollers when she could, and brushing his hair out at every opportunity. Then, just before nine o'clock, she had him clean his face off once more, then gave him her instructions, adding. “Now Dorothy? Do this the way I've just told you. Ms. Dobbs will be expecting your hair like this – that's what she paid me for. But do things like I said? It'll give her a nice surprise” Then she added. “Oh yes. Nearly forgot. Think you see a difference?”

She had been taking photographs all the way through the experience. Now he could see the progression he'd made as she'd taught him. When she'd told him what she wanted him to do in front of Gene, he'd been panic stricken. Surely he couldn't be expected to do *that*! But now he saw the results of her teaching? He had at least a measure of confidence that he could, maybe, pull it

off. He turned astounded eyes to her. Panted a little, excitedly. “You think I *can*, Trudi?”

“Damn right!” she laughed. “But I gotta get outta here before MS. Dobbs arrives!”

With that, she checked around the cabin. Picked up her bag and left after giving him a hurried kiss.

Trudi’s estimate of Gene’s arrival was inaccurate, but not by much. Gene had spent a lot of time figuring out what she wanted *her* Dorothy to wear more than anyone could have expected but, when she knocked on David’s cabin door, he was starving! It was well after nine o’clock – and he hadn’t eaten his breakfast yet! “If that’s you Gene? Come on in,” he called out – rushing to sit on the couch in his gown and peignoir and picking up a Cosmopolitan magazine, which he was leafing through as Gene entered.

She actually gasped when she saw the pretty little picture that Trudi had created – or so she thought. Hurried across the cabin and kissed her sweet little sissy and plunked the bag containing the clothes she’d picked for that day beside him. “Have I kept you waiting – Dorothy? If I have? I’m sorry.”

“Well? I was getting kinda hungry,” he said. “But I’ll forgive you. You brought me something *nice* to wear?” Then remembering Trudi’s warning. “I hope it’s not *too* feminine!”

“Of course not!” she cooed. “Brought you a nice, conservative, woolen dress for the morning, while it’s cool. Maybe the little sundress might be kinda flirty for the afternoon, but I couldn’t think of anything else I don’t have too many clothes that might suit you.”

“Oh, that’s okay, I guess,” he grumbled, his eyes opening wide as he pulled the *conservative* woolen dress from the bag. Then they nearly popped out of his head when he saw the brightly colored silk print that followed it. Felt as if his whole body blushed.

“Hope I didn’t get them too creased?” she said.

“Oh no. They’re fine,” he said draping the woolen one carefully on top of his bed and taking the floral to the closet to hang it up. “But what about undies?”

When he turned around, he discovered that she’d laid out what looked like four distinct sets of lingerie one yellow, one pink, one black and one a pale blue. “Er. *Four* sets? Whatever for?”

“For wearing, silly. What do you think?” she said tartly. “Now if you’re so hungry? Why don’t you get a move on? I’m rather puckish myself.”

He had a sinking feeling. Four sets of lingerie seemed like overkill but, truly, he’d no idea how often rich women changed their underwear every day

and maybe Gene expected the same of him. She broke into his thoughts. “What set do you want to wear first?”

He had no real preference – except he knew he wasn’t going to start off by wearing pink satin undies – a man can take only so much, after all. “The pale blue?”

“Why did I think you’d naturally gravitate to blue?” she said, then, seeing his puzzled look added. “Why, blue for a *boy*, of course!” She batted her eyelashes rapidly at him and laughed as he scooped up the lingerie from the bed along with the dress and scurried into his bathroom.

She relaxed back into the couch, amazed at her good fortune. Trudi had been right – David was definitely showing signs of progressing into a perfect male – at least by *her* definition she thought, smiling to herself. But with her attention being on the clothes she hadn’t really had a good look at the little dear that morning, she thought. His hair was coming along very nicely. Still androgynous but decidedly on the female side. The earrings looked absolutely delightful. She’d make him wear a flashier pair for the concert that night – but there was ‘something’ different about his face. Was it the eyebrows? The lips? She’d have a better look at him when he came back out of the bathroom. She shut her eyes and waited contentedly

In the bathroom, David took off the gown and peignoir and hurriedly put on the satin undies, the bra, panties, full slip and garter belt. Slipped the nylons up his legs, then affixed them to the garter belt, too ashamed to even look in the mirror. The dress was a sort of mauve-purple straight sheath with the hem coming down to just below his knees, a cowl neckline, and three-quarter length sleeves. It fastened at the back with a zip fastener, which gave him a few moments of difficulty, but he finally managed to pull it all the way up, giving him the impression of being imprisoned. There was a slim gold lame belt which he tightened around his waist.

He took a couple of tentative steps in his stockinged feet to see how the dress felt. The material had a tendency to cling to his body and it felt decidedly sexually erotic as it slid over the satin slip covering his thighs. For once in his life he was appreciative of the fact that his sexual apparatus was small – did not fancy advertising the fact that he found women’s clothes attractive to wear – not by a long shot! He felt that his breasts were protruding from the front of his dress more than he cared for but, at the same time, felt faint stirrings of pride in his appearance. Okay, he’d never been much of a male – but he was starting to feel a little of the confidence a good looking woman has.

Trudi had estimated what Gene would do very well and though he knew exactly what he was going to do, he was very nervous as he opened the door and

went back into the main cabin.

Gene came out of her reverie at the sound of his entrance – and was immediately amazed as he gave her a shy smile, went over to the dressing table, sat down there – and proceeded to make himself up. Gene’s mouth literally fell open as, looking into the mirror, he applied the various cosmetics to his face with skill and artistry. Quickly and efficiently he transformed himself, finally touching a tiny amount of perfume to behind his ears and onto his wrists. He finished by running a comb quickly through his hair, then to her absolute delight, took a jeweled barrette and fixed a portion of his hair with it. The barrette took any suggestion of androgyny away. His hairdo was that of a girl – no doubt about it. But it wasn’t until David turned and faced her directly and asked “Well? Will I do?” that she saw his lovely pouting, red – cock sucking – lips.

“Do? Of course you’ll do! Come over here Dorothy.” And she held her arms out towards him.

He read her intentions immediately. “But I’ve just put my makeup on!” he complained. “And I’m really hungry!”

“Won’t take long. C’mere!” she growled.

Less than ten minutes later, she lay back on the couch, luxuriating as she watched her personal little sissy repair the ravages she’d made on his makeup and his hair. She still would have preferred to insert a dildo up his ass, she thought – but it HAD been a lot of fun getting him down underneath her forcing her tongue into his mouth. He’d reacted nicely when she’d caressed his breasts then slowly worked his skirt up over his thighs, then bunching his slip and dress up around his waist.

He’d got SO dreamy eyed when she’d slid his panties down – and had paused in delighted surprise when she’d seen what Trudi had done to his pubic hair – PINK! And she’d loved it when he had even slid his soft weak arms around her neck when she’d mounted his tiny little pecker. And now that she thought on it? Wasn’t his voice a lot softer now? As she slid up and down on him, she started wondering. Maybe get him on some estrogen and hormone diet when she got him home? She made a mental note to talk to her doctor about it. But then the little dear started making all of those funny squeaky noises – and came, distracting her – though in a most enjoyable way.

Again he impressed her with his expertise in applying his makeup. There was just something SO titillating about seeing a male perform such a feminine function – especially when she’d been the one that was instrumental in converting him. When he was finished, he went and put on his high heels. He was still a little wobbly in them she thought, but wasn’t overly concerned being

very sure that he'd be walking in heels like he'd worn them all his life by the time the day was out. She then surprised him by pulling some jewelry from her bag – a nice heavy gold chain and a chunky charm bracelet – gold as well, naturally. For a finishing touch, she gave him his handbag and had him put his makeup in it..

“Okay Dorothy. Time to go and meet your public dear,” she said and linked her arm in his. Then her heart filled with a mildly sadistic delight as she saw the terror in his eyes when she opened the cabin door. “Don’t look so *worried* darling!” she cooed. “You’re MY girl now – and you look very pretty. Just wait and see. Nobody’ll recognize you!”

“Please Gene?” he asked desperately. “Do I have to?”

“Yes. Come along now!” and she filled with delight as she felt her poor little sissy cling to her helplessly and tremble in his wool dress as she led him towards the dining room. He hadn’t even noticed that she’d referred to him as her girl!

Being as late as they were, she was quite surprised to see Louise and Evelyn there, along with the elderly sisters. They were just finishing breakfast when she and David approached the table. Gene almost crowed with delight. Her two friends looked at her and David as they approached, but paid no more attention to David than they would to any other woman. But then she saw Evelyn do a double take, then nudge Louise with her elbow. Then, delight of delights, the amazed look on both of their faces when they realized that the relatively pretty woman on her arm was DAVID!

The two sisters smiled gently. “Why, good morning Eugenie,” they chorused. “Aren’t you going to introduce us to your little friend?”

Gene could *not* resist it! She pretended a look of surprise. “Ladies? But you’ve *met* David - many times!” Then she pretended a girlish giggle. “Oh my! I keep forgetting! This is the first time you’ve met him in a dress, isn’t it?”

One of the old ladies blinked at David. “Are you in the habit of wearing dresses, young man?”

“Oh no ma’am,” he said, blushing to the roots of his hair. “This is the very first time, and . . .”

“Well David?” Evelyn interrupted smoothly. “That’s not exactly true, is it? Didn’t you go to the Ball as a flapper - in a dress, just the other night?”

“Oh – yes – well – I’d rather forgotten that,” David stammered.

“Oh? Getting so used to that, are you? Evelyn smirked as David hung his head.

“Do you *like* wearing lady’s clothes?” the other sister spoke. But she asked it kindly, just showing interest.

“Oh, he must Ethel!” her sister said. “Looks so comfortable. And very pretty too David, I must say. But why don’t you sit down and join us, eh?”

For The next half hour or so, while she, Evelyn, and Louise looked on delightedly, the two old dears proceeded to skewer David with nothing but kindness and consideration. They asked him if he wore proper undies under his dress – actually pressed him to lift the hem to show them his slip when he admitted that he was *properly* dressed in full lingerie. Asked him about his ‘breasts’ and were they just padding in his bra or falsies. When they found out he actually used breast forms that were adhered to his body they asked all sorts of questions, seemingly oblivious to his blushes and his squirming all over his seat.

When they got on to the subject about his makeup, Gene announced that she had been so impressed when she discovered that he did his own! This got their attention and they showed disbelief until she suggested that maybe, just maybe, his makeup could do with a freshening up – in a tone that told him he’d better do it? Oh, the exquisite sense of power over him when, in front of her friends and the two old ladies, he opened up *his* handbag, took out *his* compact and powdered his nose and touched up his lipstick!

But finally, the sisters said that the needed to get out on deck for their daily constitutional and left – assuring Dorothy that they’d make sure to stay up late and see his turn at the concert that night – wishing him all the best of luck – and giggling, told him to keep his powder dry.

And now it was time to get him into the bathroom she thought. A tiny lady sitting very close to them had heard the conversation and, being a regular at that table, must have been aware that David was just a male in drag. Her contemptuous glances and sarcastic asides to her companions in a high falsetto voice had made it obvious that she cared very little about this, so when Gene saw her head for the ladies rest room, she quickly announced that she needed to go as well. Naturally, Louise and Evelyn decided to join her – and then, they stood and waited for David, until he realized what was expected of him. Then handbag in hand, just like the other girls, he joined them in their trip to the bathroom. Having been totally unaware of the lady at the next table, he had no idea what was in store for him.

He actually didn’t need to go to the bathroom so, once the other three went into the stalls to do the needful, not wanting to just stand around, he opened up his handbag again and proceeded to touch up his makeup. Concentrating on what he was doing, he wasn’t aware of the small woman finishing up in a stall and coming to wash her hands in the sink next to him. Was totally unprepared

when he heard a voice with a high falsetto. “My MY! Aren’t *we* the pretty little pansy! A pretty pansy in a pretty dress, making himself all pretty!”

Then her demeanor changed, and she got very threatening. “What are you doing in here, you goddam faggot! Get your ass outta here – and I’d better never catch you in here again – you pervert!” With that, she came and stood right up against him, eyes blazing.

“I’m . . . I’m . . . so - sorry,” he said, panicked by the little virago in front of him. He got so nervous that he dropped his handbag and the cosmetics spilled out. Had to kneel down to pick them up, so that the little woman now was towering over him. “Sorry? What do you have to be sorry about, you useless excuse for a male? Huh Go on, get *out* of here!”

Then she even surprised herself.. Put both hands on his shoulders and pushed him down onto his knees! “If you’re *really* sorry? Kiss my feet, faggot – and tell me you’re sorry! Go on! Come on now. Be a good little pussy and kiss my feet. Aw, don’t cry, little sissy. I’m not going to hurt you.”

And, with tears of shame and mortification running down his cheeks, he knelt on that cold washroom floor and kissed her feet, snuffling and sniffing about how sorry he was. Then he heard the three toilets flush and Gene, Evelyn, and Louise, were all standing there, saying nothing – just watching his degradation.

“Dorothy! What are you up to now?” He heard Gene ask. “Honestly, can’t leave you alone for a minute!”

“The faggot’s cleaning my shoes,” the tiny woman said to Gene. “What does it look like? There pansy – there’s a spot on the toe of my right foot – lick it clean!”

He half expected his friends to speak up for him – protect him even, but they just stood there until he’d finished cleaning the woman’s shoes to her satisfaction. “That’s a good little pansy. You can get up now. Hope you didn’t dirty your nice dress?” she sneered.

“Thank you. No, I didn’t” he said as she let him manage to collect his handbag and cosmetics, then stand up.

Then Gene spoke to the woman. “I’m sorry dear. Didn’t David explain? He’s going to perform as one of the McGuire sisters in a show tonight – and he felt he needed the practice – you know – of being like a girl?”

“Doesn’t look like he needs any practice to me!” the woman retorted.

“Well? He *feels* like he does,” Gene said soothingly. “And he can’t very well go to the Mens room now – not dressed like this, can he?”

The woman pursed her mouth. I guess not,” she said grudgingly.

“See Dorothy – I mean *David*?” Gene cooed as if she were talking to a little girl. “It’s all right now. So why don’t you wash your face and put your makeup back on, huh? This lady won’t give you a hard time any more.”

So, standing there in line with the women, David washed his face off with cool water then repaired his makeup while alongside him, his friends talked to the little woman. Finally, all of them chattering and laughing around him, they made their way back to the dining room. There, Evelyn and Louise took off, leaving David alone with Gene – who had been entranced by the success of her plan to see him humiliated and degraded some more.

“Poor David,” she whispered once they were alone. “Was that awful woman mean to you?” Then smiling to herself, she reached into her pocket and gave him a dainty lace handkerchief to cry into as he started to weep again, softly this time.

As a ‘reward’ she took him to the ship’s Jewelry store then had him check out earrings for him and his two ‘sisters’ for their performance that night. She smiled often as, under her gentle supervision, he held various sets of dangling drop earrings to his ears, and made him discuss their merits for both him and his ‘sisters’. He finally opted for a pair of dangling crystal pendants that she assured him would look lovely when he wore them. Then a stroll around the deck – where she knew that many of the people they passed were well aware of his true gender – and some of them weren’t so slow in hiding their scorn, so that once again he was reduced to clinging on to her arm as if to protect himself by using her as a shield.

But as they approached noon, she pointed out that his woolen dress was probably getting a little warm and, as she had told the other two girls to meet in her cabin at 12.15p.m, she thought it might be a good idea for him to put on his ‘other’ dress – the pretty, flirty, floral sundress? And, down to his cabin she led him.

She just sighed when he complained and he took the hint. The little sundress showed his soft weak arms off to perfection she thought but naturally, his shoes didn’t go with the dress, so back to her cabin she took him for a pair of white, open-toed, sandals. They were only about a two inch heel and she noted how comfortably he was in women’s shoes now.

She had just arranged for snacks and some wine to be delivered to her cabin when Melissa and Tiffany knocked on the door. Even they seemed surprised by his further advances into femininity but got over it quickly, admiring his cute dress and saying how sweet it looked on him. They themselves were wearing similar style dresses and he fitted right in when Melissa – who seemed to be the bossier of the two, started getting them lined up.

Gene surprised them all by producing a VCR of the three sisters doing their act and as they sat and snacked and sipped on their wine, David and the two girls opted for the songs that were sung that were pleasant to the ear – and yet had pleasant choreography that wouldn't be too difficult to learn. They finally narrowed it down to four songs. "Sugartime"; "Little Things Mean A Lot"; "Love and Marriage" and "Do You Love Me Like You Kiss Me." David and Tiffany had felt that three were going to be enough but Melissa overrode them "For the *encore*, you pair of sillies!" she snorted.

Gene also provided a CD player with a CD that contained the four songs and noted the tracks. While the 'girls' were starting to practice their moves, she wrote out the lyrics of each song – then took them to the purser's office and had photocopies run. By the time she got back, she noted the improvement in their moves and how well coordinated they were becoming. She suggested that they move in closer together so that when they moved their arms or bodies they were synchronized perfectly. By five o'clock that afternoon, she could see that they were really good. She sent out for a light meal and more wine as the girls started getting changed into the dresses they were going to wear during the performance.

David was still too shy to change in front of the other girls and changed into his dress in the bathroom – but the other two weren't concerned at all. Made it perfectly clear that they considered him as one of them – he was their *sister* after all, wasn't he? They laughed.

Gene had forgotten that neither Melissa nor Tiffany had tried on the dresses after they'd been altered to fit them. There was a minor crisis when it was discovered that a zip fastener on Melissa's dress hadn't been sewn in place correctly, but a quick call to the seamstress had her appearing in the cabin a few minutes later, obviously used to the sights and sounds of young ladies in full dresses milling around in a small space.

Gene noted the surprised looks between the two girls as they saw David apply his makeup expertly, and then they were alongside him – three pretty girls looking into a mirror to fix their makeup.

She had another surprise for everybody after they'd done their makeup. She produced three, reddish-brown wigs with flipped, bouffant style of the 50's. She wasn't sure – but thought she heard David squeal girlishly too when she did so. Quickly, the three of them fitted their own hair inside the nylon caps then secured the wigs to them. When she produced the earrings and mentioned that David had picked them out, she was delighted when Tiffany and Melissa kissed him – as girls do each other – on the cheek. Felt it was becoming more and more

obvious that the girls were actually looking at him as another female – not a male in drag.

The contestants in the talent show contest had to report to a staging area at six thirty. Now in their pretty taffeta dresses, swirling petticoats, and identical hairdos, Gene led the three of them out of her cabin and escorted them to their destination. Noticed that David seemed to have got over his fear and trepidation about appearing in public while wearing a dress. As a matter of fact, he was just as excited as the other two, mincing along in his heels, taffeta dress swaying and crackling around him and all flushed with girlish excitement. Again she fantasized about mounting him from the rear and her groin area got all creamy and moist – but she fought it off. She had remembered a wedding gown she'd seen in a bridal salon before leaving for the trip. Had decided to buy it for him – and wasn't about to deviate from that plan – although she was sorely tempted.

Once she left them, she went and spread some largesse around – to the lighting director – and the sound man. To him, she identified the CD tracks that would be played, and the specific order. Then she spoke to the lady who would be acting as Master of Ceremonies. Made absolutely sure that there wouldn't be any hitches – well, at least as far as bribery could cover the announcement, the lights, and the sound quality were concerned. Found her table and settled back with a drink. Not long after that, her four cronies all joined her – all agog, now that no one could hear them about the transformation she'd worked on David. Naturally, they all wanted to know if she'd screwed him yet. At that point, she proceeded to compound the errors of communication she'd been generating. “That's for me to know – and you to find out,” she told them – making sure that her facial expression was smug enough to convince them that she had.

Then the lights dimmed and the show commenced. Let's face it, it was amateurish, but the audience were there to have a good time – and that's what they had.. They laughed uproariously at bad jokes. Gaspd at a magician who kept flubbing his tricks. Smiled delightedly at a couple doing ballroom dancing – that couldn't hold the beat and simpered playfully at a dog act – where the dog was indubitably smarter than it's master.

But when the McGuire sisters came on? You could hear a pin drop as the spotlight concentrated on three pretty young women, slinking out onto center stage. Sense the excitement in the voice of the Master of Ceremonies. “*And now, ladies and gentlemen? I'd like you to put your hands together for three young ladies – excuse me? TWO young ladies – and a gentleman? TIFFANY! MELISSA – and? DAVID! Fresh to you from LAS VEGAS! - Well almost! Let's hear it for the McGuire Sisters!*”

There was a collective gasp from the audience as they realized that one of the young 'ladies' swirling out with 'her' two sisters was a *man*! But which one? Gene laughed to herself. She'd focused on David's facial expression as the announcement had been made. He'd obviously not expected that his gender would be made public and she could see him flinch as it was but either he had been too well schooled in his part – or the consequences escaped him – but he twirled with the other two, then sandwiched between the other two, pointed out a feminine drooped hand and swung into lip synching "Love and Marriage".

Most cruise ships cater to a middle aged clientele and this ship was no exception. Most of the audience were well acquainted with the McGuire sisters from their heyday of the fifties and, almost immediately, began to clap as the girls and David went into their choreographed routine. Then as the trio went into their second and third numbers, some of the audience began singing along. Melissa had been perfectly correct. Finishing up to a burst of applause, the three curtsied prettily to the audience – then sang "Sugartime" as an encore.

There was no doubt about it. They had won the contest hands down. Each of them gracefully accepted the bouquet of flowers, and their certificate for a full makeover from any Elizabeth Arden beauty salon as a prize. They all curtsied prettily to the audience again, then flushed and excited came and joined Gene and her pack at their table. There weren't enough chairs, so David had to act like the other girls and sit on their escort's lap – occasionally having to move onto someone else's – supposedly to be congratulated, but found himself being groped regularly, with congratulatory kisses turning into tongue rapes. Gene noticed with a smile that he was even letting out little girlish squeals – just like the other two. When she asked him if he'd like to dance, he blushed and nodded. Looked hurt when she told him he should dance with Melissa – they'd make such a pretty couple.

When Melissa led him out onto the floor, the band struck up "Sugartime". She laughed at him when he took the pose of the male lead and took over that position herself, letting him know that even though she was a girl – rather than a dominating female like Gene and her pack – that she was his 'man' on the dance floor. And, pirouetting in their dresses, petticoats flying, they drew a lot of applause as they danced to the upbeat, though old fashioned tune. Then Tiffany cut in and took him into the slower, cuter, Love and Marriage tune, holding him close and keeping him in the feminine role.

He came back and sat on Gene's knee as if it was the most natural thing in the world and when she whispered a message in his ear that his hair was disarrayed a little bit, he opened his handbag and, using his compact mirror to see, neatened his wig style up a little with a comb. Then, to her delight, he

touched up his lipstick a little while he was at it. As a reward, she pulled him back into her arms and, in front of everyone, gave him a kiss – with LOTS of tongue. He gasped so prettily when she let him up that she just HAD to do it again! All of her friends applauded her audacity – and realized that she was simply letting all of the people sitting around them know who the male ‘sister’ was, although he, naturally, didn’t have a clue..

David was a little surprised when she didn’t take him back to her cabin that night. She took him in her arms outside his cabin door and kissed him – fondled his breasts, smiling. “You know? I’m getting sort of used to these things – kinda like them as a matter of fact. But I suppose that you’ll be wanting to get back to your macho persona. You’ve had a long few days and now, I think you should rest up for your re-introduction as a male tomorrow morning.”

He was certainly tired he thought as he sat in front of his dressing table creaming off his makeup. Strangely enough, he found the ritual very pleasant, the feel of the creams and the delicate scents making him feel sensuous and sleepy at the same time. He almost put the nightgown on – then shook himself and wore his pajamas to bed. Reminded himself that he’d have to get all of Gene’s clothes into the cleaners tomorrow – she wouldn’t be wanting his dirty laundry, he thought as he drifted off to sleep.

The following morning he felt distinctly odd putting on male clothes. They seemed decidedly heavy and almost as if they were too big for him. Had to resist the urge to make up his lips, though not too much of a struggle to leave his earrings off – still hadn’t got used to them yet. Touched his ear lobes up with a bit of foundation cream to hide the holes.

He was first to reach the breakfast table and had just ordered his breakfast when Gene came bearing down on him. “Why DAVID – you naughty thing! Why didn’t you come and tell me you were coming for breakfast this early! I was SO surprised when I went to pick you up at your cabin – and discovered that you weren’t there!”

He had no idea what she was going on about – they’d always come to the table separately, but stood as she approached (as a gentleman should) thereby letting everyone know who DAVID was.

From that point on David was like a pariah to any male on the ship. Taken in tow by Gene the way he had been, he’d never had the chance to make any male acquaintances, but at least the other male passengers would give him a friendly nod or a cheery ‘good morning’ in passing. Now, they’d look like through him – or seem embarrassed to be caught near him. A lot of the women passengers seemed to feel the same way but there were some who seemed to delight in introducing themselves, commenting on what a pretty girl he’d made

– often calling him Dorothy as well. He'd blush and squirm, which would seem to delight them and they'd ask him when he was going to use his prize certificate at Elizabeth Arden's.

In self defense he therefore tried to protect himself by becoming an even closer member of Gene's coterie – and always bracketed with Tiffany and Melissa – who often 'forgot' and called him Dorothy, he became what appeared to be a male who wished nothing more than to associate with girls – and be classified as one.

On the afternoon of the last day of the cruise he felt somewhat deserted. All of the women were at the beauty salon getting prettified for that night's celebrations. Forlornly he took a walk on deck, then got bored and decided to return to his cabin. On the way along the corridor he wasn't paying attention to the three women who were approaching from the other end until about six doors from his own, he suddenly realized that it was the tiny woman who'd humiliated him – along with two of her friends.

She saw his terrified reaction immediately and smirked, confident in her power. "My MY! If it isn't Dorothy – OOOH I'm *sorry* – David. Yes it's DAVID now, isn't it?" She turned to her friends. "This is the boy who made *such* a pretty girl at the concert. Did you know that?"

"The one you told us about Marge?" One of the others said. "The one who cleaned your shoes so nicely?" She giggled meanly.

They were standing right in front of him now and there was no place for him to run. He smiled wanly and held out his hand towards her. "Hello Marge. Nice to meet you again. How have you been?"

She stared at his hand contemptuously. "Sissies aren't allowed to shake MY hand – sissy! *Curtsey* when you talk to me!" She spoke to her friends. "He curtsied so *deliciously* the other night! Sweet enough to eat." then spoke to him again. "Why don't you show my friends how nicely you can do it?"

"Ha Ha Marge," he tried to laugh it off. "Can't curtsey properly if you're not wearing a dress!"

She gave him an evil smile. "Now that you mention it? I'm sure that could be arranged. Stella, my friend here is just about your size . Or would you rather not get dressed properly and curtsey for us right now?"

"Ha ha," he said. "I guess I could take a shot at it," and, taking the sides of his pants in his hands he bobbed a quick curtsey.

"Cute, but not very good," his tormentor said. "Do it again – a proper deep curtsey – and wipe that silly excuse for a grin off your mouth!"

All three women applauded him as he dropped one foot behind the other and swept as deep a curtsey as he possibly could.

Then Marge said. “Y’know? I’ve got a pair of shoes need cleaning. Want to come and do them for me – Dorothy?”

He turned quickly and tried to run away, but Marge was on him like a terrier and though it became immediately obvious that she was strong enough on her own, laughing delightedly, the three women bundled him back down the corridor, then into Marge’s cabin which turned out to be just a few doors down from his own. Inside, one of them sat close to the door, presumably to stop him from bolting – but they all knew now that he had no defenses left. He’d do as he was told.

He started crying softly as she handed him a pair of two tone cream and brown court shoes. “But what’s the matter sweetheart?” Marge crowed. “I thought you *liked* cleaning shoes?”

“Well, I *don*’t!” he sobbed.

She made a tutting, disapproving sound. “I’d really hoped you wouldn’t disappoint my friends by showing how well you can clean shoes, especially when you consider how I boasted about you?. But?” She paused.

“But?” he asked – scared to miss any chance of escaping this particular experience.

“Well? I don’t think they really believe me about how pretty you were. Of course, it was the makeup and all – but if you’d rather demonstrate your skills in *that* area?”

He hesitated. “You promise not to have me make myself up – then clean your shoes afterwards?”

She came to him and gave him a soft kiss. “Oh *dear* David! What must you think of me to ask such a thing! Of course I promise!” But although her teeth showed whitely in her smile, her eyes sparkled with malevolence and he didn’t trust her. Nevertheless he didn’t see that he had any choice. Moments later, sitting in front of her dressing table mirror, hemmed in at the sides and back by women making delighted “oohs” and “aaahs” at his artistry, he gradually transformed his face back into being Dorothy again.

“But you know?” Marge said to him. “I think I’d prefer it if your makeup was more for evening – more glamorous? Why don’t you darken it up a little?”

“Okay Marge,” he said meekly and started using heavier duty shades. While he was doing this, Marge whispered to one of her friends who grinned, then hurried out of the cabin.

“Almost there Dorothy,” Marge said encouragingly. “Maybe a little – just a teensy-weensy bit more?”

It took him a little while to realize what she was doing – making him look like a slut. White, almost Gothic, foundation. Crimson, wet, lips that seemed

huge and pouting. Blushed cheeks to match. Mascara on his eyelashes coated so thickly he felt that they might stick shut at anytime. Iridescent blue eye shadow and dramatically arched eyebrows that gave him an incredulous look.

He tried to protest as he was practically doused in perfume but it did him no good. Then Marge's friend returned with a large shopping bag. Once he saw what she was pulling from the bag he became resigned to his fate – although he had no inkling of what Marge had in mind for him – totally underestimated her desire to degrade and humiliate him.

She explained her reasoning as they undressed, then dressed him in his new undies, after adhering pendulous breast forms to his chest.

"You see?" She told her friends. "I've never thought I was a lesbian – you know? Always accepted the fact that us women were there to be screwed by men – any which way they could get to us. But seeing little sissy David here kissing up to his friends ass? Put it in my mind that it might be lots of fun having a sissy dance attendance on ME. So I've been sorta looking into this dominatrix stuff." She took a hold of David's hand. "Now just come over Mummy Marge's knees Dorothy. She's got something for you," she cooed.

"You're not going to spank me – are you Marge," he pleaded.

"Not as long as you keep on behaving like a good little sissy. There you are. Comfy? Just relax, this'll only take a moment."

He let out a little wail when Marge pulled his panties down and started applying something cold and slippery to his back passage. She gave him a sharp spank on his backside. "Just behave! Didn't I tell you to relax?"

"I'm sorry Marge – Oooooo!" He wailed as she inserted something up inside him that was extremely uncomfortable, then became quiet as his buttocks seemed to close about it and lock it in place.

"I'm told that sissies get to love these things," Marge told her friends. "Think you'll love it David?"

"No Marge. What have you put up inside me?" He squeaked as she let him get to his feet.

"Called a butt plug. Just for fun. When your friend Gene goes to shove her dildo up there tonight she'll . . ."

"Shove her *what?* Up *where?*" He screeched, outraged.

She was honestly surprised. "You mean Gene's not humping your ass regularly – with a nice big dildo?"

"She most certainly is NOT!" He responded indignantly.

Marge regained her composure. Smiled indulgently. "Oh, you poor thing! She hasn't fucked you yet? That what you're saying?"

He lost some of his anger. Blushed. "Well not in *that* way!"

She went and gave him a soft kiss on the cheek. Spoke with barely disguised mockery. “Well anytime she’s not up to it? And you’re feeling kinda randy? Just give old Marge here a call – and I’ll buy you the biggest dildo that money can buy. Use it too!”

“Oh Marge!” her friends giggled. “You wouldn’t!”

“Maybe not,” Marge laughed, “But I’d sure *think* about it! Now let’s get this little pansy dressed.”

David *thought* he knew why they were dressing him – he had made that silly comment about needing a dress to curtsy in, and, if Marge was going to teach him not to make silly comments like that? What better costume to make him wear than a maid’s uniform?

It wasn’t a real uniform of course – a skimpy stage version – all frilly and short with puffed sleeves and layers of petticoats visible under the micro skirt. – a tiny, heart shaped apron – practically transparent and a wisp of a lace maid’s cap.

He blushed feverishly as they made him put on the black satin undies with the lace bra forcing an uplift that displayed his large breasts dramatically. Thought that the black fishnet stockings actually looked good on his legs – though the heels on the shoes were ridiculously high. Wondered why Marge actually TIED the lace cap on to his hair. Surely she wasn’t tying a *granny* knot, was she? Then she made a most peculiar request. “Walk over to that wall over there and then walk back, would you sweetie?”

He’s actually forgotten that he had something stuck up inside his back passage. Yes, there was a measure of discomfort, but it hadn’t been that bad and while he’d been getting dressed by the women, his embarrassment had been the primary thing on his mind. On top of that he hadn’t actually moved that much – just stood still as the clothes had been put on him. Now, walking was an entirely different story. Suddenly he was reminded of the intrusive thing in his back passage as his buttocks tightened appreciably, reacting against his natural urge to pass it out of his body. His thighs pulled into each other tightly, which shortened his stride into less than a foot and created a upwards and downwards undulation in his ass that set his petticoats to fluttering most bewitchingly. Staggering slightly now on the over-high heels, his gait was enough to set the three women to howling with laughter – their laughter was bouncing off the cabin walls and they held their sides, bellowing and snorting derisively.

“Okay sweetie! Think you’re dressed properly for curtseying now?” Marge brayed.

Thinking the humiliation was almost over now, David came to a halt. “Oh yes Mistress,” he said, trying very hard to smile to show there were no hard

feelings. Then he tried to curtsy prettily, but he hadn't reckoned on the thing inside him completely distracting him as he tried to set one foot out behind the other. Consequently, the curtsy wasn't the nicest he'd ever done. To his surprise, Marge seemed pleased enough. "Very good Dorothy. But weren't you wearing pretty earrings the other night at your concert?"

"Yes Mistress," he said, doing a better job of curtseying this time. "I took them off though and covered up the holes with makeup."

"Silly girl!" she twittered. "Don't you want to look your very best? Let me see."

A few minutes later he wore chunky plastic earrings with a bracelet and necklace to match. They were really awful and he couldn't figure out why she was putting this junk on him when his punishment was almost over. He started to worry though when she took a miniature tube and started squeezing the contents out onto each bit of the fake jewelry. Then a pungent odor hit his nostrils. Marge noticed. "Oh, I'm SO sorry darling! I know it smells unpleasant, but it'll pass in a minute." She grinned at her friends. "You'd think they'd cut the smell away from Krazy-glue, wouldn't you?"

David blanched. "But that'll make it awfully difficult to get that stuff off and . ." his words faltered to a stop as Marge smiled at him. "Well, darling little sissy? That way you won't lose them, will you. But?" She looked at her watch. "I'm sorry dear. Me and my friends want to have a drink and it's time you left. So off you go. Shoo!" She had a hold of his arm and was pulling him towards the door. She opened it.

"Huh? Ha ha Marge. I can't go out looking like this!"

"Of course you can Dorothy. Have a nice day. Bye" She pushed him out into the corridor and started to close the door.

He fell to his knees. "Please Marge? Don't do this! Please give me my clothes back – my keys and wallet are in my pants!"

"Sissies shouldn't wear pants! Let this be a *lesson* to you.! Now don't be hanging around my door or I'll call Security and have you thrown in the ships brig!" She wagged her fingers at him then added. "Tell you what? Put your forehead down onto the floor!"

He knew better than to argue with this tiny little fireball, so leaned forward until his forehead touched the deck. Heard a shocked giggle from the other two women, then felt a high heel being placed on his neck and knew that this dominatrix was standing over him while he, in his pretty maid's uniform, was in the ultimate submissive position.

"I don't know much about all of this domination shit," she was saying, "But I'm pretty sure that all you pansies just love to undergo humiliation and

embarrassment – and I’m just starting to learn that I *really* enjoy the thought of dishing that stuff out. So if you ever break off with your girl friend? Get back in touch with me. I’ll make you VERY happy. Got that?”

He nodded, as much as her shoe would let him.

“Good!” she said, removing her shoe, helping him to his feet and pushing him through the doorway. “If you want to come back – say about an hour after dinner? I’ll give you your stuff back. Bye!” She shut the door grinning evilly at him..

He started to knock on the door then remembered her warning. Knew that although no member of the ship’s crew would ever arrest a passenger, that there might be a very awkward scene – something he’d just as soon avoid. Automatically, he started walking towards his cabin – it wasn’t that far down the hall. He shuddered to himself. That crazy woman? Asking if he wanted to go back to her? He shuddered some more, scared at the very thought. Then the depths of his predicament finally dawned on him. He could no more walk normally than fly in the air! The butt plug forced him into an effeminate, swishy, gait, making his clothes move provocatively about him – and then he remembered his sluttish makeup, his perfume – he HAD to get into his cabin – anybody’s cabin - and get changed! Only thing was? He didn’t have his key to the door!

And then a couple were walking towards him down the corridor! His first inclination was to run, but he forced himself to just stand there, his back to the wall, his eyes fixed firmly on the floor in front of him. They didn’t say anything as they passed but he sensed the disapproval emanating from them. “Don’t understand these young girls today,” the man said just down the hall away. “Want to look like trollops.”

“That wasn’t a girl dear – that was David!” the woman replied.

“*THAT* David?”

“Yes!”

“Jesus!” he heard the man say. And then they’d gone out of earshot.

He was perilously close to tears but fought off the inclination. Knew that he looked awful enough without having black mascara tracks running down his cheeks. Then he had what he thought a brilliant idea. There was an inter-ship telephone at the end of the corridor. He’d simply call the purser office and tell them he’d lost his keys – and ask them to send someone down with a set of spares.

A young lady answered in an upper class English accent. “Pursahs office here. How may I help you?”

He put on the most relaxed voice he could. "I feel like such an idiot. Have locked myself outside my cabin. Seem to have misplaced my key."

"No problem sir. Simply come down to the office here? We're on B deck. Be glad to provide you with a duplicate."

"Ah. Er. That would be most inconvenient, I'm afraid."

"Ah. Could you give me your name and cabin number, please sir?"

"Gladly," he said, and told her.

"Could you hold for a moment please?" she said. Then there was silence for a moment before she came back on the line. When she did, he thought he detected a note of frost in her voice. "Ah yes. May I call you David, *sir*?"

"Yes. Of course."

"Well *David*, I don't see any record of you having a physical handicap. I'm afraid you'll have to come here – and preferably? Bring a photo I.D."

"Can't you send somebody up here with a key. Please?" he said desperately.

"I suppose I could, sir – but you'd still have to provide the person we send with a photo I.D. Can't be just handing out keys to all and sundry, can we?"

"I suppose not."

"Anything *else* I can help you with?" She asked tartly.

"No. Thank you." He said and started to hang up the phone. As he did so, he thought he heard her talk to someone. "It was that little poof up on the promenade deck. Seems to have got himself into a jam." Then the line went dead.

He blushed, but had to admit that she was correct – he *was* in a jam. Desperately, he called Gene's cabin. No answer. Then Evelyn's. Same result. Karen's – same. He almost swooned with delight, when Louise answered her phone. "Yes?"

"Ah Louise! It's David – and I'm in an awful ."

"Who?"

"David (sigh) Dorothy."

"Looking for Gene? She's not here. At the beauty salon I think."

"Yes. I know."

"You knew?" she asked, a seductive tone in her voice now.

"Yes," he answered in too much of a panic to catch the tone in her voice.

"Look I haven't much time. Can I come to your cabin. Please?"

"Of *course* sweetie. I understand. I'll get myself ready," she said. "Hurry up – like a bunny – or a little pussy!" she snorted.

"I'll be right there!" he said, giggling with relief – something she construed as excitement. "I'm waiting!" she purred.

Unfortunately for him, Louise's cabin was on the other side of the deck, which meant that he had to walk down the corridor to a crossway, cross to the other side of the ship, then come back down another corridor. Naturally, about that point in time, the corridors started getting busy with passengers - and David, mincing along, raised the hackles of many - and the eyebrows of others. There were many barbed comments passed his way and mostly from men. He certainly wasn't in any position to argue the point with anyone, so just tripped along daintily, going as fast as he could to get the ordeal over. Naturally, this caused his petticoats to flounce even more - and his breasts to undulate magnificently - which only seemed to increase the fury of his fellow passengers.

Finally, he was knocking on Louise's door. When she opened it, she literally froze with astonishment, her mouth open and her expression awestruck. "Oh MY! Aren't you the *prettiest* thing!" she gasped. "A *maid*! What a great idea!"

"Oh please, Louise! Please let me in?" he panted, his breasts heaving.

She started to open the door. "Of course!" But then she stopped. "Is that any way for a maid, even a pretty little one like you, to ask her mistress for anything?" She gave him a sugar sweet smile.

Luckily for him he was intuitive enough to see what she was driving at. Hastily, he took the sides of his miniscule apron in his hands and curtsied daintily. "Please Mistress Louise, may I come in?"

"How could I refuse you when you ask so *nicely*. Come in, maid Dorothy, come in!"

"Oh, thank you Louise! You won't believe how . . mmmfff" He couldn't speak. She had pulled him into her arms - and was kissing him firmly on the lips!

"And you can't believe how much I've wanted you!" She said, then pulled him into another kiss, her hands now finding the way up the back of his skirts, under his petticoats and caressing his pantied buttocks.

"Oh please?" he finally mumbled as she released him.

"Oh you're so pretty!" she ignored him. "Does Gene know you're here?"

The look of terror on his face told her everything she wanted to know. "Trust me Dorothy! Your secret's safe with me! Oh, you're so pretty! I just can't keep my hands off of you!" And she was dragging him over to the couch, then pulling him down to perch on her knees - her hands fondling his breasts and his erection, her lips nuzzling into his neck - giving him little hicky bites that made him squeal - which again Louise took for excitement - and she wasn't entirely

wrong. Gene had never spent too much time on foreplay – and he was beginning to enjoy the attentions that Louise was showering on him.

“Now Dorothy? I’m *sorry!*” she said.

“Huh?” he asked, his eyes glazed.

“Well, here you made yourself up – so nicely – and put on a pretty maid’s uniform – just for me! And I am so self centered that all I want to do is hug and kiss you! But you want to be my maid? So be it! Dorothy? Go and get my hairbrush over there, then come and brush my hair! And? Curtsey when I talk to you, please?” She said the last mock-sterly.

He didn’t know what to do! This woman was exciting him! And he knew that Marge and her friends had also excited him earlier on. What was he to do? Take the chance of offending Louise – and maybe getting tossed out of her cabin? Hey, just play a game with her, right? She let him get back up onto his feet. First of all, he straightened his mussed clothing then pouted his bright red lips seductively. Curtsied prettily. “Oh yes, Mistress Louise! I’m sorry!” Then he minced across the cabin to get the hairbrush, then minced back – Louise’s eyes almost popping out of their sockets at the sight of this effeminate little pansy – seemingly there to seduce her! She made her way to a chair and sat. “Okay girlie! Brush away!”

And standing there in his flimsy costume, fit only for a brothel or a stage play, he performed his maid’s task while she, delighted, reached behind her and fondled his little erection, loving the sound of his cheap jewelry every time he moved his arm. Luxuriating in his womanly perfume.

Finally, she took a hold of his erection with one hand. Held up the other “Give me that hairbrush Dorothy.”

He bobbed a quick curtsey. “Yes ma’am.” And gave it to her.

“You enjoy being spanked, Dorothy?”

“Oh NO ma’am.” And he curtsied as well as he could, considering her hand was fixed on his erection.

“But this thing jerked when I asked you that, little sissy – so why don’t you just lay down over my knees? Make yourself nice and comfy.”

Truth to tell? The idea wasn’t *too* unappealing and, though he grumbled and mumbled he didn’t resist and gradually succumbed to the slight pressure she was exerting and slid himself into position. “Please? Don’t make me cry? I don’t want my mascara to run?” he asked softly.

Now Louise was a predator by nature. But she was not a bad person. She thought that Dorothy was coming on to her. Honestly thought that Gene had already buggered this cute little effeminate male – and had no feeling that she was betraying a friend in doing what she wanted to do. So she lifted his

effeminate little petticoats, pulled his panties down – and spanked him, warming to her task as he squirmed and squealed under her (fairly) gentle application of force to his backside. Stooped before he cried, then turned him up to face her. Knew that he was lost in lust. Kissed him. “Ready?” she asked.

He nodded.

“Let me get ready. Okay?” she asked, then thinking of her friend, Anne who, like her, had had a very un-romantic cruise, asked “Dorothy? Do you like Anne?”

“”She’s very nice,” he answered, totally unaware of what she was actually asking.

He sat on the couch, totally unaware of what was brewing. In a fog of sexual desire, thought he heard Louise on the telephone, but paid no attention. He was actually falling asleep when she appeared in a scarlet nightwear ensemble. “Like it?” she asked coyly.

“Very pretty. Red suits you.” He answered.

“Don’t think *you’d* look good in it?” she asked.

“No. Don’t think so,” he replied honestly. “Don’t think that shade of red would look good on me.”

“What about THIS shade of red” she asked, opening up her peignoir to reveal a large, purplish, dildo held in place by a harness.

His eyes opened wide. “I . . I . . Don’t understand, Louise,” he stammered.

“You don’t ? Why don’t you give old Lou here a kiss – and say Hi?” she answered, swaggering towards him.

Totally intimidated by the course of events, he was speechless until the tip of the dildo was approaching.

“Stretch your knees apart. Come ON!” she said impatiently when he was to slow to respond. So he did. Only to find the dildo now right in his face.

“Come on now! Don’t be hurting old Lou’s feelings! Say Hi!” she commanded.

“Hi Lou.” He whispered.

“Better! Now why don’t you give him a nice kiss?”

Tentatively, he touched his lips to the thing in front of his face.

“Oh COME ON! You can do better than *that*! A *proper* kiss! Maybe a little bit of tongue?” she insisted.

Embarrassed, he kissed it – then found that Louise had a hold of back of his head and was forcing it forward, so that he’d no choice but to take the ugly thing in his mouth!

“That’s a girl, Dorothy! Now you’re cooking with gas! Give old Lou a big suck now, why don’t you?”

He discovered that he was now in the age old feminine posture of giving a male a blow job, as, with her hand on the back of his head forcing his mouth to move up and down on the shaft of the dildo Louise was energetically pumping it in and out of his mouth. At her urging, he made sure to lubricate the thing with saliva, sucking and licking it fervently making happy noises as he did so,

Suddenly, a jet of ‘something’ surged into his mouth! He gagged.

“Swallow it PUSSY!” Louise’s voice ordered above him, so he did, gagging a little.

“Not bad! She said cheerfully. “Now let’s get down to *work*!” With that, she stepped back out from between his legs then moved to the side of him. he felt like a rag doll as she simply scooped him up and laid him face down over the end of the couch. She reached up and pulled his panties down about his knees. Then her fingers were on, and in, his anus.

“OH! You little devil!” she gushed. “Got yourself all lubricated for me! What a doll!”

“No! No Louise! It’s that . *thing*!”

“What thing?” she asked, as her finger started to probe. “Oh! You’ve put in a butt plug to make yourself walk properly. Is that it? But we can’t have it *stay* there, can we?”

“Oh Louise! I’d be ever so grateful if you could take it out!” he cried. Then he winced as she inserted another finger, took a hold of the plug and slowly removed it..

“AAAH!” he said as it was finally retracted. “Thank you Louise!”

“But you’re awfully tight there dearie. What has Gene been doing? I can’t use old Lou on you, would tear you apart. Hold on a minute. Don’t move.”

He lay there, enjoying the feeling of freedom that the loss of the plug had generated. But finally, it dawned on him. Louise had the intention of shoving a dildo up his ass! He let out a little squeal and started to push himself up with his arms. He had waited too long though, received a sharp spank on his ass “Didn’t I tell you to hold on? Don’t be impatient Dorothy!” He felt her start to work more lubricant inside him.

“Oh please – oh PLEASE!” he started to moan.

“Don’t be an *impatient* girlie! I’m going as fast as I can!” Louise said.

“Oh I didn’t mean - AAAAH!”

“There you are, Dorothy. Like being humped, huh?” she asked as she forced the dildo up inside him.

He heard the cabin door open, then Anne’s voice. “Oh Lou! Couldn’t you wait for me?”

“Shit no! I was too hot to trot,” Louise said. “But she gives good head!”

And now, another dildo was in front of his mouth and Anne had a hold of his hair and was pulling his face up and now, he was kissing and licking Anne's dildo as Lou was humping him up the ass. Then, to his great shame, he felt something start to create a pressure inside him and next thing, to his surprise, he was ejaculating all over his petticoats. Let out a moan.

"Think she's having an orgasm!" Anne laughed. "Here! See if this helps!" And another jet of goo was pulsing into his mouth. He had no recourse but to swallow it.

Then they let him clean up as much as he could. They laughed heartily when they discovered what Marge had done with his jewelry but by searching for weak spots, then using a pair of strong nail clippers, they finally freed him from his gaudy ornamentation. Then they had him sit between them. Gave him a drink, then sat there kissing and fondling him and telling him how pretty he was. Later, when Anne screwed him and he had to suck Lou off again, it wasn't quite so bad – though his petticoats were a bedraggled looking mess by the time they'd finished.

He was finally allowed to get showered and cleaned off. Louise didn't have any solvent for removing the breast forms, so they had to remain. But she loaned him a terry robe and a one piece bathing suit and a pair of flip flops. The two girls then accompanied him to the purser's office to vouch for the fact that he was who he said he was – although he had no photo I.D. The English girl grudgingly gave way and provided him with a duplicate key. She may have started to make a comment about 'appropriate attire for gentlemen' but glares from the girls shut that attempt at intimidation off quickly. He didn't see it but he may have been a girlie-boy, but he was *their* girlie-boy!

It was unfortunate for David that they met Gene as she left the beauty salon. She immediately took in the fact that David was wearing one of Louise's robes – and a very guilty expression. "That terry robe suits you David," she purred. "What you got under it at this time of day?"

"A swimsuit that . . . Louise loaned me," he faltered.

Gene shot Louise and Anne a glance and knew immediately that her friends had been up to something – maybe even *up* David!

"A swimsuit? You had some *need* to go swimming dear?" she asked, venom dripping from her voice. "Let me see, huh?" With that, she quickly undid the sash of his robe and let it fell open. Immediately saw that David's breasts were appreciably larger than she had expected.

Seething inside, she said. "My! Doesn't that look good on you! A little big perhaps, but you look like you're trying to grow in to it as fast as you can. Is that not the case?"

David knew he was in trouble. “Gene? Honestly, there’s an explanation for all of this. Will you let me tell you what’s been happening?”

Gene was incensed, although she’d never allow David or her friends to know this. What was particularly galling to her was the fact that she had SO wanted to be the one to take David’s cherry and she was getting decidedly strong emanations from him that he’d just lost it. Not only that? She’d phoned ashore and hired a private detective to check up on David. Knew a great deal about him now – was perfectly aware that he was no orphan and had practically orgasmed at the thought of having either his sister or mother be a member of the wedding. Now? She didn’t want to marry spoiled goods under any circumstances – but she’d always been one to cut her losses when necessary and walk away from the table with at least *something*. She pretended to consider his request, then answered.

“Certainly dear David. Though there’s no reason on earth that you should feel that you need to explain *anything* to me!” Ice was forming in her voice. “Why don’t you come and join me in my cabin – and you can tell me ALL about it?” She gave the girls a glare. “Shall we meet you for dinner?”

They were predators themselves. Had no fear of her at all. Grinned at what they knew was her discomfort - though they had no idea whatsoever of just how MUCH she was pissed off. “Okay Gene! See you then!” And took off, arm in arm, glancing back every so often, thoroughly enjoying the fact that they’d screwed Gene’s pansy.

“Well come along Dorothy!” Gene said, linking an arm that was trembling with rage. “Why don’t you tell me what you’ve been up to today? I’m *sure* it must be very interesting!”

He attempted to save some face. “I thought I was David again?”

“Oh – *forgive* me!” She hissed in his ear. “Tits out to *here* – a one piece – LADY’S swimsuit – and you’re wearing LOUISE’S robe if I’m NOT mistaken? You want to be called *David*? Listen *bitch*! Until I tell you different? You’re any goddamn name I want to call you – and that may include SLUT!”

He felt weak and vulnerable, knew she was far stronger than him and sensed that he was going to get punished if he couldn’t convince her that he hadn’t done anything wrong.

“Wasn’t my fault Gene – Honest!” he whined as they reached her door.

“Why don’t you tell me ALL about it?” she crooned dangerously as she ushered him into her cabin, then closed the door behind them.

He did what females have done since time immemorial when confronted by a physically stronger, pissed off, male. Started to cry. Unfortunately for him,

Gene wasn't buying any of it – although she took him over to a sofa and pulled him down to sit on her lap. “Aw!” she said sympathetically. “Poor Dorothy had a bad day? Tell mummy all about it!” With that, she started to fondle him, knowing full well that any explanation he tried to give would be added to say the least because, regardless of what he said, she was going to rape him there and then – after at least *pretending* to listen to what he had to say.

His first statement did get her attention though.

“It was that woman – Marge!” he wept. “It was *her* got me into all of this trouble!”

“Like when she made you lick her shoes?” Gene asked, thinking of the previous episode.

“Yessss!” he sobbed. “She and her friends”

And he proceeded to tell her a sanitized version of what had actually happened. She saw through it immediately. “But Dorothy? That doesn't make much sense?” she'd say – or. “Sounds to me like you've forgotten something here – darling. Could you try and remember *exactly* what happened?” Then it became “Oh, that mean woman! She did that to you! The monster!”

And, bit by bit, she extracted the whole story until he had been expelled from Marge's cabin door. She was starting to figure that the interesting stuff was forthcoming, so came up with a game plan of her own.

“Dorothy? You can't *possibly* be comfortable, sitting her in a swimsuit and a robe. Why don't you change into something more comfortable? Make yourself pretty – just for me?”

“I could go to my cabin and change?” he asked, not believing his luck. Gene seemed to be becoming more sympathetic with each passing minute. “Then come back?”

Her laugh tinkled out musically. “And maybe let you get kidnapped again by that monstrous woman? Silly girl! And anyway, I don't want you distracted from what you're telling me! Wait! I have an idea!” She kissed him gently. I've bought you a memento of our nights together. Wasn't going to give it to you until later, but now is as good as any time, I guess. Here, let me get it for you. It's not wrapped yet, I hope you don't mind.”

She left him for a moment then came back with a nightgown and peignoir set draped over her arm. He tried to smile as if delighted – it was white satin, gleaming and lustrous. “Oh, you *shouldn't* have Gene! It looks awfully expensive. If I could just run back to my cabin instead? I'm sure”

She sealed his lips with a kiss. “Hush my little darling. Put your present on. Just for me?” As she spoke, she was untying the sash of the robe he wore.

After he was changed into the nightgown and peignoir, she gently cajoled him into making himself up, then she took him in her arms. “Now darling? Tell me what happened after that. Don’t leave out a single thing. And don’t be frightened. Tell Gene the truth now!”

Lying there, he whispered what had happened as if he was in a confessional, telling what had happened to him, softly weeping now and then as Gene drew him out more and more. He didn’t understand why she had pinned some sort of white gauzy thing over his face and pinned it to his hair. Figured she was commiserating with him by hiding his blushes.

It wasn’t a veil, she knew that – just a white chiffon scarf – but it would have to do. White wasn’t appropriate any more, but she’d seen the nightwear set in the ship’s store and figured it would be a nice start to his trousseau.

“Did you *like* what Louise and Anne did to you?”

“Oh no Gene. How could you ask such a thing,” he mewled.

“Because girls like you often enjoy it, silly. Maybe they were too rough with you?” and her hand was caressing his buttocks through the satin. “I wouldn’t be so rough on you. How does this feel?” her hand was up under his nightgown and a finger was gently probing.

“Please don’t Gene?” he asked, slithering inside his satin cocoon.

“Don’t be so quick to say no, she said. “You just need a little lubricant is all.” Then she lay on top of him, working lubricant up inside him. Then she reached to the side of the couch and he knew what she was doing – fitting a dildo on to herself. Once she was finished, she lifted his veil, kissed him.

“Come be my bride,” she whispered. Then, she put a condom around his erection, moved him into position and penetrated his anus. He was too drained and dominated to fight her, so lay there docile and submissive as she rode him.

Once they’d finished, he knew that Gene was lost to him. She didn’t bother to hide her dislike any more – just emanated a sort of satisfaction as if she’d evened some score.

“What did you do with the uniform and petticoats that Marge gave you to wear?” she asked as she fixed her makeup.

“Put them into a laundry bag and left them in Louise’s cabin. Thought I’d get them later.” He said, averting his eyes.

“Well, that’ll never do!” she said briskly. “Let’s go!”

“Huh?” he said. “What’s this?” As she was putting some sort of white leather collar around his neck.

“What does it look like darling?” she answered attaching a leash to it. “Come along now!” She gave it a tug and walked towards the door.

She paraded him through the corridors until they reached Louise's cabin. He knew that they passed some people, but all he saw was their feet. Louise answered the door and had to grin at the sight in front of her. "Finished with Dorothy, I gather?" she asked Gene.

"Not quite. Still got her clothes she left and that butt plug you withdrew from her?"

"Of course. Want to come in?"

"Sure."

Less than five minutes later Gene led him, now flouncing prettily again under the influence of the butt plug And his satin nightwear slithering seductively around him, back to Marge's cabin. Knocked. Seconds later, it opened to reveal Marge. "What's this?" she said, examining poor David intently.

"Somebody that wanted to return the clothes you loaned him. Some need laundering, I'm afraid."

"Messed up the nice clothes I gave you?" the woman sneered. "You need to be taught to appreciate pretty things!"

"You want this?" Gene held up the leash.

"Bet your ass – or should I say *his* ass! Marge snarled and, taking it in her hand tugged at it. "Why don't you come in here sweetie! We've got *lots* to talk about you and me!" Then a thoughtful expression came over her face, and she added, "I may even take you home with me tomorrow. Teach you some things."

"Just one thing Marge?" Gene laughed softly.

"Yes?" Marge turned, obviously wanting to jump all over David and impatient of any delays.

"Just in case you have in mind what I think you have? It might be a kindness to David and his family to call his mother – or his sister - in Seattle? Tell them he might be staying with you for a while?"

Marge nodded, disinterestedly, but then her eyes opened wide. "I just may do that. Thanks" She said, and closed the door.

Dorothy gave Gene one last glance as he was led into Marge's cabin.

For years after, she couldn't make up her mind. Did his eyes show fear – or was it excited anticipation?

The end

Karen's Little Sissy

Donald was close to being my first boy friend, though he certainly wasn't my next – nor will he be my last – that's for sure! Donna wasn't my first girl friend, and he won't be my last. I did have vague dreams for years about being Mrs. Donald Smithson, but they ebbed and flowed – you know how it is? And the way things look like now? Well, let's just say that it's complicated. Maybe you can figure out what our upcoming relationship will be.

If the above has you a little confused, let me explain

I've never been what anyone in their right mind would describe as being pretty, but I was attracting boys from a very early age. Just my personality I guess. Maybe a genetic strain?

I really liked – like – boys. Lot more fun than stuffy girls. Love to get a boy all hot and bothered more than just about anything else. Get a boy randy? He'll do just about any damn thing you want him to do. I learned that at a young age and being what I am, learned to take advantage of it pretty damn quick. At the same time, I have always had a tendency to enjoy sex with demanding boys and to humiliate the ones that were gentlemanly and polite. This tends to create some rather peculiar situations. . . .

I met Donald at Sunday school when I was about twelve. He was probably a year older than me, but I could tell he was interested – right from the start. The other girls just drooled over him – he WAS a good looking kid. Had just about perfect manners – knew just how to behave around a girl and, not only that? His family were insanely rich! What more could a female want? So the girls flocked around that boy like he was a flame and they were nothing but a bunch of fluttering moths. Even at that tender age I knew damn well that my family hadn't the money to be attractive to his for a social match, so had it figured that if I *did* want him? I'd have to go after him, hot and heavy.

I wasn't too sure if I *was* attracted to him to tell the truth. That's why I treated him as if he didn't exist. Oh, I'd wish him a 'good morning' or give him a neutral 'Hi Donald' in greeting, but that was about the extent of it. Did give him the honor of buying me an ice cream cone or two over the years, though I made sure that he fully understood the honor I was bestowing on him. Poor love struck boy. He was SO grateful!

I knew that he was supposed to be a good tennis player and a good swimmer so I bugged the shit out of mom for private lessons in both these sports. Her reaction was strange. She never asked why – even though she KNEW I wasn't athletically inclined, but paid up the costs of private coaches and trainers without a murmur. I knew I couldn't reasonably be expected to compete with

him – hell, his house supposedly had TWO tennis courts and a lovely pool, so he had to have had LOTS of experience – but I had something at the back of my mind. I started the lessons when I was about fourteen and was reasonably proficient within a year, . (Even at that young age I was a firm believer in strategic planning – even though I'd no idea what I was planning for).

Something I should explain. Mom and I lived pretty good lives. When I was an infant, I have some dim memories of a series of baby sitters. Strangely enough? They were all men. Gentle and kind. Soft and nurturing.

Now I'm not saying that mom wasn't soft and kind and nurturing – but she wasn't in their league as far as that went. She was – and is – a decidedly good looking woman. Lot's of men still turn their heads when she goes by. Quite tall, maybe about five ten or so. Good shoulders, slim waist. Long legged with an athletic prowl. Slim hiped and a medium bust. Dark Mediterranean complexion – with an imperial nose – nostrils that can open like tunnels. (Believe this, you don't want her turning her dark eyes on you with her nostrils flaring – trust me!) . I'm an adult – or close to it now, and have some of her traits but when she turns the intensity up? I shut up and back off – and quickly!

She always dresses well. Not flashy or anything. Yet, though she could never, ever, be described as masculine, she certainly would not be considered overly feminine either. Good plain jewelry with a tendency to tailored clothes. I once heard a woman describe her as being predatory, but didn't know what it meant at the time. Now? I can see what she meant. I've seen both men and women come on to her – and as far as I can tell, she never raised a finger.

But she really isn't predatory. Doesn't have to be. I don't know if spiders in their webs are considered predatory, but she was more of a spider than a hunter I think. Her customers come to her. I got used to smiling, deferential, men coming to call, with her interviewing them in the big room with the doors closed. I guess I got used to seeing some men in leaving the house in tears – and gradually learned that they were the ones she turned away! I know that she had a few girlfriends over the years as well – she was kinder to them than she was to the men, I think, though don't know for sure.

She must have been torn when it came to raising me. She was, and had been, a dominatrix for years before I was born. That was her profession and, as far as I can determine, she was more than competent. While I was an infant, she had not wanted any of her new customers to know that she had ever been so weak as to get herself impregnated (at least this is how I see it) so had some of her 'regular's' be my nanny, so to speak – hence my early memories of soft spoken males I guess.

Bit as time went by she started getting less worried about what *any* male, client or not, thought of her. She was also VERY frugal – and what is now known as a 'clean-freak'.. We couldn't seem to keep a female servant for more than a week or two because of her demanding ways. By the time I was about eight years old, she had started bringing her male clients home – some of them to stay for the occasional week end, some only on a daily basis – to be my nannies, and to do the housework, naturally. It became perfectly natural for me then, to expect that men were to be used for the menial tasks around a house – male maids, so to speak. But there again? I never thought to question this. It was just the way things should be, I thought.

As I got older though, I started visiting friends in their houses and suddenly realized that men weren't quite the docile little creatures I'd become accustomed to. It was quite a surprise to me – men actually bossing women and girls around! Who'd have ever imagined such a thing? Strangely enough, that was when I'd start getting crushes on strong males. Mom and I have had quite a number of talks on this subject. She firmly believes that ANY male can be dominated. To my mind, this is utter bullshit. There's LOTS of sissies around – even ones you'd never guess at and they're easy enough to get under your thumb. But a *real* man? Uh Uh!

And at school? Boys were starting to come out of their shells, and I started realizing that they looked on ME as being one of the *weaker* sex! It would have been laughable, if I hadn't found it so appealing. So, curious, I started to eavesdrop on mom and my 'nannies'. There, in my house, it was different. A few times, she'd punish them by making them go and stand facing into a corner, even in front of me. (I had to laugh out loud at times at how embarrassed the poor dears got when I was there to witness their humiliation – which made them even more humiliated I guess. But to me, it was just good clean fun). At other times, when mom thought I was long gone, or out of the house she'd actually *spank* my nannies! Put them over her knees and spank them! They'd never fight or argue with her, just go over her knees, get spanked – and *cry* like little girls. One night, I had a tummy ache and went into mom's bedroom. I didn't know what she was doing to my latest nanny – but he was wearing a woman's nightgown – and wearing makeup and perfume! He let out a feminine scream – and a mild curse when I appeared, but then hid under the bedclothes. I heard him crying later that night, but the next morning he was gone, and I had a new nanny that afternoon.

Then, as I started getting older and wasn't showing too many signs of interest in the slightly abnormal gender situation in our house, mom started bringing fewer nannies home – but more maids – all males of course, but pretty

ones now. None of my friends ever figured out that the occasional serving girl that would answer the door was not anything other than what she seemed to be.

They didn't stay overnight – well not unless mom wanted them for something – just came early in the morning and left after dinner was all finished and the washing of dishes taken care of. Accordingly, our house was spotless – no thanks to me – I never did a hands turn around the place. Housework is for *men* to do!

Around that time, Donald's father died of a massive heart attack. To tell the truth? I think both he and his mother were relieved. She's a sweet woman who wouldn't hurt a fly, although she can be a frightful snob. I don't know exactly when I discovered that she was his step-mother, but was surprised when he made it quite clear that he didn't have much respect for her – something he'd got from his dad I suppose.

His father, on the other hand, had been a very aggressive, competitive male. He was the one who'd pressed Donald into tennis and swimming – though they were two sports he considered as being fit only fit for pansies. He'd done this largely because Donald wasn't big enough for the manly art of football and he, himself, didn't care for baseball – so installing tennis courts and a swimming pool had only been a matter of money – and they had plenty of that. He was not what you'd ever describe as a nice man, though as a matter of fact? One of the things that attracted me to Donald at first was the possibility that he might inherit some of his dad's nastiness – but he took after his step-mother in just about every respect.

Then one day, as my sixteenth birthday approached, mom got a hold of me one day. "Karen? If you've got a minute – there's something I'd like to talk to you about."

"If I'm in trouble, I'd just as soon not," I quipped.

She laughed. "Nah. But there IS something we've got to talk about. So why don't we go and sit and talk in the living room?"

"Getting formal on me?" I asked as she followed me in there shutting the door behind her.

"Maybe. How serious are you about Donald Smithson?"

"Huh?"

"I'm not prying for no reason Karen. Are you at all interested in him?"

I saw she was serious, so thought about it. Grinned. "The only thing I *really* like about him mom is the amount of snotty girls I'd piss off if I bagged him."

She nodded. "I know you prefer the more macho type – but I need to know if you think there's a possibility you might change your mind in a couple of years, say."

"How come? What's got into you all of a sudden?" I asked.

She paused and was obviously choosing her words carefully. "I know he doesn't appeal to you much at the moment – but he IS a catch and I think that if you play your cards right you could put him in your hip pocket now – sort of keep him there until you make up your mind. An ace in the hole, if you know what I mean."

I couldn't help it. Preened a little. "Mom? I think he's in my hip pocket *now*. Been there for a long time. He's been hanging around me like a dopey kid for years now – and I don't even give him the time of day. God knows how the poor guy could stand it if I was actually nice to him."

She shook her head. "Maybe that's true – but there's a lot of pretty little pickpockets out there who might just have him away from you before you even knew it had happened."

I started to interrupt, but she held up her hand. "Karen? Maybe I used the wrong analogy. Let me try another one, okay? What I think is this. If you think you might have the slightest idea of marrying him down the line? Wrap him up! Wrap him up in a nice little parcel, then tie it with a lovely ribbon – with a knot that only you know how to untie. Later on? You want him? Unwrap him. You don't?" She shrugged. "Give him as a present to somebody else."

I wanted to make a smart assed comment, but she looked so assured in what she was saying that I was impressed. Plus, the thought of wrapping up a boy, for my own personal use? Had a certain amount of appeal to it. "You know how to wrap a boy up mom?" I asked "You seem to know a lot about it?"

"Bet your ass I do sweetie," she laughed. "What do you think I DO for a living?"

Her tone of voice was drawing me in. All of a sudden I started understanding the closed door. Had the feeling I could get a lot of questions answered.

"Mom? I've often wondered about that. I know you must make good money at what you do – for one thing you must pay our maids pretty good money for starters – the shit you give them."

She stared at me blankly for a second – then burst out laughing! "Honey? I don't pay *them* a dime. They pay ME!"

It was my turn to look astonished.

"Hold on," she said. "It's about time you got some idea what's going on in the world. Want a glass of wine? I'm gonna have a drink. It's time my daughter and I discussed the facts of life!"

Ever heard of a precocious girl of sixteen (nearly) turning down a chance to get all sophisticated and have a drink a glass of wine with an adult? Well, if you have, it certainly wasn't me. – I grabbed at the chance. Learned more about life

in the next half hour than I'd ever imagined. Mom didn't pull any punches – or try to evade any of my questions. She explained how she enjoyed the domination she could exert over men. Had seen some similar traits in me and had often thought of introducing me to the 'business' when I was old enough – but had also seen the attraction that macho men had for me. Had figured that she wouldn't interfere, let nature take its course, sort of thing. It was just now that she felt that Donald was at peak ripeness for plucking. If I didn't act quickly, there was a strong possibility that he'd stray.

"But he'll be going off to college in a year or so mom. I don't think I've got the brains that he does – and I'm pretty sure you can't afford the fees where he's talking about going. Could I wrap him up that quick?"

She grinned. "Easily. But you obviously don't understand one of the basic concepts I've been talking about honey ."

"Huh? What do you mean?"

She shook her head. "Do it right? He doesn't go *anywhere* without your permission. Trust me."

I felt the grin spreading on my face. "Verrrry interesting mom. Tell me more!"

She smiled and came over to the couch and sat down beside me. Patted me on the thigh. "I have great hopes for you, young lady! Now let me explain the opening moves."

The following Sunday, we bumped into Donald and his mom coming out from church. I said 'Hi' to his mother then gave him a sweet smile. "You look very pleased with yourself today Donald. Isn't it a lovely day?"

His eyes widened at my words and smile. He blushed. "Yes. Yes. Karen. It IS a lovely day!"

I turned to mom. "Mom? Excuse me, but I think I'll just walk home through the park today, if you don't mind?"

"I'd join you honey, but I have to go visit a friend in hospital for a while. I was going to drop you off – but if you want to walk, it's okay by me. Got your keys in your handbag?" Mom smiled.

I nodded. "How long will it be before you get home then?"

"An hour or so, I'd guess," she said.

"Oh Karen" Donald spoke up quickly. "Could I escort you home? I mean, I know the park's safe and all but . . ."

"What a perfect gentleman your son is Mrs. Smithson," mom interjected. "Not too many of them around these days, is there? But it's perfectly okay Donald. I'm sure Karen can take care of herself."

"Of course he'll accompany her!" Mrs. Smithson said quickly. "In this day and age? A pretty young lady should not be walking by herself . . ."

So, with adult approval and Donald now securely hitched in tow, I led him into the park. Then I suggested that we sit on a fairly private bench. Squeezed in tight beside him.

"Karen?" He said. "Would it be all right if I put my arm around you?"

"Certainly NOT!" I said. "Keep your arms to yourself!" And then I smiled tenderly and put my arm around HIM, pulled him into me and kissed him lightly on the lips. His eyes opened in astonishment as I pulled myself back.

"Oh Donald! What must you think of me?" I sighed. "I'm sorry, I just couldn't resist. You're so *cute*!"

"Eh . . . What . . . How come . . . I didn't think you liked me!" he finally blurted out.

I stared back at him, to all appearances astonished. "How could you possibly think that? You're the nicest boy around. Don't tell me you didn't know that!" Pulled him in and kissed him again! His hands started to come up.

"Now STOP that Donald!" I said sharply. "The reason I like you so much? You're not one of those boys who have to go around showing how *macho* they are. Now just you keep your hands down! Put them in your lap- and keep them there!" I put some firmness into my voice. Made it a command more than a request.

And mom was right. He looked a little embarrassed, but blushed prettily at what I was saying and put his hands down and sat there, in my embrace with me kissing him softly and telling him how much I liked him. I started to fondle him about the chest a little with my free hand and had to smile as I saw the sweat starting to form on his brow. Then my hand 'accidentally' brushed across the front of his pants and I felt the small bump there. Then I paused, then put it back and laid it gently on top of his pants. "Oh Donald!" I sighed. "Do you feel that way about me *too*?" Then I gave him a lingering kiss, keeping my hand there all the time. He squirmed under my controlling hand, but didn't try to escape.

"Huh? Feel *what* way too?" He panted when I let him go.

"Sexually attracted to me – the way I am to you!" I said shyly, working hard to work up a girlish blush.

"Oh Yes Karen! Oh yes! I've been in love with you for years!"

"Why didn't you tell me – you silly boy!" I cooed.

"I thought you didn't like me," he moaned.

"Ridiculous!" I said firmly. Then I softened my tone. "Donald? I know you'll think me shameless. But may I ask you something?"

"Anything Karen! And I won't think you shameless at all!"

"Okay then! Can I see it?"

"See what?"

I didn't say anything, just gave him a kiss and squeezed his erection gently.

"Eh Eh Eh!" He panted as I started to pull his zipper down. "Oh Please Karen!"

"See! You DO think I'm shameless!" I said, a little coolness entering my voice.

"No. Honest! It's just that somebody might see!"

"If that's all. Here. Hold my handbag in front of you," I said, handing it to him.

I felt like laughing as he took it from me and daintily held it in front of him while I extracted his tiny pecker from his pants until it was standing at attention. "I've never seen one of those before!" I gasped. "I can't imagine putting *that* inside me! Are they all that *big*?"

He had the grace to blush. "I don't look at other chaps . . things. . but I'm sure there are lots that . . are . . at least that big," he stammered.

"May I? May I . . . *touch* it?" I breathed excitedly, but timidly. The tips of my fingers already caressing it, light as feathers.

"Ooooh!" he said, almost wailing. "Please Karen? You sure you want to?"

"I've always wanted to see what one would feel like," I said. "But tell you what. Why don't you give me the white handkerchief out of your handbag?"

"My handbag?" he faltered.

"Well – the one *you're* holding," I said impatiently.

And Donald, the poor boy, opened his handbag and gave me the white silk handkerchief with the scads of delicate lace trim, then closed the bag. Let out a cross between a sigh and a moan as I draped the hanky around his erection.

Then I pulled him further into my embrace and bent him so that he was now lying in my arms, holding on to 'his' handbag as I kissed him softly and told him how cute he was – caressing his penis through the white, lacy, silk. Then, I felt him start to convulse. "Why Donald, what's the matter?" I said, continuing to stroke him – faster now. Then he started to ejaculate.

"What are you doing?" I squealed – though I made damn sure to get the material folded enough keep his semen contained within the hanky. Certainly didn't want him to squirt on *me*. Then I said, "Oh Donald darling! I'm SO sorry! I've heard other girls talk about that sort of thing happening, but never dreamed it would happen so FAST! I'm sorry!" Then I kissed him again. "You might want to wipe yourself off?" I suggested.

He really WAS kinda cute I thought, staring up at me all docile and shamed, his eyes all wide and helpless. And, to tell the truth? I'd sort of enjoyed the experience. I mean, I'd jacked guys off a number of times – but had never felt that I exerted that much control over them. It left me feeling kinda weird – but contented in a way that I'd never been before.

He used the hanky to dry himself off, then obviously didn't know what to do with it. "I'd tell you to throw it away Donald but it's a very expensive handkerchief that my Gran gave to me before she passed away" I said, lying in my teeth. "Maybe you could wash it for me? Give it back the next time we meet?"

"I'm sorry I made such a mess of it," he said, blushing as he straightened his clothes away. "Yeah. I guess I could throw it in a washing machine . ."

"Oh NO Donald! You'll have to hand wash it in lukewarm water, then air dry it until it's just damp – then iron it with a cool iron," I interrupted, having fun with the pictures of him doing all of that in my mind. But then added. "Well come on then. Time we were going. It's getting kind of chilly, don't you think?"

It was really amazing how right mom had been. Naturally, she hadn't predicted everything that would take place, but had given me enough tips so that I'd had a number of contingencies in my mind at all times. No, what I mean is that her fundamental statement was basically this. Get a male sexually aroused then bombard him with small commands. Don't give him time to think. He might rebel but, if you just kept pushing? He'd come around and be as meek as a little lamb. I smiled as I imagined a woolly Donald saying 'baaa'.

"You know Donald?" I said shyly, looking down at the ground modestly. "I know I sound awful. But I sort of enjoyed what we just did. Did you?"

His face got bright red. "Oh Karen! It was wonderful! I've never felt anything like it before!"

I stopped and stared at him. Got my voice cold. "Donald! I won't have you *lying* to me!"

"Eh?" he said, a panicked look on his face.

"Don't you *dare* tell me that you've never played with yourself!" I said.

"Girls have told me that boys do that ALL the time!"

He got even redder. "Yes, well, but . ."

"But WHAT!" I snapped. "You said you'd never felt anything like it – so you *lied*!"

"But Karen? I meant that what you did to me was away better than anything I've ever done to myself. I've never felt anything like . what you did."

"Oh darling Donald!" I gasped. "I'm SO sorry! I just HATE people who lie to me! And now I understand what you meant. Please forgive me?"

"You called me *darling*!" he exulted. "It's true! You love me!"

I put a disbelieving look on my face. "I don't know any girl who wouldn't love you Donald. You're nothing at all like those other boys. You're sweet and cute – and don't come on all *MACHO*!" I wrinkled my nose in disgust. "I just hate those guys who want to do nothing but paw at a girl – want to boss her around all the time. Can't stand a mere girl, telling *them* what to do! You're not like that, are you Donald?"

"Oh no!" he agreed ardently.

"That's why I didn't want you to put your arms around me, back at the park bench. I think it's perfectly okay for a boy to be embraced by his girlfriend instead of the other way round, don't you?"

"Yes. It was fine with me," he said, grinning at the memory.

"That's exactly what I was talking about. You're not at all like those jocks that are too stupid to do anything else but walk around flexing their muscles. Let me show you what I mean," I said. "Here darling, carry this for a while, would you – please?"

He gulped, audibly, when I held out my handbag to him. Took it from me between his finger and thumb as if it were dangerous.

"Donald? Carry it properly! By the straps, the way it's supposed to be carried!" I said coolly. Then I smiled at him as he walked alongside me, carrying my handbag – exactly the way a girl would. He blushed.

I swung my arms. "Gosh! It's great to get rid of that thing – even if it's just for a little while. And you're passing the test with flying colors."

"Test? What test."

"Carrying my handbag – and carrying it the way it should be carried. So many boys wouldn't have the strength of character to do that! But now I want you to promise me something Donald."

I noticed that he wasn't as enthusiastic in his reply this time, but he was quick enough. "Yes Karen. What?"

I got all shy and diffident, gazed downwards. "Did you really mean it when you said you'd never felt anything like what . . . what . . . I did to you back there? You were telling me the truth?"

He paused for a few seconds before answering. "Oh yes. Absolutely!"

"Well? I want to be the only one that does that to you from now on! I know it sounds awful, but I want you to come to me when you need that sort of thing any more. I'll be VERY upset with you if you go back to doing it to yourself again Understand?"

"Oh Karen. I couldn't do that!" he said. "I'd be too embarrassed!"

But I could see the delight in his eyes – little did he know what was in store. "I want your PROMISE!" I told him firmly. "And you'd better believe that I'll know if you cheat! You do? I'll get Amy . . . to . . . well never mind. But I'll KNOW! Now, are you going to promise or not?"

He nodded.

"Say it!" I demanded.

"I promise."

"Promise WHAT?"

"To come to you for . . . for . . ."

"Sexual release!"

"For sexual release."

"And will not play with myself any more!"

"And won't masturbate any more."

"Oh Donald darling! I love you!" I said and wrapped him in my arms and kissed him. I was actually astonished that he stood there compliant and docile as I treated him that way – but he did.

I 'rewarded' him by letting him carry my handbag all the way home. Didn't invite him in – it wouldn't be *proper* with my mother being away – but gave him a sweet kiss, then watched from my window as he strode away jauntily, whistling to himself.

Mom nodded approvingly later that evening after the maid had been sent home for the night and I'd filled her in on what had happened. "You DO have some talent honey. Getting him to hand wash your hanky – and iron it? Stroke of genius! But getting him to promise not to jack off on his own?" She shook her head. "It's an awful lot to ask of a young guy – and if he does, and you don't find out? You'll lose an awful lot of credence as a mistress in his eyes. And, why bring Amy into it?"

(Amy is a jock, and a half-assed relative of mine. Forty second cousin? Something like that). I think that she's sexually bi-curious – is that the right term? Anyway, she screws around with a guys a lot. Has a girl, Wendy who follows her around like a dog, but I think Amy also has the hots for me. Is basically my attack dog. Anyone gives me too much static? They find Amy breathing at their neck.

This is well known around these parts. She's not big by any means – just a presence about her and I honestly don't know of anyone, male or female, who would want to even think about tangling with her - so if I take advantage of that fact? Who's to blame me?. I explained to mom that I felt I could use her as a

threat. I didn't want to go out on a limb and threaten to punish him myself . . . so?

Mom nodded gravely and complimented me on my thinking.

The next step in mom's strategy was to get Donald to acknowledge the superiority of females over him. I wasn't too sure of this, arguing that letting too many people in on this act would surely diminish my own authority, but under mom's careful tutelage, I soon saw that she was correct.

Over the next few months, I gradually strengthened my control over him. I mean, I didn't even wait for him to come to me for a hand job. I'd call *him*! "Donald?" I'd say. "I feel *vibrations*! Isn't it time you were coming to see me?"

"Oh gee Karen! I've got a kinda lot of homework tonight and . . ."

"Are you denying me the enjoyment I get from your company? Or don't you love me any more?" I'd say coldly. "But there again – if you don't WANT to see me . . .?"

He'd graduated from the handkerchief to my panties. I'd have him grope up under my skirt and pull my panties down and off, or if I were wearing pants, take my jeans down and take them off – then I'd jack him off in them – then I'd have him wash them, then hang them up outside to dry (It was a well concealed drying area that my mom liked her new maids to use to hang her lingerie – embarrassed them. Donald was no different). Then I'd call him the next day to bring my panties in – then iron them. Then? While he was at it? Why didn't he hand wash my lingerie – that I had used? Didn't take that much longer, did it? And would he mind terribly hanging my other stuff outside too? Then, maybe a light touch with an iron?

We had three 'girls' working as our maids on a fairly regular basis at that time. Did NOT want Donald to see them – on the off chance they'd spill the beans or get overly familiar with him. Their names were Tiffany, Priscilla, and Jessica. (These guys just LOVE feminine names!). Anyhow, none of them, liked the idea of having their hours cut and got quite indignant about it. Tiffany was astute enough to figure out that Donald had something to do with this – and stupid enough one day to ask ME to stop bringing my boyfriend to the house – in front of mom yet!

She made him get over MY knees – and gave me a paddle to spank him! I was almost as embarrassed as he was at first, but once I had lifted his petticoats out of the way and seen his quivering ass all bedecked in lacy satin panties? It was fun to have him squirming and squealing, his legs kicking girlishly in the air as I whacked him on the ass with the paddle. After that? he was just as nice to me as he was to mom. I started giving all three girls evil smiles about then –

not for any particular reason, but you should have seen the flustered sissies with their petticoats flashing as they'd scurry to get away from me. Such fun!

So anyway, when Donald came over to our house for 'dates' with me? It was just the two of us – or at least he thought it was. (Mom had actually installed mini-cams in the house to check up on her sissies work habits – and I knew that she liked to watch what we got up to now and then from her monitor up in her office). As a matter of fact it was her that suggested that I wear pants or jeans a few times after she'd seen me jack him off on the living room couch..

"But mom!" I'd protested. "It means that he has to practically undress me – and I have to jack him off while I'm sitting around, nude from the waist down myself!"

She sighed. "I'll tell you why soon, but go along with me a few times, okay? And, for your information it's good for a sissy to see you walk around in undies – or in the nude. Gives him the notion that you don't see him as a threat – almost as if he were another girl."

That made sense to me, so I went along with it.

I'd convinced him that I was burdened with housekeeping chores – so started getting him to 'help' me. (You should have heard the wails from the three girls when they weren't allowed to polish the silver for a week – and had to let it get a little tarnished! I think their professional pride was hurt.) Donald didn't mind helping me out – but I know he was embarrassed to be wearing one of Priscilla's aprons when he polished the silver for 'me'. Was even more embarrassed when mom came home 'unexpectedly' to find him doing this. She was at her most charming, however. Chided me severely for taking advantage of 'this poor boy', with her arm comfortingly around his shoulders – but didn't miss the opportunity to point out a few areas on the silver where he could have done a better job. Did not seem to see – certainly made no comment – on his frilled apron.

After that, it happened frequently enough that he seemed to have lost his embarrassment at being caught doing chores around the house wearing his apron. She'd always make a big fuss of him. "I can't help it Donald! I'm starting to think of you as one of the family. The son I never had!" Put her arm around his shoulders. Hug him. Even kiss him sometimes. Then she'd chide me for not being as neat as him, or as smart as him. "You should model yourself on your brother more!" She'd say. "A perfect role model!"

Donald had also discovered during this period that I HATE to lose – at anything. We'd played checkers, monopoly, gin rummy – lots of games - and he soon learned that for him to win led to dire consequences. I became cold and

angry. Hateful. Sent him home. Told him never to come back! He learned to lose – at everything. Kept me happy, affectionate – and very loving.

After a while, I had promoted him to wearing panties. He probably argued more with me on this on anything, but I pointed out that I was getting fed up getting MY undies all soiled – and that he'd better go back to playing with himself, because he wasn't going to get any more satisfaction from me if he didn't start trying to get along with the few simple things I asked of him! He complained that he had to get almost totally undressed – because the panty material was too thin to contain his jism, it had to be wadded – and the only way *that* could be done was to take them off. At that point I understood mom's genius. "You didn't complain when It was ME had to take MY pants off so that we could use MY panties for YOUR fun!" I 'explained' to him logically and laying on the outrage just a little bit. He capitulated immediately.

Then, after that it was SO easy. I'd take him in my arms and teasingly play with the front of his pants. He'd get all weak and docile and lie back in my arms as I slowly unfastened his zipper then took his pants down, his socks and shoes off, then had him sit on my lap while I caressed the lace of his panties and told him how pretty they were – even sometimes told him how pretty HE was. Then I'd slide his panties down his legs – ever so slowly, then take them off and fit them around his penis. Kiss him. Stiffen my tongue and slide it in and out of his mouth – make him suck it as if he was a girl giving a guy a blow job – then caress him into convulsions. At first I could tell that he wanted to play a more active role in our sexual activities, but wouldn't allow it and gradually he became soft, and totally subjugated. "Come to Karen Donna," I'd say. "I want to show you that I love you." A shamed look would cross his face, but he learned to do nothing but slide into my embrace, then lie there, face turned up and his lips pouted for my kisses, his own hands uselessly at his sides as I fondled and caressed him..

It had been such fun taking him into Estelle's, a local boutique, to buy him a dozen pair of panties. He mumbled a weak complaint once I had him in there. "But darling!" I said. "You can't be wearing MINE all the time, can you?"

I said this loud enough to catch the interest of a young sales lady who was over beside us in nanoseconds, smirking. "My name's Maria. May I help you?" she said.

"Of course," I said. "My fiancé is just dying to buy ME some undies – and so I've brought him along to pick out what HE likes. What HE thinks are the prettiest. Don't you think that's sweet of him?"

She pursed her lips in a disbelieving smile. Laid a soft hand on his arm. "We don't get many men customers like you – sir – you are so sweet. We have some

simply gorgeous panties I'm sure you'll love. What size did you say you were?"

He looked at her helplessly. "Isn't it a size four darling?" I said softly.

"You don't know your own size miss?" the girl asked me.

"Oh! How *silly* of me!" I said, pretending to be all flustered. "Of course It's a size four!" Then I patted him on the arm. "Donni darling? Why don't you go with this nice lady? I'm sure she'll make sure you see a *full* selection of what panties they have here. I think I'll go and have a coffee next door. Be back in half an hour." I grinned at the salesgirl. "Make *sure* he buys pretty ones now! Will that be enough time?"

"Please Karen! Don't leave me!" he gasped, obviously terrified.

I answered him sternly. "Donni dear? Once we get married I'll be expecting you to do this a lot – so you may as well get started getting experience now, don't you think?"

"Yes Donna. Why don't you come along with me dear. Just wait until you see the pretty panties! You'll adore them!" The girl laid a hand on his arm and gradually steered him away into their lingerie department. He looked at me helplessly. "It's for your own good dear!" I mouthed at him as he was led into the female bastion of silks, satins, and laces.

When I returned about forty-five minutes later, she had him show each individual pair of panties he'd bought 'me' by having him drape them over his forearm and let me feel the material and make appropriate ooohs and aaahs at the satin material and the lace hems – the quality of the manufacturing. By that time, she'd obviously exerted some kind of control over him because he acquiesced to whatever she suggested, very quickly. (I could have sworn she patted him on the ass just before he went to pay for them).

Once he was wearing panties all the time, mom had said that he'd be powerless to argue and, as usual, she turned out to be one hundred percent accurate. According to her, the hard part was over now. The next step was to keep convincing him of the superiority of *all* females – and that women were the stronger, more dominant sex – especially where he was concerned. At this point, she asked me if she could participate in some of his being 'gentled'. "I just love to be the first one to spank a sissy!" she said, grinning. "After that? Oh, they're so pretty and docile!"

"You think he's ready to get spanked mom? What you gonna do, force him?"

"You crazy?" she said. "We can set it up so that he *volunteers*!"

I laughed. "Aw, c'mon mom! He's a wimp – but not *that* much of a wimp!"

"Maybe not, but I'll betcha! A pound of Lady Godiva chocolates?" she boasted. (We both love them).

"Hey! Not without a time limit!" I countered.

"A month?"

"Two weeks!"

"Three!"

"Okay! Shake!" and we shook on the bet.

"How you gonna do it?" I asked.

She smiled. "That's for me to know and you to find out, young lady. Just watch closely."

Donald, by now was well used to his panties. When he'd wondered how he could possibly keep them at his house, I'd suggested that he establish his own 'lingerie drawer' in my room. "That way Donald? You don't need to be washing out your panties every single time you wear them. You can just throw them in our laundry basket – and do a wash once a week?"

He pounced on this suggestion immediately. I could see him thinking. "Once a week hanging up undies on the line? Once a week, ironing my panties and Karen's? It's a win-win situation! Of course, the poor sissy didn't understand that mom had taken this into her considerations – so now, instead of just a few of *his* panties? He's looking at a full laundry load of mom and my scanties – along with his own stuff! (Poor Melissa actually cried when he was told that he wasn't to do this little chore any more). So there, once a week, Donald is kept very busy doing a lot more laundry than he'd expected. (Naturally, mom wasn't supposed to know ANYTHING about this).

So, at the time the bet was made, Donald had been doing our laundry for quite a few weeks – and was actually doing quite a nice job! Better than Melissa I commented to mom. (She nodded agreeably). I watched what mom was doing like a hawk – to see what she could possibly be setting up for the bet – but about the only thing I saw was that she was spending a little more time in telling Donni – or Donna – more and more how she looked on him as one of her children – just the SAME as me!

A week went by, then two. I was looking forward both to the chocolates and humbling mom when she pounced!

Donald and I were sitting playing gin rummy. Me winning (naturally) when mom came bursting into the room, her face scarlet with fury! "KAREN! You *know* this is one of my antique lace slips!" She waved a piece of ivory lingerie trimmed with a light blue lace trim in her hands.

I had NO idea what she was talking about, when it dawned on me that she was on the move. I couldn't very well block her, could I? "Yes mom?" I answered innocently. "What are you so mad about?"

"You've been careless when you ironed it! SCORCHED it! I've warned you and warned you about being careless ironing my things! This time you've gone too FAR! This is not only very expensive? It's something I LOVE!" She brandished a wooden paddle out from behind her that she'd been carrying in her other hand. "Get over my knees young lady! NOW!"

Mom has NEVER spanked me in my whole LIFE! I gazed at her, totally blown away. She *knew* I hadn't ironed her goddam slip! What was she up to?

Donald spoke up. "Please mummy? (She'd got him calling her that – made him sound like a ten year old girl!).

She whirled on him. "This is not any of your business Donald. My daughter screwed up! Now she must pay the price! Karen? Get OVER my knee!" Then she sat down. Held the paddle up in the air dramatically.

Then it dawned on me. "Oh mummy! Please don't spank me. You hurt me so!" I squeaked in pretended terror.

Donald spoke up again. "Mummy? It wasn't Karen's fault. It had to have been mine!"

She turned her head sharply towards him. "Donald! You may consider it part of a gentleman's duty to protect a young lady – but in this case I am determined to spank her. You have nothing to do with this. Stay OUT of it! Karen, get over here!"

I could actually see him tremble. "Mummy? It was ME that ironed your slip. I remember doing it just the other day. I'm very sorry – I just don't remember scorching it."

She leaned back in her chair and I could see the cruel determination in her face. "*YOU* ironed my lingerie? Since when have you been acting as a *housemaid* around here?"

He swallowed. "Well mummy? I wouldn't put it that way – but I've been helping Karen with her ironing for quite a while now."

"Ironing my *undies*? Ladies *lingerie*?" The scorn was highly evident in her voice.

He blushed furiously. "Yes" he mumbled.

She sat silent for a few seconds, then continued. "Well? It still doesn't matter. Karen was ultimately responsible for doing a correct job of ironing my clothes. The fact that she delegated the task to you does not mean that she is absolved when YOU screw up. Karen! Enough already. Get over here!"

I looked at her in awe. Could see exactly what was coming. *Knew* I'd lost that bet.

"That's not fair mummy! It was my fault!" he squeaked.

"Donald? Do you realize *for one second* the position you put me in? You know that I consider you my child – just like I consider Karen. You can see, surely, that I can't let you off with any different or lighter punishment than I'm thinking of giving her?"

"Yes. I see that," he answered.

"Want me to spank you – instead of her?" she asked.

He didn't answer. Just looked down at the carpet.

"Very well then," she said. "I think you're being very heroic – but somebody is going over my knees pretty damn quick. Is it going to be you?"

He finally said the words. "Yes mummy."

"Fine! Unfasten your pants and drop them. I'll spank you on your underpants. *Now*, Donald!"

Donald shot me an apologetic look – obviously accepting the blame for what was happening. As it so happened, his panties that day were a bright yellow, with black lace trim. Mom gave me a smile as she arranged him, face down, over her knees. "My Donald!" she gasped in mock surprise. "What *pretty* panties. But that's something we can discuss when I'm finished, okay?"

He nodded slowly.

She gave him six quick, resounding, swats with the paddle. He let out a gasp as the pain of the first registered and tried to buck, but mom held him down easily. He started to cry at the fourth stroke, and was hiccupping to fight back the tears by the time she was finished.

"There there, my little bunny! I'm sorry! Did that hurt?" she cooed as she pulled him upright so that he was sitting on her lap, her arm around him, his head on her breast.

He nodded and blubbered a little more.

"You understand that I spanked you for your own good, don't you?" she asked. But she didn't wait for an answer. "Here! Let me dry those tears." She pulled a tissue from a nearby side table and gently dried his tears and wiped his nose which had started to run. "Now why don't you tell me all about why you like to wear girl's panties."

"I . . . I . . . don't know . . . I guess . . . I just like them," he stammered.

"It's all *right* Donald! I'm pretty sure that I understand. Want me to explain?"

He looked up at her, his eyes round, and still filled with unshed tears. "Yes mummy."

She smiled tenderly and patted his face lightly. "I'm so SILLY! Should have thought more about it when I saw you helping Karen by doing her chores – and wearing those frilly aprons. Now? I find you wearing lovely panties – and

discover that you've been washing and ironing my lingerie. Tell me, do you like the feel of it when you touch it? I think that you must. Come on now, admit it."

"Yes," he admitted.

"Of *course* you do! But darling? Most boys wouldn't do what you're doing – or wear panties for that matter. Do you know what a transvestite is?"

"Kinda," he mumbled.

"Well that's what you must be darling. See? They just *love* to do girl things like housework and laundry. Get turned on by wearing pretty girl things . . ."

He made a muffled sound of protest to interrupt her, but she over rode him. "Don't be *ashamed* darling. It's perfectly all right. Now tell me. Do you have a girl name you like?"

His eyes were pleading with me to help him out of this jam, but I looked back at him with my most innocent expression.

"I sort of like the name Pamela," mom said. "Would you like us to start calling you that?"

He shook his head, obviously terrified.

"How's about Donna mom?" I suggested. "It's close enough to his real name . . ."

"Well, I don't know," she mused. "It's rather masculine and most little sissies prefer something really feminine. . ."

"It's okay mummy! Donna's fine!" he gasped.

Mom beamed. "Very well Donna! Now you're my honorary daughter! Truly? I understand your embarrassment at your little secret being found out. But I just want you to know that you can come over here and wear pretty clothes any time you want! I'm sure that Karen's skirts and dresses will fit you perfectly well!" Then she paused. "But you can't be expected to wear another girls clothes all the time, can you? Where did you buy your panties? They look very much like Estelle's brand. Was it there?"

Dumbly, he nodded.

"They sell such lovely stuff there! I'm so glad you have the sense to buy decent quality clothes. But when you were there, did you see that electric blue silk shantung dress? I think it would look *stunning* on you! And have you bought any bras or slips yet? You should, you know!"

"I think I'll go out and do some shopping" I said. "Feel like buying some chocolates all of a sudden." I saw his pleading eyes, but ignored them. "I'm sure you girls have a lot to talk about!"

I got up and walked over to them. Gave mom an air kiss on the cheek. "See you later mom." Then I kissed Donald too. "Bye Donna. Don't do anything I wouldn't do!" Seconds later, I was gone.

When I got back with the chocolates for mom he was back with his pants on again, though I could still see his panty line, so knew he hadn't changed. From that point on though, there was a difference. He was now "Donna" both in name and in deed.

This new relationship went on for a while – mom suggesting that we let him settle down into his new persona.. Naturally, we couldn't leave him on his own *too* much and I introduced him to the pleasures of shopping with girls in the mall, while mom was ensuring that he was becoming more and more used to 'expressing his feminine nature' around our house.

For example? I had him join me, Amy and her friend Wendy when we went to the mall. Wendy is a pretty little thing, very tiny and feminine. Has the attention span of a kitten. Dotes on Amy and obviously wants to be her girl. She was puzzled by my control of Donald at first, but once she saw him responding to the name 'Donna' came to the quick conclusion that he was my girl and our pairings within the group changed. She and he would walk behind Amy and I, their arms linked, while Amy and I led the way. It was often the case after that, that Amy and I would stand looking impatient while Wendy and 'Donna' would stop to look at store windows – women's clothes or accessories of course..

I couldn't figure it out for a while. He was obviously embarrassed by her treatment of him but seemed totally incapable of breaking away from her and, let's face it, she was SO tiny and feminine that *surely*, I thought, he didn't consider her a dominatrix. But then it dawned on me. Between mother and me, we'd met one of her original objectives. He now saw a woman – *any* woman – as someone to be obeyed!

This was verified by something else. We always made a point of stopping at Victoria's Secret or Estelle's Boutique. He didn't mind Victoria's so much – though it was a lot more public. The place was so big, however, that it was highly unusual to get the same serving girl all the time. At Estelle's, however, he was absolutely terrified of Maria – and she'd zoom in on him the minute we walked in the door. She'd promoted to a senior position on the floor so could usually foist any customer she had on a junior salesclerk, then come bearing down on us. "Karen!" to me, then to him. "My favorite *man*! Come back for some more pretties?" At this point she'd often hook a surreptitious finger into his panty line and snap it, just a little, then beam at him as if daring him to say anything. He wouldn't, naturally. Just blush girlishly.

That woman! She just loved to tease him. I think at times, even Wendy was scandalized at what she'd make him do. Once she had him take off his shoes – then made him step into a pair of lacy pink satin panties – and pull them up over

his outer clothes. Then he had to get fastened into a matching bra – again over his outer clothes. After she had padded his bra, she led him through the store to where Amy and I were sitting enjoying complimentary cokes. I couldn't help it – couldn't stop giggling at the poor boys mortification. "Why are you wearing panties and a bra, Donna?" I finally managed to say.

"I mentioned to Marie that I thought you'd like them," he said. "She suggested that you'd get a far better idea of how they looked if I modeled . ." he blushed an even deeper shade of red . ."them for you"

"Oh darling! You're so sweet! But you know? I'm not sure if I like that shade of pink. Did they have any in the same style in blue?"

He looked at me, then Marie. "I don't know . ." He started.

"Of course we do!" Marie interrupted. "If you'll just stay there for a minute Donna? I'll go and get a set for you."

Poor Donald. Looked totally ludicrous standing there, the hot pink of the bra and panties contrasting so vividly with his own clothes. Some of the other customers looked a little askance but there were more smiles than anything else. Quite honestly? I think a lot of women get a bit of enjoyment at seeing a male humiliated. I mean, let's face it. Put a woman in men's clothes and she'll feel uncomfortable – but she's not going to stand and tremble and look totally embarrassed, is she? Not gonna start thinking she's a man, surely. But put a man in a bra and panties? My god! It's like the end of the world!

That was fun that day. I made him buy the pink bra and panties "After all, Donald, you wore them – didn't you? Can't very well expect *another* girl to buy *your* castoffs can you . . . ?"

But to tell the truth? I was getting kinda tired of the little sissy. At home, mom was stepping up her campaign to 'Let him give his feminine side free rein' putting him in ever frillier aprons while working with her in the kitchen – "allowing" him to do housework. Would sit beside him and chat about girlish things while he carefully ironed our growing collection of lingerie. Once, "just for fun" she had him dress in full lingerie regalia – and heels – just to see how it appealed to him. Obviously, it didn't – but she simply pooh-poohed him for being shy then draped a flimsy negligee around him. I think it took him a little while to realize that she wasn't about to release him until he finally admitted that he *loved* being dressed in this fashion – agreed that it had been FUN – and that someday, he'd just love to do it *again*.

Then I started, gently, to drop hints about how much I'd love to see his house – but not when his mother was home. This bothered him some as they had quite a few maids there and I was sure he was scared that they'd tattle to his mother, but he finally plucked up his courage one afternoon and suggested that we might

want to go look at his place – it was such a lovely afternoon and he thought the place might look its best, so why didn't I join him?

His place WAS fantastic! I couldn't help but be impressed. I also couldn't help but laugh at the maids they had there. With one exception, they were all much less attractive than our 'girls'. I soon found that her name was Charlotte. She was dark and pretty. Had an air about her that was fresh and cheerful. Didn't seem too much in awe of Donald. I decided to have a little fun.

"Would it be possible to have a drink out here beside the pool Donald? A coke perhaps?" I asked him.

"Don't see why not!" He answered cheerfully, pulling out a chair for me under a beach umbrella then bellowed "CHARLOTTE!"

"What a disgraceful way to treat a young lady!" I gasped. "I hope that you're *ashamed* of yourself?"

"Huh?" He said, looking stupid. "She's the *maid*."

"She's a woman!" I snapped. "And deserves respect!"

"Well? I don't have a maids bell out here – and didn't want to walk all the way into the house," he said apologetically. "Didn't mean nuthin"

"We'll see!" I said shortly. "It meant sumthin to ME!"

The girl came out walking sprightly and cheerfully, the skirts of her uniform flouncing delightfully under her apron – matching the oscillations of her flounced cap perched on her auburn hair. "Master Donald?" she said, bobbing a curtsy. "Ma'am?" to me.

"We'd like . ." he started .

"You're Charlotte?" I asked sympathetically. Interrupting him.

She was obviously confused at the young 'master' being so obviously over-ridden and wasn't quite sure who she should respond to. Then saw my confidence.

"Yes Miss. Charlotte's my name." She said and curtsied.

"How long have you worked here Charlotte?" I asked

"About a year miss"

"Donald here treat you okay?"

"Oh yes ma'am. Always nice and friendly. Likes to tease us girls, but it's all in fun, you know?"

I felt the stirring of some upcoming fun. "Mmm. Teases you, huh? Tell you what Charlotte. Why don't you sit here and tell me all about this teasing he does. Donald? Why don't you go and get cokes for all three of us, huh?"

Charlotte was dumbfounded although her eyes were sparkling. "Oh NO ma'am! I could never agree to do anything like that. The mistress would fire me, just like *that*!" She snapped her fingers.

"Not if master Donald here, told her not to. Told her that he'd offered to serve you for a change. Surely?" I was looking at him as I said it.

He sighed. "No problem. Let me go and get them. Have a seat Charlotte. You can chat with Karen while I get the drinks." With that, he got up and walked away casually.

Charlotte did think highly of Donald. He was always nice and friendly – though he could be an unmerciful tease with the maid's aprons.

"In what way?" I asked.

She smiled fondly. "Oh – he's a rascal! The mistress is bound and determined that our bows at the back are perfect. I haven't been here that long but the other girls tell me that ever since he's been a little boy, he'll sneak up behind us and tug at one of the strings and untie the whole knot. Means we have to fuss with the bows more often than we should, which can be a pain – but there's no harm in him."

"He still does that?"

"Not so much any more. Just when the mood strikes him I guess."

"When was the last time?"

"Just the other day. He got Angela – she's one of the other maids - real good. We were laughing about it."

What were you doing when he called you out here?"

"Polishing the silver."

"Did you have much left to do?"

"Not much. A coffee pot and a tray I think."

I saw Donald approaching with our drinks. He deposited mine in front of me and Charlotte's in front of her, then came around the table and put his glass on the table and went to sit down. "Thanks dear, but would you stay standing Donald. Please darling?"

He shrugged and smiled. "Hey I'm not going to be made to stand in a corner am I?"

I smiled at Charlotte. "Isn't he silly?" Then, "would you take off your apron for a minute or two Charlotte? Please?"

She looked at me askance but shrugged, stood up, untied the puffy bow at the back and took it off

"Now Donald, would you put the apron on please? And make sure you make a pretty bow at the back."

She looked at me wide eyed, then smirked as she held it out to Donald.

"Aw, c'mon Karen," he said, blushing.

"Donald? Please!"

He swallowed, then took the apron and put it clumsily over his head. "I don't know how to tie a bow," he said sheepishly. "Sorry."

"Charlotte? Would you be kind enough to instruct him on how to tie the kind of bow your mother demands from you maids?"

"Sure!" she said, grinning at Donald's discomfiture. "C'mere Donald and let me show you."

It took him about ten tries to learn how to tie it passably well, but he persevered valiantly, though obviously humiliated at being made to do this in front of the grinning Charlotte. Then I piled some more on. "Charlotte? You look all out of kilter, just wearing that cap. It's obviously made to go along with the apron. So why don't you take it off too – and pin it on Donald's hair?"

Her mouth made a delighted "O" and she stared at him brazenly as she took the tiny, feminine. piece of lace and pinned it to his hair.

"Now Donald?" I started. "Now you know how it feels to be treated like a maid. Would you like me to yell DONALDINE! at you when I wanted something?"

"No Karen." He admitted.

"Well, I think you owe Charlotte a nice apology for yelling at her when you wanted her to get us the drinks. Surely you see that that is no way to treat *any* woman!"

"Yes Karen. Sorry Charlotte," he mumbled, his face averted.

"Donald? Not good enough!" I said firmly. "I want you to look her in the eye and – tell you what? Why don't you say you're sorry – and curtsy while you do it."

"Aw Karen. This is embarrassing."

"But darling. You know I'm only doing this for your own good – don't you?" I winked at Charlotte while I was saying this to him. He didn't see it, but a delighted grin crossed her face and she smiled widely.

He paused long enough that I actually thought he might be rebelling, but he didn't. Just mumbled "I guess so" instead.

And he curtsied (very well too, to my surprise) and apologized to Charlotte nicely. He shot me a sheepish smile. "Okay to take this off now Karen?"

"Certainly not darling. You've done very well up to now. But answer a question for me, would you please?"

His face fell at my not granting his request but he answered politely enough. "Yes? What is it?"

"Was tying that pretty bow in your apron easy?"

He smiled. "Heaven's no! That must take some getting used to. Right Charlotte?"

"Oh yes sir! But I've got lots of practice," she answered.

"And that's what I think *you* need dear," I said.

"What?"

"Practice." I answered, then spoke to Charlotte. "Where were you working when we interrupted you dear?"

"The dining room miss," she answered.

"Very well then. Donald? Would you go and find the other maids? Have them join Charlotte and I in the dining room. Please?"

"Like this?" he plucked at his apron skirts helplessly.

"Yes dear. Do I need to tell you again?"

"No Karen," he said. "I'll go and get them."

I gave him an approving nod and he left. I giggled to myself at the way his apron flounced, but have the feeling that Charlotte caught it.

We strolled back into the house, chatting like old friends. Donald had got the three other maids there by the time we arrived. They were rather plain in appearance, although nicely dressed. Their faces showed how mystified they were, but there was some evidence of restrained mirth in their eyes as their young 'master' stood there in an apron and cap identical to theirs, blushing furiously.

I went and stood beside him. Put a possessive arm around his shoulder. "Ladies? I'm Karen – a *close* friend of Donald's. But before I meet you all individually, would you care to have a seat? I'd like to say a few words. You too Charlotte, if you don't mind."

They looked nervously at each other, but with Charlotte taking the lead in sitting down, they all picked chairs and, smoothing their skirts underneath them, sat and looked up expectantly at me.

"As I said?" I started. "Donald and I are close friends. Close enough that I've been able to criticize him in some of his attitudes – and suggest certain minor changes. You see, I'm a feminist – an ardent one. Not only do I maintain that us women are the superior sex – I want my male friends to admit it! To *agree* with me!" I gave him an obvious hug, and a peck on the cheek. "And though Donald here has a few reservations about this? He's trying really hard to see my point of view, aren't you Donald?"

Poor Donna! Beet red he nodded to the women staring at him. I gave him another peck on the cheek as a reward. Then turned to the women again. "Now Charlotte told me earlier that he is a very pleasant young man to work for. You all agree?"

The four of them nodded vigorously.

"Wonderful!" I enthused. "But I am just about to ask Donald to do something VERY difficult. I truly want you ladies to understand that, though it is very easy for us? It's EXTREMELY difficult for him. So I want you to be understanding. I don't care how poorly he does it? I'd really appreciate it if you applaud his efforts? Think you can do that?"

They all nodded, Charlotte being the only one who gave a slight indication that she knew what was coming. I turned to him. "Donald darling? These ladies all just gave you a very high compliment. What do you say?" I cooed this at him in a way that an elementary teacher will talk to a first or second grader.

He managed a grin, but it was a weak one. "Thank you ladies. That was . . ."

I interrupted him quickly. "Now Donald! You know better than that! You learned to say thank you properly to Charlotte just a little while ago. Have you forgotten so soon?"

His face paled to the extent that it almost matched his apron but, obedient as ever, he took the sides of his apron in his hands and curtsied. "Thank you ladies," he squeaked.

Charlotte grinned and clapped her hands first, but softly. The other three were so stunned that it took them a few seconds to follow suit – and then they applauded politely.

"Goodness gracious Donald!" I chided him. "That was *awful*! Would you like to try it once more? Show these ladies how nicely you can curtsey? Come on! Just for me?"

Either I motivated him beautifully or the first curtsey had broken the ice. He dropped as pretty and feminine a curtsey as anyone could have possibly wished for. The maids weren't as slow to applaud this time. As he straightened back up they were clapping loudly "Isn't that sweet?" "Ooooh lovely!" and "Who'd have ever guessed!"

Charlotte was applauding just like the others, but got out of her chair and advanced on him, a glint in her eyes. "Mister Donald? (Though she seemed to mispronounce the word 'Mister'. Sounded more like "Miss). "May I make a suggestion sir?"

From the frightened look in his eyes, I knew that he now recognized another potential female dominatrix. He nodded dumbly.

"Would you like to try it again?" she asked. "This time, pulling the skirts of your apron out – just a teeny bit more. And take your right foot back behind the left – just a little bit further?"

"Oooh!" said the plump one. "And maybe hold your back straighter?"

"And look more into our eyes?" giggled another.

I stepped aside as they were all crowding around him now, their taffeta uniforms crackling as they engulfed him, making suggestions to him – and comments to each other - as he curtsied over and over again, until they breathed a collective sigh of happy satisfaction and turned their attention back to me.

"I think that Miss Karen has something else to say to us girls. Right miss?" Charlotte said, curtsying – even though she wasn't wearing her apron - then putting an arm around his shoulders and turning him to face me. The other girls took the hint, and stood alongside him, so that he was now embedded in a line of maids, waiting for my instructions.

"Now Donald. That wasn't so bad, was it?" I asked kindly.

He tried to smile bravely, but wasn't very successful. "No Karen. Guess not," he whispered.

Charlotte whispered something in his ear. "No Miss Karen," he said – and dropped me a small curtsy!

"Well done girls!" I said, then underlined the mockery. "Not that I'm calling YOU a girl Donald. Far from it!" The girls all snickered. "But anyway? The reason I called you all here? Charlotte was telling me that Donald here has been a naughty boy in the past. Not showing you ladies proper respect."

Everyone except Charlotte looked surprised, so I explained. "Coming up behind a working girl and untying her apron – that's what I'm talking about Donald. It's very distracting and demeaning to her. I think you should be taught a lesson, don't you?"

He dropped me a pretty curtsy. "I didn't mean anything by it Miss Karen," he said desperately.

"Oh no Miss," another maid said. "He was just teasing – like boys will, you know?"

"Yes. I do understand. Honestly!" I replied. "But don't you think that what's fair for the goose should be sauce for the gander?" I spoke to Charlotte. "The silverware you were working at? Why don't you show him what remains to be done. You don't need to show him how to polish silver. He's done my mom's at home – just keep an eye on him to make sure he does a proper job. Okay?"

He and she curtsied then she led him over to the large china cabinet. I addressed the others. "Ladies? You may go now. But may I suggest that you all drop in on Donald now and then. Maybe check that he's doing the silver correctly? Give him hints, suggestions, etc? And may I suggest that you remember what I said? What's sauce for the goose is . . ."

I was interrupted by a small squeak of surprise as Charlotte gave Donald's apron string a tug, sufficient to destroy the bow, and have the skirts of the apron

to open up. Then she stood staring coldly at him while he fumbled at tying a perfect bow again. "Not bad!" she said. "But I know you can do better!" - and gave it another tug!

It took him about a half hour to finish the silver. The poor dear was close to tears by the time he'd finished – but I noticed a decided change in his capabilities to tie a pretty bow in his apron. With all the experience he got because of the girls all taking turns at untying it, it's a wonder he got the silver done at all! By the time we left the house I had the feeling that things would never be the same again between he and the maids – and over the next month or so, I started getting indications that he was no longer quite the lord and master that he'd been. A few times he was actually late for meeting with me and more than once I got a distinct impression that he was wearing perfume – just traces mind you, but nothing like mom or I wore – and I was positive that HE wasn't at the stage of buying his own.

Naturally, being the kind of girl I am, I'd developed the hots for a stud called Eddie. God, he turned me *ON*! I really wanted to make out with him, but at the same time wanted a bit of fun on the side with Donna – you know how it is? Get into the habit of embarrassing someone, you just want to see how far you can go?

I was still jacking Donna off now and then, but started insinuating things to him. "You know Donna?" I said one time, caressing his erection through his panties. "I'm starting to get concerned about you."

"Concerned?"

"Yes. I think you're getting . . well . . kinda . . well . . sissyish?"

"Aw, c'mon Karen," he said, bright red.

"Well Donna? You have to admit it – you *DO* a lot of kinda girlish things – I *mean* you're always doing girl things with mom and Wendy – and you *DO* wear panties. Can you blame me for being worried? Suppose you can't . ." I tried to blush, " . . . act the man's part on our wedding night?"

A horrified look crossed his face, then was quickly replaced with a sort of weak hopeful look. "Maybe we could . . you know . . sorta . . try? See how I do?"

I slapped his face – hard! "What do you take me for, huh? Some sort of floozy?" I snapped. "I thought you were a gentleman, Donna!"

He shrunk back into my arms, and his eyes filled with tears as I took the hand I'd slapped him with and put it back in his panty-encapsulated cock. "I'm sorry, sweetie!" I whispered, "but a girl has her pride, you know?"

"I'm sorry Karen. Didn't mean to offend you," he said, crying a little.

"Well, you *did*!" I said, but teasing. "But can you blame me for worrying about you?" I sped up the rhythm of my hand as I spoke.

"No. I . . . I . . . guess not. I'm sorry Karen," he said, totally subjugated.

"Wow! I just had an idea!" I gasped, slowing my hand speed down again. "And it's *perfect*!"

"Eh . . . eh . . . eh?" he moaned, thrusting his pelvis up and almost pulsating under my hand.

"Stop being a naughty girl and listen!" I scolded him. Stopped my hand movement altogether.

He lay there passive, still undulating a little, only his eyes showing his hurt. "You called me a *girl* Karen!" He said this softly, hardly objecting at all.

"Oh for goodness sake! You *macho* men!" I snorted. "Would you just shut up and listen! SIR?" Started my hand moving again, ever so gently. He sighed softly and relaxed back into my embrace.

"Amy's got a crush on you. Did you know that?" I whispered although there was nobody listening - except maybe mom.

He giggled. "She likes girls. Even I know that."

"You're right, but she'll often fixate on a boy – and I know she's made out with boys before (which was true – she'd experimented with male partners for a while before she was sure of her true sexual orientation) and she fancies you."

"She's never shown that to me," he whispered, moving obediently under my hand once more.

"Of course not! You're mine – and she's my best friend. She'd never dream of stealing you away from me."

"But I don't understand," he said weakly, moving quicker now. "I love *you*. I don't love her!"

I made disapproving 'tutting' sounds. "You know what? You sound like a sissy! I've been told that if you offer a *real* man sex with a girl, he'll grab at the chance. You telling me that you're different?"

"No . . . no." he said quickly then added doubtfully. "I'm not sure that I could perform with someone I didn't love."

"But maybe that's because you're still a virgin?" I asked seriously.

He blushed furiously. "Yes Karen it may be that – but I've never met a girl I wanted to do it with until I met you and I don't think it's right for a man to expect his wife to be a virgin, if he isn't himself."

"You expect me to be a virgin dear? If that's what you want, you're going to be disappointed."

He gulped audibly. "You mean that you're not?"

"Would you want me to lie to you?" I cooed, stroking his erection tenderly.

"No. No – of course not!" he sighed.

"But if my virginity is important to you? Maybe we should break up? Stop meeting? Stop talking about marriage?" I stayed the motion of my hand suggestively for a few seconds.

"Oh Karen. It's not *that* important. Honest! I love you!" he said.

(I may be cynical about this statement from him as, when he said it, his groin was trying to force its way up under my hand – but there again, maybe the poor, soft little sissy meant it).

I continued. "But darling? Surely you can see why I want you to make love to Amy. She's nuts about you – so you'd be doing my best friend a favor. And if you make out okay, I'll stop being so worried about our wedding night. Don't you see? Even if we're both experienced by then, when we come together in bed, we'll be virgins to each other!"

I almost giggled out loud at this utter line of bullshit, but I could see that he was taking it in – hook, line, and sinker. "Well? If you're sure about this, when do you want me to do it?" he asked seriously.

"Oh darling! How sweet you are to do this for me! But I don't want *you* to do anything! Leave it all up to Amy. She's very shy about this (HA!) so let her take all the time that she needs. I'm sure that once she gets over her shyness at being the initiator, you'll have a hard time holding her back!"

His relief at being told this was readily apparent – now the onus was off him if nothing happened. "Well okay then," he said. "That's fine. I certainly wouldn't want you to get mad at me if she changes her mind.."

"Oh, I'd never do that!" I cooed playfully. "Might get jealous of her of course," I kissed him and immediately brought him to ejaculation and, gasping, he shot his load into the panties.

I waited for a few seconds until he'd recovered, then I said. "See? Told you so!"

"Eh? Told me what?"

"Just like a man! Tell a poor girl what he thinks she wants to hear – but I noticed that you didn't come until I was talking about you making out with Amy." I shook my head. "That in itself is almost enough to convince me that you're man enough – but not quite."

Despite my last words the poor little sissy was flattered out of his tree at me pointing out something – anything - manly about him. He didn't see the irony when I suggested that as he now needed fresh panties he should wear the satin periwinkle blue ones – with the scads of lace – commenting that I really thought the color was terrific on him! He blushed after he had changed when I had him

drop his pants to make sure he'd done what he'd been told to do. Told him how pretty his panties looked.

I let Amy in on what I intended – she thought it was a hoot, and started making sheep's eyes at Donna as if she was infatuated with him. I, of course, kept up the pressure on him by continually suggesting that he'd be doing me a great favor by helping one of my friends out. Reminding of a male's sexual drive and how hard it must be to keep it constrained.

I set it up for a Sunday afternoon. I was kinda disgusted when it started to rain, and by mid afternoon had turned into a regular downpour. I had had to let mom in on my intentions some time earlier. She looked at me strangely. "You really want to do this?" she asked.

"Mom! I need to be with a real guy! Donna is just like a girlfriend now and I think it's about time that I had *some* fun with a man!"

She shrugged and grinned. "No accounting for taste – obviously, you don't take after me. And none of my business I guess, but if this is your outlook on the situation now, I'm starting to think that I better start working on him myself."

"*Start!* You must be kidding!" I laughed. "You got poor Donna conned out of her mind!" Then I paused. "See mom? I think of him as a girl most all of the time now."

"Don't see him as a potential husband?"

"Well? I must admit that I get a great deal of enjoyment out of humiliating him. But seeing him as a husband? Don't want to burn any bridges, but right now I don't think so."

She nodded.

So that Sunday everything was primed for Eddie's visit. I'd kept Wendy out of it and Donna, of course had no idea of what was going down. Mom had entered into the scheme with a great deal of enthusiasm and had come up with all sorts of little touches to make my plans successful. Frankly, having some idea of her plans for him, I couldn't understand her willingness to let Amy have him, but that's become clear since then. Anyway, she had inveigled both Amy and Donna into dresses – supposedly for alterations.

Amy was in a ball gown of her mothers – supposedly getting it altered to fit her for an upcoming gala dance. She had laughed when trying it on. "I feel like a fruit" she'd confided in me, swishing the extremely full skirts and petticoats and laughing as they ballooned around her.

Donna, being very close to my size – especially if his bra was padded – was doing my mother a 'favor' by wearing a summer frock of mine, also presumably for some minor alterations. Naturally, following mom's normal advice that he

should learn to 'enjoy his feminine side' he was wearing full lingerie underneath it. Looked very fetching too, he did in the colorful floral, sleeveless, dress.

I noticed that he'd also become so used to heels that he walked with all the confidence of a young lady – had a nice sway to him. I should also add that the dress was the kind that had quite a few tiny little buttons down the back – one of the reasons I hardly wore it. Being tight fitting in the bodice, it was almost impossible to pull off over your head and my arms were always aching by the time that I'd have the buttons all undone. With Donna being unused to back-fastening clothes, his chances of getting out of that dress without help were minimal, to say the least.

I was sitting reading a magazine, trying to hide just how randy I was feeling as the two 'girls' and mom flitted about in the adjoining room. Dead on time, mom called out. "Karen? I think that's Eddie's car coming up the driveway now."

"Eddie? What's he doing here?" I called back, pretending surprise.

"Oh NUTS!" mom said. "He called early this morning and asked if he could come over this afternoon. Guess I forgot to tell you."

"Eddie? Eddie Jansen?" I heard Donna squeal. "Oh Oh Oh! What am I going to do! Mummy, will you help me out of this dress? I can't let him see me like *this*!"

"I don't think there's time dear," mummy said. "And he'll probably only be here for a little while. Just relax."

"Couldn't you send him away? Tell him that Karen's not here?"

"After the poor boy has come all this way in the pouring rain to see her? That would be very mean, don't you think?"

"Oh please mummy! Help me!" he cried.

"I've got an idea," she said to him. Then to me. . "Go on Karen. Answer the door, but take a few minutes before you bring him back here, okay?"

I opened the front door – and probably scared the hell out of Eddie as I jumped right into his arms. Oh god, it was so lovely to be in the arms of a strong stud! I shoved my groin into his immediate erection and rotated my hips. Took his tongue into my mouth and sucked on it as hard as I could. "Mmmm! What took you so long!" I cooed when we'd separated, and put my hand down over his raging cock. I think he was ready there and then – I had to fight him off from picking me up and backing me into the wall in the hallway. It was *great*! I almost let him have me – but managed, somehow, to keep my head. Managed to fend him off – but believe me, it was a struggle.

Donna was a redhead in a pony tail wig, when I got Eddie into the room a few minutes later and, fully made up now, was a fairly pretty girl. I was very

impressed by the transformation that mom had worked in the few minutes she'd had. His eyes were frightened but, as Eddie was saying hello to mom, I whispered in his ears. "Don't worry Donna. I'll distract him so that he doesn't pay any attention to you." Then when it was time for them to meet, I introduced Eddie to Donna, explaining that "she" was Amy's *girlfriend*. As Amy's proclivities were well known, this immediately meant that Eddie lost any interest he might have had in Donna immediately.

Then mom 'remembered' that she'd an errand to run. "Behave yourselves you kids!" she mock-seriously warned us. "Don't let me come back to find any hanky-panky going on!" To tell the truth, I wasn't sure if she was actually going to leave the house or spy on us from the monitor but, frankly, was just too randy to care. "Could I maybe come with you, please?" Donna called out as she started to leave the room.

"Aw sweetie! I'm sorry I was mean to you!" Amy implored him! "Don't go. You'll get your pretty dress all wet." With that, she put an arm around his shoulders and pulled him in for a kiss!

"Okay you girls. Behave now!" Mom said, and left the room.

She wasn't gone from the room for two minutes when Eddie suggested that we put on some music, so I turned on the CD player and put a bunch of romantic music on. Naturally, we all started dancing – Amy and Eddie taking the boys parts, Donna and I following their leads.

Slow dancing – without a chaperone – can often lead to just one thing. A little while later, Donna and I are lying on the sofa, practically side by side, and under attack from Amy and Eddie. Then, once I knew I couldn't wait any longer, I gave Amy the pre-arranged sign. Her hands had been up under his skirts for some time, but now I could tell that she was pulling his panties down. Right then, Eddie finally took the hints I was making and I could feel my own moist panties slowly getting pulled down my thighs.

Then Amy pulled her voluminous skirts and petticoats up and dropped them all over Donna so that he was completely hidden from view – then mounted him – as Eddie was climbing on to me!

I could hear some muffled noises coming out from under the mound of Amy's skirts as she and I slipped condoms onto our partners, but it wasn't too long before I was making some enthusiastic noises myself – so wasn't paying too much attention. So there we stayed – not for long enough unfortunately – as Amy and Eddie did their thing, humping Donna and me enthusiastically, their bodies moving up and down almost in perfect unison. I don't know about Donna, but Eddie, me and Amy all came about the same time.

We all rested for a little while then started separating ourselves from our partners and once Amy got up, I could tell by Donna's face that he was very emotionally disturbed. Figured that I'd better get rid of Eddie quickly, so dropped some quiet and gentle hints that mom might be home any minute – and that if she twigged that we'd had sex, she might make things unpleasant.

He took off shortly thereafter and I couldn't help smiling to myself – just what the doctor ordered I thought. When I came back into the room Donna was crying. "You made love to him!" he said accusingly.

I shrugged. "Sure I did. Said I was going to distract him, didn't I? I didn't want to get intimate with him, but figured I was doing you a favor! But if that's all the thanks I get? And anyway? Weren't you humping Amy? Don't hear ME crying and carrying on about *that*, do you?" Then I turned to Amy. "How'd he perform. Okay?"

She held her hand out in front of her, palm down, and fluttered it a little. "Kinda strange, you know? Screwing a boy in a dress. If it hadn't been for his tiny little cock? I'd have thought he was a girl – weak and soft. Nice and smooth – and his lingerie was really silky. But yeah. He did okay I guess."

Poor Donna. He burst into tears at this less than wonderful testament to his manliness, so I went and put an arm around his shoulders. "That's all right darling. See? You played the part of the man okay. Isn't that right Amy?"

She paused, just long enough to have him gushing out with more tears, and mom chose that second to come into the room." Girls GIRLS! What's going on here! Why are you crying Donna!" She sniffed the air dramatically. "Have you girls been having sex? Don't lie to me! The truth now!"

Amy and I gazed at each other disbelievingly. Softly and tenderly, mom now came and bumped me out of the way with her hip. Put her own arm around his shoulders and led him to the couch where he'd just been screwed. Minutes later? He's sitting on her lap – like a little kid!

She then proceeded to draw everything out of him – his embarrassment at being made love to by Amy. Of being frightened that Eddie would recognize him. His jealousy of Eddie being allowed to make love to me. His shame at being hidden under Amy's skirts. Then she turned to Amy and me. "Why don't you two scamps beat it? Donna and I need to have a heart to heart talk and it's none of your business". But there was a cruelty in the way that she said it and in her smile. That, reinforced by a half-wink, let me know that what was coming might be very interesting.

So, acting chastened, Amy and I shut the door behind us. She didn't know why I grabbed a hold of her arm and started running for mom's private office where the monitoring equipment was installed. Amy's eyes grew wide when

she saw me activating the monitor then selecting the camera and the sound for the room – though with mom having used it before, it only needed a bit more fine tuning.

Mom was in the middle of saying something. ". . . so Donna. See what I'm getting at? You admit that you didn't enjoy making love to Amy – and that you were jealous. But are you sure – *absolutely* positive – that it was Eddie you were jealous of, and not Karen?"

He looked at her blankly. "I don't understand mummy. Jealous of *Karen*?"

She nodded solemnly. "You *don't* understand, do you?"

He shook his head, his face clearly showing bewilderment.

She hugged him. "Donna? Do you have any idea what a pretty girl you are now? On second thoughts? Don't answer that, let me tell you." She turned Donna's face to look directly into hers, then continued. "You're not beautiful – but you're decidedly pretty. With a little better makeup job, you'd be even prettier. Get you some nice looking breast forms?" She held her finger to Donna's lips as he was obviously about to say something. "No Donna. Please let me finish."

She repositioned herself on the couch and started talking again. "So, you're pretty. In a dress and heels, you move naturally. You talk softly and are sweet and feminine. You're the next best thing to being a girl, aren't you?"

"But mummy? I don't . . ."

"Hush dear! Don't you see that's your macho side arguing. You've been brainwashed all those years into thinking you're a boy. What I'm saying that it's maybe now that your feminine side is coming out. Wasn't it Karen you envied? Isn't there the *slightest* chance that you wanted to be *Eddie's* girl?"

He let out an anguished wail. "No . No . .NO!" and tried weakly to break out of mom's embrace, but she held him easily and spoke calmly. "Darling? I'm NOT saying that it's a fact that you want to be turned into a girl completely. But can't you see? Here I am – a completely unbiased observer – suggesting, just *suggesting*, mind you – that you might be that way – and you react this strongly? You know that old quotation – '*methinks he protesteth too much*'? Don't you think it might be appropriate here.?"

"I don't think so . . ." he mumbled weakly.

"But you don't KNOW so, do you?"

"No. I guess I don't . . but . . ."

"Well dear, as long as you have an open mind on the subject, I'll say no more," mom said – a little huffily.

I zoomed the camera in on Donna's face. Amy giggled beside me. "Gosh Karen, your mom is a work of art, isn't she? Just look at Donna's face! Like a

deer caught in the headlights!"

"More like a rabbit in front of a very large snake," I giggled.

"Does she really think he's gay?" she asked, peering intently at the screen.

I shook my head. "Don't know. Don't think so. I think she's just trying to confuse him."

"Ssh!" Amy whispered. "She's talking again."

Donna was now lying back in mom's embrace. Eyes turned upwards as if waiting for orders. Soft lips, opened slightly. Now all appearances of masculinity gone. Meek, compliant – and feminine.

"Now Donna?" mom was saying softly. "You know that I love you. Look on you as if you were my own?"

He nodded.

"And that sometimes – if you love someone – you must do what appears to be a hurtful thing? Be cruel to be kind sort of thing?"

He nodded again, slower this time.

"Well, I'm sorry dear. But I think it's high time I stepped up your exposure to being a girl. So here's what I want you to do. Karen and Amy are probably up in Karen's room. I want you to go up there and ask Karen to make you up properly. I didn't do that good a job when I made you up before – and Amy, that minx, mussed you up pretty good. Then ask Karen if she's still got the nice breast forms she had when she was younger – and put them in your bra . . . just for me – please?" she added firmly seeing that he was about to protest. "So that when you come back here, you're as pretty a girl as I know you can be. Okay. Will you do that for me?"

I didn't wait for his response. "C'mon Amy! Let's get out of here!" I said switching off the monitor and pulling her out of the office. Closed the door quietly behind us. Rushed her to my room and turned on my TV. Threw a magazine at her and picked one up myself. When Donna knocked on my door and came in, Amy and I were perfect examples of two bored young ladies on a wet afternoon.

Donna, naturally, passed on to us what mom had told him. I wasn't sure as to what mom had in her mind when she'd been talking about being cruel to be kind, but was pretty certain that the day's entertainment wasn't over – not by a long chalk. Amy was chafing at having to wear the ball gown, so stripped to her lingerie. I saw how Donna was immediately embarrassed – so followed suit myself. Poor boy! Two nubile young women walking around him in their underwear, ignoring him just as if he were another girl? And? As we worked on him, his transformation into a girl was accelerated up another notch. As I

said, earlier he'd been fairly pretty – now there was no denying it – he *was* pretty.

We'd taken his dress and wig off and inserted my old breast forms into his bra. In a moment of genius, I thought of something and raided mom's lingerie drawer. Came back with a light blue, taffeta-faced, lace up corset. It was SO much fun lacing him into it tightly. Couldn't tell whether he was red faced from embarrassment or the constraint of the corset.

But with his new breasts and waistline? Amazing! I'd never noticed before, but he had the cutest, plump little ass! All soft and round! Got the strongest urge to spank it, so when he was silly enough to voice a small complaint, I gently pulled him over my knees and gave him a soft spanking on his panties. (I started to see where mom got her enjoyment from doing this to males. Just feeling him squirm around with our lingerie materials sliding back and forth between us? *Tremendous!*).

Amy was surprisingly good with his hair. I hadn't allowed him to have it cut for some time and it was getting just long enough to set with rollers – so that's what we did, with her calling the shots. I'd have thought that, with his hair up and wrapped in a turban, he'd look more masculine. No way! After his spanking, his face seemed to lose much of its masculine characteristics and with its oval face and smooth complexion took on an even more feminine appearance – though the fact that we plucked his eyebrows may have had something to do with that.

The docile little lamb didn't even bleat when we put him under mom's portable hair dryer and then, while Amy worked on his toe nails, I worked on his manicure. No complaints about how he was to remove the polish, no questions.

Altogether? We must have spent about two hours or more beautifying him. Once his makeup had been applied properly and his hair had been brushed out, he was fastened back into his dress. I then had a slight taste of the triumph that Dr. Frankenstein must have felt. Amy and I had created someone – someone entirely different than the person she'd – he'd – been before. A girl that had been a boy. A pair of white coral, clip-on earrings, a matching necklace and bracelet helped. I then, personally, applied the finishing touches with a few little touches of Nina Riche behind his ears and on his wrists. Again, Donna just stood there, fully accepting everything now, pretty as a picture.

We were just in time, because mom called up the stairs. "Girls? Time to come down. Dinner will be ready in about fifteen minutes. Make yourselves presentable, okay?"

Her last comment puzzled me, but Amy and I got dressed, although she put on her standard jeans and top instead of the ball gown. (That underlined another point. She'd taken over the male role from Donna when wearing a ball gown. Now, with her in more masculine clothes, he seemed to have accepted this role reversal as permanent, deferring to her exactly the way a girl would to a boy. Not necessarily intimidated – more like rolling his eyes at me if Amy did anything remotely masculine. I also noted him checking his lipstick and his hair in the hall mirror – exactly the way a girl would). Anyway, I took a little extra care in making sure that I was presentable myself.

I got quite a surprise when we got downstairs – because there was Tiffany – our male maid – in full maid regalia no less and looking very pretty. I knew that he 'made' Donna the minute he saw him, but mom must have warned him because he didn't let on. Then I saw why mom must have called Tiffany in. The table was set in the dining room – but for five? – and the smell of a delicious meal was filling the house (Tiffany IS an excellent cook) and there was a lovely fire blazing in the sitting room. When mom appeared, she too had changed. Full length dress, very elegant. Full makeup.

She greeted the three of us warmly, giving us all ceremonial air-kisses and telling us how pretty we were. Made no difference in how she treated Donna as compared to me or Amy. Then, surprising me even more, she had us sit in the sitting room and had Tiffany serve us wine spritzers – so I knew then that something was up. Didn't have long to wait and wonder. The door bell went and Tiffany went to answer it. A minute or so later he reappeared, a fur coat over an arm and a ladies handbag in his hand. Behind him was a lady still engaged in shaking some moisture from her hair. Escorted our visitor into the room – Donna's mother!

I know that I was shocked. What in hell's name was mom playing at! But then when I saw Donna's face with the blusher on his cheeks standing out clearly against the white of his complexion, knew that his shock was MUCH greater than mine. Mom went and greeted her.

"Mrs. Smithson! How nice of you to visit on such short notice! And in such inclement weather too!"

Mrs. Smithson looked a little confused but was obviously impressed my mom. Got a little coquettish as she answered. "Yes, it is absolutely filthy weather. But you *did* say it was urgent that I come here tonight when you phoned, did you not? Something pertaining to Donald? As a mother I felt that I must come – but excuse me, I don't see any signs of danger or urgency here. You haven't brought me here on some pretext, have you?" She fluttered her eyelashes at mom.

Mom blinked. Donna's mother normally tended towards being a little distant. This woman didn't bear much resemblance to the lady who chatted with us after church at all. But she recovered rapidly.

"Mrs. Smithson? Yes, what you are seeing here that may appear calm on the surface, but there are undercurrents that have been years in the making. I asked you here tonight because there is a situation you have not been aware of – and it is HIGH time that you were appraised of it!"

"Oh dear! This sounds serious." Mrs. Smithson put a hand to her throat.

"Oh it's not a terrible thing dear. But may I suggest a drink? You may need one."

"Well? A Scotch and water might not go amiss. Thank you."

Mom signaled Tiffany. "A Scotch and water for our guest please – and I think I'll join her. Same for me please."

Tiffany curtsied and wasn't long in returning with the drinks. Once the two women had them, mom said. "I think introductions are in order dear. Karen, my daughter, you've met. That girl beside her is Amy – a distant relative and friend. . ."

Both Amy and I stood, smiled, and mouthed our 'hellos' to our guest. Donna stood alongside us, pale as death and I could see his hands tremble so badly that the liquid in his wine glass threatened to spill.

"And Mrs. Smithson? You obviously haven't recognized him – but this other young lady? Is Donald – your son. Although he prefers the name Donna now."

I'd heard the phrase "pregnant pause" but never knew what it was until then. I saw Mrs. Smithson look at Donna. Didn't see – or didn't WANT to see what mom was talking about. Then she put a sort of half smile – half questioning look on her face and looked at me, then Amy – as if waiting for someone to laugh, and then explain the joke to her. Then her attention swung back to her son.

He broke the silence. "It IS me, mother. Can I explain?"

Mom broke in. "Mrs. Smithson? I know this must seem very strange to you. Please sit down. Donna? Perhaps you could let me explain?" With that, she took our stunned visitor by the hand and led her to the couch, where the two of them sat. Mom then scooted over to create a space. "Donna darling?" she said, patting the newly formed area between them. "Why don't you come and sit between us please? But please darling? Let me explain everything to your mother, huh? Of course, if I say anything *too* outrageous, I'll expect you to clarify things. Will that be all right?"

"Yes mummy," Donna said, totally oblivious to the shock that appeared on his step mother's face at his use of the term she probably thought should refer

only to her.

But it didn't escape mom. "Mrs. Smithson? Please don't be offended at Donna calling me mummy. He started doing this some time ago and, looking on him as I would as if he were a child of my own, I was flattered. I should have stopped him I guess, but I DID enjoy it so!"

But Mrs. Smithson was only paying half attention, staring at her son as he walked across the room, the skirts of his dress swaying gently around him, his arms held demurely at his sides. Not swishy in the slightest – just a pretty girl in a pretty dress walking slowly across a room. I knew that she was seeing exactly the same thing. She shook her head as if to clear it.

"Mrs. Smithson? May I call you Julia?" Mom asked.

"Please do. And your first name is?" Julia answered.

"Stella" my mom replied. "Now Julia. Let me explain. Don't hesitate to ask any questions if you wish. All right?"

Julia nodded.

"Well, as you know, Donald seemed very keen on Karen and started walking her home from church. Naturally, I was pleased. He's such a well mannered boy – so courtly. But one time when I drove past them? He didn't see me – but he was carrying Karen's handbag. Not only that, he was carrying it the way a *girl* would!"

"Oh mom!" I interrupted. "He carried it because I asked him too – that was all!"

"Yes dear. I know. It just struck me as strange that a boy should look SO comfortable in doing it. Most boys would raise a fuss – don't you agree Julia?"

"Well – that would seem to be the case." Julia answered uncertainly. "But it's not very much to go on – is it?"

"Of course not," mom answered smoothly. "But as weeks went by I started noticing that he seemed to enjoy doing Karen's chores around the house.

Attempted a small experiment by asking him to wear a pretty apron. Didn't object one bit – even started to wash and iron his own aprons! Not only that? I found that Karen – the little minx- was having him wash and iron her *lingerie*."

"You know? That's strange!" Julia said reflectively, not shocked that I could see. She focused her attention on Donna. Patted his frock on top of his knees. "I haven't said so dear. But you ARE a sweet looking girl. I'd never have guessed!"

He blushed and lowered his head.

"But anyway?" she continued. "Remember a few weeks ago when I'd left the house, then had to come back a while later because I'd forgotten my glasses?"

I wondered what was going on. He was turning an even paler shade of white than he had been previously.

"Yes mother," he answered as if he was being strangled.

She turned to mom. Not having my glasses on I wasn't seeing too well – but I could have sworn I saw a new maid at the end of a hallway. Knew I hadn't hired any new girls – but there was *something* familiar about her." She turned back to Donna. "Was that you darling?"

This was a circumstance that neither mom nor myself had anticipated – we looked at each other, shell shocked – and right before Donna answered, it dawned on me – Charlotte had to have been domming him!

He licked his lips making them red and inviting without realizing it. "Well . . . yes . . . mother. You see . . ." His voice trailed off apologetically.

"Ah Julia! So you may have *sensed* that your son had feminine proclivities – but being his mother, you were probably too close to him to recognize them for what they were?" mom interrupted. saying this while smiling understandingly.

"Could be." Julia said reflectively, then spoke to Donna. "But why didn't you tell me about this Donald – sorry – Donna? I'd have understood."

"Oh – you know MEN!" Mom laughed. "Admit that they enjoyed wearing women's panties? Never!" Then she addressed Donna. "I'll admit – I was surprised when I discovered you wearing them! Such pretty ones too!" She smiled at Julia. "Though, if you don't mind – I'd just as soon not tell you how I found *that* out."

Her effrontery surprised even me – but I knew that Donna could never admit the reason he'd started wearing panties – and the thought of admitting that mom had (supposedly) found out by spanking him – would never cross his mind.

Then mom got serious. "You see Julia? I felt so bad for the boy. Felt that I HAD to help him discover his feminine side. Wasn't trying to *hide* anything from you – but didn't want to shame him either. It was a big help to find that Karen's dresses and skirts fitted him nicely and, as you can see, he took to being a girl like a duck to water. But today, something happened that made me wonder."

She paused for dramatic effect (I think). "You see, up until this morning I had just taken him for a transvestite – or a cross dresser – a male who enjoys wearing pretty things and *looking* like a girl. Saw no harm in helping him . . ." She paused again.

"But?" Julia prompted her.

"Today, I got some indications – faint ones mind you – that he wants to *BE* a girl!"

"Oh mummy!" Donna squealed, outraged. "How *could* you! I don't want to be any such thing!"

"DARLING! I know how hard this must be to discuss this with your mother," mom said sympathetically. "But didn't you admit today – just hours ago – that you didn't know for sure *who* you were jealous of? Eddie – or Karen?"

Indignation left Donna's face and was replaced by confusion. "Yes . . but . . I . . I don't . . what . . ?" he stammered.

"It's all RIGHT dear!" Julia said. "I *love* you! You want to be a girl? Nothing *wrong* with that! Lot's of boys do . ."

"Yes dear! Your mother is absolutely right!" mom interrupted. "Nothing wrong with wanting to be a girl. Nothing at ALL!"

Donna looked helplessly at both women, one at a time. Befuddled and confused. Dazed. Finally relaxed back onto the sofa cushions in a helpless fashion and I sensed that from that point on, whatever mom had planned would take place. And it did.

The two older women were now allies – it was obvious. Julia was out of her league - although I sensed that she was mulling the whole situation in her mind – maybe even enjoying what was being done to her step-son? Mom had just had too much time to set things up. Donna was now nothing but a pawn in mom's machinations.

"But what do you recommend we should do, Stella?" Julia asked.

Mom's eyes gleamed. "Well? I haven't had too much time to think about this, but there's a way that one can learn a new language – called "total immersion" I think . ."

"Oh – I've heard of that!" Julia interjected. "The people actually live with people who never talk in anything but the language the person is trying to learn. Right?"

Mom nodded her head. "Absolutely! Now, I was thinking that Donna has lived all of his life up until now as a boy – he must therefore have been thoroughly brainwashed into masculine thinking . . Maybe a spell of immersion as a female might open up his thinking? Might enable him to make a choice – based on knowledge, rather than brainwashing?"

"But how on earth could we manage that?" Julia asked, perplexed. "I mean, I see your reasoning, and it's flawless – but are there any places that would specialize in handling boys like him? I don't think it would work too well at our house . ."

"Oh, I can see *that*!" mom said smoothly, "The maids you have there might not understand . . " (The look of relief on Donna's face was incredible!) but then,

as mom started to continue, he started getting worried again.. "Mother? Mummy? May I say something?" he asked, desperation creeping into his voice.

Julia spoke. "Of course dear. Don't you think this to be a great idea? You'd be able to wear all sorts of pretty clothes – and I'm sure that no one would laugh at you . ."

"Well it's not that mother. I just don't think that . ."

"Donna darling?" mom interrupted. "I hate to say this – but do you realize how negative you sound? Like I've said before? I look on you as if you were my very own child – and your mother – well, you're step-mother, that is – wants nothing for the best for you, just like me. So please be a good girl and just let us see if we can come up with a solution to this problem."

I saw Julia's eyes widen at the sound of her son being referred to as a girl. but then she patted Donna's knee and said. "Yes darling. That's probably all that brainwashing you went through talking. Now why don't you do as Stella suggests – and be a good *girl*?"

I wondered about this new indication that she wanted to humiliate her son – and came to the conclusion that marriage to his father may not have been a bed of roses – maybe she wanted a little of her own back on the male sex? He blushed and seemed to shrink a little inside his pretty, floral, dress. A satisfied smile appeared on her face. She turned to mom. "You were saying, Stella?"

Mom sighed happily. "Well? I'm sure there are places where they'd be glad to sort him out – but the question is, would they do it with the love and understanding that he needs? On top of that? I bet the costs would be *prohibitive*! But say he stayed here with Karen and me? He'd have Karen as a role model – and me as a chaperone! And you live close enough to visit him any time you wish!"

A speculative look came into Julia's eyes. "How long do you think it should take, Stella?"

Mom shrugged. "A week or two. Maybe three?"

"I've been planning on going on a one month cruise next week. Been wondering what to do with Donald – I mean Donna of course. I offered to let him join us – but he sneered at the thought of joining a bunch of women – as he put it!"

"A MONTH?" Donna wailed. "I can't go around dressed as a girl for a month! WON'T!" Practically stamped his pretty little foot!

"Donna darling?" mom cautioned him. "A month isn't that long."

"Yes dear. For goodness sake! You'd think we were killing you! Now just stop all that macho posturing and be quiet!" Julia was obviously losing patience – but yet I kept thinking I saw more and more evidences of delight shining in

her eyes as she and mom gradually subjugated the poor boy in the pretty floral dress sitting between them.

It was all over bar the shouting. All of us went into dinner and ate a very civilized meal – Two women and three girls chatting pleasantly – though one of the girls was a LOT quieter than the others.. Tiffany served up an excellent meal silently and efficiently. Shortly after dessert, Amy excused herself and went home. Shortly after that, Tiffany let mom know that the kitchen was all tidied up and the dishes done. "Will that be all ma'am?" he asked mom.

Mmm." Mom mused. "I should have thought to have you make up a bedroom for Donna."

"That's silly mom!" What's wrong with having him sleep in MY room?" I said, startling everybody, I think.

"No. That wouldn't be proper dear," mom said.

"Why not?" I asked, innocence spread all over my face. "When Amy sleeps over, she shares my room, doesn't she? Seems to me that if you want Donna to have this 'total immersion' thingie you've been going on about? Should we be treating him any differently than any other girl?"

"I must say, " Julia said to mom, laughing a little. "Your daughter cuts right to the chase, doesn't she?" Then she turned to me. "But are you sure you'd feel safe sleeping in the same bed, dear?"

I shrugged. "Safe? Of course. Donna – excuse me – Donald, has never been anything but a *perfect* gentleman. If I wouldn't allow him to make love to me as a man, do you *really* think I'd let him do it if he was acting, and dressing like, a girl?" I turned to him. "Amn't I right Donna? You wouldn't try to take advantage of the situation, would you?"

His blush was evident, even under his makeup. "Never! But I can't be sleeping with you Karen. I *can't*"

"I can't believe I'm hearing this!" Julia teased. "You say you're a boy one second – then you don't want to sleep beside a pretty girl the next? What are we *supposed* to think?"

"Yeah! I should be the one that's getting offended here!" I laughed.

Mom broke in. "Donna? Don't let these two tease you! We all have perfect trust in you – I don't believe that you'd ever dream of hurting a hair on Karen's head. Isn't that true?"

"Of course mummy!" he protested, totally confused.

"Then why don't you run upstairs with Karen and see if she's got any nightwear that'll do you for tonight. I want to speak . ."

"*Tonight?*" he squeaked.

"Yes. Why not? Want to get all the work we've done today lost? Seems silly to me!"

"And to me!" Julia chimed in.

"And Donna?" mom added kindly, "I'd really like to talk to Julia, so please? Do as I ask?"

"Yeah Donna – come ON!" I said, assaulting him from another tangent by standing and taking his hand pulling him up from where he sat. Was actually surprised at how light he seemed. I linked arms with him and led him to my bedroom. Decided to have a little fun.

"Donna darling?" I said sweetly once we got to my bedroom. "Remember how I gave you a spanking earlier on this evening?"

He blushed furiously. Nodded.

"It didn't hurt, did it?"

"No. Can't say that it did. Though it WAS kinda embarrassing," he admitted.

"I got the strangest feeling that you liked it though – or am I wrong?" I asked softly.

"Hrmph!" He cleared his throat. "Like I said. It was embarrassing." Then he looked at me, his eyes full of pleading. "Please Karen – can't we talk about something else?"

"In a minute, " I said. "You know something? You really offended me downstairs – acting as if you wouldn't sleep with me – like you were some kind of stud and that I wouldn't be strong enough to withstand you! And that really bothers me! I do feel *insulted* to tell you the truth!"

"Aw Karen! You know I didn't mean that!" he said.

"Feel like putting you over my knees and giving you a *proper* spanking – not one of those FUN ones!" I snapped. "How'd you like *that*, huh?"

He'd come to accept my dominance so much, that he never even questioned if I *could* spank him!

"Please Karen? I didn't mean anything. Didn't mean to offend you." he pleaded.

"You don't *want* a spanking? Don't want to KNOW who's boss between us? Then ask me nicely. Ask me NOT to spank you!" I ordered. "Ask me NICELY!"

"But I AM asking you nicely! Please don't spank me Karen," He was close to wailing.

I went and put both of my hands in his and gently pulled him close to me. "Look me in the eyes Donna," I said. He managed to lift his soft, puppy eyes,

although I could see that his natural inclination now was to look down when being talked to by a woman.

"You going to make any more fuss about being my special girlfriend or sleeping with me, huh?" I asked softly.

His lips trembled. "No." he whispered.

"Cross your heart and hope to die, if you lie?" I asked, letting go of one of his hands and lightly tracing a cross over the front of his dress – making sure that I took in some of the swelling of his breasts.

"Cross my heart," he said helplessly.

I gave him the kind of kiss one girl gives another. "Come on then Donna. Let's see what we can find for you." I giggled.

His mother was quite impressed when we went back. I'd felt that to put him in something gauzy and frilly might be pressing it too much – so went for simplicity itself – a long granny nightgown that had a lace yoke, under a lightweight robe. Feminine of course, but not 'ultra'. Had him remove some of his makeup and replace it with much lighter shades. He now had a very strong resemblance to a young lady ready for bed. Of course I wore similar nightwear as well. I'd toyed with the idea of wearing pajamas, but discarded that as being a little much.

I sensed that something had happened between Julia and mom – there was a sort of sensuality in the air that hadn't been there when Donna and I had left. Later, after Julia had gone and Donna had been sent to bed, I quizzed mom about it. She grinned. "Think she fancies me," she said "But I'll cross that bridge when she gets back from her cruise. In the meantime, what went on upstairs? Donna seemed a lot more receptive when you came back down."

She shook her head approvingly after I told her. "You know Karen? I'm starting to think you maybe *should* marry him. He's gonna come into a POT of money one of these days. I think that that's what may be the root of some problems Julia has with him.."

I shook my head. "Still not gonna burn my bridges with him mom – but right now? I'd rather marry a *man*. Know what I mean?" Then added "Julia's obviously got plenty money of her own. She want his too? Seems awfully willing to go along with making him a sissy."

"Don't think so. It's just that I have the feeling that she was under her husband's thumb for so long? Feels that she can get some of her own back by putting his son under hers."

"Ah! That's why she seems so receptive to us putting him into dresses?"

"Wouldn't be surprised! We can talk more about this tomorrow. But isn't it time you were joining your friend in bed? He'll be getting lonely I should

think."

I grinned. "Night mom." Gave her a swift kiss.

"Behave yourself up there!" she cautioned, but was grinning.

"Of *course* mom!" I replied, then hurried to my bed – and my friend.

* * *

Donald started to disappear over the next week. Donna gradually took his place. Went shopping with me and mom – went to the beauty salon with Julia. Got fitted with a pair of very realistic breast forms – I was amazed at how natural they looked, even without a bra – and kinda jealous – they were just a smidgin bigger than mine! Learned how to be a girl in bed with me too. She was okay I guess – just a wee bit too subservient – if you know what I mean.

After she started wearing a special kind of panty (cache sexe, I think they're called) it was even harder to remember that she'd ever been a guy – though I did enjoy teasing her a lot. Bought her a pretty tennis dress – then took her to her house and 'introduced' her to the maids. She blushed enough at their comments about how pretty 'he' was that I knew that some vestiges of maleness remained. (He had less after I beat him on the tennis court. Truthfully? I don't know whether he was scared to beat me or the flounced dress that showed off his panties with just about every move distracted him – but I trounced him pretty good. I think that some of the maids enjoyed dropping by to ask if we were in need of anything, then watching for a little while as he minced and pranced his way around the court. This may have distracted him a little also).

Later that afternoon, after we had showered, we sat out on the deck and had soft drinks. Charlotte came and said 'Hi' to me and (I think) shot him a reproachful look – or maybe some *other* kind of a look? I Don't know – but somehow Charlotte ended up sitting out and chatting with me – while he served us. (Very nicely too – I must say).

And yes, it was probably cruel of me to lie in bed with Donna at night and go on and on about Eddie – and what a stud he was. This wasn't as much fun as it should have been because, after Donna's mother had left on her cruise, mom started making *her* play for Donna. The sneaky old thing would wait until I was off on a date with Eddie then was introducing him to some of the more *sexual* things associated with being a girl. When Donna started confiding to me what was going on, I damn near choked.

Mom had convinced Donna that she needed to become aware of what men did to girls! Had *volunteered* to act the part of a man – Donna's *boyfriend*! Donna giggled quite a lot about how mom had been so gauche and shy at first trying to pretend she was a man – but how quickly she'd become rather good at it! Had actually got to the level that Donna was actually picking tips up from

her on how to act like a man – "when I finally get back to being one myself after this month is over," she giggled. I giggled along with her – though I don't think we were giggling at quite the same thing.

After another week or so though, I sensed that things might be getting downright serious between mom and Donna. Not so much giggling in bed now – and not as many girlish confidences getting passed from one to another. Donna actually started getting rather withdrawn.

One night in bed, I put an arm around her shoulders. "You mad at me Donna?" I whispered.

"Mad at you?" He asked incredulously. His tone of voice told me that he was talking pure truth.

"Well? You haven't been talking much to me these last few nights. I didn't know what was going on. Didn't know what to think."

"I'm awfully confused," he said.

"That's understandable Donna. Who wouldn't be?" I said. (Probably one of the most honest questions I've ever asked in my life, considering what me, mom, and his own mother were doing to him).

"It's your mother. I think I'm falling in love with her!"

I didn't hand him any BS about the disparity in ages. Just hugged the poor dear closer to me. "Donna? That's perfectly natural! She's a good looking woman! But? Do you love her as your boyfriend – or do you see her as the woman she is?"

"I . . . I . . . don't *KNOW*!" He faltered. "Sometimes? She's so gorgeous and beautiful! Sometimes she's just . . . she's just . . ."

"So forceful? Makes you want to nestle in her arms?" I interrupted.

"Yes!" he whispered, and tried to burrow his head into my breasts.

"But there's something else bugging you, isn't there?" I pressed.

He started to sniffle. "Yes. She's gone and bought some phony penises and wants me to react to them."

Oh god! I thought to myself. She's introducing him to *dildos*! "React to them?" I asked carefully. "How?"

He was silent for a while – and then, it was as if he HAD to talk it out. "She has me help to put those . . . those . . . *things* . . . ON her! Then?" He giggled. "It looks so funny somehow? She struts around with them bouncing around in front of her. Acts as if she's a MAN! Even she can't help but laugh – Tells me to kiss that . . . thing . . . Tell her that's she's such a STUD! Kiss it! Yech!"

"But DO you kiss it? Tell her what she wants to hear?"

I could feel the heat of his blush through his flimsy nightgown (he'd graduated to prettier stuff since that first night with me). "Yes," he said simply.

"Do you really dislike doing it *that* much?" I giggled.

"Yeah. Kinda. But – *she* seems to enjoy it . . and keeps saying that she's only doing it – to help me make up my mind . . you know?"

"You haven't made up your mind? I thought you had!" I said as if confused. "You're SUCH a pretty girl – and I'd really miss you as a girl friend now – if you went back to being a stinky old boy!"

"Oh Karen! I'm not a girl! Don't want . ."

"Hush!" I said, putting my finger over his lips. "Well, we'll see at the end of the month, huh? In the meantime? I'm kinda horny tonight. Why don't you just slip under the covers and be Karen's girl for a little while. Put that tongue of yours to some work?" I kissed him softly and put some pleading into my voice. "Pretty please with sugar on it?"

That took care of that for a while!

A few days later though, I started seeing that I was being kinda unfair to mom – and maybe even to Donna. He was getting more and more attracted to her, but still seemed to have a lingering attraction for me. He also had the ridiculous idea that he could go back to being a guy again. I felt it might be a good idea to 'adjust' his thinking a little bit. What I did may sound cruel – and it was in a way I guess – but see what you think.

I didn't tell mom what I had in mind. Just waited until I knew she'd be gone on business for most of the day. Once I was positive that she was long gone, I got hold of Donna. "Hey!" I said. "I've been thinking. Mom's gone for a while – maybe until tomorrow . and I've an idea . . .?" Then I paused.

A glimmer of sadness crossed his face . "Yeah," he sighed. "But what were you thinking?"

"Well. I'm not so sure that this total immersion idea is very fair to you . ."

"You don't?" He asked, in surprise.

I shrugged. "Well, I'm starting to think it's like throwing you into the deep end. Maybe it would be an idea to give you some time off now and then? Give you a little break – Donald?"

His eyes opened wide. It was the first time he'd been called by his real name in quite some time and he immediately saw the implication that I might be thinking of him as a male again. Then, immediately following that I saw insecurity cross his face. I pretended not to see this. "I've looked you out some of your old clothes for you to wear. What do you say you try them on for a while?" I suggested.

He paused momentarily before taking a deep breath. "Why NOT?" he said bravely.

It was obvious that he couldn't remove his breasts as this was a fairly lengthy process and he admitted that he'd just have to put them back on again. He didn't really want to wear a bra but compromised by wearing one of mine which, being a little smaller in size, cut down on the 'wobble'. His hair posed a problem too. It was not overly long of course, but decidedly feminine by this time. I pinned it up for him and, under a baseball cap, it was fairly well hidden.

The poor little sissy didn't know that he now looked just like a girl in boy's clothes. I truly hadn't noticed until then, but his walk had been modified. He wasn't in the slightest, swishy – he just walked like a girl now. Talked like one as well – you know how a girl sort of raises her voice at the end of a statement – almost like a question? His voice was also soft and girlish and – was I dreaming? Was he developing hips? It suddenly crossed my mind that the vitamin supplement program that mom had him on might not be exactly what she said it was. Then, he complained that his shoes felt big on him and, when I took a closer look at him, they did – and all of his clothes seemed big on him too. All in all, it was just like I said. He had that 'cute' look that a girl has when she dresses in her boyfriends clothes.

Then I suggested we take a trip to his house – as a sort of outing. He really wasn't keen, but couldn't think up any reasonable objection. He was very embarrassed when, about half way there I told him that he'd forgotten to take his earrings off. He blushed furiously of course as he removed them. I didn't tell him that there were strong indications that he'd forgotten – and left his makeup on. Either that, or had just done what was now natural to him and applied some.

When Julia had taken off on her cruise, she'd given the maids permission to take vacations and work in shifts to allow them maximum time off. When we arrived then, only Charlotte was there and she, per my previous suggestion, had a bandage wrapped around her ankle and was affecting a limp. She made SUCH a fuss at seeing Miss Donna – sorry – master Donald again. Absolutely DEMANDED that she be allowed to serve us though (wincing theatrically) obviously in great pain as she hobbled back and forth.

Eddie arrived on schedule – and Donna behaved exactly the way I'd anticipated – horror struck! He couldn't figure out how Eddie had known I'd be there and was in too much of a panic to ask. He knew that he'd never pass as a guy – KNEW it! Knew that his breasts, although hidden by his jacket would show – and I think he was well aware of his now, almost-natural, femininity. I suggested then, that he go and hide with Charlotte – a suggestion he grabbed at.

So I gave Eddie a small tour of the place – stopping now and then for some heavy necking – with Charlotte hobbling out to us every so often, checking on our needs and winking at me cheerfully when Eddie couldn't see her doing so.

After a while me and Eddie gravitated to the sitting room and settled down for some really serious necking. It didn't take too long before Charlotte appeared again, apologizing profusely for not being able to serve us herself – but her ankle was just too swollen for her to continue. She hoped we wouldn't mind – but she'd have to leave her new maid – Priscilla – to take care of us. She was a new girl and not too experienced – but she needed practice – so we had to be sure to make use of her services.

I'd never seen Donald – Donna – as a blonde before, but under the wig, she put on a very passable performance as Priscilla. Nice black taffeta uniform with white underskirts, pristine lace apron and matching cap – a little heavy on the makeup perhaps but altogether? A very pretty little maid. I made sure that Eddie and I kept her running – though I *really* enjoyed having her stand there, hands folded across her lap, waiting for pauses in the lovemaking that was going on in front of her. I knew I was starting to sweat from the exertion but managed to smile at her over Ed's shoulder – often rolling my eyes to show how much I was enjoying it. Then I'd say something like "Oh Eddie! You're making me so HOT! Priscilla? Would you get me a nice cool glass of water, please?"

And Donald would curtsy SO prettily, the taffeta skirts of his uniform just crackling with a sound that was almost electrical. I enjoyed this so much that a few times I said. "Priscilla? That curtsy needed a little *something*? Like to do it again?" And my ex-boyfriend would blush and curtsy very prettily once more – while I lay in the arms of my current stud – his hand well up inside my dress, and smiling happily at Donna as I undulated – yet found the time to wield my power over the little sissy.

Once I felt that matters were reaching a head with Eddie, I reluctantly dismissed Priscilla. "You can go now dear," I said. "bet don't be running off now. I'll call you when I need you." (I made him curtsy THREE times before I let him go).

Eddie and I then got down to some serious screwing – and it was GREAT! I let out a few screams of pure enjoyment – and Eddie was no slouch in the noise making department either. As soon as we'd recovered, and Eddie was back to being presentable, I buzzed for Priscilla. "Priscilla? My friend has to leave as he has another appointment. See him to the door, would you please? Then report back here to me please. Ask Charlotte to come with you if you don't mind – and if she's up to it." (Eddie *did* have to leave early and wasn't about to make a fuss – let's face it – I'd just *made* his afternoon!). I was nice this time, letting Donald away with making just one curtsy. Admired the way his skirts swished as he escorted Eddie away.

He came back in with Charlotte a little while later. "That was awful Karen! Why did you . . .?" He faltered as I put my finger to my lips.

"Charlotte?" I said, ignoring him. "I think Priscilla has great potential as a maid! Excellent service! Curtsies ever so nicely!"

"But Karen . . ." he was almost weeping.

"Miss Karen to you - Priscilla!" Charlotte said firmly.

"Aw Charlotte. Please don't. You know my name's Donna," he said – not even realizing what he was saying.

"Well Donna – or Priscilla – whatever your name is? I just wanted to say thank you for helping out as much as you did." I said. "It IS all right if I thank you?" I added sarcastically.

"Yes – well. Thanks But . . ."

I reached up under my dress and pulled my panties down and off. "Be a sweetie, would you?" I said, handing the sticky, moist, garment to him. "Give these a quick rinse – put them in the dryer – then bring back drinks for Charlotte and me. Would you dear?"

He held my panties with the tips of his fingers, distaste evident on his face. "But Karen . . ."

"DONNA!" Charlotte snapped. "Think a minute! Karen's probably exhausted, I'm a cripple. You're the only one available! You want Karen to be sitting around in wet panties for the rest of the day? Not only that – you've been dressed and acting like a maid for *hours* now! Think that Karen or me can keep track of all your personalities? Go on now. Do as you're *told*!"

He looked down at his feet. "Okay Charlotte," he said meekly – and left – but not before he heard Charlotte comment to me. "Honestly! I don't know what young girls are coming to these days!"

We had dinner there. I even helped him cook and serve up the meal, though I drew the line at washing the dishes. After he was finished, I 'allowed' him to put his male clothes on again – though to tell the truth, I'm pretty sure that his confidence in his maleness had just about been demolished. If it hadn't been, mom accomplished that feat as soon as we got home.

She was furious! "Where have you girls been! Have you any idea of what time it is! I didn't have a clue where you were and have been worried sick!" Then she seemed to see Donna for the first time. "And what are you doing in those *ridiculous* clothes? Go and put on a dress – this instant!"

"Yes mummy," he squeaked – and practically ran away to do as she had said.

That night, he was moved to his own bedroom – adjoining mom's I may add. I never, ever, heard him mention anything about returning to malehood –

but from that night on, he was mom's creature – not mine.

* * *

Four months have passed – and they've been fairly hectic. Been quite a few changes around here.

First of all? 'Here' isn't *here* any more. Me, mom, Donna, and Julia all live in the same house now – Julia's. Well, not exactly. You see? Once Julia got back from her cruise, it turned out that she had quite a crush on mom. Also turned out that she is quite the submissive. I think – don't know – but she invited us to stay, and we accepted. The other day – I have a feeling that Julia signed over her trust funds to mom – as Donna did some time ago. Don't get me wrong. Mom never stole a dime – or cheated anyone in her life. It's just that, given her nature, she likes to *control* people – know what I mean? I think that both Donna and Julia are going to learn fully what being *under control* really means in the near future.

Donna has turned into a real Miss Priss. So *sweet*, so *shy*. So *demure*. So *ladylike*! A real pain in the ass! She does blush when mom makes her act as a ladies maid when she's entertaining Julia, but that's understandable I guess. I pass her in the hall in her high heels and taffeta uniform and she has the grace to be embarrassed. But I've got other things on my mind.

You see? I got pregnant! Ain't life a bitch! I don't like the idea of being a mother, but there's nothing I can do about it. It just totally goes against my grain to even think about getting rid of the baby – and Eddie? He's so delighted! Can't see straight – so we're getting married. (You know? He's not such a bad guy. I think he loves me – and he may get drafted by the pros – so who knows?)

Mom is paying for a nice small wedding – a honeymoon – and a massive down payment on a house – but I had to ask Dona to be my bridesmaid! Hell, I'd have done it for nothing! After all, the only other choice would have been Amy – and there would have been one UGLY bridesmaid – she's got so butch! Wendy might have been okay but she's off on some trip.

I couldn't help but laugh at an incident that happened immediately after the ceremony. Donna and I had retired to my room, where she was to help me change out of my gown. Oh lord! She had pissed me off with her hoity-toity attitude the whole time. I'll admit that she looked SO ladylike in the bridesmaids outfit that mom had bought for her. It was a light blue satin taffeta, short sleeved, lined with white lace at the bodice and sleeves, and scalloped in two tiers about mid calf, showing a very pale blue Damask, ankle length, underskirt. She wore dainty blue lace gloves – and even carried a matching parasol! Had a flower arrangement in her hair – but what pissed me off the

most? A set of matching earrings and pearl necklace. Could NOT believe how many times she preened and commented that mom had "loaned" them to her.

Anyway? A knock came to the door, and it was mom. She smiled when she came in – and commented how nicely the pearls looked with Donna's outfit. Then she opened the door up slightly – and there was Julia – in a satin French maid's uniform! All smiling and perky! She did a theatrical curtsy and smiled at Donna. "Donald darling? Stella and I thought you might be jealous of Karen being on her honeymoon tonight and thought we'd compensate for all the times you've acted as a maid for *us*. So after you've helped Karen undress, why don't you kiss her goodnight and wish her well. Afterwards? Come on up to the master bedroom. You and Stella are going to have some fun tonight! Isn't that right Stella?" She curtsied her son as well. "And I'm going to be there to dance attendance on you both! Make sure that you get everything you deserve!" Then she giggled. "I've always wanted to be a mother of the bride. Guess this as close as I'll ever be. But not only that? I get to *watch*!"

Mom smiled and came and whispered in my ear, but loudly enough for Donna to hear. "Hope you and Eddie have a great honeymoon sweetie – but just guess which one of us two is gonna be screwing a virgin tonight?" She went over to Donna and slipped an arm around her waist. "Did I ever tell you how beautiful you are in blue sweetie? You, me, and your mother! What a threesome, huh?"

The expression on Donna's face? Priceless!

The end

A Pretty Girl is Like a Malady

Things change. Perceptions change. Status will change before you know it. You're not the same person going to bed as you were getting up in the morning. Some things change overnight, some take years to go into effect. At thirty one years old, I know that I'm not the person I envisioned being when I was fifteen or sixteen. No, not at all.

Mind you, I'm not the discontented type. Sure, I could be blaming my ex wife or Carole but, if the truth be known? I probably carry some of the weight of my comeuppance in life on my own back. Not much, mind you. I was just too nice I guess.

I was only married for about seven years. I worked as a clerk, but my wife made good money as a senior programmer, so we could afford a nice place with half decent furniture. I do have to admit that a major contributor to this financial ease had also been Tess's (my wife's parents) who died in a car accident and left her a sizeable trust fund.

Tess had been a sweet, shy girl when we got married, but I think the fact that she was contributing so much of our financial support while I flitted from one job to another ate on her. I mean, I tried to even things out – started doing a lot of work around the house, like dusting and vacuuming – then the laundry. Finally the cooking.

Now, when you think of it? I read 'Dear Abby' and a lot of women are moaning about their husbands not being of any help? You'd think that Tess would appreciate what I was doing, right? Wrong! It was if she actually looked down on me doing it. Started swaggering about the house like she was the lord of the manor and I was some kind of servant! She started bringing this girlfriend of hers, Angela, around to the house a lot and sneering openly at her 'househusband'. Made openly mocking comments about my masculinity – or lack of it.

I liked Angela. She was very pretty. Nice and feminine. We got on very well. If Tess was watching football or some other stupid thing on TV, Angela would come into the kitchen and help me make dinner or whatever. Sometimes just chat. I liked her. She wasn't mean like my wife – she was a comfort to me. We were truly friends, I thought.

Then, one morning they were both gone. Tess had left me for a *woman*, Angela my friend! I felt ridiculous, so didn't contest the divorce papers that she filed a year or so later. Naturally, I couldn't carry the house on my wage, so sold it – she got most of the proceeds, though I got a little. I'm not very good with money though and it didn't take long until I was living hand to mouth in a one

bedroom apartment in a poorer part of town. Gave up on my car, so had to use public transport a lot, so obviously wasn't doing too well financially.

Then came a turning point in my life. One evening I got a telephone call from a lawyers office in a place called Felton, a pretty little place South of San Francisco, and just over three hundred miles from where I lived In Los Angeles County. It seemed that Tess's sister had been killed in a freak accident, and that I and Tess had been named as executors in the will!

The lawyers had spent weeks searching for us and were quite dismayed to find that our marriage had broken up. Would I be interested in taking over the responsibilities? There was My niece, Carole, a young lady now living by herself. She was deemed very efficient in how she carried out the responsibilities associated with the funeral arrangements and other adult matters, but it was felt that an adult living in the house would be a stabilizing influence. When I paused to consider this proposal, I was tactfully reminded that there was a sizeable estate involved and that I would be able to claim a percentage for these duties. This I admit, influenced me considerably. Living in a comfortable house again – practically rent free - and being PAID for it? I accepted with alacrity.

I hurriedly gave up my apartment and my job and packed my meager possessions into two suitcases and gave the rest to the Salvation Army – they weren't worth much. I'm ashamed to admit it, but am truly afraid of flying so decided to splurge a little and took the train, which would stop at San Jose, about thirty miles from Felton. I knew it was going to be a long trip – about eight hours, but felt that it would give me time to think in comfortable surroundings.

I'd spoken to Carole on the telephone and told her of my plans. She pooh-poohed my idea of a rental car and said she'd pick me up. I told her the idea of a six year old driving a car scared me. Of course I was only teasing – she had been that age the only time I'd ever met her, but there was a distinctly frigid pause in the conversation before I laughingly explained what I'd meant. Even then, there was another short pause before she laughed in an understanding way. She was SO nice – effervescent and chatty, yet mature. I really looked forward to being able to bring some male guidance into her life.

In the train I settled back with a couple of drinks to see me through the long trip. Had a nice dinner in the dining car, and was able to collect my thoughts.

I'd only met Doris – Carole's mother – once, when they'd dropped by on a quick visit. She was a very commanding woman. Had got pregnant out of wedlock, and refused to divulge the father's name. She was almost exactly the same size as me, but made me feel small beside her. She'd started her own

business doing something in computer sales and done very well. Carole, I could remember quite clearly. A lovely little girl, bouncy and athletic for such a little girl. Musing, I wondered how she'd feel about the way I was going to bring her up.

I'd always wanted to be a father. You know, stern and dignified – but warm and loving under the male gruffness. Of course I expected that Carole having been brought up by a single parent would have *some* negative reactions – but a firm and loving hand would see us over any rough spots.

The train arrived in San Jose about nine pm – a little late. I hoped that Carole wouldn't be worried. I stepped off the train and was immediately accosted by a pretty little thing about five foot five, almost two inches smaller than me. Blonde curly mop of hair, exuberant bounce to her walk, lithe and athletic – the cheerleader type (which she was by the way). She greeted me with a surprisingly strong hug. "Uncle Ron!" she squealed, and gave me an enthusiastic kiss. "I'm SO glad you could make it!" Then she linked her arm in mine and led me to the area where the luggage was to be delivered, asking questions about my trip and, was that bourbon she smelled on my breath? Naughty naughty!

Once there, she scared me a little by turning a serious pair of eyes, searchlight like in their intensity on me. "You're were late." She said flatly. "I'm a nut on punctuality. I suppose you'd better know that up front."

I hated the nervous little tremor I got in my voice at this totally unexpected change in her (reminded me of the way I'd speak to Tess when she got angry at me). Then I tried to joke. "I offered to help push the train so it would go faster, but they said they didn't want help as I might hurt myself and sue them."

"You did that?" she asked seriously.

"No Carole! Of course I didn't. I was just kidding."

She looked at me, mulling over what I'd just said, then smiled a beaming smile. "Oh! Now I see! I thought you were lying there for a second – and I really don't like people lying to me!"

I felt as if I had just been reprieved from something, but this sort of frightened feeling disappeared as the luggage cart arrived. It took a few minutes to get my two suitcases. Again, she did something that surprised me. She took one in each hand and hefted them both with ease. Knowing the struggle I'd had with them when getting them to the station, I was quite impressed.

I was also impressed when I saw the car she was driving – a fire engine red Mercedes 560sl with the convertible top down. It was in fantastic shape and I was taken by the size of the trunk in what appeared to be a small car as she dumped the cases in there with no problem.

"Wow! This is some kind of car Carole. Isn't it a little big for you? Like me to drive?"

She turned a pair of ice blue eyes on me. "Why don't you let me get the top up, it's getting cold. From San Jose to Scotts Valley is called 'The Highway of Death' around here – and that's about the only way we can take to get to Felton. I'm used to it, you're not. Not only that? You've been drinking."

Her flat stare and change of personality again floored me. "I'm sorry. Forgot about that." I said meekly.

And, once again, her sunny personality burst through. "You're forgiven uncle Ron. Just don't let me catch you drinking and driving. Might just have to give uncle Ron a spanky-wanky!"

I thought of chastising her for this – after all, I was much older than she, but thought it was a little early in our relationship for laying down the law, especially when she had been so obviously fooling. Not only that, I was starting to figure that it might be a little harder to get her to accept male discipline that I had thought. Accordingly, I got into the passenger side and we took off.

For the first ten or fifteen minutes it was almost like driving the freeways in Los Angeles, but then the number of lanes started dropping and dropping until we were on a road that had only two lanes per side – and they seemed *very* narrow lanes at that. Then we started climbing – and getting into tighter and tighter curves. And we seemed to be surrounded by maniacs! All intent on getting wherever they were going ahead of everybody else! She seemed right at home in amongst them too – passing at speeds far above the limit – sometimes being passed. Tires squealing a lot, she was in and out of the traffic like a hummingbird. I'm afraid I let a few little squeals of fright out, but Carole smiled and laid a comforting hand on my thigh. "Don't worry uncle Ron. I'm a good driver and I've driven this road lots of times."

I let out a sigh of relief when we finally made a turnoff and headed for Felton, and the manic pace of the traffic lessened – though Carole liked to press the speed limit I noticed. I'd have to get her out of that bad habit, I thought to myself.

It was quite dark when she drove up the driveway, so I didn't get to see the surrounding area too well, but gathered that it wasn't too well populated. What houses there were seemed to be set amongst groves of tall cedar trees. She opened the car door with an automatic opener then drove into a fairly large garage, with a late model Chevy Blazer there.

"Somebody visiting?" I asked.

"Huh?" she replied.

I flipped my thumb towards the Blazer. "The Blazer?"

"Oh – that's my car – or I should say, 'was' my car. I've sold it though. Didn't see any need for two cars. They're picking it up tomorrow."

I'd had immediate dreams about driving that big car about, but they disappeared in a flash.

"Oh" I said. "Guess I'll have to buy myself a car to get about in."

She turned her pale blue eyes on me. "We'll see" she said dismissively. "Let's get you settled in. You'll be sleeping in my old room."

With that, she hauled my bags out of the trunk and led the way into the house proper. I felt rather ineffective, following her as she carried my luggage up stairs into a beautiful house. I couldn't help but comment.

"Carole? This an absolutely beautiful home! And so immaculate! Do you have a maid service?"

She laughed. "Yes. It's called Carole's Maid Service De Luxe – ME! But do you like a tidy house?"

"Love a house kept neat and tidy. Wouldn't have it any other way." I answered.

My room gave me pause. Very feminine in pinks and whites. Quite a lot of chintz – Frilled white and pink curtains, white shag rug. A white dresser and a dressing table with a large oval mirror behind it. It was a big room, enlarged even more by mirrored closet doors. A private bathroom was attached with lots of space – most of it taken up by 'girl things' - miniature bottles of shampoo, conditioner, body wash and lotions. Two pink shower caps hanging inside the shower.

"Okay?" Carole asked.

"Delightful!" I replied, figuring I'd redecorate it pretty soon.

"Honest? You like it?"

"Of course – what's not to like?"

"Good! Why don't you unpack while I go down and make us a pot of coffee. Like anything to go with it?"

"No thanks Carole," I said. "Coffee'll be just fine – black with sugar, no cream."

"Okay." She said, and left the room.

I went downstairs about ten minutes later. I'd done a lot of thinking in that time, and figured it was time for Carole to meet the 'Fatherly' me.

She looked so pretty that I had to compliment her when she brought my coffee to me.

"That's a gorgeous apron Carole," I said.

"Like it?" she asked, twirling and smiling.

"Of course! It's lovely!" I replied.

She nodded, beaming. "I'm so glad you do." She said enthusiastically.

"Could we talk for a little while Carole? Get the ground rules established?"

She beamed some more. "Great! Just what I was thinking of. But you're the guest. The floor is yours."

I took a sip of my coffee. "Well Carole? I want to establish our relationship right away. I've put a lot of thought into this, and I think if we start off on the right foot, we'll have a much better chance of a long term harmonious relationship."

"Wonderful!" she said. "Couldn't agree more! Please go on uncle Ron."

"Well Carole, I'd really appreciate it if you'd consider me a sort of father figure" I started "I don't want to be over strict with you, but I'll expect certain rules of conduct to be followed. Keep your room tidy, do a little housework. I know that you're nineteen, but think a curfew wouldn't hurt. I'll start you off at say ten p.m.? Then move it up some, once I know you can follow the rules. I don't think of myself as being a stern type person, but I may project that at times. Just remember that underneath that gruff exterior, is someone who really loves you. That's about it for now."

"Uncle Ron? Is it okay if I speak now?" she asked softly, smiling nicely.

"Of course dear. Please tell me if you have any fears or doubts. I'll always listen."

"I'm glad you said that Ron. I like people who listen to me, and do as they're told. But there's a few minor changes I'd like to make to the points you suggested. Will that be okay?"

"Absolutely Carole! You have my permission" I gave her a big smile as I said this.

"Well to begin with? It would be very difficult for me to look on you as a father as I've kind of thought of you as my uncle for such a long time. Next? A curfew? I've no wish to fight you on this, but I didn't have a curfew under mom. Please reconsider?"

I sighed. "I'm not used to bringing up kids and I don't want to start off being too strict." I said. "Let's give it a few weeks and see how it develops, huh?"

She beamed all over her face. "Oh, thank you, thank you uncle Ron! I can tell that we're going to get on very well together! This'll be such *fun*!"

Her voice dropped an octave. "But at the station while we chatted? You said something about getting a job? Then later, you were talking about a car? May I make a suggestion?"

"Of course dear!"

She blew a kiss in my direction, then continued. "Well? There's few things I'd like you to do for me?"

"Gladly, beloved niece! Anything!" I replied gallantly.

I couldn't believe it! Here was mistress Hyde and her ice blue eyes again! What could I possibly have said this time?

"That means you'll do them then? *No* questions? You agree to do *anything* I ask?" she asked sharply.

"Well, I know you wouldn't ask something of me that would hurt me," I replied weakly.

"Maybe not – but I may hurt you if you don't keep your word!"

"Oh, come on Carole. You keep threatening me!" I said indignantly. "I'm bigger than you and stronger. Not only that? I'm an adult sent here to take care of you! Not the other way around!"

She shrugged, still cold eyed. "Maybe this is something we should get out of the way uncle Ron. I'm a very nice, loving, person who hates people saying things they don't mean. I detest people who will not make appointments on time. I abominate people who do not keep their word. If you do any of these things to me? I will spank you. I will spank you immediately, and I will blister your backside so that you will not wish to sit down for hours. You may be an adult, you may be bigger than me – but I know that I'm stronger than you are, so, trust me, you will go over my knees – and you'll learn not to argue with me as well – I get very riled when people argue with me."

Then, by God! She was smiling again!

"But it's SO nice of you uncle Ron to help me out. The lawyers that handle my trust? They nag and nag at me to go every week and explain my expenditures. I think they're nervous because I'm young and well, I'm a girl. Now if you go? They'll probably bow down before your adulthood – maybe cut the meetings to once a month!"

"That sounds okay Carole" I managed to say, still dry mouthed from her threats of just moments before.

"Good!" she replied. "The second thing? Mom belonged to a ladies club and they meet once a week. She was a real bulwark of the organization and they got used to having someone around who didn't mind volunteering for odds and sods assignments. Now, they're bugging the hell out of me! I've been going – and helping out - but it's a real bummer. I'd like you to go in my place."

I coughed. "Didn't you say it was a ladies club?"

"Yes, I did. So?"

"I hate to tell you dear girl. But I was a man the last time I looked." I replied, getting concerned immediately as her face was closing in again.

Her mouth clenched. "A few minutes ago you said you'd do *anything*! Were you lying to me?"

"No Carole! No I wasn't- but it – it -it's a ladies organization " I stammered, all of a sudden truly frightened of this young Amazon who was rising up from her chair.

"I think I've taken as much from you as I'm going to," she said, heading for the doorway. "Take your pants off. If they're still on you when I get back? It'll be six more and? Trust me, you'll be sorry!"

Panicked, I looked at the doorway she had just left. It was the only way out of the room. There were the windows of course, but I'd no idea what was outside. Maybe if I hurried I could get past her and away? As I stood there, dithering, she came back in the room – with a table tennis paddle in her hand.

"It looks like I'm going to need a proper spanking paddle for you, but this'll do for the present." she said. "Remind me to buy one tomorrow. Okay?"

"Carole? Please? Don't do this." I said, beginning to plead.

"Uncle Ron? Or maybe I should call you Auntie Ron now? What do you have to remind me of tomorrow?"

"To buy a paddle?"

"Very good! And what is the paddle to be used for?"

"To spank me?"

"Yes. Most definitely. Now be a good little sissy and drop your pants and get over my knees."

"I'm NOT a sissy!" I said, starting to snifle, but loosening my pants as I went towards her.

"Ain't what mom and aunt Tess used to say," she giggled "Guess they were right! Huh?"

Then she said. "Wait a minute! I've got an idea! Get your shoes and socks and pants off! If you have them off, I'll let you away with the six extra spanks you were going to get!" and off she went again, giggling to herself.

This time I hurried, and was glad I did. She had some sort of pink stuff in her hands, but I couldn't make out what it was. "Okay sissy Ron. Up and over" she said curtly.

And weeping in a mix of humiliation, fear, and embarrassment, I draped myself over her knees. I felt her hands at the waistband of my jockey shorts, then they were yanked down and off. Then it got very uncomfortable as she was leaning over me doing something down at my feet. I couldn't figure out what she was doing, but it felt as if she was putting my shorts back on. Was I getting a reprieve?

But as she was pulling them back into position, something felt odd, as if there was elastic around the legs – and they felt lighter. Then they were snugly around my waist.

"My! Isn't that pretty. Sissy wearing pink panties! Isn't that nice that you and mom were the same size!" And as she spoke, she cupped her hand and gave me a little pat on my nylon covered rump.

"You know sissy? If you ask me real pretty like? Maybe I won't spank you after all"

"Honest?" I whimpered – and received a sharp blow on my backside that made me jump.

"Don't ever question me!" she snarled, and gave me another whack! Then she paused. "I'm waiting." She said.

And, lying over her knees, my panty clad rump stuck in the air, I pleaded with that young girl not to spank me. Agreed that I was a sissy and promised to obey everything and anything she told me to do. After about three minutes of my total debasement, she leaned over and whispered in my ear. "Know what? You DID ask real pretty, but I just don't know. I won't rest easy tonight if I start to wondering if I should have paddled you or not."

Without warning, the next blow was struck. I squealed on a high note, and she laughed. That really angered me. Okay, I was a sissy, but damned if I was going to cry for this demon from hell! Gritted my teeth while the whacks rained down on me. Started to blubber at the sixth, was weeping hysterically and pleading at the tenth, and totally ready to kiss this woman's feet when she finished with me – as she told me to do.

"Like your pretty pink panties?" she asked me.

"No Carole," I mumbled.

"I'll bet you'd learn to like them after some more spanks. Are you sure you don't love them?"

I took a deep breath. "Maybe a little Carole?"

She waved the paddle. "Tell the truth. You're ecstatic about them. Right?"

"Yes Carole" I capitulated.

"Good! Mom had lots. You can use them all the time now – seeing you like them so much. Nice ladies panties – lots of pretty colors?"

"Yes Carole."

"Wonderful! So where were we? Ah yes! I was telling you what you had agreed to do. The last thing? I have girlfriends over in the afternoons often. I'll tell you when they're coming of course. I'll want you to serve us drinks and munchies – that sort of thing? Will that be all right sissy Ron?"

She was bright and cheerful again, as if there hadn't been a single cross word. Came and gave me a huge hug and a big kiss. I couldn't help it, started to weep at this evidence of affection.

"C'mon sissy Ron" she comforted me. "You've had a long day, and Carole was mean to you, wasn't she?"

"Yessss" I whispered.

"Well, she's sorry. Lets get you to bed. You'll feel better in the morning. Come on. There's a girl."

Snuffling and half weeping, I wasn't aware of where she was leading me, but discovered that we were now in a large bedroom – her mother's before, hers now. And still whispering comforting endearments, she got my shirt off, and I was standing there in nothing but pink panties, hugging myself in shame.

Because I saw the feminine nightgown she had in her hands, and knew who it was for. Unresisting, I lifted my arms and let her slide it down my body.

"That is SO pretty on! Isn't it?" she asked, turning me to see my reflection.

And I saw a sissified image of what I'd been made into looking back at me.

"Yes."

"That's a girl. You can sleep with me tonight."

I almost protested that I was her uncle, then thought better of it.

"I wouldn't have let you if you were a man. But you're not, are you? Just a sissy in a pretty nightgown. Like some perfume sissy?"

With my assent, she sprayed just a little around me, then tucked me in bed. Gave me a kiss.

Then she undressed – right in front of me! The message was clear. I was no threat to her. Tear stained and all, backside burning, I was still asleep before she arrived in bed beside me.

The following morning I came awake in my feminine nightwear, immediately humiliated by the experiences I'd undergone the night before. Carole was gone from the bed, but I could hear noises coming from the kitchen. I went and showered, didn't need a shave (have very little growth) then dried myself off. I wrapped a towel around me then went in search of Carole. I greeted her and she gave me a good morning kiss and asked what I was looking for.

She smiled sweetly when I told her that I was looking for panties. Nodded approvingly. "I never thought to tell you sissy, but I moved them into your room this morning. I also moved some of mom's nighties in there as well. Okay?"

I dressed myself then joined her for breakfast that she had made. Afterwards, wearing the apron I'd admired the night before, I did the cleanup and the dishes from the meal. I took it off, then freshened up, before she took me around the town and introduced me to the President and chairwoman of the woman's club she had mentioned. I had been warned beforehand that there might be some resistance to my application for membership, but to try my best. Carole waited

outside for me, but that didn't ease my mind at all, knowing the problems I would face if I failed.

But it was hopeless from the start. Both women were in their forties and entirely nonplussed at a man – a *male* – practically pleading for membership! I think that they finally agreed to discuss it with their membership, but only out of kindness. It was with a great deal of trepidation that I reported the results of my application to Carole.

The ice princess appeared immediately. "You didn't try hard enough! I ought to spank you here and now" she threatened.

But I pleaded and kissed up to her, pointing out again and again how I'd *really* tried, and how the ladies had promised to discuss it with their members. This placated her somewhat. She finally relented, smiling again.

"I'm sorry sissy" she said. "My fault! I should never have let you go in there improperly dressed! Lets' go!"

I leaned back in my car seat, emotionally drained from the relief from fear and wasn't really paying attention to where we were going. Was daydreaming when she stopped the car. "Okay sissy! Here we are dear!"

And discovered when I got out of the car that I was outside a rather garish store 'Suzanne's' with a display window crammed with multi-hued ladies lingerie!

I wanted to run away, but there were people around, and I knew that she would catch me. Not only that, I rationalized, maybe she was here for herself? Paralyzed with fear and doubt, I was blind to what was going on about me. Probably upset her by pausing for so long. Suddenly, I yowled! Carole had my earlobe between her thumb and finger, and was twisting it violently! And squealing and squalling I was led into the store. It wasn't big inside, but my noises attracted far more attention than I wanted.

"Hi Suzie! My tormentor said to a young blonde behind the counter. This is a sissy uncle of mine. He wants some bras. Don't you, sissy Ron?" She gave my ear an extra tweak as she said it.

"Oooh!" I wailed then, knowing what was likely to happen if I didn't answer, looked up at the girl - and trying to show some degree of normalcy, tried to smile and said "Yes"

With that, Carole let go of my ear. I actually said "Thank you Carole" as Suzie pulled out a selection of lingerie from drawers and display stands around her. She smiled nicely at me. "Don't be embarrassed. I've known Carole for years. You just have to accept the fact that she's bossy and can be a bit of a bully if you let her. But she's really nice."

Like the true sycophant I was becoming, I smiled. "Yes, she is." I said, trying to get some circulation back into my maltreated ear by rubbing it.

"Well? Could you tell me your size? Any preference for color? Style? The type of breast forms you use? "

I gazed at her, totally lost.

"Never thought of that." Carole laughed. "What do you recommend in the way of forms Suzie?"

Suzie shrugged. "Depends. There's the forms – something like the old falsies, where he'd slide them into the cups. They're the cheapest – but he'd have to watch them because he'd probably need different styles." She turned to me, explaining. "See? You want a low décolletage? You wouldn't need the same size as you would for a high. You might not need any at all if you went for a 'Wonderbra'."

"Don't get a Wonderbra dear" a woman customer standing close by said kindly to me "They're hell on wheels to wear!"

"Oh shush Molly! Trying to cost me a sale?" Suzie said, laughing.

Carole laughed as well. Don't they have some forms with silicon gel inside. More natural?"

"Absolutely, but they're best with adhesive. You only need to take them off about every four days." She turned to me. "They're more expensive, but I'm told that they give you the feeling of having real breasts."

"Is that true" the customer asked. "Wobble and everything do they?"

"Oh I think he'd *like* that ." Carole laughed. "Wouldn't you dear? Sissy with tits like a girl? All bouncy?"

Enough was enough! "No! I would not!" I said bravely.

"Oh dear!" Suzie said sympathetically.

But it was if Carole didn't hear me. "Suzie? Do you have a washrag in your restroom?"

"No but I can give you one if you want." Suzie replied.

"Yes, I'd like that." Carole said. "Sissy? Come with me to the restroom please."

"But I don't need to go, and anyway it has to be a ladies. . ." I faltered to a stop, because the ice maiden was looking out from Carole's eyes.

"Coming darling?" she asked nicely.

"Yes. Well maybe I can work up some interest" I said, trying to laugh off my discomfiture and turning to follow her.

"There's clean washrags in the top right hand drawer on that chest outside the restroom door" Suzie called out after us.

Carole nodded and when we got to the Ladies room, pulled a rag from the drawer, opened the door invitingly and said, "Come in dear."

I sighed and followed her in. Luckily, no one was there except us. I'd expected her to go to a stall, but instead she went to a sink and soaked the cloth. From a soap dispenser mounted on the wall she pumped a lot of soap onto the wet cloth, then gently squeezed out most of the water, leaving only a lot of bubbles on the surface of the cloth.

"Sissy? You were very naughty out there. Now normally I'd give you a good spanking but you said the word "NO" to me, and I just will not have that! Now I want you to take this rag and wash your mouth out. I'm upset with you, and for very good reasons. You were sulking, weren't you?"

"No Carole. I wasn't. I just got . . . I don't know. Angry? Defensive? You were humiliating me out there – and in front of these people. . ."

She was holding a cautionary hand up to silence me.

"Darling? I'm trying to *help*! It's obvious that I want to effeminize you, and you keep *fighting* me on it. I'm not a vindictive type person, but I get upset when a sissy like you doesn't know her *place*! You argue with me in front of other people and make me lose face! Don't you understand? I *have* to punish you. I would feel demeaned inside myself if I didn't. Honestly dear? This is for your own good. So be a good girl and do what Carole tells you. If you don't? Then I'll have to do it for you, then take you outside, put you over my knees and spank you on your panties! Now one more word from you – just one! And that's what will happen. Now come and do what Carole wants!"

As I reluctantly took the wet cloth from her hands she smiled and said. "I'm feeling very kind today, so I'll give you a hint. Figure out how much I'd wash your mouth out – and then? Do it at least twice as much. Be very, very, thorough! I'll be watching very closely – and if you don't? You'll know what I have to do, don't you? Nod if you understand."

I nodded, and went over to the sink. I couldn't help it – felt my mouth widen in distaste at what I was having to do, but gingerly put the cloth into my mouth. It was awful! As I used one finger inside a fold of the cloth, I cleaned the inside of my cheeks, then my gums and teeth then the top and underside of my tongue. I could feel my mouth filling with foam, and I actually started swallowing some – gagging occasionally.

I looked at her, tears starting to flow, trying to get some idea from her facial expression as to her degree of satisfaction, but she was just eyeing me impassively. I decided to repeat the process, just to be sure. Foam seemed to be everywhere. It started getting sucked into my nostrils because I was breathing through them – certainly not my mouth.

I was almost finished the second cleansing, when the door opened and Suzie came in, a fabric tape measure in my hand.

"Carole? I had an idea? Why don't we just.. .? " She looked at me in amused shock. "*You look like a mad dog!*" she said, and burst out laughing.

"Woof!" Carole barked, and joined her friend in convulsions.

"Oh dear!" Suzie giggled. "I need the bathroom!" and ran into the stall. The noise that came forthwith indicated that she just made it in time.

"Please Carole?" I tried to say, through a mouthful of foam. "Can I be excused?"

"Yes. You did fine. You can wash your mouth out with water now."

"Thank you Carole" I bubbled, causing her to laugh some more. "But I meant – can I go to the men's bathroom? I need to go as well."

"Use one of these stalls here. It's appropriate for you – and Suzie doesn't mind. Do you Suzie?"

"Not as long as she sits down!" Suzie called from inside the stall.

As I sat in the stall, Suzie exited hers.

"You were going to say something before you started that disgraceful exhibition?" I heard Carole ask Suzie.

"Yeah. I kinda figured that you'd be up to something like this. Thought it might save sissy some embarrassment? He could get his shirt off in here, and I could size him for a bra right quick?"

"No. I don't think so. Cecilia – that's her name now? I'm pretty sure she'd like to do it out in your measuring room. Isn't that right Cecilia?"

I looked at my satin panties down around my ankles and thought that the name was probably appropriate. "Yes Carole. That would be lovely" I said.

In the small area set aside for measuring and changing, a little while later, I stood learning about bras. It was decided amongst the three of us that I suited Boysenberry, Teal, Ivory, and Silver colors. White, Black, Orange and Navy did not look good on me at all.

I chose the satin, Lycra enhanced for most of my evening wear, and Nylon/Spandex for everyday. All of the eight bras I ended up buying had adjustable strap, sheer mesh underwire cups, and were back closing. (At first I'd had problems fastening them in the back, but as the day wore on, I rapidly became expert – much to the amusement of the two women). Carole made a wonderful (what else?) suggestion and I also purchased two bustiers – low décolletage, with demi lift pads, and boned for control, back closing with tiny hook and eye closures – very lacy and sexy. She did allow me to take the forms out before we left, but I had to wear the teal bustier home under my shirt.

I suppose I may as well reveal what transpired with the breast forms, because of what comes to pass later on in this story. It IS embarrassing but, when I think on it? No more than anything else that happened to me in that very short time frame.

Once in that room, I had stripped off my shirt – I don't wear an undershirt, so definitely felt chilly. I was quite surprised when Suzie ran a tape *under* my breasts. Up until that point, I'd always assumed that the breast size was measured around the 'points' of the breasts. She called out that I'd be a thirty eight.

"Now? What size cup do you want Cecilia?" she asked.

I gazed at her dumbly. "I've no idea Suzie. Don't know a thing about bras."

"Boy, are you in for an education!" Carole laughed. "Give her a 'C' Suzie."

"Gonna be kinda busty. But that's only my opinion, " Suzie said. "But, know what? I have a pair of good forms that would be just about perfect. Got them on spec last year. I can give you a good price on them if you're interested?"

"Are they the adhesive kind?" Carole asked.

"Yeah – and not only that? They come with a years supply, and it's considered one of the best. Hypo allergenic and all that good stuff."

"Sounds good, doesn't it Cecilia?" Carole asked me.

"Lovely dear, " I answered, adding quickly in case she thought I was being sarcastic. "Can't wait to try them on!"

I was rewarded by a lovely smile and a nod of approval. Then I heard the dreadful words from Suzie. "It'll be a big help fitting his bras if we attach them now. Want to?"

If I was stunned by what Suzie asked, it was nothing compared to what Carole replied.

"Nah." She said thoughtfully. "Not just now. Can't you fit the bras to him, without them being attached?"

"No problem" Suzie said cheerfully. Don't think it'll make a gnat's ass difference to tell the truth. I'll just use them like falsies though, if you don't mind."

"Be my guest." Carole replied, just as cheerfully.

I put on my fist bra – a white nylon/spandex mix with the forms slipped into the cups.

Suzie came and adjusted the straps – a little on one side, a little on the other. She finally snorted through her nose. "One's gonna be a little higher than the other Carole, her shoulders are irregular and if I don't raise her right side, she's gonna look all uneven. Sorry."

"Don't worry about it Suzie. No one's going to expect her to be perfect anyway!" Carole said brightly.

"Great!" Suzie said. "Comfortable Cecilia?"

I was embarrassed, but comfortable, so nodded. She then proceeded to take special care in making tiny marks around the top curve of the breast forms, but on my skin. Then she had me put my hands between the breasts and the bra material and warned me not to let them move, while she took the bra off. Then she took her marker and made some more marks around the bottom curve.

Then, as I said, we spent *hours* trying different bras on me. I actually had lunch (they sent out for a pizza) in my boysenberry 'discreet' model bra – the one with the low décolletage and lace embroidery, while Suzie served some customers. When I went into the car wearing one of my new purchases, it felt almost normal. Carole started speaking almost immediately.

"You'll be meeting her tonight, but I'd like you to meet a friend of mine – Shannon - in her professional capacity. She's really nice and a good friend of mine. I'll expect you to behave now, she's very good looking and kinda flirty – but I don't want I don't want you flirting back now!"

Flattered by this reference to my masculinity I said "Sure! What's on tonight?"

"Just bringing a few friends of mine over that I especially want you to meet. Nothing formal."

"That'll be nice. I hope you're not going to any trouble.?" I said.

"You better make damn *sure* that I'm not put to any trouble!" she said ominously. Then her charming smile came back. "I'm sorry! I do get so *bossy*! You don't mind, do you?"

"Never!" I replied. "I think you're wonderful. Can do no wrong in MY eyes!"

She smiled. "You're such a sweet little sissy – I'm sorry, if I'm calling you Cecilia now, you must be a girl, mustn't you?"

"I guess so, Carole," I agreed abjectly, staring down at the floorboards. Right at that point, I remembered something. Sighed a big sigh of relief, because I was beginning to have an idea of what happened if I did something wrong around my young niece.

"Carole?" I spoke meekly. "I'm very very sorry. But I almost forgot something. Please forgive me?"

"Of course dear Cecilia. Not when you ask me like that! What was it?"

"I had to remind you about a paddle?"

"Oh! You ARE a good little girl! Mmmm! Could give you a big hug! Your timing is perfect! You're forgiven!"

I'd no idea where we were. In our travels that morning we'd covered a fair distance and I knew we were well out of Felton. Was somewhat surprised when we drove into a large modern mall. Carole let out a whoop of pleasure as she found a parking spot right outside Nordstroms. "There's something that doesn't happen every day!" she crowed.

I joined her in walking into the store. Like most stores of this kind, the cosmetics section was right there as we walked in. She immediately made a bee-line for one of the sections. "Yo Shannon!" she called to a pretty auburn haired girl standing behind the counter.

She was a pert little thing, very much the typical cosmetic sales clerk. Rather heavy on the makeup with some freckles just showing under the makeup. She recognized Carole immediately, flashed a big smile and waved. "Yo yourself! Is this the famous uncle Ron?"

"Well, kinda." Carole said, then added to my everlasting shame. "But I prefer that she be called Cecilia now. I'm teaching him how to be a girl."

Shannon giggled. "Hi Cecilia! Nice to meet you. You know? In my professional opinion? You'd make quite a nice looking girl. But no offense, I'd say 'woman' more than 'girl'"

"Her *professional* opinion?" Carole sneered happily. "Works part time here for three months, and thinks she's a hotshot!"

"Aw shut up!" Shannon retorted. "Cecilia? Is there anything I can do for you?"

Before I could stutter an answer, Carole spoke up. "Maybe! He's wearing a pair of mom's panties, and we've just been out getting him fitted for bras," she said casually. "Here Cecilia! Open up your shirt a little at the front. Let Shannon see your pretty bustier!"

Shamefaced, I quickly obeyed by facing Shannon across the counter and undoing one of my shirt buttons and spreading the shirt wider to reveal the material of the bustier.

"That's not enough Cecilia! A little more please!" Carole said behind me.

From the tone of her voice I knew that I'd better be quick, so widened the shirtfront gap by following her orders.

"Obedient little thing, isn't she?" Shannon said mockingly, poking a finger with a long fingernail done in a garish copper into the opening of my shirt then, Teal! How nice! And the lace is lovely! You have such nice taste Cecilia!"

"Yes she does. Picked that out all by herself. Right Cecilia?" Carole said. Then she added. "Know what Shannon? She IS obedient. Just reminded me that I should go and buy her a proper paddle – a spanking paddle. You don't look too

busy. Want to experiment on her while I go look? I'll only be about ten minutes tops. Wouldn't that be nice Cecilia?"

I wasn't quite understanding what she was talking about, but nodded my head rapidly.

"Bloody marvelous!" Shannon said. "Estee Lauder has this presentation for some of their skin care products – but I've been looking for an older type lady to agree with being my model. But I'll need her for fifteen minutes. Okay Carole?"

"Her time is your time," Carole responded laughing. "Cecilia? I'll expect you over in the lingerie section as soon as she's finished with you." With that she gave me a tiny wave, and took off.

"Okay Cecilia?" Shannon was saying. "Hoist your bum up onto that chair there would you? It has a swivel. Then swivel it around so that you're facing me. Then move it forward, so that I can reach your face without stretching. I'm a short ass and don't want to be breaking my back reaching across This counter to get to you."

"What's this all about Shannon?" I asked nervously.

She was bustling about and pulling stuff up onto the counter, so was only paying me about half of her attention.

"Easy. Don't worry. I'll have you looking nice in no time. Though I want to pluck a few of your eyebrows. Would that be okay?"

"Pluck some of my eyebrows?" I asked in disbelief.

"Yes. It won't hurt – maybe just a little. Then I'm going to make you up. As you'll be my first model for this stuff, I'll be giving you a mess of freebies. So lets get started. Would you lean forward please Cecilia?"

While she'd been bustling around I'd refastened my shirt and had actually started to recover some of my composure. It may sound strange, but the idea that I was about to be made up in a major department store with ladies walking all about had taken a long time to soak in. It did now, though and I stared at her in terror.

She read my mind I think. A kind expression softened her face. "How long you been with Carole now Ron? A day?"

"Just about." I replied.

She sighed. "I don't want to do this if you're unwilling. But if you're not? I'd suggest you run away, somewhere far, and hide. Carole can be very tough to get along with if you get on her bad side."

She leaned forward and spoke confidentially. "Ron? She's going to have you wearing dresses pretty soon. Do you know that?"

"Yes." I said simply, and stuck my face forward.

She patted my shoulders. "That's a girl Cecilia. Just wait! You're going to love this!"

As she demonstrated a new eyebrow removal technique involving some sort of electronic wand, she started raising her voice a little describing what was going, which started drawing the interest of some spectators, who started crowding in a little closer, asking questions. She actually made some sales I think.

I must admit that it was relatively painless, though I did let out the occasional 'ouch', which drew some scornful remarks from one young woman about what babies men were, which was followed by a rejoinder from her friend that I wasn't much of a man as far as she could see.

This was embarrassing enough, but when I saw the shape she had structured my eyebrows in, I was aghast. It wasn't the perfect arc that a lot of women have. It was more like a fine arc going across the bone behind it, then flaring up a little towards the temple. She had totally removed all of the eyebrows close to the ridge of my nose. This had been bad enough, but the true humiliation began when she started in on the actual cosmetics.

The onlookers had been puzzled by the fact that I was getting my eyebrows plucked, but left it at that. When they saw the foundation being applied, then followed by blush, then powder – all followed by eyeshadow, eyeliner, mascara – a few mocking comments started, though as my face became more and more female, new attendees probably thought I was a girl – even asking me questions as I progressed. Unfortunately, my voice gave me away. You'd have thought that this would entail more mockery but, if anything, it went the opposite way – with a growing audience coming to see the 'guy getting a makeover'. The questions were now more like. "See! How do YOU feel having to go through all this bother, to make yourself attractive, huh?" But there wasn't any spite in them now – more jocularity than anything else.

Shannon was very careful with my lips. "I'm going to suggest some collagen for you dearie. Your lips are kinda pinched. Plump them up a little? You'll have a *gorgeous* mouth!" She used a fine pencil to outline the form she wanted my lips to take, then a brush to paint in between the lines. I shuddered at the dark shade she was applying but was too scared to comment. She then went over my mouth with a sort of wax that put a high gloss on them.

The face that stared back from the mirror she held in front of me was a girl – but the hair wasn't- nor were the clothes. She was finished with me now, and gave me a complimentary travel case with a lot of Estee Lauder products in it. "Thanks a lot Cecilia" she said. "Got to take care of those customers now. See you tonight?"

"I guess so. Thanks Shannon," I said, and headed for the lingerie department where I could see Carole had just arrived.

She was delighted at my new appearance, but showed a great deal of concern for my feelings. "You must feel awkward dear. You're starting to look like a woman in men's clothes. Want to go home?"

"Oh yes Carole. Please?"

She smiled and gave me a little hug. "Maybe in a little while? If you're good?"

The little while encompassed me having to go and buy a wig – woman's naturally. Actually? The stand where she took me was outside Nordstroms in the mall proper. So once again, I'm having to sit while various styles and colors were tried on me. The girl and Carole having a great time. Again, it was strange. With my cosmetics being the way they were, if I was wearing a wig, the shoppers past by without a second look – I was simply another girl trying on wigs. If, however, I was between try ons, I was a made up young male, trying on women's wigs – which drew more than my share of stares and sniggers. Naturally, I began preferring to be wearing a wig and was quite pleased when Carole picked a fairly conservative ash blonde, wavy style, with just a touch of a flip at the back. She also picked a flashier blonde style, slightly longer than shoulder length – but put that in her bag.

Once I was fitted, I felt more comfortable. Sure, I was still in men's clothes, but apart from my shoes, I looked better than a lot of the real women who shopped in the mall. And the shoes were next. I got rid of my socks at Carole's 'suggestion' and replaced them with a pair of knee-highs – and bought two pair of flats – one tan and the other white. While there, she bought me a cheap handbag. My wallet, cards, photos, and cash were put in it and my wallet discarded. After my male shoes were discarded in a trash bin, I was almost totally assimilated into the female customers that surrounded me in the mall.

The lingerie purchases were a breeze after that. I even got up enough confidence to question Carole as to why we hadn't bought all of the panties, slips, garter belts, camisoles and suchlike at Suzanne's. She looked at me as if I was crazy. "I knew you needed a custom fit for your bras dear – but you must think I'm stupid if you think I'd pay her prices for this kind of stuff. Plus? I thought you'd been embarrassed enough there. Wasn't that nice of me dear?"

I was stunned by the illogic in her last comment, but had enough sense to agree enthusiastically, even while she looked at me with quietly mocking eyes.

We walked back through Nordstroms on our way back to the car, waving to Shannon as we passed. She smiled, but was busy with a customer, so we just climbed into the car when we got there and took off.

Then, I'll be damned if Carole didn't confound me again. I was truly exhausted. The day seemed like it had lasted for ever – and I guess that the emotional roller coaster I'd been on was a large factor as well. I was looking forward to getting home. I knew there was some kind of party thing with her friends that evening, but figured I'd have time for a nap. The next thing I know, she's driving into a gas station and stopping at the rest rooms. And staring at me again! Her voice as cold as ice.

"Honest to god Ron! Do you realize what you *look* like? Damned pansy, that's what! Suppose some of my friends are at the house, waiting for us? What are they going to think? Covered in makeup! Wearing women's undergarments! Wearing a goddam wig! Go in to that restroom and see if you can possibly come back looking like a man!"

I know that my mouth unhinged enough that I heard a crick noise in my jaw. What was she up to! It was almost as if she'd totally forgotten who was actually responsible for my appearance! But there again, wasn't there always the possibility that my nightmare had ended? Maybe she had two separate characters who didn't know what the other one did? Maybe I was off the hook?

Afraid that she was going to punish me for taking her up on her offer, or worse yet, rescind it, I slowly worked my way out of the car.

"Are you sure you want me to do this?" I asked before I exited the car completely. She just waved her hand at me in dismissal.

It took a bit of work until I remembered that I still had the travel bag that Shannon had given me in my pocket. Was there some cleansing cream in it? Yesss! I used it liberally, then washed thoroughly with soap and water, and soon I was back to normal. My eyebrows were definitely on the feminine side, but I found an eyebrow pencil in the travel bag as well and rubbed a little bit on the end of my forefinger. Smudging it gently over my remaining eyebrows gently seemed to do the trick. I let out a sigh of relief. I was looking almost like my old self again!

Yet? At the same time there was a certain amount of regret? I was going to take the bustier off, but figured it was too much trouble getting those little fasteners undone. I could struggle with it better back at the house. There was even a little regret at the thought of giving it up – for some reason, I'd started to enjoy the restricted feeling it imparted. I gave myself one last look in the mirror, squared my shoulder and rejoined Carole.

"Hi uncle Ron!" she greeted me. Big smile just like before.

We drove along and I started getting to recognize some of the area and knew we couldn't be too far from the house. All of a sudden, she stopped and did a quick 'U' turn then drove into a sort of open courtyard.

"This is where my trustees office is," she explained. "I saw Miss Manter's car parked, so think it might be a good idea to go in and introduce yourself. Maybe make an appointment to meet with them all? And bring up the point that maybe we shouldn't have to meet with them weekly?"

"Okay Carole. I'll try" I said enthusiastically (Was that a flash of the ice lady I saw in her eyes for a second? But I must have been wrong, because she smiled happily and thanked me).

"Aren't you coming in? I asked.

"No uncle. It's probably better if I don't" she said.

I shrugged and went in.

Only Miss Manter of the law firm was there working with her secretary. A very pleasant, attractive lady in her late thirties, early forties, she greeted me warmly after I introduced myself, and we chatted for a short time, her asking me about my trip and what I thought of Felton. Getting a little nervous about leaving Carole in the car for too long, I asked for an appointment and was delighted to find that there was time available for me two days later.

I also brought up the point of the necessity for the weekly meetings now that I was available. She smilingly agreed that they were probably not mandatory now that an adult male was available. "You know? " she said. "I don't want to sound like a sexist or that I'm against the young or anything like that. But dealing with an adult male will make me, and my partners much happier. Carole is as smart as a whip, very level headed for her age." She smiled. "But young girls can be so scatterbrained at times" she said, "And we were just truly wanting weekly meetings to keep a tight rein on her. Now that you're here?"

She was smiling warmly, and I got the feeling that she was coming on to me. I was quite flattered. Maybe, I thought, I could approach her for a date when I met with her and her partners two days hence. Smiling and shaking her hand, I thanked her and left. Went back out to the car and preened a little bit when I described how I'd won the lady over. Carole was effusive in her thanks, saying a number of times how secure she felt with a male around the house. I felt as if the previous embarrassments and humiliations had all been nothing but a dream.

With a sigh of relief I recognized some buildings I knew were close to the house, then we were on the street. Suddenly Carole let out an excited squeal. "There's Sandy!" She squealed, sounding like a little girl. "You'll *have* to meet her!" With that, she drove up close to a woman and stopped. Lowered the window and shouted out "Sandy! Sandy! Come and meet my uncle Ron!"

Sandy turned out to be a neighbor. A very attractive blonde of medium build and a very pleasant demeanor. Her hair was short, almost like a cap. I saw the

tan that indicated more than just a little outside activity and the very fine lines around the corners of her eyes that indicated she was older than the mid twenties I'd originally thought.

What amazed me more than anything else was the quiet authority she exuded. Wasn't forceful or anything, but Carole obviously adored her and acted almost like a little girl. Sandy took this adoration calmly, and talked to Carole like an affectionate aunt. When she discovered that I'd just arrived the previous day, she warned me.

"Watch out for this one. She can be a holy terror if you give her half a chance. Her mother spoiled her. She definitely needs a male presence and a little discipline." She grinned a delectable grin. "Maybe more than a little?"

I laughed at this as if I thought it idle chitchat – and we talked for another few minutes before she excused herself – but not before Carole invited her to the house that night – about eight. She smiled and accepted, but only on the condition that we attended a small dinner party she was giving the following week end.

Carole was so nice after we left Sandy. Saw how sleepy I was and insisted I take a nap – she'd make dinner! I gladly agreed, but only on the condition that I do the clean up and the dishes afterward. She gave me a large happy kiss for being so nice. "I hate clean up!" she said.

I went to lie down. But couldn't get the bustier unfastened. Finally, aggravated beyond endurance, I went and asked her if she'd release me. She laughed and threatened that she'd keep me prisoner in it if I didn't promise to behave. I gladly agreed, and she set me free – but only after a struggle. She did comment in a bemused way that the color really suited me, and I blushed for some reason.

I set the clock for an hour and was well refreshed when I awoke. Went and showered and shaved. (I didn't really need to, as I have a very light growth, and am practically hairless on my arms, body, and legs). Nonetheless I felt wonderful! After I dried myself, I went to put on underpants, but on a sudden impulse went and picked a pair of satin teal-colored panties. They felt so wonderful on! I thought for a minute, then decided that as nobody would see them? What difference did it make? Put on my best pair of tan slacks and a good yellow sports shirt. Tan socks, nicely shined brogues, my best watch, and I was ready for whatever the evening would bring. Whistling cheerfully, I went downstairs.

Carole greeted me pleasantly enough, but seemed distracted. I asked her why and she admitted that she always got a little nervous when company was coming. I went and gave her a hug. Assured her that everything would be just

fine! She smiled wanly, "I just would like everything to be perfect when my friends meet you" she said quietly, and my heart went out to her. She just seemed so young and vulnerable at times!

She had set the table very nicely and we had dinner shortly after I got there. It was very pleasant, but there was a lot of food. Soup, salad, salmon entrée with three different vegetables, dessert, then coffee with a liqueur for me along with crackers and blue cheese. "Good grief! Carole! I'll be doing dishes until midnight!" I joked.

And the ice maiden was back!

"You *promised!*" She snapped, glaring at me. "You said you would. Now are you going to whine? I can't *stand* whiners!" And she made as if to stand up!

Petrified with fear, I stuttered abjectly that I had only been joking. I was extremely sorry, and that I didn't mean a word of it. That I'd be glad to do the dishes, all of them. That the dinner had been so wonderful that I was glad to say my thanks in this way. I don't remember all that I said, but it seemed to work. I breathed a huge sigh of relief when the 'other' Carole returned and sat down in her chair.

She started chatting again as if nothing had happened. About six thirty, she said "Uncle Ron? I've got to go and get ready. Now I want you to do something for me, okay?"

"Certainly, my dear. What is it" I said (dreading whatever awful thing she was going to visit on me now).

"I want you to relax. Sit a while and enjoy your liqueur and your coffee. Okay?"

This girl had dumbfounded me again! "What time are your friends due?" I asked.

She shrugged. "No particular time. It isn't anything formal. That reminds me. Let me look you out an apron for doing the dishes, okay? But I want you to promise that you'll take it easy for a while before you start?"

"Sure Carole, I promise" I said.

It wasn't too difficult to keep that promise. After she laid an apron across the back of one of the chairs and made a smiling farewell, I lolled back in my chair, taking my time with an occasional sip of my Drambuie, chased by a sip of coffee – and picking lightly at the remnants of a very good meal.

Just about dead on seven o'clock, the doorbell rang and I went and answered it. Four young ladies were standing there – one of them Shannon. "Hi uncle Ron!" they all called in unison! "You're finally here!" and one by one they came and hugged me and said how nice it was that I had finally got there, and introduced themselves – all of them except Shannon of course. In order, they

were Anne – a brunette, lithe and athletic, Doris a blond – quite tall, Elaine – another blonde, also quite tall and Shannon, the red-head of course. What surprised me was that they were all quite elegantly dressed – I'd expected something a lot less formal.

I apologized for the state of the table in the dining room and said I'd clear it up after I had made them drinks. I took their orders after I'd placed their handbags in my room, then went to the bar. Nothing would do it though, but they had to join me while I poured. There was a great deal of chattering going on all around me, with Doris constantly changing her mind with regard to what drink she wanted, and the others teasing her unmercifully. They were all so nice, asking my opinion on everything under the sun. So respectful and nice. I bloomed like a flower. A masculine flower of course

I noticed that Elaine seemed to be the odd man out, so tried to make sure she was brought into the conversation more. She liked this, and soon began becoming more comfortable in my presence, ending up draping her arm around my shoulders, laughing at all my quips and jokes, and treating me like an old pal! I was having a *great* time!

We must have chatted for almost a half hour. I'd found out that other than Sandy, this was the whole group, so figured that, as they'd seen the mess in the dining room anyway, there was no hurry. A few times I halfway decided to start the clean up, but got distracted. Then Carole appeared again, and I was in trouble.

She came walking into the living room where we were all congregated, and immediately got all sorts of teasing remarks about living with a man – and pretending he was her uncle. He was far too young to be such a thing, she had herself a sex toy – that's what it was. She laughed and joked with them and came and gave me a big hug. Then she happened to glance into the dining room. I saw her body straighten up and she turned towards me.

"Cecilia! Why haven't you tidied this mess up? What have you been thinking of! I have guests here and you let them see this . . . this . . . *disaster*!"

Elaine hadn't seen who Carole was talking to, and looked around saying "Who's this Cecilia? Where is she?"

I licked my lips, all of the enjoyment dissipating fast.

"Carole? I'm very sorry. Honest! I kept meaning to . . ." And yowled! Carole had hold of my ear lobe again and was pulling me in toward the dining room, raising some startled sounds behind me - which soon were followed by amused noises - from my erstwhile friends and companions.

"Get your apron on you lazy girl!" Carole was storming at me. "Get this damned table cleaned off!"

And to a chorus of wolf whistles and raucous comments from the girls, I put on the extremely feminine apron, white gauze, with colored tulips embroidered into the bib. Carole tied a large elaborate bow in the back then gave my ass a whack and told me to get a move on. Totally humiliated, I scurried away from her and started hauling all the dishes into the kitchen.

I cleared off the table quickly. I'd have been quicker, except I was called into the living room to serve up more drinks. At someone's suggestion, I had to start curtsying when taking orders or delivering drinks. After that, I escaped into the kitchen. Then Elaine came in and started helping me. I was terrified that Carole might be upset and said so. She just shrugged. "Carole's my friend, but I do what I want to do. If she don't like it? Screw her!"

This only increased my shame. Okay, Elaine was boyish in a certain way, and she was a bit bigger and younger than me, and a little bit heavy, but she was still just a girl! . Even there, I felt belittled as she seemed perfectly willing to take Carole on, whereas I couldn't. I started to snuffle a little in my humiliation. My feelings were in total disarray when she came and put a strong arm around me. "That's all right sweetie," she said "Don't worry. But lets get these dishes done, huh? You can have a good cry later."

We were just finished when I heard a noise from the other room. It sounded like a song, but I couldn't make out the words, then realized what I was hearing – the opening line to the old Simon and Garfunkel song, but with different words and being repeated over and over, getting louder all the time:

Cecilia, you're wanted in here!

Cecilia, you're wanted in *here*!

Cecilia! You're wanted in here!

"You'd better hurry by the sound of it," Elaine suggested.

Wiping my hands on my apron I hurried into the living room. I hadn't noticed, but one of the straight back chairs from the dining room had been moved into the center. Carole sat on it, the wooden paddle she'd purchased that day in her hand. Smiling a terrible smile.

"Come to Carole, Cecilia," she purred. "And we can try this new paddle, huh? Take your shoes and socks off."

"Aw, please Carole." I said. "Please don't do this?"

"Please take your pants off. If you don't? My friends will take them off for you. I'm going to give you ten good whacks for being so inconsiderate."

"But Carole? Honest? I meant no disrespect. Honest! It's just that the ladies came and.."

"I think Cecilia is arguing with you Carole. I'm surprised that you stand for that Carole!" Ann said, laughing.

"But I'm not standing for anything!" Carole laughed. "I'm sitting – *WAITING!*

"Why don't you add one more for every five seconds he takes?" Anne suggested, laughing. And she and Shannon and Doris began looking at their watches. "And, and, and, and ONE MORE!" they yelled. "And, and. . ."

I kicked my shoes and socks off, unbuckled my belt and dropped my pants and draped myself over Carole's knees as quickly as I could, before I could incur another 'penalty' stroke.

Unfortunately, I'd forgotten my choice of underpants.

"Look at the pretty Teal panties!" Shannon shouted. "Gee Cecilia – you sure do like that color!" And all of the girls came around to see my panties, giggling and laughing about what a sissy I was, and giving me soft pats – almost caresses – on my satin-clad rump..

I gritted my teeth. I knew I was going to be spanked. Could see now that nothing was going to stop Carole from doing it. But this was IT! I would show them! No tears from now on! I hadn't demonstrated my masculinity up until now. But BY GOD! NO MORE TEARS!

The spanking wasn't actually as sore as the first, but by the fourth hit I was squirming and pleading and weeping copious tears, pleading, pleading, pleading for her to stop. By the last, I was just lying there, totally subjugated as the girls all clapped and cheered and did a reverse count down:

...FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE! – ONE PENALTY STROKE – TWO PENALTY STROKE! And then a concerted groan as Carole finished.

I was allowed to get up, then given to Shannon. To more ribald comments, a collar was put around my neck, and I was led away like the possession I was. Tears of shame and physical hurt dripping from me.

She was quick. Cool water was put on a washcloth and I was told to hold it there. Gratefully I did so, because she was doing something to me that I truly didn't want to see.

My shirt was cut off my back. "Don't think you'll be wanting this anymore she said scornfully, tossing the remnants into my bathroom wastebasket. She laughed when she saw how hairless I was on the chest, but was happy that I didn't need to be shaved there.

"I'm glad Suzie used that indelible ink marking you" she told me. Makes this much easier – and she was applying my breast forms to me, carefully lining up the edges to Suzie's marks..

I rejoined my companions some while later – wearing a creamy white satin, French maid's uniform with matching flounced capo and apron to match, a froth of petticoats, trimmed with blue ribbon peeking out from the under my skirts.

My breasts were uplifted right up out of the décolletage and I had a very sexy cleavage, enhanced by my lacy bra. Shannon had also practiced her craft on me, making me up while chastising me for the puffiness under my eyes – as if it was MY fault for goodness sake. But even I had to admit that she transformed me into an almost-pretty girl.

And, as the girls all sang the old Stevie Wonder number '*Isn't she lovely, Isn't she...*' a knock came to the door.

"Marvelous!" Carole said. "An opportunity for you to let us see how nice a maid you can be Cecilia. Don't forget to curtsy prettily to whoever it is. We'll all be watching you now . . ."

And they all crowded behind me as I opened the door, and curtseyed to Sandy.

She looked at me pityingly. "Oh dear" she said. "I did warn you, you know." Then she came into the house proper and greeted all the girls. As Carole greeted her, she leaned forward and whispered something quietly in her ear. Carole simply shrugged and called for the other girls to join her in the living room. "Sandy wants to talk to Cecilia" she said. "Girl to girl!" then laughed. The other girls drifted off with her. Leaving me to face Sandy alone. She stood waiting patiently, but I could not lift my eyes to meet hers, I was so ashamed.

"Ron?" she said quietly. "Please? Look at me. I know how humiliated you must feel but if you'll listen? Perhaps I can help you find your way back to your manhood. Would you like that?"

"Oh yes miss Sandy!" I said fervently – and promptly ruined my words by dropping a deep curtsy!

She smiled understandingly. "Look Ron. I know that Carole is a very willful and confident girl. But that's all she is – a *girl*! You are a man. Presumably *stronger* than her. Presumably *smarter* than her! You must stand UP to her. Fight for yourself! Be a man!"

I shifted uneasily, feeling my dress and petticoats move around me. Just a fraction, mind you, but enough to remind me that although Sandy was talking about being a man, she had no idea of what I'd have to face if I antagonized Carole. I think that about then, she saw the fear on my face and relented. Put a comforting arm around my shoulder and gave me a nice squeeze. "I'm sorry" she said. "I didn't want to make you uncomfortable. You'll do what you're comfortable with, I guess. I shouldn't even think of interfering. I won't embarrass you again. Why don't we go and join the rest?"

It was obvious that Sandy was a great favorite of all of them, so after we re-joined the group, a lot more drinks were called for, which kept me busy. I gradually found out that Carole was regaling everyone with the saga of 'bringing

me on board'. There was some discussion of a pony race that everybody seemed to consider hysterical, but as I only caught snatches of conversation, figured it was of no consequence to me. I'd also have my ears pierced, she told them. It turned out that I was to be Shannon's property for the whole beautification process, she would be responsible for my appearance during all of this period. At this, Shannon held up her clenched fists like a prizefighter, while everybody cheered. Even Sandy joined in, I noted sadly.

Sandy pleaded old age and left before anyone else. Just before she made her final exit, Carole drew me aside and explained what I had to do, and what the consequences would be if I failed. Terrified I caught Sandy in the hallway.

"Miss Sandy? May I come and assist at your party next weekend?"

She shook her head negatively. "I'm sorry Ron. . ."

"Please, don't call me that miss. My name's Cecilia now. But PLEASE let me be a serving girl next week? Miss Carole is adamant!"

"Ah! I see. So it's 'Miss' Carole is it now – Cecilia?"

Shamefaced, I nodded.

"Very well. Are you going to bring a uniform? If you are? I'd rather you wore a less flashy one please? Ask Carole and make sure she doesn't mind. But if you don't have another? The one You're wearing will do, if push comes to shove. Goodnight Cecilia."

"Goodnight miss Sandy" I said gratefully as she left.

But once she left, things started getting a little wild. Everyone had been drinking fairly steadily, and kept me busy acting as a cocktail waitress. Elaine had started to become a bit of a pest after I'd appeared in my new dress, obviously enamored of me, coming up and hugging me, caressing my breasts, once or twice even running her hand up my skirts. To tell the truth here, I probably made a mistake.

I had been the butt of mockery and sarcastic remarks for what seemed like weeks, with everyone scorning me as if I was wearing women's clothes voluntarily. Now, here was a girl treating me kindly. Okay, admittedly, she was treating me as if I were another girl and she was a boy, but at least she was being *pleasant* to me! I may have wiggled a little bit when she was looking at me, and I may have giggled when she put her hand up my skirt. And what was I to do when she came up behind me and nuzzled into my neck. Sure, I stood still and maybe even smiled as I crunched my head over to the side in pleasure. Who wouldn't? I think I may have even put my arms around her neck when she kissed me a couple of times – but it was just harmless fun!

Then I made the mistake of slapping her hand away when she got a little too forward. Carole noticed this and called me aside.

"Cecilia? These ladies are my guests. If they want to have a little fun with you? Please indulge them. Understand?"

"But she's putting her hands up my skirts, miss Carole. Treating me like a girl" I complained weakly.

"Well? If she wants to? That's what maids are for darling. Now? Are you going to argue with me?"

"No miss Carole, but, . . ."

She shook her head impatiently. "Elaine?" she called out. "Cecilia would like a private word with you?"

Grinning inanely, Elaine came over and put her arms around me and gave me a kiss.

"You're SUCH a cutie! Wanna talk to Elaine honey?"

"Yes she does. She's just too shy to admit it. Isn't that so, Cecilia?" Carole said.

"Yes miss," I said quietly.

"That's a girl!" she said nicely "Why don't you and Elaine go over into that nice dark corner and *talk*?"

A few minutes later, I was sitting helplessly in Elaine's lap as she fondled and kissed me. Gradually, I started surrendering, settling further and further back into her embrace and putting up less and less resistance. I sensed someone coming over to where we sat and placing something on a table there. Some little time after that, a finger was probing inside my panties and touching my anus.. At first, I was very uncomfortable, it was quite sore. But then, somehow, it felt as if it was lubricated, and then it was two fingers gradually working their way into me – and they WERE lubricated, I could tell. I writhed and pleaded, but she was giggling quietly now as her fingers probed deeper and deeper.

My eyes were glazed, but all of a sudden I could see that we had an audience! All of the girls were standing around, glasses in hand, smiling a little at my predicament. I tried to ask for help, but Elaine's mouth closed on mine, and I submitted again.

"I think Cecilia's in love" I heard somebody say.

"Yes. Think you're right," I heard Shannon reply. Then "Hey! What about a ceremony!"

There was a gasp of agreement, and I heard Carole say. Shannon? You get her ready. I'll make a call!"

I didn't know what they were talking about, but was greatly relieved when they pulled Elaine off me. She was pretty truculent about this, but Anne whispered something in her ear that must have pleased her, because she smiled widely. Shannon led me away, then redid my makeup. I started getting an

awful idea of what was going to transpire when she removed my maids cap, then pinned a circlet of flowers to my hair - which had a wedding veil attached to it!

She removed my apron then sat and talked to me quietly for a while. I was frightened, but she assured me that it was just a game. Not to worry. Then I thought I heard someone at the door. A few minutes later, Ann came into the room, giggling and bringing a bunch of plastic flowers. "Sorry!" she laughed, but this was the best we could come up with." And she placed them in my arms. "They're here" she told Shannon, then darted back out of the room again.

"Showtime dear" Shannon laughed, then pulled my veil down over my face and, linking her arm in mine, led me back down the hall into the living room to the sounds of the girls singing "*Here comes the bride*"

Elaine was standing looking at me, a drunken grin on her face. Shannon took her arm from mine. "Ladies? May I present – a specimen of what I consider to be - THE PERFECT MALE!" she said, and they all cheered as I stood there shivering in my dress, petticoats and veil, flowers clutched in my trembling hands.

But through the veil, I could see that there were an additional two people. "Cecilia? Look who's been nice enough to visit and be your matron of honor!"

And it was Angela! And the person standing beside Elaine was my ex wife Tess – acting as best man! She grinned an evil grin at me. "A beautiful bride dear. Congratulations!"

The ceremony was short. I had to kneel beside my husband to be and take my vows. It was a one-night marriage, but I was to be a dutiful wife, obedient and caring. Elaine swore to protect me from harm and to beat me if I misbehaved.

Ann, who was performing the service asked Elaine if everything was satisfactory and would she like to kiss the bride.

Elaine laughed and said "Sure!" Then lifted my veil and leaned down and kissed me.

Then Anne asked me if I would like to kiss my husband. I said "Yes"

"Very nice dear," she said. "Lift your veil please."

I did then saw that Elaine had something in her hand that she was bringing into my mouth. Helplessly, I kissed the dildo she was inserting between my lips.-, then for the next thirty seconds or so, she entertained her friends by slowly pushing it in further, then retracting it, then repeating the cycle a few times.

Then everyone wanted to kiss the bride. Some kissed me properly. Tess and Ann, repeated what Elaine had done with the dildo. By the time this part of the

'ceremony' was over, music had been put on and we did some slow dancing. I was a very popular partner, though Elaine was my partner most of the time. As the evening wore on, Angela finally danced with me. It was more embarrassing dancing with her than the others, because even with her, I had to take the female role and follow her lead. She was nice and slow though, and I soon felt a lot better.

"You do make a pretty bride Ron. Bet you'd have been smashing in a real wedding gown."

I blushed both at the compliment and the content of what she said, but managed a soft "Thank you Angela."

"You're welcome sweetie." She replied. "I'm so glad you're here now. I used to like our little chats when I used to come around to your house. I REALLY felt bad at what Tess and I did to you, but she wouldn't have it any other way. Are we going to be friends again?"

"Of course, Angela. If Carole let's me, and Tess doesn't mind."

She kissed me quickly – but it was more of a girl to girl kiss than anything else.

"You're going to have to get ready for bed pretty soon dear." She whispered. "Would you like me to give you a hand? You don't have to, you know, but maybe I can help?"

"Give me a hand to do what?" I whispered nervously.

"Get your nightgown on. Get you ready for Elaine."

"Get ready?"

She paused in the middle of a step and looked at me calmly. "You're going to be Elaine's bride tonight in bed. You haven't figured that out yet?"

"I think so. I don't know" I mumbled.

"Well dear? I'm telling you, that's what's going to happen. Now you can either fight it, or try and make the best of it. If you try and fight Elaine? I think she's probably too strong for you, and she's going to hurt you – not intentionally, because she's a nice girl. But? She's had a few drinks, and I heard that you were leading her on earlier. She might feel that you're just playing hard to get, when she gets you in bed . . ."

"That's not true! I didn't lead her on!" I interrupted indignantly.

"Maybe not. But that seems to be the general consensus around here – and she seems to think that you did as well."

Her voice then grew a little impatient. "Look! I can help you if you want me to. If not, that's okay. What do you want?"

"Will you help me Angela. Please?" I answered meekly.

"Of course dear. Why don't we go and start getting you ready?"

"Just now?" I asked, suddenly frightened of what seemed to be in store for me.

She must have heard the fear in my voice. "Yes dear. The sooner the better. Come on, let's go."

With that, she let my hands go and then, hand in hand, led me from the room and upstairs. As we left, there were a few ribald remarks, but my companion just stared at them calmly, and the girls quietened down.

Lying on top of the bed in my room were two garments – both white and satin, bedecked with lace. One was to be my nightgown, the other a matching peignoir. A pair of white satin slippers sat on the floor underneath them. I let out a nervous sigh as Angela touched my face lightly with her fingers.

"Still not shaving too often Ron?"

"That's right – but I did shave earlier on anyway." I said.

"Okay, but we have to have a little talk before we begin. Okay?" she said.

"It's okay by me," I said. "But what about?"

"You can either be a willing bride or an unwilling one. I'll prepare you for either eventuality, but I don't want to be giving you hints and tips about how to satisfy Elaine, if your macho pride is going to get in the way. I don't want to be hearing '*oh, I can't do that*' " she spoke in falsetto " because you won't accept the position you're in. I'm not saying that you have to BE willing – I'd just strongly suggest that you learn how to APPEAR willing!"

"You think that's best Angela?" I asked.

She took both my hands in hers. "Look. Elaine is going to take you tonight. If you fight her, you'll lose your pride as well as your virginity, because she is going to win. If you don't fight her? You may lose your pride, but you'll be the *only* one that knows it. Also?" she smiled. "Let's face it dear. You wouldn't be in this position of you weren't somewhat feminine to begin with. Right? If you relax, go with the flow? You might even enjoy it. Maybe?"

I thought for a moment. Tried to smile. "Okay Angela. What do I have to do?"

"Good!" she said. "Now let's get those clothes off, then we'll get your makeup off, then you can grab a quick shower."

"Won't she be wanting me to wear makeup?" I asked.

"Bet your sweet bippy!" she laughed. "But let's get you smelling sweet all over first. You were working quite hard downstairs, and that dress isn't the coolest thing in the world, I'd reckon – not with all those petticoats."

"You're right there!" I laughed.

"Well, try and cream off the worst of that makeup you have on, then get in that shower. I'm going to go and see if I can scrounge up some more appropriate

makeup for you and other stuff. Get going girl!" And she gave me a friendly pat on the rear.

It felt strange, sitting there by myself, going through a ritual that almost every woman has undergone at one time or another – removing makeup before bed. I was extremely conscious of the dress sleeves and the rustle of my petticoats as I hurriedly cleaned off as much makeup as I could. I was also somewhat surprised when my new reflection was looking back at me. Even with my wig off, there was a strong evidence of femininity in the face looking back at me from the mirror.

Quickly, I kicked off my shoes, then got out of my dress and hung it in my closet. I didn't know how to save the petticoats – there was so *much* of them – so just threw them on a chair. I blushed furiously as my new breasts sprung free when I undid the back fastener of the bra, then skipped as quickly into the shower as I could, my face still aflame at the sight and feel of breasts bobbing naturally in front of me, even though there was nobody there to appreciate – or jeer – at me..

I was happy that I managed to get myself clean, dried, powdered, and into my new nightgown and negligee just before Angela returned. In all honesty, I must admit that being in the hurry that I was to avoid her seeing me in the nude, I shouldn't have appreciated the sensory impacts of the satin of the nightgown as it cascaded over my body. This would not be true though. I simply had to pause for a few seconds to appreciate the waves of sexual appreciation as it rippled over my body, in tune with the material glissading over my sensitive skin.

Angela came back with some things in a large bag. The first thing she extracted was a pair of white satin panties. "Got these from Carole," she explained. "Don't want you spotting your pretty gown. Here, may as well put them on just now." And she handed them to me.

I stepped into them and pulled them up under my gown and into place.

"Spotting?" I asked.

"I could be wrong Cecilia, " she said "But you'll probably get sexually stimulated before Elaine comes into you. That reminds me! I'd strongly suggest you put a condom on, right before she does."

"But? I thought. . ." I stammered to a halt.

"Thought what?"

I was blushing deep red now. "That she was , well, working on my backside? Why would I need a condom?"

She shook her head. "Dear? You're a sissy, but you still have a male organ. Please don't tell me that being dressed like a woman and being treated like on,

doesn't excite you – you've got an erection right now, don't you?"

I nodded. It was only too obvious with only a pair of panties and a gown to hide it.

"Well then?" she continued. "If Elaine does stimulate you – and I think she will? You'll start getting moist at the tip of your penis, won't you?"

"Oh. I see." I said.

"Yes, the panties will protect your gown a little. But once she gets your panties down? Comes into you proper? You going to come all over your nice nightgown? The bed?"

"But I might not feel like 'coming' you know." I argued.

She looked at me strangely. "Yeah. Well. Maybe. But put these condoms under your pillow where you can get to it. Just in case? Okay?"

I nodded, took the condom from her, and put it under my pillow. When I looked up again, she had the long blonde wig Carole had bought for me.

"I'd forgotten all about that!" I said.

"Well, Carole hadn't," she laughed. "Thought you might like it"

"Yes. I do." I giggled. "Can I put it on now?"

"No. Let's get this stuff arranged, then your makeup on – then we'll get you into your peignoir and THEN we'll let you put on your nice wig – huh?"

The *stuff* she produced was a small tin containing munchies, two champagne flutes – and a portable chiller with a bottle of champagne nestled in it – and napkins. She put them all over on a small table beside the sofa. Then, I had to sit at the dressing table as she made me up, and explained how I should act towards Elaine. She didn't mince words, and I practically blushed the whole time. I kept wanting to deny what she was saying, but the practicality of what she was saying was too evident, so I listened and took it all in.

She was very careful with the application of the makeup. Just touches here and there, but the lipstick was wet looking, and a deep red. My eyeshadow was very pale blue – but it seemed to sparkle a little. Just a touch of blush, but it was also a deeper red than I had become accustomed to. She did apply a few coats of mascara though. I was starting to feel very sexy, and was becoming drowsy for some reason as she applied very discreet amounts of perfume to behind my ears and at my wrists. Found myself leaning backwards, into her.

"Won't be long now Cecilia" she whispered. "Here. Lets get your peignoir on. Yessss! That's girl! Mmmmm! Aren't you pretty! Now the wig, huh? Oh my! Yes! Just your slippers now. Do they fit good?"

All I could do was nod. As I stood there in a soft cloud of satin and lace, I knew how a bride must feel. I felt practically no sense of masculine shame at what I looked and felt like. Time and care had been taken to make me pretty for

my husband – and I was ready. In a haze, I felt Angela guide me over to the couch. She poured me a little champagne into my glass. "Remember now dear! Make sure you pour Elaine her glass! You must show right away that you're willing to serve her. Can you remember that?"

She was peering into my face, smiling, but with some anxiety there. "I've got to go now dear. Elaine will be up shortly. Don't let her hurt you now! Just relax. Okay?"

"Yes. Thank you, darling Angela." I said, and kissed her hand.

She paused on her way to the door. "Cecilia? I don't want to sound . . .ah . . .indelicate? But as soon as I leave? I'd suggest you . . .ah . . .lubricate yourself. I put a jar at the bedside table. I wouldn't wait too long if I were you. Things get out of hand sometimes, you know?" She gave me a tiny wave, then left the room.

I was embarrassed by what she'd just said, but remembered the pain of Elaine's initial 'explorations' so went and opened the jar, pulled my panties down, then took some of the jelly and applied it, blushing furiously all the while. I then pulled my panties back into place, and went back to the sofa, and took a sip of wine, trying to relax, but couldn't help squirming as my backside felt very strange.

A knock came to the door. "Cecilia? Can I come in?"

"Yes Elaine. Please come in" I said, and the door opened and my husband for the night stood there.

She was wearing a pair of Carole's pajamas, because they were a little short in the leg – dark blue silk, under a white terry robe. Her hair had been brushed straight back from her forehead – which made her look terribly young – and she had removed all of the makeup from her face. "Hello Cecilia? You're very pretty in that gown!"

"Thank you kind sir!" I said, dropping a curtsy and smiling at her, then going over to give her a kiss.

She embraced me immediately, and kissed me back forcefully. Standing there, I suddenly felt very tiny, delicate, and defenseless as her hands moved over my body, with feather light caresses.

"Darling?" I panted, suddenly out of breath. "There's no hurry, is there? We have all night, don't we? Like a glass of champagne?"

"Sure!" she said. "I'm sorry sweetie. Didn't mean to rush you. Be a sweet little wife? Pour your hubby a glass, huh?"

I knew I made a nice picture as I wafted my way back to the table where the wine and glasses were. I poured her glass, then sat on the sofa. Want to join me, lover? " I asked throatily as I patted the seat beside me invitingly.

"Try and stop me!" she giggled, then came over and sat – then pulled me into her lap! There, I was asked to feed her little tidbits of the munchies and sips of her wine, as she sat with one hand up my nightgown skirts, the other fondling the lace materials over my breasts. With both of my hands in use, and helpless to defend me, she gradually worked me into total confusion.

"You ready?" she asked after a while. In answer, I put her wineglass and the napkin I'd been holding her munchies in, and leaned back into her embrace.

"In a minute, in a minute!" she laughed. "But first? I want you to do something for me. Okay?"

I nodded, still in a daze.

"It's just a couple of symbolic things. First kneel down on the floor beside the couch, then open up my robe. Okay?"

"Yes darling." I said and slid off her lap and knelt beside her. I then undid the sash of her robe and pushed it aside – and saw the bulge under her pajama pants.

"All right little sissy. Time to pay the man some respect. Pull my pants down please. Yes! Very good! Now just take the man and put your mouth over it, as if you were going to give me a blow job. Yes, that's a girl! " and her hand landed on the back of my head and gently forced my mouth over her dildo, then back, then repeated the process a few times.

"Very good, Cecilia," she crowed. "Now you can get up and go over my knees. Hubby wants to spank his new bride. Let her know who the boss is! "

Without argument I got up from the floor and laid myself, face down, over her knees. What happened was a lot different than I expected. She pulled my hem of the peignoir and nightie up to reveal my panties then, instead of smacking me, she cupped the palm of her hand and started patting and caressing me softly on both buttocks.

"Ooooh" she crooned as she continued to dominate me. "Look at the little sissy's backside. Elaine's going to put her big man inside there pretty soon, isn't she sissy?"

"Please Elaine? Do you have to?" I said, stung by her comments and wanting to show some degree of non-acceptance.

"No. Don't *have* to. I just *want* to. That's all." She giggled and inserted a finger in me.

I am not going to draw any pictures about what went on in that room that night. I am not going to say I didn't enjoy *any* of it. I had learned by then that I was developing a taste for being humiliated by women – but I had enough humiliation that night to more than satisfy me.

Angela had been absolutely correct. If I'd struggled, it would have been soul destroying. Either my strength was decreasing as I slid into femininity, or Elaine was much stronger to begin with. In either case I saw almost immediately that the outcome would have been the same – me under Elaine as she rode me into womanhood.

I did not enjoy the physical aspects much. Elaine was as gentle as I could have asked – but it was a painful experience, particularly the first time. I am not proud of the way I acted – all eager, feminine, and willing to satisfy this young woman – but my loss of pride in this subjugation was known only to me. She fell asleep quite quickly. I turned over onto my side. Still asleep, she put her arm out and I snuggled in, feeling secure. I lay there in her arms for a while, sleepless, trying to figure what had actually happened to me in a few short days, but never reached any conclusion.

She woke me up for more sex about four o'clock in the morning. I was too sleepy to show much enthusiasm, but after a warning from her, behaved more like a girl again. Actually, it was easier to play the part this time – the behavior pattern expected seemed to becoming more and more natural to me. I had not needed a condom the first time, but something told me to use one for this episode. I was glad I did. With my more relaxed attitude, I fell into Elaine's rhythm – which must have been the reason that I ejaculated while she was making love to me.

"Enjoyed it better that time sweetie?" she mocked as I left the bed to get rid of the dripping condom.

She was sleeping again by the time I had cleaned myself and got back to bed.

I woke to a hand being placed over my mouth. Looked up to see Carole grinning down at me. She took her hand from my mouth and made a 'shushing' gesture with her finger to her lips. I nodded, and she crooked her finger at me, indicating that I was to get up. I slithered out of bed slowly, strangely shy in my white bridal nightdress. She pursed her lips and smiled appraisingly, then nodded approvingly and handed me my peignoir. I slid into it, and she indulgently came over and stood directly in front of me and tied the tiny neck closing ribbons in a delicate bow.

Next, she silently pointed to my slippers and I put them on. I knew what she meant when she pointed at the dressing table, so went and arranged my hair, ad freshened my lipstick. She nodded approvingly again, then led me from the bedroom, closing the door quietly behind us.

She linked her arm in mine as we went down to the kitchen, but didn't say anything until we got there.

"I've been wondering what to say to you" she said quietly, "I've never been with a man who became a bride the night before. I hope Elaine didn't hurt you?"

"A little," I said "But she was very nice to me."

"Well truthfully? I'm glad that's over. I wanted you to have a taste of what a woman goes through, and I guess you did, huh?"

I blushed, and she laughed – but not unkindly. "Okay Cecilia, you've a husband to take care of. I'll let her sleep for a little while so that you can have time to make breakfast. You don't mind if I ask you to make mine as well? Just a croissant and a dry cereal for me. I think Elaine will probably want an omelet or something like that – coffee, black and strong. I think you should just have a few slices of dry toast. We'd better start working on your figure."

I was hungry, but figured I'd better not argue, so floated into the kitchen and started preparing the meal for my 'husband' and my mistress. (I knew very well what she was now.).

"I'm going to shower and change now Cecilia" she told me. "But! That reminds me. After Elaine leaves, go and shower. But before you do? There's a blue jar filled with cream beside your bathroom sink. It's a depilatory. I want you to rub it in all over your bod then wait for a full minute before you have your shower. You'll be nice and smooth. Trust me, you'll be very sorry if you miss any. And by the way? Shave under your arms as well."

She didn't wait for any response from me. I shrugged. Didn't see much sense in making myself any smoother than I was, but didn't see any sense in prolonging any conversations with Carole – things had a tendency to get out of hand when I talked too much, I'd discovered.

Elaine actually appeared before Carole. Came and gave me a big hug and a kiss. "Hi honey!" she said. "You were *great* last night, especially the second time." She leered at me and twirled a non-existent moustache. "Wanna do it again some time?"

I felt the heat rising up my face as I gave her a coquettish smile "Maybe. But only if you promise to behave yourself!"

"Sure honey! Like this?" And she came back to me and fondled my breasts openly.

"*GIRLS!* Girls! Didn't you get enough of her last night Elaine?" Carole asked from the doorway.

My blush doubled in intensity as I realized that Carole may have seen my flirting as well as Elaine fondling me so aggressively.

"She was great!" Elaine laughed. "Maybe needs a bit more breaking in? I'll volunteer if you want."

Carole tapped her watch. "Talking about breaking in?" she said in a suggestive tone of voice.

"Oh yes!" Elaine answered. "Guess I'd better eat and run."

"Plenty of time dear. Enjoy your breakfast. I was just reminding you, that's all."

We spent about forty five minutes having breakfast. Actually, it was a very pleasant interlude. I felt somewhat strange in all of my feminine finery. Elaine was wearing the dress she'd worn the night before – a little rumpled, but she hadn't obviously expected to stay over, so it was understandable.

Carole looked quietly elegant in an orange Shantung silk sheath, with a strand of very nice pearls around her neck, and earrings to match.

Nonetheless, the difference in our apparel didn't seem to matter, we chatted amicably about movie stars and who was pretty and who was handsome, and some trivia about television shows. I was getting an ache in my back though and wondered if the fact that I was braless was causing it (I discovered later that it was). Finally, Elaine thanked me for a wonderful night, gave me a long, lingering kiss, then left. Carole put on an apron. "I'll do the clean up. Just go and get ready. Wear a bra and panties – no bustier this morning. Okay? You can wear your regular clothes over them. Don't take too long though."

"Okay Carole. Thanks for doing the clean up for me." I said.

"You're welcome Cecilia" she smiled.

I applied the depilatory, just like she told me, then showered a minute later. Was actually quite surprised to see the amount of hair that washed off my body. Got a little dry mouthed at the thought that I had maybe been a little careless - thinking of what Carole had said about me being sorry if I missed any spots. Shook my head. I was getting silly. How was she to know? Inspect every square inch of me? I wouldn't put it past her, I thought, but grinned. Highly unlikely!

When I got downstairs I was doubly surprised. Shannon was there, wearing jeans tucked into leather cowboy boots, and a tank top. She looked nice, but decidedly informal. Carole, on the other hand, was now wearing a very elegant hat and elbow length gloves.

"Did you remember to use that cream?" she asked.

"Yes Carole." I said meekly. "Hi Shannon!"

"Hi Cecilia. Have a good night?" she responded, grinning.

I blushed again.

We left the house a few minutes later. Shannon drove us in her car. Drove to an old barn of a place with quite a lot of late model cars – mostly expensive imports – parked in the trampled dirt surrounding the place.

I was confused from the moment we got inside – there was a mass – a great many young ladies milling about at the doorway to a rather large room. All of them were elegantly dressed for that time of the day, lots of long afternoon dresses, and milliners must have had a field day, because I'd never seen so many hats. Again though, as far as I could see, I was the only male there. I could see now why Carole was dressed so properly. She fitted right in. Shannon, in her casual outfit was there for something different

I saw a crudely drawn banner stuck on the wall "Trainer's Rooms" and an arrow pointing down a hallway but didn't pay much attention to it. Carole waved and smiled to a group of young ladies. Turned to me.

"I'm going to leave you with Shannon. Now? You'd better be good. Understand? I *mean* this. Don't make me have to come to you now!"

"I'll be good Carole." I said meekly.

"Damn right you will!" Shannon said sharply. "Carole? What makes you think I can't handle her?"

Carole gave her friend a quick hug. "I'm sorry dear. No offense. I just thought – well he might get skittish. You know?"

For some reason Shannon laughed at this. "OH! Yeah. I guess you're forgiven. See you later."

With that she led me down the hallway and around a corner. We passed a few doorways, then walked into a room that had the door open. Shannon shut the door behind us. "Hi there Rose! Everything ready?"

Rose was a rather plump, pretty girl, with loose brown hair tied back with a ribbon and wearing a white smock. She stood beside the major piece of furniture in the room, a large table that seemed very low – no more than eighteen inches high. There was a smaller table, of regular height up against a wall. On it was what appeared to be a Sterno heater with a very low flame heating what appeared to be large coffee can. There were some other squeeze bottles and what looked to be a large roll of white bandages on the table beside the heater. Other than a couple of chairs and some hooks in the walls, that seemed to be it. There was a door on one wall that was open just enough to identify it as a bathroom.

Rose smiled nicely. "Hi Shannon. This Cecilia?"

"Yes. Cecilia? Say hi to Rose. Better be nice to her, or she might get her own back and hurt you!"

Rose blushed prettily. "Oh Shannon! Stop it! Don't listen to her Cecilia. My job is to make sure I *don't* hurt you. Just strip down to your undies please. You can hang your clothes up on these hooks."

She was so matter of fact about it that I stared for a moment too long.

"She doesn't care what you look like – and she won't look while you're undressing, so just do as she tells you. She'll have a robe for you in a minute." Shannon said. "Get a move on!"

It felt strange stripping down to my bra and panties in front of a stranger, but I'd learned not to dawdle. Rose had turned her back, but once she sensed I was finished turned around. "Oh! I'm sorry dear. Hadn't thought! Take your bra off too, will you please?"

A strange reversal I thought, unhooking my bra and letting my breasts go free. A few days earlier, I'd have died of embarrassment at having a young woman see me in a bra. Now I was mortally humiliated at being seen without one.

"Let me see you close up" Rose said, coming to me and peering at my skin. "This should be easy Shannon. He doesn't have much hair. Have you ever been waxed before Cecilia?"

"No." I said, then cautiously asked. "Waxed? Does it hurt?"

They both laughed at this. "You'll tingle a few times," Rose said. "But honestly? If I do my job right? It should be a fairly pleasant experience for you." She examined my frontage. "Mind if I say this dear? These are *very* pretty breasts. Look very natural." Then she handed me a short robe of some soft, almost translucent material. "Slip this on love. Then go and lie on the table please. Face up to start"

I did as she asked.

"Comfy?" she asked, slipping a pillow under my head.

"I guess so" I said uneasily.

"Great!" she said. "Let's get started then. Get a look at your legs and thighs first"

With that, she unceremoniously pushed my robe back up out of the way and caressed my upper thigh with her fingertips.

"Good! You had him use that depilatory cream I gave you Shannon?"

"Yeah. Well Carole had him use it this morning, as far as I know" Shannon replied.

"Really good!" Rose enthused "I'd worried about how much time you had given me, but this shouldn't be too bad. Just a little clean up on the thighs and it's more a light down than a heavy growth everywhere else. Don't see any problems."

"Good." Shannon said. "I'll leave him in your capable hands. I'll walk down and grab a beer, and change. Give me a yell if he gives you any trouble."

"Oh, I can tell. He won't be any trouble at all, will he?" Said Rose. "Gives me any? Why, I'll tickle his tummy!" With that, she did just that. I giggled

girlishly. Shannon smiled and waved silently. Left me with Rose. She spoke quietly in my ear.

"I figure we may as well get the worst over first. Your upper and inner thighs are probably the most sensitive, but you're very fortunate, having such a light growth. You're less hirsute than many girls I've done, but it's still going to tingle more than a little. But I want you to tell me when it hurts, okay? I'll stop then."

She picked up the can from the heater and laid it in the table beside us. Dipped a finger into the can "Just right!" she said, wiping her fingers on a towel, then taking a brush she dipped it into the can as well.

"This'll be a little warm at first, but you'll get used to it. I promise." She said, starting to paint a strip of what felt like warm motor oil down my thigh.

She was right. It was a little hotter than warm, but bearable. She painted a strip about six inches wide and from my panty line to above my knees. Then she quickly cut two lengths of the bandages down and laid them side by side, on top of the wax, and started kneading them into the hardening material with her fingertips. In the few moments it took her to do this, I could feel the wax congeal on my skin.

"Gonna sting a little!" she warned me, and quickly zipped the bandages away.

It DID sting a bit, but was pleasant more than anything else, especially when she grunted in approval and applied a sweet smelling oil over the area. "You're not going to have any problems at all dear. That lot came right off. Sometimes? I may have to go over some areas three or four times, and that can get sore, but you'll have no problems at all. And know what? Just wait until you put some nice undies on after this – and stockings? You'll swear you've died and gone to heaven!"

And chattering away she proceeded to work on me for the next hour or so. She asked some questions about how Carole had "broken me in" which I thought a strange choice of words and were quite personal. But she was SO pleasant that I ended up telling her just about everything, getting quite excited sexually at times. She hardly seemed to notice this, except one or twice apologized and sort of 'flipped' my erection sharply with her index fingernail – which cooled me down for a while. She always said "Later!" as she did this, which was another thing that puzzled me.

Then Shannon came in carrying a large bag. She had changed into a rather strange outfit, tight white pants, with the cuffs stuffed into a pair of long boots. She also wore a very colorful shirt. It was long sleeved and tight at the wrists. Looked like silk. I was puzzled at her choice of colors – bright orange and white – not an arrangement that particularly suited her.

"Hi Rose! Almost finished.?"

"Perfect timing!" Rose said. "Just let me finish rubbing in some oil here." And her fingers were giving me the light massage that I was beginning to love.

Right then, a quick knock on the door was followed by four young girls – I'd have guessed sixteen years old at the most, came in without waiting for an invitation. They were all chattering away excitedly. They were all blonde, with almost identical hairstyles. I noticed that they all wore translucent latex gloves. One carried a large pitcher with what looked like gray foamy water in it.

"Oh goody!" One said. "Is he ready for us Rose?"

Shannon answered for her. "Yes. Bye Cecilia see you in a little while. Coming Rose?"

"Yes!" said Rose. "Bye Cecilia! Lot's of luck!" She gave me a light pat on the bottom. "He's all yours girls," she said, and left the room with Shannon.

I had been lying on the table face down, But started to get up, with the intention of putting my robe on. "No dear! Stay down!" One of the newcomers said, giving me a sharp spank. "Just lay on your side please." Then she giggled as I obeyed quickly. "Someone's broken this one in quite well." She laughed.

Then, to my horror, three of them came around to the side I was facing and put their hands on me. I wondered why, for just a second, then found out. With a totally unexpected series of actions, my back passage was lubricated and I felt the coolness of a plastic pipe being inserted.

"What in heaven's name are you *doing*!" I squealed indignantly.

"Gonna make you nice and clean – inside and out" somebody said.

"Trust us" another one added. "This might save you a great deal of embarrassment You'll thank us later on. Lie still now!"

And they were giving me an enema!

I could feel the liquid flow into me and the start of the pressure building in my bowels. Knew that if I struggled, it would just make control of my rectal muscles that much more difficult – and if I dislodged the pipe? Oh god, what a mess it would be! Accordingly, I surrendered and laid quietly.

"That's a good boy!" one said, and patted my rump approvingly. "Won't be long now."

A few minutes later, I was running for the bathroom, with the girls calling out encouragement as I emptied myself. Finally, I cleaned myself off and went back into the room.

"That's a good boy! Back onto the table now. But kneel this time – on your hands and knees, if you will?" one of the group said.

Wearily, I complied, then noticed that a bucket of water had appeared from nowhere. Two of the girls dipped soft sponges into the bucket then came and

started sponging me all over – and I mean, all over. Helplessly I continued to kneel while my genitals were washed lovingly with the scented, warm, water.. As one girl washed the front, the other was invading my back passage. With all of these ministrations, I attained a major erection.

"Oh yummy!" the one who was washing me at the front said. "Look what I found!" And she began to rub the soapy soft sponge up and down, up and down, on my member.

"Oh please!" I protested weakly – but to absolutely no avail. As I started to spasm she put the sponge to catch my juices. I almost collapsed onto the table, but a sharp spank had me keep my position, even though my arms and legs were trembling with weakness.

"My turn now" said the one at the back – and her fingers were up inside me! – all slithery from the soapy water. I couldn't believe it she was deliberately moving her fingers in and out of me with no more emotion than she would use in washing her hands. To my total disbelief I found myself getting another erection! I turned my head to protest this new assault on my character and, by doing so, missed what the girl working on my front was up to – she was slipping some sort of ring down and over my penis! I was able to see the final results of her handiwork easily by turning my head back again. The ring seemed to be made of some sort of vinyl or plastic, and had two smaller circular rings linked to it, one at each side. For some strange reason, the set up was having a peculiar effect on me - I couldn't lose my erection!

Then I was being laved by cool fresh water. It felt deliciously cool, and I relaxed. The toweling that followed was another salve to my injured pride – then my two attendants stepped aside and the other two started gently administering some sort of scented lotion or oil, all over my body. This felt absolutely wonderful – especially as the girls were making soft little comforting noises as they gently rubbed my skin with their soft fingers. My still-erect member throbbed with pleasure.

"Okay Cecilia" one of them said. "Would you change position please? Sit back, but stay on your knees?" Gratefully, I did as I was told – I was getting a little stiff from being too long in the one position – but the gratitude didn't last long as a new series of indignities started to be showered on me.

One of the girls approached me from the front with a bright orange bra in her hands. Before I could even think of stopping her, she had fitted my arms through the loops, fitted my breasts into the cups then passed the tow fastening ends under my arms to another girl, who promptly fastened the bra at the back.

"Whew!" said the one at the front, "Would you look at that cleavage!. Here, these straps need a little adjusting I think." And without further ado, this young

girl proceeded to adjust my bra straps until I admitted that they were okay.

Then, quickly, a broad sort of leather belt – almost like a corset - was put around my tummy, and I was firmly buckled in. Before I knew it, my arms were pulled down to my sides and they were then attached to the belt with smaller straps – but just as effective. My arms were now pinned to my side! I could open and close my hands, flex my fingers, but that was the extent of my freedom.

Helpless I watched another approach with some long leather thongs – looked like leashes of a sort that had metal clips at the end. These, she fastened to the side rings attached to the one imprisoning my penis. She then ran them up through rings attached to my leather 'corset' and over my shoulder.

Stunned, I saw the next thing that was about to happen to me. One of the girls came forward with a shy smile, holding what appeared to be a rather small, leather, sleeve. I almost fainted with shame when she fitted it over my erection. I couldn't see too well, but she seemed to clip it into place using the same two rings that the 'leashes' had been attached to. She then attached a little round chrome bell to the end of it – then more of the same type to the corset – and my bra – one in front of each upthrust breast!

While this was going on, another took my wig off – and replaced it with another. I didn't get too good a look at it as she was so quick, but it seemed to be a full head of hair. Reddish brown and with straight bangs cut horizontally across my brow. It felt rather tight, but she forced it down. Then I'll be damned if the next girl came with what looked like ostrich feathers, full and curling, but small – and a bright orange in color – and stuck them into my hair!

"What? What! What are you girls doing! Stop this. Stop this at once!" I was remonstrating now, my voice getting stronger with each word..

"Naughty Horsy!" One said, and was fitting something over my head that seemed also to be made of leather – and was pushing a horizontal bar of something – vinyl, but firm, into my mouth.

"Whaw Aff mu gubbs dong?" I asked – or tried to.

"Think we got that bit in just in time," one of the quartet laughed, and I felt my headgear being fastened firmly at the back of my head.

"Okay Cecilia. Almost done. Get back on all fours again, would you please?"

"Allison? You check her finger and toe nails. Joyce? Fix her lipstick – a darker shade I think. Cecilia?"

I nodded and leaned forward onto my hands again

"Stay VERY still for a second please.!" She ordered me.

She was expert at what she was doing. Before I knew it, something cool and quite large had been inserted all the way into my back passage. With a shock. I saw the straight horsehair tail hanging straight down from my backside! I started to raise my body in protest, but a strong hand was placed on the back of my neck and held me in place.

"Her nails are fine" Allison reported.

"Hold on a sec." The girl who had to be Joyce said, then I felt a hand under my chin lifting my face up. The young girl stood in front of me with an opened lipstick tube in her right hand.

"Now Cecilia? Please don't get to moving. Just want to make you all pretty." With that, she expertly applied a light coating of the cosmetic to my mouth.

"There's a girl!" she commended me, and removed her hand from under my chin.

In shame, I looked back down to the table again.

The girl who appeared to be the boss spoke softly.

"Cecilia? I'm going to do something. Okay? It won't be unpleasant – at least it's not supposed to be. So let me know if it hurts. Okay?"

I nodded.

And instantly felt as if my innards had imploded! The only thing I could think of was that someone had put a dildo up by backside – then inflated it lightning quick! My insides turned to mush. My legs could barely support me. I felt that if it hadn't been for the ring around my penis, I'd have ejaculated immediately. I waggled my backside desperately and let out a squeal – but whether it was a noise of fear or pleasure, I couldn't say.

"Think she enjoyed that?" Joyce asked with a laugh.

"I'd bet on it!" Allison replied. "I'll swear her eyes glazed!"

Just then, the door opened and Shannon re-appeared. She had replaced her long pants with what looked like silk shorts, but other than that was unchanged.

"I hear Cecilia calling me?" she asked.

"Might be, " the boss girl said "We just tested the Distractor."

"Did it distract her?" Shannon laughed.

"Think so." Allison said. "But it's about time we fitted your Distractor too, is it not?"

"Won't hear me complaining either." Shannon said, and all the girls laughed.

"Okay – lets get this saddle and the shoes on," somebody said – and something was put onto my back, then I heard the snicks and snacks of metal being fastened to metal and I now had something wide, though quite light in weight attached to my back. At the same time, Allison came and slipped shoes

onto my feet. They were more like a man's Cuban heeled shoe than anything else, but were quite comfortable on.

"Okay Cecilia – Up onto your feet now!" Shannon commanded. Stiffly, I obeyed – and felt Shannon take a jump and land square on the saddle attached to my back. I yelped as she did so, surprised for one thing and a little sore when she pulled at the reins attached to my leather covered penis –and tugged at the reins attached to the bit in my mouth. After the most recent weakening episode, I truly felt it to be a bit much!

"Sorry Cecilia," she whispered in my ear. "Didn't mean to give you such a fright. Is the bit in your mouth quite comfortable now?"

I nodded.

"Good!" she said. "And what about these reins?" – and gave a little tug at those connected to my genitals.

I let out a muffled 'ouch'

"Even better! I can get your attention for sure now. Can't I?"

"Shannon? Scoot back in the saddle a little would you? I need to get your Distractor fitted properly." The boss girl said.

I felt Shannon move behind me, then the girl seemed to be fitting something to the saddle. When she finished, I could feel Shannon squirming about in the saddle. "Oh Jesus!" she said and sighed.

"Fit okay?" Joyce asked.

"Just about perfect" Shannon replied, and the girls all laughed again.

Well then, let's get the stirrup height adjusted" somebody said and Shannon shifted around some more

She wiggled a little more, then told the girls what a great job they'd done, how I was the best looking pony she'd seen in a while. One of the girls, Joyce I think, said it had been a pleasure – but they'd better leave as the buzzer should be going off any minute. They left quickly.

"You'll be wanting an explanation Cecilia?" she asked.

"Youf pweeze" I said nodding.

"You've been entered in a horse – well actually a 'pony' race is a better description. It's a big charity do the ladies run every year. Getting you to run for her is quite a feather in Carole's cap. It's usually considered very difficult to get a man ..."

Just then, a loud buzzer reverberated through the building.

"Okay. We have about a minute. That bit you have between your teeth? Remember this. It's a remote control device for a similar 'Distractor' up one of

your competitor's asses. You bite on it – and she'll feel the same thing that you felt when the girls checked it out. Remember?"

I nodded.

"You won't know which one because it takes random amounts of time to make a 'hit'. That way, you won't know who you're distracting – but the one that's activating yours? She won't know either.

Then she laughed. "There's another type of Distractor that the jockeys have to put up with. There's a dildo built into their saddles. Mine is inside me just a tiny bit just now. If you start and stop quickly, believe me, I feel it!"

She made a little wiggle on my back. "AH!" she said. "Let's go, or I'll never get out of this room."

With that, I felt her shoulders move, then felt a quick sting on my rump. I jumped – she had hit me with a riding crop!

"Whooooee!" Shannon exulted. "Man Oh Man! Is this gonna be FUN!"

Then she got back down out of the saddle and led me out of the room

There was a noticeable increase in the hubbub coming from the large room, but the sound of a bell came and it quietened down immediately. Shannon drew me to a halt at the main door, and almost at the same moment, three doors in the hall opened and out came ladies in get ups similar to Shannon's – all leading young women, wearing get ups similar, if not identical to mine! All had tails hanging from their posteriors as well. They were giggling and laughing however, and eyeing me up. "So this is the stallion?" One of the jockeys asked Shannon.

"Looks more like gelding to me!" One of the others laughed.

"Okay girls, that's enough." The oldest jockey was talking now. "Let's have a Distractor check. I'm going to count to three, then I want you all to bite down hard on your bits okay?"

I nodded, along with the three girl ponies – our harness bells chiming nicely.

"ONE . . . TWO . . . THREE!" And I bit down hard on the bit in my mouth.

Nothing happened for about two seconds, then one of my companions let out a "whoosh!" and buckled at the knees, her eyes going vacant. I was next, then the two other girls followed suit.

"Looks like they work okay!" One of the jockeys remarked. And then the four of us were led into the hall, to a loud cheer from the assembled ladies.

It was a very large hall mainly hardwood floor, but a wide strip of green carpet stretching down the middle. At the end close to us was a table with four women sitting there. One was talking into a microphone.

"And ladies? Here's what you've been waiting for! The Bartlett sweepstakes! Ten percent of all wagers is being donated to Children's Hospital – so bet big! Now meet the competitors, all running their maiden race Three mares, and one stallion! Now, lets introduce them ! First..."

And, one by one, my three companions were introduced – then it was my turn.

"And now ladeeez! The stallion! Owner is Carole with Shannon as jockey. Meet CAROLE'S FANCY!"

Stumbling a little in my heels, and mincing daintily because of the thing stuck in my rear, I was led to the ladies sitting at the table, the bells on my harness jingling merrily. There I curtsied as well as I could, given the circumstances. Everyone clapped, and I saw some ladies calling out to Carole, how well I'd been trained as she came to join me and Shannon.

"Better walk about a little Fancy," she said " And make sure that you've got Shannon's weight distributed right.. Get you some practice, maybe." As she spoke I saw some of my fellow horses start to move around, cavorting a little – making the jockeys eyes widen with pleasure as they did so.

Then, Shannon got on my back and wriggled around in the saddle until she was comfortable. Patted me on the shoulder, then leaned over and whispered in my ear.

"I'm going to distribute my weight as evenly as I can Cecilia, but if you feel me leaning too much in one direction, try and let me know. Now do NOT forget you have a Distractor activator in your mouth! But the more you use it, the lesser charge it gives. Try and save it as much as possible, but don't forget to use it! Okay?"

My bells tinkled and my plumes tossed as I nodded my head.

That's a girl!" she said, patting me on the head. Then she spoke again. "But the main thing for you to remember is what direction you're going in and to move as quickly as you can between the spasms. Got it?"

I made a little nod this time, just in time to hear the announcer:

Ponies to the starting gate please!

Shannon continued as we approached the rope stretched out across the hall at the other end from us. "But you're going to have to try and walk – don't run - as fast as you can. Carole doesn't expect you to win , but you'd better not come in last, if you know what's good for you. Let's go horsy!" and I felt her shift in the saddle, then a tap on my backsides, and realized that she'd just used the riding crop on me!.

Then we were all going slowly up to the end of the carpet that seemed miles away, Looking to one side, I could see two of my pony girl companions, breasts

swaying, their riders whispering encouragements – just as Shannon was doing with me. The other girl was very close to me, actually bumping me aggressively at times. I became very attuned to the sound of our metallic chains as they clinked and jingled a quiet tune. Suddenly, I also became very conscious of the perfumes we all wore, mixing with the odor of excitement prevalent in the room. Heard the crescendo of spectator noise as we approached what was obviously the area where we had to turn to get back to the starting gate .

Heard the announcer state that the betting was closed.

It took a few minutes for us to get turned around, but then we were all aligned. The starter was there and talking quietly. "Okay girls. I'm going to say, One, Two, Three! Then this rope in front of you will lift. If any of you try and jump? Then we'll just have to come back and do it again. Understand?"

We all nodded..

What looked like a clothes line was stretched out in front of our chests, and we all strained to get as close to it as we could. I heard the announcer say his numbers, then to a roar of feminine laughter,

THEY'RE OFF!

we were off and – walking – I guess. The one girl on my left must have fallen back immediately, because I heard a roar of disappointment go up, but the other two and I were moving along neck and neck. Then, the Distractor went off inside me.

It seemed to last forever and I lost the place completely, just remembering to bite down hard on my bit at the last second. The girl who had been leading stopped dead – then turned backwards, her jockey pleading with her and wrenching on her reins. I kept biting for a second or so more and set my sights on the finishing line away at the other end of the hall – and then it hit me again!

I don't know how long that race lasted, because it became a walking dream. I recall one time when the fog seemed to lift just for a second or two. I was walking in a circle, Shannon moving up and down on my back, panting and swearing, reins loose in her hands, the smell of her sex redolent in my nostrils. One of my competitors was lying on the floor arching her back as if in supplication, her jockey sitting on the floor with a stunned look on her face – and the laughter! The spectators were literally hanging onto each other – and I was told later that two of them actually wet themselves.

Every so often, I'd bite on the bit but it was impossible to tell who I was affecting – if anyone. We all were wandering about in a mental fog of the most intense sexual longing I have ever known, while our riders were pumping up

and down behind us, screaming and moaning in exultation, practically falling out of their saddles.

I could hear nothing more than a discordant roar, then felt a sharp stinging pain on my rear, and realized that Shannon was using the crop on me again! I started and trotted forward a few paces, forgetting what I had to be doing to my jockey – only reminded by the laughter of the crowd who must have seen Shannon's face as I did so

Strangely, I wasn't upset. It stung, but I knew that I'd been getting tired and it gave me a spurt of energy and I was now in the lead! Then came a louder roar! I couldn't figure why, because I knew I was way ahead of the two girls on my right, then felt the quirt really falling on my rump, and saw that the girl on my left was catching up rapidly. Almost exhausted, I pulled everything I had out – and just beat her to the winning post! I was SO proud!

Carole was delighted! Came running and hugged me deliriously, laughing. Shannon practically fell off the saddle at the back, but was stopped from falling by a crowd of happy bettors – it turned out that I had been rated a rank outsider. Then someone came and put a garland of flowers around my neck. Then I was led around, everyone clapping, and all the bettors who had bet on me, coming to Carole and congratulating her – and patting me on my ass.

Rose and the girls who had groomed me all came up and excitedly started to pat me and make compliments about how pretty a pony I made in my harness. As they did so, I heard the announcer again:

The WINNER! – after a mighty effort –is newcomer Carole's Fancy paying twelve to one! The major bettor is Miss Alice Newton. She is claiming first bettors privilege!

There was a pleased squawk of voices around me, with many of the women pressing closer as if to see something that was going to happen.

"Oh dear!" Joyce whispered to Allison. "She's OLD! Think she'd have a little decorum!"

I didn't know what she meant, until a rather attractive lady in a tailored wool suit in a kind of fuchsia shade came over, grinning widely and waving a sheaf of betting tickets in her hand. She was probably in her late thirties – rather attractive, I thought.

"Oh, what a pretty little stallion you are! Won me lots of money, didn't you horsy!" and put her arm around my waist and had some photographs taken.

Then, to my horror, she took her glove from her right hand and proceeded to remove the sleeve from my erect penis, leaving it in full view.

"It looked bigger inside the sleeve!" she said with a disappointed voice, then smiled brightly "But it'll do, I guess."

"Want the ring off, Mrs. Newton?" Allison was asking.

"Why not?" was the answer, and I felt Allison's hands gently remove the ring from the base of my shaft. I was immediately concerned. If she'd thought it small when it was standing, what was she going to think now?

But my concern was groundless. Her small, soft, cool hand took a hold of me, and I knew that I had no fear of 'wilting'.

"Let's go horsy!" she said and, with her leading me along and Carole and Shannon on either side, I was led triumphantly back to my stall. Or, I should say that the three ladies were triumphant – I was totally humiliated.

Only Joyce appeared back in the room to assist Shannon in divesting me of the harnesses, plumes, etc. I was then allowed to dress myself back in the clothes I had come in, replace my wig, touch up my makeup and then head for home with Carole driving, and complimenting me on my performance – and giggling hysterically while she described the sight of me and the other pony girls wandering as if we were stoned out of our minds – and the jockeys all undulating back and forwards in their saddles as we did so..

Shannon didn't bother coming in to the house with us, just gave me a kiss goodbye and jumped into her car. I was allowed to shower and have a nap. Carole told me to wear my maids outfit again when I was ready – we were having some company that night, and she wanted to make sure I was dressed for the occasion.

The company turned out to be Tess and Angela. This was hugely embarrassing. The previous evening, everyone had been a little smashed on the alcohol, so an excuse might have been made for my appearance then. Now, dead sober, I was indisputably the maid – and Tess gave every indication of enjoying my downfall – running me ragged with "Cecilia! Go and..." Cecilia! Be a darling .." and "Cecilia doll? Bring me . ."

After a while she got bored with it, and I gradually settled in to making and serving dinner, then doing the clean up. Angela was a great help in all of these chores – despite Tess's objections.

"I'm SO glad you're here now Cecilia! I'm getting awfully tired of having no one to talk with but a bunch of mannish women! That's a pretty outfit – but white isn't the smartest color for a working maid, at least I don't think so."

"It's the only one I've got right now. But I think that Carole is going to buy more for me." I said.

"I'd almost bet that she has that in mind dear" she replied "But you know? You don't have to be a maid if you don't want to. Just stand up for yourself."

"That's what Sandy told me." I said "But it's not that easy. Carole has a wicked temper. And?" I shrugged. "I have to admit that I'm scared of her."

Angela gave me a hug. "Well that's a good reason for going along, I guess. Tess is something the same – must run in the family. I had to learn not to roll over myself. Took me a while, but I did learn. Maybe you'll toughen up?" Her smile diluted any idea of criticism.

I was allowed to sit at the table with the three women. Originally, I was supposed to eat by myself in the kitchen but Angela stood up for me and said that I ate with them, or she'd eat with me! I started to see what she and Sandy had been talking about.

Over dinner, I discovered why Carole had requested my services anyway. It turned out that she'd overheard conversations between her mother and Tess – where my propensities towards being bossed about had been discussed many times. Her mother had wanted to have Tess and Angela made into executors of the estate in the event of her death – But they all had been well aware of the problems that might develop if a pair of lesbians were given that responsibility – especially if I made any kind of a fuss.

It had been Carole who'd suggested me. "If he's THAT easy to boss around? Why shouldn't he be the executor? I'll still be able to stay in this house, have somebody for company – and maybe even get a hand with the housework" As this was brought up, Carole reached over and put her hand on mine. "And I was right, wasn't I Cecilia? You're just a little treasure!"

Tess grinned. "Angela? You should thank your lucky stars! If I'd known how amenable he is to a little bit of discipline? He'd have been my little bride a long time ago. I might never have even met you!"

Nothing more of any interest took place that night. I found another nightgown laid out on my bed when I got to my room – a pretty shade of yellow I thought, slipping into it. I had absolutely no problem in falling asleep that night.

Our meeting with the lawyers was set for ten o'clock the following morning. I'd thought that I'd be allowed to remove my breasts, but Carole poh-pooed that notion. Was very particular about the lingerie I had to wear that day though – demanded that I wear a neutral shade, even though I was to wear my men's outer wear for the meeting. I stood before her, humbled again – wearing my oyster shaded lingerie – my bra, panties, garter belt and camisole all matching, opaque nylon stockings, and finally was given approval to put the rest of my clothes on.

Originally, I was to wear a suit, but even under a blue button-down shirt and a fairly heavy wool jacket, my breasts were observable. Not much, mind you, but there was no question about it, there were distinctly feminine mounds under my clothing. I thought that this might force her to change her mind, but it didn't –

she dug out a bulky wool sweater that she swore would do. (I felt that the breasts were still a little visible, but didn't argue when she started to glare at me again).

Considering my informal attire, I was quite puzzled when I saw that she was a lot more formal than I'd have forecast. A colorful outfit – but business like. One thing I thought looked wrong? She carried this HUGE purse which I didn't think went with the rest of her outfit at all, but again, discretion being the better part of valor, I said nothing.

We arrived at the lawyers office ten minutes before the time for the meeting. Miss Manter was there by herself, apologizing for her partners not being there, but assuring us they'd be there in a moment. Carole excused herself to go for a drink of water and Miss Manter approached me.

"Ron? It is okay if I call you Ron?"

"Of course!" I replied gallantly.

"Well then, please call me Liz," she said, taking my hand. "I know this is going to appear very forward of me, but before the others get here? Would you mind going out with me?"

One day before, I would have jumped at the opportunity, being ignorant of what Carole had in mind for me. But now I stood there, still unfamiliar enough with women's lingerie to be conscious of the slight tensions and tugs of the silken straps and suspenders, the satin sliding under the material of my pants and shirt – the shift in my center of gravity caused by my breasts. I knew that I didn't have much longer to spend in anything remotely resembling a man's world. Did not have the courage to face the derision and mockery from anyone else who had ever considered me a male.

"Liz? I'm – I mean, I would – I'm . . . sorry." I fumbled.

She blushed a fiery red. "Oh! I'm sorry. I didn't mean to embarrass you. It was silly of me. I just felt attracted to. . . OH dear!"

Just then, her partners – two elderly ladies arrived. A Jane Stockton and Isobel Wattis. Right at their back, Carole entered the room and closed the door. Introductions were made and we all settled down in a circle sitting in large armchairs in Miss Stockton's – the Senior partner – office.

There was no doubt that I was well received by the lawyers. They did look somewhat askance at my clothing, but as they settled down to question me on my knowledge of what my duties would be as executor, they gradually warmed to me. They did treat Carole with a deference slightly tinted with a paternalistic viewpoint though. Even I noticed it and, to tell the truth, enjoyed seeing the gentle put-down they were treating her with. Could practically feel Carole's teeth grind in frustration, and hugged myself in non-disclosed glee.

Finally, the topic of the weekly meetings was brought up. As promised, Liz had mentioned it to her partners and some discussions had already been held. Finally, Jane announced that she had considered this and felt that a week was probably too demanding and (with a charming smile) although they would miss the pleasure of my company on a weekly basis, she at least was of the opinion that a monthly meeting was sufficient. Perhaps we could try that for a while – and then perhaps a quarterly session might be good enough?

With the other two nodding, it was obvious that victory was mine! I was smiling in anticipation when Carole – with the worst timing possibly conceivable – spoke up.

"Excuse me ladies? I can see that my uncle Ron is most uncomfortable with something. He is too much of a gentleman to say, but would it be possible for he and I discuss something for a few minutes?"

"I'm all right Carole. There's nothing wrong . . ." I started, then saw her eyes, and ground to a stop.

"I don't quite understand dear." Jane said, but please do talk to your uncle if you wish. If you want privacy? Liz's office connects through that door there. Take as much time as you want."

"Thank you Ms Stockton. I'm sure we won't be too long. Coming, uncle Ron?" Carole said.

I nodded and got up from my chair, excused myself to the ladies, and followed her into the office next door.

"Okay sweetie. Clothes off!" she said, the second she closed the door behind her.

I watched her open her over-large handbag – it contained all the ingredients for my final humiliation.

Less than ten minutes later, I went back with Carole and rejoined the other ladies. I now wore a soft summer dress – a flirty lightweight of a floral print silk sheath with chiffon overlays, white, open toed sandals with elbow length gloves and handbag to match. I had a pearl two-strand necklace and earrings to match. I had my shoulder length blonde wig – with a flighty straw creation with a few feathers and veil pinned to it. My lipstick was demure but very evident – and my fingernails were painted with a fast drying polish to match.

The three women looked at me with astonishment as I minced daintily into the room behind my mistress. Then stood (as Carole had told me to) in the center of the circle. For a few seconds I stood there in absolute quiet as the women took me in. My pretty floral, summery dress, the outlines of my lingerie barely visible underneath. My breasts peeking up and out from the soft frill

surrounding them. My hose. My high heeled sandals. The pearls, the earrings – the hat!

"Okay ladies!" Carole snapped. "I just wanted to point out what sexists you three are! For what seems like ever, you've been demanding that I make weekly pilgrimages here to defend what I do with money that is rightfully mine! Within a few hours you grant an extension to someone you barely know – simply because you see he's a man! Now, what do you think? My uncle likes being a woman so much he prefers women's clothes, don't you uncle Ron?"

"Yes" I whispered.

"In fact? He's going to change his name – officially to Cecilia – Aren't you uncle – or should I say – auntie Cecilia?"

"Yes" I repeated huskily.

"And Cecilia wants to be my MAID. Isn't that so, Cecilia? Wear pretty uniforms and look after me! Right?"

"I think you've made your point dear." Liz said quietly before I could agree. "No need to hammer it into the ground, is there?"

Carole took a deep breath. Smiled. "Yeah. Guess I was being carried away. Sorry! But I just wanted to point out..."

"Yes dear. We DO get the point." Isobel commented dryly. "And I for one feel that it's valid. Liz? Jane? Monthly meetings with a view to extending them to quarterly sessions at a later date?"

"So agreed!" the other two said in unison, smiling.

The meeting broke up immediately following that with an agreement to hold the next meeting four weeks away. As we all drifted towards the outer reception area, Liz approached me. Put a warm hand on my shoulder. gently caressed the material.

"Was this the reason for the – the – the refusal?" she asked, a smile tugging at the corner of her mouth.

I blushed. "Yes I didn't think . . ."

"Whatever you thought? It was wrong. I'll pick you up next Thursday – about eightish? Take you to dinner. Wear something pretty" she said.

The end

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